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THE

LITERARY GAZETTE

AND

JOURNAL

OF

Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

FOR THE YEAR

1845.

COMPRISING

REVIEWS OF NEW PUBLICATIONS;

Original Essays on Polite Literature, the Arts and Sciences;

POETRY; CRITICISMS ON THE FINE ARTS, THE DRAMA, &c.;

BIOGRAPHY;

CORRESPONDENCE OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS;

ANECDOTES, JEUX D'ESPRIT, &c.;

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS;

Proceedings of Scientific and Learned Societies;

ASTRONOMICAL REPORTS, METEOROLOGICAL TABLES, LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, &c. &c.

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THE LITERARY GAZETTE

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Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1459. LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1845. PRICE 8*d.* *Stamped Edition, 9d.*

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Notes on North Africa, the Sahara, and Soudan. By W. B. Hodgson. Pp. 111. New York and London, Wiley and Putnam.

We are indebted to American enterprise and talent for this valuable accession to our geographical, philological, and ethnographic information in regard to Africa; Mr. Hodgson, the author, having been consul of the U.S. near the regency of Tunis, and in that capacity acquired the knowledge he has here so ably contributed to the rest of the world.

The Foulahs, or Fellatahs, are set forth as the most potent of existing African nations; and from them, and their unwearied spirit of propagandism as followers of Mahomed, he teaches us to look for one of the chief means for the ultimate civilisation of this vast continent. Leo Africanus, however, does not mention them, but only "draws the marked distinction betwixt the '*Nigritæ*' and the 'gentes subfusci coloris,' or the *negroes* and the races of *tanned colour*." "The races of tawny or tanned colour, he says, are called Berbers—*subfusci coloris incolæ appellati sunt Barbar.* Thus he asserts that there are but two races of people in Africa, Negroes and Berbers, which is the division of the Greek historians—Libyans and Æthiopians. This I should have said were the two divisions, had I not found among the negroes this mixed, metive, mezzo-termino race, the Foulahs. It must be supposed that they existed in Soudan when Leo was there; and I cannot reconcile it with his usual sagacity and discrimination, that he did not discover or mention them. The history of the Berbers or Libyans is yet to be investigated and written. I yet maintain the opinion advanced some years ago, that these people are the terrægeniti—the aboriginal inhabitants of Egypt, prior to the historic or monumental era, and before the Mizraimites, and their descendants the Copts; and I anticipate this result from the physical researches of Dr. Morton. This opinion does not conflict with the historic deduction of the learned and ingenious hierologist, Mr. George Gliddon, whose lectures on the antiquities and literature of Egypt have received the general applause. From the investigation of the Foulah language alone, from linguistic evidences, can we hope to trace the origin of this singular people."

Respecting the great question of African civilisation, founded on the Foulah movement, it is stated as follows:

"Mr. Bandinel, of the foreign-office, Downing Street, in his historical review of the slave-trade published last year, says, that 'agreements stipulating the entire suppression of the slave-trade, on the part of African chiefs and on that of their subjects, have been already concluded with several of the most influential chiefs, viz. those of the river Bonny; the chiefs of the river Cameroons; the king of Cartebar on the Gambia; the chiefs of Timmanees; the king of Aboi or Ybo; and the king of Egarra at Idda.' With these agreements among the chiefs at the mouths of the Quorra, a treaty with Alilu, the sultan of the Fellatahs at Sackatoo, would powerfully concur; and thus, along the whole course of this central region the natives themselves would effect the change of a nefarious for a legitimate and humanising commerce. The great element to which we look as the most powerful agent in civilising Africa is Christianity. It is apparent from the history of the most renowned states of antiquity, and of those now existing under other religious systems, that civilisation cannot advance beyond a certain limit without Christianity."

As the doubt must arise, how we could procure Christianity to co-operate with and not be sternly opposed by the bigotry of Islamism, Mr. H. uses this argument to dispel it:

"To a certain extent the Mohammedans go along with us. Their civil code, contained in the Koran, forbids the *enslaving of a man born of free parents and professing the Mussulman religion;* nor can a Mussulman be reduced to slavery in *any case*. The Fellatahs have practised successfully upon this article of the Islamic code for political objects. In their invasions of negro states, they have invariably made this appeal to the Pagan slaves; and in countries where three-fifths of the population are of that class, it may be inferred that numerous converts are made, and conquests thus made easy."

Let us hope that, the foundations thus laid, the state of transition may not be so long as in all human probability it is likely to be.

Whether the Foulahs belong to the Malay race appears to be a very significant inquiry; but as the discussion of these subjects is too much for our appointed limits, we beg to refer to Mr. Hodgson's curious details and inferences; whilst we proceed to a few miscellaneous notices of public interest, as they occur in his pages, which relate principally to the great Berber, Libyan, or Numidian race, though the nations of Soudan or Negroland are incidentally mentioned.

"The Berber vocabularies comprise copious lists of words in the following dialects of that language:—1. The Kabyle (Kabail) of Algiers; it is also called Showiah. 2. The Tergeeah, or dialect of the Tuarycks, the great nomadic tribes of the Sahara. 3. The Mozabeeah, or idiom of the Beni Mozah, on the northern fringe of the desert. 4. The Eregeiah, or dialect of Wadreag. 5. The Sergoo, spoken by the wandering Tuarycks in the neighbourhood of Tenbokto.—The Soudanian or Negro vocabularies comprise the following distinct languages: 1. The Fellatah or Foulah. 2. The Tibbo. 3. Four or Wadai. 4. Bornou. 5. Haoussa. 6. Sungai."

Of all these the author treats, and presents us with observations on the grammar, and specimens more or less copious, but of great utility in endeavouring to trace the origin of each people. These having been compiled by one hand, making the orthography as close to the sound of the *viva vox* as the ear could determine, are the more valuable as data for conjecture or decision; yet, with all his care, we see in the same page "*emcorcour*" and "*emkarkour*," as the Kabyle for frog (the sound reminding us of Aristophanes in either way of spelling)—a very slight blot, it is true. *Emshish esmaiou*, "the cat mews," in the same tongue, and many other phrases, are remarkable instances of the imitation of the animal in the construction of the language. The following extract will lead us to another verbal remark, though its importance lies in other intelligence. Of Tom (a slave of superior ability), and his recollections of his native land, it is told:

"His native town is Kianah, in the district of Temourah, and in the kingdom of Massina. Kianah is a considerable town, within half a mile of a great river, nearly a mile wide, which is called Mayio; and which runs from the setting to the rising sun, and this to the north of the town. To the east of Kianah this river unites with another large river which flows into it from the south. On this southern river the large towns of Kounah and Jennay are situated; and he believes that the two unite beyond the latter town. Kounah is situated on the north side of the southern river, immediately on its banks; and is two days' journey in a south-west direction from Kianah. It is a very large town; and an extensive market is held, on stated days, on the opposite bank of the river. Beyond Kianah, up the same river, but on the south side of it, is Jennay. It lies south-west from Kianah, and is also about two days' walk from it. It is a very large town, being a day's ride in circuit for a man on horseback. The head priest resides at Jennay, and is called *Al-mami*. He has been frequently at Kounah and Jennay; and has heard of a large town on the great river, higher up than Jennay, which is west-south-west from Kianah, and which is called Sego, and is the principal town of the kingdom of Bambara. Another great town, the largest in the country, also lies on the great river, on the north side of it. It lies north-east from Kianah, and is called *Tumbootu*. It is a great distance from Kianah, more than two hundred miles. Arab traders, who are nearly white, Mahometans in religion, and who speak the languages both of the Koran and the country, trade between Tumbootu, Kounah, Jennay, and Sego. They travel in large boats, covered with awnings and propelled by poles. They are armed, wear turbans, and travel in large parties, having frequently thirty or forty boats together. They bring for sale salt in large thick slabs, blankets, guns, pistols, cotton, cloth, beads, shell-money, and sometimes horses. These traders differ from the natives in colour, hair, and dress, and come from a distant country beyond Tumbootu. He has never been at Tumbootu. The natives he has seen from that town and Jennay speak a different language from his own, which is that of the kingdom of Massina; but the traders understand both. Mahometanism is the religion of all. He knows of but one race of negroes, occupying the country of Tumbootu, Kounah, Jennay, and Massina. They vary somewhat in colour. That most prevalent is a yellowish brown, lighter than his own, which is a brownish black. He recollects no difference in the hair, which his woolly in himself."

The only suggestion we have to make on this quotation is on the difference of his pronunciation of *Timbuctoo*, or according to him

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Tumbootu. Does not this afford a reason for believing that where the hard *c* is introduced instead of the long pause on the *oo*, the former is an approximation to the Hottentot click of South Africa, and that there is a connexion with some of the central languages? We trust that such points as this, together with many others, will be elucidated by the continued researches of M. D'Avesac, to whom we are already so much indebted in African philology. But leaving such minutiæ, we learn.

"Jews are numerous in all the villages of Biscara and the Wadreag. They enjoy an efficient protection among the Barber tribes in all the wide regions of Algiers and Morocco. This is afforded by a system of individual relationship, which may be compared to that of patron and client. Every Jew has his particular *Sidi*, patron or magister, who is responsible for his acts, and to whom he looks for counsel and protection. The defence of his Jewish dependant is a point of honour with the free Amazirgh or Numidian, and he will protect him from injury or aggression at the risk of his life. Such is the patronal relation of the Israelite among the Scheluhs or Berbers of Morocco, where their numbers are estimated at half a million. The Arabs do not yield to them this protection. Deprived of civil rights in Barbary, the social condition of the Jews merits investigation."

On the far-famed Phœnician or ??? passage of Plautus, Mr. H., after observing that a fragment of a Numidian inscription had lately found its way to Paris from Tiffesh in Algeria (see *Journal Asiatique* for April last), says:

"In one of the dramas of Plautus, called '*Pœnulus*,' or the little Carthaginian, there are some verses, which Bochart and Gesenius have contended are in the Phœnician language. These are found in the 4th act of the Pœnulus. Ten of them are represented to be Phœnician, and the five last to be in the Libyan tongue, according to Bochart. Gesenius calls them Liby-Phœnician. This mixed language, he says, appears to have had Libyan roots and words, but Phœnician syntax. In its mixed character it might be compared to English. I have examined these last five verses of the Pœnulus, and I have not been able to detect the slightest resemblance to the Libyan or Berber in any one word. I, moreover, am of opinion, in regard to this celebrated passage of Plautus, that it is mere gibberish or imitated Latin, without meaning. I agree with Adelung, that it is '*sinnlos angebrachte lateinische Wörter*.' Wahl, in his 'Geschichte des Morgenlandes,' says that the Pœnulus contains no real Punic vestige. Of the Libyan language, Gesenius makes the extraordinary remark, that it is not the modern Berber, as asserted by Hamaker. It could be nothing else, unless it be possible that the whole population of Africa could have laid aside one speech and assumed another."

We conclude with his account of an "American inscription, resembling Numidian.—The existence of an inscription found in the United States, and containing characters very similar to the Libyan, is a fact which claims to be mentioned in this connexion. A fac-simile of it is herewith presented. It was found in an Indian mound, on the bank of the Ohio river, about twelve miles below Wheeling. The mound is one of unusual size, being sixty-nine feet high, and three hundred in circumference. Mr. Tomlinson, the proprietor of the land, excavated this tumulus some years ago, and he published an account of what he found in the mound. There were two skeletons in the lower vault, and in the chambar above there was one. A large beech and white oak-tree grew on the top of the mound. This last died of old age, and the concentric circles of growth gave a computed age of five hundred years. Near one of the skeletons in the lower vault was found the stone in question, with three lines of alphabetic characters. It is of the oval form and size represented in the annexed cut, three fourths of an inch thick, and its material is a fine sandstone. This is the only example, I believe, of ancient alphabetic inscription in North America. The inscriptions on the Dighton rock, and the pictorial symbol-writing of Mexico and Yucatan, cannot be called alphabetic. The existence of this trilinear lapidary inscription appeared to me at first apocryphal. Mr. Schoolcraft, however, has visited the mound, and confirmed the report by description. The skeletons, stone, and all other articles, are now preserved in the mound, by the proprietor. What renders the whole subject still more curious and interesting is, the quantity of *ivory* and *porcelain* (baked clay?) beads found with the skeleton. Whence was the ivory brought? Who was the gorgeous chieftain, whose engraved signet was found by his side? Did he come from the Canary Islands, where the Numidian language and characters prevailed? Or from the land of the Celto-Iberians, whose writing was somewhat similar? Shall we recur to the lost Atlantis? Could any of the Carthaginian or African vessels, which usually visited the Fortunate or Canary Islands, have been carried by accident to the new world? The peopling of America is quite as likely to be due to Africa and Europe as to Asia. I shall draw no deduction from this lapidary inscription. It is unique in America, and some of the characters are identical with the Numidian letters, and all bear a resemblance to them. History preserves the memory of the circumnavigation of Africa by several expeditions. Under Xerxes, Sataspes is recorded to have achieved it; and the periplus of Hanno the Carthaginian was the subject of a written narrative. We have the authority of Pliny for the assertion, that the wrecks of vessels from Gades (Cadiz) had been found in the Red Sea, and this report was also made by Eudoxus of Cyzicum. With these historical indications that the Atlantic was in early ages navigated by Mediterranean vessels, I find no difficulty in supposing the stone in question to have been brought thence by accident or design."

There is an engraving of this singular relic, one of the characters in which resembles a rude bow and arrow, another the **4** figure of our grocers' shops, and the last (like a signature) an uncouth human countenance, such as a child would draw. The rest are varied angles, crosses, lozenges, &c. in straight lines.

A Grammar of the Cree Language, with an Analysis of the Chippeway Dialect. 8vo, pp. 324. By Joseph Howse, Esq., F.G.R.S. London, Rivingtons.

For more than Mr. Hodgson has done toward elucidating the languages of Africa, we owe our thanks to Mr. Howse for what he has done for those of America. Twenty years a resident in Prince Rupert's Island, and in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, he enjoyed more time and more favourable opportunities for collecting ample data; and these he has arranged and commented upon in this volume in a very able and original manner. Even to run over its principal divisions would occupy a very large space, and to particularise them is out of our power. But we can truly refer to the work as one which, in the present thirst for information of this kind, to serve as facts for the most interesting inquiries that can occupy the mind of man respecting his fellow-man in every quarter of the earth, it would be difficult to prize too highly.

Adventures of an Officer in the Service of Runjeet Singh. By Major H. M. L. Lawrence, Bengal Artillery, &c. 2 vols. H. Colburn.

The author has, we think, been very injudicious in his choice of the *modus operandi*. His hero is a monster for authorship, being, as an old-world Eastern, half a real and half an imaginary person; as the new-world far-westerns have it, "half brown bear and half alligator." The result is a mixing of fact and fiction; each impairing or ruining the merit of the other. The narrative is neither an actual view of the Punjab four years ago, nor a genuine romance; and no reader can guess where the true or the fabulous begin or end. This is a pity; for the work is smartly written, and has sketches of historical characters (most of them, within the brief space, since passed away from Lahore and the stage of human existence), and some passages of wild oriental intrigue, political plotting, and murder, of considerable interest.

The story purports to be the autobiography of an European adventurer, named Bellasis, who enters the service of Runjeet Singh and is promoted to high commands; and "all his adventures" (*i. e.* the principal part of the book) "are purely fictitious." Surely this was a gross mistake; and when we have finished the two volumes, it is no recommendation to learn that "Bellasis deals rather with the past than the present, and desires, as rarely as consists with intelligibility, to come across the path of the historian; satisfied if he can point out some of the springs of men's actions, and, by glances at the back-scenes of Punjab society, account in any measure for the peculiarities and inconsistencies of Sikh character."

The utmost, therefore, to which the ill-chosen plan of Major Lawrence pretends is, to offer pictures of men and manners and sketches of interior scenes of life, which, we again repeat, would have been infinitely more agreeable, as well as useful, if they had not been confused with invented circumstances, cutting the grounds of reliance on the genuine traits from under the readers' feet, and leaving them all at sea, as we have said, "between fact and fiction." In the latter department are the loves and marriage of the quasi-hero with an Indian girl, and her tragic death; and, we suppose, more than half the events and hair-breadth 'scapes in the volumes. In the latter, *i. e.* the real, we presume, an account of Lord W. Bentinck at his interview with Runjeet may be an example.

"Lord William (observes Major L.) appeared to be but very partially acquainted with the position of affairs in Central Asia and along the border, where his thoughts were so anxiously turned. With surprise I now gathered that no steps, or scarcely any, had been taken to procure authentic information. Here I learnt was a news-writer, believed to be corrupt; there another, known to be so; and in another quarter, a subaltern officer would be sent, or rather allowed to wander unaccredited, at his own expense, and at his own risk; or a commercial agent or traveller hardly permitted to go where the British government should have given lakhs to have induced intelligent and honest agents to venture. Moorcroft, himself I believe in their employ, though as a traveller on his own bottom, gave such

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information as, if acted on, would have prevented the encroachments of Gulah Singh on Ladak and the Chinese frontier; and it was only now that a mission from Bombay under Lieutenant Burnes had tardily wound its way up the Ravi, under the guise of bringing English dray-horses for his highness's especial riding, but in reality to spy out the land, which could, under the same intelligent officer, have been better and more honestly done in a hundred other ways. 'You have travelled, I believe, Colonel Bellasis,' remarked Lord William to me; 'you have been in Persia and Afghanistan?' 'I have, my lord. I served some years in the former country, and at Kabul and Kandahar I spent several months.' 'What is your opinion of the state of affairs in those quarters?' 'That all is at sixes and sevens in both; that any power that can pay may establish its influence there to-morrow. As to patriotism, or a care for any chief, or for any master, domestic or foroign, the feeling is dead. However, as, of the two, the Persians are least to be depended on and the easiest to assail, I would venture to suggest,—but I intrude.' 'By no means, colonel; I shall be obliged for your opinion; pray, proceed.' 'I was about to say, my lord, that it seems to me that the best policy the masters of India can pursue will be to frighten the Persian, and foster the Afghan. The former are venal to a degree; they would take your last rupee, and then turn against you; besides, you are too far off to effectually influence them. Occupy Kharak, shew them how easily you could make a descent on their coast, open a communication with some of the discontented and starving princes in the south, touch the Persians on the tail, my lord, and they'll not make much head-way; threaten Shiraz, and they will not trouble Hirat.' 'This is quite a new view of the matter,' observed his lordship; 'pray continue.' 'But, for the Afghans, I recommend quite a different policy. They are a poor people; they want unanimity and common sense to guide their counsels; they want money; they want confidence in something or somebody. In Dost Mohamad they have, I am inclined to think, as good a man as they are likely to get; he is not too honest for his times, or so straightforward as to fall by the crookedness of those around; he eagerly seeks your alliance, and bows his neck to your yoke. Send him a brigade; give him such a body-guard as will secure him at Kabul, and enable him to go out in his districts, collect his rents, chastise his turbulent, and encourage his peaceful feudatories. But, at present, though unquestionably the best of his nation, he dare scarcely leave the Bala Hissar, lest on his return he should find the gates closed. If a Ghilji or a Suddozie considered he could support himself for a day in the sovereignty, Dost Mohamad would be shot like a dog; but no one lusts for the bed of thorns, unless, indeed, the dotard Shah Shujah, or his more besotted brother, the blind Zeman.' Lord William listened to me with much attention, and saying that be hoped to have an opportunity of renewing the conversation, wished me a very good morning. I had not, however, the good fortune to enjoy another interview, which disappointed me much, as, from all I heard and saw, I had formed a high estimate of his lordship's wisdom as well as benevolence. Of his unostentatious simplicity what can I say? It has since been to me the wonder of many a solitary hour, and I have in vain sought for its parallel in ancient or modern history."

In other places the author is liberal enough to give us what he correctly terms "*doses of history*," which fill up; but had it not been for their murderous deaths within the last two years, his personal descriptions of the apparent heirs and most powerful adherents of Runjeet Singh would have been of more public value. We conclude with a sketch of the Sikhs, a tribe which continues to the present hour to have its destinies mingled with the policy and future arrangements of British India:

"The anarchy that followed the death of Ahmad, and the even greater weakness of the Delhi throne, gave the Sikhs ample opportunity to subdue the Punjab, and consolidate their power. What they ascribe to their own institutions and courage is mainly attributable to this decay of the empires on either side. Their religious system, attractive as it was to low-born Hindus, never found much favour with the higher castes, or with the Mahamedans; and their policy of having every village chief his own master, carried in itself the elements of dissolution. Had an enemy appeared, or had not a master-spirit arisen among themselves, they would doubtless have sunk into insignificance; for even now, after years of unbroken prosperity, their numbers are quite insignificant, and I doubt whether the whole Punjah contains a quarter of a million of Sikhs; the chief part of them are to be found in the Menjah,* about Amritsir and Lahor, and among the Surdars and court-retainers. A Sikh cultivator is rarely seen, most of that occupation being Hindus or Musalmans, the former being, perhaps, as two to one, and the Musalmans prevailing to the westward. I should loosely estimate the population of the Punjah at about a quarter of a million of Sikhs, half a million of Musalmans, and three quarters of a million of Hindus. The whole system of the Sikhs is unfavourable to the multiplication of their race; continual feuds must cut off great numbers, and their habits are uncongenial to fruitfulness; there probably is not a more dissolute† race on the face of the earth; and though, by their active habits, some do live to good old age, yet most are childless, and a large family is never found: they all drink, and eat *bhángh* and opium. A large proportion of the troops are Hindu and Musalman, either in separate corps or mixed up with Sikhs; indeed, Runjeet Singh very wisely cares less for caste and country than for good legs and shoulders. His infantry, when I joined, amounted to perhaps thirty-five thousand; with as many cavalry, of all classes, and sixty guns. The first are steady on parade, and good-looking man, but manœuvre slowly; the cavalry are ill-mounted, and inferior to almost any I have seen. The guns‡ are badly got up, and there does not seem an efficient artilleryman among them; against an European enemy they would, after the first discharge, be only an incumbrance, and would probably induce defeat. Runjeet himself estimates his troops pretty fairly, and has directed them against the weak points of his frontier, obeying the least hint from the British agent at Ludiana, and counting the territory south of the Sutlej as his own, only by the sufferance of the English. Perhaps there is no stronger proof of his judgment than that, in twenty-three years, no quarrel should have arisen between him and them, intimately mixed as is his territory with the states under their protection."

That mixture now perplexes the councils of Sir Henry Hardinge, and must inevitably lead to measures deeply affecting the government of the Punjab.

We had almost neglected to notice, that the major intersperses his romantic scenes with poetry, which seems very natural, seeing that he was so much among the *Sing* family.

Maugnall's Improved Edition of Pinnock's Historical and Miscellaneous Questions. Pp. 544. London, T. Arnold.

A NEW and amended edition of one of the most instructive and generally useful publications extant for the education of youth.

The Archæological Album; or, Museum of National Antiquities. Edited by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., Corresponding Member of the Institute of France. The Illustrations by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A. 4to, pp. 40. London, Chapman and Hall; Edinburgh, Menzies; Dublin, Cumming; and Glasgow, Rutherglen.

WE are delighted with the progress of archæology in our isle, rich as it is in the materials to implant the deepest interest upon the soil and its cultivation. Our mixed descent is a charming ingredient in this field. Who were the aborigines, universally or partially, it boots not to inquire—if they were Trojans, it is not much to the purpose. But there have been Britons and Celts, and Phœnicians and Picts?, and Gauls and Angles, and Romans and Saxons, and Danes and Belgians, and Normans and Flemings, in masses, and many another immigration besides, to afford such diversity to antiquarian lore and research as exists not in any other quarter of the entire earth. Now have we begun in earnest to dig into their secrets, with the hope of divulging and preserving them, and learning from them the ancestral histories of our earliest times.

As a contribution to this pursuit, the first No. of the *Archæological Album* is for itself and the present full of performance, and for the future full of promise. With a more agreeable and instructive miscellany of its order we have not met. Its subjects are well chosen, the accounts of them ably written, and the illustrations, by Mr. Fairholt, beautiful and curious. Etchings of an old picturesque Kentish church, Patrickshourne, and an old house at Wingham, are succeeded by views of Chaucer's Inn and a room of the interior, at Canterbury, clearly and excellently executed; and a clever sketch of the appearance of the Town-hall at the meeting of the Historical Section, over which Lord Albert Conyngham presided, gives a good idea of that important assembly,

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* "The name of the tract between the rivers Ravi and Byah, from whence the Sikhs originally sprung, spreading abroad as their arms prevailed. It has frequently happened that one small village of fifty or a hundred ploughs has furnished two or three *Surdars*; men who joined the ranks with only a horse and a spear, and have in a few years carved out for themselves principalities. Much to their credit, these soldiers of fortune have not been ashamed of their origin, but generally retain the name of their native village as an affix to their own name, and as a family mark."

† "A curious illustration of this remark is, that Rajah Suchet Singh has been three times married, and has no children; while his brothers, who have each been four times married, have each but two sons: those of Dhyan Singh being the well-known Hira Singh, and Jowahir Singh; those of Gulab Singh were Udam Singh, killed by the fall of a gateway, when Nao Nihal also perished, and Jowahir Singh, now alive. Dhyan Singh, indeed, is said to have had more than one daughter, who, according to the laws of his tribe, perished immediately after birth."

‡ "Good judges hold an opinion different from Bellasis; but having more than once narrowly inspected the Sikh guns, horses and harness, and having talked with their artillery officers and privates, my opinion is, that the Mahratha artillery was better appointed and more efficient than the Sikh is."

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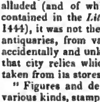
from which we trust to date the imperishable revival of British archæology.

A coloured print of the painting in the chapel of the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, "the Birth of St. John the Baptist," is a remarkable specimen of the style in which that sort of art was performed in the first half of the twelfth century, to which Mr. Wright assigns it, and says of the figures: "They so closely resemble, in design and colouring, the illuminations in a manuscript in the British Museum (MS. Cotton. Nero C. IV.), of which a specimen is given in Mr. Shaw's beautiful work on the 'Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages,' that we might be led to look upon them as a work of the same artist. Dart supposes this chapel to occupy the place of a much earlier chapel dedicated to St. John the Baptist, in which were interred the bodies of Cuthbert, Bregwin, and others of the Saxon archbishops. During the last century the vaulted room through which we pass to this painted chapel was allotted as a place of meeting to a congregation of French Protestant refugees. At present it is kept locked up, and does not appear to be used for any especial purpose. It is much to be desired that care should be taken to ensure the preservation of so precious a monument of early art."

But Canterbury is full of ancient memorials, which only need to be sought out to throw great light upon many matters which always awaken a desire to learn more and more of them in intelligent minds; and Canterbury is but one of a number of places where similar investigations (stimulated by its example) will bring forth similar results. Its corporate as well as cathedral archives are replete with objects of curiosity; and at the meeting to which we have alluded (and of which an ample report was contained in the *Literary Gazettes*, Nos. 1443, 1444), it was not the least remarkable fact that antiquaries, from various parts of the world, accidentally and unknowingly brought back to that city relics which had in past ages been taken from its stores.

"Figures and devices (says the *Album*) of various kinds, stamped in thin sheet lead, most of them having traces of a pin at the back intended to fix them to the garments, have been frequently found; and antiquaries were very doubtful as to the object for which they were designed, until Mr. Roach Smith, who exhibited at one of the evening conversaziones at Canterbury a number of these leaden brooches, which had been dragged out of the rivers at Canterbury, London, and Abbeville in France, shewed that they were nothing more than the *signs* bought by pilgrims, and worn about their persons, to shew that they had visited the particular places indicated by the devices they bore. Mr. Smith quoted a passage of Giraldus Cambrensis, a contemporary (in his youth) with Becket himself, who describes himself and his companions as coming from Canterbury to London 'with the *signs* of St. Thomas hung about their necks;' which shews how early the custom prevailed in this city. Among the *signs* exhibited by Mr. Smith, only one bore a distinct reference to Canterbury; it was a little round brooch, with a head in the middle, and an inscription stating the latter to be CAPVT THOME — the head of Thomas. This *sign* was found in the Thames at London, and had no doubt been brought thither by some devotee from St. Thomas's shrine at Canterbury. Our



cut represents this relic the size of the original. Among those found in the river at Canterbury, where there was probably an extensive manufactory of such articles, one of the most curious is that given in the margin, representing St. John the Baptist carrying the holy lamb. One found in the river at Abbeville represents a head of St. John the Baptist, and appears to have been borne by a pilgrim from Amiens, where, among other precious relics, was shewn the pretended real head of the forerunner of Christ."

One of the subjects treated of more at large in this publication, and which has great attractions for us, is the famed castle of Richborough, of which there is an engraved plan, and a very pleasing landscape-view. Our readers will remember the notice of Mr. Rolfe's excavations to ascertain the nature of the underground vaultings which appear to occupy a considerable portion of the internal area. Of this, Mr. Wright further informs us:

"The platform or floor (found beneath) is not exactly in the middle of the area, which is 144 feet in length by 104 in breadth, and is covered by the earth to a depth of from 3 to 6 feet, the surface of the ground being not perfectly level. We were informed by Mr. Rolfe that in excavating under the platform, which is about 5½ feet thick, some gentlemen in 1822, for the first time on record, discovered an extensive square subterranean building, down the side of the wall of which they sunk a well or shaft to the depth of about 26 feet from the under part of the platform, in the hope of finding an entrance at the bottom; but meeting with springs, they were compelled to abandon their operations, without succeeding in the object of their research, and on the following day the excavations were closed up. The platform extends beyond the walls of this subterranean building, on the longer sides 12, and on the shorter sides 10 feet. The extent of the subterranean building is shewn by the dotted line in the plan, and a section across it (taken about the middle of the cross) is given in the corner of the plate, in order to convey a more distinct idea of its form. To discover the nature and purpose of this building was the object of a series of incessant excavations carried on under the directions of Mr. Rolfe during more than forty days, from the 5th of September, 1843, to the 25th of October following. He began at the spot marked *a* in the plan (which accompanies the *Album*), at the edge of the platform, and proceeded under the ledge formed by the excess of the width of the latter over the building below, and there, only 8 feet northward of the above excavations, fell in with one made at some unknown period, presenting the appearance of a chamber cut in the soil, extending from the edge of the platform to the substructure 12 feet, and about 8 or 9 feet in width. He then worked a gallery under this edge, along the whole of the east and north sides, and to an extent of 86 feet along the western side, in the hopes of finding some traces of a side-entrance into the supposed chamber or chambers within. This gallery was 5½ feet high, and 3 feet wide. Meeting, however, with nothing but a uniform and compact mass of masonry, Mr. Rolfe discontinued the gallery, and began to break an opening in the masonry; but after, by the most incessant exertions of the workmen employed in this operation, he had made a hole extending inwards seven yards, without finding any traces of a chamber, he was obliged by different circumstances to discontinue his undertaking for that season, with the hope that better success will attend another attempt. As the opening in the wall was made near the top, it is to be feared that the workmen may have fallen upon a very thick vault, for it can hardly be supposed that the building beneath is a solid mass of masonry. Since the walls of the castle are built without any foundation at all, we can imagine no necessity for an immense work like this to support the lighter and more fragile structures raised on the platform above. The most reasonable supposition appears to be, that it encloses strong subterranean storehouses. * * *

"All traces of the 'lytle paroche chirch' and the hermitage, mentioned by Leland, have long disappeared: but at the beginning of his excavations, Mr. Rolfe discovered an old opening and portion of a narrow gallery at the east side of the platform, which bore marks of having been formerly occupied by man, and which he thinks was the cave alluded to by Leland. Among other articles he discovered in it were some fragments of Roman pottery, with a rough kind of enamel glued on them, which the 'industrious' hermit probably sold as amulets to the ignorant and superstitious, while he reserved the batter 'antiquities' for the learned."

To this we beg to add the guiding information supplied by one of the members of the Association, whose studious reading and extensive travels in various quarters of the world entitle all his observations, whether comparative or practical, to marked respect:

"Mr. W. Francis Ainsworth made, during the visit of the archæologists, the following observations on the materials of the walls of Richborough Castle, which he has kindly communicated to us. 'In the N.E. wall, besides the customary courses of limestone rock and bricks, there are other courses, more particularly in one spot at the base of the wall, of travertino or limestone deposited by a spring or running waters. Also, on the same side, near some ivy, and half-way up the wall, masses of petrified *Teredo nasalis*. Again, at the south-west side, where the wall is broken down, there is a considerable mass of oolite, more like the Norman stone than any of our oolites. It would be a curious question to know whence all these materials, foreign to the locality, came; and to ascertain if there are any springs or rivulets depositing travertino or calcareous tuffa in this neighbourhood.' The geologist is always a valuable ally to the antiquary."

We have quoted more from this publication than is customary with us on like first appearances; but the intrinsic value of the contents will, we are sure, plead our apology; and we will now close our extracts with a very brief passage from the civic records, which might well have referred to the domains over which Reynard the Fox held sway:

"The rents arising from lands in the forest of Blean was chiefly paid in 'cocks and hens;' and the sum total amounted to a very inconvenient quantity — 'Sum total of the cocks and hens, a hundred and nineteen, *and a third part of a hen, and a half of a hen*.' Soon after the beginning of the sixteenth century, we find these cocks and hens compounded for in money, the cock being estimated at twopence halfpenny, and the hen at threepence."

In conclusion we have only to repeat our gratification with the perusal of this Museum of National Antiquities — a gratification not

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merely caused by its own merits, but augmented by the feeling that it must prove so popular an adjunct to the official journal of the British Archæological Association. Whilst we look to that for the important proceedings and discoveries of the great body of archæologists, every member must be ready to hail as a welcome ally such an accessory as this, helping to spread a love of the cause throughout every class of the community, and enlisting the simple as well as the learned on the side of desired conservation. To every one of our fellow-members and to the public at large we warmly recommend it.

The Public and the Medical Profession; or, a few Words to all Classes of Society. By an Old Practitioner. Pp. 32. London, Saunders and Otley.

The medical profession has lately been labouring under a wide-spread, but, we suspect, a very unfounded alarm. The sketch of a medical reform-bill, which has emanated from the Home-office, was professedly sent forth as a feeler to excite discussion, and to test the opinions of that strange amalgamation of interests and opinions which now constitutes the profession. It would have been more than mortal task to please all parties; but it could never have been the author of that bill's intention to carry through the universally obnoxious clause which provides for what Messrs. Morrison call the "medical liberty of the subject." The medical profession has the same positive and inalienable right to protection as the law, or even the church. Without such it would not exist for a quarter of a century longer; for what father would expend from 1000*l.* to 1500*l.* in giving to his son an education by which he could obtain a degree or license, which has no intrinsic value?—for without protection a physician or surgeon's diploma would be neither more nor less than a bit of waste parchment.

But in regard to other points of the profession, Sir James Graham's bill presents many promising ameliorations. Many great changes have occurred since the charter was granted to the Apothecaries' Company; and the main object for which they were originally associated has now been taken in hand by the Pharmaceutical Society. It is very questionable whether the London system of dividing the examination between the College of Surgeons and the Apothecaries' Company is really advantageous. It certainly does not increase the respectability of the profession that the surgeon should also be a druggist, yet such the surgeon-apothecary, or "general practitioner" as he terms himself, is. The Colleges of Surgeons of Edinburgh and Dublin unite the two classes of examinations of the College of Surgeons and the Apothecaries' Company in London. A member of either of these two colleges is equal, therefore, by his studies and examinations, to a member of the two corporations of London; and Sir James Graham's bill provides that an education at Edinburgh and Dublin shall not be a useless letter in London, but that graduates of such universities or colleges shall be eligible, upon payment of the proper fees (which is all fair, for bodies corporate must, like more general governments, be supported), to the London institutions of similar character, or to a new central institution, which shall unite the now-divided interests. The system, indeed, of a person being examined by one corporation in anatomy and surgery, and by another in medicine, pharmacy, and midwifery, exists no where else than in London, and is not in London itself admitted in the army and navy medical departments, and is essentially faulty.

The letter now before us is a painful but true picture of the difficulties and annoyances which a medical man has to meet and fight with in his career. There can be little doubt that such originate from a variety of causes, among which is the crowded state of the profession; but, at the same time, it would be blinding ourselves to a great fact, if we did not also acknowledge that it in part originated in the degradation self-inflicted by the profession, of being at once druggists and surgeons, and charging for medicines instead of for scientific advice. We know "general practitioners" who charge for *both*, and yet complain they cannot *live*. Live and let live is an ancient proverb; and in a natural, just, and scientific state of things, the physician and the surgeon should let the pharmaceutist live, by not usurping his emoluments; and the pharmaceutist should let the physicians and surgeons live, by not yielding to the temptations of counter-practice. Such would be a very desirable state of things; but we fear is far yet from being attainable. The whole weight of the general practitioners will be thrown into the scale against it, as will also the opinions of a large portion of the London public, who say, when they pay their doctor's bill (the last that is paid), "We like to see what we have had." Such is the force of habit, that they would rather have a pile of drugs for their money than pay for a cure effected by small means judiciously administered!

An Apology for the Greek Church, &c. By Ed. Masson. Pp. 119. London, J. Hatchard and Son; Cambridge, Deighton and Stevenson.

The juxtaposition of names and the object of this publication are rather of a singular nature in our time and language. The author is "one of the Judges in the Supreme Court of *Areopagus*," and was "formerly *Attorney-General* for the *Morea*;" and his chief aim is to suggest the "means for promoting the religious *improvement of the Greek Church*." Previous to his legal appointments, Mr. Masson (to add to the curiosity) was secretary to Lord Cochrane; and is mentioned, in Mure's *Journal of a Tour in Greece*, as a Scottish gentleman who conducted the prosecution for treason against Kolokotroni, and astonished the natives by pleading during four hours with great fluency and eloquence in their own tongue. He is also mentioned by Milnes for the part he took in the famous trial of Mavromichali; has edited a small periodical for the moral and political improvement of the people; has been agent for the Christian Knowledge Society; and has had twenty years' intercourse with Greeks of all classes. This seems to have been a various life, and one in which a clever man was likely to pick up a great deal of information. The subject is not, however, so appropriate for our pages as to lead us to enter upon it at length; and as the book is a very cheap one, parties who feel an interest in it had better consult the original. According to Mr. Masson, the Greek church is to all churches an example and to no church a pattern for superstition and corruption. Like nearly all other churches too, it is, in our day, torn by divisions. And this fact is one of the strangest evidences of the spirit of the age. The kirk of Scotland has fallen in two—so much for the presbyterian; and the English church is being pulled asunder—so much for the episcopalian. The Roman Catholics, under a supreme head and a staff of marvellous unity of purpose, can but ill conceal, or manage to direct to its single great end, the divisions which distract its policy; and even the Irish hierarchy are seen publicly to differ. Nor is the elder Judaism exempt; for in London itself a synagogue (that of Burton Street) or synagogues are out of the pale; and the new chief rabbi is invoked to endeavour to heal the differences, and restore the errant sheep to the fold. Switzerland is the theatre of religious animosity and bloodshed; and America is one vast scene of fanaticism and conflicting dissent. Joanna Southcote has long been dead; and Joe Smith, the king of the Mormons, lately murdered. Alas, where are we to look for the peace and harmony of a church where the troubles of human nature may rest, where its hopes may be cherished, and where peace and unanimity, and practice agreeing with profession, may be found to dwell? It is a blank prospect; and the Greek church (to which we revert) offers neither refuge nor consolation.

Respecting it Mr. Masson maintains, "first that the complete regeneration of the Greek church is perfectly compatible with the integrity of her standards; second, that the principles of the Protestant reformation and eastern orthodoxy (separated from practical abuse and fairly exhibited) are identical; and, lastly, that the most efficacious means that Protestants could employ to promote the revival of pure and practical Christianity in Greece, are such as the Greeks themselves, both clergy and laity, would cordially approve. * * * It is necessary to remark, that the Greek church, unlike the Roman, repudiates both Hildebrandism and Erastianism,—both that ecclesiastical system which would lord it over the state, and that which permits the state to lord it over the church."

The writer goes over other grounds to shew, the pristine sound doctrines and orthodoxy of the Greek church; but he is obliged to add: "But here the most pernicious errors, like lying spirits, ever lurk round the path of truth, ready to lead the traveller astray the moment he loses sight of his only safe guide—the written word of God. * * * It is confessedly true, that even the Greek Εὐχολόγιον, or prayer-book, has in its most important parts (the communion services of Chrysostom, Basil, &c.) materially suffered, not only from 'packing of old,' but from the most flagrant interpolations of a very recent date."

But we have quoted enough for our avowed purpose: suffice it to say, that Mr. Masson, in accusing the Greek church of being polluted with Romish idolatries, &c., holds firmly that it might be restored to its early purity by a Protestant union??

A Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words, Obsolete Phrases, Proverbs, and Ancient Customs, from the Fourteenth Century. By James Orchard Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S., &c. Parts I. and II. 8vo. London, J. R. Smith.

Mr. Halliwell has here entered upon a very laborious undertaking; one which when successful seldom meets with the reward which it merits, in which the risks of total failure are very great, and in which it is next to impossible to avoid minor defects which captious criticism is always ready to take up and magnify. The work of glossary-making has had many labourers from the sixteenth century to the present day. In one or two early printed books, such as *Piers Ploughman*, we have brief attempts at glossarial explanations of a few of the words which had then become obsolete, and singularly enough, these explanations are nearly all erroneous, though made at a time so near ap-

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proaching to that at which their meanings must have been generally understood. The reason is obvious; it was not yet comprehended that extensive research, and comparison, and philological study, are necessary to enable us to fix with any certainty the true significations of words which have ceased to be used. One of the first who attempted glossaries of old English on a larger scale, was Thomas Hearne, in his editions of the early English metrical chronicle of Robert of Gloucester and the translation of Peter Langtoft by Robert of Brunne. These glossaries, like every other thing he did, shew how singularly deficient Hearne was in any quality approaching to orderly arrangement. They consist of an immense mass of words full of unnecessary repetitions, frequently mere misreadings of the manuscripts, often wrongly interpreted, some of them having several contradictory interpretations, without any reasons stated or references given to enable us to judge for ourselves. Later on in the last century, a considerable step in advance was made by Percy and Tyrwhitt. Percy's *Reliques* is a book exhibiting more taste and judgment than extensive knowledge of the subject, and Tyrwhitt's text of Chaucer is essentially bad; but the glossary to the latter work has not much need of correction even in the advanced state of this branch of learning at the present day. Ritson published a number of small glossaries attached to his different publications; but his deficiency in this class of knowledge is evinced in a great number of blunders. The best of the older glossaries of this kind is that attached to Weber's three volumes of early English metrical romances. Many similar glossaries have appeared in different works during the last twenty years, some of them very excellent (such as those by Sir Frederic Madden), others below mediocrity.

These numerous, but often imperfect, partial attempts are of little general use, and the notion of making a complete dictionary of obsolete and archaic words does not belong entirely to modern times. Ash, in the middle of the last century, combined in a very laborious work, a dictionary of modern and antiquated English words; but, though an industrious labourer, he was evidently unacquainted with early English literature. Boucher, who had made very large collections (still preserved) for a dictionary of early English and modern dialects, published one part as a specimen of his design, but did not find sufficient encouragement for an undertaking which was better planned than executed. Archdeacon Nares subsequently published a judicious and carefully executed glossary of the language of a special period, the literature of the Elizabethan era. Boucher's papers having fallen into the hands of two gentlemen better fitted for the task, an attempt was made to publish them with their extensive additions, which also failed, because the work was constructed on an unwieldy scale, and at a great price. The letter A and part of B were all that saw the day, and the publication was then discontinued. Nothing further has been done until Mr. Halliwell commenced the Dictionary of which the title stands at the head of the present notice, and upon which he is understood to have been occupied during several past years.

There was an equally great, if not a greater, want of a general dictionary of provincial dialects. The particular glossaries of ancient words are attached to the works in prose or verse to which they refer; but the glossaries of different counties or districts, being generally published in separate volumes, the authors have found it necessary to add to the few words and phrases peculiar to the district a large bundle of materials quite strange to it, in order to increase the bulk of the book, and this is repeated *ad nauseam* in every new partial glossary that appears. The provincialisms of a single county are thus often made to take up as much room as would be sufficient for those of the whole kingdom. This is evidently a great evil, and it was most desirable that it should be remedied.

The undertaking on which Mr. Halliwell has ventured was manifestly a difficult one, and we confess that we opened his first number with considerable fears: but we must avow also that our apprehensions are not realised, and that he has performed his task in a manner that far exceeds even our best hopes. As we have already observed, it is a task in which it is difficult to succeed, and almost impossible not to leave some room for criticism. Mr. Halliwell pretends only to make an industrious and careful compilation; he does not set up as a profound adept in philology, and he has no philological system; but he merely arranges his words in their natural alphabetical order, and he deduces their meaning sometimes by their derivation, but more frequently by a comparison of many passages in which they occur. We are of opinion that this plan will be found more generally useful than any other. To each word, after its several meanings, which are classed in orderly succession, Mr. Halliwell attaches first a list of references to the instances which occur in printed books, and this is followed by two or three quotations in full from the innumerable ancient manuscripts which he has collated for the purpose, or from works less generally accessible. Mr. Halliwell's chief fault in our eyes is, that he has given a greater number of slightly different forms of the same word than we think absolutely necessary; but in the condensed manner in which the book is printed, the few words which might be dispensed with will add comparatively little to its bulk, and redundancy is, after all, a better fault than deficiency; it is, moreover, a fault easily overlooked, when we consider the great general utility of the whole, which, in a moderate bulk, and at a very reasonable price, will furnish a far more complete dictionary than has ever yet been attempted of the English of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, as well as of that of the writers of the Elizabethan period, and of the provincial dialects of the present day. In the latter he seems to have been assisted by very extensive contributions from different parts of the country in addition to the works of this class hitherto printed; and a very extensive perusal of manuscripts has enabled him (we may almost say) to triple or quadruple the number of early words found in printed glossaries.

A dictionary is an awkward work to make extracts from; yet we would fain give an instance or two of the manner in which Mr. Halliwell has fulfilled his purpose. Under the word ABOT, he observes, "The occurrence of this form in early English shews that the new orthography *abbot*, which one sometimes sees, is incorrect. See *Legendæ Catholicæ*, p. 19; *Plumpton Correspondence*, p. 84." In fact, the inventors of the *new orthography* believed, erroneously, that the English word was derived directly from the Latin *abbas*, instead of coming from the Anglo-Saxon form *abod*. Many new orthographies, equally incorrect, would never have appeared had such a dictionary as Mr. Halliwell's been in existence some years ago. We see here and there a very happy correction or explanation of passages in Shakspere and the old dramatists. The following conveys a good scrap of information on the manners of the olden time.

"ABRAHAM MEN. According to the Fraternitye of Vacabondes, 1575, 'an Abraham-man is he that walketh bare-armed and bare-legged, and fayneth hymselfe mad, and caryeth a packe of wool, or a stycke with baken on it, and such lyke toy, and nameth himself poore Tom.' They are alluded to by Shakespeare under the name of Bedlam Beggars, and their still more usual appellation was Toms of Bedlam, q. v. According to Grose, to 'sham Abram' is to pretend sickness, which Nares thinks may have some connexion with the other term. See also Aubrey's *Nat. Hist. Wilts, MS.*, p. 259; Harrison's *Description of England*, p. 184."

This Dictionary promises to be rich in words and phrases illustrative of our old national manners and customs. A novel feature of the work is the excellent series of articles on ancient hunting terms—such as the following:

"ACQUILL. A term in hunting. See *Reliq. Antiq.* i. 151. It was applied to the buck and doe, the male and female fox, and all vermin, and corresponds to the French term *enquiller*, or *aquiller*, a form of *accueillir*; for which, see Roquefort in v. It is nearly synonymous with the more modern word *imprime*, which was afterwards applied to unharbouring the hart. See Sir H. Dryden's *Twici*, p. 26."

As an example of the manner in which words are in general explained and illustrated, we may give the following:

"ANELACE. A kind of knife or dagger, usually worn at the girdle. It is mentioned by Matt. Paris, who seems to say it was forbidden priests to wear. See Ducangè, in v. *Anelacius*; Halle of John Halle, i. 212.

'At sessions ther was he lord and sire;
Ful often time he was knight of the shire.
An *anelace* and a gipciere all of silk
Heng at his girdel, white as morwe milk.
Chaucer, Cant. Tales, 359.

Sche schare a-to hur own halse
Wyth an *awelasse*.
MS. Cantab., ff. ii. 38, f. 94.

But Arthur with ane *anlace* egerly smyttez,
And hittez ever in the hulke up to the biltes.
Morte Arthure, MS. Lincoln, f. 65.'"

Here, as in all other instances, Mr. Halliwell's object in multiplying quotations is to give the different forms of orthography under which the word occurs in different manuscripts, and thus his book becomes a valuable acquisition to the philologist.

In conclusion, we will only state, that in our opinion this work deserves, merely on account of its general and great utility, what we hope it will have, an extensive circulation; and when we consider that its author is a young man, that he has performed in a comparatively small space of time what would have cost most people the labour of their life, we think Mr. Halliwell's *Dictionary* may be considered one of the most remarkable productions of the day. He merits, at least, a full meed of praise and admiration for his zeal and labour; it is one of those undertakings which can return no other adequate remuneration for the talent and industry which have been expended upon it.

WALPOLE'S GEORGE III.

[Second volume. R. Bentley.]

HAVING in our last *Gazette* gone pretty fully into the contents of the first volume of these Memoirs, we proceed to a more brief, as it is indeed less called for, view of the second of the series. The flood of pamphleteering on Gen. Conway's dismissal, and the quantity of discussion on general warrants, the American dis-

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pute, and the regency question, are, at any rate, not worthy of revival in our pages; and we therefore leave them to be investigated by the readers of the work. The poor literary jealousies, which shewed themselves in the controversy about Conway, are rather naively confessed by the shrewd and guarded Walpole. He says:—

"There came out, not long after my pamphlet, another piece that was to have made much noise. It was called 'A Defence of the Minority in the House of Commons on the Question relating to General Warrants;' and had no meaner an author than Charles Townshend. His prodigious parts must not be judged of by this, or indeed by any of his few writings. He never was an author in proportion to his abilities. His thoughts flowed in too rapidly to give him time to digest them; nor was he ever enough in earnest about anything to consider it deliberately. This piece had poor success; and was confuted by some able retainer, if not by some able member of the administration. Townshend was hurt by this miscarriage; and as he was, though so superior to rivals, infinitely jealous, he could not avoid conceiving a little spleen against me, though posterity may take my word, ay, and my vanity's word, that I never felt myself so little as the moment he opened his mouth. I do not know whether they would own it with equal frankness, but many men greatly excelling me in talents ought to have shrunk too into themselves, and felt their own futility when Charles Townshend was present. Yet such alloy did he bear about him to those marvellous parts, that children and women had more discretion and fewer weaknesses. Being hurt at the success of my counter-address, he wrote these very words to Mr. Conway: 'The touches and retouches on your character are fine; some strokes nobly free; but in general not what I expected. So Charles Yorke and others of our friends think.' Then, speaking of his own pamphlet, he added, 'Mr. Pitt says it has had prodigious effect, and turned many. Grenville says it is serious, of great weight, and very hostile.' At that very instant Mr. Conway and I happened to know that Mr. Pitt declared he would not read it; and having afterwards read it, said he found it very inaccurate. There was the same want of truth in affirming that Grenville called it 'very hostile.' Townshend was afraid his friends should perceive how far it was from being offensive. It must not be supposed that I would pass off these trifling anecdotes of myself and others for a history of England. But they contain that most useful part of all history, a picture of human minds. They shew how little men are, though riding at what is called 'the top of the world.' These and the following scenes were what filled me with disgust, and made me quit that splendid theatre of pitiful passions; not from having been too good for my company, but ashamed of being one of such *dramatis personæ*: and so far more inexcusable than the rest, that neither ambition nor interest had led me behind the curtain—perhaps if they had, I should have remained there still."

And thus do men, indulging in very little passions, puff themselves up in their own opinions to be the most magnanimous of mortals. Another literary story may come in here:—

"On the 1st of November the sentence of outlawry was pronounced against Wilkes; and on the 4th died that bacchanalian bard, his friend Churchill. He was on a visit to his friend Wilkes at Boulogne, where his excesses threw him into a fever, and where he died in a few days with epicurean indifference—a meteor that had shone but four years, and never so brightly as he might have done. He had wished, he said, for an opportunity of satirising Mr. Pitt and Charles Townshend, who had not yet entirely listed themselves with the court, the moment for which Churchill waited impatiently; yet, writing as he did at random, it was a chance whether he would have touched or not the true blemishes and characteristic marks of men so compounded of defects and exquisite ingredients. Churchill could hew out a block that would brave time, and last to posterity, but stood not near enough to seize the lineaments and shades that distinguish a portrait, and exhibit a resemblance to the eyes of cotemporaries. Among Churchill's papers was found a collection of letters from Lord Holland to Francis, who had furnished them to the satirist against his late patron. In one of those epistles Francis complained of Lord Holland for not making him an Irish bishop, and threatened to publish something that would prove Lord Holland a still greater villain than the world believed him. To silence that wretch, Lord Holland sent him 500*l.* and gave him a place in Chelsea College."

We do not remember if Mr. Tooke's able edition of Churchill mentions this strongly stated fact (vide *Lit. Gaz.* for 1844, p. 361).

The loss of the American colonies is whimsically enough accounted for in one of Sir Denis le Marchant's notes; previous to quoting which, we take the opportunity of stating how judiciously he has discharged his editorial duties.

"The late Lord Essex (he tells us) informed the editor that one of the under-secretaries of that day had often said to him, 'Mr. Grenville lost America because he read the American despatches, which none of his predecessors ever did.' There is no doubt that the business of the colonies was despatched in a very slovenly manner—or to use Mr. Burke's words, it was treated 'with a salutary neglect;' and the many volumes of Minutes of Colonial Affairs still preserved at the Board of Trade relate generally to such insignificant transactions as to be almost ludicrous."

When the king had tolerably succeeded in dividing the overwhelming influence of the great Whig aristocracy—getting one powerful member or family belonging to it to accept office, whilst others rejected the overtures, and thus sowing jealousies and dissensions among a party which had long been so powerful as to domineer over the crown—the author draws the following royal, courtly, and political group:

"The king, on all other occasions so able and steady a dissembler, did not affect now to disguise the offence he had taken at his ministers. He had long inwardly groaned under their insolence and disagreeable qualities; and though for some time Lord Bute a little restrained his majesty's impatience to throw them off, both the favourite and the mother had contributed to foment the king's aversion. The Duchess of Bedford had openly affronted the princess, and avowed her hatred to Lord Bute. To Lord Sandwich the favourite bore private resentment, for having courted a little too assiduously, though he was disappointed in the pursuit, rich old Wortley Montagu, Lady Bute's father. But Grenville was the principal rock of offence. I have mentioned his jealousy and ill-treatment of the favourite; his manners made him as distasteful to the king, as his engrossing fondness for power had made him to the favourite. His ill-judged economy had led him to refuse twenty thousand pounds to the king, to buy the ground behind the Green-park, where the king had made a new garden, and where, by the loss of that purchase, a new row of houses was erected, that overlooked the king and queen in their most domestic hours. And, as if non-compliance with even his innocent pleasures was not sufficiently offensive, that awkward man of ways and means, whom nature had fitted for no employment less than a courtier's, fatigued the king with such nauseous and endless harangues, that, lamenting being daily exposed to such a political pedant, the king said to Lord Bute of Grenville, 'When he has wearied me for two hours, he looks at his watch to see if he may not tire me for an hour more.' The measure of these disgusts was filled up by the conduct of the ministers on the bill of regency; yet, though that conduct threw down the sluice, the resolution had been taken before to discard them on the first opportunity. When the Duke of Cumberland had waited on the king before setting out for Newmarket, his majesty had vented himself to his uncle on the uneasiness he felt from being in their hands, and he must have felt before he chose that prince for his confidant. At Newmarket, the Earl of Northumberland had private instructions to continue the negotiation, and the duke had listened with no unwilling ear, as I have hinted before; yet he had been so over-prudent as not to trust the secret to the chiefs of the opposition, who, driven on by Lord John Cavendish, had intemperately displayed their aversion to the princess and favourite, while they had not the least suspicion that the duke was secretly paving the way for their return to court. Yet even that intemperate behaviour of the Cavendishes and their friends could not deter the court from the resolution of removing the ministers, whose crime appeared, as indeed it was, of a much blacker dye. Indeed, those of the opposition who had gone the greatest lengths were not of importance enough to make the court lay aside its design. The royal junto depended on the support of the Duke of Cumberland, and could not doubt but they might have Newcastle whenever they called for him; the rest of course must follow their leaders. But the court intended to avail itself of a still firmer support, and that was Mr. Pitt's, on whose easy compliance they depended too inconsiderately—and with still greater inconsideration, they began to take the machine to pieces, before they had made the common preparations for refitting it. This rash conduct was probably inspired by the riot of the weavers, which the court regarded as the sense of the nation expressed against the administration. Had the king temporised, he might have dealt to advantage with any faction he chose. By beginning with the dismission of the ministers, he exposed himself to the extravagant demands of all who saw the dilemma to which he had reduced himself, and the necessity he was under of submitting to some disagreeable set of men or other, who were sure to make him purchase dearly a support that they knew he wished not to accept at all."

In a preceding quotation we find Walpole disclaiming all vanity; but it will appear that he was rather abundantly supplied with that human ingredient, and a little inclined "to renown" himself even in memoirs of historical ambition. Here is a sample:—

"That *I* would take no place was well known,—I had frequently declared it. From the Duke of Cumberland, to whom I had never paid court; from the Duke of Newcastle, whom I had constantly ridiculed; from Lord Rockingham and the Cavendishes, whom I had

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treated with a very moderate share of regard; I had no reason to expect much attention: and though some notice is due to all men who are respected in a party, they were excusable in proposing nothing for me, when they found nothing demanded for me by my own intimate friend and near relation. He must be supposed to know my mind best: if he was silent, what called on them to be more solicitous for my interest? But what could excuse this neglect in Mr. Conway? For him I had sacrificed every thing; for him I had been injured, oppressed, calumniated. The foundation of his own fortune, and almost every step of his fortune, he owed solely to me; how thoroughly soever he knew my sentiments, was a compliment at least not due to me? Whatever was due to me, much or little, he totally forgot it; and so far from once endeavouring to secure my independence, in his whole life after he never once mentioned it. I had too much spirit to remind him of it, though he has since frequently vaunted to me his own independence. Such failure of friendship, or to call it by its truer name, such insensibility, could not but shock a heart at once so tender and so proud as mine. His ensuing conduct completely opened my eyes. When I saw him eager and anxious to exalt his brother Hertford to the viceroyalty of Ireland, and his brother-in-law Lorn to a regiment; and when he omitted no occasion of serving them and the Duke of Argyle and Lord Frederick Campbell,—all four, men who had abandoned him to persecution without a pang, I saw clearly into his nature. He thought it noble, he thought it would be fame, to pardon the neglect he had met with; and that the world would applaud his generous return of their ungenerous and interested behaviour. No glory would have accrued from his serving me, as it would have been natural, and no more than was expected. His heart was so cold that it wanted all the beams of popular applause to kindle it into action. I had command enough of myself not to drop a word of reproach on a friendship so frozen; but without murmur, and with my wonted cheerfulness, as soon as my strength was tolerably recruited, I declared my intention of making a visit to Lord Hertford, at Paris, before he quitted his embassy. I acted with the same unconcern to the whole party, for I would neither suffer them nor my enemies to know that I had any cause to be dissatisfied with Mr. Conway. When I scorned to open myself even to him, it was not likely I should be more communicative to others. As disgust with my friends did not, as most commonly happens, reconcile me to my enemies, I foresaw that I might still have occasion to make use of my power with Mr. Conway to the annoyance of the latter; for though Mr. Conway had none of the warmth of friendship, yet he had more confidence in me, and knew he might have, than in any man living; and, notwithstanding the indifference I have described, he frequently trusted me afterwards with secrets that he reserved from his wife and his brother. He no sooner discovered that my intention was to remain in France much longer than he expected, than he broke out into complaints, entreaties, and reproaches: and, as if he had satisfied all the duties of friendship, and I had violated them, he tried with angry words to divert me from my purpose; urged the occasion he should have for my advice, and called my retreat desertion of my friends. Satisfied with making him feel the want of me, and now hardened against the calls of friendship, I treated the matter lightly, civilly, and desultorily. I reminded him of the declaration I had often made of quitting the party as soon as they should be successful, which he could not deny; and, with a little mixture of conscious scorn, I said I knew the obligations the party had had to me; I knew none I had to them. Vexed, and his pride hurt, he employed Lady Ailesbury to tell me in his presence that he looked upon my behaviour as deserting him; and himself dropped many peevish accents. Fixed in the plan I had laid down to myself, nothing could provoke me to be serious; I carried off all with good humour; and, above owing to a retort of reproaches what I ought to have owed to his sentiments, I parted with him with such inflexible, and consequently mysterious, cheerfulness, that he knew not what interpretation to put on my behaviour—if he did guess, he was more blamable than I suspected. His insensibility had made me insensible; his ingratitude would have given me stronger sensations."

To shew how he who thus estimates himself is in the habit of estimating others, we conclude with his introduction of the famous Burke, &c. "There appeared in this debate a new speaker, whose fame for eloquence soon rose high above the ordinary pitch. His name was Edmund Burke, an Irishman, of a Roman Catholic family, and actually married to one of that persuasion. He had been known to the public for a few years by his 'Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful,' and other ingenious works; but the narrowness of his fortune had kept him down, and his best revenue had arisen from writing for booksellers. Lord Rockingham, on being raised to the head of the Treasury, had taken Burke for his private secretary, as Mr. Conway had his cousin William. Edmund immediately proved a bitter scourge to George Grenville, whose tedious harangues he ridiculed with infinite wit, and answered with equal argument. Grenville himself was not more copious; but, with unexhausted fertility, Burke had an imagination that poured out new ideas, metaphors, and allusions, which came forth ready dressed in the most ornamental and yet the most correct language. In truth, he was so fond of flowers, that he snatched them, if they presented themselves, even from Ovid's Metamorphoses. His wit, though prepared, seldom failed him; his judgment often. Aiming always at the brilliant, and rarely concise, it appeared that he felt nothing really but the lust of applause. His knowledge was infinite, but vanity had the only key to it; and though no doubt he aspired highly, he seemed content when he had satisfied the glory of the day, whatever proved the event of the debate. This kind of eloquence contented himself, and often his party; but the house grew weary at length of so many essays. Having come too late into public life, and being too conceited to study men whom he thought his inferiors in ability, he proved a very indifferent politician—the case of many men I have known, who have dealt too much in books or a profession: they apply their knowledge to objects to which it does not belong, and think it as easy to govern men, when they rise above them, as they found when themselves were lower and led their superiors by flattery. It is perhaps more expedient for a man of mean birth to be humble after his exaltation than before. Insolence is more easily tolerated in an inferior, than in an inferior mounted above his superiors.

"William Burke, the cousin of Edmund, wrote with ingenuity and sharpness; and both of them were serviceable to the new administration, by party papers. But William, as an orator, had neither manner nor talents, and yet wanted little of his cousin's presumption. Edmund, though the idol of his party, had nothing of the pathetic and imposing dignity of Pitt, though possessed of far more knowledge, and more reasoning abilities. But Pitt could awe those whom he could no longer lead, and never seemed *greater* than when abandoned by all. Charles Townshend, who had studied nothing accurately or with attention, had parts that embraced all knowledge with such quickness, that he seemed to create knowledge instead of searching for it; and, ready as Burke's wit was, it appeared artificial when set by that of Charles Townshend, which was so abundant, that in him it seemed a loss of time to think. He had but to speak, and all he said was new, natural, and yet uncommon. If Burke replied extempore, his very answers, that sprang from what had been said by others, were so painted and artfully arranged, that they wore the appearance of study and preparation: like beautiful translations, they seemed to want the soul of the original author. Townshend's speeches, like the satires of Pope, had a thousand times more sense and meaning than the majestic blank verse of Pitt; and yet the latter, like Milton, stalked with a conscious dignity of pre-eminence, and fascinated his audience with that respect which always attends the pompous but often hollow idea of the sublime."

PALLME'S KORDOFAN.

[Second notice.]

The nomadic tribes in Kordofan are each governed by its own sheikh, and the tribute has to be collected by force. When the time for levying arrives, they are hunted out, tribe by tribe, and plundered of oxen, slaves, and gold. The chief of these tribes, the Bakkara, do not cultivate the land, but live by breeding horned cattle, and stealing slaves from the neighbouring countries. The consequence is, that all the negro tribes, without exception, persecute the Bakkara from one region to another, and they thus live in a continual state of warfare, not only with their neighbours, but also among themselves; for if two Bakkara tribes meet, or are merely encamped near each other, there is sure to be bloodshed. They are also driven by the jubara fly, in the rainy season, from the interior, into the hands of the Turkish government.

In the centre of the encampment of the Bakkara, and generally on a slight elevation, the chief guard-house is situated, which is inhabited by a certain number of armed men, who are daily relieved. The women and girls join their husbands and brothers at this guard-house, and pass the night in wild dances. A large fire is lit at each of the four corners of the space, where drummers and singers are located, and the warriors also join in beating time by striking their spears on the ground.

"This dance," says Pallme, "must be seen, in order to form a proper conception of it; and I can assure my readers, that nothing can be more picturesque than to see this group of dancers on a dark night, the scene lighted up by four blazing fires, when the stillness of the night is only interrupted by the simple scream of a night-bird, the distant roar of a lion, or the howl of a hyæna."

When a tribe of Bakkara is encamped in the vicinity of the hills of the negroes, the horsemen are sent out to kidnap boys or girls. They simply repair to places in which it is likely that these children will congregate; for example,

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in the vicinity of separate droves of cattle, or to wells, where they lie in ambush, and as soon as one of the children is within reach, they seize it, mount their horses, and ride away with their prize at full gallop.

The Kubbahish tribe is almost solely employed in effecting the transports which the government sends to Dunkulah and Sinnar, and in supplying the caravans of merchants proceeding in all directions over Africa. The race is much contaminated by mixing with negro women. They live upon small resources, and consider locusts as a delicacy. If ill treated on a journey, they make a hole in the water-bag, and commit the traveller to the tortures of thirst.

The Dar Hammer tribe exists both in Dar-Fur and Kordofan, and occupy themselves with agriculture and rearing camels. They form the government guard on the frontiers of Dar-Fur, into which they make frequent predatory excursions, often with the sanction and assistance of the Turks. This tribe is, upon the whole, the most amiable class of people in Kordofan, and they present the remarkable peculiarity of living during three months of the year without water, at which time they resort solely to the juice of water-melons; and the camels which remain with them have to content themselves with two husks of the same daily.

There are several other tribes bordering on Kordofan, as the Shilluk, Nuba, Takali, &c. The sultans of Shilluk were formerly very potent. The tribe lives on the White Nile, where they kill hippopotami, and gather the tusks and teeth of elephants as they perish, and which are very numerous in their districts. These people are very idle and stupid, and are in such a low state of humanity as to be even little regarded as slaves, and scarcely ever sufficiently alert to be robbers.

Nuba is the name given to the free negroes, whose tribute is always levied by force. They are republicans, and elect their sheikh by a majority of votes. There are, however, tribes who observe the patriarchal or monarchical form of government. They reside chiefly in villages, built in the most inaccessible parts of the mountains, and put in the best possible state of defence. The free negroes are brave, their climate is better, their resources greater, and their diet superior to that of the other people of Kordofan. They trade in gum, ostrich-feathers, tamarinds, honey, and slaves, and receive in exchange from the Dunkulah and Jalabi (regular merchants) cottons, brass and iron wire, glass beads, counters, &c. They barter among themselves tobacco, to which they are very partial, salt, and small shells.

The Nuba are seized as slaves by the Turks by force, and by the Bakkara, as we have already seen, by stratagem. The natives also collect gold in the mountain torrents, and keep it in quills of large birds of prey, and it is so received in commerce.

The Takali negroes are Muhammedans, governed by their own sultan, and are not tributary to the Turks. They are brave, well armed, and possessed of a remarkably fine breed of horses. It is the Takali who hunt elephants by severing the back sinews of the heel-joint, and who slay lions by piercing them with innumerable lances thrown from a tree, at a period when, it would be scarcely credible, the sands are so burning hot, as to be even insufferable to the lion's paw, hence obliging him to remain in the shade. Pallme, it is to be remarked, did not visit the country of the Takali, nor has any European hitherto set foot in that country. They are, however, carried off occasionally by the Bakkara as slaves, and they themselves not only capture negroes in wars with their neighbours, but also kidnap children amongst themselves by force and by stratagem.

The pasha's military force in Kordofan consists of three battalions of 1000 men each, and 800 Bedwin horsemen, called Mogghrebeen (Moghribin, "men of the west," from Tunis, Algiers, or Morocco); and 40 artillery-men, all employed in the pasha's slave-hunting expeditions. Mr. Holroyd, in his memoir on Kordofan, communicated to the Royal Geographical Society in 1839, said, "It is gratifying to add, that owing to representations I made to Dr. Bowring, when he was in Egypt, he succeeded in obtaining a promise from Muhammed Ali Pasha to abolish the Ghaziyehs (slave-hunts) in the Beled-es-Sudan, to discontinue paying the troops in slaves, and to punish slave-dealing amongst the soldiers. And there seems reason to believe, from what I have since heard, that his orders have been carried into effect."

A perusal of Mr. Pallme's account of the slave-hunts being carried on at the very time that paragraph was written, affords the best answer to the trust that is to be put in any promise made by the wily old pasha on such subjects. Mr. Pallme attacks him in a more direct and sensible manner, when he points out that the large forests of gum-trees in Nubia might be rendered a source of great profit to the state, and would prove far more productive than these atrocious slave-hunts.

It appears from Pallme's account, that the climate of Kordofan is almost constantly fatal to Europeans. Of the sixteen European medical men employed by the pasha in that country in the space of seventeen years, seven have died; and of eight Englishmen sent into this province to work iron-mines, six perished in less than two months, and the remaining two only escaped with their lives by making a rapid flight. Captain Woodfall, an Englishman, who visited the same country in 1831, fell a victim to the climate. Even the Turks and Egyptians, ordered there in Muhammed Ali's service, dwindle down perceptibly, and must be continually replaced by fresh supplies.

Still we can gather from Mr. Pallme's very able and detailed account of the country, that it possesses many available resources to Egypt, under a civilised government. Slavery being discouraged and put a stop to, many of its tribes would rise in the scale of civilisation. The country affords gold, ivory, ostrich-feathers, iron, and other products to commerce. Its vast supplies of cattle and grain would always be invaluable to the lower and more populous districts of the Nile. The gum-forests alone would insure prosperity to the natives under a good government. Tamarinds, senna-leaves, and other drugs, form minor articles of export; and as the tribes rose in security and civilisation, the cultivation of indigo, sugar-cane, and cotton (already grown by some of the tribes), might undoubtedly be largely and successfully introduced.

The O'Donoghue. No. I. By Harry Lorrequer.

If we may form an opinion from an opening of 32 pages, this bids fair to be one of Mr. Lever's best Irish stories. The descriptions of a wild country are worthy of Salvator; and the characters introduced are finely individualised and contrasted. The new family coming into "the property" is represented by a London banker, of aristocratic genealogy, and his lovely daughter: and the varieties of Ireland are not only full of life, but already numerous; for we have the ancient heir of the kingly race of O'Donoghue and his two sons, of very different dispositions; Mary M'Kelly, the keeper of a little hostel not unknown to smugglers; Lanty, a horse-dealer; Leary, the remains of a huntsman; an Adelphi of old postilions; and a Scottish baronet, the brother-in-law of the O'Donoghue, who promises to impart a new and distinct interest to the Hibernian tale. We have rarely seen any thing of the kind begin better.

Parker's Magazine. No. I.

The periodical the announcement of which we lately noticed as coming to supply the place of the *Saturday Magazine*, and, like its precursor, earnestly supporting the church of England, and its doctrines and principles. The articles appear to us to be in general well written, with a good and kindly feeling towards the poor, and a gravity which, without being bigoted, will by many perhaps be deemed too severe in the literary estimate of others where a difference of style or sentiment prevails. The writers often seem to try by the tests of morality and piety productions whose aims are of quite a different kind. *Eothen*, for instance, did not purport to be eastern religious history or homilies.

On the Discovery of the Mississippi, and on the South-western, Oregon, and North-western Boundary of the United States, &c. By Thos. Falconer, of Lincoln's Inn. Pp. 100. London, S. Clarke.

Mr. Falconer has entered into a minute examination of the earliest discoveries and claims to the possession of these territories; and by so doing rendered good service to all parties concerned in these questions. The original memoirs, in their integrity and with much new matter, of Robert Cavalier de la Salle, so cruelly murdered by some of his own treacherous followers, and of his companion the Chevalier Henry de Tonty, who, towards the close of the seventeenth century, explored and colonised the Mississippi and traversed the Indian tribes through large spaces of the American continent, including Mexico, Texas, and Louisiana, are valuable for their geographical data, and interesting for their details of travel and adventure. An excellent map illustrates the narratives. The grand dispute on boundaries we must leave to some future Lord Ashburton to settle: and meanwhile recommend this volume to the general reader as one of curious information towards establishing just grounds for treaty, and also for its *naive* descriptions of these expeditions, and their intercourse in battle and in friendship with the native savages.

The Life of Baber, Emperor of Hindostan. By R. M. Caldecott, Esq. 8vo, pp. 340. London, Darling; Edinburgh, Chisholm.

The life of Baber, written by himself, genuine or helped, is a piece of biography full of character, and a singular exposition of the wide Eastern world; when savages, like the present ruler of Bokhara, did of old as he and his rivals on the same theatre do now. How they fought, their existence being a state of warfare; how they got drunk for months together, such being their relaxations; how they perjured themselves, and plotted and murdered and laid waste, — are all told here with infinite simplicity. There is little new in the volume, but it is distinct and well done; and Mr. Caldecott, availing himself of the previous aids of Dr. Leyden and William Erskine (both so competent to explain and improve such an interesting history), has produced a volume

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worthy of a popularity separate from the great oriental works, and a place in the library.

An Analysis of Kant's Critick of Pure Reason. By the Translator of that Work. 8vo, pp. 215. London, W. Pickering.

Some few years ago a translation of Kant's philosophy was published, and the present epitome purports to be an explanation of what remains unintelligible in that work — or, in other words, an endeavour to expound Kant's obscurities, rendered more obscure by their transference from the German to the English language. To our shame be it spoken, we have been unable to understand many of them anyhow; and have no great desire to devote our time to unriddle their subtleties and mysteries. But those who do, may have a feast in this volume, which to us is like the lines in a famous legal epigram:

" Mr. Parker made that darker
Which was dark enough without."

The Biblical Cabinet, &c. Vol. III. 8vo, pp. 260. Edinburgh, T. Clark; London, Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

The monuments of Egypt are here adduced to illustrate and corroborate the Mosaic account of the earliest recorded movements of mankind. There is a good deal of learning displayed, and many of the philological comparisons are instructive. The combined abilities of the German scholars, Dr. E. W. Hengstenberg, professor of theology at Berlin, and R. D. C. Robbins, of Andover, and of our own countryman, Dr. W. Cooke Taylor, have been called into requisition to complete the subject.

A Commentary on the Eton Latin Grammar. By Richard Haynes. 4to, pp. 235. London, Lloyd and Co.; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

As far as it goes in Orthography and Etymology, we think very well of the information contained in this Commentary of Mr. Haynes, "*olim Alum. T. C. D.*," a title which we are not bound to decipher *nunc*. Latin students and students of languages generally may learn much from its pages.

Literary Extracts from English and other Works, collected during Half a Century: together with some Original Matter. By J. Poynder, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Hatchard and Son.

Nearly fourteen hundred and forty pages! A feast of languages, and such a collection of scraps as never was put together before. There is not much of the *lucidus ordo* in them, nor of connected applicability; but for great books to dip into for quotations, or a few minutes' reading at a time, they are gigantic and agreeable conservatories.

Traits of Private Life. By L. A. 8vo, pp. 364. London, D. Bogue; Manchester, T. Booth.

Ingratitude, the Rivals, and the Legacy-Hunter, are three tales of domestic character which grace this volume. They are simply written, natural, without exaggeration, and yet very interesting and effective. Each inculcates a sound moral, and the spirit of instructive observation reigns throughout; so that taken altogether, the production of a feminine and thoughtful mind, we can truly recommend the *Traits of Private Life* as being faithfully drawn to exemplify its vicissitudes of virtue and vice, and worthy of the public favour.

The Life of Sir Thomas More. By the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh. 12mo, pp. 208. Longmans; J. Taylor.

The reprint, in a neat and desirable form, of a valuable piece of biography. For old and young, but especially the latter, we could hardly name a more eligible volume.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 4.—The president, Mr. Warburton, in the chair. A paper was read, entitled "Remarks on the geology of British Guiana," by the Chev. R. H. Schomburgk. The geology of the district of British Guiana is chiefly confined to primitive rocks. At the mouth of the Orinoco is an extensive delta, consisting of blue clay, which, when pierced, gives a supply of water; and Artesian wells have been sunk here in many places with success. Below the clay appear the remains of an ancient forest. The alluvial flat is terminated by sand-hills, beyond which occurs granite, intersected by numerous greenstone dykes, and then commence the savannahs, which are traversed by large beds of conglomerate, often containing iron ore, and pierced with lofty porphyritic hills. The savannahs are supposed to be the bed of an ancient lake. A region, in which much jasper occurs, next succeeds; and then a remarkable range of granitic mountains; and the author directed especial attention to the insulated rocks, of grotesque form, abounding in the district. He also remarks on the probability of gold being found in the river-courses, and on the appearance of the well-known diamond-matrix of Brazil.—A letter was next read from Mr. Trevelyan, remarking on the occurrence of polished and scratched surfaces in the neighbourhood of Conway, on the ascent of Moel Siabod from Capel Cerig, on Snowdon, and in other localities in North Wales.

Dec. 18.—The president, Mr. Warburton, in the chair. A paper was read, "On the pipes or sandgalls in the chalk and chalk-rubble of Norfolk," by Mr. J. Trimmer. The observations recorded in the present paper were made in chalk-pits near Norwich, and the surface of the chalk was observed to be furrowed by irregular cavities, or deep cylindrical conical pipes, entering the chalk from the channeled surface. The contents of the furrows appeared to be fine sand mixed with a light-coloured umber and yellow ochre, the former often filling up the cavities both here and elsewhere. The author considers that, although chemical agency may have assisted in the formation of these cavities and pipes, yet that it is necessary to admit also mechanical action; and he refers to several instances of the known effects of rain-water on cliffs, and excavations of basins in river-beds, in proof of the probability of his opinion.

The Emperor Nicholas and the Grand Duke Michael.—In our report of the meeting previous to the above, we accidentally omitted a verbal communication made by Mr. Murchison. In a recent excursion to St. Petersburg, Mr. Murchison having expressed a strong desire to obtain for the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, under the direction of Prof. Owen, a skeleton and skin of the *Bos aurochs*, or gigantic bison, his imperial highness, with his accustomed kindness to Englishmen, has announced that the emperor has willingly granted the request, and that his majesty's instructions have been given to procure a specimen, which is to be transmitted to London. The *Bos aurochs* or *primogenius*, which, with the mammoth and other lost races, formerly ranged over very wide tracts, is the sole living remnant of the great primeval quadrupeds, his haunts being now restricted to the wild forests of a part of Lithuania.

The ferocity and great size of the animal would have rendered it very difficult to capture and convey him alive to our Zoological Gardens; and as detached bones only of this species are known in Great Britain, the present of his imperial majesty must doubtless be considered of great value by all naturalists, more particularly as this is the first example during many years of a permission to kill an individual of the herd, a stringent order for their preservation having alone prevented the extinction of the race.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, 28th Dec. 1841.

Academy of Sciences: sitting of the 23d Dec.—The election of a foreign associate to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Dr. Dalton was in favour of Faraday. The commission to present a list of eligible men had returned, first, M. Jacobi; second, Brewster and Faraday; and third, alphabetically, Buckland, Herschel, Liebig, Meloni, Mitscherlich, and Tiedemann. The first scrutiny decided the ballot: out of 55 votes, Faraday had 34, Jacobi 19, and Buckland and Melloni 1 each.

M. Dufresnoy presented, from himself and M. Elie de Beaumont, a geological map of France, printed in colours. It includes twenty-three colours, besides being traced in black. It was consequently necessary that the chart should be passed through the press successively twenty-four times, and with different stones. Notwithstanding this multiplicity of press-work, the most delicate tints and the minutest details are rigorously observed. Bands of country less than a millimetre in width are perfectly distinct; and so exact and well-defined are the lines separating districts, that they bear examination with a magnifier. These beautiful effects result from the processes invented by M. Derézemesnil, chief lithographer of the royal press, and of which the principal points of novelty are, the preparation of the paper so as to prevent its elongation in the press, and its arrangement in the frame, which is movable and the stone fixed, the reverse of the ordinary method.

M. Humboldt writes that M. Ehrenberg has discovered several new species of the polygastric infusoriæ with silicious coverings in the waters taken by Capt. Sir James Ross from under the ice near the antarctic pole. He has seen an abundance of them in tropical seas, in zones where the water was perfectly limpid, and where there was no trace of change of colour. He has found them also in the air, in the grey dust, described by M. Darwin, that obscures the atmosphere for 100 leagues to the west of the Cape de Verd Isles, and that forms a kind of fog dangerous to navigators. It consists of entire or broken silicious coverings, which probably have been raised by water-spouts and carried out to sea. M. Ehrenberg has found also that the calcareous bryozoidæ, of which eight-ninths of the chalk is composed, descend even below the formation of the Jura; but the species of these formations are not the same as those of the chalk. We know besides, that, notwithstanding the age of the chalk, half of the calcareous bryozoidæ still live in the Baltic or in the ocean.

M. E. Robert reports the presence of the anoplotherium in the lower beds of the tertiary formations of the Paris basin.

M. E. Martin's researches on the specific heat of bodies in volume have led him to separate elementary bodies into five distinct series. If to the first, which contains chromium and aluminum, be given a specific heat of 12 to represent a volume, the second, which includes iron, manganese, cobalt, nickel, and copper, would have for the same volume a specific heat equal to 9; the third, formed by silicium, mag-

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nesium, calcium, strontium, zinc, rhodium, palladium, silver, iridium, gold, platinum, titanium, arsenic, molybdenum, &c., would have a specific heat of 6; for the fourth, comprising antimony, cerium, tellurium, cadmium, tin, thorinium, vanadium, barium, columbium, and mercury, the specific heat would be 4½; and the fifth, consisting only of two metals, bismuth and lead, would have, for the same volume, a specific heat equal to 3. It appears to M. Martin that the elementary bodies possess these different specific heats, not only in a free state, but also in the state of combination; so that compound bodies should possess a specific heat the mean of their elements.

Colonel Rawlinson, the British consul at Bagdad, whose researches in the East have done so much to enlighten the world on the antiquities, history, and present condition, of many interesting countries, has been elected a corresponding member of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Entomological, 8 P.M.; Chemical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Syro-Egyptian, 7½ P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; London Institution, 7 P.M.; Graphic, 8 P.M.; Pharmaceutical, 9 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; R. S. of Literature, 4 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.
Friday.—Astronomical, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Royal Botanic, 4 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

Royal Academy.—Mr. Uwins, R.A. has been appointed librarian to the Academy in the room of Mr. Eastlake, who has resigned that office. We have not heard yet of any successor being named as keeper of the royal paintings *vice* Sir A. Calcott.

Institute of the Fine Arts.—We gather from the newspapers (see our notice to correspondents) that Mr. F. G. Hurlstone presided at this the first general meeting, and explained the objects to a numerous assemblage of artists and others, and the advantages likely to be derived to the fine arts and artists from the formation of the Institute. It had been determined by the council that for the future ladies should be admissible, every member having the privilege of introducing a lady at each meeting. The affairs of the Institute were in a flourishing condition. The minutes of the last meeting were read by Mr. Fahey, the hon. secretary, in which were embodied a letter from Sir M. A. Shee, expressing his approbation of their proceedings. Eighty-nine members had been admitted since the last season, making the present number of members 376. Mr. Foggo then read a paper in answer to the remarks of Mr. Hallam, in the Third Report of the Royal Commission of Fine Arts, on the selection of subjects for the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament, and Mr. Fahey afterwards read the address of the council, from which it appeared that the success of the exertions of the Institute in extricating Art-Unions from the difficulties under which they had been placed, and procuring legislative enactments for their protection, had been approved by the great body of artists throughout the kingdom. The Institute was now forming a library, and many works of art had already been presented. The prize of 20*l.* for the best essay on the history, literature, and present state of the fine arts in Great Britain had been awarded to Mr. Geo. Foggo. Petitions had been presented to Parliament for the formation of a national gallery of casts from the best specimens of ancient and modern sculpture, and it was hoped the prayer would be granted by the legislature. Mr. Buss read a paper on the importance of building capacious studios for artists, in which great works could be executed; a college for such purposes might be built with good effect in the neighbourhood of Belgrave-square. Mr. Stanley also read a paper on the state of the arts at Munich. The company separated at half-past 10 o'clock.

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. THOMAS WEBSTER.

It is our melancholy duty to announce the demise, on Thursday the 26th ultimo, of Mr. T. Webster, at the age of 72. Few men have been more unceasingly active in the cause of science and useful knowledge than Mr. Webster; but however much his labours may have benefited the public, they brought himself but little. He was, we believe, a native of the Orkneys, was educated at the University of Aberdeen, and chose the profession of an architect, to which he served the usual apprenticeship. He was afterwards engaged with the celebrated Count Rumford in prosecuting various improvements in fire-places, and other matters of domestic economy. He was attached to the establishment of the Royal Institution from its commencement, and was architect to the building of the institution in Albemarle Street, consisting of a lecturing theatre, laboratory, &c., an account of which will be found in the report of the committee of the House of Commons on the subject of warming and ventilation. While at the Royal Institution, Mr. Webster also acted as assistant to the lectures of Dr. Garnett, Dr. Young, and Sir Humphry Davy, and prepared the various experiments made at the lectures on natural philosophy and chemistry. At that time he founded in the Royal Institution a school for teaching the working mechanics such portions of the elements of science as were considered particularly useful to them, and was the first person in England who took active steps to accomplish the object, since so extensively carried out by others, in the establishment of mechanics' institutes. The proposal of this scheme to Count Rumford may be seen entered on the minutes of the Royal Institution. Subsequently the subject of this notice became secretary to the Geological Society of London, in which situation he remained fourteen years, and was then put upon the council. Among other occupations in the society, he took a very active part in the labour of preparing the well-known geological map of England, by Mr. Greenough. Mr. Webster is notorious to the geological world as the discoverer of the tertiary formations in England, and his account of them published in the "Transactions of the Geological Society," as also by his description of the Isle of Wight, written conjointly by himself and Sir Henry Englefield. Since leaving the secretaryship of the Geological Society, Mr. Webster had become a public lecturer on geology and mineralogy at the Royal Institution, the Institutions of Bath, Bristol, Birmingham, the London Institution, the City of London, the Russell, and the Marylebone Institutions, besides numerous other places in the environs of London and in the country; and all who have had the benefit of hearing these lectures will agree that few lecturers had a happier talent of conveying instruction in a popular and pleasing manner. It was originally for his own lectures that Mr. Webster erected that elaborate and most instructive imaginary section, for the elucidation of the main facts of geology, which adds so much value to Dr. Buckland's Bridgwater treatise on that science. Mr. Webster was also a very able draughtsman, and practised professionally landscape-painting and drawing in all its branches. On the establishment of the College for Civil Engineers, Mr. Webster was appointed professor of geology to that institution; but his services were never called for, as the science does not appear to have been taught there yet. Subsequently he was appointed professor of geology at University College, which situation he held at the time of his death. His last literary labour—and a very long and most arduous one it has been—was the "Encyclopedia of Domestic Economy," just published by Messrs. Longman. Notwithstanding his great exertions and well-merited reputation, Mr. Webster's circumstances were any thing but easy; and by the great exertion of some friends, a pension of 50*l.* per annum was granted him out of the civil list. His life, as we have said, was a long career of arduous and useful toil, amid much privation and frequent bad health. He now rests from his labours, leaving behind him an unblemished name as a man, and a lasting reputation among geologists.

THE DRAMA.

Covent Garden.—Were the drama in England any thing like what it ought to be, we should have a good deal more than we have to say of the *début* in London of Mr. Henry Betty, the son of the celebrated precocious theatric genius called the Young Roscius, whose extraordinary performances made such a sensation some forty years ago. But a tragedian, now starting in the highest walks of his art, has no fair chance of success; for he has literally no fair field for the exhibition of his talents. Every one acquainted with the stage is aware that, without well-drilled and somewhat like equal support, a Garrick, a Kemble, or a Macready, would be unable to display their powers to advantage; for no play is a mono-drama! And if this be true of the most justly famous, what must it be of a *débutant?* Thrown at once upon a new arena, to whose bounds his action and his voice are unaccustomed; and surrounded by associates with whose ideas, capacities, and styles he has no previous acquaintance, it would indeed be marvellous if he could develop a tithe of the abilities which may be in him. The opportunities are not offered; all is strange and distracting, instead of being familiar, ready, and inviting. The spirit gets dubious and clogged. The actor may intimate how he would conceive and read the part, but he lacks the occasions on which to shew how he would illustrate it by those fine distinctions and brilliant flashes in which consist all the superior excellence of the histrionic profession. In these respects we consider Mr. Betty's first essay in *Hamlet* to have been unpropitious. For aught we could ascertain he might have been great; as it was, he was only perfectly well studied, judicious, level, and correct. His view of the arduous character was unsustained by the elements necessary to bring it out; and we feel so entirely that it was a rehearsal, and not a ripened experiment, that we will suspend our judgment till we have witnessed (though still under unfavourable circumstances) what he can do in *Macbeth*, and other elevated efforts of the drama. He possesses a fine figure and other requisites for these impersonations, and has obtained a large share of provincial popularity, which could only be achieved by considerable merit and execution of a commanding order. A

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Mr. Rogers, new to us, played the first actor in a way to merit approbation, not very usually given to that subordinate personage.—On Thursday, Sophocles his tragedy of *Antigone* was produced here, and in English from the Greek. Though not on a par with Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and others of that musical pre-eminence, Mendelssohn is a fine composer, and there are certainly many delightful and striking passages in his accompaniments and choruses to this play, which is altogether a novelty on the British stage. The tragical parts of *Creon* and *Antigone* were effectively filled by Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff—the former evidently labouring under indisposition, which almost incapacitated him from walking; the latter declaiming with great force and feeling, and throwing herself into attitudes of peculiar and statue-like intensity. Vining, in *Hæmon*, also performed his only important scene with much propriety, vigour, and effect; and Archer deserves as great commendation for his *Tiresias*. Of the performance of the music we cannot speak in terms of high praise; in fact, it was ill sung, and especially by one or two of the chorus leaders. This occasionally led to disapprobation; but the manner in which the whole was put upon the stage, the complete originality of the subject, and the general and deeply increasing interest of the crushing decrees of Fate as they fell on the doomed race of the Labdacidæ, carried the representation to a successful end, and the curtain descended amid the unanimous plaudits of a crowded house.

Princess's Theatre.—L'Italiani in Algieri has been produced here, and played during the week with much applause.

Astley's.—The day-performances at the Amphitheatre have proved, as we anticipated, a lucky hit. The accommodation of juvenile parties at this season of the year, without exposing them to late hours, night fogs, and the confusion of crowds departing in the dark, is a very considerate thought; and papas and mammas are much indebted to Mr. Batty for affording them so much of the pleasure demanded by holydays, and so little of the trouble.

The English Theatre in Paris.—We observe from the *Journal des Débats* and other Parisian papers, that the English company there has gone on improving in the consideration of the public, and earning more and more the warmest applause of the best critics in France. That we expected this, and especially from Macready, our readers are aware, although we gave no reasons for the hope, or rather the certainty, that was in us. But we felt convinced that the style of that great tragedian was peculiarly adapted to make a strong impression in France —somewhat prepared for it by the powers of Talma. One similarity is sufficient to account for this. Without losing sight of the dignity of the tragic stole, both of them have relied on the more fervid varieties and passionate outbreaks of human nature. Without ceasing to be the high priests of the Muse, they have appeared as men laughing if they are tickled, and uttering sounds of woe if they are pained. In this line lies the happy medium between majesty and common humanity; and in this Macready far excels all living competition. At present we need say no more. We observe that *Macbeth* is to be produced, with Lock's music, and the scenic accessories which glorified the Scottish tyrant when he was last honoured on our patent stage, with an English singer as *Hecate*, though the rest must be French and Italian, and with Macready as the hero, for which the world of Paris is all on tiptoe. Nor ought we to conclude without noticing that Miss Faucit has been winning her way to the highest estimation by her sweetness and earnestness.

ÆOLIAN ATTACHMENT.

Such is the title given to an invention which has long been a desideratum with the musical world; and which seems at last to be perfectly accomplished by Mr. O. M. Coleman, a young American, who, after exciting the wonder and admiration of his own country by it, has recently arrived in London with his remarkable and important discovery. It cannot be doubted but that it will effect a very great change in our chamber-music, where the more modern piano-forte has so long superseded the spinettes and harpsichords, &c., of our foremothers. One tendency of this instrument, constructed as its elements of sound required, and with its means of expression to the present hour, has been to tempt its ablest masters into execution, rather than feeling; and brilliancy and rapidity of touch have consequently been more common among its attractions, than aught to touch the heart or fill the mind. We have been far more frequently amazed than delighted by its most extraordinary feats. What, then, was wanted to make it as pleasing as it was striking? A power to continue and sustain the notes which the magic finger of the performer could extort from its strings; to afford the ear a tone to listen to beyond the brief stroke of the hammer, and the soul a prolongation of melody instead of the hurried effect of the momentary key, soon drowned among the click of others following with lightning speed. By a simple and efficacious contrivance, Mr. Coleman has achieved this. An additional pedal is all that appears to the eye; and is worked, when desired, with the utmost ease. It acts upon the bellows, or what else it may be, which the inventor can in a few days incorporate, at a moderate charge, with any piano-forte, grand, upright, cottage, or piccolo; and the effects of which are beyond description delicious. We had the good fortune to hear Mr. Benedict play; and it was indeed a treat of music. At one period it was the usual instrument, with all its possible beauties elicited by his wonderful skill; but anon the new pedal was pressed, and we had the solemn organ, the exquisite flute, the tremulous human voice as if heard from a distant choir, in all its swells and cadences—in short, we had such combinations of "linked sweetness *long drawn out*," as were almost overpowering to the hearer. But words cannot impart an idea of the performance; and all we can do is to prepare our readers for an enjoyment which must speedily be spread throughout the land. Mr. Coleman's invention here, as in the United States, must be immediately adopted by instrument-makers, and in private life, where it can so readily be added to pianos in use; and thereby, we will venture to predict, a very welcome accession be made to the delights of the lovers of harmony. In answer to our inquiries, Mr. C. informed us that he had devoted six or eight years to the perfecting of his design, and with an anxiety which had nearly destroyed his health. But he has overcome all his difficulties, and let us hope, as we are indeed sure of matters which minister to the pleasure of mankind, that he will reap an ample reward.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A NEW YEAR'S RHYME.

The Year that's gone! the Year that's gone!
The pulse of life beats strongly on;
But e'en the vigour of its beating
Shews how quickly life is fleeting;
While the New Year, in joyance waking,
Cries, "The links of time are breaking
One by one."
Hast thou no sigh for the bygone Year?
Old Time hath laid it on a hallow'd bier:
Christmas and New-Year's tide, with laughing hours,
Have strewn the ancient, full of days, with flowers;
But all is not of mirth, and memory clings
Unto the past with the heart's broken strings:
Check not the tear.
The widow hath a treasure in her grief;
The orphan asks the Old Year for her sire;
The mother mourns her babe, whose sojourn brief
But mock'd the love that watch'd its smile expire;
Husband, and lover, and the faithful friend,
All sigh for thee, Old Year, when of thy past
Are those they love, and as thy last days end,
A tearful eye upon the New Year cast.
But gently their cypress-wreaths
Are laid on the Old Year's brow;
Hope with the New Year freely breathes—
Hope be our watchword now.
Wrestle, Old Time, with the spirit's blight
Drooping o'er those who're died;
Let the holy dead rest in realms of light
Won by the *first* Christmas-tide.
Now again to the Year's death-bed,
Though the dead forgotten lie,
Say, are there no tears that the sorrowing shed,
Except for those who die?
Yes, gathering the wrecks of life
From the wastes of the days of old,
They weep—for the New-Year's toil and strife
Is a tale already told.
Bright hopes that cheer'd their way
Now burning faint and low,
Sadly they trim the feeble ray
For the path they onward go.
Hark to that voice in the spirit's gloom!
"Bury Hope deep in the Old-Year's tomb."
But another voice hath spoken
By the side of the good Old Year.
Let it bind up the spirit broken,
Let it dry the mourner's tear.
It cries, "Do ye come in sorrow?
I will shew you how to smile
On this the Old Year morrow,
While the Old Year sleeps the while.
Oh, bring the good resolves hither
That Old Year saw ye make;
They must not be left to wither;
And build them again if they break.
The wrong which ye did repenting,
The good which ye wish'd now do,
And the heart to God's grace consenting,
'Lo, all things will be new.'
And though life, like a New-Year's rhyme,
May a 'mingled yarn' unrol,
Ye shall greet as a Christmas chime
The knell of the parting soul." RICHARD JOHNS.

VARIETIES.

Mr. Hood's Pension, which we mentioned in last *Gazette*, was, we understand, granted in the most kind and handsome manner by Sir Robert Peel. The amount is 100*l.* a year, and it is for the life of Mrs. Hood; that of the author being, from ill health, unfortunately (in all human probability) of a more precarious tenure. When we think that such poems as his "Eugene Aram," "Old Oak-Tree," "Song of a Shirt," and many others of great power and pathos, not to mention his comic originalities, will be read with delight two hundred years hence, perhaps by the royal descendants of our queen and the noble descendants of our premier, six or eight generations removed, we could have hoped that the one hundred pounds might have been two. But the pension-list we fancy requires tender handling to make it hold out enough, where much deserved and much wanted. Let us, therefore, be thankful for this instalment.

The French Protestant Episcopal Church.—We had on Thursday the gratification of seeing the foundation-stone of this interesting church laid by the Bishop of London. The site is at the lower part of Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury (now named Bloomsbury Street); and we trust the subscription is sufficient for every object which the circumstances of the case require. The Rev. Mr. Mudry read a pious and eloquent address on the occasion, which made

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a deep impression on all who heard it. The bishop read the office; and the first stone of the edifice was lowered to its place with the customary ceremonies. We have repeatedly called public attention to the position of this Christian community, driven by persecution from their native land, and most worthy every British sympathy and most generous aid.

Arctic Polar Expedition.—Sounds from the outposts intimate that the Arctic Expedition, projected immediately on the return of Sir James C. Ross from his great antarctic toils, is beginning to assume a more tangible form. The Erebus and Terror were, it is well known, so battered and crushed by their encounters in the thick-ribbed ice, that they must be completely "overhauled" before they durst encounter even another embrace of the same kind, however slight; but the design is now much talked of; and it is stated, that the gallant commander of the preceding voyage has been invited to undertake this renewed exploration of a region where he so eminently distinguished himself before. All his officers and men would accompany him with confidence and affection.

On this subject we may notice a printed paper of four pages, addressed by Dr. Richard King to Sir John Barrow (not quite so courteous in tone as we could approve), in which he contends strongly for the superiority of expeditions overland in preference to those by sea, for completing our geographical surveys of the north polar region.

Archæology.—Among other signs of the fresh spirit awakened by the Archæological Association, the *Cambridge Chronicle* states that a collection of antiquities, principally Roman, valued by their former owner at 100 guineas, has been brought into the University, in due time to be added to the Fitzwilliam Museum; and expresses a hope that on this foundation will be raised a collection worthy of the building where it will ultimately rest, if the members and friends of the University will use such opportunities as may offer to them of promoting the enlargement of this beginning.

Mr. Schomburgk (rather the *late Mr.*) has received the honour of knighthood; a well-deserved compliment for his laborious and enterprising scientific travels in Guiana.

New Inventions: Coal from Peat.—We are informed that, by the application of a chemical process, an ingenious party has succeeded in the conversion of peat into coal within a very short period of time. If the works of the great laboratory of nature, perfected during centuries, can thus be performed by art in a few weeks, it will indeed cause a great social and national revolution.

This is indeed a stirring age for improvements in every branch of human industry. At, or nearly arrived at perfection, we hear of and see admirable specimens of *printing and copying fine engravings and the letter-press of books*, making copyrights worth nothing! There are means of *stereotyping* by which a plate may be executed in a few hours, and we believe the whole process of baking be dispensed with. It is said that the *new light*, produced from electricity, has at length been fixed so as to continue, and shine with a lustre never yet approached by other agents. The new musical instrument we have, from personal observation, described elsewhere. In short, this is the *time of movement*.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.—A collected Volume of Poems, by Wm. Anderson, of Edinburgh, author of "Landscape Lyrics," "Popular Scottish Biography," &c.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Parochialia; or, Church, School, and Parish, by the Rev. J. Sandford, 8vo, 16*s.*—Recollections of College Days; or, a Guide to the Universities, post 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Practical Astronomy and Geodesy, by J. Narrien, 8vo, 14*s.*—Peter Parley's Tales about Ireland and the Irish, sq. 4*s.*—Mesmerism; or, the New School of Arts, 12mo, 2*s.*—The Anglo-Indian and Colonial Almanac for 1845, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Pictorial Museum of Animated Nature, Vol. II. fol. 18*s.* cloth.—The Pictorial Sunday-Book, fol. 24*s.*—Morning Exercises at Cripplegate, Vol. V. 8vo, 12*s.*—The Preparatory Latin-Book, by the Rev. D. H. Stoddart, 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Waldgrave; a Tale of 1746, 2 vols. post 8vo, 21*s.*—The Cross of Christ: Meditations, &c., edited by W. F. Hook, D.D., 12mo, 3*s.*—Journal of a Clergyman in the Peninsula, by the Rev. W. Robertson, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Practical Observations and Suggestions in Medicine, by Marshall Hall, M.D., post 8vo, 8*s.* 6*d.*—The Fortunes of the Scattergood Family, by A. Smith, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Saul; a Dramatic Sketch, with other Poems, and Translations, 8vo, 6*s.*—Mrs. Markham's History of England, 11th edit. 1 vol. 12mo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Mrs. Markham's History of France, 6th edit. 1 vol. 12mo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Conduct of Life: a Series of Essays, by G. Long, post 8vo, 6*s.*—Theogony of the Hindoos, with their Systems of Philosophy and Cosmogony, by Bjornstjerna, 8vo, 8*s.* 6*d.*—Light in Darkness: Churchyard Thoughts in Verse, by J. Snow, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Life in Earnest: Six Lectures on Christian Activity, &c., by the Rev. J. Hamilton, 18mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*—A Token of Love for Little Children, fcp. 4*s.*—The Divine History of the Church, by the Rev. F. Fysh, 18mo, 4*s.*—Elementary Course of Mathematics, by S. H. Christie, Vol. I. 8vo, 21*s.*—The Rev. John Newton's Sixty-eight Letters, 2d edit. 12mo, 4*s.* 6*d.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We know nothing of the plan concocted to persuade emigration to Venezuela, where there are no creeds, and never any winter, and where somebody has invented an "*extraordinary* machine" to do all the labouring work, and cultivate land at the rate of 100 acres a day! This must be the machine for gentlemen-farmers all over the world.

We received our card for the meeting of the Institute of Fine Arts too late. Such invitations dated only two days before the appointed time, and delivered probably on the very day, can hardly be considered sufficient for the innumerable claims upon periodical attentions.

J. R. received, and we hope for next Saturday.

L. D. L. we fear may not find a vacant space.

ERRATUM.—In our last No., noticing "The Ecclesiastical Architecture of Great Britain," &c., p. 832, col. 2, we accidentally omitted the name of Bowman after the "Henry" on the title-page; so that it read as the work of Henry and James Hadfield, instead of Henry Bowman and James Hadfield. We the more regret this mistake, as we believe Mr. Bowman is now the sole author of this very satisfactory publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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LITERATURE AND ART.

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The LISTS for the current year are now open, and an early Subscription is solicited. The Engraving by Mr. G. T. Doo, after the Picture by W. MULREADY, R.A., "The CONVALESCENT," in preparation for Subscribers of the present year, is in a forward state.

A finished Proof of "The CASTLE of ISCHIA," engraved for the Subscribers of the past year, may be seen at the Office. Due notice will be given when the impressions are ready for delivery.

The distribution in April will include besides the amount set apart for the purchase of Pictures, &c. a number of Bronzes, from a reduced Model of "The EAGLE-SLAYER," by Mr. BELL, exhibited in Westminster Hall last year, now preparing by Mr. ED. WYON; and a certain number of Silver Medals by Mr. A. J. STOTHARD, commemorative of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, of which bronze copies will be given instead of Prints to such Subscribers as may prefer them.

GEORGE GODWIN, LEWIS POCOCK, } Hon. Secs.

4 Trafalgar Square, Jan. 1845.

*** The Society's Almanack is now ready, and may be had gratuitously on application at the Office.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—DEPARTMENT of GENERAL LITERATURE and SCIENCE.—The COURSES of LECTURES will be resumed on TUESDAY, the 21st of January.

DIVINITY.—The Rev. the PRINCIPAL and the Rev. the CHAPLAIN.

MATHEMATICS.—Professor the Rev. T. G. HALL, M.A.; Tutor, the Rev. T. A. COCK, M.A.

CLASSICS.—Professor the Rev. R. W. BROWNE, M.A.; Tutor, the Rev. J. S. BREWER, M.A.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.—Professor the Rev. F. D. MAURICE, M.A.

The classes for private instruction in the Hebrew, Oriental, and modern foreign languages, under the direction of Professors M'CAUL, FORBES, BRASSEUR, BERNAYS, ROSSETTI, and DE VILLALOBOS, will also be re-opened at the same time.

Chambers are provided for matriculated students desirous of residing in the College; and some of the professors and gentlemen connected with the College receive students into their houses.

Further information may be obtained upon application at the Secretary's Office.

Dec. 1844. R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—The SCHOOL will RE-OPEN on TUESDAY the 21st January, when new Pupils will be admitted.

Dec. 1844. R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

SOCIETY for the ENCOURAGEMENT of ARTS, MANUFACTURES, and COMMERCE.

President—H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT, K.G., F.R.S.

The following Illustrations will be given on WEDNESDAY EVENING, Jan. 8th, at 8 o'clock—Dr. ROGET, Sec. R.S., V.P. in rotation:—

"On the Arts and Manufactures of Mexico and Yucatan," by Dr. Thompson. And "On the Atmospheric Railway without a Valve," by James Pilbrow, C.E.

The Society's Repository will be opened to the Members and their friends on the Vice-President leaving the chair.

By order,
FRANCIS WHISHAW, Sec.

Adelphi, 1st Jan. 1845.

TO ARCHITECTS *UNDER* the AGE of *THIRTY.*—The printed Certificate, Admission, Conditions, and Directions as to the PREMIUM of FIFTY POUNDS, or a SILVER GOBLET of equal value, offered by a Gentleman for the best Design for a "Public Building for a Self-supporting Exhibition of the Products of National Industry," and advertised in various papers of November 27 and 30 and December 7 respectively, are now ready.

For the Advertiser,
FRANCIS WHISHAW, C.E.
Mem. Inst. C.E., Sec. Soc. Arts

Adelphi, 1st Jan. 1845.

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TESTIMONIAL TO MR. FREDERICK SALMON,

FOUNDER AND HONORARY SURGEON TO THE INFIRMARY FOR FISTULA AND OTHER DISEASES OF THE RECTUM.

At a very numerous and influential Meeting of the Governors of this Charity, held on the 8th of July last, Major-General Sir James Law Lushington, G.C.B., V.P., in the Chair, it was moved by Captain Sir Edward Parry, R.N., seconded by the Rev. Dr. Vivian,—

"That with a view of recording the opinion entertained by the Governors and Subscribers of the Institution of the professional talents and private worth of Mr. Frederick Salmon, and more particularly to mark their estimation of the services he has rendered to the suffering poor through the medium of this charity, it is proposed a subscription be entered into for the purpose of presenting Mr. Salmon with some Testimonial as a lasting token of their regard, confidence, and esteem."

The Committee appointed to carry into effect the above resolution have much satisfaction in announcing the following Subscriptions:—

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Robinson, Mrs.	1	1	0
Roney, C. P. Esq.	3	3	0
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Sandars, George, Esq.	5	0	0
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Scott, B. Esq.	1	1	0
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Sedgwick, Wm. Esq.	1	1	0
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Shaw, Thomas Clark, Esq.	1	1	0
Shepperson, Thos. Esq.	5	5	0
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Skipper & East, Messrs.	1	1	0
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Smith, Thomas, Esq.	5	0	0
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Smith, George, Esq.	1	1	0
Smyth, B. W. Esq.	1	1	0
Spencer, Edward, Esq.	1	0	0
Sprague, D. Esq.	1	1	0
Spozzi, Charles, Esq.	1	0	0
Stammers, Rev. R.	1	0	0
Stainsby, Mrs.	1	1	0
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Stuart, Stephen, Esq.	1	1	0
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Tabor, C. W. Esq.	3	3	0
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Vale, J. T. Esq.	2	2	0
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Wallen, J. Esq.	3	3	0
Wallen, Mrs.	2	2	0
Ward, Edmund, Esq.	2	2	0
Ward, Samuel, Esq.	2	2	0
Wells, W. C. Esq.	2	2	0
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5. *Young England.* No. I.

"THE signs of the times," to use a hackneyed phraseology, are by nothing so plainly indicated as by the public press—the exponent of prevailing opinions and feelings, and, if not the originator and leader, at all events the close follower and feeder of the general mind. In this point of view, it is impossible to attach too much importance to its tone and aspects. It is powerful for good or evil—augmenting the mass, or accelerating the movement of either, and helping to guide the national inclinations—it may be to paths of wisdom and improvement—it may be to ways of folly and destruction.

When we observe, therefore, any considerable portion of this most responsible and most influential force tending in one direction, it behoves us to investigate the nature of that tendency, and to look back a little upon the cause or causes which have led to it.

The slight publications we have placed at the head of this paper are indications of several sorts of the streams in which it pleases the press to flow in our day—some of them simply affecting literature and literary questions, but others calculated to swell the tide in which more momentous interests are at stake — to buoy them up prosperously on the top of the wave, or bury them under its stormy and overwhelming billow.

In the first category we may class *Punch* and the *Great Gun*, and in the second *Cruikshank's Table-Book* partly, and *Jerrold's Magazine* and *Young England* (a new weekly journal) almost entirely.

The great success of *Punch* has infected our periodical productions, our stage, and in some measure our society, with a species of humour which is more pleasant when sparingly than when superabundantly employed. Thus, *Punch's Almanack*, with its countless good, bad, and indifferent puns, its quips and cranks and witticisms, is not, to our taste, so amusing as one of his best weekly numbers.* Jokes and jests surfeit sooner than almost any other kind of printed matter —since laughter is even more fatiguing than crying. But if this be true of the clever work in question, what shall be said of its crowd of imitators, with its personalities unredeemed by pungent satire, its blemishes aggravated, and its talents unknown? They are dull and tiresome in proportion to their efforts; and yet they pervade too much of our system—distracting attention, and jostling what are really meritorious and useful out of the world of letters. The results are flimsy and puerile conceits, instead of wholesome information, and the diffusion of a ludicrous set of false will-o'-the-wisps which beguile the traveller from the lights of instruction. The diversion becomes the principal: we have the farce without the play—the tumbling without the circus-feats — the ballet without the opera — the dessert without the dinner.

* The first two of the present year, for instance, which, particularly in the cuts, as well as several of the literary contributions, are full of genuine fun.

And when we consider the penetrating influence of ridicule, we shall be inclined to attach even greater weight than may seem at a hasty glance due to this style of writing. Its light arrows wound deeply; and many a bitter wrong and cruel injury is inflicted by a pointed epigram or merry sally. Such as have this engine in their hands, therefore, are bound to take as much care as if they were penning the gravest essays, that they eschew injustice and refrain from the tempting jest which would betray them into the invasion of the sanctuary of character, giving pain unprovoked by offence, and debasing that honourable individual self-esteem on which all our private virtues and all our exertions for the public weal are founded. Mirth is a delightful adjunct to content and happiness; but heaven keep us from the companion who is always grinning.

The *Great Gun* (with many amusing wood-engravings) is one of those papers which rely chiefly on their pictures for popularity; but it differs from the others of the same sort which we have occasionally seen, by attempting the humorous and satirical, after the *Punch* fashion, rather than the news-furnishing. The whole class is of worse than doubtful utility. They carry into the extreme of error that which in its proper application is a beneficial help to illustrate truth. Are we to retrograde to the infancy of the world, and to picture-writing or hieroglyphics for instruction? These woodcut sages seem to think so; and if they do not dispense with letters altogether, they do mortify them so diligently that they hardly interfere with and certainly do not correct the misrepresentations they accompany. Now we do not arraign pictorial *facts* as affording pretty accurate notions of what is meant to be conveyed to the understanding through the eye; but it is in consequence of such means making ready and strong impressions that we protest against their utter want of reality in the vast majority of existing cases. A man becomes notorious, and forthwith we are presented with his portrait, as like Methuselah as him if he be old, and as like Adonis if he be young, and happen to have committed a capital offence. A historical event occurs in Africa, Asia, or America, and as soon as the rumours reach us, we have it splendidly engraved, with not one feature what it ought to be, but the pure invention of the limner, often as ignorant of the costume and personal appearance of the parties, the climate and common landscape of the country, and the peculiar circumstances of the affair, as of what is passing within the ring of Saturn, or the atmosphere of Uranus. Out of this grows a plentiful infusion of false notions, an inaccurate idea of things as they are; the more to be regretted because they operate most mischievously on the least informed of "the million," for whose edification they pretend to be disseminated. The one expressive word of Mr. Burchell in the *Vicar of Wakefield* best describes their general value—"Fudge." But if they were only useless, they might be tolerated; they are positively evils, and as far as they go pervert the judgment from a sense of the actual and true.

George Cruikshank's Table-Book overflows with his graphic fancies; the cover is laughably grotesque; but the frontispiece, of "The Triumph of Cupid," is of measureless exuberance, and furnishes subjects for an hour's examination: it is one of the happiest emanations of his genius. The contents of the No. are miscellaneous, and mostly entertaining. His St. Dunstan's Clock reminds us of other days, and the beautiful motto, "Strike, but hear!" The Christmas imitation of the olden time is a droll idea pleasantly wrought up; and the Philosophy of Cattle Shows an agreeable *jeu d'esprit;* as is also the Christmas Waits.

But we have put the publication into the above list, rather on account of its having, in a passing manner (in "Washing-houses for the Poor"), touched upon the main branch of the inquiry to which these brief remarks are addressed, and which forms the staple of Mr. Douglas Jerrold's Magazine. That able writer has long been known as the earnest advocate of the poor and lower orders of society. In the objects of his efforts, need we say the *Literary Gazette* most heartily joins!—but we must, at the same time, say, that we as heartily disapprove of the tone, manner, and means. The same sense which led us to prefer Dickens's *Christmas Carol* infinitely above his *Chimes*, leads us to the same conclusion in regard to *Jerrold's Magazine*, and to every publication of the same genus, whether original or imitative, whether springing from a sincerely and deeply touched mind, or the mere result of affected and saleable philanthropy. There is a momentous question pending between the rich and the poor divisions of the community. There are prodigious evils and immeasurable sufferings; but the remedies, and even the alleviations, are difficult to ascertain and apply. Yet they are many, and each would go to the cure of some ill; and it is a sore mischance when quacks leap up into the seat of practical science, and prescribe one, their own, panacea for the whole maladies of the body politic. And, in our humble opinion, still worse and more to be deprecated is the course of treatment adopted, whose entire tendency is to irritate the healthy parts by way of amending the diseased. We can never think that bullying and exasperating the upper and middle orders of society is the best mode of infusing into them the principles of generosity and charity. We can never think that spreading bitter discontent and vengeful passions among the lowest and most miserable is the right way to bring about their comfort or happiness. And besides, it is a most untrue and unjust representation of the people of England and the aspects and circumstances of the times in which we live. God knows there is enough to pity in the lowly and unfortunate, and a bounden duty in those above them in station to ameliorate their condition to the utmost of possibility. But there are ills beyond the reach of human medicament; and it is a barefaced lie to ascribe all the wretchedness we see to the wrongs and oppressions of those who enjoy

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happier lots. It is not only false in position, but cruel in argument, and injurious in consequences. Thoughtlessness, apathy, and hardness of heart are not new on the face of the earth; and to accuse all mankind of them is a monstrous fiction. It is because we would earnestly plead the cause of the starving manufacturer and hungry husbandman, that we protest against such writings. We would not turn them against their employers, many of whom are their friends and benefactors, with undistinguishing rancour, because there are some who use them abominably. We would rather teach the feet of clay to look, through all the rest of the frame, to the very head of gold, with confidence and obedient love. We would enforce upon the strong and precious metals above, the necessity to protect and cherish that material which is their basis and support; but we would not throw the statue down in one mass of ruin, as the wisest plan to upraise the feet, and place them on an elevation of sure social comfort and enjoyment.

Levelling and pulling down is not improvement. Stimulating the worst passions of the multitude into poaching, rick-burning, strikes, and insurrections, is not the way to benefit any single individual, or any number of the population of this (with all its faults and errors) well-disposed and charitable country. At the same time, we are loud in demanding every consideration for the far too widely spread destitution, which distresses us wheresoever we look around us. The disposition of things towards huge monopolies and vast accumulations of wealth, if found to lead to the wretchedness of the men-machines, on whose sinews they are built and with whose life-blood they are cemented, must be controlled by law and government, if they will not regulate themselves consistently with the general welfare. The prevalence of extreme poverty, throughout so rich and prosperous a land, is a reproach to human nature; but we would have it redressed by the sympathies, and not by the fears, of those who possess the power; and by lifting up the humblest in the scale, not by tumbling down the highest, and degrading the middle ranks. In this light do we desire to quote the poet of Scotland:

"But let us pray that come it may,
And come it will, for a' that;
When man to man the world o'er
Shall brithers be, and a' that!"

Not brothers in a common wreck of ruin, but in a superior bond of mutual kindness and brightness shining on the depths and darknesses below, as the mists which have overshadowed them exhale, till all is mingled in one blue and cheering empyrean sky. Thus open the prospects to emulation and competition, the parents of hope; and in the mean while, instead of sowing the thistles of envy and thorns of revenge, endeavour on every hand to apply even the partial remedies which Providence has placed at our disposal. If cleanliness for the poor be aimed at, let it not be met with contempt because it is not food; if healthful sports for the rustic villager and labourer are recommended, do not try to defeat the object by ridicule because it is not an allotment of land—do not with one breath laud the good old times, and with the next do the utmost to defeat the revival of any kindly and benevolent portion of them; if universal instruction be attempted, do not destroy its least operation through party or sectarian jealousies: in short, do not oppose every amendment proposed, because it cannot effect at once all that may be desired. Instalments may pay off national miseries as well as national debts; and of good omen will it be for Great Britain when she has a sinking fund established for this purpose, and applicable from date to date for the gradual extinction of popular distress!

Almost all the papers in *Jerrold's Magazine* are of a gloomy cast — painting the moral depravities, vices, and sufferings, of the lower orders in exceedingly black colours; and if any virtues are acknowledged in the upper regions, they are hardly less dark, and far in the background. His opening chapter of the "Tale of St. Giles and St. James," is of this Caravaggio kind, and executed with all his acknowledged vigour. "Shadows of coming Events" is in a similar spirit; but far from being so graphic or able, and consequently has less relief for the dismal. The "*Black* Bank-Notes" are really a succour to the general mourning and reproach. A "History of Young England" offers some smart remarks on that limited party, which are briefly met by—

Young England. No. I.—The last paper on our list, respecting which we shall only observe, that it displays considerable talent, and, what is better, a distinct and moderate annunciation of many excellent objects, the accomplishment of which it holds in view. What its powers of persuasion may be, now that it has gotten a tongue, we cannot say; nor whether the means it may employ in parliament or the press shall be worthy of approbation; but we are free to state, that in nearly every word it utters here, and in almost every purpose to which its energies are defined to be directed, we can most cordially agree with our new contemporary.

Diaries and Correspondence of the first Earl of Malmesbury. Vols. III. and IV. 8vo. Edited by his Grandson, the Third Earl. R. Bentley.

The observations, and space for extracts to illustrate them, which we devoted to the first two volumes of this highly important and interesting work,* render it unnecessary for us now to recapitulate its claims to be considered as one of great historical and political value; and not the less likely to be vastly and permanently popular, from the lively manner in which it speaks of famous personages, and the curious descriptions it gives us of courts and courtiers. It does indeed draw up the curtain and present the scenes which for many years filled the world's stage with its principal actors and events; but it goes even beyond that, and lets us so much into the secret transactions behind the scenes in the dressing-rooms, coulises, and green-rooms, that we find history and romance, the sublime and ridiculous, the affairs of states and the novel-like acts and intrigues of little people, so jumbled together, that the whole *mélange* is as entertaining as it is instructive. Different moral lessons may be gathered from the great and the small; and the grand one of all is, to see on what slight hinges turn the destinies of mankind, not merely for the "ignorant present," but for generations for ever.

With the conclusion of the work now before us, we shall add nothing to our former praise, except to say, that as it approaches nearer to our own times, relates to circumstances of still deeper moment, and treats of subjects of yet more remarkable character, as affecting the domestic as well as the foreign proceedings of Great Britain, if we had words to bestow a warmer panegyric, we would use them on this occasion. But our author must be his own eulogist, imperfectly as the following quotations admit.

The third volume opens with Lord Malmesbury's special mission to Berlin at the close of 1793, in order to keep the Prussian court fixed to the coalition treaty against revolutionary France; out of which there were strong suspicions the king of Prussia meant to back, and leave his allies, Austria, England, and the States General, to fight their way as best they could. His mission is admirably defined by George III. in his farewell audience.

"He (the king) began by saying something complimentary on my accepting the Prussian mission; then went on, by saying, 'A few clear words are better perhaps than long instructions. I believe that the king of Prussia is an honest man at the bottom, although a weak one. You must first represent to him, that if he allows his moral character the same latitude in his explanation of the force of treaties as he has allowed it in other still more sacred ties [referring to his marriage], all good faith is at an end, and no engagement can be binding.* You must then state to him how much his honour is engaged in joining in this business, in not giving up a cause in which he had begun so nobly. Then you should apply to his interest; that the event of the war must either fail or succeed; that if he withdrew himself from the number of coalesced powers, in either case he would suffer from leaving them. In the first case (the failure of the war), he perhaps would be the first to feel the consequence of suffering this Tartarian horde to overrun Europe. In the second, if we succeed, he certainly might be sure that, not having contributed his share to the success, would put him, in respect to the other powers, in a situation of consideration and want of consequence; and that he would not be consulted or referred to in the general system of Europe, when that became a matter of discussion. That if you fail on referring him to these three great points, his integrity, his honour, and his interest, it will be certain nothing can be done; and although I have the greatest confidence in your skill and abilities, yet I shall rest assured in that case that no skill or any ability would be equal to success.' After having said this, which the king did with great perspicuity and correctness, he said the king of Prussia was an *illuminé*, so was the queen; that he understood, from what he had heard, that these *illuminés*† were a sect invented by the Jesuits to overthrow all governments and all order. That this scheme was only known to a very few at the head of the sect, and instructed in its mysteries; and that all the followers were kept in ignorance, and taught to consider it as innocent and more moral than freemasonry."

All the accounts given of the ambassador's interviews with the king, his ministers, and the ministers of the other powers, lead to but one

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* See *Literary Gazettes*, No. 1433, July 6; No. 1434, July 13; and No. 1436, July 27, in which we spoke of the Diaries and Correspondence as "a model for such publications," as setting forth "matters of the highest consequence without parade or ostentation," and "with simplicity, modesty, and good sense, in every page."

* "A curious preamble for an ambassador to make! But the events of Lord Malmesbury's mission proved that George the Third knew well the king of Prussia's character."

† "The *illuminés* were republican in their principles, and advocated perfect equality. If they had sincere and honest brethren amongst them, they also numbered countless adventurers and *roués*, who worked upon the imagination of vain and handsome women and silly rich men, to obtain from both what they desired. They had spies at most of the courts, who, in return, had informers among them; but it is difficult, from the accounts we have of these secret societies, to ascertain if they really had the influence that some attribute to them over the opinions of their generation, or whether they were not, on the whole, more profitable to swindlers than to reforming politicians."

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conclusion (much induced by the politics and influence of Lucchesini, who seeme to have been treacheroue either from inclination or bribery, and thus to traverse all measures end defeat every plan proposed), viz. "Pay ue, psy Prussia, for we hava no more money; and we will send armies into the field, and fight for the common cause."* But when the subsidiee were got, the armies did not fight where they were wanted; nor did they appear in the numbers agreed upon. And eo the French beat them, and soon after conquered Holland. Some of the personal anecdotes at thie period relieve the political details, and throw lights on points which are not read of in the bullatins and official records. Wa therefore select a few to enliven our page from the graver doings of the Kinckels, Haugwiz's, and other names familiar to ue all as distinguished etetesmen of that period. Lord M. notices "Lehrbach, an overbearing man, and used to dictatorial language, from having always been employed at emall courts:" and tells us of "Mdlle. Bethman, very artful and ambitious. Had made the king of Prussia believe sha really loved him for hie sake, and that no other woman ever had: this had diaposed him to go all langths, even that of a left-handed marriage, but it was stopped by an anonymous letter her coueín (little Bethman) sent to Mad. Lucchesini, to etate the character and views of his relation; and Lucchesini, finding from this she would not answer hie purpose, and be tractable, was now doing hie utmost to overset her. He, Kinckel, believed he had succeeded, end that a yonng woman of rank at Berlin, whosa name he did not know, hut whom I suepect to be Mdlle. Vienck, was now nearly declared favourite. Yet, that eince this week two chasseurs had come from Potzdam to Mdlle. Bethman; she is well-made, but not handsome. * * * * Hie connexion with Mdlle. Bethman is one of sentiment. Sha ie too artful to let it go further. Her cousin and relatione want her to marry a M. Jeannot, a merchant at Frankfort; she declines this, and has certainly in view a left-handed marriage with tha king. Manetein, not in high favour, but belonging to the 'Conseil de Guerre'—an empty, good-for-nothing fellow—French to a degree, was overheard talking to the French commissaries at Worms in the most abject and flattering way. Reeden (Dutch minieter) gets his intelligence through hie wife's mother, from Minister Schulenberg; Reeden ill at court. Lucchesini called him, Ewart, and Hertzberg, the *triumvirate*. 'Ewart avait l'esprit, Hertzberg la plume, et Reeden les poumons.'"

But "tha inside of this court is really a subject fit only for a private letter: unfortunately it is so closely connected with its public conduct, and influences it eo much, that I wish to give you every information relative to it in my power. I have been here so ehort a time, and so constantly employed, that my account will be naturally very imperfect; but Lord Darnley, who has had more leisure and opportunity than myself to investigate it, will supply the defect. The female in actual possession of favour ie of no higher degree than a servent-maid. She is known by the nama of Mickie, or Mary Doz; and her principal merit ie youth and a warm constitution. She has acquired a certain degree of ascendancy, and ie supported by some of the most inferior class of favourites; but, as ehe is coneidered as holding her office only during pleasura, she is not courted, though far from neglected, by the persons of a higher rank. The two candidates for a more substantial degree of favour are Mdlle. Vienck and Mdlle. Bethman. The first (I really believa extremely against her will and her principles) is forced forward by a party who want to acquire consequence; and I am told she has the good wishes of Lucchesini, who thinks he ehall be able to lead her. Mdlle. Bethman playe a deeper gama: she acts from and for herself; she professes to love the king, but that her principles prevent her giving way to it; she ie all sentiment and passion; her aim ie to be what his first mietrese was, and to turn to her account all the licantious latitude it is said the 'illuminés' allow themselves. Mdlle. Bethman ie cousin to the wealthy banker of that name at Frankfort, and, from what I have learnt there, is perfectly qualified to act the part she hee undertaken. The king of Prussia inclines to believe all she says, and calls her 'une fille honne et précise.'"

The women and the subsidies were enough to perplex any king and conrt; but there was another potent ingredient in this political *witch*-cauldron, which helped to

"Double, double
Toil and trouble;"

for Lord M. eays: "The most difficult and hopelese part of the important meesure now under negotiation is to keep the two courts of Berlin and Vienna on any thing like even terme—extrema suspicion and anvy pervade them both; and their mutual prejudices are so strong, that it is impossible to believa them when epeaking of each other. This unfortunate principle eupersedes every other consideration, whether it be one of common danger or of mutual advantage; and I much fear we shall feel the bad effecte of it during every period of the negotiation, and even after its conclusion, let it terminate how it will."

Lord M. was unfortunetely called to Englend to give the government "general information;" and hie absence from the head-quarters of negotiation left it free to the echemes of our enemies.

"It appears that thie ill-judged recall contributed much to the success with which the French party, taking advantage of treachery and national prejudices, contrived, through Lucchesini, to stultify the treaty. It ie difficult to know whether Haugwiz was really honest or not (Lord Malmesbury thought him so at the time), but it is clear that when once freed from the influence Lord Malmesbury had gained over him, he shunned meeting him again, and joined in the disgraceful conduct adopted by the Prussian court at tha instigation of Lucchesini. This corrupt Italian, Fredarick the Great had taken as his reader; and at that king's death he was employed by his successor, who found among his subjects a complete dearth of all those moral and intellectual qualitiee which should belong to a state-servant."

Again does Lord M. bear testimony to the royal abilities of George III.

"I was (he eays) twice with the king in the closet, and found him talking the wiaest and most spirited language possible. He said he* thought the war ought to last, as people's minds were not yet thoroughly up to the danger, and that a premature peace would only conceal, not cure, the evil. He recommended the bringing on the Prussians immediately."

But we gladly leave the folly and dishonesty of the Prussians, for which in after-years they paid so dearly, and come to a businese which most of our readers will thank us for presenting to them as early as we could after the publication of these volumes. Every body will remember that Lord Malmesbury was sent to Brunswick as proxy for the Prince of Wales in tha marriage of the Princess (afterwards the too-famed Queen) Caroline. The following passages, which we copy as they occur in date, and without comment, will nevertheless make a memoir of that extraordinary transaction, which was tha beginning of the end of mighty consequences. The year ie 1794, and to commenca—

"*Dec.* 3.—Day fixed for my audiences. Major Hislop and a messenger arrive at eleven from the Prince of Wales. He brings the prince's picture, and a letter from him to me, urging me vehemently to set out with the Princess Caroline immediately. At one the court-carriages, &c. come to fetch me—Duke answers very well—rather embarrassed. Duchess overcome, in tears. Princess Caroline much affected, but replies distinctly and well. * *

"*Dec.* 4.†—Duchese tells me, that in 1762, when Lord Bute came in, it was in consequence of the Duka of Devonshira and Lord Rockingham going to tha king, and saying, that if hie mejesty meant to ba directed by Lord Bute's counecls and advice, he had better bring him forward at once. Thie he did; and that when Lord Bute went out early in 1763, that it was because he thought by offering his resignation to the king that hie majeety would press him to remain in, and add to hie power and influence; but the contrary arrived: and the duchess said, her mother and tha king used to laugh together at the Rockinghams and Lord Bute having been each the dupe of their cunning. The first lost their offices which they wanted to keep, and the latter the office he wae ambitious of retaining. Great ball and supper—danced with the two princessee; and then at ombre with the duchese. Very much puzzled how to decida about going—duchess presses it—duke ceutious, to a ridiculous degree, in assisting me. Princess Carolina in a hurry. Prince of Wales's wishes in flat contradiction to my instructions. * * *

"*Dec.* 5.—After dinner he held a very long and very sensible discourse with me about tha Princess Caroline; and here, where he was not on his guard, and where he laid aside his *finesse* and suspicion, he appeared in all his lustre. Ha (tha duke) entered fully into her future sitnation—was perfectly awara of the

* At a later date Lord M. writes to the Duke of Portland:—"(*Confidential.*) I must thank you on a separate sheet for your few confidential lines. If we listened only to our feelings, it would be difficult to keep any measure with Prussia. But your opinion, and that of Mr. Pitt, is one of sound political wisdom, and I am well pleased it has prevailed. We must consider it as an alliance with the Algerines, whom it is no disgrace to pay, or any impeachment of good sense to be cheated by." And with great foresight, when the evil choice was completed: "It is particularly painful to me, to whom so considerable a share of this business has fallen, to have met with so little good faith; but it required more suspicion than I ever wish to possess, and more penetration than I have any claim to, to suppose there could exist in a great court such a total disregard to public character and to sound policy; and I hope I shall stand acquitted of every other charge on this occasion, but that of having been induced to believe, that when these two considerations unite, they are in general tolerably good securities for the performance of engagements. The present case has been unfortunately an exception to this rule; I have, however, little doubt that his Prussian majesty, from the insulated position in which (in consequence of what has now passed) he must sooner or later be placed, will have to lament much greater inconveniences from his having abandoned this principle than we feel from his defection."—*Ed. L. G.*

* "It appears from the Harris Papers that Lord Grenville was ever for prosecuting the wer against France, and opposed to all the negotiations for peace which Pitt proposed at different periods subsequent to these events."

† Compare this with Horace Walpole!

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character of the prince, and of the inconveniences that would result, almost with equal ill effect, either from his liking the princess too much or too little. He also touched on the queen's character, with which he is perfectly acquainted. He was rather severe on the Duchess of York: he never mentioned the king. He said of his daughter, 'Elle n'est pas bête, mais elle n'a pas de jugement—elle a été élévée sevèrement, at il la falloit.' The duke requested me to recommend to her discretion not to ask questions, and, above all, not to be free in giving opinions of persons and things aloud; and he hinted delicately, but very pointedly, at the free and unreserved manners of the duchess, who at times is certainly apt to forget her audience. He desired me to advise her never to shew any jealousy of the prince; and that, if he had any *goûts*, not to notice them. He said he had written her all this in German, but that enforced by me, it would come with double effect. * * *

"*Dec.* 6.—I lead the Princess Caroline to supper, and am placed between her and the duchess; her conversation very right; she entreats me also to guide and direct her. I recommend perfect silence on all subjects for six months after her arrival. * * *

"*Dec.* 7.—Lady Elizabeth Eden, whom I carried home from court, said, that Lady —— was very well with the queen; that she went frequently to Windsor, and appeared as a sort of favourite. This, if true, is most strange, and bodes no good. Sat next Princess Caroline at supper: I advise her to avoid familiarity; to have no *confidantes;* to avoid giving any opinion; to approve, but not to admire excessively; to be perfectly silent on politics and party; to be very attentive and respectful to the queen; to endeavour, at all events, to be well with her. She takes all this well; she was at times in tears, but on account of having taken leave of some of her old acquaintance. Sir B. Boothby arrives. * * *

"*Dec.* 9.—Princess Caroline recommends ——'s son. I take this opportunity of requesting her not to make any promise, or to attend to any request made her; to refer them all, if she pleased, to me; but to say to all invariably that she had laid it down as a rule to ask for nothing on her arrival in England, and never on any account to meddle with the distribution of offices, or interfere on any account in any thing which bore reference to public affairs. She approved what I said; to which I added, that if amongst the number of applications made to her, there was any one she felt really and sincerely interested about, if she would mention it to me, I would make a point of recommending it when in England; but that this should not be told to the requiring person, and the event when it happened not furnish an example for further application. This, to which she acquiesced most readily, gave me an opportunity to recommend her to make no distinction of party, except that made by the king and queen; never to talk politics, or allow them to be talked to her; and never on any account to give any other opinion on public and political subjects but such as was expressive of her anxiety for the public good. She asked me about Lady ——; appeared to suppose her an *intriguante*, but not to know of any partiality or connexion between her and the prince. I said, that in regard to Lady ——, she and all other ladies would frame their conduct towards her by hers towards them; that I humbly advised that this should not be familiar or too easy, but that it might be affable, without forgetting she was Princess of Wales; that she should never listen to them whenever they attempted any thing like a *commerage*, and never allow them to appear to influence her opinion by theirs. She said she wished to be popular, and was afraid I recommended too much reserve; that probably I thought her too prone *à se livrer*. I made a bow. She said, 'Tell me freely.' I said, 'I did;' that it was an amiable quality, but one which could not in her high situation be given way to without great risk: that as to popularity, it never was attained by familiarity; that it could only belong to respect, and was to be acquired by a just mixture of dignity and affability: I quoted the queen as a model in this respect. The princess said she was afraid of the queen; she was sure she would be jealous of her, and do her harm. I replied, that, for this reason, it was of the last consequence to be attentive towards her, to be always on her guard, and never to fail in any exterior mark of respect towards her, or to let drop an inconsiderate word before her. She took all this in good part; and desired me to continue to be her mentor after she got to England, as well as now. She said of her own accord, 'I am determined never to appear jealous; I know the prince is *leger*, and am prepared on this point.' I said I did not believe she would have any occasion to exercise this very wise resolution, which I commended highly; and entreated her, if she saw any symptoms of a *goût* in the prince, or if any of the women about her should, under the love of fishing in troubled waters, endeavour to excite a jealousy in her mind, on no account to allow it to manifest itself; that reproaches and sourness never reclaimed any body; that it only served as an advantageous contrast to the contrary qualities in the rival; and that the surest way of recovering a tottering affection was softness, enduring, and caresses; that I knew enough of the prince to be quite sure he could not withstand such a conduct, while a contrary one would probably make him disagreeable and peevish, and certainly force him to be false and dissembling."

"*Dec.* 13.*—Long walk—dinner at court—assembly at Madame Luttichau's—good house—whist—the Princess Caroline asked me, with an apology, as for 'une question indiscrète,' whether I was to be her lord-chamberlain. On my saying I knew nothing of it, she was very gracious, and expressed a strong wish it should be; and added, she feared it would not be good enough for me, and that I should decline it. I told her, any situation which placed me near her would be flattering to me; but that these situations were sought for by many persons who had better claims than myself, and that besides I never solicited any thing, and could not expect that such an office would be offered me without my asking for it. She again (and apparently in earnest) expressed her wish it should be, and said it would be of infinite use to her to have a person near her she was used to, and whom she had confidence in. Supper at court—cheerful—talking of ugly children; and on my saying, when this happened, and they were like their father, it did honour to their mother's virtue,—'Not at all!' said our duchess; 'on the contrary, when a wife has done a wrong thing, and she is afraid of her husband, and if she sees him when she is breeding, she takes fright, and the child is marked with the husband, as it would with a spider, or cat, or any thing she saw which frightened her during her pregnancy.'"

"*Dec.* 16.—At dinner next Princess Caroline; she says, it is wished here that her brother William should marry the Princess Sophia of Gloucester; I advise her not to meddle in it. She talks about the Duke of Clarence, whom she prefers to the Duke of York; and it struck me to-day, for the first time, that he originally put her into the prince's head, and that with a view to plague the Duke and Duchess of York, whom he hates, and whom the prince no longer likes; well knowing that the Princess Caroline and Duchess of York dislike each other, and that this match would be particularly unpleasant to her and the duke. I praise the Duke of York to her, and speak with great applause of the behaviour of the duchess, who, by her discretion and conduct, has conciliated to herself the goodwill of the whole nation. I did this to pique her, and to make her anxious to do the same. She has no *fonds*, no fixed character, a light and flighty mind, but meaning well, and well-disposed; and my eternal theme to her is, to think before she speaks, to recollect herself. She says she wishes to be loved by the people: this, I assure her, can only be obtained by making herself respected and rare; that the sentiment of being loved by the people is a mistaken one; that sentiment can only be given to a few, to a narrow circle of those we see every day; that a nation at large can only respect and honour a great princess; and it is, in fact, these feelings that are falsely denominated the love of a nation: they are not to be procured as the goodwill of individuals is, by pleasant openness and free communication, but by a strict attention to appearances—by never going below the high rank in which a princess is placed, either in language or manners—by mixing dignity with affability, which, without it, becomes familiarity, and levels all distinction."

"*Dec.* 21.*—At supper princess unusually at her ease, quite *un laisser aller*—asks me (ushering it in with an apology) which I think would make the best princess of Wales, herself or her sister-in-law, the hereditary princess; I avoid the answer by saying which I was sure would be the prince's choice. She presses me farther; I said she possesses by nature what the hereditary princess has not, or ever can acquire,—beauty and grace, and that all the essential qualities the hereditary princess has, she may attain—prudence, discretion, attention, and tact. 'Do I want them?' 'You cannot have too much of them.' 'How comes my sister-in-law, who is younger than myself, to have them more than I?' 'Because at a very early period of her life, her family was in danger—she was brought up to exertion of the mind, and she now derives the benefit 'd'avoir mangé son pain bis le premier.'' 'I shall never learn this; I am too open, too idle (*trop legère*).' 'When you are in a different situation, you will; you do not want these forbearing virtues here—only commune with yourself, question yourself, and you will always act up to your situation.' This was well taken, though I expressed myself strongly, and with more freedom than usual. She talked of her aunt the abbess—said she had endeavoured to inspire

* These asterisks we have placed merely to recall a rumour often repeated in England, that the princess had betrayed no slight predilection for the prince's proxy, both at her father's court and their long-protracted journey, owing to the difficulty of passing clear of the French forces. As Lord M. was not a vain man, it is curious to remark these intimations, and also perhaps the following entry in his diary:—"I must say that on the idea being suggested to her by her father that I should remain on business in Germany, and not be allowed to attend her to England, she was most extremely afflicted, even to tears, and spoke to me with a kindness and feeling I was highly gratified to find in her."

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her with a diffidence and mistrust of me; had represented me as *un homme dangereux.* I tried to get rid of this sort of conversation, but the princess stuck by it, and I was forced to say that I believed her aunt had forgotten that twenty years had elapsed since she had seen me, or heard of me; and that, besides, such an insinuation was a tacit accusation of my being very foolishly unprincipled. She said she meant well, that she perhaps thought too partially of me herself, and was afraid for her. It was in vain to attempt to turn the subject—she went on during the whole supper—was in high spirits, and laughed unmercifully at her aunt, and her supposed partiality for me. * * *

"*Dec.* 26.—Letter from prince—well satisfied, and approves what I have done—positively refuses to let Madlle. Rosenzweit come over. She was to be a sort of reader. King writes on the subject to the duchess: both she and the duke press it. I insist upon it, and it is settled that she is not to accompany the princess. Duke takes me aside, and says that the only reason why he wished her to be with the princess was, that his daughter writes very ill and spells ill, and he was desirous this should not appear. Affected to be indifferent about this refusal, but at the bottom hurt and angry. Suspects the queen, whom he and the duchess hate. Settle every thing for the journey, and despatch East to England in the evening. Princess Caroline much affected, very naturally and very rightly so. Duke very anxious about his daughter—again and again recommends her to me—says she cannot go alone—she must be guided and directed. * * *

"*Dec.* 28.—At dinner I found the duchess and princess alarmed, agitated, and uneasy at an anonymous letter from England, abusing the prince, and warning them in the most exaggerated terms against Lady ——, who is represented as the worst and most dangerous of profligate women. The duchess, with her usual indiscretion, had shewn this to the princess, and mentioned it to everybody. I was quite angry with her, and could not avoid expressing my concern, first, at paying any attention to an anonymous letter, and, secondly, at being so very imprudent as to bruit about its contents. The princess soon recovered it, but the duchess harped on it all day. The duke, on being acquainted with it, thought as I did, but was more uneasy about it than he ought. On his examining the letter, he assured me it came from England (I suspected it the work of some of the partisans of Madlle. Rosenzweit, on her being refused), and that person who wrote it wrote in the character of a man, not a woman, and said he was in the daily society of Carlton House. Madlle. Hertzfeldt again talks to me as before about the Princess Caroline—'Il faut la gouverner par la peur, par la terreur même. Elle s'émancipera si on n'y prend pas garde—mais si on la veille soigneusement et sevèrement, elle se conduira bien.' The king of England, in a letter to the duchess, says, 'Qu'il espère que sa nièce n'aura pas trop de vivacité, et qu'elle menera une vie sédentaire et retirée.' These words shock Princess Caroline, to whom the duchess very foolishly reads the letter. Princess Abbesse importunately civil and *coming*, and plagues me with her attentions and affectation of wit and cleverness, and concern at our departure. Princess Caroline shews me the anonymous letter about Lady ——, evidently written by some disappointed milliner or angry maid-servant, and deserving no attention; I am surprised the duke afforded it any. Aimed at Lady ——; its object to frighten the princess with the idea that she would lead her into an affair of gallantry, and be ready to be convenient on such an occasion. This did not frighten the princess, although it did the duke and duchess; and on my perceiving this, I told her Lady —— would be more cautious than to risk such an audacious measure; and that, besides, it was death to presume to approach a Princess of Wales, and no man would be daring enough to think of it. She asked me whether I was in earnest. I said such was our law: that anybody who presumed to love her was guilty of high treason, and punished with death, if she was weak enough to listen to him; so also would she. This startled her." (Did *coming* events cast their shadows before?)

The parsimony of the duchess and princess on their travel towards England is whimsically exposed. To the latter he has preached judicious generosity, and then we hear:—

"In the evening Princess Caroline, to whom these sort of virtues were never preached, on my praising the coin of the money of Brunswick, offers me very seriously eight or ten double louis, saying, 'Cela ne me fait rien—je ne m'en soucie pas—je vous prie de les prendre.' I mention these facts to shew her character: it could not distinguish between giving as a benevolence and flinging away the money like a child. She thought that the act of getting rid of the money, and not seeming to care about it, constituted the merit. I took an opportunity at supper of defining to her what real benevolence was, and I recommended it to her as a quality that would, if rightly employed, make her more admirers, and give her more true satisfaction, than any that human nature could possess. The idea was, I was sorry to see, new to her, but she felt the truth of it; and she certainly is not fond of money, which both her parents are."

And the character, in spite of all admonitions, comes more distinctly out.

"*Jan.* 4, 1795.—Princess Caroline very *gauche* at cards—speaks without thinking—gets too easy—calls the ladies (she never saw) 'Mon cœur, ma chère, ma petite.' I notice this, and reprove it strongly. The princess, for the first time, disposed to take it amiss; I do not pretend to observe it. Duchess wants to return to Brunswick, and leave us to go on by ourselves; this I oppose, and suppose it impossible. 'If I am taken,' says she, 'I am sure the king will be angry.' 'He will be very sorry,' I reply; 'but your royal highness must not leave your daughter till she is in the hands of her attendants.' She argues, but I will not give way, and she does."

"*Jan.* 10.—If her education had been what it ought, she might have turned out excellent, but it was that very nonsensical one that most women receive—one of privation, injunction, and menace; to believe no man, and never to express what they feel, or say what they think, for all men are inclined to entrap them, and all feelings are improper; this vitiates or *abruti* all women—few escape. On summing up Princess Caroline's character to-day, it came out to my mind to be, that she has quick parts, without a sound or distinguishing understanding; that she has a ready conception, but no judgment; caught by the first impression, led by the first impulse; turned away by appearances or *enjouement*, loving to talk, and prone to confide, and make missish friendships that last twenty-four hours. Some natural, but no acquired morality, and no strong innate notions of its value and necessity; warm feelings and nothing to counterbalance them; great good humour and much good nature—no appearance of caprice—rather quick and *vive*, but not a grain of rancour. From her habits, from the life she was allowed and even compelled to live, forced to dissemble; fond of gossipping, and this strengthened greatly by the example of her good mother, who is all curiosity and inquisitiveness, and who has no notion of not gratifying this desire at any price. In short, the princess in the hands of a steady and sensible man would probably turn out well; but where it is likely she will find faults perfectly analogous to her own, she will fail. She has no governing powers, although her mind is physically strong. She has her father's courage, but it is to her (as to him) of no avail. He wants mental decision; she character and tact."

"*Jan.* 18.—Princess Caroline very missish at supper. I much fear these habits are irrecoverably rooted in her—she is naturally curious, and a gossip—she is quick and observing, and she has a silly pride of finding out every thing—she thinks herself particularly acute in discovering likings, and this leads her at times to the most improper remarks and conversation. I am determined to take an opportunity of correcting her, *coûte qu'il coûte.*"

March 6.—And about the most singular of these memoranda:—

"I had two conversations with the Princess Caroline. One on the toilette, on cleanliness, and on delicacy of speaking. On these points I endeavoured, as far as was possible for a man, to inculcate the necessity of great and nice attention to every part of dress, as well to what was hid as to what was seen. (I knew she wore coarse petticoats, coarse shifts, and thread stockings, and these never well washed, or changed often enough.) I observed that a long toilette was necessary, and gave her no credit for boasting that hers was a 'short' one. What I could not say myself on this point, I got said through women; through Madame Busche, and afterwards through Mrs. Harcourt. It is remarkable how amazingly on this point her education has been neglected, and how much her mother, although an Englishwoman, was inattentive to it. My other conversation was on the princess's speaking slightingly of the duchess, being peevish towards her, and often laughing at her, or about her. On this point I talked very seriously indeed—said that nothing was so extremely improper, so radically wrong; that it was impossible, if she reflected a moment, that she should not be sorry for every thing of the kind which escaped, and I assured her it was the more improper from the tender affection the duchess had for her. The princess felt all this, and it made a temporary impression; but in this as on all other subjects, I have had but too many opportunities to observe that her heart is very, very light, unsusceptible of strong or lasting feelings. In some respects this may make her happier, but certainly not better."

At last he brought his well-lectured and somewhat troublesome charge to London; and the *dénouement* of the regal drama is thus told:

"I immediately notified the arrival to the king and prince of Wales; the last came immediately. I, according to the established etiquette, introduced (no one else being in the room) the Princess Caroline to him. She very properly, in consequence of my saying to her it was the right mode of proceeding, attempted to kneel to him. He raised her (gracefully enough) and embraced her, said barely one word, turned round, retired to a distant part of the apartment, and calling me to him, said, 'Harris, I am not well; pray get me a glass of brandy.' I said, 'Sir, had you not better have a glass of

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water?—upon which he, much out of humour, said with an oath, 'No; I will go directly to the queen,' and away he went. The princess, left during this short moment alone, was in a state of astonishment; and, on my joining her, said, 'Mon Dieu! est-ce que le Prince est toujours comme cela? Je le trouve très gros, et nullement aussi beau que son portrait.' I said his royal highness was naturally a good deal affected and flurried at this first interview, but she certainly would find him different at dinner. She was disposed to farther criticisms on this occasion, which would have embarrassed me very much to answer, if luckily the king had not ordered me to attend him. The drawing-room was just over. His majesty's conversation turned wholly on Prussian and French politics, and the only question about the princess was, 'Is she good-humoured?' I said, and very truly, that in very trying moments I had never seen her otherwise. The king said, 'I am glad of it;' and it was manifest, from his silence, he had seen the queen since she had seen the prince, and that the prince had made a very unfavourable report of the princess to her. At dinner, at which all those who attended the princess from Greenwich assisted, and the honours of which were done by Lord Stopford as vice-chamberlain, I was far from satisfied with the princess's behaviour; it was flippant, rattling, affecting raillery and wit, and throwing out coarse vulgar hints about Lady ——, who was present, and though mute, *le diable n'en perdoit rien*. The prince was evidently disgusted, and this unfortunate dinner fixed his dislike, which, when left to herself, the princess had not the talent to remove; but, by still observing the same giddy manners and attempts at cleverness and coarse sarcasm, increased it till it became positive hatred. From this time, though I dined frequently during the first three weeks after the marriage at Carlton-house, nothing material occurred, but the sum of what I saw there led me to draw the inferences I have just expressed. After one of these dinners, where the Prince of Orange was present, and at which the princess had behaved very lightly, and even improperly, the prince took me into his closet, and asked me how I liked this sort of manners; I could not conceal my disapprobation of them, and took this opportunity of repeating to him the substance of what the Duke of Brunswick had so often said to me, that it was expedient *de la tenir serrée*; that she had been brought up very strictly, and if she was not strictly kept, would, from high spirits and little thought, certainly emancipate too much. To this the prince said, 'I see it but too plainly; but why, Harris, did not you tell me so before, or write it to me from Brunswick?' I replied, that I did not consider what the duke (a severe father himself towards his children) said of sufficient consequence; that it affected neither the princess's moral character nor conduct, and was intended solely as an intimation which I conceived it only proper to notice to his royal highness at a proper occasion, at such a one as now had offered; and that I humbly hoped his royal highness would not consider it as casting any real slur or aspersion on the princess: that as to not writing to his royal highness from Brunswick, I begged him to recollect I was not sent on a discretionary commission, but with the most positive commands to ask Princess Caroline in marriage, and nothing more; that to this sole point, respecting the marriage, and no other, those commands went; any reflection or remarks that I had presumed to make would (whether in praise of, or injurious to her royal highness,) have been a direct and positive deviation from those his majesty's commands. They were as limited as they were imperative. That still, had I discovered notorious or glaring defects, or such as were of a nature to render the union unseemly, I should have felt it as a bounden duty to have stated them; but it must have been directly to the king, and to no one else. To this the prince appeared to acquiesce; but I saw it did not please, and left a rankle in his mind. I should have said that the marriage-ceremony took place late on the evening of Wednesday, the 8th April, at St. James's Chapel Royal. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury (Moore). The usual etiquette observed — we had assembled in the queen's apartment; from thence to the usual drawing-rooms (very dark). The procession, preceded by the heralds and great officers of the court, (amongst which I was ordered to attend)—walked to the chapel—very crowded—Prince of Wales gave his hat, with a rich diamond button and loop, to Lord Harcourt to hold, and made him a present of it. After the marriage, we returned to the queen's apartment. The king told me to wear the Windsor uniform, and have the *entrées*. The prince very civil and gracious, but I thought I could perceive he was not quite sincere, and certainly unhappy; and, as a proof of it, he had manifestly had recourse to wine or spirits. It is impossible to conceive or foresee any comfort from this connexion, in which I lament very much having taken any share, purely passive as it was."

What do our simple readers think of royal matches? Let us who live now rejoice that our Queen Victoria's was of another and a very different hue, not only from this ill-omened union, but from nearly all the marriages which crowned heads have it in their power to engage! May every hour of its result be as happy as these must, almost of necessity, be the reverse!

The Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation. 8vo, pp. 390. London, John Churchill.

So highly did we think of the earlier parts of this work, and of its beautiful language,—so clear, so harmonious, and withal so strictly scientific,—that we surmised, in our gladness, that what Laplace did for astronomy in his able and popular *Système du Monde*, the unknown author of the *Natural History of Creation* had accomplished for the young science of geology;—that he had fixed its great principles, in the most general sense, and rendered all its most striking and remarkable results available to all classes of readers. But as we read on, we were obliged to modify these impressions to a very great extent. We stumbled first at the want of detail manifested in chemical or mineralogical geology in the first chapter, which devotes itself to the consideration of the constituent materials of the earth; we stumbled to a greater extent at the very incomplete state of the main argument (viewed as an anatomical one) of the progressive development of animated nature, and which is not for the first time advanced; and we positively fell irrecoverably down when we arrived at the first origin of man in the country and in the company of the monkey tribe; and the concluding arguments, which refer to the identity of the mental constitution of man and animals.

"Are these," we exclaimed, in despondency, "the humiliating results to which the great truths of astronomy and geology inevitably conduct us?" And as we passed the main points of the question in review, we soon became convinced that the "great unknown," a gentleman evidently of high scientific attainments, educated and philosophical, is not the Newton who shall unfold the secrets of the "natural history of creation." The same argument, conducted in a precisely similar manner, in what concerns the gradual accumulation of the earthy constituents of the globe, and of the progressive development of vegetable and animal life, only superadding what the author has omitted (being therein a follower of the "Lyell" school)—the gradual circumscription of igneous and volcanic agency, and the actually limited operation of causes (which fact our author himself admits, speaking of the deep seas of ancient times) still in activity, but to an infinitely smaller extent than formerly,—would lead us to consider that earth as being thus gradually prepared by God's providence for man's abode; and that man is not, as our author deduces, a mere link in a chain still lengthening, but that he is the perfection and climax of the purposes manifested in the order of creation; and that, in accordance with what Scripture teaches us, it was when the whole was completed, that God made man, after his own image, to rule all other living things, and that he endowed him accordingly with a mental constitution quite distinct and different from that of animals, inasmuch as he gave to him not only a knowledge of himself, but communion with his Creator by the sentiment of God's existence, and the instinctive perception of his own immortality.

As our object is, however, not to write a treatise, but to review a book, we shall, after expressing our non-adhesion to the conclusions arrived at, and stating that we do not at all believe that such in any way naturally or essentially flow from the progress of scientific discovery, proceed to give some idea of the work itself.

The first chapter is one of the most beautiful and interesting, perhaps, in the work, although almost unqualified praise can be also given to those chapters which are devoted to the geological eras of creation. It directs itself to the development of the nebulous theory of the origin of bodies in space; and the argument is clearly and instructively conducted, awakening many of the most imaginative feelings of our nature, and rousing them to a sense of ineffable wonder and delight.

After considering our own and other astral systems, the author adverts to the nebulæ within our own system, as they appear, as clusters of nuclei with nebulous matter around each nucleus; as luminous spherical objects, bright in the centre, and dull towards the extremities; and finally, as nebulous stars, in every stage of concentration, down to that state in which we see only a common star with a slight *bur* around it. These he considers as all stages in a progress from diffused nebulous matter to a compact body; and he discusses at length the results which would be produced by a rotatory motion being communicated to such objects, when the matter, in the progress of solidification, would be subjected to the laws of centrifugal and centripetal forces.

The nebulous hypothesis being made the starting-point, the author next proceeds to investigate what are the results of this solidification as applied to our own planet; premising first, that the relations to heat and other physical and chemical laws must materially affect the modes of existence of the same constituents in different planets; and he points out that, even our own earth, "after it was thrown off from the sun, was no less than 482,000 miles

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in diameter, being sixty times what it has since shrunk to. At that time the mass must have taken rather more than twenty-nine and a half days to rotate (being the revolutionary period of the moon), instead of, as now, rather less than twenty-four hours."

The earth is then viewed as it presented itself, as a crystalline mass of granite, with fluid waters and a circumambient atmosphere, and with vast irregularities, seas of a hundred miles in depth, and subaqueous mountains of equal magnitude. The gneis and mica-slate system resulted from the enormous disintegration consequent upon such conditions, modified also by intense heat. The subsequent rocks, formed in a great measure of matters derived from the substance of those which went before, present the first traces of animal life, and with these, according to our author, two new elements, lime and carbon. With regard to the latter, the author admits that its primeval condition might have been that of a gas; and certain it is that it must have existed as an ingredient of the atmosphere ere it was fitted to support vegetation; and it has never yet been fully determined whether the diamond does not belong to the primary rocks. It is the same with regard to lime, which cannot be considered as a new element, as it exists at the earliest period in the formation of the earth's crust, as a constituent in certain felspars, in adularia, and in hornblende. This almost seems definitively to attest its existence as being anterior to its organic deposition. But upon the subject of the primary compounds which resulted from the first oxidation of earthy and alkaline bases, the elimination with these of the simple combustibles, hydrogen, sulphur, and carbon, and of the oxidable metal iron, which also makes its appearance at the same time (notwithstanding Prof. Johnston's theory of a more modern origin to the latter), the present work is comprehensive enough to be popular, without being satisfactory to science.

We arrive next at the wondrous chapter of the earth's history, which is told by geology, respecting the origin of the animated tribes; a history which is ably and well narrated by our author, in eight chapters of his work, and which cannot be read without the most powerful interest being awakened, and a real advantage to every reflective mind; but we doubt very much if the idea of a progressive organisation, upon which all geologists have reflected more or less, does really present us with a satisfactory theory of progressive development.

At the first dawn of organic life we have the appearance of gasteropodous mollusca (Euomphali and a Bellerophon), little removed in perfection of organisation from fishes. We have also, at this early period, the complex structure of the crustacean and crinoidean animals; and then, immediately afterwards, we have abundant cephalopodous mollusca, and the first appearance of fishes. We have traces of saurian animals already in the carboniferous epoch, and of birds in that which immediately succeeded; although the first bird actually discovered belongs to a period far removed, that of the wealden clay, above the oolitic series. A still greater and more extraordinary hiatus manifests itself in the first appearance of marsupial quadrupeds in the lower oolitic epoch, when, with the exception of the cetacea, we have not real quadrupeds till the time of the lower tertiary or supra-cretaceous formation. Can the labyrinthodons and thecontosauri, and other saurians of the new red sandstone, be shewn to be a mere preliminary development towards the plesiosauri and ichthyosauri of the lias, and these latter again to the raphiosauri and mososauri of the chalk? And although we have, as before observed, footmarks and traces of birds at an early period, still, as far as discovery yet tends, we have the complex structure of a genus of cheiropterous animals (pterodactyll), anticipating, by an immeasurable period of time, the appearance of positive *aves*. The fact is, that any argument founded upon a progressive development of vegetable or animal life is as yet in a very elementary condition. There is much that is true in it; but there is also much that requires a century of scientific labour, ere just conclusions can be arrived at.

Upon this subject, however, nothing can exceed the intellectual audacity of the author of the *Vestiges of Creation*. Nothing deters him from an hypothesis, however fearful the results that flow from such, however giddy the pinnacle on which he places himself. With him, the first step in the creation of life was *a chemico-electric operation, in which simple germinal vesicles were produced* (p. 205). With him, the Almighty Author did not produce the progenitors of existing species by personal or immediate exertion or superintendence; but such flowed progressively from new circumstances—*from commands and expressions of will, and not from direct acts*, as he elsewhere expresses it, and which he attests to be in consonance with the Mosaic record. Urea and alantoin, organic substances, have been produced artificially; and hence, according to our author, there would be no positive reason against an *animal* being created by chemical operations. The *acarus Crossii* is an example. The fundamental form of organic being is a globule, having a new globule forming within itself; and there is no difference between the first germ of an infusory animal and that of a perfect mammifer. The *volvox globator* might, placed under proper circumstances, become a man! Organic globules have been produced in albumen by electricity, and the reproductive or generative process anticipated in the laboratory! As immediately flowing from such a line of argument, the doctrine of spontaneous generation is advocated in opposition to that of the germinative, or rather in connexion with it, and that with great ingenuity and considerable success. The origin of infusory animals, and the circumstances under which they are created, afford a formidable array of facts. There are creatures which could only originate with man's labours, as the *tinea*, which only exists in *dressed* wools; the *cinopota cellaris*, which lives upon beer and wine; and the insect that feeds only on chocolate. The domestic pig is attacked by an hydatid unknown to the wild animal. The fœtal human brain resembles in the first month that of an avertebrated animal; in the second, that of a fish; in the third, that of a turtle; in the fourth, that of a bird; in the fifth, that of a rodent; and so on of a ruminant, a digitigrade, and a quadrumanous animal, till at the ninth month it attains full human character; so that the author deduces not only a progressive development from the earliest ages to the present, but also, in an existing being, a passage from an early or rudimentary to a more perfect stage: but if the learned Tiedemann's researches, as adopted by our author, are consonant with what ought to be deduced from anatomical investigation, how does it happen than an infant born at the seventh or eighth month possesses the mental constitution of man, and not that of a tiger or of a monkey?

But enough of these difficult and delicate investigations, as the work will be itself perused by many who may or may not go as far as the author in his curious speculations. There is nothing strictly objectionable in a scientific point of view. The astronomical part is founded upon an existing, and now very generally admitted, hypothesis; the geological portion is all consonant with the latest discoveries in that remarkable science; the considerations respecting the origin of the animated tribes, and the hypothesis of the development of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, are mainly founded upon certain hypotheses, which have had their origin, under different aspects, for some time back on the continent; and the system of animated nature is viewed, in its most natural associations, as a series of circular groups, according to the doctrines of Mackleay, Vigors, Swainson, and their followers. The chapters on the early history of mankind, and the mental constitution of animals, are the most objectionable sections of the work; but that, perhaps, only because the metaphysical portion of the subject is as incomplete as the chemical or mineralogical portions of the earlier parts of the inquiry, and the anatomical portions of its central parts. There is nothing objectionable in the preliminaries of the inquiry; but the conclusions are not sufficiently matured — the differences are not eliminated with sufficient distinctness. The purpose and general condition of the animated creation is a repetition of the same argument that is contained in Combe's *Natural Constitution of Man*; and has the same fault of stopping short in its full bearings upon the relation of man to the Godhead. Perchance, however, the author cares little for such inquiries, and is content to remain physically and metaphysically as a superior kind of monkey; awaiting, in his own words, for that "nobler type of *humanity* (!) which shall complete the zoological circle in this planet, and realise some of the dreams of the purest spirits of the present race."

Napoleon Portrayed: an Epic Poem, in 12 Cantos.

Mr. Harris has here presented to the public an epic poem, in twelve cantos, fairly occupying 413 pages, and that in blank verse,—his subject Napoleon. To have failed in so great an undertaking would not have marred the fame of any of our poets; but for so long a production, *Napoleon Portrayed* is, as a poem of modern days, perhaps unequalled in flow of language and pleasing cadence, carrying the reader with the author from first to last, without jarring the ear with rugged lines or destroying the sense by mere wordiness—a very general fault in blank verse. The admirers of Napoleon may find fault with the author's portraiture; but as a political and strictly historical poem we think it is deserving of much praise; and having said thus much, we will, according to our custom, let the author speak for himself. We pass the earlier cantos — the first was, in 1841, separately published—and as the poet's muse rises with its onward course, we quote from the 9th chapter, when Napoleon, in Egypt, the plague being in his retreating army, politically denies its existence; and with a courage which even his greatest enemies must not deny him, he visits the plague-hospital:

"Thus 'like a proud steed rein'd' Napoleon turn'd,
Restrain'd, yet fierce, though baffled, unsubdued!
As earthquake-swollen tide in dread recoil
Sweeps all away, thus in his hurried flight
Napoleon leaves his track a wilderness.
Him Sydney and the ever-vengeful Turk
Pursue, and harass on his painful march;
While on the wings of wind, invisible,
The plague his heartless, hopeless ranks assails,

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Whose very name their joints with palsy strikes;
The healthy tremble, and the sick despair.
Unmoved Napoleon strode; alike to him
The fierce equator or the frozen pole.
Did he in truth the Koran then believe,
Or were his star, his fate, his destiny,
Unmeaning words, Fortune herself a name?
If fatalist, as he so oft avouch'd—
If convert to Mahomet's senseless creed—
One noble act, as verdant oasis
By fancy's eye beheld—illusory—
Approach'd dissolves, and vanishes in air.
Fain would Calliopé this glorious act
To high nobility of soul ascribe;
If such, a lovely oasis indeed,
Welcome as that to thirsty caravan,
Or lonely pilgrim bound to Mecca's shrine,
By joyful cry of camel first reveal'd,
Where branching palms refreshing shade afford,
And water—blessed water—glads the sight!
Stretch'd on his miserable pallet, lies
The plague's sad victim; fearful agonies
His troubled senses shake; his feeble moans
None hear, none heed; none at his dying groans
One tear of pity sheds; not one to prop
His sinking head; his fever'd tongue no drop
Moistens or cools; alone the wretch must die;
All from the foul contagion shuddering fly.
One only still his wonted calm maintains,
One only firm and unperturb'd remains;
Napoleon only ventures to inhale
The plague's 'mephitic breath;' while deadly pale,
In mute amaze, his generals hesitate,
Fearless he enters, as defying fate:
'Can dastard fear my warriors' hearts appal?'
Re-echoes through that lone deserted hall;
'Not this the plague—approach without alarm!
Take courage—enter! Friend, extend thy arm!
This is no plague-spot, or, believe me, I
Not thus would squeeze the ulcer, thus apply
The needful bandage. Henceforth banish fear;
But let not him expect soft pity's tear,
Who, reckless of his dying comrade's state,
Unmoved deserts, and leaves him to his fate.'
Oh, why not ever thus? so had thy name,
Renown'd in song, an ever-during fame,
Napoleon, won; so with unmix'd delight
Some happier bard, thy glory, skill, and might
Recording, had thy bold humanity
Justly extoll'd, unstain'd by cruelty."

We extract this not for all praise; we object to the change from blank verse to rhyme—a frequent fault throughout the whole work. There is an episode in the description of the burning of Moscow, which we must also quote:

"One only traitor, bribed by dazzling gold,
The Russian soil disgraced, and Russian name.
Him, with Napoleon's emissary seized,
They to Rastopchin bore, who on the bench
Of justice sat. The culprit, bathed in tears,
For mercy pleaded, and his guilt confess'd.
'Hadst thou mine only son in passion slain,'
Rastopchin said, 'I could have pardon'd thee;
The cold betrayer of my country, no!
Prisoner, thou diest! Yet will I mitigate
The law's dread sentence, which enforced, would stretch
Upon the torturing rack thy quiv'ring limbs,
And to the winds thy trait'rous ashes strew:
For instant death prepare! by penitence
Offended Heaven appease; God may forgive
What finite man in mercy punishes.
And for thy father, he whose reverend age
Thy treason hath disgraced, is good and true,
He may enfold thee in his feeble arms,
Comfort and bless thee ere the axe descend.'
Thrice through the court a murmur of applause,
Soft as the harp when touch'd by Æolus,
Melodious rose; it ceased, and all was still.
A venerable figure, gaunt and tall,
The judgment-seat approaching, aw'd the crowd.
A flowing beard, white as his native snows,
His cincture swept; his eye with tears was dim;
His wither'd cheek with mental anguish wan:
Image of woe, stern-frowning, passion-chok'd,
The patriot-father stood; then to his son
Indignant turning, thus his rage express'd:
'Perfidious monster! from thy injured sire
No blessing seek; his curses on thee light,
Whose age is now abhorr'd, and infamous;
Hence to the scaffold, die! begone, away!'
Thus saying, from his head the silver locks
Rending, he dash'd them bloody to the ground,
And, rushing furious forth, was seen no more.
A father's curse, swift as a thunderbolt
On the delinquent falling, struck him down:
'My father! O my father!' he exclaim'd,
With outstretch'd hands; then, gasping, sank in death!
At this affecting and appalling sight,
In fearful shrieks from the assembled throng
Pity and mingled horror wildly rose.
Then had Napoleon's spy, torn limb from limb,
The forfeit paid of fruitless treachery,
And with his offal gorged the carrion bird;
But famed Rastopchin, rising, interposed,
And from foul stain the righteous cause preserved.
'Be calm, my countrymen; nay, touch him not;
Treason in Russia ne'er contagious proved;
Frenchman, to thy bad master quick return;
Tell him the only traitor Russia's soil
Produced is food for worms! A father's curse,
More fatal than the headsman's polish'd steel,
Hath smitten him, and blasted all thy hopes.
Soldiers, conduct him to his emperor;
Heaven will reward this act of clemency,
And pour destruction on your enemies."

And now, as we have not space to fight the many battles which Mr. Harris's muse happily rises triumphant over, with much address contending with the names of besieged cities, well-fought fields, and generals, most difficult to keep in the rank of poetry, we must conclude our glance at *Napoleon Portrayed*. We can add little to our former remarks as to its merits; if we have been critical enough to find blemishes, we will candidly confess that it is a wonder to us that they are not more rife in so long a poem, containing subjects most refractory; and we sincerely congratulate Mr. Harris on his having achieved a task which few poets would have had the courage to undertake, and few would have executed so well.

Notes on the Historical Results deducible from Recent Discoveries in Afghanistan. By H. T. Prinsep, Esq. Pp. 214. With Illustrations. London, Allan and Co.

With much that is new, derived from the rich and extensive cabinet and the learned linguistic researches of the late Mr. James Prinsep, the author has combined the results derivable from the discoveries in Bactrian numismatics made by Mr. Masson, and published under the patronage of the Hon. East India Company; as also the curious coins and relics obtained through the zealous researches of the European officers in the service of Runjeet Singh; and the equally remarkable archæological discoveries effected by the mission of the late Sir Alexander Burnes.

The principal aim of the editor has been to place the means of gratifying curiosity upon such new and interesting subjects in a cheap and commodious form; but from the excellent illustrations which accompany the work, it will possess equal value even with the most erudite.

The editor does justice to the character of Alexander the Great, when he points out, that the result of his military operations in Anterior and Central Asia was not, like Timúr Ghingiz Khan and Attila, only to leave marks of ravage and desolation in the regions traversed; but that the whole of the wide tract of country, from the Mediterranean to the Indus, and from the Jaxartes and Caspian to the sea, was subdued, garrisoned, and colonised—made, in short, part of the Grecian empire, thus completely established in the East. Every where (except in the Punjaub) the government and the armies were Greek; Hellenism was the system upon which the administration was organised and conducted; and society and religion yielded to the ascendancy of this dominant principle.

For two hundred years after Alexander's brief epoch the kings of Bactria and of Ariana were Greek in name and by race; and the language of their coins and official documents was Greek. The impulse towards Hellenism had, indeed, so lasting an action in Central Asia, that the effects were still felt five hundred years after the death of the conqueror.

Yet such was the indifference, or such the difficulty of communication, that little or no intercourse was maintained by the people of the west with the more eastern colonies; and though using a common language, and derived from the same stock with the nation which boasted at the period its pre-eminence in intelligence and civilisation, they are never referred to except as a *terra incognita*, that few knew, and none cared about.

Hence it is that the recent discoveries in numismatics give us the titles of whole dynasties whose very names and acts are unknown to history, and who yet ruled over tracts which have ever been the high road of Asiatic conquest, and the battle-field of every tribe and nation that has risen to dominion in the East. "The history of this tract," says Mr. H. T. Prinsep, "would tell more of the history of the world, and of the great revolutions in language, religion, civilisation, and government, which have been brought about by conquest, and by admixture of races resulting from conquest, than that of any other country on the face of the earth."

Major Rawlinson's researches upon the comparative geography of Afghanistan have as yet been only communicated to the public as deductions, the manner of arriving at which we can only believe, from the well-known learning and ability of that officer, to have been satisfactory to himself. If we are to admit these identifications, which were published as far back as 1842, they would materially affect some of the positions otherwise admitted by Mr. H. T. Prinsep.

Thus, for example, the capital of Arachosia, placed by Elphinstone at Hirat, and by Mr. Prinsep identified with Sakhir, the capital of Ghuris, appears from Major Rawlinson's researches to be at a spot in the Ghilziyah country, now named Khul, near U'lan Robat. The colony, placed in a new city to control the Arians, appears also rather to be the city of Alexandria, which Major Rawlinson identifies with Pang-wai, than Hirat, with which Mr. Prinsep identifies it. Happily both Rawlinson and the editor agree in identifying Beïhram with Alexandria apud Caucasum, which Professor Wilson sought for in the Ghurbund valley. We may also remark that, according to Khanikoff's Bokhara, the Shubur-Subz of the editor is the Abi Shahri Subz, "the river of the city of Subz;" and his Zurafshar apparently Zir Affshan. There is no *e*, nor is there any *o*, in the Arabic; but there is a long and short *i* and *a*, and Hindu orientalists for the most part represent the short *a* and *i* by *u*, as Mushud (p. 24) for Mashid, and Bulkh (p. 25) for Balk; while for the long *i* they unnecessarily use two *e*'s, as Seestan (p. 18) for Sistán, and for the long *u* two *o*'s, as Kabool (p.18) for Kabúl, Tymoor for Timúr (but we are not certain if the name of that great conqueror was not Taïmur), Tooz for Tuz, &c. Hence it is also that Ghingiz Khan is metamorphosed into Chungeez Khan (p. 19). There is, to say the least of it, great inconsistency in this use of vowels, even supposing it were defended upon the old principle of no system being yet universally adopted. You cannot put two *o*'s and two *e*'s, when one such does not exist in the alphabet.

Mr. Prinsep takes the princes of the Arsacide dynasty first into consideration, and we perceive that he omits Tiridates, making Artabanus the second Arsaces, as also Mithridates III., who probably from his brief reign is not included in the list. The history of this dynasty is premised, because, although of Greco-Parthian origin, the system of government was purely Asiatic, and effected ultimately the transition

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back from Hellenism to a purely Asiatic sovereignty and condition of society.

The oldest Greek coins met with, and which belong to the earliest known kings of Bactria and Ariana, are of excellent workmanship, with fine heads on the obverse, and some mythological emblems on the reverse, and with superscriptions, generally confined to the latter side, in the Greek language only. Coins of Theodotus, who reigned B.C. 256, and of Heliocles, Antimachus, Agathocles (a name well known to history), and of Eucratides, have been discovered, precisely answering this description; and the editor remarks, that any that may be found with new Greek names and simple titles can, it is assumed, belong only to the same race. Many of these coins have Arian inscriptions on the reverse.

The second kind of coins are of inferior workmanship, with Greek inscriptions and barbarian names. Professor Lassen ascribes them to Scythian dynasties. The third class are bilingual, of excellent workmanship, fine Greek heads, with types from the Grecian mythology on the reverse. There is great variety in the sources of these coins. Fourthly, there are copper coins, roughly executed, with Greek inscriptions and names on one side, and on the other the king's name in ancient Sanscrit characters.

It is impossible to follow the editor through the chronological classification of the kings to whom these coins belong, and which is founded upon the researches of Professors Lassen and Wilson. It is an inquiry full of interest, and already very fruitful in results. But few out of the list are mentioned by classic authors.

When we read of the exploration of the topers (like the tepehs or mounds of the Turks) effected by the officers in the service of Runjeet Singh, and of the many valuable historical monuments which they found therein—a little gold box with rare coins in one, a copper-box with coins and gems in another, sometimes in an excavated stone—and we think that so much time has elapsed without the natives ransacking and destroying these relics of antiquity, it seems almost as if a special providence had fulfilled the wishes of the depositors, and left them there undisturbed till found by those who were capable of appreciating their value to history and to a general humanity.

Valentine M'Clutchy, the Irish Agent; or, the Chronicles of the Castle Cumber Property. By W. Carleton. 3 vols. Dublin, J. Duffy; London, Chapman and Hall; Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd.

Poor Ireland! Every body doing their utmost to inflame and distract you; few or none to soothe and heal you. The able author of the "Traits and Stories" of the Peasantry has here brought up all thy grievances, past and present, and dished them as food not fit for gods but devils. The poor are oppressed, the honest are hated, the villanous are preferred, the corrupt are advanced. The noble race of Castle Cumber are a set of rare fools and rascals: their patriotic and virtuous agent is discharged to make way for "the vulture" M'Clutchy, whose name denotes his character—Squire Deaker is a monster representative of the utterly abandoned class of Squirearch—the clergyman M'Slime is an oily hypocrite—in short, all the good are persecuted, and the vile only flourish. For the honour of human nature, we trust that this is no picture of Ireland, nor indeed of any part of the world; for, in all our experience of life, we never encountered any individual who made open boasts of his rascality, and wrote letters to record it as a principle, as many of Mr. C.'s personages do in most exaggerated style; and we regret to see such talent as Mr. Carleton possesses employed in aggravating the evils which have afflicted that country, by ministering to every bad passion and prejudice. His *dénouement* makes no amends for the injurious spirit in which his work is conceived and written.

The Huguenots. By G. P. R. James, Esq. Smith, Elder, and Co.

This, the third volume of Mr. James's popular reissue of his works in single octavo volumes, handsomely printed, and got up in the best style, is recommended to us beyond its predecessors by a well-engraved portrait of the author. The likeness we think good, though it lacks somewhat of the higher and intellectual expression of the original, whose features, however, are pleasingly and accurately portrayed. The historico-romance itself is one of the deepest interest, and refers to events and scenes to the description of which no writer could do greater justice than Mr. James. We need not wonder, therefore, that the demand for this edition grows and increases with every volume that appears; for it requires much assiduity and a long time to make the public properly acquainted with the genuine literary treats within its reach.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Cork, January 1, 1845.

Mr. Editor,—Probably the most effective intellectual agents of the present day are the periodical magazines or reviews. The infinite diversity of subjects which they embrace; the popular tone, spirit, and taste which they at once adopt and direct; the germinating or dormant talents which they call forth and nurture; and the growing desire for diffusive reading and current information which they gratify, at a comparatively small expense of time or labour, by condensing, like the combinations of chemistry or preparations of medicine, what was diluted to weakness, or repulsive in bulk; have all conspired to ensure their extensive circulation. A reviewer destines not his accomplished task "to waste its sweetness in the desert air,"—

> . . . . "sterileis nec legit arenas,
> Ut caneret paucis, mergatque hoc pulvere verum."
> *Lucan*, lib. ix. v. 576, &c.

Wide, consequently, is the sphere of action, and commensurate the influence of these organs of public instruction, as they have virtually become; while it is, in an equal degree, requisite to watch this derived power in its sway, and control it in its errings. It must not be suffered to mislead where it undertakes to enlighten. Besides, the professed critic, necessarily bound by the right he assumes and the liberty of censure he exercises, is doubly amenable for the faults he may commit in reproving those of others. Yet, fully sensible as I am of the possible reaction of this consequence on myself, I still venture to offer a few animadversions incidentally suggested by some articles of the great trimestrial reviews, with a passing advertence to three or four other current publications, of which, respectively, the subjects will I trust appear sufficiently interesting to justify the details indispensable, in my apprehension, for their elucidation.

In the late *Edinburgh Review* for October, 1844, No. 162, I find at page 376, in the article devoted to our great mariner, and not less famous marauder, Sir Francis Drake, the assertion "that he was the first circumnavigator of the globe;" and this honour is attributed to him with equal confidence in *Blackwood's Magazine*, No. 349, page 657, for November last. Had it been stated that he was the first Englishman who had achieved this exploit, the fact could not be gainsayed; but the words unequivocally ascribe to him its first performance, preceding that of any other navigator whatsoever. "The name of Drake," says the Review, "is familiar enough to our imaginations, in conjunction with many memorable accidents of his position, as the earliest of English sea-captains, the first freebooter who shewed the way to the treasure-house of the Indies, the first circumnavigator of the globe, the conqueror of the Armada," &c. This language, in its clear and obvious construction, expresses no other than the sense which I have ascribed to it; and here, consequently, Drake is put forward, not as the first English, but as the earliest of all, encompassers of the earth. *Blackwood* is not less explicit: "An Englishman first circumnavigated the globe—an Englishman alone has seen the fountains of the Nile," &c. Yet the *Edinburgh Review* article specially refers to Barrow's life of the great seaman, which, in the third chapter, distinctly states that Drake's achievement "had once, but only once, been performed before." No historical fact is, indeed, or can be, better substantiated than that Drake's voyage was posterior by nearly sixty years to that of Fernandez Magaelhaens, a Portuguese, in the command of a Spanish expedition of five small vessels, which sailed the 20th of September, 1519, on this exploration; whereas our English voyage dates from the 15th of November, 1577. Magaelhaens was slain in one of the Philippine Islands, in 1521; but the Vittoria, the only surviving vessel of his little squadron, safely reached St. Lucar, in Spain, on the 6th of September, 1522 (or, as the captain, Sebastiano del Cano, an original officer of the expedition, from their westward course, reckoned it, on the 5th), by the Cape of Good Hope. It is painful to be reduced to the necessity of repeating such notorious facts in repression of fallacious assumptions, little needed, truly, to fill up the already overflowing measure of our conquests of or on the deep. The best authority on the subject of Magaelhaen's memorable enterprise is Antonio de Herrera's "Historia General de los Hechos de los Castellanos en las isles y tierra firme del Mar Oceano"—Madrid, 1729, 1730. It extends from the discovery of America, in 1492, to 1554, and is justly praised by Robertson, whose own narrative does not go beyond 1518, and consequently embraces not the question of Drake's predecessor. The fame of our adventurer's undertaking I regret to find still obscured by the circumstances of Doughty's death, which appear to me fairly weighed by the Edinburgh reviewer; but moral considerations, in arrest of passion, policy, or interest, were as powerless with him as they were with his sovereign, or, generally, with the age.

In the same number of the leading periodical of the north, under the head of "Harris on Thunderstorms," the pregnant tribute, commemorative of Franklin's scientific and patriotic triumphs, is thus introduced: "It was in the month of June 1752, that he performed the celebrated experiment by which he became the Prometheus of modern times, and earned a branch of that double laurel with which the democratic poet has crowned him—

> Arripuit fulmen cœlo, sceptrumque tyrannis."

More than one error has here escaped the

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writer; for he misquotes both the verse and its author. The former should be,

"Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis."

And in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April 1843, p. 365, the line will be found traced to Marcus Manilius, author, in the Augustan age, of "Astronomicon libri v." His system was that of the Stoics, not very remote from that of Spinoza, or the now prevalent continental pantheism. It represents the material world, the *mundus*, as self-existent, endows it with mind and intelligence (*solertia*), and assigns to it the liberation of rational man from the illusions of pagan mythology, which had converted the elements or phenomena of nature into divinities, whom he thus strips of their attributes, and resolves these inherent properties of matter into the appointed instruments of nature's action:*

"Cur imbres ruerent, ventos quæ caussa moverent,
Providit, solvitque animis miracula rerum:
Eripuitque Jovi fulmen, viresque Tonanti."
Lib. i. v. 102 et seqq.

This last verse, with a slight variation, was applied by Cardinal Polignac to express the atheism of Epicurus, in his "Anti-Lucretius" (published, after his death, at Paris, in 1747, 8vo), as thus, in the first book of his poem, line 93:—

"Eripuitque fulmen Jovi, Phœboque sagittas."

And finally, M. Turgot, the short-lived minister of Louis, appended it, necessarily modified, to the portrait of Franklin, as it is now generally known:—

"Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis."

Such is the history of this famous line, to which I may add, that neither Manilius nor Polignac, if poets, were democratic; for the former's opening address to Augustus Cæsar is in the usual adulatory strain of the period, little accordant indeed with the spirit of a republican; and St. Simon (tomes vii. p. 389, and xv. p. 442) paints the Cardinal as a most accomplished, obsequious courtier. Turgot was doubtless a liberal-minded man, anxious to benefit the people, while prepared to repress their outbreaks, as he proved in May 1775. "Il n'y a que M. Turgot et moi qui aimions le peuple," used to say Louis XVI. But he neither was, nor aspired to be, a poet, though the author of a few epigrams (see *La Vie de Turgot*, par Condorcet, 1786, 8vo). Manilius left his work, first printed at Bologna in 1474, unfinished, and his fervent prayer for length of life to complete it, unheard, consequently:

. . . . "Faveat magna Fortuna labori,
Annosa et molli contingat vita senecta,
Ut possim rerum tantas emergere moles."
Lib. i. v. 114, &c.

But little is known of his life or death, nor is he mentioned by any of his contemporaries.

Another trimestrial journal, the *Dublin Review*, No. 33, for the past October, at page 258, after alluding to some Italian converts to our established church, states that M. Vignoli, an "unfrocked friar," had, within two or three days subsequent to the ceremony of his recantation, been married to a lady with a fortune of some 50,000*l.*; and adds, "so true is the saying of a learned bishop, that every apostasy of a Catholic priest, like a comedy, is sure to end by a marriage." The article is attributed to Dr. Wiseman, in the *Tablet* of the 2d November; but I can hardly believe that the highly-informed prelate could be ignorant of so notorious a fact as that the observation proceeded from Erasmus, who certainly never wore the mitre, though destined, we are told, at one period, to grace the purple. It was Bayle, in his article of Catherine Bore, the wife of Luther, who first produced the original words from an autograph and then unpublished letter, curious in many respects, and characteristic of its celebrated author, addressed to Nicholas Everard, president of the upper council at the Hague. The date is the 24th December, 1525; and it still bore Erasmus's seal and motto, the "Deus terminus" and "Nulli cedo." His words on the point in question are, "Solent comici tumultus fere in matrimonium exire, atque hinc subita rerum omnium tranquillitas. . . . Similem exitum habitura videtur Lutherana tragœdia. Duxit monachus monacham," &c. In a subsequent communication (13th March, 1526) he archly remarks, after contradicting some reports of Luther and Catherine discovered to be false, "Si vera est fabula, antichristum nasciturum ex monacho et monacha, quemadmodum isti jactitant, quot antichristorum millia jam olim habet mundus!" See Erasmi Epistolæ, 781 and 801, edit. Clerici, 1703, &c.

To the *Dublin Review*, indeed, some more glaring classical inaccuracies are imputable. In an article of No. 22, on the "Collectio Scriptorum veterum e Vaticanis codicibus edita ab Angelo Maio, Cardinali, Romæ, 1831, 8vo," an account is given of the various writers of antiquity restored to light, partially or integrally, from the superincumbent mass of monastic homilies, by this learned prince of the church. Amongst these revivals appear several fragments of Polybius, relative to whom it is stated by the reviewer, at page 417, "that the original edition was published from a Vatican manuscript, under the reign of Nicholas V., by Perotti, at almost the very first introduction of printing into Italy." Few as are these assertions, they contain numerous errors; for the original edition was not printed from a Vatican manuscript, nor published by Perotti, nor under the pontificate of Nicholas V., who died the 25th of March, 1455, just ten years before the first book printed in Italy, which was Lactantius (in monasterio Sublacienci) in 1465, had issued from the press. The edition referred to by the reviewer was nothing more than a version executed by Perotto (not Perotti, see Ménagiana, tom. iv. p. 122) into Latin from a Greek manuscript, at the desire of the pope, but not printed till 1473, eighteen years after his death. The original Greek did not appear until 1530, at Hagnenau, from a German, not a Vatican, manuscript, fifty-seven years after Perotto's translation, and seventy-five after the decease of Nicholas, under whose sway it is affirmed to have been published! For Perotto's task, see Casaubon, "De Polybii prioribus interpretibus," prefixed to his edition of 1609, folio; and Schweighæuser's preface (Argentor. 1789, 8vo).

Again, in respect to Diodorus Siculus, of whom the cardinal has also exhumed some remains, the reviewer adds, "that the first edition was likewise printed from a Vatican manuscript by the celebrated Poggio." Here, as in relation to Polybius, the Latin version by Poggio, printed in 1472, is mistaken for the original, which was first published at Basil in 1539, sixty-seven years subsequent to the translation, and eighty years posterior to the death of Poggio, to whom the impression of this original is attributed! During his life, in fact, no book had been printed in Italy. The tribute of justice rendered to Pope Nicholas for his zealous efforts in the restoration of letters at that interesting era is forcibly expressed by Casaubon in his admired dedication to Henry the Fourth; and Casaubon, it must be observed, was a Huguenot: "Vindex ille literarum *primus* . . . sed multa sunt Nicolao oblata impedimenta, quo minus quod optabat perficere posset." See Dr. Dibdin's *Library Companion*, p. 798, and Wharton's *Plagiarism of Bayle*, there cited, as furnished by myself. No correction of these flagrant errors is to be found in the subsequent number of the journal, that I could discover; otherwise, I would not have noted them.

Mr. Charles Knight, though, I believe, unconcerned in reviews or magazines, has favoured the public with a series of cheap and valuable works, which he periodically continues; and to this industrious gentleman we are also indebted for some productions of his own pen. Among these is the life of our venerable patriarch of the press, Caxton; in which, at p. 221, I was rather surprised to read these words: "When Leo X. gave a privilege, in 1553, to the second Aldus (Paulus Manucius) for printing Varro, the pope required that the book should be cheap." Now, Leo died in 1521, when this Aldus, born in 1512, was a child; and in 1553 the pontifical throne was filled by Julius III.; nor did any edition of Varro emanate that year from the Aldine or any other press. In fact, that author was never published by the family in a separate volume. The agricultural treatise appeared for the first and only time from their workshop during 1514, in the collection of writers, "De Re Rustica;" and the three books, "De Lingua Latina," in 1513, 1517, and 1527, forming, on each occasion, part of Nicola Perotto's assemblage of grammarians, under the title of "Cornucopiæ, sive Linguæ Latinæ Commentarii," originally printed at Rome in 1473. It is in the edition of 1513 that Leo's privilege is exhibited as given—not to the second Aldus, as affirmed by Mr. Knight, for he was then an infant at the breast, but to the senior Aldus, who died in 1515; when, until 1529, the establishment was conducted for the children by their maternal grandfather Andreas Asulanus. The papal privilege in all its tenor is interesting; and the pontiff's recommendation to sell the books at a moderate price is thus couched:—"Volumus tamen, et Aldum ipsum in Domino hortamur, ut libros justo pretio vendat, ne his concessionibus nostris ad aliam, quam honestum est, partem utatur." The privilege, embracing only the pontifical states, extends to fifteen years, and interdicts, under pain of excommunication, its infraction, or the use of the cursive or italic type, "characteres quos ipse (Aldus) invenit et edidit primus," unless authorised by Aldus—"Decernentes . . . quicunque contra inhibitionem hanc nostram facere ausi fuerint, antedictæ excommunicationis sententiæ obnoxios illico fieri." Dated the 28th Nov. 1513, "sub annulo piscatoris," and countersigned by Bembo, then papal secretary.* Independently of these accumulated anachronisms, Mr. Knight has also erred in making Froissard a Frenchman, at p. 43; his native city Valenciennes not having been annexed to France till 1678, or 343 years after his birth in 1335. Other in-

* On this heathen theology, the treatise of Hermias, supposed to have been a Christian philosopher of the second century—*Διασυρμὸς τῶν ἔξω φιλοσόφων*—first published at Basil in 1553, 8vo, and included in the Benedictine edition (by Dom Prudent Maran, Paris, 1742, fol.) of Justin Martyr, well deserves perusal. Its power of ridicule has been pronounced equal to Lucian's on the same copious subject. It is to be found in most editions of Justin Martyr. See Fabricii *Biblioth. Græc.* tom. v. p. 88, Hamburgi, 1790, &c., 4to. And of modern works, notwithstanding the author's extreme youth, not seventeen, few are preferable to the "Saggio sopra gli Errori Popolari degli Antichi," del Conde Giacomo Leopardi.

* See "Annales des Alde," par Ant. Aug. Renouard, 1803. 8vo.

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advertencies have likewise struck me; but in relation to the object of his biography, a personal reminiscence will, I hope, be allowed me. In 1812 I obtained permission from the late Earl Spencer to see the portion of his library that was at St. James's Place; when the librarian, a foreigner, who at first had been little communicative, tired, as he said, of ignorant intrusion, became more complacent, and, amongst the mass of literary treasures to which he invited my attention, directed my special notice to fifty small folio volumes in uniform dark morocco, an assemblage of Caxton's productions, which he valued at 200*l.* each, or, collectively, 10,000*l*, though several were not in the most desirable state. This estimation, possibly equivalent to the original cost, at least at that period of bibliomaniac rage, cannot be considered as overrated; for just then the earl's nephew, the Duke of Devonshire, had paid 1060*l.* for a single volume, Caxton's earliest achievement, and first printed book in the English language.

Few undertakings can be more ably conducted than the *Athenæum*; yet in a late No. (the 888th) I read, at page 1003, "There is a curious bill for pictures . . . with the charges for his (Vandyk's) altered by the king. Charles reduced the prices of some as much as cent per cent—one, for instance, entitled 'Le Roy à la chasse,' from 200*l.* to 100*l.*;" &c. The slightest reflection would have prevented the utterance of this blunder; for the reduction or subtraction of one hundred per hundred—the precise meaning of cent per cent—can leave no other residue than zero. This error, obvious as it must be on consideration, is of frequent occurrence, as I have had occasion to indicate in another place. Thus, the late Dr. Arnold, in his "History of Rome," vol. i. p. 85, states a reduction of value in copper money of twelve hundred per cent; and, in Lord Dudley's "Correspondence with Bishop Coplestone," we discover a similar portentous miscalculation, where, at p. 179, he describes "the Austrian government paper as reduced to twelve hundred per cent discount:" that is, in both instances, eleven hundred times less than nothing! the first deduction of one hundred from each hundred having necessarily annihilated the entire. It was, we may presume, intended to represent the reduction of the Roman copper and Austrian paper to the one-twelfth of its original value; but no reviewer appears to have marked these incongruities. Dr. Arnold's oversight in fractional arithmetic, as relates to Roman money, is again betrayed in the second volume of his History, p. 614; yet his profound erudition is incontestable.

Jacques Boileau, brother of the poet Despréaux, among various singular treatises, published at Paris, in 1695, 8vo, under the guise of Marcellus Ancyranus, "Colloquium Criticum de Sphalmatis Virorum in re litteraria illustrium"—a title and frame of vast comprehension, if sustained in responsive execution, which it certainly was not by that doctor of Sorbonne, who restricted his criticisms to his own class. Even my necessarily limited sphere of reading would supply no inconsiderable volume on the subject, though I were solely to notice those transgressions which have equally escaped writers and censors—such, for example, as some cursorily pointed out by myself elsewhere, in Mr. Prescott's valuable "History of the Conquest of Mexico." At p. 192 of his first volume, the emperor Charles the Fifth of Germany, but the first sovereign of that name in Spain, so well known to have been born at Ghent in Belgium, of Austrian paternal blood, is pronounced a native Spaniard, although he had never entered the peninsula till far advanced in his eighteenth year (24th Feb. 1500 to 13th Sept. 1517). And, at p. 208, the author apparently adopts the anachronism of Pizzarro y Orellano, in representing the birth of his hero, Cortes, and the death of Luther, as coincident events, while in fact separated by an interval of at least sixty years. Again, these striking faults of time and person have been overlooked by the reviewers.

But I have already encroached too far, I fear, Mr. Editor, on your indulgence; and shall only add, that I have the honour to be, &c. J. R.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Jan. 8th.—Dr. Roget in the chair. Several members were elected. The first illustration for the evening was on the arts and manufactures of Mexico and Yucatan, by the Rev. J. Thompson, who gave a pleasing account, not only of the arts and manufactures of those countries, but also of the manners and customs of the people. The subject was extensively illustrated by specimens of earthenware, cloth, cotton, rope, embroidery, lace, &c. He concluded with a lucid description of the ruins of ancient Mexico.—The second subject for illustration was Pilbrow's atmospheric railway without a valve, a large working-model of which was placed before the meeting, including a carriage, which was moved on the railway at considerable velocity by exhausting the tube by means of an air-pump. The object aimed at by the inventor is to get rid of the slot or chase in the cylindrical main pipe or tube, and also the valve, with its appurtenances. If in practice this desideratum can be attained as efficiently as it is accomplished on a small scale, an important advance will be made in railway locomotion. The pipe or tube, instead of being fixed above the level of the rails, as in the case of Pinkus's and Samuda's plans, is sunk considerably below it, whereby facilities are afforded of effecting a junction between two or more railways, as also of allowing, when necessary, roads and railways to be crossed on a level. At intervals of about 30 feet are fixed two boxes, cast on to the tube, one on each side, in each of which works a vertical spindle or axis, to which are fixed two small cog-wheels or pinions, the one being inside the box, and the other outside. A diaphragm or piston works within the main pipe or tube, as in the ordinary atmospheric railway-tube, to which, however, is attached a double rack; so that when the piston is moved forward by the exhaustion of the tube in front of the piston, the rack is moved with it, and which, working on two or more sets of the lower or under pinions, causes the upper or outside pinions to revolve at the same time and at the same velocity. A second rack, of the same length as that within the tube, is attached to the first carriage of a train; and as the upper pinions revolve, the rack, and consequently the carriage to which it is attached, moves with it. Thus the valve ordinarily used is entirely dispensed with.

The Zoology of the Voyage of the Sulphur. No. 8. *Of Mollusca*, Part III. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Mr. Hinds has in this fasciculus continued his account of the Molluscs, and their various form and habitats. The plates are beautifully finished by Mr. Sowerby, jun., from the most minute to the largest specimens. There are several new and hitherto unknown; and the catalogue reaches to the high number of 299.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Jan. 6th, 1845.

Academy of Sciences: sitting of Dec. 30th.—A communication was received from M. Desbordeaux, of Caen, proposing a mode of plating upon steel by the galvanic process. In the mode of operating practised by Messrs. Ruolz and Elkington, it is found necessary to cover the article which is to be silvered with a slight coating of copper, without which the steel will not receive the silver. M. Desbordeaux states that the necessity for this coating of copper may be avoided by plunging the article, for a few seconds, in a mixture composed of one gramme of nitrate of silver, one gramme of nitrate of mercury, four grammes of nitric acid, at forty of Beaumé's areometer, and 120 grammes of distilled water.

M. Ackermann, formerly surgeon-major of the navy, who passed three consecutive years at Madagascar, submitted to the Academy the project of a scientific voyage, with a view to the exploration of the interior of this important island. M. Ackermann considers that much valuable information would result from the realisation of his project.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

At the meeting of the 7th ult., Mr. J. Cullimore in the chair, the hon. sec., Dr. Holt Yates, read a communication from Dr. H. Thompson, of the Syrian Medical Aid Establishment at Damascus, in which a most satisfactory account was given of the progress of philanthropic labours in that quarter.

A communication was read from Mr. W. Francis Ainsworth, being a "Note upon the Emperor Trajan's campaign in Mesopotamia," in which it was endeavoured, in opposition to an essay upon the subject contained in the *Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, tome xxi., to shew that the emperor, after having constructed his boats at Nisibis, invaded Adiabene, but, instead of following the valley of the Tigris to Ctesiphon, that he descended the Khaboras to the Euphrates, visited the bitumen fountains of Babylonia, and carried his boats by land from the Euphrates to the Tigris. It was moved that this communication be printed.

A paper was then read by Mr. N. G. Mussabini, being a classification of the varieties of the human race, and their respective origins, founded upon a comparison and analysis of their languages and physical and moral characteristics, and in which it was attempted to prove the Shemitic origin of the Indo-European variety; the Japhetic origin and general identity of the Mongol or Tartar and American nations; the Hamitic origin of the Ethiopean or African nations, and of the so-called Shemitic or Hebrew class of languages; and the mixed origin of Hebrew or Arabic nations, of the Indo-Chinese nations, and of the Malayo-Polynesian nations. This paper contained a very good *resumé* of the actual state of philological researches upon these intricate topics, and is to be continued at a future opportunity.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.

Wednesday.—Soc. of Arts, 8 P.M.; Microscop., 8 P.M.

Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Medico-Botanical (anniversary meeting), 8 P.M.

Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.

Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

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The Penny Magazine. Pp. 308, double cols. Knight and Co.

THE thirteenth volume of this popular and useful miscellany, so various in subject and so embellished with wood-engravings, evinces no falling off in consequence of exhaustion. It is as good as at first.

The Convict-Ship, &c. By C. A. Browning, M.D., author of "England's Exiles." Pp. 324. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE author being appointed surgeon to the Earl Grey, transporting a number of convicts to Tasmania, earnestly set about inculcating religious principles and feelings into the wretched mass of human depravity. He here relates his conversations and experiences at full length; and states the results of his Christian labours. Having formerly paid our respects to some of these matters, we need not reopen the ground.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANKS' TABLE-BOOK

HAS received our notice for its literary contents in another portion of the *Gazette;* but as his Sketches of Society are of a merrier nature than our serious remarks, we rejoice to afford him a second compliment here.

The Seal of the Bateman family, immortal-

ised by George in ballad excellence, is worthy of its fame; the Waits are most characteristic;

and the bellows method of literary puffing is almost equal to existing realities.

THE DRAMA.

THE Theatres this week have continued to repeat their Christmas supplies, and no novelty has been produced. The great merit of *Antigone,* at Covent Garden, is, that it bears reflection after seeing and hearing it, and pleases perhaps more in memory than in performance. The clown here too, C. Marsh, is heaping up golden opinions; and especially by his mock-bravura singing, which could hardly be surpassed either for voice or humour. At Astley's the fox has a grand run every night, and the *John Gilpin* pantomime augments in popularity with its citizen burlesque and capital goblin posture-makers. The Olympic also boasts a very clever clown and a good pantomime; and the theatre, being nicely cleaned and renovated, has nightly good audiences to witness the fun, and *Horatia, or the Roman Father*—the heroine well played by Miss Devonport.

English Theatricals in Paris.—The English company has been engaged, by royal command, to perform at the palace of the Tuileries; and from the king downward, through every grade of society, our countrymen have been received with marked distinction and favour. We do not merely allude to the public manifestations of good-will and enthusiastic admiration, but to the private and social attentions paid in an especial manner to their histrionic leader, Mr. Macready. Letters from the most eminent literati and individuals of the highest station in France have been communicated to us, in which the warmth with which they write of the gentlemanly deportment, the scholarly attainments, and the many accomplishments of our great tragedian, are of the most gratifying description. The impression he has made on these circles has ripened, even in so short a space, into fervent friendship, expanding as it were from the single person to the nation to which he belongs. The cultivation of such feelings is of more importance than may at first sight appear; and we confess to have listened to the sentiments alluded to with far more than common interest. Amicable relations among the literary men and artists of any countries are not only desirable in themselves, but as examples to other classes; as disarming national prejudices where their entertainment is most mischievous—and as leading to conditions of courtesy and mutual regard, well calculated to be beneficial to mankind. *M. Le Maitre,* we understand, is to head the French company in London next month; and, together with the enjoyment of his powerful tragic talent, we shall then have opportunities of shewing our sense, in return, of the manner in which Paris has treated our compatriots.

Hanover-Square Rooms.—The Messrs. Braham gave their first concert on Wednesday evening at these rooms, which were well filled for the occasion. The numerous encores received by the father were the best testimony of the manner in which his fine voice and execution are still appreciated; nor ought the young gentlemen to be dissatisfied with the applause bestowed upon their exertions. The concert was throughout a very pleasant one.

BIOGRAPHY.

MRS. HOFLAND.

THE death of this amiable and excellent person was briefly announced in the *Literary Gazette* of Nov. 16, No. 1452; since which time a memoir of her has appeared in the *Naval and Military Gazette.* In this sketch it is stated that her maiden name was Wreaks, and that "she was a native of Sheffield, where her father was a partner in an eminent mercantile house. The loss of that parent in early infancy for a time overshadowed her youthful prospects. They brightened, however, on her marriage with Mr. Hoole, a young man well circumstanced and of great personal merit. But the happiness of this union proved of very short duration—as in little more than two years Mrs. Hoole had lost her first-born child, and laid her beloved husband, at the age of twenty-six, in the grave. She was left with an infant son of only a few weeks old. When of sufficient

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age, that son was educated for the church; and some years ago he was curate of the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, in which office he died. Family bereavement was followed by loss of fortune," in consequence of commercial changes and the bankruptcy of a private trustee. Mrs. Hoole had then recourse to her pen; and we find the following list of her publications (in the first column below) during eight years in Watts's *Biographical Dictionary of Authors;* and those which followed, in the second column, are from our own inquiries:—

Little Dramas for Young People from English History. 1809.
La Fête de la Rose. 1809.
A Season at Harrowgate. 1812.
Clergyman's Widow. 1812.
Officer's Widow.
Says she to her Neighbour, What? 4 vols. 1812.
Sisters.
Northern Travellers. 1812.
Patience and Perseverance. 4 vols. 1813.
Panorama of Europe. 1813.
Merchant's Widow. 1814.
Visit to London; or, Emily and her Friends. 4 vols. 1814.
Ellen the Teacher. 2 vols. 1815.
A Father as he should be. 1815.
Barbadoes Girl. 1816.
Blind Farmer and his Children. 1816.
Son of a Genius. 1816.
Good Grandmother and her Offspring. 1817.
Abbess of Valtiera. 4 vols.
Tales of the Manor. 4 vols.

Tales of the Priory. 4 vols.
Captives in India. 3 vols.
The Czarina. 3 vols.
King's Son. 3 vols.
Hildebrand. 3 vols.
Alfred Campbell.
Alfred the Young Pilgrim.
Decision.
Energy.
Farewell Tales.
Fortitude.
Humility.
Integrity.
Moderation.
Patience.
Reflection.
Self-Denial.
Young Cadet.
Adelaide.
Affectionate Brothers.
Alicia and her Aunt.
Daughter-in-law.
Elizabeth and her Three Beggar-Boys.
Godmother's Tales.
Rich Boys and Poor Boys.
Stolen Boy; an Indian Tale.
William and his Uncle Ben.
Young Northern Traveller.
Young Crusoe.

With the produce of her literary labours (the first of which were liberally subscribed to by those who were acquainted with her misfortunes and merits) she had opened a boarding-school at Harrowgate, for the conduct of which she was so well qualified by her gentle manners, affectionate disposition, and general attainments. In 1810, she married Mr. Hofland, the artist (who predeceased her in January 1843); and in 1811 they removed to the grand theatre for intellectual enterprise, London, where they established themselves in Newman Street, Oxford Street, and there lived long, highly esteemed by all who knew them. Latterly a pleasant retreat in Hammersmith, and, last of all, a similar retirement at Richmond, witnessed the calm close of their days, devoted as they had been to the congenial cultivation of literature and the arts. Several of her works (says the editor of the *Naval and Military Gazette*) "were translated into the continental languages; 'The Son of a Genius' receiving that honour from the celebrated Madame la Baronne de Montolieu, author of 'Caroline of Lichfield,' &c.; and others from Miss Monod, daughter of the Lutheran minister at Paris. Her 'Daughter-in-Law' was so much admired by her Majesty Queen Charlotte, that she graciously signified her royal permission that any work from the same pen might be dedicated to her. Of this privilege Mrs. Hofland at a subsequent period availed herself."

Mrs. Hofland had been for many months in bad health; and, as appears from the following, the last note we received from her, too truly anticipated the grave which was opening to receive her:

"Richmond, Surrey, Jan. 10.

"My dear sir,—In troubling you with these volumes, which have been written some years, and have also been curtailed to what I consider a disadvantage, I desire principally to take the opportunity of thanking you for all your kindness to me in days past, and to say this is the last time I shall intrude upon you. As I write literally from the bed of sickness, I can only add that I am, most gratefully, your faithful servant, BAR^A. HOFLAND."

Mrs. Hofland's voluminous writings are all perfectly feminine in character. Easy and graceful, with remarkable fertility of invention, they display much pathos and power of imagination. Without entering, however, into any critical analysis of her works, which are too well known to require it, we shall here content ourselves with transcribing a few lines from a sketch that was written several years ago:—"As the inculcator of the vital importance of fixed principles of justice, honour, and integrity—of Christian virtues founded upon Christian faith—of all that is truly noble in man and lovely in woman—Mrs. Hofland, from the nature of her compositions, and the extent of their circulation, has perhaps done more than any other writer of the day. The religion which she makes the groundwork of all this, and which she has the art of making her readers teach themselves, is religion in its best form; unobtrusive, and yet unfailing; gentle, yet active; modest, yet firm; moderate, kind, and consistent, without sourness, bigotry, or enthusiasm. This religion she has not only inculcated but practised, under trials greater than any she has described."

Robert Smirke, Esq., R.A.—The obituary of the week mentions the death, on Sunday last, in Regent's Park, of Robert Smirke, Esq., R.A., and in his 93d year. Long did he occupy a prominent part in the pictorial world, and has left extensive memorials of his skill and genius; but so long a time has elapsed since, and so many other candidates have arisen and passed away, that we believe few persons, except near friends and relatives, were aware of the continued existence of this distinguished artist. His illustrations of Shakspere and other books were among the earliest of the best class in that department of art. The Shakspere Gallery, in which this veteran was the associate with Alderman Boydell, made a prodigious sensation for many years; and produced important affects upon the British school of art.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

KING BACCHUS.

KING Bacchus grew merry one night over-late,
For friend after friend kept imploring his stay;
Till Time, out of patience, no longer would wait,
So he threw down his sands, and went frowning away.
"Never mind, my old fellow," cried Bacchus; "we'll try
If we can't make these sands into something less dry!"

So he kindled a fire, till the glow and the glare
Seem'd almost too much e'en for friendship to bear;
And with compounds, that magic alone might surpass,
He melted Time's sands to a beautiful glass!
And if by the dozen his friends came before,
When he gave them a glass, they flock'd in by the score.

Then Time, who is rarely a man of his word,
The moment this secret of wonder was heard,
Came back for his sands; but gay Bacchus replied,
And laugh'd at old Time till he nearly had died.
"Take them, boy, from this glass!" And ere aught could be said,
Old Time snatch'd the glass from poor Bacchus, and fled!

But Bacchus the noble invention retain'd,
And glass after glass in an ecstacy plann'd;
Whilst Time, the queer rogue, much as usual remain'd,
For instead of red wine he fill'd his with red sand.
Only look at his vintage! his sand-glass sublime!
Ha! ha! let us laugh; let us laugh at old Time.

CHARLES SWAIN.

VARIETIES.

The Historical Register is the name of another new weekly journal added to our London list, of which No. I. was published last Saturday. It gives a concise detail of facts, and is distinguished by a very ample enumeration of marriages, births, and deaths; with genealogical and other notices. The following statement respecting the family of Shakespeare is copied from it, and is to be found in the return to a Commission issued out of the Exchequer in the 32d of Elizabeth, 1590, for the survey of the possessions of Ambrose earl of Warwick. It was discovered last month at the Branch Public Record Office, Carlton Ride.

"'*The street called Henley-street.* John Shackespere holdeth freely one tenement, with appurtenances, for the yearly rent of 6*d*. and suit of court. The same John holdeth freely one tenement with appurtenances, for the yearly rent of 13*d*. and suit of court.' This was, without doubt, the poet's father. Mr. Hunter, in his elaborate 'New Illustrations,' i. 18, says that the best support ever given to the tradition of John Shakespeare's living in that part of the town known as Henley-street,' where is situated the house which, by constant tradition, is said to have been the poet's birthplace,' is the entry in the Court-Roll of Stratford, by which it appears that, in 1552, John Shakespeare and others were amerced for making a dung-heap in Henley-street. The tradition is now fully substantiated; it is certain that Shakespeare's father possessed *two* houses in that street, and equally certain that one of those tenements is that now shewn as the poet's birthplace. This entry proves even something more, viz. that, in 1590, John Shakespeare had still possession of those two tenements, and goes far towards disproving Malone's supposition, that towards the close of his life the elder Shakespeare became reduced in circumstances.—Among the jurors sworn to return the value of the earl's possessions in Warwick, we find the name of 'Thomas Shackespere,' a copyholder of land in Warwick, at an annual rent of 4*s*. 8*d*. There were many Shakespeares in Warwick, the heads of which were successively named 'Thomas.' This Thomas is evidently the Thomas named in the will of another Thomas Shakespeare of Warwick, dated in 1577.—Under the manor of Shottary, we find the name of Joan Hathaway as a customary tenant. This is good, as shewing that the Hathaways were at Shottery at the time of Anne Hathaway, and it is a sufficiently reasonable conjecture that we have here the mother of Anne, the poet's wife.—Under Rowington occur the names of Thomas, Richard, and George Shackespeare, who all held lands in that manor—persons well known. Among the other copyholders in Stratford, we meet the familiar names of Combe, Hill, and Quiney, families remembered in connexion with the poet. In conclusion, we trust the track of inquiry indicated by this document may be pursued."—The *Register* looks to official authorities for its peculiar intelligence; and in this line promises to be very useful.

The Kaleidoscope.—Under this title a very neat little weekly contemporary has started with the year. A tale called "The Cabala," from the German, is much to our mind; and the words of two new songs by Lover, promptly extracted from their musical publication, shews both activity and taste in the editors.

Miss Frances Browne, a poetess whose genius* and misfortune (being blinded by small-pox at

* See "The Star of Attéghéi, and other Poems," lately published by her. E. Moxon.

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the age of eighteen months) alike entitle her to our admiration and sympathy, has been honourably selected as the recipient of a pension of 20*l.* per annum from the limited fund at the disposal of Lady Peel as the wife of the Premier. The manner in which this laudable act was performed, as in the case of Mr. Hood and others we have recently noticed, greatly enhanced its value; and we have, with high gratification, heard it said upon one of these occasions, "The letter from Sir Robert Peel announcing the gift has been more delightful to me than the gift itself." Thus should such things be done.

North Polar Expedition.—Dr. King has followed up his letter on this subject (noticed in our last No.) with another, accompanied by a map; in which he reiterates and strengthens his arguments in favour of land in preference to sea exploration.

Statue of William IV.—The great granite statue of William IV., by Mr. Nixon, was inaugurated on Tuesday last, when it was opened to the public eye at the end of the street near new London Bridge, named after his Majesty, and a dinner at the Bridge Tavern, on the Surrey side. A hint is thrown out that a corresponding statue to the good Queen Adelaide near that locality would be an acceptable national design.

Plate to Mr. Salmon.—The plate presented to Mr. Salmon by the subscription of grateful patients, and other admirers of the philanthropic institution founded by him (see the advertisement in our last number), is of a sumptuous description, and executed by Messrs. Green and Co. Two magnificent silver waiters and a more magnificent epergne are among these rich and valued testimonies to medical skill and humane feeling.

The late Lunar Eclipse.—From Trinidad we learn that the eclipse of the moon, visible here at 42 min. after eleven o'clock on the 24th November, lasted there from half-past 6 to half-past 9 P.M., during which period the darkness was intense.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

History of the Reformation in Germany, by Leopold Ranke, 2d edition, translated by S. Austin, 3 vols. 8vo, 30*s.*—The Collegian's Guide; or, Recollections of College-Days, the Advantages and Temptations of a University Education, post 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—The Mother's First Book, by Mrs. Marcet, 12mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*—Compendium of Geography, by R. Mangnall, 5th edit. revised, with a full Index, 12mo, 7*s.* 6*d.* bd.—Comparative Anatomy of the Vertebrate Animals, by R. Wagner, M.D., from the German, by A. Tulk, 8vo, 9*s.*—Napoleon: an Epic Poem, by W. R. Harris, imp. 8vo, portrait, 2*l.* 2*s.* bd.—Thom's Irish Almanac and Official Directory, 12mo, 8*s.* 6*d.* bd.—Scott's Lady of the Lake, illustrated edition, imp. 8vo, 21*s.* cloth (Philadelphia).—Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition, by Commander C. Wilkes, 5 vols. imp. 8vo, 8*l.* 8*s.*—The Law relating to Buildings, by T. Chambers and G. Tattersall, 12mo, 12*s.*—Le Livre des Mems, by Mad. Coralie, 18mo, 2*s.*—Britannia's Pastorals, by W. Browne, imp. 32mo, 2*s.*—The Broadstone of Honour, by K. H. Digby, 12mo, 8*s.*—Of Divine Service, the Sacraments, &c., selected from the Works of Hooker, 2d edit. 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Harmony of St. Paul and St. James on Justification, by Bp. Bull, 2d edit. 2 vols. 8vo, 18*s.*—Valentine M'Clutchy, the Irish Agent, by W. Carleton, 3 vols. p.-8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Outlines of Chemistry, by W. Gregory, M.D., Part 1. 5*s.*—The Classical Museum, Vol. II., 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*—Ornamental Design as applied to Decorative Arts, by D. R. Hay, oblong folio, 2*l.* 2*s.*—The Bachelor's Own Book, with coloured plates, 8*s.*—The Holy Catholic Church: a Sermon, by C. P. M'Ilvaine, D.D., 18mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*—Religious Instruction, by the Author of "Lessons on Objects," fcp. 3*s.* 6*d.*—Curate of Linwood; or, Strength of the Christian Ministry, 12mo, 5*s.*—The Harmonical Greek Grammar, 2d edit. 12mo, 4*s.*—The Harmonical Latin Grammar, 2d edit. 12mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Commentary on the Eton Latin Grammar, by R. Hayes, Orthography and Etymology, 4to, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Introductory Greek Exercises, by G. Dunbar, 2d edit. 12mo, 3*s.*—Ditto, Part II. 8vo, 6*s.*—The Natural History of Animals, by T. R. Jones, Vol. I., with 105 illustrations, post 8vo, 12*s.*—Introduction to Dutch Jurisprudence by Hugo Grotius, in English by C. Herbert, imp. 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—The Glory of the Latter House, by S. C. Cohen, fcp. 6*s.*—Boussingault's Rural Economy, translated by G. Law, 8vo, 18*s.*—Curiosities of Heraldry, by M. A. Lower, 8vo, 14*s.*—Life and Journeys of Paul the Apostle, by Peter Parley, 16mo, 3*s.*—Philosophical Dialogues, by the Rev. R. Morehead, D.D., 8vo, 5*s.* 6*d.*—On Atmospheric Changes which produce Rain, Wind, &c., by T. Hopkins, 8vo, 4*s.*—An Old Man's Wanderings through the Manufacturing Districts, edited by C. Lyne, fcp. 4*s.*—Defence of the Game-Laws; and on their Effects upon the Morals of the Poor, by the Hon. G. F. Berkeley, M.P., 2*s.* 6*d.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1845.

Dec. 1844.		*Thermometer.*			*Barometer.*	
Thursday	26	,,	31	37	29·60	29·75
Friday	27	,,	28	36	29·75	29·72
Saturday	28	,,	35	42	29·69	29·61
Sunday	29	,,	43	46	29·61	29·60
Monday	30	,,	38	39	29·64	29·69
Tuesday	31	,,	44	39	29·72	29·79
Jan. 1845.						
Wednesday	1	,,	35	42	29·79	29·81
Thursday	2	,,	32	37	29·75	29·68
Friday	3	,,	30	36	29·65	29·64
Saturday	4	,,	36	43	29·71	29·81
Sunday	5	,,	40	47	29·78	29·75
Monday	6	,,	43	52	29·75	29·81
Tuesday	7	,,	51	42	29·86	29·90
Wednesday	*8	,,	32	34	29·90	29·83

Wind E. and N.E. from the 26th of December to the 1st of January; on the 2d, N.; since S.W. From the 26th to the 30th of December cloudy, with mizzling rain at times; on the 31st, morning fair, with frequent sunshine, afternoon and evening cloudy; January 1st, 2d, and 3d, frequent intervals of sunshine; 4th and 5th, cloudy; 6th, morning fair, afternoon cloudy; 7th and 8th, generally cloudy. Rain fallen, ·44 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude, 51° 37′ 32″ north.
Longitude, 3 51 west of Greenwich.

* The difference in the temperature of the 8th and the four preceding days is worthy of particular remark, viz. on the 8th, at noon, the thermometer was 18 degrees lower than on the 7th at noon, and 19 deg. lower than on the 6th at noon; on the 5th, the thermometer was 47 deg. at 1 P.M., at 4 P.M., at 8 P.M., and at 10 P.M., being 13·5 degrees higher than at noon of the 8th.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATUM.—In biography of Mr. T. Webster, p. 11, middle col., line 3 from bottom, *for* "erected" *read* "constructed."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOM, Hanover Square.—Mr. LOVER'S IRISH EVENINGS.—Mr. LOVER respectfully announces his first appearance in London this Season on MONDAY next, January 13, in a new Entertainment, entitled, "PADDY by LAND and SEA," with appropriate Songs, and his own Comic Story of "The GRIDIRON."

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Jan. 4, 1845.

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THE LITERARY GAZETTE

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Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1461. LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1845. PRICE 8*d.* *Stamped Edition, 9d.*

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

History of the Reformation in Germany. By Leopold Ranke. Translated by Sarah Austin. Vols. I. and II. 8vo. Longmans.

RANKE's work, in five volumes, has justly obtained a great continental celebrity, and rapidly reached a second edition; and the early call for this translation in England shews that its strong claims upon public attention are not less acknowledged here. These two volumes embrace the first of the three epochs into which the original author has divided his history. The second epoch, it is announced, will occupy the next volume, and the last epoch be concluded in volumes four and five. Of the capacity and merits of the translator it would be a waste of words to speak, since they have been long felt and appreciated in every literary production in which she has been engaged. The mass of valuable annotation she has now given us from German authorities of every description is deserving of the highest praise, as adding very considerably to the sterling worth and interest of the publication. Her own explanatory notes are also most useful.

Upon books of this class it is well known to our readers we abstain from offering opinions; and we do so because, deeply conscious of their vital importance, we would not insult them with crude and indigested notions, and we are at the same time sensible that we can neither afford the serious consideration nor the ample space to treat such subjects as they ought to be treated. Our reference to this history therefore must be a notice, and not a review. It sets out with a view of the condition of Germany up to the beginning of the sixteenth century, and then proceeds to the appearance on the mighty stage of Luther and Charles V.; and thence discusses the origin of the religious opposition, the first defection from the Papacy, and the various diets, martyrdoms, and other results consequent on the movement. As a specimen of the author, perhaps the following quotation, exhibiting the comprehensiveness of his mind, and the spirit of his work, may be offered. It embraces portions of the introductory remarks on the origin of the religious opposition.

"Whatever hopes we may entertain of the final accomplishment of the prophecies of an universal faith in one God and Father of all which have come down to us in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, it is certain that after the lapse of more than ten centuries that faith had by no means overspread the earth. The world was filled with manifold and widely-differing modes and objects of worship. Even in Europe, the attempts to root out paganism had been but partially successful; in Lithuania, for example, the ancient worship of the serpent endured through the whole of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and was even invested with a political significancy; and if this was the case in Europe, how much more so in other portions of the globe. In every clime men continued to symbolise the powers of nature, and to endeavour to subdue them by enchantments or to propitiate them by sacrifices; throughout vast regions the memory of the dead was the terror of the living, and the rites of religion were especially designed to avert their destructive interference in human things: to worship only the sun and moon supposed a certain elevation of soul, and a considerable degree of civilisation. Refined by philosophy, letters, and arts, represented by vast and powerful hierarchies, stood the mightiest antagonists of Christianity — the Indian religion and Islam; and it is remarkable how great an internal agitation prevailed within them at the epoch of which we are treating. Although the Brahminical faith was, perhaps, originally founded on monotheistic ideas, it had clothed these in a multiform idolatry. But at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century, we trace the progress of a reformer in Hindostan. Nanek, a native of Lahore, endeavoured to restore the primitive ideas of religion, and to show the advantages of a pure morality over a merely ceremonial worship: he projected the abolition of castes, nay, even a union of Hindoos and Moslem; he presents one of the most extraordinary examples of peaceful unfanatical piety the world ever beheld. Unfortunately his efforts were unsuccessful. The notions he combated were much too deeply rooted; even those who called themselves his disciples—the Sikhs — paid idolatrous honours to the man who laboured to destroy idolatry. A new and very important development of the other branch of the religions of India — Buddhism — also took place in the fifteenth century. The first regenerated Lama appeared in the monastery of Brepung, and was universally acknowledged throughout Thibet; the second incarnation of the same (from 1462 to 1542) had similar success in the most remote Buddhist countries; from that time hundreds of millions revere in the Dalailama at L'Hassa the living Buddha of the present,—the unity of the divine trinity, — and throng thither to receive his blessing. It cannot be denied that this religion had a beneficial influence on the manners of rude nations; but, on the other hand, what fetters does such a fantastic deification of human nature impose on the mind! Those nations possess the materials for forming a popular literature, a wide diffusion of the knowledge of the elements of science, and the art of printing; but the literature itself — the independent exercise and free utterance of the mind, can never exist; nor are such controversies as those between the married and unmarried priests, or the yellow and the red professions which attach themselves to different chiefs, at all calculated to give birth to it. The rival Lamas make pilgrimages to each other, and reciprocally recognise each other's divine character. The same antagonism which prevailed between Brama and Buddha, subsisted in the bosom of Islam, from its very foundation, between the three elder chalifs and Ali; in the beginning of the sixteenth century the contest between the two sects, which had been dormant for awhile, broke out with redoubled violence. * * *

"In Christendom, too, a division existed between the Græco-Oriental and the Latin church, which, though it did not lead to acts of such savage violence, could not be healed. Even the near approach of the resistless torrent of Turkish power which threatened instant destruction, could not move the Greeks to accede to the condition under which the assistance of the West was offered them — the adoption of the distinguishing formulæ of confession — except for the moment, and ostensibly. The union which was brought about at Florence, in the year 1439, with so much labour, met with little sympathy from some, and the most violent opposition from others: the patriarchs of Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem, loudly protested against the departure from canonical and synodal tradition, which such an union implied; they threatened the Greek emperor with a schism on their own part, on account of the indulgence he shewed to the Latin heterodoxy."

And the progressive advance in power and elevation of the Roman hierarchy, so as to pervade and control every portion of social life, presents another example of Ranke's sweeping vision over the whole wide horizon of concomitant events, which we copy in conclusion as an illustration of his ability and style:

"Meanwhile the whole intellectual energy of the age flowed in the channels marked out by the church. Germany is a striking example to what an extent the popular mind of a nation of the West received its direction from ecclesiastical principles. The great workshops of literature, the German universities, were all more or less colonies or branches of that of Paris—either directly sprung from it, like the earlier; or indirectly, like the later. Their statutes sometimes begin with a eulogy on the Alma Mater of Paris. From that most ancient seat of learning, too, had the whole system of the schoolmen, the controversy between Nominalism and Realism, the preponderancy of the theological faculty,—'that brilliant star from which every thing received light and life,'— passed over to them. In the theological faculty the professor of sentences had the precedency, and the Baccalaureus who read the Bible was obliged to allow him to determine the hour of his lecture. In some universities, none but a clerk who had received at least inferior ordination, could be chosen rector. The whole of education, from the first elements to the highest dignities of learning, was conducted in one and the same spirit. Dialectical distinctions intruded themselves into the very rudiments of grammar; and the elementary books of the eleventh and twelfth centuries were constantly retained as the groundwork of learning: here, too, the same road was steadily pursued which had been marked out at the time of the foundation of the hierarchical power. Art was subject to the same influences. The minsters and cathedrals, in which the doctrines and ideas of the church are so curiously symbolised, rose on every side. In the year 1482, the towers of the church of St. Sebaldus at Nürnberg were raised to their present height; in 1494, a new and exquisitely wrought gate was added to Strasburg minster; in 1500, the king of the Romans laid the first stone of the choir of the Reichsgotteshaus (church of the empire) St. Ulrich, in Augsburg, with silver trowel, rule, and hod; he caused a magnificent block of stone to be brought from the mountains, out of which a

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monument was to be erected 'to the well-beloved lord St. Ulrich, our kinsman of the house of Kyburg:' upon it was to stand a king of the Romans, sword in hand. In 1513 the choir of the cathedral of Freiburg, in 1517 that of Bern, was finished; the porch on the northern transept of the church of St. Lawrence in Nürnberg dates from 1520. The brotherhoods of the masons, and the secrets which arose in the workshops of German builders, spread wider and wider. It was not till a later period that the redundancy of foliage, the vegetable character, which so remarkably distinguishes the so-called gothic architecture, became general. At the time we are speaking of, the interior of churches was principally adorned with countless figures, either exquisitely carved in wood, or cast in precious metals, or painted and enclosed in gold frames, which covered the altars or adorned the aisles and porches. It is not the province of the arts to produce ideas, but to give them a sensible form; all the creative powers of the nation were now devoted to the task of representing the traditional conceptions of the church. Those wondrous representations of the mother of God, so full of sweet and innocent grace, which have immortalised Baldung, Schaffner, and especially Martin Schön, are not mere visions of an artist's fancy; they are profoundly connected with that worship of the Virgin which was then peculiarly general and fervent. I venture to add, that they cannot be understood without the rosary, which is designed to recal the several joys of the holy Mary; — the angelic salutation, the journey across the mountains, the child-bearing without pain, the finding of Jesus in the temple, and the ascension; as the prayer-books of that time more fully set forth. These prayer-books are altogether singular monuments of a simple and credulous devotion. There are prayers to which an indulgence for 146 days, others to which one for 7000 or 8000 years, are attached: one morning benediction of peculiar efficacy was sent by a pope to a king of Cyprus: whosoever repeats the prayer of the Venerable Bede the requisite number of times, the Virgin Mary will be at hand to help him for thirty days before his death, and will not suffer him to depart unabsolved. The most extravagant expressions were uttered in praise of the Virgin: 'The eternal daughter of the eternal Father, the heart of the indivisible Trinity;' it was said, 'Glory be to the Virgin, to the Father, and to the Son.' Thus, too, were the saints invoked as meritorious servants of God, who, by their merits, could win our salvation, and could extend peculiar protection to those who believed in them; as, for example, St. Sebaldus, 'the most venerable and holy captain, helper and defender of the imperial city of Nürnberg.' Relics were collected with great zeal. Elector Frederick of Saxony gathered together in the church he endowed at Wittenberg 5005 particles, all preserved in entire standing figures, or in exquisitely wrought reliquaries, which were shewn to the devout people every year on the Monday after Misericordia. In the presence of the princes assembled at the diet, the high altar of the cathedral of Treves was opened, and 'the seamless coat of our dear Lord Jesus Christ' found in it; the little pamphlets in which this miracle was represented in wood-cuts and announced to all the world, are to be found in the midst of the acts of the diet. Miraculous images of our lady were discovered —one, for example, in Eischel, in the diocese of Constance; at the Iphof boundary, by the road-side, a sitting figure of the Virgin, whose miracles gave great offence to the monks of Birklingen, who possessed a similar one; and in Regensburg, the beautiful image, for which a magnificent church was built by the contributions of the faithful, out of the ruins of a synagogue belonging to the expelled Jews. Miracles were worked without ceasing at the tomb of Bishop Benno in Meissen; madmen were restored to reason, the deformed became straight, those infected with the plague were healed; nay, a fire at Merseburg was extinguished by Bishop Bose merely uttering the name of Benno; while those who doubted his power and sanctity were assailed by misfortunes. When Trithemius recommended this miracle-worker to the pope for canonisation, he did not forget to remark that he had been a rigid and energetic supporter of the church-party, and had resisted the tyrant Henry IV. So intimately were all these ideas connected. A confraternity formed for the purpose of the frequent repetition of the rosary (which is, in fact, nothing more than the devout and affectionate recollection of the joys of the holy Virgin) was founded by Jacob Sprenger, the violent and fanatical restorer of the inquisition in Germany, the author of the 'Hexenhammer.' For it was one single and wondrous structure which had grown up out of the germs planted by former ages, wherein spiritual and temporal power, wild fancy and dry school-learning, the tenderest devotion and the rudest force, religion and superstition, were mingled and confounded, and were bound together by some mysterious quality common to them all; and amidst all the attacks it sustained, and all the conquests it achieved,—amidst those incessant conflicts, the decisions of which constantly assumed the character of laws,—not only asserted its claim to universal fitness for all ages and nations—for this world and the next—but to the regulation of the minutest particulars of human life."

To this wonderful structure of power, the opposition at last arose; and those who would trace its extraordinary course, and the change it effected on the destinies of mankind, will do well to make a standard book of Ranke's History.

Chapman and Hall's Monthly Series of Original Fiction and Biography. No. I. Mount Sorel. Part I. By the Author of the "Two Old Men's Tales." Post 8vo, pp. 168.

The plan of serial publishing has now taken almost every shape: weekly, fortnightly, monthly, bimensal, quarterly, half-yearly, annually, irregularly, separately, engrafted on production of another kind, mixedly, anonymously, and acknowledgedly. Undertaken, in the present instance, by publishers whose spirit and enterprise have gone on with marked literary influence since their first grand start with Boz, the then rejected by other booksellers! this new series may be considered as likely to proceed, and consequently deserves from us some early observation.

The abundant proof before us, even in this fourth part of *Mount Sorel*, of the distinguished abilities and talents of the writer, need not detain us; as it is impossible to give an opinion worth listening to till the completion of the whole puts it in our power to speak of its general fitness as well as of its minor features. As far as it goes it is excellent—the characters singularly well drawn and contrasted—the principles they represent, with their old and new feelings, clearly defined and reasonably wrought out, and the interest of the story well kept up. Some fine passages are not the less set off by being in a ring of sound sense which forms the entire circle. But it is the manner of publication which requires our notice.

That which has heretofore made a three-volume novel or romance is to be issued in four divisions at the cost of twelve shillings. It would seem, therefore, that a sale of about four times the amount of the former must take place in order to ensure a similar remuneration to authors and publishers. If the design should fail of this extent, the cause of fictious literature must suffer; and we may depend upon it that lower prices will have the effect of bringing lower production into the market. If, on the other hand, the circulation can be extended to thousands instead of hundreds, there will be profits enough to reward the genius of the writer and the risk of the bookseller. The experiment is now brought to trial, by those who have every means to give it a full and fair chance.

There is also the consideration of the breaches in time between the commencement and the finish of any work of this class. The more interesting it is, the more will these lapses among readers be against its success. We have always disliked the long drawn-out tales of periodicals. You lose the thread of them as they wind along, confused with other matters; and we believe that nine out of ten readers of Magazines only glance at them, or skip them altogether. The same objection applies in degree to this new method. Here we are left for a month before we can continue our perusal; and who can sufficiently remember for such a period the past recorded circumstances and the effects which are necessary to the right understanding of what follows? One must either lose the proper connexion, or begin again, or wait till the performance is finished before beginning at all. And this awkward predicament is not perhaps the worst; for however commenced, it will be in the nature of such publication to appeal to the world in parts, the coherency of which as a whole must be injured by that mode of appearance. A clever writer will always want to break off with an effect—a blue light, a mysterious event, a hero or heroine on the eve of some awful impending calamity. To this, congruity and repose must ever be more or less sacrificed; for if every thing appears to be going on decently and with ordinary calmness, nobody will care to take up the next part, to have their fancies excited anew, or to ascertain how the parties have been disposed of by their creator and mover. The interest would have slipped through their fingers; and if they have *parted* without a flare up, they will not care, or be at the trouble, to re-light the candle.

It is evident from these cursory remarks that this fashion, if largely adopted, must considerably affect both the book-trade and the light literature of the country. The authorship of the latter must, we think, be in its progress much depressed; but it may also have a tendency to banish a great deal of trash from publication. That trash took its chance of selling two or three hundred copies before it was found out. It could not make its way into 3s. Nos. or Parts, the issue of which was spread over several months; for its folly would be detected in No. or Part 1, and the failure of the remainder be certain. Another consequence would be, a diminution of the printing business, already struggling enough; and other branches connected with the trade would also suffer in some proportion.

Altogether the subject is one of much doubt

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and difficulty; and with these suggessions we must now leave it to fulfil its destined purpose.

Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition during the Years 1838-1842. By Charles Wilkes, U.S.N. Commander, &c. Vol. I. pp. 434. London, Wiley and Putnam.

THIS national work is got up in a manner creditable to the American press, and is to consist of five volumes, with an atlas. It furnishes a detailed and rather prolix account of the first scientific expedition ever fitted out by the young and gigantic republic. Of its launch, the introduction speaks in rather amusing language; for the author tells us: "Whatever others are disposed to think, I am disposed to believe, that the originating, getting up, and getting off a first national expedition, is a work of no small difficulty;" and having made this notable discovery, he proceeds to inform us, that every body having abandoned the project in disgust was so much in his favour, that he got up and got off just as he pleased himself without let or hindrance. The squadron consisted of the Vincennes sloop of war, 780 tons; the Peacock ditto, 650; the Porpoise gun-brig, 230; the tenders, Sea-Gull and Flying-Fish, respectively 110 and 96 tons; and the store-ship Relief.

A portrait of the commander (after Sully) is prefixed; and has all the look of a firm and determined officer, who performing such a service, appears, when he has returned home, as if he had done it, and so deserved a proud place among his fellow-citizens, and never could merge, as in older countries, burdened with thousands of higher rank and eminent for important deeds, into the general mass of life and living men. In accounting for the extent of his information at places where the expedition remained only a few days, Commander Wilkes states, that the number "of officers and gentlemen under his command enabled him to have every thing worthy of record examined;" and that he also received large contributions from consuls and missionaries. These have swollen the publication much; and as the first volume relates chiefly to parts of the world exceedingly well known, it is rendered more tedious than we hope the sequel will be, when newer grounds come to be explored. Throughout the whole the author rejoices in having "carried the moral influence of his country to every quarter of the globe where her flag has waved."

The first chapter is about Madeira (the island), and the second about St. Jago, and on to Rio Janeiro; and the third and fourth about the Brazils. In the fifth the passage is made from Rio Janeiro to the Rio Negro; and thence to Staten Land and Terra del Fuego, and stoppage at Orange Harbour. Hitherto we find no novelty; and among the Fuegians (of whom there are several woodcuts), the most prominent incident occurred to a native lady, who, on being presented with an old coat, insisted on putting it on as if the sleeves were pantaloons.

A division among the officers is here bitterly complained of by the commander; and a stormy cruise to the southward is then described. Valparaiso is the next port where a long stay is made, and we hear a good deal of the Chilians; numerously illustrated, like the rest of the volume, with engravings on wood. A political history of the country is introduced; and Peru follows as another episode of greater extent—whereby we reach page 307 of the volume.

On the 13th of July, 1839, the expedition again proceeded, and navigated the Pacific in various directions, visiting the "low archipelago," called the Paumotu Group, the Society Islands, including Tahiti, Krusenstern's Island, and other interesting places. And here we begin to arrive at something like new matter. Their intercourse with the first of the Coral Islands they came to (Clermont de Tonnerre, or Minerva Island) may serve as a sample:—

"The officers being anxious to have communication with the natives, were desirous of landing, and I readily gave them permission to do so without arms. They passed a short distance from us, hoping to effect their purpose without opposition, but the natives separated, in order to oppose any landing. One or two officers swam through the surf without arms, and were boldly set upon by three of the natives, when they made a hurried retreat. This evidently gave the natives confidence, and their conduct became more violent. Mr. Couthouy requested permission to land with presents, under the protection of the boat, to which I consented. He swam on shore, pausing now and then for the purpose of shewing the trinkets. The chief motioned him away, but he landed on the rocks. The chief, retiring, appeared as if somewhat alarmed, while Mr. Couthouy advanced towards him, holding out the presents. On being joined by another native, the chief stopped, raised his spear, and, with a shout and distortion of countenance, made a pass at Mr. Couthouy, who at once dropped looking-glasses, trinkets, &c. at his feet, and quickly made for the boat. The savage took no notice of the relinquished offerings, but advanced to attack him with his spear. When he had reached the edge of the surf, the chief made another thrust at him, but fortunately without injury. This precipitate retreat gave them still more confidence; they now began throwing pieces of coral, numbers of which struck the men in my boat. I felt no disposition to do them harm, and yet I had no idea of letting them see and feel that they had driven us off without landing, well knowing, however, if a forcible landing took place, and they made resistance, that injury would befall one side, and probably both. I therefore, thinking that they had no idea of fire-arms, ordered several blank cartridges to be fired; but they took no notice of them. According to John Sac,* they hooted at these arms, calling us cowards, and daring us to come on shore. I then fired a small charge of mustard-seed shot at their legs, which did not produce any effect. Then Mr. Peale, who was near by me, was requested to draw his ball, and load with mustard-seed, which he did; and Lieutenant North likewise fired, which caused the chief and all the rest to retreat, rubbing their legs. The officers were now permitted to land, under strict injunctions, in order to avoid all contact with the natives, not to leave the beach."

It appears from this that mustard-seed, implanted on naked native legs by musquetry, is an approved way of carrying "moral influence!" Other islands belonging to this group were visited in succession; respecting which we are told:—

"The landing on a coral-island effectually does away with all preconceived notions of its beauty, and any previous ideas formed in its favour are immediately put to flight. That verdure which seemed from a distant view to carpet the whole island, was in reality but a few patches of wiry grass, obstructing the walking, and offering neither fruit nor flowers to view; it grew among the rugged coral debris, with a little sand and vegetable earth. The principal trees and shrubs are the Pandanus, Boerhaavia, and Pisonia. It is somewhat surprising that a few trees, 40 or 50 feet high, should have found sufficient soil to protect their growth. Most of the trees, however, are of stunted size, being not more than 10 to 15 feet in height, and 18 inches in diameter. Van Schouten and Le Maire visited this island 10th April 1616, some two hundred years before, and it was even then clothed with vegetation. If their description is an accurate one, the island appears now to be rather higher, as they report, 'from what they could judge, the greater part of the island is overflowed at high water.' This is certainly not the case now. The centre of the island is in latitude 14° 55′ 40″ S., longitude 138° 47′ 36″ W. The number of birds on the island was incredible, and they were so tame as to require to be pushed off their nests to get their eggs. The most conspicuous among them was the frigate-bird (*Tachypetis aquilus*); many of the trees were covered with their nests, constructed of a few sticks. The old birds were seen, as they flew off, inflating their blood-red pouches to the size of a child's head, and looking as if a large bladder were attached to their necks. The gannets, sooty terns, and the beautiful tropic-bird, were in countless numbers; the former guarding their eggs (which were laid on the ground without a nest) with care, remaining by them, and even suffering themselves to be captured without resistance. Their hoarse croaking was quite deafening. Some droll sights were seen of crabs walking off with snakes, and both again seized by some stout bird and borne away. Armies of soldier or piratical crabs (*paguri*) were seen moving in all directions with their shells. We enjoyed ourselves much, and found no use for our guns, powder, and shot; as many specimens as we could desire were taken with the hand, both old and young. In some cases the tropic-birds were taken off their nests, and from others their eggs were taken without disturbing them; indeed, I have never seen any barn-yard fowls half so tame. The various snakes, the many-coloured fish, the great eels, enormous and voracious sharks, shells, large molluscs, spiders, with the curious lepidoptera, seemed to have quiet possession, their webs stretching in every direction, and occasioning us much annoyance: all gave a novelty to the scene, that highly interested and delighted us. In the afternoon we returned on board, loaded with specimens; and the survey being completed, we bore away on our course. There are no cocoa-nut palms on the island, as has been reported by Captain Fitzroy, in his voyage; nor is there any fresh water to be found. Some of our gentlemen saw on the beach some broken oars and remains of a boat; but nothing could be identified."

At Wytoohee, it is stated, "the natives are peculiar, and appeared totally distinct from any others we met with in this group, having strong wiry beards and mustaches, and a different physiognomy. * * *

"After the surveying duties were over, we found ourselves at the north-west point of the island. The natives, who had refused to allow us to land, were now seen waving green boughs, which is the general sign of good-will, and a desire to have communication; and many were seen dancing on the beach, with their spears in their hands. I gave orders to send the boats to the shore, but on reaching it we found them still averse to our landing; they, however, assisted Mr. Couthouy through the surf to the beach; but when he had reached it, they surrounded him, and led him back very gently to

* John Sac was a savage New Zealander, who was taken with the expedition as a sort of interpreter from the Bay of Islands, where he was a petty chief.

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the water, making him distinctly understand that they would not permit him to visit their huts. They were extremely desirous of obtaining buttons, pieces of iron, and cloth. We gave them several small articles; but they could not be persuaded to part with their spears and clubs. The chief, who was a very old man, was seen lying under a pandanus-tree, close to the beach; and on being told I wished to see him, and make him a present, he arose; his hair was quite grey, and he had a long and stiff white beard; his legs were enlarged with the elephantiasis, the swelling being of a white colour, and so large and regular, that many thought he had on sailor's trousers. About twenty natives were with him on the beach. After being shewn the presents I had for him, he was induced to wade into the water up to his neck to receive them. On coming alongside the boat he seemed somewhat uneasy until he had gone through the ceremony of rubbing noses, which I must confess was any thing but agreeable with so dirty and diseased a person. He was extremely anxious to get hold of the presents; and amused us by at once plunging them under the water, seeming in no manner concerned about keeping them dry. He was all the while making a noise like the purring of a cat. In return for my presents, he at once offered me the short mantle of matting which he had over his shoulders. They understood the Tahitian language. The chief gave his name as Korokoa, and the name of the island as Wytoohee. He appeared about sixty years of age; and his teeth were all sound and good. His brother was the priest, to whom I also gave some presents. This man had a very remarkable head, the forehead being very high, and narrow almost to deformity, with a dark and suspicious bright eye. His hands were deformed, being destitute of joints, and the lower part bent at right angles. The son of the chief was a remarkably fine-looking lad of fifteen. We saw no women, as they had all been hid. The colour of these natives was much darker than those seen before: in some the hair was inclined to frizzle, and the beard curly. All the grown men that I saw had mustaches; their features were strongly marked with a good-humoured expression of countenance; they wore the maro; and some had a few feathers in their hair."

At the next island, about ten miles off, and evilly reported of by the Wytooheeans, "the chief was an old man, and was induced to venture off towards the boat. One of the gentlemen swam to those on shore; his reception was similar to that met with at the other islands—rubbing noses, kissing, and shaking of hands. Whenever he attempted to lay his hands on them they started back, but were continually pawing and whining over him, making a kind of purring noise, not unlike that by which we propitiate or soothe the feelings or doubtful temper of some beast. They presented them with mats made of the pandanus-leaf, and also pieces of worn-out tapa, in return for many articles received; but would not suffer our people to put their feet upon dry ground, and, when it was attempted, kept shoving them gently into the water. The naturalists in the afternoon endeavoured to affect a landing at another place, out of sight of the natives, and succeeded. Mr. Brackenridge, on landing the second time, ran to the thicket, in order to lose no time in making collections, and was employed in gathering specimens, when two stout natives came running up, and made him understand, by very intelligible signs, that he must return to the boat; he pretended not to understand them, and endeavoured to proceed, but they went before him, and crossed their clubs, determined that he should go no farther. This caused him to laugh, in which the two natives joined. Finding there was no alternative, he took an oblique direction towards the boat, hoping by this means to enlarge his collection, which he succeeded in doing, while the natives, as he describes it, shouldered him out of the bush, and then towards the boat. The rest of the party having gone up to the huts, were at once seized and shoved down towards the boat, and into the surf, where they presented rather a ludicrous appearance, with the danger of drowning on the one side, and the natives on the other, who had them completely in their power, as they had neither arms nor any other means of defence. No harm, however, was done them, but the alarm incident to being threatened with spears. The only mishap met with was the loss, by one of the gentlemen, of a pair of spectacles, and a bruise or two from the coral, in their hurried retreat. As the surf was heavy, life-preservers were sent to those who could not swim; and, after much detention, they reached the boat in safety."

At Raraka we read with some surprise the following particulars:—

"Nothing could be more striking than the difference that prevailed between these natives and those of the Disappointment Islands, which we had just left. The half-civilisation of the natives of Raraka was very marked; and it appeared as though we had issued out of darkness into light. They shewed a modest disposition, and gave us a hearty welcome. We were not long at a loss as to what to ascribe it: the missionary had been at work here, and his exertions had been based upon a firm foundation: the savage had been changed to a reasonable creature. Among the inhabitants was a native missionary, who had been instrumental in this work. If the missionaries had effected nothing else, they would deserve the thanks of all those who roam over this wide expanse of ocean, and incur its many unknown and hidden dangers. Here all shipwrecked mariners would be sure of kind treatment, and a share of the few comforts these people possess. No savage mistrust and fear were seen here. The women and children came about us, receiving our trifles. They shewed much joy and curiosity at the sight of us, and were eager to supply our wants. * * * All the males' heads were shaven, somewhat after the fashion of a Dominican friar. This practice is said to have been adopted by the missionaries at Tahiti for the sake of cleanliness, and also to distinguish the Christian from the heathen party. * * * This was the first island on which we observed the dawning of Christianity and civilisation. The native missionaries, although they are yet ignorant of most of the duties enjoined upon a Christian, still do much good in preparing the way. * * * The natives were much amused with the ship, and surprised at the number of men on board. Many small presents were given them. When they were about taking their departure the old chief complained of being quite sick; and his whole air and manner shewed that he was much dissatisfied. The reason could not be imagined. The vessel had so little motion, it was thought it could not originate from sea-sickness. I therefore told the interpreter to inquire of him what was the matter. No answer was given for some time; but they consulted much among themselves, in a low tone. The question was repeated, when the old chief's wife answered, 'that I had not returned the present that had been offered me, and that the chief was not pleased; for, according to their customs, the offering a present to me entitled him to receive one in return.' As very many gifts had been made him already, this amused me not a little. On asking what it was they wanted, they at once signified whisky, which they said was always given them when they went on board ship; and the chief wanted some, for he was very sick. I accordingly ordered a bottle of water with a gill of whisky in it to be given them; and the moment they smelt it their manner was changed, they became all animation, and left the ship in great good humour."

For "moral influence" it is thus evident that whisky-grog is about as efficient as mustard-seed. Indeed we wonder at the influence of the latter, as we are informed "the Paumotuans are considered more warlike than the Tahitians; for which reason Pomare I. kept a body-guard of them in preference to his own subjects." Their dialect seems only a little different; and in conclusion it is stated:—

"On the map of this group it will be seen to where the line of cannibalism extends, according to native accounts. It may be said to divide them into two divisions, the Christians and heathens, or perhaps more properly, the eastern and western; the whole comprise sixty-five islands. Although there is little doubt that the natives of this group have been addicted to this horrible barbarity, yet it is believed that it is not now practised."

We have seen that the author contradicts Capt. Fitzroy; and when we come to his antarctic report, it may be necessary to inquire if he may not himself be contradicted.

A Pamphlet in Defence of the Game-Laws, in Reply to the Assailants; and on their Effects upon the Morals of the Poor. By the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley, M.P. Pp. 78. London, Longmans.

Whatever may be said to the statements or against the arguments in this pamphlet, it must be confessed that it is a bold, straightforward, aristocratic, and feudalic stand-up fight for the side espoused by the honourable writer. He does not mince matters at all, but serves "the assailants" as he serves poachers; *i.e.* rushes in upon them and knocks them down, without affording them time to concentrate their scattered force, and commit murder in sport.

Mr. Berkeley denies that poaching springs from distress, and traces the crime to the beer-shops. He maintains that it is not incited by the great preserves, but is nourished by ill-protected lands on which game is scanty, and where the scanty supply being worn out, the idle and vicious, there first tempted to pursue such courses, fall into the commission of more serious offences. Sporting and poaching farmers do not seem to be much to his mind as preservers of game; and he relates an amusing anecdote of one of the latter.

In Bedfordshire, he says, "I summoned a poaching farmer, and he being likewise constable of the village wherein he resided, the summons for himself was delivered into his own hands, in the double capacity of officer and offender. He actually, with a serious face, charged half a crown for the trouble he had in serving the summons on himself—and more—he received it, by order of the magistrate!"

In regard to the personal treatment of depredators caught *flagrante delicto*, we must also quote his own words:—

"Here let me make a passing remark on a very great error into which magistrates, as well as the public, are apt to fall. They are quick

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to blame gamekeepers and policemen if a prisoner shews any marks of punishment, there being no corresponding appearance of blows on the persons of the captors. They are also (more particularly the public) sure to cry down as an unnecessary cruelty the use of the handcuffs. Now, to speak in homely, downright old English phrase, there is nothing which banishes an inclination to commit murder, or to be dangerous, from a brutal mind, half so much as a simple, well-directed 'punch on the head.' All, or nearly all, murderers are cowards: the sight of their own blood will prevent their shedding the blood of others. A gamekeeper or a constable need not wait until he is struck: if he sees that a blow is thought of, he is justified in striking, to prevent his being struck; for, if he stands still to receive a blow, the force of it may prevent his fulfilling his bounden duty. Let me ask the public, which is the truly humane man, he who, by a timely but not a serious blow, prevents an offender, whose custody the law demands, from committing murder, or the man who, from a false feeling, or from timidity, in any sense of the word, refrains from stepping in to thwart malevolence, and so permits the larger crime to be committed? A little sharp and necessary severity does infinite service; it protects the servant of the law, and often saves an offender from plunging body and soul into deeper guilt. I am convinced that if there was more fighting and fewer words on the part of those legally assailing armed men, there would be infinitely fewer murders on the face of the criminal returns."

This may be very well for powerfully athletic gentlemen like the author; but it is not every squire or young scion of nobility who is able to punch the heads of sturdy poachers. The well-paid and grateful employment of a vast number of individuals by the wealthy preservers of game, is another of Mr. B.'s arguments; and he writes:—

"It is not his hounds alone that will keep a proprietor in the country: his personal residence is retained upon his acres by a combination of country pursuits and pleasures, good for himself, good for his tenantry, and of immeasurable benefit, morally and temporally, to the surrounding poor. The game, the kennel and stable, the decoy and the river, afford to the rich man recreation for every leisure hour, with the graceful fact before him, that in his enjoyment of every one of those good old English recreations he has it in his power, and, indeed, he must contribute to the comfort and happiness of the poor, by finding them employment. The man who loves his country, and truly desires the happiness of the people, will do nothing, he will agitate nothing, that will or may tend to induce absenteeism among our landed gentry. Absenteeism has been the curse of Ireland; and Heaven prevent that the baneful example set us there should, through the pestilential breath of the selfish surface-seeker, creep into the healthful system of this country! Let any men untrammelled by the selfish knowledge that such enjoyments are out of his reach by sect, through personal inability to pursue them, or from fortune, visit the castle, abbey, or hall, in the country, where all old English sports are cherished, and then seek the mansion in a town, or the splendid villa near it, of the equally rich man, who does not keep them up, and then judge between the two. Who gives most employment to the poor? who does the most for the surrounding neighbourhood? who is the greatest, the most general benefactor? and in which locality does the widest demoralisation exist? Why, in those places where large heads of game were never known, where a conviction under the game-laws was never heard of, where the middling and lower classes have never any opportunity of associating with the higher classes in one joyous and common field of sport and recreation; there, there, I repeat, is the greater demoralisation. I hold the men, or set of men, who would stir a step to prevent or risk the residence of the country gentleman on his lands—and they would go far to prevent it who would abolish the game-laws—to be the declared and bitter foe to the interests of the poor."

These extracts will shew the nature of this publication, in which there is much to deserve unprejudiced reflection. At the same time it will be felt to be the production of one who, by birth and fortune, happens to be able to command all the enjoyments of the existing system, and suffer none of its inconveniences or evils. And there is one grand distinction which it does not occur to him to draw between offences against the game-laws and other criminal acts. You never will be able to persuade a people that there is as good a vested right of property in a hare, partridge, or pheasant, as in a stock of corn produced on the same estate. For the hare can run, and the partridge and pheasant can fly, from one place to another, and settle there, where they no more belong to their original rearer and feeder. It is hard to make it understood, that though they are not his, they are not yours; but have chosen a new owner for themselves by their location. This is the difficult, common, human, and natural impression to be met in all that may yet be devised to do what is so dreadfully needed, ameliorate and improve the game-laws, nor fill your prisons longer with these often wicked, but sometimes misguided, and, in comparison, morally not very culpable victims.

An Apology for the Nerves; or, their Influence and Importance in Health and Disease. By Sir George Lefevre, M.D., &c. 8vo, pp. 363. Longmans.

The clever author of the *Life of a Travelling Physician* has, he says, been censured by his professional friends for omitting all medical topics in his popular work; and so he makes the *amende honorable* by the present endeavour to supply the omission. And a strange, rambling, yet characteristic work it is. Here we have a chapter on the blood, in which he ingeniously argues that the Hunterian theory of vitality of the blood does not attempt to prove more than that it enjoys this with other structures, neither more nor less in degree, nor of a more subtile or intellectual kind; a very common-sense and practical view of the subject. Then we have some other modern theory disposed of by an anecdote; and so we keep running on from one thing to another:—phrenology to mesmerism, epilepsy to hydrophobia, cholera morbus to fevers, homœopathy to instinct and memory.

"There is," says Sir George, "in all sublunary things, a principle of propulsion, and one of retrograde movement. It is seldom that the machine makes a dead halt for any space of time: if it do not go a-head, it falls back. Some allow themselves to be carried down the stream, finding that they can make no head against it—a sort of voluntary compulsion. Thus, even at the present time, and in the light of day, some anti-vaccinators are to be met with, here and there, who glory in every case of small-pox, if it succeed to vaccination; and look forward to the re-establishment of variola, as to a medical millennium."

"When it was observed by the political adversary of a certain premier, that he was a drag-chain to the coach, it was retorted that but for this check on its speed, the vehicle would topple over. It is justifiable, from time to time, to look at the foundation of systems upon which so much reposes."

Accordingly our St. Petersburg wit demolishes Dr. Armstrong with a blow: "It was a plausible and specious composition, which caused the most bitter disappointment to those who put his plan of treatment into practice." Then follows a similar assault upon Sir Charles Bell: his "respiratory nerves had a local habitation and a name in anatomical text-books and manuals. They have been erased from subsequent editions of the same works."

"Poisons were proved, as far as experiment can prove any thing, to be introduced into the system by means of the blood. This doctrine was set at nought by other experiments, still more conclusive than the *experimentum crucis* of Magendie. Dr. Addison and Mr. Morgan maintained, that the nerves alone were the operating agents; and that, too, upon the undeniable test of experiment."

There is a great deal of truth and wisdom in the following, which comes from a man whom long experience has taught to doubt the *total* efficacy of every thing that is new:

"It has been too prevalent in founding a new system to sink the old to the bottom, whereas much valuable matter is to be picked from a stranded wreck. There is always something good in what is old; and it savours both of ingratitude and prodigality not to retain what may be serviceable. It is plausible to talk of laying the axe to the root; but we should be sure that we have planted a better tree before we fell the old one. Lopping and pruning would often stand us in better service. How much do we lament the ill-considered zeal of our ancestors in defacing our ancient places of worship! When John Knox said that the only way to prevent the rooks coming again was to pull down their nests, he was thought, no doubt, to have said a very witty thing, and told a very plain truth; but both have proved equivocal, and the rooks are again congregating, and trying to repair their old nests; and the chisel and the trowel are busy in restoring those works which Cromwell's soldiers and horses so cruelly mutilated."

The following, too, we consider sound doctrine; the latter has also reference to a subject we lately entered upon at some length—the connexion of mind and matter, as advocated by some:

"The nerves and muscles must form the blood, which can alone invigorate them. Here, then, we come at once to the dependencies of the nerves, muscles, and blood, upon each other; and it is in vain to attempt to isolate them in their mutual influences. They are collaborators in all the functions of life, but they are not co-equals. As futile would it be to attempt to separate mind from matter in our present state of limited knowledge; yet matter is not mind, nor is muscle will, nor blood life, nor brain thought; yet these are to life what matter is to mind. We can substitute excitement, which shall rouse irritability in muscle and nerve; but was mind ever supplied by galvanism? The human species may possess a higher power than the rational; for this is not to be denied in many of its functions to the brute."

The difficulty here suggested reminds us that we left, on a late occasion, in noticing Dr. Wigan's work on the duality of the mind, a

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negative portion of the argument untouched; it is that which refers to the distinction between the mind of man and that of animals; and that distinction is very great.

In animals the mind enters into such relations with matter, as to have its being and parts in physical nature solely; its faculties developed, and its capabilities and tendencies drawn out and proved in subjection to, and in harmony with, her laws. So it is also in man; but in him the relations thus established between mind and matter have not their original source hidden from them, the capacity of contemplating existence independent of matter is left to them; and while, as in animals, in subjection to the laws of material nature, they preserve the consciousness of integrity and of existence for an ulterior purpose. It is questionable if the consciousness of the immortality of mind, of the instinctive belief in the imperishability of the knowledge of self, and of the independence of mind and matter, do not, with the instinctive knowledge of God, constitute the great arcana of man's mental constitution, the very essence of mind; and that part of it which is superior, as Sir G. Lefevre would express it, to rationality. It is certain that in all these points he derives his superiority over animal mind; and it is from the possession of these higher and more essential faculties that he becomes a responsible being. The influence of this knowledge on his relations to others, leading him to distinguish truth from falsehood, and good from evil, and to act according to the dictates of conscientiousness, or the innate feeling of what is due, not to the circumstances in which his material being is placed, but to the sense of an ever-enduring existence within him.

Sir George Lefevre appears to us to possess a very good idea of what instinct is not; but none at all as to what it is. "Great are the pains," he says, p. 261, "which have been taken to draw the line between instinct and reason, and the whole seems to resolve itself into the conclusion, that what is denominated instinct in the brute is dignified by the title of reason in the man, and *vice versa*." There is a great deal of truth in this remark, but it is not all the truth: there is no doubt that by instinct both in man and animals is meant those faculties which are innate, and when applied to the reasoning powers, those faculties which have been hereditarily transmitted. It is in this sense that we have spoken above of the instinctive sense of a God. It is an innate faculty of the mind,—an instinct possessed by man, but not by animals; while, to take an opposite example, the instinct of love is common to both. In the influence of habit upon the mental faculties, dogs, birds, and other animals, exhibit striking cases of instincts hereditarily transmitted, but which, circumstances not being the same, they are capable of modifying, not being, as some have defined instinct to be, a mere blind impulse, except in extreme cases, as in infancy. It is now generally admitted, that the mental faculties are the more under the influence of instinctive or transmitted habits the fewer they are in number, the lower they are in intrinsic power, and the less they are habituated to the control of the higher influences. Thus, in insanity, life often becomes a series of merely instinctive acts.

We cannot follow Sir George through all the various suggestive subjects which he has entered upon. Every chapter is one open to commentary, and not the less so for the rather off-hand manner in which such subjects have been treated. Still it is one of those at once learned, gossiping, and clever works, which the profession, and many out of it, especially those who have lived long enough to sympathise with and enjoy the author's peculiarities, will delight to peruse, without deriving from it habits of superficial examination or of dogmatical dictation.

LORD MALMESBURY'S DIARIES, ETC.

[Continuation of Review.]

The fourth and last volume of this work, to which we have skipped, for the present at least, from the middle of the third, relates to national history and political movements of intense public interest. Much of it is occupied with the attempts of Mr. Pitt's friends, and especially of Mr. Canning, to bring him again into office, from nearly the close of 1802; the previous transactions relating to the peace of Amiens, and the warming-pan or cat's-paw ministry of Mr. Addington?; and the sequel through all the other momentous affairs which marked the brief administration and death of Pitt, the short administration and death of Fox, the fall of its residuum on the Catholic question, and the consequent government under the Duke of Portland, to the convention of Cintra and the battle of Wagram in May 1809.

What years were these! what changes were crowded together within their compass! Empires overthrown, and Europe distributed anew. The star of Bonaparte ascending to its zenith; and all the rest in the firmament, except the bright orb of England, sinking in the dimness of the horizon. In any hands these wonders must make a deep impression on the mind of readers; but in the hands of one so competent to learn, judge, and inform, as Lord Malmesbury was, the incalculably essentialised *quorum pars magna fui;* confidentially trusted and consulted by nearly all the great actors, from the crown to the incipient statesmen of the day (many of whom since ripened into remarkable leading characters); and removed by his own position from ambitious objects to warp his views—a sleeping partner, as it were, in the important concern, seeing all, and influencing many of its workings; *quorum pars magna* might truly be his motto for future generations, and his intelligence be valued accordingly as of the highest historical value.

It will be our pleasant duty, however, rather to follow him in the smaller details and incidental illustrations, than in the broad track of general observation; and as in our last we made a selection of extracts relative to an individual whose after-life produced so much sensation, we will commence our present paper with a similar office for one who, we believe, was the warmest, most judicious, as well as most chivalrous, and almost only true friend she had in the world, not even excepting the Earl of Malmesbury. We, of course, allude to Mr. Canning, of whom, during the time comprehended in this volume, the noble author tells us many particulars, all alike calculated to do honour to the head and heart of the then young statesman, and to throw light on his connexion with

"The pilot that weather'd the storm."

In 1801, when Mr. Pitt resigned:—

"Canning, after having kept away for several days, came to tell me of the resignation, and of the speaker's being appointed first lord of the treasury. He said he himself had not hesitated about going out; that Pitt had pressed him to remain in; but that his mind was made up. He confessed he had been one of those who had strongly advised Pitt not to yield on this occasion in the closet.* That for several years (three years back) so many concessions (as he called them) had been made, and so many important measures overruled, from the king's opposition to them, that government had been weakened exceedingly; and if on this particular occasion a stand was not made, Pitt would retain only a nominal power, while the real one would pass into the hands of those who influenced the king's mind and opinion out of sight. Canning sneered at the speaker's being Pitt's successor, and intimated as if he considered it as an unfriendly conduct in the speaker towards Pitt. * * *

"The new administration treated with great derision, and even slight, in both houses. * *

"Canning told me Pitt had made him promise not to laugh at the speaker's appointment to the treasury; and this was all he could possibly undertake. * * *

"Tom Grenville.—Full of alarm—particularly about Ireland; blames Pelham for accepting office; ridicules Addington: says he might now sing, 'My hat, my cane, and wig, I have hung upon a peg.'"

The king's illness, consequent on the agitation of his mind, and the unsatisfactory state of his government, repelled for a while that wit and satire which finally contributed so much to the overthrow of "the doctor's" ministry; but as Lord M. never spares either the Prince of Wales or the Grenville "family" party, we may mingle his remarks on them, and other anecdotical matters, agreeably to concurrent dates, with our more immediate purpose, though rendering it rather of a pasticcio kind:—

"Lord Spencer very much hurt at what has passed, and feeling a great deal for the share he has had in it; and Pitt, though too haughty to confess it, feels also a great deal. Duke of York's behaviour incomparable; he is their great and only comfort and support at the queen's house; and without his manly mind and advice, neither the queen nor princesses would be able to bear up under their present distress. Prince of Wales, on Sunday, the 22d, the second day of the king's illness, and when he was at his worst, went in the evening to a concert at Lady Hamilton's; and there told Calonne (the rascally French ex-minister): 'Savez vous, Monsieur de Calonne, que mon père est aussi fou que jamais!' * * *

"Grenville apprehends the appearance of a weak government here may encourage the court of Berlin to take Hanover. Lord St. Vincent, it is said, assisted a day or two ago at a sort of cabinet; finding nothing like business going on, he got up and said, if he was not wanted, he must go away, as really he had no time to throw away, and so left the cabinet. * *

"William Elliot.—Said the measure respecting our conduct towards the French fishermen, and which had produced the recall of Otto, and an impudent note from Buonaparte, never known to cabinet, but settled by Pitt and Dundas; likely now to be disavowed, and Otto to remain. The first consul overbearing, and assuming to a degree. This foolish; as there can be no doubt that the French fishing-vessels do more than fish, and that Otto is a very dangerous man to be allowed to remain here. Addington's mind is full of peace—no great proof of strength of character, wisdom, or statesmanlike knowledge, in such times as these. * *

"The government of France, while Buonaparte remains as first consul, is like that of

* "Canning remained firm to his opinion in favour of Catholic emancipation, and eventually sacrificed himself to his consistency upon it."—*Note of the Editor.*

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Persia under Kauli-Khan: it knows no bounds, either moral or civil; is ruled by no principles; and to pretend to say that Buonaparte's ambition is circumscribed, or that, with the means of doing every thing, he will do nothing, is talking criminal nonsense; that this is the great difference between September 1797 and October 1801; and on this alone I wished him to make a stand, if the subject was mooted. Secret article in favour of the electorate of Hanover. On this the king said, 'If ministers think they can win me over to their opinion as to a peace with these fellows, by stipulations about Hanover, they are mistaken.'"

Lord M. visits the king on his recovery:

"He was gracious even to kindness, and spoke of my father in a way which quite affected me. He expressed great satisfaction at seeing me less ill than he expected; asked how I continued to keep well; and on my saying, amongst other reasons, that I endeavoured to keep my mind quiet, and dismiss all unpleasant subjects from intruding themselves on it, the king said, ''Tis a very wise maxim, and one I am determined to follow; but how, at this particular moment, can you avoid it?' And without waiting, he went on by saying, 'Do you know what I call the peace?—an experimental peace; for it is nothing else. I am sure you think so, and perhaps do not give it so gentle a name; but it was unavoidable. I was abandoned by every body, allies and all. I have done, I conscientiously believe, for the best, because I could not do otherwise; but had I found more opinions like mine, better might have been done.' I thought the subject might agitate the king, and therefore tried to lead him from it; he perceived my drift, and said, 'Lord Malmesbury, you and I have lived on the active theatre of this world these thirty years; if we are not become wise enough to consider every event which happens quietly, and with acquiescence, we must have lived very negligently. What would the good man who wrote these excellent books (pointing to the copy I had just presented to him, and which lay on the table, of my father's work) say, if we were such bad philosophers, having had such means of becoming good ones?' And then his majesty reverted again to the peace, spoke of the state of Europe, of France and this country; and, by the turn of conversation, it happened that the king and myself, almost in the same moment, agreed that it was a most erroneous and dangerous maxim which prevailed, that Jacobinism was at an end or undiminished; that it was only quieter because it had carried one point, but we should soon see it blaze out again, when it had another in view; and from that the king passed to the court of Berlin, which he spoke of with great displeasure, even acrimony:—'This is the young man,' said he, 'of whom the great Frederick said, 'on ne lui arrachera jamais la couronne,' and we shall live, possibly, to see him without even his electoral dominions.' His majesty expressed resentment against Lord Grenville, spoke friendly of Pitt, and slightingly of Lord Hawkesbury—'he has no head for business, no method, no punctuality,' said the king. Of the Prince of Orange, he said he was, at the bottom, a good man, but with some sad defects; that he had left the country very rapidly, and asked me if I knew why (now I did know why, but thought it wiser not to say so). Of the princess he spoke in terms of the highest commendation; also of Fagel, the present Greffier. Of Nagel, he said he was a very good courtier, but not a man of business (his majesty here is mistaken). He asked me a great deal about Russia; mentioned Lord Auckland with no great praise. Of Lord Pelham, he said he was likely to be a good man of business, and was glad Fitzharris was under him; inquired about Alfred—if I still meant him for the church, and if it still was his own free choice; of Lord Minto, that he was grown more conversable, and had done vastly well at Vienna. Of the emperor he expressed but a mean opinion."

But to return to our theme. In his earnest travail to restore Mr. Pitt to power, as the only way to save the country, in Nov. 1802, Mr. Canning writes thus honestly and nobly to Lord M.:

"What I am more doubtful about is, whether it is necessary for you to say anything about the question, which we thought at an end, but which (as I have said) still exists in sufficient force to form a part of the disinclination which these persons feel to taking such a part as was first intended. You best know how far you gave it to be understood that they were quite prepared to abandon it. You certainly were authorised by me, and I by them, so to understand them. It would not be fair that this impression should be left to work, if it is a false one; yet it is not worth while to excite unpleasant feelings, by making any unnecessary communication upon it. Of this you must judge."

We take this to be the key to Canning's political conduct throughout his whole life. Never to sacrifice truth or sincerity; never to beguile by allowing false impressions to remain as motives for action; and simply refraining from stirring up causeless difficulties, where neither truth was violated nor honourable candour withheld. Wise, acute, and accomplished negociator as he was, he justly considered that, for a powerful nation like England, the plain-spoken language of integrity was infinitely superior to all the disguises, intrigues, and falsifications of the miserable science of diplomacy. We stand thus, and we mean thus—we keep no fact in the background, and we have no covert designs—was the tone of every one of those masterly documents emanating from his splendid mind and genius, that we have ever seen directed to the government of any foreign realm, or expounding the policy of Britain to elective bodies or listening senates. Truly does Lord M. observe on another occasion, though in a different sense from that in which we take it:

"Talking of affairs in general, Canning said they were going on worse and worse, and would involve us all in destruction; he is piqued that the business moves so slowly, and makes no allowance for hitches."

This was in the beginning of 1803, when Pitt still firmly or obstinately refused to entertain the plans of his party to reinstate him in the treasury, and continued to give his promised personal support to the Addington administration; and the notice of men at this time is curious:

"A few days after, Canning called on me. He said that, in the visit he made to Lord Grenville, at Dropmore, on leaving me, nothing very material had passed. Lord Grenville said Pitt had not spoken decidedly to him, though cordially, and with the strongest expressions of friendship. That he and his friends, therefore, would have it to determine whether, as long as Pitt held thus back, they should keep aloof and abstain from attendance in parliament, for the purpose of opposing, or attend and oppose; that the first would, perhaps, all things considered, be the most advisable, although the other mode was much more conformable to their feelings; Canning was for remaining quiet, so he said, Tom Grenville seemed inclined to be, but not so Wyndham, Lawrence, and the sectators of Burke. Pitt, while in town, had been rather reserved, and he had not heard from him since he had left it, from which Canning inferred, that he was going on, as he termed, 'wrong,' and this had induced him to write him a letter, which he gave me to read; too long—eight pages; not sufficiently guarded, and, although perhaps strictly true and right, *fortiter in re,* but not *suaviter in modo;* too admonitory, and too fault-finding for even Pitt's very good-humoured mind to bear. I observed to Canning, that it appeared too free; but I found him fond of his performance, and disappointed by Pitt's silence. And it evidently was written in the tone it was from his being vexed at Pitt's not having conformed in any degree to what he wished him to do, or explained to him what he meant to do. Canning imputed Pitt's hanging back to listening to Ryder, Long, Steele, and Lord Camden, all of whom he supposed (I cannot tell why) to be adverse to Pitt's coming into office. 'All his old friends are Addington's,' said he, 'but G. Rose, and Rose is very sanguine.' He attributed still more to Pitt's being disappointed at not being more called for by the public voice in the House of Commons, and possibly felt that he himself had a little deceived Pitt by stating, so very peremptorily, that this would happen. After having heard him quite out, I said he seemed to me to be over despondent. That, after all, the present inaction of Pitt was precisely what Pitt himself had told us all along to be his plan, which he distinctly repeated to me at Park Place on the 29th December; that the term he allotted himself for inactivity was not yet quite elapsed, and that till then, it was prejudging the case. 'Yes,' said Canning, 'but Pitt argues as much on the wisdom and propriety of inaction now as he did before Christmas, and reasons as if it were as right it should continue now as six weeks ago.' * *

"On the 12th I saw Canning. He had then no answer from Pitt, and this unhinged and mortified him. Canning has been forced, like a thriving plant in a well-managed hot-house; he has prospered too luxuriantly—has felt no check or frost. Too early in life he has had many and too easy advantages. This, added to very acute parts, makes him impatient of control. Astonished to find obstacles and difficulties in his way; angry with those who conceive less quickly and eagerly than himself, or who will not keep pace with him in his rapid plans and views; and indulging an innate principle of vanity, he underrates others, and appears arrogant and contemptuous, although really not so. This checks the right and gradual growth of his abilities; lessens their effects, and vitiates the very many excellent, honourable, and amiable qualities he possesses. The world, who judge him from this, judge him harshly and unfairly; his success accounts for his manners. Rapid prosperity never creates popularity, and it requires a most careful and conciliating conduct to make the two compatible."

There is much force in this estimate; and we only beg to differ so far as to fancy that the old ambassador could not quite comprehend the exalted moving powers of the young politician. It is not easy, hardly possible, for the enthusiastic lover of right, ardent patriot, and unchangeable friend, to be lukewarm and temporising. Thus Canning never ceased to press his efforts on Pitt to induce him to overcome merely personal scruples for the sake of his

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country, sinking, as he deemed it to be, under a feeble cabinet. In 1803 we are told:

"On the 2d May, Canning writes a very long letter to Pitt; too long, yet able and well written. It began by a narrative of what he had collected with respect to the effect produced on the king by Pitt's conduct; then goes on to ask him what he wishes his friends to do, and how to act. Pitt's answer to it is, that he is coming to town, and that it is a subject better to talk over than to write on."

A twelvemonth elapsed before he prevailed, when, *inter alia*, we hear:

"Canning evidently wished to see Fox in office; and dwelt on the importance of forming an administration on a very extended basis. Now, he said, it was just the contrary; and he strongly reprobated the introduction of the Duke of Montrose and Lord Mulgrave into the cabinet. He thought, on the whole, it was too much for Pitt; taxed Lord Camden with being the great cause of it; and said his views were to keep in his nephew Lord Castlereagh, and to come himself into the cabinet. This I by no means give credit to. Canning then related to me the causes of his own conduct. He said, before any arrangements could be taken with respect to the forming a new administration, he had made a point of seeing Pitt; that he did not conceal from him his concern and dissatisfaction, and even disapprobation, of what had passed; that he considered the great and only opportunity of uniting the whole ability of the country gone by and lost; that as for himself, and left to himself, he had rather take no office; that as to a cabinet office, he considered that his taking one would be injurious to himself and to Pitt—to himself, because the public would evidently look upon him as not yet qualified for it; to Pitt, because the same public would consider it as a mark of partiality and personal favour; that against this, therefore, he protested; that with respect to other offices to which he was entitled from those he had already held, as they in a manner came to him in the line of promotion and seniority, he could speak more at his ease,—they were reduced to two, treasurer of the navy and secretary at war; that in these he could not but feel he could no longer be so useful to Pitt as before, since, as he did not mean or wish to be in the secrets of the cabinet (under the administration now about to be formed), he could never talk to him confidentially and without reserve: that the single reason which could induce him to accept one of them was, that he might be of some service to Pitt in the House of Commons, and that Pitt might be glad to have a parliamentary friend always close to him; that having thus expressed his feelings—and he said he hoped there was no false modesty in the first, as there was no false pride in the last case he stated—he could only repeat what he began by saying, that he should prefer being left out of office, but that his obligations and attachment to Pitt would induce him to consent to whatever he (Pitt) wished. Canning did not report to me Pitt's answer, which probably was short; but said he went out of town the next day, Wednesday, the 9th of May (I believe), and returned on the Saturday following, when he received from Pitt a letter, offering to him the choice of the treasurership of the navy, or secretary of war; but desired, if it was repugnant to his feelings, he would take neither. Canning chose the navy; and in a day or two returned to South Hill, where he remained till this day, when he took possession of his office."

Pass we for the present to 1806: "In November, and during the elections, Lord Grenville made several attempts to disunite Pitt's friends; he offered splendidly to Canning, and to any three or four friends he would name. Lord Wellesley was the intermediary, and negotiated ably; but Canning remained steady, and from principle."

And in 1809, in the Portland administration, when foreign secretary, "the convention of Cintra excited great dissatisfaction, and I think very justly. Canning protested against an opinion of cabinet given when he was absent, and which went to confirm it. This was the beginning of all the subsequent disputes between him and his colleagues, and led to the more serious one between him and Lord Castlereagh."

Having so far illustrated points belonging to the earlier career of this illustrious man,

"In life so beloved, and in death so deplored,"

we proceed to other topics; and, first, to Lord M.'s account of the broken heart of his mighty chief.

"At the worst period of his illness, the first rumours of the battle of Austerlitz, and subsequent armistice, reached us. They came through France, and were expressive of complete victory to them, and destruction to the Russians. At the same time (as if meant to make the truth still more painful) there came such well-authenticated accounts from Hambro', Berlin, &c. that the Russians had rallied the day after the battle, and regained all they had lost, that notwithstanding Sir A. Paget's despatches, and the almost positive evidence from Holland, people's hopes were kept alive, particularly Pitt's; and when a few days afterwards, I believe about the end of December, Lord Castlereagh went to Bath to communicate to him the event, and to confirm all the French reports, it struck Pitt so deeply, and found him in such an enfeebled state, that he certainly never recovered it. * * * On Wednesday morning, the 23d, Sturges Bourne called on me, about ten o'clock, to say Pitt died at a quarter past four that morning, at Putney. It appeared that he himself considered his illness as mortal immediately after he got to Putney; for, on Monday the 12th, when he saw for the last time Lord Castlereagh and Lord Hawkesbury (though each separately and but for a short time, and though both avoided every possible subject which could distress him), he said, after they were gone, to the Bishop of Lincoln, 'I feel something here'— putting his hands on his stomach—'that reminds me I never shall recover; not cold, but a general giving way.' On Tuesday, the 13th, he saw Lord Wellesley, who was just returned from India. Lord Wellesley kept clear of all business; but even common conversation with an old friend long absent overcame Pitt, and he fainted away before Lord Wellesley left the room. From all I can learn, this was the last official friend he saw. The two Stanhopes, the Bishop of Lincoln, and occasionally Lady Hester Stanhope, his niece (for he would not allow her always to be at Putney), were with him; and Sir W. Farquhar told me that he preserved his faculties till within twelve or fourteen hours of his death, which came on rapidly, and that Pitt died of old age at forty-six as much as if he had been ninety."

Of this sad event there is a farther interesting memorandum written by Lord Fitzharris, the earl's son, then in office under Mr. Pitt.

"The battle of Austerlitz, and its consequences, which he saw in their true light, greatly disappointed and depressed him, and certainly rather accelerated his end. I well remember walking round St. James's Park with him in November 1805. He was naturally of a sanguine disposition. His plans were vast and comprehensive, and held out to his powerful mind the hope of establishing a European confederacy that should crush French ascendancy. When that battle was fought, the last ray of hope was so dimmed as to leave him without the possible expectation of seeing the fulfilment of that for which he had so long, so strenuously, and so successfully exerted himself, and which he felt (if ever accomplished) must be brought about by other hands than his. He resigned himself to the will of that Providence to whom he had always looked up as well in the days of victory as in the hour of peril, and calmly awaited that last call to which we must all respond with the true spirit of a Christian, and felt that his sand had too nearly run out for him to think any longer of worldly matters. He went to Bath, and only returned to Wimbledon (where he had a villa) to die there.

"Before I take my leave, I must mention an anecdote or two of him as they now occur to me. I supped with Pitt after the debate on the Catholic question, in which Grattan first appeared in the British House of Commons, whose action was of so grotesque a character as a speaker (that of a mower), and his pronunciation so singular (that of an Italian), that his fate hung on a straw. Five minutes later, and the house would have been in a roar of laughter, when he burst forth into one of his flowery but at the same strikingly eloquent periods, and retrieved the day, leaving himself, however, with fewer admirers than he had possessed in the legislative assembly of his native country. Pitt was very much struck with him, saw the danger he had incurred of failure, with his usual kind-heartedness expressed pleasure at his narrow escape—for such he deemed it—and admiration of Grattan's great, but singular, display of talent in that peculiar style of oratory (which, however, Pitt not approve of). He gave us some specimens of passages in Grattan's speech, in which the correctness of Pitt's powers of imitation, both as regarded the tone and action of the speaker, was very striking, but almost less so than the display that it afforded us of the capability of his retentive memory. Whole sentences to our ears appeared to be repeated verbatim, and to have been conveyed without the loss of even an article from St. Stephen's to Downing Street.

"I have ever thought that an aiding cause of Pitt's death, certainly one that tended to shorten his existence, was the result of the proceedings against his old friend and colleague, Lord Melville. I sat wedged close to Pitt himself the night when we were 216 to 216; and the speaker, Abbott (after looking as white as a sheet, and pausing for ten minutes), gave the casting vote against us. Pitt immediately put on the little cocked hat that he was in the habit of wearing when dressed for the evening, and jammed it deeply over his forehead, and I distinctly saw the tears trickling down his cheeks. We had overheard one or two, such as Colonel Wardle (of notorious memory), say they would see 'how Billy looked after it.' A few young ardent followers of Pitt, with myself, locked their arms together, and formed a circle, in which he moved, I believe unconsciously,, out of the house; and neither the colonel nor his friends could approach him.

"I met Pitt at Lord Bathurst's, in Gloucestershire, where he passed some days. We went to church at Cirencester. In discoursing afterwards on the beauties of our liturgy, he se-

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lected the 'thanksgiving prayer' as one particularly impressive and comprehensive. The one, 'In time of war and tumults,' he thought admirably well drawn up, as well as that for the parliament; but added, with respect to the first of the two, that he never in hearing it could divest himself of the analogy between 'Abate their pride, assuage their malice,' and the line in the song of 'God save the king,' 'Confound their politics, frustrate their knavish tricks.' I observed that Pitt was constantly taking down and quoting from Lucan, of which author he appeared to be extremely fond. Nothing could be more playful, and at the same time more instructive, than Pitt's conversation on a variety of subjects while sitting in the library at Cirencester. You never would have guessed that the man before you was prime minister of the country, and one of the greatest that ever filled that situation. His style and manner were quite those of an accomplished idler. * *

"On the receipt of the news of the memorable battle of Trafalgar (some day in November 1805) I happened to dine with Pitt, and it was naturally the engrossing subject of our conversation. I shall never forget the eloquent manner in which he described his conflicting feelings when roused in the night to read Collingwood's despatches. Pitt observed, that he had been called up at various hours in his eventful life by the arrival of news of various hues; but that whether good or bad, he could always lay his head on his pillow and sink into sound sleep again. On this occasion, however, the great event announced brought with it so much to weep over as well as to rejoice at, that he could not calm his thoughts, but at length got up, though it was three in the morning."

Of other friendships and affairs which deeply affected Pitt, Lord M. himself says:

"The transactions relative to Lord Melville exceeded in party spirit and savage feeling all that I ever recollect in this country. Admitting his guilt to its full extent (which I am far from doing), what can be said to the huzzas and shouts of the House of Commons upon his condemnation, Sir Thomas Mostyn giving a view hollo, and a 'We have killed the fox!' What would these very men have said to the judges and jury had they behaved thus at the sentence of the most bloodthirsty felon? Disgraceful and un-English!"

We may add what follows, as characteristic of all concerned:

"When he went to the king, Addington very foolishly offered his majesty the key of the council-box. 'You must not give it to me,' said the king, rather offended, 'but to Lord Hawkesbury.' 'Sir,' replied Addington, 'I am not on speaking terms with Lord Hawkesbury.' (They had quarrelled on his [Addington's] going out.) 'This is nothing to me,' said the king, and would have ended the audience; but he almost forced his majesty to listen to him for an hour, and so fatigued and displeased him, that when the king returned to his family (it passed at Windsor), he said, 'that * * * has been plaguing me to death.'

"In the course of the summer Addington had great family misfortunes, and he himself was at death's door with a liver-complaint. Pitt very kindly called on him, and forgot all animosity."

[To be continued.]

The Railway and Steam-boat Companion. Part I. Pp. 95. London, H. Rodrigues.

Of a collection of odds and ends it is difficult to speak when only a first part is before you; and such is the case here. The opening story breaks off, so that we cannot tell whether its fair promise will be fulfilled or baulked; and some of the rest is too desultory for opinion. There are nevertheless some glimpses of a droll humour in the trifle, which induce us to think the writer a smart observer. Here are detached instances:

"What young girl would ever hesitate to trust in the young man who had gained her affections? The mother of Susette had no objections to make against the match, still less had her father; for both were dead and buried for many years past. As to her guardian, he was delighted to get rid of his ward, and aunt Sarah quite as much charmed about it: Susette always put her to some little expense, and Miss Sarah Waldhorn, besides being most disagreeable and ill-tempered, happened to be extremely avaricious, or, at any rate, as she used to say herself, 'She certainly had not a farthing to spare.'"

From Mrs. Punch's account of herself, after travelling all over the world, and thus beginning with her love of railroad locomotion at, or near, Ispahan:

"You know I always admire it; we went on so charmingly. I had my neck broken only twice, through a slight mistake of one of the engineers, a Jenizary, who happened to be a very absent man, and turned the steam-kettle upside down, fancying there was a revolution; but it has been mended very nicely. * * * After adopting, at last, the low style of hair-dressing, the Chinese ladies now all walk on their heads; having little or no feet, they find it so much more convenient. At first, they were somewhat puzzled with their parasols; but now it is managed very nicely. *Mr. Punch.* And the gentlemen? *Mrs. Punch.* No! gentlemen don't; their feet being very tolerable-sized ones, and wearing comfortable slippers, they would not trouble themselves to change their situation, which certainly makes conversation in the street a little awkward; but you know fashion is fashion after all. Then, there is another novelty; it is now considered absolutely vulgar to drink tea. Tea is quite out of fashion in China. The Chinese say, they did drink it for so many years, and so much of it, that they got positively sick of it: so they have all now taken to gin and water. * * * At first, I did not much like it; but when I found all the mandarins drank gin and water, and all the aristocratic ladies did walk on their heads, of course I made a point of walking on my head and of drinking gin and water. * * * I merely peeped into Holland *en passant*, where I discovered that, after all, it is quite untrue that the Dutch are web-footed. *Mr. P.* (with amazement) Not web-footed? *Mrs. P.* No indeed! not even one single member of the royal family. They are sure-footed, that is all: for no Dutchman ever takes a step, without looking first what ground he stands on. * * * What surprised me the most was, that, born as they are under water, they seem to be so much afraid of the wet. You have no idea how they pitied Queen Victoria having so much rain in Scotland. Not one lady did I meet with but she offered me an umbrella to take to her majesty, begging to have it returned as soon as the royal family should have got home to Buckingham Palace; and particularly requesting not to forget the umbrella-case; for they say in Dutch that prudence and economy are the parents of welfare and prosperity. *Mr. P.* I hope you did not accept them. I am confident her majesty could find an umbrella in Scotland. I have been told even, that in some districts it rains always; so that people are obliged to be born with them."

Well, we conclude with the author: "There's no wisdom whatever in being always wise."

The Natural History of Animals. By T. R. Jones, F.R.S. F.Z.S., Professor of Comparative Anatomy in King's College, London, &c. &c. Vol. I. 12mo, pp. 362. Van Voorst.

The substance of lectures delivered with much applause during three years at the Royal Institution, is here, fortunately for readers, put in a popular form, accessible and intelligible to all the world. The volume treats of sponges, gastric zoophytes, infusorial animalcules, and through the lowest orders of animal life to the commencement of articulata, the annelida and myriapoda. The epizoa and entozoa, the outside and inside livers upon other animals; the ugliest and most admirable forms in creatures only visible through powerful microscopes; the extraordinary organisation and contrivances of nature for their support and propagation; their habitats and habits; are all clearly described, and illustrated by above a hundred engravings. Though full of instructive information, the work is as amusing as it is curious; and we learn from the most minute atoms imbued with life to raise our souls to the Almighty Maker of all with certainly not less, if not with more, of adoration than where his marvellous and incomprehensible power is displayed in the greatest phenomena of our universe. We earnestly recommend the book to every lover of natural history.

Foreign Library (25): Tales from the German. Part II. London, Chapman and Hall.

Messrs. Oxenford and Feiling have here continued their selection and translation of German tales; which possess two merits, at the expense, perhaps, of fresher or more romantic or supernatural interest. They bring us better acquainted with a certain class of German authorship; and they are genuine, not wrought up for the home-market. The "Klausenburg," by Tieck; the "Moon" (very short), by Richter; the "Elementary Spirit," by Hoffmann; "Saint Cecilia," by H. Von Kleish; "Ali and Gulbyndi," by Œhlenschlager; "Alamontade," by H. Zschokke (the last two the longest in the part); and the "Severed Hand," by Heuff; are the most prominent of the collection, and throw a good deal of light upon the mind and fictious literature of Germany; besides furnishing the customary entertainment of fairy, goblin, and other imaginative effusions of romance.

Hints on Life; or, how to rise in Society. By C. B. C. Amicus. Pp. 142. Longmans.

A seductive title,—for who does not want to rise in society? But the means: who is competent to teach the upward move, and prescribe not only to one class, but to many classes—the mechanic, tradesman, factory folks, farmers, labourers, landlords, "professionals" of every hue, and nobility and gentry—how they can best accomplish this universal desideratum? We fear our present schoolmaster is not (as if any one could be) quite up to the mark. He begins in a very trite and common-place way; and as we proceed we do not discover any vast profundity of application, though all is sensible, if not liable to heavy question. For example:—

"It is true that an honest and industrious tradesman rarely fails to acquire money; but without some other attainments, without some cultivation of the understanding, without, in short, some pursuit independent of his busi-

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ness, the repose he looks forward to will be the hardest work he ever did in his life; and as for society, he will relish none, and be fitted for none beyond smoking his pipe in an ale-house; he will remain floating like a log on stagnant water. This is a common view of a result; and is much too confined, as it omits the consequences of wanting something to occupy leisure hours, of not filling up rationally that vacant time the calls of business leave to be disposed of."

Now, the soul bent on the acquisition of money has no time for relaxations, and must not be diverted from the sole great end in view. Intellectual enjoyments are incompatible with the active pursuits of trade which accumulate fortune.

The good sense of the writer is nevertheless, as we have said, observable throughout; and we cordially assent to the following, amongst many propositions plainly laid down, and much in unison with the sentiments we expressed last week:—"The true friend to the working man will not encourage him in bewailing his position, but rather lead him to inquire whether he has looked within; and instead of attributing all the evils he endures to others, whether he has considered if they may not, in some measure, have been increased by himself."

The bit of horse-flesh recommended in cookery, page 68, is not to our taste, or likely to make the other judicious remarks on the same domestic art more palatable; and we fear that the 30,000*l*. a year from Government to pay itinerant lecturers on the really economic and useful arts, is not more likely to be realised. The book, however, we repeat, will do good to persons of any class who read it attentively with a desire to take good advice.

The first Part of New Illustrations of the Life, Studies, and Writings of Shakespeare. By the Rev. Joseph Hunter, F.S.A. 8vo, pp. 120. London, Nichols and Son.

The Second Part. Pp. circ. 230. Idem.

The notice of new matter respecting the family of Shakespeare, extracted from the *Register* in our last *Gazette*, reminds us of the above publications, which have for some time borne witness to the zeal and indefatigable assiduity of Mr. Hunter in collecting every thing that can be ascertained in relation to an individual the most interesting to the English people that ever drew the breath of life. That Shakespeare was a parishioner of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, and resided near Crosby Hall, in the 40th of Elizabeth, 1598, is the greatest fact disclosed in this publication; and there is besides a curious opinion hazarded, that the more immediate posterity and personal representatives of the poet had become attached to the principles of the Puritans, which may account for the disappearance of his dramatic and theatrical remains. The rest is chiefly conjectural and critical; but those acquainted with the rev. writer's other researches and contributions to our polite literature will readily believe us when we say that they will find much to gratify them in these pages. We had almost forgotten to mention, that Mr. Hunter defends his hero with much success against the charge of deer-stealing.

Hampton Court; or, the Prophecy fulfilled. 3 vols. Bentley.

This publication is written with considerable talent, and ought, we presume, to come within the category of the historical novel, in consequence of its presenting historical characters of the period of Charles I. and his residence at Hampton Court. But there is this difference. In the usual examples of the class, the principal events of the period are the staple of the commodity, and the scenery and invented persons are content to take the place of accessories. In the present instance the most minute topographical description and accounts of localities take the rank of chief features, and the action appears to be contrived not so much for its own sake or interest as for the purpose of exhibiting old customs and manners, as found in ancient chroniclers, household-books, and other sources of similar information. In fulfilling this task the writer has shewn skill and a laudable acquaintance with his subject; and therefore, what we miss in the way of general is made up in the way of particular views. Very picturesque, as well as apparently accurate, delineations of the sweet rural scenery round Hampton, and details of the internal regulations and services of the royal residence, are given; but they are inartificial, and seem, on their face, to be brought forward merely as the pegs whereon to hang the pictures of the times. Out of the *dramatis personæ* we ought to except the famous Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle, and his ill-assorted wife, as being more individualised than in any former work of the kind, and exhibited in the acting of their prominent parts with good effect. Thus altogether *Hampton Court* will be perused with satisfaction by those who would cultivate a pleasant intimacy with bygone years, and especially with the minor peculiarities which distinguished the domesticity of royalty, as well as of other classes of the community, from our own.

Rodenhurst; or, the Church and the Manor. By E. M. S. 3 vols. Mortimer.

A dramatic and tolerably well-conducted plot forms the staple whereon is tacked a singular mixture of styles of writing; the chief resemblances being to *Jack Sheppard* and Mrs. Radcliffe's romances. These are so opposite, that the effect is any thing but apposite. The room and pictures, &c. of the latter days of the Lady Deva, are, in particular, close imitations of the romantic school; but the whole may be characterised as proof that the writer possesses at least the talent for copying, if not for originating. No censure is provoked; and as for praise, we may truly say that *Rodenhurst* is readable enough, and deserves as much as five out of six of the novels of the day.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 13th.—Mr. G. B. Greenough in the chair. Eight new members were elected, and the following papers were read:—1. A letter from Aden, of the 8th December, 1844, addressed by Lieut. Cruttenden to the Rev. C. Forster, on the subject of the Himyaritic inscriptions in Hadramaut, and the nature of the ruins still extant of the powerful nation of the Himyari. At Hisa Gherab search was made for the last ten lines which are wanting to an interesting inscription upon a rock. It appeared, however, that the base of the mountain had been partially washed away, and the end of the inscription with it. Local circumstances seemed to prove that the spot had been inhabited at no very distant period. The cement of some of the more ancient constructions, either from age, from its peculiar nature, or the mode in which it had been prepared, had returned to its original state of limestone. The mountains around Hisa are so many extinct volcanoes, and it appears that volcanic action had formerly devastated what was once a fruitful soil. Below the mountain there are many tumuli of the ancient people; but it would be impossible to open these without exciting the animosity of the Arabs. Lieut. Cruttenden recommends the city of Kattaba as the fittest place for commencing discoveries, from which, in a line eastward, the entire range of Himyari castles that guarded the southern frontier would be found. Exploration of every kind is, however, very difficult. It is impossible to make a sketch, or take an observation of the sun, without being suspected by the Bedouins of searching for hidden treasure; and Lieut. Cruttenden generally promised them all the gold he should find, if they would only let him look at the sun in quiet. The writer goes on to mention the various places where there is reason to believe that interesting ruins of the Himyari empire may be found, and gives his opinion of the best way of getting at them. He says the wonders of that empire and its people are familiar subjects to every story-teller in Yemen, and the tradition of the transformation of the Beni Ád into apes, as a punishment for their impiety, may still be heard in the seraïs and coffee-shops of southern Arabia; and yet the only answer you can get from an Arab, when he is questioned as to the origin of these ruins, is, "They are the work of the Ján and of the kafirs in the days of Suleïman bin Daoud." The letter contained some fresh Himyaritic inscriptions, to be deciphered by the sagacious Mr. Forster, who has already done so much in making us acquainted with the historical facts, recorded in the lost Himyaritic language.

2. The next paper read was a very interesting and methodically drawn up description of the Island of St. Mary's, by Mr. Consul Carew Hunt. This paper cannot be abridged without mutilation; but we learn from it that the island of St. Mary's differs entirely in its geological relations from the other islands of the Azores, and greatly resembles Sicily.

3. The last paper of the evening was "On the freezing of streams in North America," by Mr. C. Anderson. This is a subject of much interest in physical geography, involving the great question of central heat, as affecting the temperature of springs, &c. The various phenomena present apparent anomalies, which are as yet not satisfactorily explained: among these, the formation of "ground grue," a species of congelation which commences at the bottom instead of at the surface of rivers, and is not only common in Siberia and North America, but known in the Rhone, and even some streams of England, has given rise to various and conflicting opinions.

The reading of the papers was followed by a conversation, in which many interesting facts were mentioned.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 8.—The president, Mr. Warburton, in the chair. The appointment of Prof. Ansted to the office of vice-secretary was confirmed. The following communications were made: A paper, by Mr. A. G. Bain, "On the geology of the south-eastern extremity of Africa." The principal object of this paper was to describe the district in which certain remarkable fossils had been obtained by the author, and forwarded to England. The lowest stratified rock in this district is a red sandstone, containing fragments of plants, which seem to resemble a common carboniferous species (*Lepidodendron Sternbergi*). Over this rock, and conformable to it, is a conglomerate of claystone porphyry, containing pebbles, and to it succeeds clayslate. The next

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is the fossiliferous rock, and it consists of a disintegrated sandstone, containing argillaceous matter in septarian nodules, the fossils being found in the nodules.

A notice, by Prof. Owen, of one of the genera of animals (*Dicynodon*) whose remains were forwarded by Mr. Bain. The most important character in this genus is the possession of two large tusks like those of the walrus; but the general structure of the bones indicates distinctly the reptilian character of the animal. The first of the species described by Prof. Owen was named *D. lacerticeps*, from its analogies with the lizards. In this species there is an exhibition of unusual strength in the bones of the face; but there is no mark of any other teeth than the two which give the peculiar character to the animal. Prof. Owen considers that the whole of the anterior part of the jaws was sheathed with horn, in the same manner as in the chelonians; and this is the more interesting from the other analogies presented with the chelonians. It appears, indeed, throughout that this singular animal united the character of the lacertians, chelonians, and crocodilians. The second species described was named *D. testudiformis*, and differed from the former in its still greater resemblance to the chelonians. A third species, *D. strigiceps*, is chiefly remarkable for the singular position of the tusks, placed far back behind the orbit of the eye. The nearest analogies of this singular genus are with the *Rhynchosaurus* of the new red sandstone of England. An unexpected point of structure exhibited in these animals is the existence of tusks like those of mammalia, exhibiting no mark whatever of the presence of a succession of teeth, which, in all other reptiles known, invariably exists. The tusks of the Dicynodon were probably used as weapons of offence and defence; and the habits of the animal seem to have been marine.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Jan. 14.—The president in the chair. The first meeting of the session of 1845 took place on Tuesday evening, the 14th inst. We noticed that some further improvements had been effected in the comfort and the decorations of the rooms of the society. The collection of portraits has been augmented by that of Mr. Walker (the president), which was painted by J. P. Knight last year for the members of the institution. The model-gallery has also received some interesting additions.

The first paper read was "On the different modes of confining railway-bars in their chairs," by Mr. W. H. Barlow, resident engineer on the Midland Counties Railway. Of the numerous methods which have been tried for keying the rails in their chairs, it would appear that the one now most generally practised is that of parallel compressed wooden keys; but even to these Mr. Barlow states several objections, which, in his opinion, counterbalance the advantage of their elasticity and tendency to reassume their original dimensions when exposed in a damp atmosphere. Being of small dimensions, and placed just at the surface of the ballast, they decay rapidly; they swell and shrink with any change of temperature, thus becoming loose in dry weather, and requiring constant driving up, which soon destroys them. On the Midland Counties Railway the duration of the wooden joint-keys has not exceeded five years; and at the present price of compressed keys, which varies from 8*l.* to 12*l.* per thousand, the expense of renewal of keys per mile per annum at the latter rate would be 10*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* for a line with three-feet bearings, and 8*l.* 9*s.* with three-feet nine-inch bearings. This induced Mr. Barlow to try hollow wrought-iron keys, made like the Russel gas-tube, but of such a form as to bear equally against the jaw of the chair, the middle web of the rail, and the top and bottom flanches. This form and substance it has been found gave great stability, held the rails firmly in their places, and yet possessed such elasticity as to neutralise the effect of the travelling of the wheels over the chairs, and rendered the motion of the carriages peculiarly smooth and agreeable. A number of experiments were given, wherein the great superiority of these keys, in their inherent qualities and their cost, over all other kinds was satisfactorily shewn. They have now been used for a considerable period on the Midland Counties, the South Eastern, the Warwick and Leamington, and other railways; and in the discussion which ensued, several engineers expressed themselves so well pleased with them that they intended to introduce them in all their new works.

A paper, by Mr. J. Storey, described an oblique bridge of freestone over the river Gaunless on the Hagger Leases Branch Railway. This bridge is remarkable for the acute angle (27°) which it forms with the line of the river it spans; and from its having been built so long ago as 1830, when that kind of construction was but imperfectly understood and but little practised in England. The square section of the arch is nineteen feet, while the length of the face of the arch, in consequence of its extreme obliquity, is forty-two feet. The paper described the mode of setting out the work, and of executing the masonry; they were not so theoretically correct as the methods now practised; but the practical affects were stated to be good, as, after the centres were struck, the crown of the arch did not drop half an inch, and no subsidence has been since observed in any part of the work.

The meeting was adjourned until the 21st inst., when the annual general meeting would be held for the election of the council and officers for the ensuing session.

NEW COMET.

A NEW comet has been discovered, on the 28th of December last, by Mr. D'Arrest, at Berlin, near the star 15 Cygni. Its right ascension at $8^h\ 8^m\ 27^s$ mean time at Berlin was about $19^h\ 36^m\ 37^s$; whilst its northern declination was about 36° 18′ 53″. On the 3d instant, Mr. Rumker, at Hamburgh, at $7^h\ 45^m\ 8^s$ mean time at Hamburgh, found its right ascension $19^h\ 30^m\ 13^s$; and its northern declination 38° 35′ 17″; and on the same evening it was observed by Mr. Petersen at the Royal Observatory of Altona, who, at $8^h\ 39^m\ 59^s$ mean time at Altona, determined its right ascension to be about $19^h\ 30^m\ 16^s$, its northern declination being 38° 35′ 15″. Sir J. South on the 13th got a glimpse of it at $5^h\ 48^m\ 51^s$ mean time, when its right ascension was about $19^h\ 14^m\ 50^s$, and its northern declination about 42° 49′ 45″. On the same evening it was seen at Mr. Bishop's Observatory, Regent's Park, by Mr. J. R. Hind, who says,—"Owing to the star of comparison being small, I cannot find its position in the principal catalogues, and I am therefore only able to state that at $6^h\ 40^m$ mean time the right ascension of the comet was about $19^h\ 15^m$, and the N.P.D. 47° 3′. It is a faint nebulosity of about 1½ minutes diameter, much brighter towards the centre, and, as nearly as I could judge through the haze, perfectly circular in form. The right ascension decreases about one minute daily, and the N.P.D. also decreases about 17 minutes in the same interval."

NOVEL ELECTRICAL MACHINE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Birmingham, Jan. 14th, 1845.

SIR,—My attention has recently been directed, by a working engineer, to the production of the electric spark, on applying the finger to the interior or exterior surface of a band on the fly-wheel of a steam-engine. The fly-wheel alluded to is about 12 feet diameter, and is connected with a smaller wheel, about 3 feet, by a band about 4 inches wide. On coming out of the cold air and applying the finger, the electricity seems to be collected from the band and concentrated at the finger's point. The spark is produced only in the engine-room, which is of course of a high temperature, and not in any other part of the premises. Is this to be attributed to the friction of the band upon the wheel, or is it in any way connected with the electrical properties of steam? I have taken the liberty to request the insertion of the above in your valuable paper, as I am not aware that the fact has been previously observed.—Your constant reader,

SAM. TIMMINS, JUN.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, *Jan.* 14.—The Rev. R. Parkinson, M.A., of Trinity College, Dublin, was admitted *ad eundem;* and the following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity.—J. A. Emerton, Magd. Hall.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. W. Grey, Magd. Hall; W. H. Scott, fellow of Brasenose College; A. H. Ashworth, Oriel College; Rev. H. D. Heatley, St. John's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—R. Stockdale, Alban Hall; F. G. White, Lincoln College; J. S. Wasey, Trinity College.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Jan. 4.—Prof. H. H. Wilson in the chair. The secretary read a paper, by Dr. Stevenson, containing an examination of two legends in the Ganésa Purana, which he conceived to refer to the rise and fall of Buddhism in India. The design of the whole Purana is to extol Ganésa above all other objects of religious adoration. The first khanda commences with the story of Somakánta, king of Sourashtra, who, like our legendary king Bladud, was afflicted with an incurable leprosy, and, like him, left his home and kingdom to wander in the wilderness. In his long journeyings he met with the sage Bhrigu, who directed him to worship Ganésa as the only means of getting rid of his loathsome affliction. In the second khanda, Súta relates to the assembled sages what Bhrigu had rehearsed to Somakánta, which had come originally from Brahmá himself, at the request of Vyasa. From the mention of the name of Moreswar, as a renowned shrine of Ganésa, in the first khanda, the celebrity of which dates from Morabhatta, who flourished in the former part of the seventeenth century, the Doctor concludes that the Purana cannot be above two hundred years old; but we think the substitution of names is too common in Oriental mss. to allow a decisive force to this argument.

The first legend referred to is the history of the sage Gritsamada, the reputed son of Rukmanga, the son of Bhima, king of Viderbha, which Rukmanga, however, was not the father of Gritsamada, but, on the contrary, by his virtuous refusal to comply with the unchaste desires of the mother of Gritsamada, he was cursed by her, and suffered from leprosy in consequence, until cured by Ganésa. The real father was Indra himself, who took the form of Rukmanga after the departure of that king. Gritsamada,

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ignorant of all this, believed himself to be the son of a holy rishi. He was one day in company with other rishis at a sraddha performed by the king of Magadha, and there was reproached by them as a base-born wretch, and driven from their society. From this period Gritsamada left all association with rishis, and dwelt for a short time among Munis of a different faith. He then gave himself up to intense meditation on the Divine essence, standing on his great toe until he obtained the favour of the Deity, who gave him supremacy above all Brahmans and sages. Gritsamada subsequently adopted a child, who was miraculously presented to him by the Divinity, and taught him to contemplate the supreme Ganésa, standing on his great toe. After some thousands of years passed in this way, Ganésa appeared to the child, gave him power over three worlds, and possession of three famous cities; and promised that, on quitting life, he should be absorbed in the Divine essence. This child was the famous Tripurásura; he vanquished Indra and all the gods; sent them away to the caverns of the Himalaya mountains, and reigned supreme in their places.

For a long time the gods were deprived of the usual offerings of mankind, and in consequence were reduced to a melancholy state of leanness and distress. They applied for advice to Narada, who counselled them to fix themselves in contemplation of the great Ganésa, as Tripurásura had done. They followed the suggestion, and obtained the Divine favour; but even the great Ganésa could proceed against Tripurásura only by cunning. He contrived to get him engaged in a quarrel with Siva, who had been until then his friend, but who now deserted him; and after all their efforts, they were signally defeated in a pitched battle by Tripurásura. The gods were now in despair, and Siva retired in gloomy wrath to his cavern, until Narada came to him, and persuaded him to worship the Deity as the other gods had done. Siva complied for ten years, obtained a great addition to his power, and resumed the fight with the other gods against Tripurásura, who was at last driven from the earth, and absorbed into the Divine essence.

This absurd legend Dr. Stevenson considers to be something more than an ordinary flight of Brahmanical fancy; and he gives several reasons for supposing it to be an allegorical representation of that long and mortal conflict between Brahmanism and Buddhism, of the existence of which we have every evidence, although all details have disappeared from history. The quarrel of Gritsamada with the rishis; his association with Múnis of a different order; his adoption of a ritual esteemed heterodox, all point to a secession from the received faith; and several considerations induce the Doctor to conclude that the Buddhist secession is the one typified. First, the Asur is stated in the Purana to have shut up the fire-temples, broken down the hermitages, abolished the offerings to the gods and the manes, and prohibited burnt-offerings and the study of the Védas. This is perfectly in accordance with the account of Asoka in the Buddhist Mahawanso, and with the edicts still existing on stone pillars in various parts of India. Secondly, Indra, in the old Brahmanical system, is the Creator of the universe, and sustains the parts taken by Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, in modern Hinduism. In the legend under consideration, Indra is thrown down, his thunder is struck out of his hand, he is himself banished, and his place is taken by his opponent, the pupil of Gritsamada. The Mahawanso sings of Indra precisely in the same strain, and lowers him far below Buddha and his theros. Thirdly, contemplation of the Supreme is represented as the mode of worship practised by Gritsamada and his pupil, but unknown to Brahmans and Saivas, until adopted by them as a mode of vanquishing the Asúrs. This is a representation of the most obvious distinction between Brahmanical and Buddhist worship. The Védas inculcate the worship of a multitude of gods, propitiated by oblations, hymns, and sacrifices; while the Mahawanso introduces Buddha as passing whole years in contemplation of the Deity, and thus obtaining his favour before proceeding to collect disciples, exactly according to the practice of the Asúra, as described in the Purana. Fourthly, the final state of bliss reached by Tripurásura was unknown to the old Brahmanical system, but has been since borrowed by them from the Buddhists, and is made the chief reward of devotion. Though there is some shade of difference between the Muckti of the Brahmans and the Nirvana of the Buddhists, they agree in the great prevailing idea of losing all individuality in the Divine essence. Fifthly, Gritsamada is represented as practising celibacy — an accordance with the institutes of Buddhism and opposition to those of Brahmanism too obvious to need remark.

The legend in the second part of the Purana is that of Devantaka and Narantaka, and is so similar to that of Gritsamada and Tripurásura in its principal features, that it does not require any special remark: it simply leads to the same conclusions that follow from the former legend.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Jan. 9.—Mr. Hallam in the chair. The central committee of the Archæological Association communicated a paper, by Mr. W. H. Hatcher, on Old Sarum, illustrated by a beautifully executed model in colours, constructed upon the scale of two chains to an inch. The centre of the fortress, Mr. Hatcher observes, consists of a lofty artificial mound, which was crowned with the keep or citadel, of the walls of which a few fragments may still be traced, extending in circumference 310 yards. A sinking towards the S.W. indicates the position of the great well. In 1835, excavations were made to ascertain the outline of the ancient cathedral, built by Bishop Osmund between 1078 and 1092. Sufficient data were then obtained to restore the original plan and arrangement of the building, which have been since confirmed by reference to the *Institutions* of Bishop Osmund. It appears to have closely resembled the ancient portions of the cathedral of Winchester, built about the same period. No traces of Roman masonry appear to have been noticed by Mr. Hatcher, although the site is well authenticated to have been that of Sorbiodunum, the next station west of Winchester, the Roman road from which is still to be traced.—The secretary then read another paper forming part of the proceedings of the Association at Canterbury, "On the succession of William of Arques," by Mr. Stapleton.—An account, by Mr. E. Richardson, was also read, of some leaden and stone coffins of Knights Templars discovered during excavations for repairs of the Temple Church.

Jan. 16.—Mr. Hamilton in the chair. Dr. Roots exhibited a Roman urn discovered near the ancient encampment on Kingston Hill, and a bronze celt recently found in a gravel-pit near the same locality. Mr. Way communicated some notes on two sepulchral brasses, rubbings from which, by Mr. E. Richardson, were exhibited. They are memorials of the Camoys family, and exist at Trotton, near Midhurst, in Sussex. The more ancient one represents Margaret de Camoys, wife of Sir John de Camoys and daughter and heiress of Sir John Gatesden. She died 4 Edw. II., 1310. Her robe appears thickly set with small armorial scutcheons, probably inlaid in colour, which have been broken and defaced. This fashion, Mr. Way remarked, was very prevalent in France. Another example in England is afforded by an effigy which may be seen in Worcester, under Prince Arthur's chantry. The second brass is that of Sir Thomas Camoys, knight of the garter, who died 1419, and his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Edward Mortimer, Earl of March. Sir Samuel Meyrick communicated an account of some peculiarities in the remains of the monumental effigies of Sir Robert de Morley in York Minster, temp. Edw. I. and Edw. II.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Statistical, 8 P.M.; Chemical, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Syro-Egyptian, 7½ P.M.; Horticultural, 2 P.M.; Civil Engineers (anniversary meeting), 8 P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; Pharmaceutical, 9 P.M.

Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M. R. S. of Literature, 4 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.

Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Philological, 8 P.M.

Saturday.—Royal Botanic, 4 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

Sculpture: Prince Albert.—We rejoice to hear that the statue of Prince Albert for the Royal Exchange has been confided to our eminent sculptor Mr. Lough, whose figure of the Queen for the same locality has shewn that he is great in portraiture as in the highest walks of the art.

The Monument to Sir W. Macnaghten for India is also in his masterly hands.

Roberts's Sketches of the Holy Land. Parts XVI. XVII. XVIII. London, Moon.

These three parts carry on this beautiful design with almost increasing merit and interest. The artist is truly fulfilling more than his original promise.

Lord Sandon. Painted by T. H. Illidge, engraved by G. R. Ward. T. M'Lean.

We are not satisfied with this likeness; the resemblance to the noble lord being rather general than individual. A whole-length of a senator of so much weight and so eminently popular is still a desideratum.

THE DRAMA.

Princess's.—On Monday a sort of gentlemanly Jack Sheppard piece, in four scenes, was produced here, and met with considerable success, principally in consequence of the acting of Mr. Wallack, who played the hero with much force. The drama is taken from the French, and is called *Monseigneur, or Paris in* 1820: the great weight of its action is placed on the shoulders of Mr. Wallack, and luckily they are broad enough to bear it, though the burden is occasionally lightened by some able assistance on the parts of Miss Emma Stanley, and Messrs. Walton, Granby, and Oxberry. The scenery, dresses, and tableaux, are good and well arranged; and *Monseigneur* will be, at least for a short time, an attractive piece, on alternate nights to the *Italian in Algiers.*

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Mr. Lover's Entertainments for the London season commenced on Monday evening et the Hanover-Square Rooms. A greet variety has been introduced into these popular performances; first, by the introduction of new comic songs of irresistible Irish humour; secondly, by ehort Irish etories, no less provocative of laughter; and we make a thirdly, to mention an Irish whistle, so national end beautiful that we wonder the men of that gallant nation have not ampleyed it to win their way to femele hearts, es it has been said they used the Blarney! Throughout tha whola tha emusing and risible predominated; but still eome of the favourite pathetic specimens were retained, end produced their wonted effect, subduing smilea into tears. The gretification of the audience with every part was marked by eigns more expressive than boisterous applause; and we anticipeta for future (and wa hope the weather will allow us to say) more propitione nights the continued and increasing enjoyment of that well-earned celebrity which has returnad this gifted ertist from the provincee to London with renovated powers and e more widely acknowledged reputation for delightful talents.

English Theatricals in Paris.—*Galignani's Messenger* describee the triumph of Macready in *Macbeth* to have been as great as in *Hamlet*, and adds, "We know of no higher compliment." The weird sisters wara represented by Messrs. Browne, Bennett, and Woolgar, who passed them through the dangerous ordeal of a Parisian audienca with good effect. The music, howaver, failed to excite tha eama feeling which it does on the English stage. Miss Faucit was tha *Lady Macbeth*; end, though out of her line, the character exhibited much talent. At the *Variétés*, a good-humoured parody has been got up, in which M. Hoffman and Mdlle. Flore burlesque the "English importations" (Macready and Miss Feucit) in a scene from *Othello*.

THE CONTRAPUNTAL AND MUSICAL REVIEW.

On Church-Psalmody.

We directed the attention of our readers to tha subject of chanting some weeks back; and as Church-psalmody likewise forms an important part of the worship in the church of England, a few observetiona upon it shall form the substance of the present erticle.

The clergy (we alluda to those of the established church) are not noted for enforcing the observance of the following text of scripture, "Sing ye praises with understanding." Some of them deem that music written in vary slow time and with the gravest expreseion, is the best calculated to inspire reverential feelings towards God; whilst others, on the contrary, do not scruple to have conventional and profane tunes set to tha religioue sentimants of the poet. Singing in churches is more en act of praise than of prayer to God. David's eongs of praisa are generally of the most lofty, inspiring, and joyful character. Such sentimants should be adapted to such music as would best convey the inward thoughts of the poet. But on no account should the clergy or laity sanction profane tunes to be sung to religious words; for it ie in much worse taste than it would ba to eubstitute the language of the heathen philosopher to inculcate tha moral duties of man to man, instead of quoting the more inspired lenguage of tha Bible for that purpose. Tha clergy would do well, if, instead of raking up long-disused and forgotten parts of the rubric, and attending to outward forms, they would improva the useful and well-established usagee of the church.

Thare are four evils prevailing in parochial churchee with regard to the singing of psalmody. 1st. The adoption of secular tunes. 2d. The want of coneideration in selecting proper tunes for the words. 3d. The elovenly and heartlass manner in which the words and music are sung. 4th. The puerile and unmusician-like errangemente of the harmony of the tunes. In most of tho modern selections of psalm-tunes, the greater number of them are either original compositions, mutilated tunes takan from operas, chorusee, masses, fugues, or else pretty airs made into hymn-tunes, as in "A Collection of Psalm and Hymn-tunes, *harmonised* for three voices," (we pity those who hava to sing the second voice) recently and *ex cathedra-ly* published. The great beauty of chorel music consists in the unity and connexion of each phrase or etrain, both as regards the melody and hermony; and it is not to be expected that large worke cut or dissevared should possess these qualities, or resemble the true choral style. Tha second evil to which we have alluded is, the went of cere in selecting proper tunes to the words; and we would briefly say, that the spirit and sense of the poetry is very often destroyed by an injudicious choice. The third evil is one arieing from two causes; first, bad instruction; secondly, pride and shame. It is the duty of avary congregation to learn to worship God in e becoming manner; and as singing forme no small portion of public worship in the church of England, every member of that church (possessing a musical voice) ehould learn to sing praises to God with understauding and religious zeal. A few charity-childran, but indifferently taught to pronounce their mother tongue, take tha lead in einging to God, and a few (very few indeed) join in hymning his praise. Are these avils nothing to complain of? Would not the clergy do well to see to them all? Yes, the clergy should exhort their flock to worship God in an acceptable manner: they should pay mora ettantion to the language used by the national-school children, to avoid the heartless imputatione of the proud, who often go from church eneering at the vile manner in which those poor children pronounce their words and sing their tunes. If tha children must be the leaders of congregational singing, efficient masters ehould he placed over them to instruct them to pronounca their own language properly; for who can join in praise to God, when tha language used is against all feelings of eolemnity and reverence? The fourth evil of psalmody shall he duly discussed in the next number of tha "Contrapuntal and Musical Review."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[When John Bull's pocket is touched he is generally surly and sulky, and in few instances contents himself with reprisals in the shape of so good-humoured a squib as the following. Having heard it sung, with the accompaniment of some merry laughter, we begged the ms. from the author, and print it in the hope that it will amuse on both sides of the Atlantic, though it hits pretty hard at the doctrine of repudiation.—*Ed. L. G.*]

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

"*Yankee Doodle.*"

Yankee Doodle borrows cash,
Yankee Doodle spends it,
And then he snaps his fingers at
The jolly flat who lends it.
Ask him when he means to pay,
He shews no hesitation,
But says he'll take the shortest way,
And that's repudiation!
Chorus: Yankee Doodle borrows cash, &c.

Yankee vows that every state
Is free and independent;
And if they paid each other's debts,
There'd never be an end on't.
They keep distinct till "settling" comes,
And then throughout the nation
They all become "United States"
To preach repudiation!
Chorus: Yankee Doodle, &c.

Lending cash to Illinois,
Or to Pennsylvania,
Florida, or Mississippi,
Once was quite a mania.
Of all the states 'tis hard to say
Which makes the proudest show, sirs,
But Yankee seems himself to like
The state of *O-I-Owe*, sirs!
Chorus: Yankee Doodle, &c.

The reverend joker of St. Paul's
Don't relish much their plunder,
And often at their knavish tricks
Has hurl'd his witty thunder.
But Jonathan by nature wears
A hide of toughest leather,
Which braves the sharpest-pointed darts
And *canons* put together!
Chorus: Yankee Doodle, &c.

He tells 'em they are clapping on
Their credit quite a stopper,
And when they want to go to war
They'll never raise a copper.
If that's the case, they coolly say,
Just as if to spite us,
They'd better stop our dividends,
And hoard 'em up to fight us!
Chorus: Yankee Doodle, &c.

What's the use of money'd friends
If you mustn't bleed 'em?
Ours, I guess, says Jonathan,
The country is of freedom!
And what does freedom mean, if not
To whop your slaves at pleasure,
And borrow money when you can,
To pay it at your leisure?
Chorus: Yankee Doodle, &c.

Great and free Amerikee
With all the world is vying,
That she's the "land of *promise*"
There is surely no denying.
But be it known henceforth to all,
Who hold their I. O. U., sirs,
A Yankee Doodle *promise* is
A Yankee *Doodle do*, sirs!
Chorus: Yankee Doodle, &c.

Cecil Harbottle.

VARIETIES.

The Catalogue of London Periodicals (Longman and Co.) is a useful broadside, and eppears to be an accurate list, shewing an immense mass of various publications, from one penny to half-a-guinea. Wa do not observe that any hava come to the lately issued half-farthing as yet.

Willich's Tithe-Commutation Tables for 1845 have just bean issued, and the ninth of the series only provee tha continued value and eccuracy of these most elaborete and useful calculations. Wherever they are known to the clergy, parochial authorities, and other parties concerned in their wide epplication, the *Tables* have more than justified the praises we hetowed upon them et their first appearance; end we rejoica to think that our just notice of them hes contributed to their general acceptance throughout the empire.

Weather-Almanacks.—There era no publications on which it is wiser to peuse before offering en opinion than on productions of this kiud. The *Meteorological Ephemeris for* 1845, by H. Doxat, Esq., and the *Yorkshire Weather-Almanack*, by George Sugden, are now before us, at the close of two of the most incessantly rainy and dismal days we have ever seen, and respecting which their predictions (founded upon the most incontrovertible data) are—

Meteorological Ephemeris.
January 11. Fair. Frost.
„ 12. Fair. Frost.

Yorkshire Weather-Almanack.
January 11. Fair. Frost.
„ 12. Fair. Frost, snow, or hail.

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Miss Jane Porter.—This amiable lady has just received a very gratifying testimony of respect and admiration from a united body of the booksellers, publishers, and authors of New York. It is in the form of an easy chair, richly carved, and covered with crimson velvet; and the letter which accompanies it expresses the sentiments of the donors and of thousands of American readers towards the authoress of "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and the "Scottish Chiefs," as "one who first opened up the path that has been still further embellished by the kindred genius of a Scott," and "whose charming productions have taught in so graceful and captivating a manner the lessons of true virtue" over the length and breadth of the land.

The following verse was lately found written on Dante's tomb, in the church of Santa Croce, Florence, satirising the proud inscription, "Onorate l'altissimo poeta."

"Se due *Altissimi* in chiesa stanno uniti,
Non si saprà di lor chi sia il regnante;
Ditelo voi frati riminchioniti,
Chi è il padron di casa, Cristo o Dante?"

which may be roughly thus rendered into English:

"If two *Most High* within the church reside,
How shall we tell to which direct our vows;
O friars, too credulous, do you decide
Whether 'tis Christ or Dante owns the house?"

The expression "riminchioniti," so powerful in Italian, would be perhaps nearer translated by our expressive "humbugged." A. E.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Principles and Practical Influence of Taxation and the Funding System, by J. R. M'Culloch, 8vo, 15*s.*—Modern Cookery in all its Branches, by Eliza Acton, 12mo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—The Diary of Lady Willoughby, 1635-48, new edit. sq. 12mo, 8*s.* bds., or bd. in mor. by Hayday, 18*s.*—Wagner's Elements of Comparative Anatomy of the Vertebrate Animals, edited by A. Tulk, 8vo, 9*s.*—The First Six and the 11th and 12th Books of Euclid's Elements, by J. Thomson, LL.D., 3d edit. Part I., 12mo, 3*s.*—Angel-Visits: Poems, by Anna Savage, 12mo, 6*s.*—The Vale of Caldene; or, the Past and the Present: a Poem, by W. Dearden, fcp. 6*s.*—Catalogue of London Periodicals, Law Reports, Newspapers, and Transactions for 1845, sheet, 1*s.*—Alice Seymour, by Mrs. Grey, fcp. 4*s.*—St. Etienne; a Novel, by Miss Martin, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Aunt Mary's New-Year's Gift, sq. 16mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Aunt Pippin's Tales for Girls, fcp. 5*s.*—Scripture Atlas: Geography of the Holy Land, fol. 10*s.* 6*d.*—Burke's History of the Landed Gentry, Vol. 1. 8vo, 21*s.*—Lady Cecilia Farrencourt; a Novel, by H. Milton, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Louis XIV. and his Contemporaries, by B. Bensley, 12mo, 5*s.*—Bakewell's Mother's Guide, 3d edit. fcp. 3*s.* 6*d.*—Islaford, and other Poems, by G. Murray, fcp. 4*s.*—History and Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church, by J. Lingard, D.D., 2 vols. 8vo, 24*s.*—Zoe: the History of Two Lives, by G. E. Jewsbury, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—The Shepherd and his Sheep; an Exposition of the 23d Psalm, by the Rev. W. Harrison, fcp. 2*s.*—Letters written during Travels in Turkey, Egypt, Syria, &c., in 1843, 4, by Ida, Countess Hahn-Hahn, 3 vols. p.-8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—The Overland Guide-Book, by Captain J. Barber, 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—The Beauties of Jeremy Taylor: a Selection from his Works, post 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Heraldic Illustrations, by J. Burke and J. B. Burke, for 1845, imp. 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

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With respect to the volumes now published, it was our good fortune to have been favoured before with one of the few copies printed for private distribution;* and we rejoice to see that this our private treat may now be tasted by the rest of the world. The alterations made in the new edition are few and unimportant; and as they do not offer to us (so circumstanced) the same novelty as the last excursion, we shall beg to confine our few illustrative selections to that portion of the work. And we may dip any where for a freshness and gracefulness of thought and description. After leaving Zurich, and coming upon the banks of the Rhine, here a shallow mountain-stream, the author says:

"We reached it at Reichenau, where Louis-Philippe performed the high and humble duties of a school-teacher, while his palace-home was made destitute by his father's death and his mother's exile. It would be pleasant to know the princely usher's thoughts, when, after he had patiently endured the toil of contending with the levities and the dulness of school-boys, he retired to his own secret contemplations—more extraordinary than those of any one of his ill-fortuned class—except, perhaps, Eugene Aram. We passed the two Rhine streams by two elegant bridges, and circled the border of a lovely lawn lying beside the Hinter Rhine, as loveable a spot (except the small wild common beyond Servoz), as I remember out of Britain. The road, rising gradually, forms a semicircle above it, and the descending bank, following the beautiful curve, is fringed with shrub-like trees, while the circled turf is such as fairies would choose for their revels. Ascending the valley of Domleschg, we saw on a green knoll, almost in sight of this bit of verdant peace, a gallows—emblem of infant civilisation, soon, perhaps, to be looked upon as a moral wonder—under which, at long intervals, a sturdy robber has gazed his last on this fair world. From this point, where law has planted its terrible footstep, more awful from the solitude around it, the huge valley (such it now becomes) is rough with the vestiges of contests, both elemental and human. It is a wild scene; on the crags which jut out from the mountains, are the remains of feudal holds more ancient, and which nested bandits more fierce, than those of the Rhine in its glory; while the vexed and furrowed earth attests the force of the huge torrent of the Nolla, which often lays it waste;—you almost tremble as you look on this wild battle-field of nature and men! It is a small chaos. Nothing is settled there even yet;—language still struggles with language, creed with creed; for each hamlet differs in tongue and religion from its neighbour: a grand unblessed spot, with the gibbet at one end, the ruined holds of robbers at the other, and desolation in the centre. I turned often from the gloomy grandeur around to look back, where the tall limestone rocks we had passed harmonised in curious felicity with the cold grey of the sky, until, under the shades of the dark mountains, we entered the old dingy faded town of Thusis. It has an interest, however, of its own, not out of keeping with the glooms of its neighbourhood, for it carries the mind back to the remote antiquity of Etruscan colonisation in the rude days of Rome. Here we waited for an hour to refresh our horses and ourselves; they took large hunches of black bread; we took a coarse *déjeûné à la fourchette*, in a dark upper room, which I fancied like those interesting chambers to which benighted travellers are led in melodramas for purposes beyond hospitality. The black worm-eaten table, the tall cobwebbed walls, the mutton-chops which seemed cut with a cleaver, such as might have been hewn by the old Tuscan knives, savoured of an imperfect civilisation; but there came a dish of stewed prunes, which ended the repast with a relish of sweetness, and left a last pleasant thought of a region still breathing the terrors of the gallows and the sword."

Entering into Italy, the sketches are very graphic, and we see the places: for instance:

"Lecco is a dirty town, with dark narrow streets; but how 'free and easy' life seemed to be in them! At sunset all its population was abroad—not in the meadows, but in the streets—all disporting themselves after their own whim (you cannot call it will)—the young as if the world contained no schoolmaster, the old as if it owned no empire of opinion; some lounging on benches drinking lemonade or light wine; some playing cards at low tables placed across the gutters, with hands and cards equally dark; but no drunkenness, no riot, no ill-humour, was seen amidst that dirty, careless race. But the most marvellous thing to me was the extreme vivacity and variety of colour which flashed, and glistened, and deepened, and harmonised in the motley scene. If the vagabonds had all engaged to contribute some bit of colour to the picture, they could not have produced more vivid effects than those which the instinct of their nature shed on their apparel and grouping. No matter whether young or old, shapely or deformed, in decent attire or in rags, all tended to the picturesque; a light-blue cap, a crimson jacket, a scarlet cloak, a green handkerchief, a bunch of ribands, some bright streak flashed gladness on the scene wherever you glanced, independent of the clear olive complexion and merry black eyes which beamed out among the vagrant crowds. In-doors this love of colour was more elaborately exerted; our inn-rooms were all painted in compartments—walls, ceilings, floor; we had fallen on a coloured

* We have also the satisfaction to possess the volume of Mr. Talfourd's critical and miscellaneous writings; one vol., pp. 354; printed by Carey and Hart of Philadelphia.—*Ed. L. G.*

world, where 'motley's your only wear.' And surely here the poet's advice, '*Ne crede colori*,' will be given in vain. Colour, in truth, is the most trustworthy of all appearances; it cannot deceive you, for all that it seems it is; and unless we have 'the inky cloak' on our spirits, we need know nothing but 'seems' while we enjoy it. Our journey on the morning of 27th August, from one foot of the great lake at Lecco to the other at Como, though short, had the requisites of an epic poem—an adequate beginning, middle, and end; each distinct, yet all forming a complete whole. The beginning consists of a gradual development and perfect view of Lecco in a basin, almost urn, of rocky mountains, reminding me of that noble circlet amidst the highest Scotch hills, with a huge pulpit-like rock in its centre, which opens behind Ballahulish; its middle a succession of quiet green lanes, like those we enjoy in the midst of England, with views of two small, unpretending lakes; its end a long, majestic, refulgent descent to Como, enthroned at the head of its own lake, here peopled with bright pleasure-boats, with a towering castle for its crown."

There was, however, no auroræ borealis, such as we once saw with wonder and admiration by Glencoe, where the accomplished author and his same travelling family circle gazed along with us on the glorious emanation. The glimpse at Italy was very brief, and the party turned their faces homeward by the pass of St. Gothard; and these are beautiful reflections:

"In the deep solitude of this our most Alpine hour, I felt my mind, instead of expanding with the scene, shrink and shiver within me; the awful description of Coleridge's Ancient Mariner—of his feeling in the enchanted ocean—'so lonely 'twas that God himself scarce seemed there to be,' came upon my thought; and I was forced to project my mind into brighter scenes to cast off the 'burthen of mystery' with which these huge forms of matter oppressed it. Surely it is a false application of a great sentiment to represent that, amidst the vast desolation of scenes like these, the presence of creative and providential goodness is more vividly indicated than in the common pathway of life; that an unhumbled spirit, finding divinity nowhere else, must recognise it in these dumb fastnesses of nature; or that the devout believer should feel himself more in the immediate presence of his Maker here than in the plain or the city. Such raptures,—if not misplaced at the sight of a vast chaos, like the cataract of Niagara, a world of water inevitably tumbling down from the sudden descent of its channel,—have no especial or peculiar propriety which should exclude equal consciousness of the divine in livelier scenes. Surely it is not beneath the pinnacles of heights unvisited by human step, in huge unpeopled solitudes, in regions of ancient ruin and present desolation, that the mind more intensely perceives the working of merciful wisdom, than in the daily sunrise, the unfailing succession of seasons, the development of the humblest flower from its seed; the smallest, faintest, commonest harmonies of the universe! It is true that when the mind, at first overwhelmed by those huge inequalities which mark the ruins of centuries, finds relief in tracing out the beauty which everywhere gradually cleaves to them, and perceives a spirit of loveliness ever working to clothe rude chasms with waving verdure, and sculpture out fair beds for the tortured torrents to rest in, it throws off the weight of stifling matter, and rejoices in its celestial relations. But there is more kindred with our heaven-ward thoughts, and therefore more living proofs of their divine source, in the humblest movement of the lowest intellect—in the infant's dawning smile—even in the instincts of animal affection, than in all these majestic tossings of the rind of the outer world."

As a light contrast we may copy what follows:

"We soon found ourselves accompanied by another river—the infant Reuss—to which we were wedded for the course of its natural life; so we were scarcely 'off with our old love' before we were 'on with the new.' A little onward the village of Hospital came in view, crested by an old weather-stained tower, standing amidst a desolation which might have satisfied 'the lost Aspasia,' without the sea-beach, but leading to a startlingly vivacious hotel with white walls and green windows. Here, having started at half-past five, and travelled four hours in mist and rain, we reckoned on stopping to breakfast, notwithstanding a mysterious warning which some discontented Englishman had written over the mantel-piece of the inn at Airolo—'Englishmen, beware the inn at Hospital; beware of the landlord; beware of his lion.' Quite ready to take evidence of the truth or falsehood of this libel, we made the most eloquent signals in our power to our coachman; but he first nodded his head like a mandarin, to shew that he understood our wish, and then shook it, like Lord Burleigh, to indicate that he could not grant it. Why he was disinclined to refresh himself and the horses I could not guess, for I had no more means of penetrating his mind than that of the cat (if cats have minds), who lay as sleek and happy in one of the lion's windows, as if she had not been 6000 feet above the sea. Whatever might be the motive, the action was unequivocal; he gave his whip a scornful crack, almost in the face of the libelled landlord, who stood beneath his own placid lion with inviting looks, and whirled us on, looking back on the Alpine puss with envy. About two miles further, a slender tower or spire—tower rather, tapering into a spire,—with its painted head, indicated the town of Andermatt; here, at all events, we hoped to stop—in vain; the head again shook, the whip again cracked; and very hungry, half angry, and half smiling, we passed two inviting hotels, and resigned ourselves to our fortune."

Coachee landed them at a wooden Swiss house, where they were well and cheaply entertained. We need hardly state, that the remarks of the author of *Ion* on the various theatres he visits on his route are well worth the attention of the lovers of the drama and dramatic art. An attempt to ascend Mont Blanc, where the ambitious climbers mounted to the grand *plateau*, may also be commended to perusal; whilst we must descend all the journey to Waterloo, and with an extract descriptive of that immortal field as it is now, conclude our sketchy notice:

"The next day we spent in exploring the field of Waterloo, which I heartily wish we had left unvisited. Never, surely, was the scene of any great action so far despoiled of interest by petty, harassing, vexatious details as this. We could not, indeed, expect much of striking memorial in a mere battle-field; vastness and silence—the faithful preservation of such vestiges as are most closely associated with the master-minds that here played out the game of death—are all that could be wished for; but these, as far as possible, have been confused, or destroyed. As if the level plain, beneath which so many brave soldiers are reposing, were not as appropriate a monument as a mound of the same earth, the inclination of the ground which the British forces occupied has been violated, in order to scoop out materials for an ugly mass of dirt, surmounted by a frightful lion:—oh, how unlike the monumental lion of Lucerne! The scene of carnage is changed for one of civil spoliation; for every step is infested with lazy, urgent guides, or beggars; some thrusting their physical infirmities, some their false relics, in your face; and some putting forward nothing but their sturdy prayers, ready to be turned into curses; all around you is pettiness, pretence, and plunder. A kindred spirit of mean exaction pervades the miserable hotels, at one of which you are obliged to stop,—the host charging you the price of *Chambertin* for *vin ordinaire* you cannot drink; and the waiter is astonished if you do not pay him handsomely for bringing it into the room, as if he had some hand in winning the battle; while the low, whitewashed walls, and pot-house chairs, and flaring-coloured prints, complete the sense of discomfort. Then, in order to substitute the idea of carnage in its shocking realities—too recent to be blended with events which are removed by time beyond a relation to surviving sorrows—for the greater feelings the scene should suggest, as the mighty witness to the adamantive part of British nature and the catastrophe of Napoleon's career, you are beset with such relics as the skull of a soldier, with teeth of horrid whiteness, to indicate that he fell in the bloom of life. The day was intensely hot; the road dusty, flinty, arid; so that the shade of the dullest fir-grove I ever traversed was a welcome solace; and the *voiturier* deaf to all our entreaties that he would move faster than at a foot's pace; who thus gave to our misery a ludicrous completeness. There was only one moment in which I felt the awful spirit of the scene:—passing through a small angular paled garden, planted with dusty shrubs, to reach the steps of the mound (for which, of course, you pay), where some bees were buzzing over two or three wild flowers, the faint noise rendering the sense of stillness deeper, suggested the contrast between the images of peaceful life and the horrors which had raged there; but the feeling was immediately dissipated by a tribe of dirty boys with bullets and brass buttons for sale. We went, however, to the play in the evening; and *assisted* in more than the French sense at the welcome of a fair and frightened *débutante* in a lively operetta; and became reconciled to ourselves and our species."

Need we repeat how very agreeable these volumes are—the picture of an amiable nature, with all the social and picturesque reflections of the animate and inanimate world around it scattered through every page?

Letters of a German Countess; written during her Travels in Turkey, Egypt, the Holy Land, Syria, Nubia, &c., in 1843 and 4. By Ida, Countess Hahn-hahn. 3 vols. H. Colburn.

THE name of this German lady, so full of *h*'s, and yet only three letters in all—a name that might have done honour to a heroine in the land of Houhyhnyms—has of late been becoming familiar to the literary ears of England through the medium of various publications. We presume, therefore, that it has risen to some popular height in her native country; and that Hahn-hahn will, by and by, be as familiar to us as Bremer or Eugène Sue.

From the present work, the only entire one we have seen from her pen, she seems to possess great vivacity, and to describe the scenes and circumstances through which her extended travel conducts her with considerable point—somewhat after the manner of Lady Mary Wort-

ley Montague. Accordingly, where she has nothing new to tell, she is at any rate a lively companion; and really it is so difficult in our days, when countesses make nothing of visiting cataracts in the Nile, and consorting with Copts, Arabs, Nubians, to find any thing new to tell, that we rarely take up a book of tours and voyages in the expectation of meeting aught else but well-known dishes, cooked up in a somewhat novel way. The plain hot joint of to-day becomes the cold meat, with other condiments, of the morrow, the hash of the day after, and the nameless *olla podrida* of succeeding meals. The nutriment may be quite exhausted, and all depend on the seasoning and spicing.

The letters contained in the first of the volumes before us set off from Vienna, cross Silesia, descend the Danube, make a stay at Constantinople, and thread the Greek Archipelago to Beyrout. They give a lively personal narrative relating to matters and society already very often described, and are increased in bulk by sketches of past history, bits of politics, political economy and philosophy, and other little episodiacal introductions, written, like the rest, in an easy and pleasing style; with a certain *Femaleness* about them which renders them more agreeable than if they had been penned by a clumsy, hard- (or pseudo-hard-) thinking male creature. They belong to the Touch-and-Go school; and if they do not inform much, they do not weary the reader. As we are on our way, however, to stranger and less-frequented regions (though traversed enough in late publications), we shall dip very slightly into volume the first.

Of the Silesians, leading to a curious picture of Prussia, the Countess says:

"In Berlin, an amiable friend, who belongs herself to one of the first Silesian families, said to me, 'In Silesia, people will not speak to you till they know your pedigree.' I can, however, judge from my own experience alone. I have experienced a most friendly reception, an hospitable attention, which shews an interest in the stranger, and yet leaves him at perfect liberty. But, as I belong to the 'caste,' as people now say—and besides, am just now the fashion, as I say to myself—that assertion may be on the whole correct. Noble and not noble are said to be strictly separated in society; and this is not to be effected without a strong spirit of caste—especially in Prussia, where the prodigiously extensive host of placemen, with its various ramifications, forms a very numerous and important class, into which people are received without regard to birth, and attain to the highest posts in the state, and of course cannot possibly be excluded from the first society. Under such circumstances, it must require most skilful management to keep the caste pure. For my part, I believe that there will soon be no other nobility but that which consists of servants of the state, nearly the same as in Russia; whoever holds this or that office is noble, be he even the son of a peasant. The period of history which began with the Reformation, about three hundred and fifty years ago, and established nobility and church upon the footing on which they still subsist, is approaching to its end—that is undeniable; for the forms in which both institutions still continue to exist have ceased to content any one. They are decaying, giving way, cracking, and breaking on all sides, and the minority only yet cling tenaciously to them. To harmonise the present with the past, with the fragments that still protrude from the one into the other, appears to me useless. One ought to strive, on the contrary, to harmonise the future with the present."

Further on:—

"It is reported, that the prosperity of those large and handsome Silesian villages, many of them numbering several thousand inhabitants, has considerably declined since the linen-manufactures, their principal occupation, have ceased to be so flourishing as formerly. I have heard tales of most pitiable distress, of abject and hopeless misery. The Silesian linen was never celebrated and sought after for its excellence, but for its cheapness; though on that account it was in such request that the manufacturers had extended their dealings as far as Spain. Hence the foreign denominations for Silesian linens; for instance, *creas*. Since they began to mix cotton with the web, nay, to substitute stuffs entirely cotton for linen; since England has, with her spinning machines, crushed all the linen-weavers of Germany, and can supply goods at a much cheaper rate; since then the Silesian linen has not been able to maintain its ground against the prodigious competition. It is also alleged that some manufacturers have, through the abuse of chlorine in bleaching, furnished goods that were not lasting, and thereby injured the trade. Many of the linen-weavers have now turned cotton-weavers, but that business is so enormously overstocked that it produces very little; he wages of a whole week are said to amount to about half a dollar, say twenty-six dollars a year; and out of this the workman has to keep himself, and a wife and children! Other linen-weavers again are obstinate: they are determined to stick to a trade which their fathers and grandfathers carried on before them, and consider the weaving of cotton as degrading. In short, in the Silesian mountains, as in those of Saxony, wherever agriculture is not the main resource of the common man, there prevails a deep distress, an abject poverty, which wrings the heart, especially when you hear tell how very different, how flourishing things were formerly, whereas now one blossom of prosperity is dropping off after another. But, as I have already remarked, this does not yet force itself upon observation by external appearances. The case is much the same as that of merchants, who live in wealth and splendour, till their failure makes known that ten, twelve years ago they sustained ruinous losses."

The Countess appears to be an enthusiastic admirer of Murillo; for coming across some of his paintings, she says:—

"Whenever I see one of Murillo's masterpieces, I cannot help repeating, 'To no man whatever has the human soul so revealed itself as to him.' And what for us is the most extraordinary thing of all—he is not a clever painter—only an inspired one. The moderns are clever—that is, some few of them—very clever, acute, perspicacious, familiar with the inward life and its operation upon outward appearance, artistically inspired. This is a great deal in our days, when nine-tenths of the painters, of the poets, of the artists of every kind, make a paltry trade, a source of scanty livelihood, out of what ought to be a worship. For that Murillo-inspiration, the soul must be attuned to a different note, and for such a one as is no longer heard in the world. Genius sleeps, talent wakes. Whoever is at this day under twenty-five years old, has to a certainty *one* considerable talent. Talent feeds and fattens: it seems to be a kind of disease, which people must have in their youth, that they may rest from it in their age. All are desirous to attain the highest degree of technical ability; in this way genius is stifled, and so technical ability becomes the acme of talent. This system will be carried to such a length that we shall conceive an aversion to talent, because we shall find that it makes the possessor rather stupid. I appear to myself like Hoffmann's 'Johannes Kreisler.' Out of pure love for music, he will not hear any, because it is not performed to his mind. Poor Kreisler! did he not go mad? Yes, yes, that is quite natural; whoever has ideas, has assuredly a fixed idea among them, which may become so fixed, as to kill all the others—and this is madness."

The accounts of Constantinople and its effete sultan have little worth particularising, for they are indeed far more than twice-told tales; but we copy an example or two of them.

"To-day I have seen one of the greatest curiosities of Constantinople, the sultan, as he returned from the mosque of Beglerbey to the palace of the same name. A sultan! What an idea of power, grandeur, pomp, does that word convey. To ascertain in how far Abdoul Medjid answers this idea, I stood up in the street by the Turkish drum—just like the street-boys in Europe. The street was strewed with sand, and a file of soldiers in European uniforms drawn up. Four superb saddle-horses of the sultan's, led by grooms, opened the procession; then followed at least a dozen old pashas or officers of the court, all in the well-known brown surtout, with a red fez, and upon fine horses; among them a real monster, the Kislar Aga, the chief of the black eunuchs. Then a pause—and at last, all alone, came sultan Abdoul Medjid, in a long dark-blue cloak, above which appeared his pale inanimate face. He rode very slowly; the band received him with an ear-rending 'God save the king!' the soldiers shouted a scanty *Vivat*. Not a smile deranged his features, not a ray lighted up his eye—a salute is of course out of the question. Some thought his look firm and imposing; I found it only cold, passionless, glassy. When he approached the group of Franks of both sexes, he made his horse caper just a little, perhaps by way of expressing his notice of their salutation. The finest things about him were incontestably the diamonds sparkling on his fez and at his breast. I hear that he has the epilepsy, or nervous attacks, or too large a harem. In short, he looks neither like a powerful sultan nor a healthy young man. The palace which I mentioned is situated on the Asiatic side, so we were obliged to cross in a caïque. This is certainly the most inconvenient sort of boat that I ever met with. In the first place, unsafe from its construction, and secondly, calculated only for Turkish figures, which double themselves up, like pocket-knives, whenever they sit down, for which reason they are all bow-legged. You must either cower on a scanty carpet or lean cushion on the bottom of the boat, or lay yourself down flat, with your head only above the edge. The rowers sit in short wide linen trousers, and shirts with muslin sleeves, for their work is hard. Notwithstanding their light clothing, they are bathed in perspiration, and hands, face, breast, and legs are so embrowned by air, sun, and wind, that the whole man looks as if he were carved out of old oak. His features are in perfect correspondence, hard, sharp, distinctly marked, not so broad and flat as with us. At the places where you get into these boats, there is always a great tumult, because fifty rowers offer their caïques, and because you must always bargain about the price."

The slave-market is thus depicted: "I invite you to accompany me to the slave-market—of course the market for female slaves, the flower of Georgia and Circassia, and full of black Ethiopian beauties—all to be sold like the finest herd of cattle—a sublime institution; but

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certainly most agreeable to the eye. Come along then. * * * We keep walking on and on, for a very long time; for Constantinople is a large city, spread over seven hills. At length, a narrow steep street leads us to a gate, which is the entrance to the slave-market: a keeper, with a cane, stands by it, and the dragoman has to purchase our admission. A Turk rides past and enters before us: the profane eyes of Franks are not deemed worthy to behold the sanctuary. However, the bakshish purifies us, and, during these negotiations, a Jew steps before us, puts his hand to his forehead with a peculiar movement, which signifies, 'I lay my head in the dust of your feet;' and offers his services for any contingency whatever—if not for slaves, for shawls; if not for shawls, for tobacco—quite in the officious trading spirit of his people. Franks are not allowed to purchase slaves: that privilege belongs exclusively to the Turk. Now we enter the paradise of houris, full of curiosity and expectation. The place itself is not inviting: an irregular square, surrounded by dull galleries. In these galleries are seated the sellers with coffee and tchibouk, overseers, persons who have come to buy, and curious spectators; and, in narrow, low, dark chambers, having a door and a grated window opening into the gallery, is kept the precious commodity. A group is placed—or rather seated, for they squat as usual upon mats—in the middle of the court on show. Let us look at them! Oh, horror! what a repulsive, what a frightful spectacle! Muster all your powers of imagination, figure to yourself monsters, and you will not come up to the negresses, from whom your offended eye turns with loathing. But the Georgians, the Circassians? the most magnificent women in the world—where are they?—Ah, my dear brother, the white slaves are kept separate at Tophane, thence taken to the harems for inspection, and it is only through most especial favour that you are admitted to their place of abode. Here are only blacks, and with this unsightly spectacle you must be content. There they sit; a coarse grey garment covers the figure; glass rings of various colours encircle the wrists, and glass beads the neck; they wear the hair cropped close. You are first struck by the forehead deeply depressed over the eyebrows, as in the Cretins; then by the large, rolling, inexpressive eye; then by the nose, which, without share-bone, looks like a shapeless mass; then by the mouth, with the frightfully bestial formation of the protruding lower jaw, with the gaping black lips—red lips in negroes are a European idea of beauty not verified by the reality; then by the long-fingered, ape-like hands, with ugly colourless nails; then by the spindle shanks, with protuberant calves; but, most of all, by the inexpressively brutal air of the whole figure, form and expression included. The colour differs; sometimes a glossy black, sometimes brownish, sometimes greyish. They exhibit no sign of life, staring at us with the same unconscious look with which they stare at one another. A purchaser comes and surveys them; females coming to buy make their observations upon them; they heed neither. They are measured in height and breadth, like a bale of goods; they are examined, hands, hips, feet, teeth, like a horse, when a customer is disposed to bargain; they submit to it all, without shyness, without anger, without pain. All this is done with decency, at least what is called decency, for they are not obliged to strip off their clothes, which reach from the neck to half-way down the thigh. Then a price is asked, an offer made, and the parties bargain: if they agree, the slave goes away with the master or the mistress of the harem; if not, she squats down again upon the mat, unconcerned about her fate. Now, how do you like all this? I must honestly confess that, in the whole proceeding, nothing was so repulsive to me as their ugliness, and that the majestic royal eagle at Schönbrunn excited in me more pity for his captivity than the slavery of these creatures. I asked myself, 'Is it possible that a Sappho, an Aspasia, a Mary Stuart, that these and similar paragons of intelligence, loveliness, and beauty, could belong to the same race?' and, with great assurance, I answered myself, 'No;' for a woman without intelligence is no longer a woman, but only—indeed, I can find no other word but a female. The races! how thoroughly are you convinced of their difference, when you place such a black beside an Aspasia; and no philanthropist can deny the gulf that separates these two beings. We are of dust, and to dust we return; but, for the few years that I am to live, I thank my Creator that it has pleased him to bestow on my dust a white envelope."

And the spirit within it is good; for thus does it pour itself out after eight days' sickly and inconvenient sailing in a poor vessel from Smyrna to Beyrout:—

"Ah! it is like a dream, all that I have seen near and at a distance, and where I have been, during the last eight days. To mention merely the names of Chios, Patmos, Samos, Rhodes—does it not sound like an harmonious chord? does it not make as agreeable an impression as if you were to take up a bouquet of fragrant roses of all colours? Ah! how beautiful is the world! how great! yet not so impenetrably extensive as you are apt to imagine, before you have taken a few right hearty steps in it. Here I am, sitting as quietly and in as good health at the foot of the Lebanon as under our lime-trees, on the extreme coast of the Mediterranean as on that of the Baltic. I have had to encounter no dangers during the long journey, no horrors have threatened me, not a finger has ached. To be sure, I have been sea-sick, but that is rather an incomprehensible defect in my constitution than a disease, and it is utterly impossible that the body should always feel well; therefore mine suffers when at sea. The moment I set but one foot on shore, I am quite well again. Sea-sickness, it is true, is excessively annoying; but yet we have had a magnificent voyage, when I look back at it and call every thing to mind."

[To be continued.]

Reynard the Fox. A renowned Apologue of the Middle Age reproduced in Rhyme. By Samuel Naylor. 4to, pp. *circ.* 300. London, Longmans.

Nobody would think (so wisely inquisitive and opiniative is our age) of translating, publishing, writing about, or reviewing Reynard the Fox, without dissertating upon his birth, parentage, and education, the country in which he originated, his first state, his accessions, his diffusions, his transformations, his applications, and all the transitions of his fortunes from his primal bark to the present day. The "spread" of Reynard seems to be almost equivalent to "the spread of knowledge" (a vile phrase), and we hug ourselves upon the opportunity not to parade the *Literary Gazette* in borrowed plumes, but simply to offer two or three plain remarks on introducing this volume to our readers.

The story, as all are aware, has been the subject of a great controversy between two opinions; one side holding that, as in the political romance of the beginning of last century, the different characters represented individuals who moved in the political world at a given period; and the other, that the composition had no political meaning at all! By way of a *juste-milieu* judgment, we are inclined to think that both parties in the dispute are, to a certain degree, wrong. Reynard is certainly a political satire, but the satire is general. It is an attack against the evils of the mediæval system; and where aught like individualisation appears, it is either incidental or accidental, or infused into local versions. At its elder date it was not the fashion to write satires representing persons under concealed names or allegories.

We are speaking of it as a whole; a whole, too, naturalised in almost every European country, not one of which would be cognisant of its force and applicability if it treated only of the despots or denizens of its neighbour, and had no comprehensive bearing upon what equally aggrieved them all. The variations from this rule are therefore, most probably, interpolated exceptions.

And this is the more likely to be the case, because there can be no doubt that the adventures which now form the work originally existed in separate ballads and tales, which were at length collected together and incorporated by some mediæval Homer.* We are best acquainted with the history of the French poem, which was produced so long ago as the twelfth century in various *Branches*; and is very prolix, as well as in some parts unconnected. On the other hand, the German Reynard is more compact in form, and more complete in plot; which is rather a ground for believing in the greater antiquity of the former than the contrary, and likewise for supporting our hypothesis of the aggregation of distinct pieces to make the finished Fox. Historically following his literary course, the French Reynard was the one known in England in the middle ages; and most of the allusions found in our early literature refer to it. The German, in a Dutch or Flemish edition, was translated into English, and printed by Caxton; and from that date it superseded the older French, and took its place in our popular publications. Thus all the versions which have since and lately made their appearance in our language are derived from the German story.

And what the German did for the French, we fancy Mr. Naylor's production is likely to do for its English predecessors; drive all those of any ambition out of the field. He has taken the low-German Rynke der Voss for his model, and paraphrased it in his own, but a congenial, style; giving the sense rather than the precise words, and often converting the foreign into our own national imagery and jocular phraseology. There may be slight defects and blemishes, but we like the execution of the whole exceedingly; and, in short, will lay this on our shelf as a pet volume. We should add, that its handsome form, binding, and printing, further recommend it to this preferment.

A learned and judicious introduction marshals us into the Fox's den; and we should state that Mr. Naylor inclines to a belief in the Flemish origin of the fable. He says:

"The weight of evidence in this controversy is, nevertheless, on the side of those who assign to Flanders the honour of its birth—a conclusion resting on further presumptive proof supplied by the latest treasure turned up in the Flemish vein of this yet unexhausted mine, being no other than a Latin manuscript, enti-

* We are glad to see that Mr. Carlyle takes a similar view.—*Ed. L. G.*

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tled 'Reinardus Vulpes,' which Mone, in the preface to his edition of it, unhesitatingly ascribes to a Fleming of the period between the ninth and twelfth centuries. It must not, however, be overlooked, that a version in High German was already then current, as the production of one Heinrich der Glicheser. Of the Flemish manuscript Gervinus, indeed, affirms, that its compiler had a French source (but states not his authority for the assumption) before him, from whence he derived his version. Raynouard too, in the 'Journal des Savans,' asserts that allusions to the characters of the fable were in use popularly, and understood in a vernacular sense by the people of that country and period. In short, Germans, Flemings, and French, have all laboured long and learnedly in this debateable land, where 'fresh fields and pastures new' seem ever to lie stretching beyond the sight, in directions whither it is no part of our plan to follow them."

With regard to the moral, Mr. Naylor truly observes:

"The *Fourberies* of the fox, who, although he may figuratively be considered (like Goethe's Mephistopheles) its hero of immorality, are but 'the cogs, and arcs, the cylinders, and wheels,' by which the machinery is contrived to act on that perilous stuff which makes up the individual foibles of the remaining characters—the motive-power impelling onwards a concatenated series of disastrous results, the fruits of fatal indulgence when prompted by the devices of a devil, whether fox or fiend. It is the one fault or infirmity, the weak side of the victim, by means of which Reynard, the arch-impostor, commands the whole of his success. The greater sagacity of the fox arises not so much from any larger endowments, as from the remorseless, heartless, passionless obliquity of his nature. His cunning, unlike the cunning of all merely clever fellows, is not entirely compounded of the selfish craft of wakeful and shrewd observation, nor does his wisdom consist exclusively in the trite observances of every-day experience. His wits are sharpened to a finer point by something more than their constant activity. It is by the exercise of inborn astuteness that the idiosyncracy of each victim is exposed to his intuition, and the means made at once available for his artful practices on the side of the sore so patent to his view. The fox's is the art to conceal art; his very nature is art, and artifice his element; his marvellous speciousness is never present to himself; he has a moral squint in his mind's eye; he cannot see aright without looking askance; treachery and deceit are to him familiar as household things, and to act without their instrumentality would be to will without incentive; no thought but what is furtive can occur to him, no course but the crooked can he fancy straight; the thunder of the 'crack o' doom' would fail to startle him into propriety; he is of kin with the irreclaimable spirit denounced by the indignant Roman:

'Flamma per incensas citius sedetur aristas,
Fluminaque ad fontis sint reditura caput,
• • • •
Quam possit quisquam vestros reprendere cursus,
Et rapidæ stimulos frangere nequitiæ!'

What need, then, to ascribe to the poet any other aim than that of enunciating this great secret of mundane success—the knowledge of the weak side of the world around us, and the exposition of the golden rule by which that knowledge is alone made available—namely, to play upon it without remorse, as the great essential to the attainment of all selfish ends?"

The universality of the application of this lesson, not only to the middle, but to all ages, will sufficiently account for the popularity of Reynard; and we cannot wonder at its effect in older times, when its pictures of manners were more fresh and striking than they are now. Still it offers a fine, ay, and a deep study of human nature, however altered in externals by civilisation and the progress of mind. It is a just satire on life, and life is eternally the same: the same in realities, the same in objects, the same in follies, the same in vices, and the same (let us hope more) in virtues.

Having said so much, we have only to add a few specimens of Mr. Naylor's Hudibrastic measures. When Reynard has got the wolf Vulpes into a horrid scrape:—

"The king, incensed, sware high and low,
The fox, or reason why he'd know,
Should answer it. Again attend
The summoned peers: they recommend
The question to th' assembled nation
Should be referred for legislation.
To open then the parliament
His majesty in person went;
There, in a voice whose angry thunder
Nigh split the lieges' ears in sunder,
Reynard's foul deeds in full related,
And thus his speech he perorated:
'To my ambassadors I hear
Disbursements for the current year
Are due, on special missions sent
At home, as on the continent.
Grimalkin, Bruin eke, pray care for:
They 're done the state good service, therefore
I recommend to th' sense of th' house
A grant of honey—and a mouse!'
At these words both the twain looked pale,
And on th' assembly straight turn'd tail:
Declaring politics a nuisance,
They paired off, in that phrase's true sense.

His majesty, when that so far he went,
Concluded thus his speech to parliament:
'In Reynard's case, what 's right, that do!
And wisdom ever wait on you!'
Th' address was moved by Owl of Screech;
It was mere echo of the speech.
This done, they all, in fierce debate,
On Reynard's case thick congregate.
They talked of treason and misprision,
And called aloud for a division;
Some counselled this, some argued that,
When Greybeard, taking off his hat,
Arose and said: 'Sire! gentlemen!
Who would not rue the instant when
Our ancient customs went for nought?
The thing requires no second thought:
A liegeman thrice must summoned be,
Ere this tribunal pass decree.
It matters not, whos'e'er the name—
Reynard's or other's—'t is the same.
If on the third he comes not, then
To what you say, I'll say Amen!'
The king inquired what man there was
Who'd put himself in Reynard's jaws!
What doughty champion would arise
His life and limb to jeopardise
In vain attempt to bring away
The slippery fox! 'I mean to say,
There 's no one here would undertake it!'

'Yes, one!'
'Who 's he?'
'The same that spake it!'
Cried Greybeard: 'Sire! your slave doth ask
Permission to achieve this task.
Be it by open means or secret,
I'll bring the fox within a week yet!'
To him the king: 'Success attend
Your chivalrous emprise, my friend!
Be circumspect; for well we wot,
There 's ne'er a knave, if Reynard's not.'"

The result of this mission is a little more fortunate than the visits of Bruin, Grimalkin, and the others. Greybeard induces him to venture to court, and the sequel is capital:—

"When it was bruited round the court
How Reynard was by Greybeard brought,
In flocks and crowds the people stream,
And strive which should be first to see him.
Few were there 'mid the gathered throng
Who had not charges loud and long
In form preferred—though their vicinity
Disturbed not much his equanimity;
Felt or feigned, his nonchalance he
So well displayed, that men to fancy
Began, they had too harshly judged—
Too little of allowance grudged
To one so very out of fashion
As was the fox;—in short, compassion
Throughout the public bosom 'gan
Deep root to strike apace, and ran,
As brambles do about green gorse,
Pricking the conscience with remorse:
Whilst proud and positive his tread,
As through the thronged streets they thread;
His look, like kings' sons', shewed *abandon*.
There was no man could lay his hand on
His breast, and give 't as his conviction
'Twas humbug, impudence, or fiction!

In sight of all, his thoughts collected,
His step towards the throne directed,
He made his way; nor pushed the crowd
Aside, but paused for them, and bowed,
Conciliatory—deprecating—
As though he underwent a fêting!
Their loathsome contact was defiling—
He felt the fetid taint; yet smiling,—
His forehead smooth as weapon-sheath,
Screening the daggered thoughts beneath—
From out the mass made exit clean,
Then stood before the king serene,
And thus he spake:
'Imperial sire!
By blood of ancestors whose fire
Now rolls within your veins! and by
Your badge of sacred sov'reignty!
A patient hearing I entreat;
Then will await the sentence meet.
No liegeman to his lord and seigneur
Bides trustier in troth or tenure
Than I to you. Most clear it is
I'm compassed round by enemies,
In deadly league bound, linked, and banded,
Who shrink to meet me even-handed;
Court-access deeming me debarred,
They'd rob me of my king's regard
Through lies and villanies. Sire! you
The power possess of piercing through
Appearances: vain their deceit!
Your majesty well knows to treat
The cunning of these low maligners,
And brand the pack for base designers.
Anathemas at me they fling
Because I'm stedfast to my king.'

In wrath the king; 'Cease, hypocrite!
Your flummery helps you not a whit!
With you, as law alone directs,
I'll deal—that you be made th' affects
Of disobedience to feel—
Thou fungus of the commonweal!
How oft hast thou not scorned and hooted
Th' authorities as constituted?
My proclamation how respected?
And how my envoys intercepted?—
Here stands the cock; on you he lays
The loss of half (at least) his race.
False thief! and darest thou presume
About thy loyalty to fume?
A scurvy jest it is to hit on;
And one my very grooms might spit on.
Grimalkin, there, one eye hath lost;
His scalp from Bruin's head been forced:
No more!—The rest I'll not afflict
With these recitals—I convict
Thee, wretch, of all! Upon the tree
Thy rebel life shall forfeit be!'"

How he escaped the noose was due to his cunningly sowing suspicions and his masterly defence:—

"Endless the noise continued there,
Whilst Reynard balanced to a hair
Each argument—the *pro* and *con*;
Till, finding legs to stand upon,
Delib'rately to all replied.
Was never in this world so wide
Such heaps of charges dire preferred,
As all that livelong day were heard
From feathered plaintiff, and from furr'd!
Yet when the fox conspicuous stood
On his defence, it did one good
To mark how deftly he demolish'd
The string of proofs with speech fine polish'd,
And plausible excuse; no sinner
E'er left the dock so large a winner
Where tongue-bang was the stake! He dosed
The prosecutors, and exposed
In phrase so apt, with such deep learning,
The arguments, by twist and turning,
That all were seized with admiration,
And taken captive on th' occasion;
For never in their lives had they
Heard half so wondrous a display;
Nor dreamt the power of moods and tenses,
Could make men doubt their proper senses."

Having quoted enough to exhibit the manner

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in which Mr. N. has performed his task, we will not animadvert on his rather free use of unallowable and Cockney rhymes, and on certain bits of slang, which, though justified on principle in his design, do not embellish it. There is but one passage decidedly vulgar and objectionable, and we trust it will be expunged from every future edition.

Hystorye of Reynard the Foxe. By W. J. Thoms, Esq., F.S.A.

This edition was reprinted from Caxton's of 1481,* for the Percy Society, and made welcome by notes and an introductory sketch of the literary history of the romance from the experienced pen of Mr. Thoms. He holds, we perceive, on his investigation of the work, that it was originally German and not French; his chief argument being, that if French, the hero's name would have been *Goupil*, and not the Teutonic *Reinard*. Grimm supposes it to have been known to the Franks in the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries. But we are not about to enter upon antiquarian or philological research; and only refer to this version to recommend it, its editor, and the Society under whose auspices it has been published, to the attention of the public. The first they will find to be curious, the second meritorious, and the last well deserving of having its ranks augmented by all who wish to possess a dozen of interesting reprints a year at the cost of a guinea-subscription!

In the way of anecdote we may mention, that when the MS. of the Flemish *Reinaert* was purchased by the Belgian government at Heber's sale, and which Willems was commissioned to edit, the king, Leopold, read the whole of the poem, receiving from Willems such oral illustration and comment as he required and the latter could furnish.

Lady Cecilia Farrencourt. By Henry Milton. 3 vols. H. Colburn.

Novels, we have often indicated, are about the most difficult and unsatisfactory of our literary tasks. Few of them display any salient features for remark; many of them are of what may be esteemed the fair average quality, written with considerable ability, and readable with considerable gratification; and the rest such stuff as dreams are made of, and very wretched dreams to boot. When called on to review the first of these classes, we generally find that we could only do so significantly at the expense of their public interest, which we think it injurious to impair or destroy, and have therefore to restrain our pen. With regard to the second class, the same objection exists in increased force; for from the former we might happen to have the power of selecting some separable points of illustration, without interfering with the main plot and mystery; but from the latter such a process is impossible, and only long extracts (for which we have not room, even if we deemed them, which we do not, necessary or worthy of production) could afford a notion of their framework, parts, and composition. As for the third class, the least said is soonest mended; and we entertain no desire to meddle with the material manufactured expressly for the trunk-makers and butter-shops.

Lady Cecilia Farrencourt is a well-constructed specimen of the middle order above alluded to. The principal characters are cleverly drawn, and the natural course of their progress in life is dramatic, though simple and unforced into striking situations. The course runs easy; the descriptions of men, manners, and things, are the result of sensible observation; and the interest of the whole tale leads the reader on to the end with sufficient effect.

The sketch of the spicy hero, at the very opening of the novel, is as good an example as we can pick out of the author's talent:—

"Mr. Simon Cummins Allnutt, at the time when our narrative commences, was a widower, of the age of thirty-two. He was an inoffensive, friendly sort of person, imperfectly educated, weak, vain, and ill-informed. His ambition had never soared above his actual station, that of a wholesale fruit and spice merchant, in Upper Thames Street. His villa, at Clapham, like all other villas* at Clapham, had its ornamental paling, its *park gate*, its dusty garden of a quarter of an acre, and its light green coach-house doors in juxtaposition with its drawing-room windows. He kept a showy gig, with yellow sides and brass mouldings, and a smartly-dressed groom, with a military cockade in his hat. He had been a good, quiet, indulgent husband, was respected in the livery, and looked up to as a rising man, in the Worshipful Company of Grocers—was 'well to pass in the world,' which, in city phraseology, means about one-fourth as rich as a *warm* man, the latter title never descending below the 'hundred thousand pounders.' He was a fair-dealing tradesman, lived contented amongst his own class; and a swan-hopping party, up the river, with the Lord Mayor, once a-year, a white-bait dinner, down it, with the same exalted functionary, a front box, twice in the season, at Drury Lane—filled to overflowing, with members of his own and his wife's families—and an occasional fortnight at Margate or Brighton, formed the entire circle of his dissipation; whilst the honour of sitting upon the aldermanic bench, in the decline of life, was the utmost stretch of his ambition, as it had been that of his father and grandfather before him. Unhappily for Mr. Allnutt, he met nearly at the same time with a great loss and a great gain. His wife, a well-disposed notable personage, the daughter of Mr. Deputy Picleston, the drysalter, died suddenly; and a very few days afterwards, her disconsolate husband made a very large and a very successful speculation in nutmegs. The first of these events was nothing out of the ordinary course of nature, as wives have died suddenly in all ages of the world, and will probably continue to do so; but the second was not only a more important, but a far more singular occurrence. Mr. Allnutt bought and sold, re-bought and re-sold, and—the fact can be authenticated even to this day by his books—a third time purchased, and a third time vended, the same identical cargo of nutmegs, and each time at an immense profit. This one transaction, or rather these three transactions, followed up, as they were, by a few other speculations, made his fortune and destroyed his happiness. The quiet, contented tenour of his life was at an end. His business, his city friends, his relations—they were city relations—all became distasteful to him; his Clapham villa, with its light-green paling, park-gate, and all, grew odious in his eyes—nay, his groom, although a good, attentive lad, no longer suited him, and yet the poor fellow's only fault was that he had always lived with city gentlemen. The very same day that the last fifty casks of nutmegs took their final departure from Allnutt's warehouse, two distinct and almost equally dangerous objects of ambition took a firm grasp upon his mind. He resolved to go into Parliament, and he resolved to marry a woman of rank."

These ambitious pursuits constitute the thread of the narrative. The lady of rank whom he seeks, giving *a title* to the work, is extremely well painted; and the whole consists of instructive pictures of life, and entertaining accounts of social intercourse. Some of the humorous scenes are ludicrous enough, but rather overdone; and in one instance (apparently suggested by one of Colman's Broad Grins) too broad in its lingual double meaning. The lovers of works of fiction will have no reason to reckon their Paradise Lost in the time occupied in perusing this other Milton.

LORD MALMESBURY'S DIARIES, ETC.
[Third notice.]

It is not easy to take leave of a work like this; and yet, with our form and limits, it is impossible to do it justice without neglecting other claims. We must therefore, in this and another short paper, bring our remarks and extracts to a conclusion; being of necessity a very miscellaneous illustration.

The memoranda respecting the negotiations with Buonaparte at Paris, and the rupture after the hollow peace of Amiens, occupy considerable space, and divulge some curious minute particulars, whilst they confirm the received historical accounts of the impetuous and arrogant bearing of the French ruler and his double-dealing, in concert with his artful minister Talleyrand. We cite one passage as an example, of the date of April, May, 1802:

"Mr. Jackson, who was sent as minister to Paris during Lord Cornwallis's negotiation at Amiens, was with me; he said, 'That impressed as he was on going to Paris with the ideas of the character of the present French nation, yet their attempts to deceive, their duplicity, their bad faith, insolence, and vanity, surpassed his utmost belief.' That the way in which they treated everybody of every description dependent on them, was insupportable; that Buonaparte's manners were sarcastic, vulgar, and impertinent, but certainly with a degree of cleverness and *esprit;* that Talleyrand (the minister of foreign affairs) was the most barefaced teller of untruths he ever met with; and that no one but Barbé Marbois had even a desire of passing for an honest man. Jackson illustrated what he advanced by many things which had happened to others, and some few to himself, during his four months' stay at Paris. That, in addition to these qualities, they joined a weak and puerile degree of jealousy and suspicion; that they watched every body, foreigners and natives, and always interpreted their behaviour in the way little and illiterate minds conceive; that through their duplicity their rooted hatred to this country was evident, and it was to him perfectly clear, that they were only lying-by to wait for what they might think a safe and favourable opportunity to crush us; as a proof of this, he instanced Lucien Buonaparte's speech at the opening of the Concordat, in which he excites Ireland to rebel, and says, 'le sort de ce pays a dépendu d'une nuit propice.' That the society of Paris is void of amusement, because void of security; that no one trusts his neighbour; and that Buonaparte's great end is to diffuse suspicion

* The last copy of which publicly sold was at Mr. Inglis's sale, and bought by Mr. Thomas Grenville, bringing no less a price than 184*l.* 16*s.*

* The "*all other* villas at Clapham" is an undue stretch of assertion. The majority, obvious along the road, answer the description; but in this vicinity are some of the most beautiful residences which wealth could covet in the vicinity of our mighty metropolis."—*Ed. L. G.*

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every where—considering it as his best hold. In speaking of the negotiation, he was compelled to say, its having terminated so disadvantageously to us was greatly to be attributed to Lord Cornwallis, 'his drowsiness,' and his total want of practice and experience in matters of that kind; that Merry wrote all the despatches, and that although he, Merry, thought very well, and was a strong-headed man, yet he was far from being an equal to cope with those opposed to him at Amiens."

In the lengthened details of the planning to induce Addington to resign, in order that Pitt might resume the reins, we find (p. 88) a proof of the importance of the Duke of York wherever an approach to the king was desirable; which is a little at issue with a preceding statement, that his royal highness never would take any political part. Throughout Lord M. speaks in terms of high eulogy of the duke. But considering the actors in this great scene, and the importance to the world of the *coup de théâtre* they were attempting to carry, it is almost impossible to refrain from laughter at their whimsical embarrassments and difficulties—the "*hitches*" for which the straightforward Canning could make no allowances. How to tell the warming-pan premier that he was no longer wanted, and get him gracefully to make way for his successor in the bed of power, if not of roses, was an awkward business; whether to get a neutral or neutrals of elevated rank, such as the Dukes of Bridgewater, Marlborough, or Beaufort, or one of the minister's own friends or cabinet associates—Lord Eldon for instance—or his majesty, or a vote of parliament, or Mr. Pitt himself, to perform this disagreeable service, puzzled them sadly; and the matter finally executed itself without employing one of the means which had occupied so much discussion and caused so many doubts. The Grenville family appear, according to Lord M., to have had and acted on distinct views, which had much influence on these official transactions. Thus on Nov. 11 we read:

"The two letters which follow will state the further progress of this transaction, or rather, an unexpected impediment that has arisen in it—not at all unexpected indeed by me, neither did it take the others quite by surprise, as on the morning I left London (Nov. 4th), Canning informed me, that he had received some accounts which gave him uneasiness as to the steadiness of Lord Grenville, and alarmed him, lest he should depart in the end from what he had said at Walmer, and return to his old family politics. 'He cannot be persuaded,' added Canning, 'but that Lord Buckingham would be a good and popular prime minister; and whenever his family come upon him with this idea, it bears down before it every other consideration.' I said this was nothing new to me; that I had been convinced of it for many years; and that although I believed Lord Grenville and his party had rather see Pitt first minister than either Addington or Fox, or any indifferent person, yet that they had much rather see Lord Buckingham first minister than Pitt."

Part of Mr. Canning's letter follows:

"Dogmersfield, Tuesday, 9th Nov., 1802.

"My dear Lord Malmesbury,—I reached the place of my first destination (Dropmore) from town, on Sunday, and found the master of the house just returned from a family and party conclave, held at his eldest brother's house (Stowe), consisting of the three brothers* and Lord Spencer; the result of which has completely justified the apprehensions which I told you I had begun to entertain from my correspondent's last letters, that his counsellors would induce him to depart from the resolution which he had avowed, and either to insist on a more thorough change, or to decline having any part for himself, or those belonging to him, in the arrangement. It turns out just so. He stated to me, with the utmost frankness, that though his own opinion remained nearly the same, and though for himself he would willingly have sacrificed any feelings of reluctance to a compromise, yet he owed the utmost deference to the opinions of those who had acted with him for the last eighteen months; that they thought he could not, without disgracing himself, consent to have any thing to do with Addington and his coadjutors, or to sit in any council of which they should form a part; and that (he would fairly own) he found the question which he on his part had agreed to consider as given up, was by no means so readily to be put aside by others, though there was, on the other hand, no sort of desire to push it to extremity now, or at any other time. And that upon all these grounds he had nothing left for him to do, but to desire that he and his might be considered as nothing in any arrangement which might be made; and he proposed to write to this effect to Bath, by yesterday's post. He assured me, however, at the same time, that though all personal interest on his part, and that of his friends, in the success of the projects which we had talked over together, was thus entirely done away, he nor they were not at all the less anxious for the success of those projects, nor would less readily lend what assistance they could to their accomplishment. The return of the one person* they still unanimously considered as essential, and would promote it as far as lay in their power, though they could not bring themselves to think of returning with him into such company."†

Lord M., with all his admiration of Mr. Fox, strongly condemns his change of opinion, on the subject of treating with France, between his ministerial creed in 1787, when the commercial treaty was debated, and his opposition-creed in 1802, when he fought the government on the same question. On the former occasion, "Mr. Fox condemned this treaty on the grounds that it was a political approximation to France. He declared it to be his opinion, that the external circumstances of the two nations rendered a rivalship, and, in some degree, an enmity, inevitable, and that it was impossible to prevent them; nay, that were it possible, it was not to be wished for by any lover of his country."

On the latter (debate on the opening of the session, Nov. 1802) Mr. Canning writes to Lord M.:

"Any thing so beaten in debate as the ministers were, you never saw. They cannot uphold themselves or the country. The second day, Fox took their defence, and the statement of the line of conduct proper to be followed, wholly upon himself; and they acquiesced, not with complacency only, but with apparent gratitude, in all he uttered; amongst which were many principles utterly hostile to the whole system of the late administration, and every topic that could reconcile the country to bear and forbear as long as Buonaparte pleases, and to discourage preparation, as well at home as by alliances abroad. Wilberforce was baser still."*

"The hope is, that Addington, if left to himself, may feel his difficulties, and offer to give way. But I fear, on the other hand, his great vanity, and am confident that nothing but language in parliament can cure it. The paper would make no impression on him now. After this session and before the next, perhaps it might. It is therefore clearly best to lay it by for the present. It is also clear, that no motion, resolution, and division, ought to be thought of. The king must be spared, the house must not be harassed, no division must be hazarded; but every opportunity that the course of public business affords for invigorating the tone of government, as against Fox, for defending, as against Fox, the old administration, and producing, or rather fostering (for it is produced without our help), the idea of the incapacity of this man to sustain the tremendous and growing weight of the times, may fairly and advantageously be taken. And this is the only course of action to which I will be party. I do not think that any other is in the contemplation of any person whatever."

Mr. Pitt's unwillingness to be put forward, or to act, are remarkable throughout: he adhered with rigid firmness to his personal pledge to support the Addington ministry, even long after events had taken place to change every ground of that implied contract. Fox's departure from his original principle above referred to, was almost the only circumstance which roused him from his cool, not to say apathetic, feeling (induced probably by ill-health, though not yet obvious or confessed to his friends).† Lord M. writes from Bath, where Mr. Pitt was, in answer to Mr. Canning:

"On the Lisle treaty, he said that it was not, in fact, a point of comparison; no argument of any force could be deduced from it one way or the other, and it had better never have been brought forward, for the purpose either of justifying or condemning that of Amiens. But

* Lords Buckingham, Grenville, and T. Grenville.

* Mr. Pitt.

† Two years later, Lord M. says:

"*May* 26.—With the Duke of Portland at eleven; he very sanguine as to the duration of Pitt in power—confident of a majority in the House of Lords—equally so in the Commons—thinks Lord Grenville will not oppose this session, but violently the next. The king calls the Grenvilles the 'brotherhood'—says 'they must always either govern despotically, or oppose government violently.' Duke of Portland has little doubts of the king's doing well—quiet will set him right, and nothing else; he has been fatigued by being too much talked to on the new arrangements. Duke of Portland very right and decided about Fox—says he has a high opinion of his abilities, but Fox has, by his conduct, disqualified himself decidedly for cabinet office, since he has maintained opinions which would (if carried into effect) militate against the received and constitutional duties of every department where he could be placed; that Lord Grenville used to say this, and how he could now reconcile himself to a contrary idea, passed his comprehension. Wyndham was still more unintelligible; all Fox's politics were contrary to his, yet Wyndham says he cannot come into office without Fox."

* "Mr. Wilberforce, who had been a uniform and zealous supporter of the war, now praised the present ministry, and spoke against British interference on the continent."

† About this period we read: "Pitt spoke on the general turn of the debate on the 9th; said he readily forgave the pretended abuse Sheridan bestowed on him, in consequence of the real abuse he dealt out to Fox. He admired the wit and humour of the speech, and joined heartily in the laugh against Doctor Fell. Pitt then fell into a sort of panegyric on the state of the country, and, in his statement of our resources and revenue, rather contradicted his former language on that subject. He said, however great France may be, we had a revenue equal to all Europe (he made it amount to thirty-two millions sterling), a navy superior to all Europe, and a commerce as great as that of all Europe—and he added, laughingly, to make us quite gentlemen, a debt as large as that of all Europe; that if with these means we acted wisely, with a just mixture of spirit and forbearance, and could protract the evil of war for a few years, war would be an evil much less felt. He then got back to himself, and was disposed to think that now he might be allowed (at least for a little while longer) to enjoy quiet."

if, in this particular instance, he differed, on all others he perfectly agreed, you may readily suppose, and felt and thought about Fox, his conduct, principles, and designs, in the same manner, and as indignantly, as we do. He was, indeed, so eager about the part Fox had taken, and the way in which it had been taken, that, when he first spoke of it to me, he did it with such warmth and animation, that I thought I perceived he had a strong inclination to go immediately to London, and answer him. * *

"I observed that nothing would so completely alienate the king's good-will from his present ministers, or make him so eager to replace the government in his hands, as the idea that they were drawing towards Fox, or Fox towards them; and that as it appeared quite impossible that Fox could, in the short interval which was allotted for inaction, operate any real or permanent harm, it was better to let him proceed in the way he had begun, and, by giving him more time, and fresh opportunities of being applauded and approved by the treasury-bench, expose them, probably, to the public censure, and certainly to the loss of the confidence and protection of the king. In this Pitt acquiesced, adding, 'and if, in the other case, the country desires to lower itself to Fox, and to the disgraceful level to which Fox is disposed, it should sink, he is the only proper man to govern it.'"

[The conclusion in next No.]

Practical Memoirs on Cutaneous Diseases, Indolent Sores, Inveterate Ulcerations, Scrofula, Scorbutus, &c., with Remarks upon the great Importance of Hygienic Science (l'Hygiène of the French), in the successful Treatment and Removal of these and other Disorders often coexisting, such as Indigestion, Liver-Complaints, Disorders of the Nervous System, &c.: with Cases. By Francis Peppercorne, Esq., Surgeon. Small 8vo, pp. 69. London, J. Churchill.

WE hope this title-page is sufficiently long, without the et-cceteras, for a pamphlet of sixty-nine pages. It is a positive alkaline extract of a medical cyclopædia, a new essence of *mille fleurs!* The last must be most gratifying to the author, who tells us that hygienic science is *l'hygiène* of the French! The first thing medical students learn on the continent is, that no science is taught in Great Britain, and that "the capital of the civilised world" is the only place where discoveries are made. It takes them ten years' practical experience after their return home to rid themselves of these infictions of French vanity, and to find out that while less importance is in this country attached to *a name*, the thing itself is more practically and philosophically pursued than in that country, where the high-sounding name of *hygiène* is so much used and so much abused.

Mr. Peppercorne's pamphlet, however, treating as it does upon so many subjects within a small space, is far from devoid of talent and observation; and we sincerely hope it will be a good introduction for him to his professional brethren and to the public at large.

Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the Time of Shakspeare. With Notes by Charles Lamb. 2 vols. 18mo. Moxon.

DRAWN from an epoch when the fountains of English dramatic poetry were fresh, powerful, abundant, gushing forth in wonderful plenteousness, and overflowing the earth; the drafts from these springs, collected and preserved here, are redolent of delight and genius. Charles Lamb's love of the old bards made him a fit judge, as he was an enthusiastic admirer, of their rare beauties; and it is impossible to dip into a page in these volumes without finding something to awaken pleasurable thoughts, or excite wonder at the creations of mind they set before us.

The Mother's First Book. By Mrs. Marcet. Pp. 144. Longmans.

IN two parts—1. Reading made Easy (as all reading ought to be), and 2. The Spelling-Book—this little volume is just the thing for mamma and the very juvenile.

Old England: a Pictorial Museum of Regal, Ecclesiastical, Baronial, Municipal, and Popular Antiquities. Vol. I. folio. C. Knight and Co.

THE last adjective in the above title-page is the most appropriate term we can apply to this work: it is distinctly of the most "popular" cast; and exhibits in letter-press description, and in multitudinous engravings, centuries of our ancestors, from the earliest syllables of recording history or legend. The immense variety of its matter and subjects forbids even general analysation.

History of the University of Dublin (founded by Queen Elizabeth), its Origin, Progress, and Present Condition, with Biographical Notices of its Eminent Men, &c. By W. B. S. Taylor, F.M.A. &c. 8vo, pp. 540. London, Cadell; Dublin, Cumming.

THIS volume gives a very minute account of a learned institution, which during two centuries and a half has sent forth many eminent lights to shine upon the world in every species of literature, and in every high professional walk of life. Such a record cannot fail to be valuable and valued. The examples and the stimulus of gifted men, who by genius or diligence raised themselves to great distinction, cannot be thrown away upon a free people, whose every rank is open to competition; and we trust the perusal of a book like this will have a powerful effect not only on the ready and acute natives of Ireland, but upon the graver materials which form the character of English and Scotch. The biographical notices are very interesting.

The Camp of Refuge. 2 vols. (XXII. and XXIII. of Knight's Weekly Volume). London, C. Knight and Co.

THE design of this tale is to exhibit the latest Saxon resistance to the Norman invasion, in the Isle of Ely and the marshy country around, and thus to bring under notice the condition of the religious houses, and their habitants, the oppressions of the Norman chiefs, and the manners and feelings of the population exposed to their cruel and insolent tyranny. We regret to say that the style in which it is written is the most ungrammatical and slip-slop English we have recently met with. In apparently addressing itself to the comprehension of youth, the language is miserable; and if the series be continued as proposed, must be amended, or it will do more ill as a lesson-book than it can do good as an illustration of past history.

The Rebellion in the Cevennes: an Historical Novel, by Ludwig Tieck. Translated from the German by Madame Burette. 12mo. London, D. Nutt.

THIS work concludes in an apparently unfinished manner, as if a sequel were intended; but as far as it describes the persecutions and horrors of the Camisard conversions, at the edge of the sword in battle, on the scaffold, and in murderous massacres of prisoners and helpless women and inoffending children, it sufficiently exhibits the nature of the detestable struggle in the mountainous region of the Cevennes, after the edict of Nantes, and the burning and desolation of a country and people in the holy name of religion. With the sanguinary wars against the Albigenses, Waldenses, and by whatever other name these Protestants were called, we are familiarly acquainted by the labours of several foreign writers, and by the affecting accounts of our countryman Mr. Gilly; but the light in which they are put by the genius of Tieck will yield them a new passport to perusal as examples of butchery and lessons of intolerance which ought never to be forgotten by mankind. The translation is, we presume, faithful, though often marked by a foreign style.

The Wellington Despatches. Vol. V. London, Parker, Furnival, and Parker.

THIS enlarged edition of Col. Gurwood's has here reached its most important period—the Peninsular war during the years 1811 and 1812. The volume, like its predecessors, is very handsomely got up.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ANASTATIC PRINTING.

THIS very ingenious method of reproducing printed copies of letter-press or line-engravings, woodcuts, lithographs, &c., was obligingly explained and exhibited to us at Mr. J. Woods, Barge Yard Chambers, Bucklersbury. The process is remarkably simple, and the produce perfect. In an exceedingly short time a facsimile of any printed page, portrait, picture, or drawing, can be procured; and then impressions taken at the rate possibly of four or five thousand in an hour, and twenty thousand or more without deterioration. The operation, and a singular one it is, is to transfer the impression of type or any print to the surface of a polished plate of zinc; and then to bring it out in slight relief to receive the ink, and so to work from it as from the stone of the lithographic press. We saw an engraving with letterpress so transferred and reproduced. The original was placed, face down, on bibulous paper, to imbibe any excess of moisture, and the back of it sponged over with dilute nitric acid. In a few minutes the paper was saturated, and the engraving and printing loosened as it were from its base, or so freshened that possibly it might be smudged; but, at all events, it may be and was, under considerable mechanical pressure, transferred to a polished plate of zinc, every line and touch. Not at first distinctly visible, but sponged with gum-water they (*i. e.* the engraving and printed matter at the foot of it) soon appeared, and in relief sufficient to take the ink and to give off facsimile impressions. Such, then, is the simple process of an invention, the effects of which will materially bear on the arts and artists. Anastatic printing will obviate the necessity of stereotyping, unless casting type is a cheaper method, which we should much doubt, of producing successive editions than that of the new mode. It will also enable printers to work with a smaller stock of type, to distribute sooner, keeping proofs only for any further or extra demand. Wood-engravers, perhaps, will be most injured by Anastatic printing; for by it the artist's original drawing may be at once, without any carved block, transferred to the pages of a work. The result, however, in all its bearings seems to tend to cheap production, and to a wider extension of literature and art: old works too may be republished at little cost; and nearly faded prints be renewed and perpetuated. Fears are entertained that forgeries and piracies will become more easy, and therefore that they

will increase; but now water-marks in paper and copyright are the chief securities; and these the new and wonderful invention termed Anastatic Printing will not affect.

We have called this process new, and it may be so in its present state of completion; but we have just been reminded (too late for reference) that a similar mode of transferring printing was noticed in the *Literary Gazette* about four or five years ago.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Explosive Accidents in Coal-mines.

Jan. 17.—(First evening meeting for the season). Mr. Faraday, "On the condition and possible ventilation of the coal-mine goaf." It is known that, on occasion of the late terrible explosion at the Haswell mine, which destroyed ninety-five lives, Messrs. Lyell and Faraday were sent by the government to attend the inqnest, and examine the mine. This they did; and, on their return home, reported to Sir James Graham that the deaths were the result of what must be considered, under the circumstances, an accident; and then further reported on the condition of what is called the goaf in the coal-mine —on its condition as a fertile source of explosion in mines infested with fire-damp, and on what appeared to them a practical means of removing that source of danger. The matter of this second report, illustrated by experiments, was the subject of the evening. When, in sinking a pit, the seam of coal is gained, the miner works in the direction of the seam, penetrating it by passages which are in the Haswell mine about 5 yards wide, and at right angles to each other; and these being in one direction 16 yards, and in the other 22 yards, apart, leave, of course, square blocks of coal of these dimensions, which are called pillars. After a time the coal of these pillars is removed, the superincumbent strata being supported by wooden props, and this constitutes a jud. Lastly, these props are withdrawn; and then the rocks of the roof soon fall down, producing a mass of ruins. The drawing of other juds around those which were first removed, increases this heap of broken rocks, which then becomes, with the cavity enclosing it, the *goaf*. These goafs are often many acres in extent, and may be conceived of as a large hill of broken strata rising up into, and covered in by, the vault which has been left in consequence of their fall. This vault, therefore, is like an inverted basin, which, because of the rise of the strata (1 in 24), may be considered as higher at one part of its edge than in other places, and its capacity, if the ground has not actually sunk at the surface, is equal to the coal removed. Thus in the Haswell mine it will be about equal to a space 13 acres in extent, or 1¼ times the size of Lincoln's Inn Fields, by 5 feet in height. Fire-damp is a light gas, and it or any mixture of it with air will be lighter than air. If present in the workings near the goaf, it will tend to rise and collect in it; if evolved in the goaf from the dislocation of upper strata, &c., it will tend to remain in the goaf, for a time at least; and though diffusion will gradually mix it with the common air of the workings, and the ventilation will tend to carry it off, still the latter is but weak at the goaf, and there is abundant evidence from accidents to prove that the goaf is a dangerous place.

After stating these points generally, Mr. Faraday proceeded to shew that if fire-damp or explosive mixtures issued from the goaf, they would pour out at the upper edge, underflowing there into the mine. He also shewed the extent to which, upon a fall of the barometer, air would issue out of the goaf, which, if it were an explosive mixture, would appear at the same place; and then put forth the plan which he and Mr. Lyell think is practicable for the withdrawal of the lower portion of air in the goaf. This consists in extending a pipe, 6, 8, 10, or 12 inches in diameter, from the goaf to the return-way or to the upcast shaft. The pipe may be either of cast-iron, and laid in the floor of the mine, or, as Mr. Faraday seemed to think better, a slighter pipe of sheet-iron or of air-proof cloth, or a wooden trunk, suspended or sustained in an open way, and defended from falls by props, as is done elsewhere, when necessary, in the mine. The goaf-end is to be continued 6, 8, or 10 feet up into the goaf-vault, at some part near the upper edge, so that the end of the pipe may always be some feet above the level of the upper edge of the goaf-basin. The goaf-end of the pipe is considered as variable and adjustable from time to time, as the change in the form of the goaf may make needful. If falls of rock occur and injure it, it is easily repaired; in general it will require no other care than to see that it is in order and continuous. By this means it is believed that if any explosive mixture of gas be in the goaf, its lowest level will be preserved within the goaf-vault, and at such a distance from its edge as to prevent in most if not in all cases any issue of it from the goaf into the mine. Mr. Faraday demonstrated, by many experiments, with what rapidity the draught in the chimney of a small furnace withdrew the gas and smoke from inverted vessels in which they had been purposely placed, even when long tubes only an inch in diameter were used, their connexion with the chimney of the furnace being made in the most extemporaneous and imperfect manner. In tubes also of 6 inches in diameter, the velocity of the current was shewn by the smoke of puffs of gunpowder, and the results appeared to indicate that the draught was quite sufficient for the purpose proposed.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 12.—The Marquis of Northampton, president, in the chair. The elaborate investigations of which the results are communicated in the present paper, "On the laws of the tides on the coast of Ireland, as inferred from an extensive series of observations made in common with the ordnance-survey of Ireland," by the Astronomer Royal, were suggested by the necessity of adopting some standard mean height of the sea, as a line of reference for the elevations ascertained in the operations of the ordnance-survey of Ireland. Col. Colby, who conducted that survey, had with this view determined to institute a series of observations on the height of the water in different states of the tide; and conceiving that these observations might be made subservient to improvement in the theory of the tides, requested the assistance of the author in laying down the plan of observation best calculated to effect that object. The suggestions which were in consequence made by the author, were adopted in their utmost extent by Col. Colby; and the collection of observations was placed in the author's hands in the winter of 1842. The whole number of observations exceeds two hundred thousand; and they derive extraordinary value from the circumstance of the localities of their simultaneity, their extensive range, and the uniformity of plan on which they were conducted. Their reduction was made by the computers at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, under the superintendence of the author, and with the authority of the lords commissioners of the treasury. The different branches of the inquiry were included in eighteen sections, the substance of which was communicated to the British Association at York.

MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 15*th*.—Prof. Bell, president, in the chair. A paper by Mr. Quekett, "On certain peculiarities in the structure of the feathers of the owl tribe," was read. After some preliminary observations, the author described the ordinary structure of the wing-feathers of birds, as consisting of three parts; viz. the quill or barrel, the shaft, and the vane. The latter of these is composed of horny filaments, termed barbs; from the edges of which a number of other very minute filaments are given off, which are called barbules; which latter have also in some cases other barbules arising from them, to which he gave the name of barbulettes. The office of the barbules is to hook the barbs together (for which purpose they are admirably adapted, both by their structure and position), and thus to afford that degree of adhesion between the parts of the wing, necessary to enable it to support the bird in the act of flying. In the feathers of birds which do not fly, these barbules do not exist, and they are consequently loose and flowing. In the feathers of the owl tribe another peculiarity obtains. In these, on the upper surface of the wing and other feathers, besides the usual apparatus of barbs and barbules, an additional series of filaments is developed, which not only serves to keep the adjacent barbs together, but also, rising above the outer surface of the vane, forms a kind of down or nap upon it, the inner surface being as in other birds. This peculiarity causes the flight of the owl to be without that noise which attends the progress of birds whose feathers have the usual structure, and thus enables it to secure its prey, which otherwise might be alarmed, and make its escape before it could be pounced upon by its unsuspected enemy.

Another paper by Mr. Quekett, entitled "Remarks relating to the examination of guano by the microscope," was read. The author, in consequence of the constant adulteration of guano, had been induced to seek some means by which the genuine might be easily distinguished from the adulterated, without the necessity of the lengthened and expensive process of chemical analysis; and he had endeavoured with the microscope to effect this purpose. Viewed as an opaque object, guano appears to consist of particles of an earthy brown colour, mixed with crystalline bodies of various sizes, some of which appear to be particles of sand, and others to be crystals of salts of some kind. The proportion of this crystalline matter to the brown amorphous substance differs according to the locality whence the guano has been procured, so that the Ichaboe guano may be readily distinguished from the Peruvian; the former having much more of the crystalline matter than the latter. It, however, happens that the goodness of the guano does not depend on the presence or absence of this crystalline matter, and consequently it forms no criterion of its value. But, although the microscope will not enable us to determine accurately the value of that substance, it is quite capable of determining whether it has been adulterated with foreign matters or not. Upon viewing it as a transparent object, the nature of many of the bodies composing it becomes apparent, and it is found to consist of organised, crystalline, and mineral matters. The organised appear to be fragments of dried flesh, either of birds or fish, minute fragments

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of shells, spicula of sponges, and, especially in that from Ichaboe, many specimens of animalculi of various kinds. The crystalline and mineral substances are found not only in the mass, but also occupying the place of the medullary canal of bones; the bones themselves having, in most cases, been destroyed by decomposition. By analysis, the crystalline matter is found to be composed of sulphate of potass and ammonia. Mr. Quekett then entered into the investigation of the probable sources whence these various substances may have been derived, and came to the conclusion, that they are furnished either by the decomposition of the dead bodies of the birds themselves, or from the substances upon which they have fed, remaining in a half-digested state in the excrementitious matter of which the great mass of the guano is composed.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 20.—Col. Sykes, V. P., in the chair. Read, "Statistics of the educational institutions of the East India Company in India," by Col. Sykes. These institutions date from comparatively so recent a period that the Hindoo college at Calcutta, the most ancient amongst them, with the exception of the Sanscrit college at Benares, was only in its 28th year in 1844, and many of them are only of two or three years' standing. The materials used by Col. Sykes were derived from the official reports of the several boards of education to their respective governments for the years 1841 to 1844 inclusive. The vernacular languages taught in the respective schools appear to be, Oordoo, Hindee, Bengalee, Ooreah, and Burmese. Of the several institutions, the medical college presents the unexpected and singular feature of turning out accoucheurs, surgeons, and anatomists, from almost every caste, and Mohommedans as well as Christians, which Col. Sykes states is to him, "with his forty years' knowledge, a marvellous change, the natural as well as religious repugnance which must have been overcome in these castes bearing strong testimony to the changes that can be effected in the native mind." The Bhagulpore Hill School, which was established to improve the moral character of the rude tribes of these hills, has been eminently successful, although it had to contend with the difficulty of the people having a language of their own, and the necessity of first teaching them Hindoo. Colonel Sykes considers that the opinions expressed in the reports alluded to, that the Mahommedan population are averse to receive European instruction, are not borne out in the numbers of the returns. The total number of students is 8281. There are 1683 Mahommedan students to 6035 Hindoo students. Some have calculated the Mahommedan population as low as 1 in 14 Hindoos, while the highest estimate, he believes, does not equal 1 in 9. In either case the proportion of the Mahommedan students far exceeds the proportion of the Hindoo students relatively to their respective populations, being about 1 in 4·9 of the whole students. Five-eighths of the whole students learn English; a comparative small number learn Sanscrit, viz. 426, while 572 learn Arabic, and 801 Persian. Bengalee has the greatest number of students. There are 248 Christians in the schools, and 197 who are neither Christians, Mahommedans, nor Hindoos. These are chiefly Buddists at Moulmain, or low castes of the Bhagulpore Hills. Out of 2420 students under the Agra government, 2378 receive gratuitous instruction, and only 42 pay. In Bengal, only 1572 students pay, and 4289 receive gratuitous instruction. This is questionable policy, and the Bengal government are desirous of modifying it; and the Bombay government have found advantage in imposing a school-fee of trifling amount. Of the orphan-schools, charitable institutions, and missionary-schools, Colonel Sykes had no means of giving an account.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Jan. 18th, 1845.

Academy of Sciences: sittings of Jan. 6th and 13th.—At the first meeting of the year, according to the rules, M. Elie de Beaumont, the vice-president of the past, became the president of the present year; and the election of a new vice-president was decided in favour of M. Mathieu, who received 31 out of 54 votes; 19 having been given for M. Pouillet, and one each for MM. Gay-Lussac, Poinsot, Poncelet, and Piobert.

The papers read, and the communications by letter to the first two meetings of 1845, were of little interest; the following two selections being the only topics worth noticing:

M. H. Montucci submitted a kidney which had been petrified by M. Baldacconi, by simple immersion in a solution of twelve parts of the bichloride of mercury mixed with a solution of one or two parts of the hydrochlorate of ammonia. M. Baldacconi has thus, since 1837, preserved numerous specimens of natural history.

M. Arago communicated a letter from M. Maclear, written from the Cape of Good Hope, dated the 31st October, 1844, and announcing that the comet discovered by M. Mauvais in July last had been observed there. The observations were as follows:

1844.	M. T. at Cape.	Right Ascension.	Declination.
Oct. 27.	16h 12m	12h 38m 0s	22° 48
28.	16 51	12 36 56	23 24
29.	16 56	12 35 32	24 1
30.	16 3	12 34 12	24 37

At the Académie Royale, on Wednesday evening, the Venetian dancers made a most successful *début*. National and figure-dances are the delightful exhibitions and representations by these upwards of thirty young girls, varying from the ages of about fifteen or sixteen to five and six, all admirably taught, and working out in some instances the elaborate figures *à merveille*. It is impossible that they could be all of one family, but when dressed in pink, all alike, they seem, with the exception of the centre one, to be successive twins, and to have grown equally. The Hungarian dance, a kind of Polka, some dressed in military costume, was very spirited and clever; but the dance "des fleurs" was the most picturesque, and exceedingly pretty. The coming season, however, in London will in all probability be varied with the appearance of these graceful girls.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Jan. 18th.—The Earl of Auckland in the chair. A paper, by Mr. Masson, was read, detailing the circumstances under which he succeeded in getting an impression of the great rock-inscription at Kapur-di-Ghari, or rather Shahbaz-Ghari, engraved in the Bactro-Pahlavi character, a very few lines of which, and those imperfectly copied, had hitherto reached Europe. The impression on calico, which is above 20 feet in length, was hung up in the room; and three impressions from a smaller inscription from the same rock were laid upon the table. The first notice of the existence of this inscription was given by M. Court, in 1836; and the imperfect copy above mentioned was procured by an agent of Captain Burnes (afterwards Sir Alexander) in the spring of 1838. Shortly after this, Mr. Masson, who was then in Peshawer, sent a native with calico, paper, and other necessaries for taking an impression; and some presents for the Maleks to conciliate their favour. This man returned after some days, bringing detached pieces of calico, covered with characters, and stating that the inscription was much larger than they had any idea of; but confessing his inability to perform the task without assistance. At the same time, he brought assurances from the Maleks that they would be happy to see Mr. Masson.

In October, Mr. Masson set out for his journey in spite of the presence of the hostile army of the Durani chief, Saied Mohammed Khan, in the immediate vicinity. He reached Shahbaz-Ghari, a village of 200 houses, on the afternoon of the 17th, where, after some difficulty, arising from the absence of the *Malek Deru*, the most important chieftain in that part of the country (who was afflicted with ague, and was fearful at first that the party came from the enemy's camp), they were hospitably received, the Malek forgetting his ague in his delight at a visit from the *Feringhi*, whom he repeatedly embraced; and offering him every assistance in his power, placed his son and nephew at his disposal to procure any thing that might be wanted.

Early on the 18th, Mr. Masson and his attendants went to the rock, which he found to be an arenaceous, argillaceous stone, covered with characters. The great inscription was on the northern face of the rock; there was a smaller one on the south side, but many times larger than the only one which had yet been known; and that one was in a corner, separated by a fissure from the great inscription. The surface of the rock was irregular, and had never been smoothed; and the lines of the inscription were not straight, but carried in an undulatory course, as influenced by the inflexions of the surface. The whole day was spent in cleaning the surface of the rock from the moss and green slimy stains which covered it; which was then smeared over with the ink, preparatory to the next day's work.

The evening was passed in a cheerful conversation with the Affghans, who were all very friendly. Early on the 19th, Mr. Masson repaired again to the rock, applied another coating of ink, and proceeded to take an impression. The first attempt was on the native paper, which was soon found to be quite unfit for the purpose. Mr. Masson therefore applied his 25 yards of calico, which he had expected to find sufficient for two impressions, but which he found just enough for one. The labour was great, and it took the whole day to complete it; and, when done, Mr. Masson was dissatisfied with his success, although pretty well for a first attempt, and he resolved to get more calico if possible. During the day a number of natives from different villages passed. All were very friendly; and some returned to the villages, and brought butter-milk and roasted corn as a present to the Feringhi.

On the 20th they were again at the stone, and brought with them some sharp tools prepared by the village smith, for the purpose of scraping out the letters, and rendering them more visible, preparatory to taking the inscription by sight. When the letters were scraped out, Mr. Masson traced their channels with a chalky stone, which made the whole surprisingly visible, and appeared to the natives almost magi-

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cal. They had never before supposed the rock to be so completely covered with writing; and the process much raised their opinion of the Feringhi, and of their own ancient saint, whom tradition points at as the writer. The three inscriptions were finished this day; and towards evening Mr. Masson sent a man to the village of Kote, as a forlorn hope, to try to get British calico for another attempt at making an impression, the coarse cloth of the country proving ineffectual for the purpose. To his surprise, the messenger returned with twenty-seven yards, of excellent quality, which he had purchased of a Hindu trader there. The people were equally kind during this day; and Mr. Masson made many happy by presents of Peshawer paper, and, above all, by giving them black-lead pencils, which astonished them by writing without ink. On the 21st they proceeded with a second impression of the great inscription, in a more satisfactory manner than the former, undisturbed by the noise of the cannons, which announced a battle between the Sirdar and his enemies. In the evening the battle was of course the topic of conversation. Some of the speakers had been present, and spoke of it as having been indecisive; few were killed; and further contest had been obviated by mediation. The 22d was passed in correcting the copies of the inscription; and the evening was again passed at Sheh-baz-Ghari. On the 23d the party set out for Peshawer two hours before day, accompanied by Malek Deru (who determined to see them to the borders of his dominions), and a person commissioned by him to guide the party to Peshawer. The guide was unable to keep up with the horses, and was left at Perung to follow his convoy the next day. Mr. Masson arrived at Peshawer before sunset, and repaired to his old quarters, where he was joined on the following day by Malek Deru's man, who was sent back with a Khoran and some presents to the melek, as some return for the continued kindness the party had received. The copies of the inscriptions excited much interest; and we were glad to hear that the members present expressed an intention of procuring fac-similes of them to be printed in the Society's Journal, with an interpretation so far as they can be read.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

The meeting of the 21st instant was very numerously attended. Letters were read from the Syrian Medical-Aid Establishment at Damascus. Mr. Neocles G. Mussebini then communicated the continuation of his paper on the Shemitic origin of the European races, which was followed by a lively discussion, in which the old tale of Sa'ada 'Umbâb'e understanding Irish was brought forward; but it is now well known that that person's acquaintance with the Bárbárah and Shillu languages was exceedingly limited, and that all that could be deduced was, an observed similarity between what little he did know of ancient African and the still less he knew of Irish. A native of Tenjah (Tangiers), Isaac Ban Haim Pinto by name, apparently a very intelligent person, took part in the discussion, but nothing new was eliminated.

Mr. Charles Fiott Barker read the first part of a paper on the present condition of Syria, with remarks on the character and government of Ibráhím Páshá. This was a very amusing communication, full of anecdote and personal experiences; and the author agreed with all who were intimate with the country under the present *régime* and that of the Egyptian satrap, that the change has been for the worse.

Mr. Cullimore afterwards communicated to the society that a committee had been formed out of its body to investigate and decide upon the claims put forth by the Rev. Charles Forster, B.D., in a work entitled *The Historical Geography of Arabia* (see *Literary Gazette*, No. 1419), and panegyrised in the *Quarterly Review*, to the discovery of a true interpretation of the Hamyaritic inscriptions. Communications upon this subject had been already received by the committee from Prof. Grotefend of Hanover, the Rev. Dr. Edward Hincks of Killyleigh, the Rev. Mr. Renouard of Swanscombe, Dr. John Lee the president of the society, and from other oriental scholars. Mr. Cullimore now communicated to the society a brief view of the state of the question at issue, which embraced difficulties in the geographical part of the inquiry, in the probable interpretation of the inscriptions themselves, in the translation given by Dr. Forster of the Arabic poem of *Al Kázvíní*, and adopted by that gentlemen as the key to the deciphering of the Hamyaritic language, and to the biblical or patriarchal evidences supposed to be contained therein. The committee is now engaged in the investigation of all these points, and the subject will be continued at next meeting by the reading of a memoir communicated by Prof. Lee of Cambridge.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ P.M.; Entomological (anniversary meeting), 8 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Ethnological, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (lecture).

Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (conversazione).

Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

CHURCH ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATION.

The Ecclesiologist, No. I. *New Series.* London, F. and J. Rivington; Rugeley, Warlters.

Church architecture and decoration have within the last very few years taken up a prominent position in the discussions of the press. Journals, pamphlets, and voluminous works, have been constantly appearing on the subjects; and it would almost seem as if church-building and interior arrangement had become the most vitally important concerns of mankind. The shape of the entire shell; the elevation or depression of parts; the sites of adjuncts, aisles, chapels, porches, &c.; the latitude of chancels, naves, and choirs, and the longitude of towers, spires, and pinnacles; the material and relative bearings of altars; the condition of pews, desks, and fauld-stools; the exact spots for fonts; and a hundred other questions of a like kind, have led to controversies of interminable pertinacity, and no small degree of contradiction and bitterness.

To account for this we must look below the surface. It could not be for mere trifles, for forms of no consequence, for things not worth an egg, that such a stir and fighting should be made. It is because men of heated minds and small judgment have attached sacred ideas to these fooleries, and turned the colour of a dress, a gesture, a nod, or a wink, into a matter of conscience—into a great object between man and his Maker!

How painful it is to contemplate this sad perversion of religious sentiments, and risk of religion itself, and all its holiness, and all its influence on the destinies of the human race;—and for what? for baubles; for, after all, they look but on a joint stool.

It is strange that these disputants do not perceive the danger to themselves, their cause, and their profession, in continuing to wage this idle and angry warfare; that they do not perceive how reason must revolt at submitting to the guidance of individuals who shew that they cannot guide themselves—so slight a possession have they of that glorious gift implanted in the breasts of all by the Almighty Father of all. What man or woman of common sense could attach value to the advice, or be benefited by the counsels, of empty or wrong-headed priests, whose whole souls appear to be engaged in the arrangement of immaterial forms, the dressing of their persons, the bending of their knees, or the bowing of their necks? Alas for the gospel of salvation, when such impertinences engross its teachers, and when their highest flights tend but to perplex the minds of their flocks about symbolisms and mysticisms, instead of the plain and pure inculcation of Christian morals and religion.

"From such defenders, O ye mitred heads!
Protect the Church; and lay not holy hands
On heads that cannot teach, and will not learn."

But some of the mitred heads are themselves in the midst of the fray; and affairs of rubrics without consistency, and offertories without charity, "possess them wholly." The broad question must arise, is it wise and expedient to appropriate the vast revenues of the establishment for such instruction as this, and such instructors of a people as these, who, forsaking their appointed task of pointing out the paths to ensure a happy life and a blessed death, are spouting and scribbling their well-paid-for time away on differences which the lowest (unperturbed) intellect could never consider to be of the slightest moment? There is a pregnant fable of the *Dog and the Shadow!*

The *Ecclesiologist* is the periodical of a separation from the Cambridge Camden Society, and set up to enforce the peculiar tenets of its writers, who belong partly to the sect known by the name of Puseyites, and are deeply imbued with mysterious ideas about every atom of a church being symbolic of some great Christian principle or article of faith. According to them, ancient and mediæval masons were the grand authorities and most learned and pious expounders of Christianity. Every niche they contrived had a recondite meaning; every pillar was not only literally but mystically a prop of the church; stone had one sense, and wood another; a window was heaven, and a crypt hell, dependent, however, upon contour and vaulting; and every point of the compass, boxed in the construction of these magical emblems, was proof of the orthodoxy and divine knowledge of the Builder! The truth or falsehood of all these assertions affects nothing beyond insignificant detail, and can have no real effect upon the cure of souls and the teaching of the unlearned multitude committed to the care of Christian pastors. The inquiry is wide away from their duties: they should attend to these, and not meddle with and spend their energies upon dark and disputed subjects of neither earthly nor heavenly usefulness. But that they are unfounded is all but proven by documents of the best authority in the history of the church; for there are records of these things, now sought to be represented as unvarying and distinctly applicable Symbols, being reprehended by saints, and bishops, and abbots, as improper, and disfiguring innovations of the architects. To this, as the sagacious Sancho Panza declared, "there is no reply."

The *Ecclesiologist* sets up its pretension to be

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Sir Oracle respecting "ritualism" and "the science of symbolism." It is to take care how churches are repaired, or "beautified A.D. —, So and So, churchwardens;" and to see and direct that modern improvements in Protestant places of worship do not depart from the old models of Romanism. With this branch of the contention, however, we have nothing to do; and we leave it to the conscientious dictates of every individual, who, whether Sage or Ass, has a right to his way of thinking, and the interpretation of his duties. That persons living on Protestantism ought not to adopt Romanism, is a broad and irrefragable proposition; but how far they may go on the road, with their red letters, saint-day dates, crosses, and other outward signs of approximation, is matter for casuists and polemics, not for us, to discuss. The puerility of some of these revivals is offensive enough to good taste, and regretful enough to ordinary discretion; but picturing and figuring are no essentials to the inculcation of pure piety, morality, peace, good-will, and charity. 'Twere better perhaps to look to other inducements—exemplary and zealous performance of ministerial functions, persuasive and earnest eloquence in enforcing sacred truths, abstinence from discord, preaching the gospel which hates dissension, and calmly exhibiting the excellencies of brotherly love—'twere better, perhaps, to try by such inducements as these,

"To point to brighter worlds and lead the way."

Not only all friends to the good old English Church, who are its members and belong to it, but every lover of national morals and social order must lament the divisions on questions, many of them weak, silly, and absurd, which have no relation to the well-being of humanity here or its hopes hereafter, and which threaten to overthrow the fabric and system altogether under which the country has prospered for centuries. That church has won its way, by the comeliness of its temperance and the grace of its moderation, into the hearts of generations of a fine people; what pity 'tis that it should by its fickleness alienate the affections of even a few of these, and endanger the stability of any part of the fabric; but far more is to be deprecated the total risk of the adherence of the masses and the endurance of the temple.

Well may the Rev. Mr. Sandford tolerantly observe, in the preface to his *Parochialia*:*

"Nor can it be denied that grounds have been furnished for suspicion, and that the recent movement amongst us has been characterised by not a little indiscretion and extravagance; nay even, in some instances, by a grievous departure from sound doctrine and a lack of common principle. We have not only witnessed defections from our communion, but have heard doctrines, expressly disallowed by our confessions, advocated from our pulpits; have had our institutions disparaged, our reformers vilified, and our articles of faith both covertly and openly impugned, by men who still retain the orders of our church and eat her bread. It can hardly be matter of surprise, that the fear of further innovation should have led some to oppose what they might otherwise have readily acquiesced in; but which is now associated in their minds with concealed motives and ulterior designs. There are, however, many—and these of the most approved attachment to our church—who are full of hope about her future destinies. They are neither disheartened at what is now transpiring within her pale, nor at a loss for a solution. They view it as the natural result of a powerful reaction; as the troubled surface of waters which have been deeply stirred; as presages of an improved spirit and of enlarged usefulness. And much as they deplore individual cases of extravagance, and admit the need of that wisdom which alone can direct the church at this important period of her history, they cannot regret that an age of energy and inquiry has succeeded a long night of secularity and torpor."

Heaven send it may be so, and that the commencement of the following paragraph may be verified!

"How generally are the errors of one age corrected by a reaction in the next! The scales are reversed: that which was depressed, preponderates; the other kicks the beam. But eventually the balance rights, and the equilibrium is restored. Thus an important truth has been lost sight of: it is revived, and pushed to excess. It throws others into shade. At last it runs rank, and begets a heresy. Such has been the history of error in every age. The doctrines of grace overlaid, and then abused to antinomianism. The doctrine of our Lord's essential humanity too little dwelt on, and then reproduced in Irvingism. The latitudinarianism of the last generation counteracted by the tractarianism of the present. The path of safety and of usefulness lies betwixt all these extremes: it is the golden mean which distinguishes our church. Why deviate from it to the right hand or to the left? Let us rather pray for wisdom, in this our day, to discriminate between the pure ore and the dross which adheres to it; between substantive truth and adscititious error. Let us cultivate the spirit which makes controversy hateful, and truth dearer than party; and which realises instinctively what otherwise is the purchase of many errors and of much misery."

On the more immediate subject of our introductory remarks, Mr. Sandford says:

"'If,' in the words of Hooker, 'there be great care to build and beautify the corruptible sanctuary, little or none that the living temples of the Holy Ghost, the dearly-redeemed souls of the people of God, be edified; huge expenses upon timber and stone, but towards the relief of the poor small devotion; cost this way infinite, and in the mean while charity cold; we have in such case just occasion to make complaint.' He who should expend, in the decoration of a church, what was required for the poor; or imagine that he compounded, by what might be merely the indulgence of a passion, for the neglect of the weightier matters of the law—mercy, and judgment, and truth,—would be substituting the form for the power of godliness, and miserably deceiving his own soul. And it was doubtless the abuse of church-architecture to the purposes of superstition and self-glory, which produced so powerful a reaction at the Reformation,—accounting in some measure for the neglect into which this sacred science has fallen, and for the suspicion with which present attempts to revive it are regarded by some well-meaning persons."

There is some of the substance of Christianity in these extracts, and they speak of things of value—not so the numbering of Kotou genuflexions, the pattering about facing this way or that, the lighting or non-lighting of candles, the making of signs, and the substituting white muslin for black bombazeen.

Connected with the artistical and mechanical references embraced in this paper, we will proceed to append a notice of some publications lying on our table.

Ecclesiastical Architecture, Decorated Windows, &c. Part I. By E. Sharp, M.A., Architect. London, Van Voorst.—A series of illustrations which begins with beautiful windows from Heckington, Lincolnshire; Nantwich, Cheshire; Cottingham, Yorkshire; Billingborough, Lincolnshire (one very singular and curious); and Croft and Warmington in Yorkshire and Northampton. The variety is worthy of study; and the elegance of some, and the fitness of all, afford instructive lessons of the decorative style at distant periods. The letter-press is brief and distinct.

The Church-Restorers: a Tale treating of Ancient and Modern Architecture and Church-Decorations. By F. A. Paley, M.A. Pp. 196. Van Voorst.—In the shape of a tale, the reverend author stands up for stone altars, rails, rood-screens, oak lenterns instead of reading-desks, &c. &c., the *ultraism* of the Cambridge Camden party, now the Ecclesiologists. He derides the no-popery cry and alarm of ultra-protestants; and attaches infinite importance to the position of the aforesaid carved oak lentern (with its antique-bound Bible fastened by a silver chain), on one side of the chancel-arch—to prayers being uttered from a particular stall in the chancel just behind the rood-screen; to having a litany-stool, and to other equally holy appendages; accompanied by ceremonies which the objectors call mummeries.

A Guide to the Architectural Antiquities in the Neighbourhood of Oxford. Part III. Oxford, H. Parker; London, Rivingtons, Bell; Cambridge, Stevenson.—We are not aware of having seen the two previous parts of this publication. The present treats of thirteen out of the thirty-five parishes in the deanery of Cuddesden; is issued under the auspices of the Oxford Society for Promoting the Study of Gothic Architecture; and is an instructive and interesting production, embellished with many neat cuts. The historical and antiquarian notices are especially deserving of praise. The account of Stanton St. John, with the illustrations of its bench-ends, poppy-heads in the nave, and ornaments of the open benches, is the most striking and curious of the subjects.

The Pictorial Pocket Guide to Ripon and Harrogate, &c. By J. R. Walbran. Pp. 105. Ripon, W. Harrison; London, Simpkin and Marshall.—Though only a small and a local publication, this little book possesses considerable and general merit. The account of Ripon Cathedral, evidently drawn up from original investigation, and MSS. not previously consulted, does credit to the author's industry and talent; and the topographical observations on adjacent monastic remains, including Fountains* and Bolton Abbeys, add to the interest and value of the work. At page 16 we observe an incidental anecdote of Charles I. which is new to us, and we believe hitherto unknown. It runs thus:—

"In the very streets where the 'Ripon champions' had enjoyed their little triumph,† they soon after beheld their unfortunate and misguided king a captive in the hands of his subjects. On his way from Newcastle to Holmby,

* "Parochialia; or, Church, School, and Parish. The Church System and Services practically considered." By John Sandford, M.A., Vicar of Dunchurch, &c., 8vo, pp. 442. Longmans.—A work of detail and practical utility it will be good for every parish priest to consider. Evangelical in its principles, it is a faithful exponent of the real, true, and beneficial duties of the clergy in what relates to education and other parochial supervision.

* The name of the marble mason of this splendid edifice is preserved in a coeval charter, where he is styled Thomas marmorarius de Sawley—the name of an adjoining village.

† Over a party headed by Sir T. Mauleverer.

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in February 1646, he came hither on the 6th of that month, having then left Richmond, and remained until the 8th, when he was conveyed to Wakefield. He was attended by a strong guard of horse and foot, and it is remarkable that Ripon was the only place of the ten stages where he was allowed to remain two nights. I am ignorant, at present, by whom he was entertained; but some incidents of his presence are not yet forgot. As he came to the town, along Leeming Lane, one of my immediate paternal ancestors, accompanied by another female, awaited his progress near Bedale, and paid their homage to the fallen monarch. He was mounted on a Scotch pony, *with his feet tied together, as they particularly remarked;* and, having received their heartfelt exclamation, 'God bless king Charles!' removed his high-crowned hat, and bowing low replied, 'God bless you, fair ladies!' After he had left the town, and was riding between Harrogate and Pannal, the hough of a large tree, he had incautiously approached, struck his hat to the ground. Such was the enthusiastic loyalty of its owner, that he forthwith caused it to be cut down. Its site is, however, still pointed out between Burn-bridge and Pannal Ash.'

The volume is nicely illustrated; and will assuredly be a popular and favourite pocket-companion to all tourists in the parts of which it treats.

Elevations, Sections, and Details of Saint John Baptist Church, at Shottesbrooke, Berks. By W. Butterfield, Esq. For the Oxford Architectural Society. Folio. Oxford, Parker; London, Rivingtons.—*The same of Saint Bartholomew near Oxford.* By J. Cranston, Esq.—*The same of Wilcote.* By J. C. Buckler.—These are very complete illustrations, in mass and in detail, of the three edifices we have indicated; but consisting almost entirely of plans, sections, &c., we can give no more specific idea of them by a literary report.

Designs for Churches and Chapels, in the Norman and Gothic Styles. By various Architects. Part I. Oxford, Parker.—This part of a new design is also addressed to the inspection of scientific and professional men. Should it, in its progress, enter more into past principles and their future application, we will return to it; but for the present can only say, that the engravings are minutely and ably executed.

The Ancient Font of Little Walsingham, in Norfolk, &c. By G. R. Lewis. Part I. London, Rivingtons.—Has been published some time, but we have seen no following part. Mr. Lewis dwells on the importance of fonts, somewhat in the spirit of the Ecclesiologists; and embellishes (as far as he goes) with most artistical lithographs the sculptures on the admirable specimen at Little Walsingham.

Churches of Yorkshire. Nos. I. to XI. inclusive (with the exception of No. VII., which, we are informed, contains ground-plans, and is reprinting.) Leeds, T. W. Green; London, Rivingtons.—Though last on our present list, this is the most generally attractive publication in the class we have been noticing, and is every way worthy of patronage. The descriptions are what they ought to be, and the lithographic designs of similar merit. Adel, and other churches of the Norman style, and Bolton Percy, and others belonging to subsequent periods, are subjects not only of sacred but of picturesque interest; and the village places of worship scattered over the fine scenery of Yorkshire furnish pleasant contemplations to the eye, and soothing and grateful reflections to the mind. We have these enjoyments in the Nos. before us, in addition to the information we gather from the archæological intelligence conveyed in the literary portion of the undertaking, which does great honour to the enterprise of any provincial publisher, and induces us to mention the name of Mr. Green with much respect. The Porch of Adel is a remarkably fine piece—of great antiquity; but it would be vain for us to attempt to particularise or enumerate the attractions of a work which, when finished, will be a rich ornament to every superior library. Thirsk Church is a handsome edifice, though of a mixed order; and Birkin a sweet remnant connected with Knight Templars' institutions. But we must not be tempted into the notice of especial beauties, but conclude by mentioning that an announcement in No. X. states that the future editing is confided to the Rev. G. Ayliffe Poole, the author of several of the best previous descriptions. In his hands we have no doubt it will go on to a prosperous and acceptable completion.

Church Embellishment.—A Mr. Harcourt, of the Regent's-park, bequeathed 500*l.* to be expended on a painting to be placed over the communion-table in the church of St. James's, Bermondsey. Nearly eighty competitors sent in sketches, but the meed has been adjudged to Mr. John Wood, a very rising artist, frequently noticed in the *Gazette*, whose subject is the Ascension. Messrs. Eastlake and Haydon were the judges, with Mr. Cooke as their referee in case of difference; but it is stated that they all agreed.

Mr. Uwins, R.A., has succeeded Sir A. Callcott as the keeper of her Majesty's collections of art.

THE DRAMA.

Adelphi.—A deservedly popular entertainment from the French, called the *Corporal's Wedding*, has been produced here in addition to preceding attractions; not forgetting the three wonderfully clever posturemonger children in the pantomime, and occasionally the inextinguishable amusement of Paul Bedford and Wright in *Norma*. In the new piece the *Corporal's* (Mr. Munyard's) very tempting bride (Miss Woolgar) is sorely beset for a wager in the kissing line, by *Sir Felix Marmalade* with a sweet tooth (Mr. Hudson), and *Major Griskin*—a benedict, but not the less liquorish (Mr. Selby); and is rescued by her dextrous contrivances to bring the offenders into collision with their affianced and wedded loves; one of whom, *Lady Arethusa Griskin*, is excellently played by Mrs. F. Mathews. The whole cast, indeed, is very strong; and we take the opportunity of noticing Mr. Selby's great merits in a vast diversity of different character. He has skill and judgment for them all, and displays the artist in their execution, no matter how grave or gay, gentlemanly or blackguard, comic or pathetic.

Dramatic Amusements, &c.—The announcements for Monday mark the progress of the season, previous to the assemblage of Parliament and the production of novelties. We have a new comedy at Covent Garden by Mr. Spicer, from whose pen one or more dramas of much merit have been published. The opening of the French theatre, at the St. James's, with a good company, including M. Lafont and Mdlle. Nathalie from the Gymnase; and Lover's "Paddy by land and sea," at the Hanover Square Rooms, with his new and very popular songs, "The captive rover," Paddy's laughable "Pastoral rhapsody," and "What will you do, love?" At the Princess's, the *Irish Wedding*, produced on Thursday night, afforded another opportunity for the display of some pretty dancing by M. and Mdlle. Rousset, Mdlle. Teresine, Mr. Gilbert, and Mr. and Miss Marshall. Of *old* affairs, *Antigone* holds on affectively: much of its success is certainly owing to the skill and painstaking of the stage-manager, Mr. Stirling, in putting it before the audience.

VARIETIES.

The Prussian Order of Merit.—Our readers are acquainted with the institution of this new order, to be bestowed on men distinguished not merely in war or politics, but in literature and science, by the King of Prussia; and they will be gratified to learn that its decorations have been sent to England, wherewith to invest, as Knights or Chevaliers, our eminent countrymen Sir J. Herschel, Mr. Faraday, and Mr. Robert Brown.

The City of London and Literary Tastes.—We put the conjunction copulative here, but it should be disjunctive, for the majority of our citizens seem to have a decided distaste for any thing connected with literature and the fine arts. At a Common-council on Thursday, Mr. Lott moved, pursuant to notice, "That it be referred to the library-committee to consider a resolution of this court, of the 19th of December, 1826, whereby it was referred to the library-committee to consider the propriety of providing a suitable place for the reception of such antiquities relating to the city of London and suburbs as may be procured or presented to the corporation, and to report thereon to the court;" but Mr. Pawtress having taken notice that there was not a sufficient number of members present to constitute a court, the court adjourned!!

H.B. Caricatures.—Six novelties have just appeared, of various humour and merit, up to No. 826 of this unparalleled series. The first is a scene of Lord Palmerston as the monkey who had seen the world, suggested by his late continental tour, and is a piece of very clever drollery. The next, O'Connell as the clown in a pantomime, dropping the poker of "federalism," which he has taken hold of by the red-hot end, is a capital dramatic sketch. A Sign of "the Times" is a new version of Punch; that hero is knocking down Sir R. Peel and Sir J. Graham with truculent vigour. The dead-doll look of the premier is of the highest order of puppetry expression. Of the other three, the best is from the cattle-show; with Brougham as a black sheep fiercely battering down the fold of the Queen's lambs, the late administration. The Bishop of Exeter tossed by a bull, figures in the last. All are in H.B.'s most successful style.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Scinde Policy: a few Comments on Major-General W. F. P. Napier's Defence of Lord Ellenborough's Government, 8vo, 2*s.*—Annual Supplement to Willich's Tithe-Commutation Tables, 1845, 1*s.*—Euclid in Syllogisms. The Cambridge Euclid, 12mo, 6*s.*—History of the University of Dublin, by W. B. S. Taylor, 8vo, 25*s.*—String of Beads for the Romanisers, by the Rev. P. Placet, fcp. 3*s.* 6*d.*—Esther: a Sacred Drama, by the Rev. J. Sansom, 12mo, 4*s.*—Rev. P. Wilson's Plain Guide to the Holy Communion, 2d edit., 32mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Sir E. Saunders' Reports, 6th edit., by E. V. Williams, 3 vols. roy. 8vo, 4*l.* 4*s.*—Facts upon Facts against the League, by A. Williams, 8vo, 5*s.*—Arthur O'Leary, by Harry Lorrequer, new edit., 1 vol. 8vo, 12*s.*—Scenery and Reminiscences of Ceylon, by J. Deschamps, royal fol. 2*l.* 2*s.*; or with the plates coloured, 3*l.* 3*s.*—The Roman Matron, translated from the German of L. Tieck, 3 vols. post 8vo, 27*s.*—The Orphan's Inheritance, 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Blunt's Beauty of the Heavens, new edit. sm. 4to, 21*s.* plain, 28*s.* coloured.—Kennion's Modern Geography, 2d edit. 12mo, 5*s.*—Lee's Laws of Shipping and Insurance, 2d edit. 12mo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Treatise on

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Corns, Bunions, &c. by L. Durlacher, 8vo, 10s. 6d.—Manchester in 1844, by L. Faucher, translated, with notes, 12mo, 3s.—The Templar: a Novel, 8vo, 2s. 6d.—Three Years in Constantinople, by C. White, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1l. 11s. 6d.—Lays and Ballads from English History, by S. M., fcp. 8vo, 5s.—Ridley Seldon, or the Way to keep Lent: a Tale, by A. Howard, fcp. 5s.—Anatomy of the Arteries of the Human Body, by R. Quain, imp. fol. 18l.—Foreign Library, Vol. XII. Kahlrausch's History of Germany, 8vo, 14s.—Foreign Library, Vol. XI. Schlosser's History of the Eighteenth Century, Vol. IV. 8vo, 11s.—Judea Capta: a Sketch of the Destruction of Jerusalem, by Charlotte Elizabeth, fcp. 6s.—The Book of Family Prayer, by Clergymen of the Church of England, imp. 8vo, 25s.—Consecration of St. John's Church, Jedburgh: Six Sermons, 12mo, 7s.—Treatise on the Organisation of Plants, by J. W. Draper, 4to, 18s.—Pictures and Rhymes for Children, 12mo, 6s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To Φιλαλογες we can only answer, *non nostrum componere lites*, if there be any contradiction between Dr. Butler and Lempriere, which does not appear to us to be the case. Dr. B. says, the modern name of Morea was given to the Peloponnesus "from the mulberry-trees which grow there having been introduced for supplying silk-worms;" and Lempriere states, that the mulberry-tree is found in abundance there. Independently of either authority, our impression is, that the Morea was so called from its geographical shape; for its form on the map bears a striking resemblance to the mulberry-leaf.

J. R. accepted.—R. Gale under consideration.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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FRENCH PLAYS—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—MR. MITCHELL begs respectfully to announce that the above Theatre will be REOPENED on MONDAY EVENING next, JANUARY 27th, when will be produced (first time in this country), LE MARI à la VILLE et la FEMME à la CAMPAGNE, in which Mons. Lafont and Madlle. Nathalie will make their first appearances. During the evening, "God Save the Queen" will be sung by the entire company. After which, PIERRE le ROUGE—M. Lafont remplira le rôle de Pierre le Rouge; Madlle. Nathalie celui de Jeanneton.

Nights of performance, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. A detailed Prospectus of the general arrangements, and of the pieces which will be produced during the season, may be had at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33 Old Bond Street, and at the Box Office of the Theatre, which is open daily from 11 till 5.

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LITERATURE AND ART.

ART-UNION of LONDON.

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Subscribers for the present Year ending March 31, will receive an impression of a Line Engraving by Mr. G. T. Doo, after the Picture by W. MULREADY, R.A., "The CONVALESCENT," and *in addition to this*, a series of Designs in Outline by Mr. W. RIMTON, illustrative of Thomson's "Castle of Indolence," to which the Society's premium of Sixty Pounds was awarded last year.

Notice is hereby given, that the Committee have awarded the premium of Sixty Pounds for the best set of Designs sent in on the 1st inst. to Mr. G. E. HICKS, of Lymington, Hants, the author of a Series Illustrating "The Revelation of St. John."

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Curiosities of Literature.

We have frequently, in the course of our long literary race, had the pleasure of making our readers acquainted with productions of considerable attractions, not intended by their authors for the public, but, either from feelings of modesty or other reasons, confined to *private circulation*. In our last, we mentioned a volume of Sergeant Talfourd's which came within this category; and it was rather a curious coincidence, that the same sheet described the new process we had witnessed, *Anastatic Printing*, by which any single copy of this kind might readily be reproduced and made *overt* to the whole world.

It so happens, that at the present time there are several such *No-publications* circulated among the friends of their writers, and naturally accessible (where no secrecy is enjoined) to persons moving in literary society; and as we can, without breach of confidence, say something about them to our readers, we beg leave to do so, in the hope that they will be gratified by the cognisance of these performances, so much subjects of remark and conversation where they are handed about.

The first we shall introduce is a pamphlet of forty-eight pages, upon a subject of much national interest, as will be gathered from the title, viz. "REMARKS ON THE EXCLUSION OF LORD BYRON'S MONUMENT FROM WESTMINSTER ABBEY."

From one passage in this pungent argument and other internal evidence we have no hesitation in fixing the authorship upon Lord Byron's earliest and, through life, most constant and valuable friend, SIR JOHN HOBHOUSE.*

The preliminary statement relates the death of the noble bard at Missolonghi on the 19th of April, 1824; and the bringing of his corpse to England in the July following. It was desired at this period that his body should be buried in Poets' Corner; but no formal application was made to Dr. Ireland, the then dean of Westminster, for that purpose, in consequence of its having been privately ascertained by the late Mr. John Murray, that if an application to the Chapter was made, it would meet with a refusal. Byron's remains were consequently committed to a humble vault in Hucknall Church, near Newstead Abbey, where his mother and others of his family rest in obscurity and peace.

It was not till 1826 that the admirers of his genius, who had been disappointed in the wish to lay him among the illustrious dead, the poets of England, who repose in our great national church, entertained the project of raising a Monument to his Memory in that defended site. A friendly subscription was entered upon, and a sum of money procured; which, we are informed, was "*too small to secure the services of any very eminent British artist*;" but the famous Thorwaldsen (influenced by high individual considerations) generously undertook the design for one thousand pounds, towards the close of 1829, and in 1834 his work arrived in London.

* See note, page 66, col. 3.

Ten years had elapsed since all that was human frailty or sin in Byron had been consigned to the oblivious dust; and it was hoped that prejudices and objections, whatever were their foundations, might so far have passed away as to overcome any impediment to the reception of this beautiful work of art within the hallowed precincts of Westminster Abbey. After a meeting of the committee:—

"Accordingly, Mr. Murray, who acted as secretary, addressed the following letter to Dr. Ireland:—

'Albemarle Street, December 9, 1834.

'My dear sir,—In accordance with the enclosed resolution of the subscribers to a monument to the memory of Lord Byron, who met at my house yesterday, and to whom I am honorary secretary, I beg leave to inquire upon what terms the statue now completed could be placed in some suitable spot in Westminster Abbey. I have enclosed also a list of the names of the subscribers.—I am, &c. JOHN MURRAY.

'To the Dean of Westminster.'

The dean sent to him this reply:—

'Deanery, Westminster, 17 Dec. 1834.

'Dear sir,—I have not had the opportunity till this morning of consulting with the chapter on the subject of your note. When you formerly applied to me for leave to inter the remains of Lord Byron within this Abbey, I stated to you the principle on which as churchmen we are compelled to decline that proposal. The erection of a monument in honour of his memory, which you now desire, is in its proportion subject to the same objection. I do, indeed, greatly wish for a figure by Thorwaldsen here; but no taste ought to be indulged to the prejudice of a duty. With my respectful compliments to the committee, I beg you to believe me, yours truly, JOHN IRELAND.'

"The letter was handed to Sir John Hobhouse, who had been appointed permanent chairman of the sub-committee, with power to act in such way as might appear to him most likely to carry into effect the intentions of the subscribers—namely, to place the statue in Westminster Abbey. Persuaded that such were the intentions of the committee and the subscribers, and that he ought to persevere in endeavouring to obtain that object, Sir John Hobhouse resolved to wait until he might again apply to the proper authorities for the same purpose with better chance of success."

Dr. Ireland reached an extreme old age, and did not die till September 1842; when the opening contemplated by Sir John Hobhouse again presented itself. About this time Mr. Westmacott the sculptor suggested his project for a British Pantheon or Glyptothek to contain the records of eminent men, not strictly of an ecclesiastical character; but on this the writer justly observes:

"If the example is that which is likely to become pernicious, that effect will be just as likely to be produced by a monument placed in a public gallery as in a church; and it is difficult to conceive what other apprehension, except that of bad example, can be supposed to influence the church authorities in desiring this exclusion. They can hardly be so vindictive as to aim at punishment—the punishment of the living for the offences of the dead; nor so sanguine as to think that any one will become more careful in his writings merely to procure a niche in Westminster Abbey."

And he adds:—"It may also be remarked, that until Mr. Westmacott's project is adopted, a tomb in Westminster Abbey will continue to be a mark of distinction; and the recent admission of Campbell, and of the translator of Dante, leaves the exclusion of Byron without the excuse suggested by Mr. Westmacott."

With regard to the Abbey the Dean and Chapter have paramount authority; and though they offered no reasons for their refusal in this instance, a speech delivered by the Bishop of London in the House of Lords on the 14th of June, threw all the light that was wanted on the question:

"The bishop hoped (according to the *Times* report) that the dean and chapter would never allow such a monument to appear in the Abbey. . . . The dean and chapter had nearer and higher interests to attend to than the national taste—interests connected with the national religion. If Lord Byron had in his works attacked the Founder of our religion, and by the beauties of his poetry was one of the most dangerous advisers of youth, his statue did not deserve a place in the temple of our God. It was with pain he said it; but he was fully borne out by passages in the works of Lord Byron, which disqualified such a writer from having his statue admitted into that sacred place. . . . . Genius and talent were not refused admission; but it was the duty of the dean and chapter, as functionaries of the established church, and bound to protect an established religion, not to confer a distinction conferred on deceased Christians, upon one who was the enemy of Christianity."

The report of the *Morning Chronicle* is still more distinct and particular. It quotes the bishop as saying: "where he hoped it never would be placed. In common justice and candour he must express his approbation of the dean and chapter's conduct. They felt that there was a higher interest at stake than the national taste; they felt that the national religion was at stake. . . . One of the most dangerous enemies of religion had been the learned historian of the Roman empire; but he would put the insinuations and the innuendoes of Lord Byron also as most dangerous, and must be taken as a disqualification for a niche in the temple of God (hear, hear). Should they be blamed for a refusal to admit to the sanctuary one whose life had been passed in reprobation of religion? . . . This was no reflection on his genius as a poet, or on his talents; it was only the expression of feeling that, as persons holding high office in the established church, they would not concur in giving the highest posthumous honours awarded to a Christian, to one who was practically far from a Christian."

"The bishop's 'candour,'" observes Sir John, "shall be noticed in due time. Carried a little farther, this sentiment, call it what we please, would have denied Christian burial to the poet. We know that a zeal not dissimilar from that of the bishop did refuse Christian burial to the

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professors of that art by which poetry is made more popular and attractive. The reesons assigned by the clergy of Paris for closing the vaults of their churches against the remains of dramatic performers were founded on the profaneness of their profession; but it must be confessed, that the clergy of Westminster have been hitherto more tolerant in this respect than their French brethren. The remains of Mrs. Oldfield were treated with more respect then those of Mlle. le Couvreur. Thet celebreted actress died on the 23d of October, 1730. 'Her corpse, elegantly dressed, wes carried on the Tuesday following from her house in Grosvenor Street to the Jerusalem chamber, to lie in state—whence, about eleven o'clock at night, it was conveyed to the abbey, the pell being supported by the Lord de la Warr, Lord Hervey, the Right Hon. G. B. Doddington, Charles Hedges, Esq., Welter Carey, Esq., and Captain Elliott; her eldest son, Arthur Mainwering, Esq., being chief mourner, and the funeral service being performed by the senior prebendary then resident.' Such is the account given of Mrs. Oldfield's funeral: and who was the chief mourner? her natural son; end who were the pall-bearers? not improbably her lovers—for thie admireble actress and most benevolent women had many in her time."

And egain he contends:

"Teke those (monuments) of authors to be seen in Poets' Corner, properly so called, distinct from the tombs of the south transept. They are those of Dryden, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Dreyton, Butler, Milton and Grey, Mason, Shedwell, Prior, Phillips, St. Evremond, and Anstey. At least half of these are authors of worke which no cereful person would put into the hands of a pupil. But was either of these refused a plece on account of the tendency of his writings? Yes; Milton—his name for more than half a century after his death was excluded from the abbey; and Dr. Johnson tells us a singuler story, with reference to this exclusion, which may assist us in forming a judgment upon such matters:—'When the inscription for the monument of Phillips, in which be was seid to be '*soli Miltono secundus*,' was exhibited to Dr. Sprat, dean of Westminster, he refused to admit it; the name of Milton was, in his opinion, too detestable to be read on the welle of a building dediceted to devotion. Atterbury, who succeeded him, being author of the inscription, permitted its reception; and such has been the change of public opinion, says Dr. Gregory, from whom I hed this account, thet I have seen erected in the church a stetue of that men whose neme I once knew considered as a pollution of its walls.' Public opinion has, indeed, changed—for although it appears the Bishop of London has one precedent in his fevour, it is one which he may be little inclined to accept—it is the exclusion of the Milton whom he extols, and esks indignantly, whether Byron is to be put on the same rank with that great name. Perhaps neither the bishop nor Dr. Ireland might be proud of such a prototype—but be it remembered, that Sprat wes, in his dey, a bishop and a dean, and heving been a poet, though only 'a twinkling star,' and heving eulogised Cromwell, as one whose

'Vestal heat
Was kindled from ebove alone,'

nothing but a strong sense of religious duty could surely be thought to prompt him to proscribe the author of 'Paradise Lost,' and the Latin secretary of the great Protector. Yet the judgment of Sprat was reversed—and who knows whet mey be the fate of this second proscription? The objection made to Milton did not, so far as we know, apply to the others who have been already named. There was nothing 'detestable' in the obscenities of the drematists—in the scoffings and raillery of Hudibras—nothing to 'pollute the walls' in Prior, nor in the dirty double meanings, offensive alike to modesty end to religion, to be found in the pages of that very small author, to whom a tablet, with an inscription a yard long, has been erected, with permission of the deen by whom Byron has been denied a place amongst the poets. Nor was the suspected end denounced etheism of St. Evremond an objection to his neme being inscribed upon the sacred walls."

Sir John proceeds to handle Dean Ireland rather severely respecting his own opinions end sentiments in Gifford's edition of Massinger; and refers to Dryden, Congreve, end others, and even Shakspere, with cogent effect. Gifford, the stanch champion of the church establishment, gave his name as a member of the committee for erecting a monument to Byron; end turning at length with resentment upon the bishop himself, the author seys:

"It might doubtless have been wished, that no such irregularities as are to be found in 'The Vision of Judgment,' for example, had blemished Lord Byron's works; but these are not sufficieut to give an antichristian character to his works generally. The speeches which he puts into the mouth of Manfred, or Cain, or Lucifer—of any bed man, or any evil spirit, ere, of course, to be judged with reference to the character of the speaker; they are purely dramatic. One of the complaints egainst Milton wes, thet he mede Setan the hero of his poem. And if Dr. Blomfield hed written the 'Prometheus,' insteed of merely editing thet noble drama, he might have been mede answerable for the impieties of the chained but indomitable Titan.

Σέβου, προσεύχου, θῶπτε τὸν κρατοῦντ' ἀεί·
Ἐμοὶ δ' ἔλασσον Ζηνὸς ἢ μηδὲν μέλει·
Δράτω, κρατείτω τόνδε τὸν βραχὺν χρόνον
Ὅπως θέλει· δαρὸν γὰρ οὐκ ἄρξει θεοῖς.—*Scena VI.*

Ἁπλῷ λόγῳ τοὺς πάντας ἐχθαίρω θεούς
Ὅσοι παθόντες εὖ κακοῦσί μ' ἐκδίκως.—*Scena VII.*"

Sir John maintains thet it is only when "the author must be considered as giving his own opinions, that is, when he mekes reflections in his own character, that he is responsible for them;" and that in actuel life and his own individuality, Byron was, as be asserts himself, "no enemy to religion; but the contrary." Then quoting a letter in Moore's Life, vol. i. p. 552, Sir John adds:

"He (Lord B.) goes on to say, that he inclines to the Catholic faith—an inclination which might have found favour for him with more than one bishop. This is in a confidentiel letter, in which he adds, speaking of Mr. Shelley, for whom he felt a high and just esteem, 'with his speculetive opinions, I have nothing in common, nor desire to have.' This may be a good opportunity of contradicting a monstrous fiction, in regard to Lord Byron's designation of thet gentlemen, in terms which might indicate his own indifference on religious subjects. It has been told in a book, that Byron, seeing Shelley's name written in the Traveller's Book, at an inn near Chamouni, wrote opposite to it in Greek, 'etheist and philanthropist.' The fact is just the reverse; Shelley's name was written there—end the words mentioned were written opposite to it; but Lord Byron on seeing them, said, 'This is very foolish; do you not think I shall do Shelley a service by scratching them out?' end he did scratch them out, in the presence of the writer of these remerks.*

"That he (continues the writer) was not a decided unbeliever, and that no decided unbelief can be inferred from his works, mey be affirmed in spite of the Bishop of London."

We have next a list of the subscribers, with pointed observation on the evidence of their names, that they did not, could not, consider the writings of Byron so obnoxious as to doom him, if not to "maimed rites," at all events to a statue under the roof of Westminster Abbey, tenented as it is, and stultified by strange unholy epitaphs. It does indeed seem as if Life were a jest, and all things shewed it!† Among them we shell only name, W. Lisle Bowles, Sir Walter Scott, and Sir Robert Peel; and "twenty years after this (Sir J. H. writes, citing the words of Scott‡) comes Bishop Blomfield, and, from the holy bench of the British house of peers, denounces Lord Byron as en essailent of Christ, and hopes no monument to his memory may ever be found in Westminster Abbey. * * *

"Charity mey, and sometimes does, by passing its due bouuds, cease to be a virtue—it becomes indifference. Quite true—but not more true than thet zeal also may overstep its limits and essume the cherecter of blind, presumptuous intolerance, or even persecution."

Of the bishop himself the author says:

"The Bishop of London is a very able man. He has risen, as most powerful churchmen have done before him, by his own efforts to his high station; and even without his mitre would command respect. Those who are conversant with the learned languages assign to him a place, if not amongst the first class of scholars, at least amongst those who have done service by their critical skill end ingenuity. Of his theological ettainments it is not for a layman to speak; but es a preacher, he is pleasing and persuasive, and his episcopal functions in the most important diocese of Englend are, on the whole, it is said, performed without reproach. But his lordship, it may be remerked without presumption, is not altogether faultless—he is not quite without arrogance, he is a little hesty—meekness, humility, forbearance, end one or two other virtues of the infant church, suitable to its primitive condition, and essentiel to its existence, heve epparently been found by Dr. Blomfield not indispensable in a prelate of the nineteenth century. In parliement, where, of course, a bishop must rank with frail fellow-creatures, his peers, and he judged as they ere judged—he now and then mekes a mistake, as who does not? and it was there he mede the injudicious ettack on the memory of Lord Byron. Better things might heve been expected of him; for elthough somewhat of a polemic, he is not chergeable with bigotry—far less with fanaticism—and his own accomplishments end early pursuits might have, without any loss of episcopal charecter, rendered

* This is the passage to which we have referred in our first column as fixing the authorship of the pamphlet on Sir John Hobhouse.—*Ed. L. G.*

† See the epitaph on Gay in Poets' Corner:

"Life is a jest, and all things shew it:
I thought so once, but now I know it."

‡ "We are not Byron's epologists, for now, alas! he needs none. His excellences will now be universally acknowledged; and his faults, let us hope and believe, not remembered in his epitaph. * * * Greece and the world, however, were to be deprived of this remarkable man; and surely, to have fallen in a crusade for freedom and humanity, as in olden times it would have been an atonement for the blackest crimes, may in the present be allowed to expiate greater follies than ever exaggerated calumny has propagated against Byron."

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him a little blind to the blemishes of Byron. A good deal may be borne from Bishop Blomfield, but when he again invokes 'justice' and 'candour,' it is to be hoped it will be on a more fitting occasion than that which has given rise to these remarks. One or two of his late exhibitions have not added to his present fame nor general influence, although they may have made him, for a few days, somewhat of a favourite of a party; and all those, our sober-minded fellow-countrymen, who seek for tranquil dignity, unpretending piety, and a simplicity of mind and manners, truly Christian, in the head of the English church, make it their earnest prayer, that it may please Heaven to prolong the honoured days of the present Archbishop of Canterbury."

We conclude with a significant, and to us touching, summary of the character of Byron:

"Lord Byron had failings—many failings, certainly, but he was untainted with any of the baser vices; and his virtues—his good qualities—were all of the higher order. He was honourable and open in all his dealings—he was generous, and he was kind. He was affected by the distress—and, rarer still, he was pleased with the prosperity of others. Tender-hearted he was to a degree not usual with our sex—and he shrunk, with feminine sensibility, from the sight of cruelty. He was true-spoken—he was affectionate—he was very brave, if that be any praise—but his courage was not the result of physical coolness or indifference to danger; on the contrary, he entertained apprehensions and adopted precautions, of which he made no secret, and was by no means ashamed. His calmness and presence of mind, in the hour of peril, were the offspring of reflection and of a fixed resolution to act becomingly and well. He was alive to every indication of good feeling in others—a generous or noble sentiment, a trait of tenderness or devotion, not only in real, but in imaginary characters, affected him deeply—even to tears. He was, both by his habits and his nature, incapable of any mean compliance, any undue submission towards those who command reverence and exact flattery from men of the highest genius; and it will be the eternal praise of his writings, as it was one of the merits of his conversation, that he threw no lustre on any exploit, however brilliant, any character, however exalted, which had not contributed to the happiness or welfare of mankind. Lord Byron was totally free from envy and from jealousy; and, both in public and in private, spoke of the literary merits of his contemporaries in terms which did justice to them and honour to himself. He was well aware of his own great reputation; but he was neither vain-glorious nor overbearing; nor attached to his productions even that value which was universally granted to them, and which they will, probably, for ever maintain. Of his lesser qualities very little need be said, because his most inveterate detractors have done justice to his powers of pleasing, and to the irresistible charms of his general deportment. There was, indeed, something about him not to be definitely described—but almost universally felt, which captivated those around him, and impressed them, in spite of occasional distrusts, with an attachment not only friendly but fixed. Part of this fascination may doubtless be ascribed to the entire self-abandonment, the incautious, it may be said, the dangerous sincerity of his private conversation; but his very weaknesses were amiable; and, as has been said of a portion of his virtues, were of a feminine character—so that the affection felt for him was as that for a favourite and sometimes froward sister. In mixed society Lord Byron was not talkative, neither did he attempt to surprise by pointed or by humorous remarks; but in all companies he held his own, and that, too, without unbecoming rivalry with his seniors in age and reputation, and without any offensive condescension towards his inferior associates. In more familiar intercourse, he was a gay companion and a free, but he never transgressed the bounds of good breeding, even for a moment. Indeed he was, in the best sense of the word, a gentleman."

Our second Literary Curiosity is from the pen of a man of great celebrity, Lord Robertson, one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Edinburgh. It is entitled *Leaves of a Journal*, and fills thirty-four pages of a handsomely printed large octavo. As few of our readers can be ignorant of the author, though his fame is more concentrated in the northern portion of our island than with us here; we will merely mention, that as Patrick Robertson with his intimate friends he was long esteemed as an able advocate, and much beloved for his social qualities, overflowing with humour; one of the most entertaining mimics that ever preached in Gaelic or sung in Italian without uttering one word of either language, and yet the similarity of sound so perfect as to impose on Celt and Tuscan; Mr. Robertson was in good time raised to the bench, and on that high seat has shewn a striking example of the possible unison of a facetiousness and wit not unworthy of a Rabelais, and of a wisdom and gravity which does honour to the dispensation of justice. Superficial observers are apt to suppose that where there is brilliancy, there cannot be depth; but we have known innumerable instances of the contrary, and not one more remarkable than in the person of whom this slight notice treats. His festive reputation for years was of the foremost order, and his company and conversation eagerly sought by all classes who, from station, could aspire to that pleasure; and since more important duties have devolved upon him, his character has been equally established as one of the best judges that ever adorned the Scottish courts. The *dulce desipere in loco* seemed as if the fittest preparatory study for legal and logical acumen, and a knowledge of the various forms of life a truly sound foundation for penetrating and comprehensive judgment. We feel, however, as if we were trespassing on privacy in writing this imperfect eulogy; and now hasten to the work before us.

In a graceful and somewhat playful preface, Lord Robertson states the nature of his production.

"This trivial volume (he says) is not intended as a publication; its pages are merely presented in this form to a few friends who may wish to know what were my thoughts while abroad. In the life of one necessarily confined, year after year, to the seat of his professional labours, crossing the Alps and Apennines, and passing some weeks in Italy, is an event. Those who take an interest in the individual may therefore be happy to see some record of what chiefly dazzled his imagination, or touched his heart. I kept no regular journal, as my movements were too rapid, and my observations necessarily very superficial. It would, no doubt, have been easy to have compiled one on the ordinary principles, describing all I had seen or travelled over (with perhaps something more), having recourse, all the time, to the guide-book for statistics, for politics to the postilion, and for learning to the *laquais de place*; but I thought it better merely to endeavour to sketch the most striking scenes I visited, and to record such impressions as appeared to me at the time worthy of being prevented from passing away."

And, further on: "I resolved to shew my friends that my holydays have not been a blank; and I have rather chosen to do so in the somewhat ambitious form of what cannot be called poetry, and yet is not sober prose. I took this course because it pleased my fancy, and as I think that truth is not less instructive although presented to the eye in a garland of flowers, any more than the vine grows less luxuriant when gracefully festooned. I am aware that the measure is sometimes irregular, perhaps illegitimate; but I think it better not to attempt to remodel, and rather leave the lines nearly as they were written, so that they may have at least freshness, although they should want polish. To those who are entrusted with the perusal of these pages I need say no more. If by accident, inadvertence, or mistaken kindness, others to whom I am unknown, or before whose severer judgment I would have shrunk, should obtain access to this volume, let them recollect before they proceed, that what is not published ought not in fairness to be criticised. P. R.

"Edinburgh, 30th October 1844,
32 Drummond Place."

No criticism needed to be feared; but as it is proscribed, we will not go into the compliments which would otherwise be called for from us, and leave the following extracts to speak for themselves. The introductory lines run thus:

"'Within the book and volume of my brain.'—*Hamlet*
Book of my brain! these leaves together bound,
To save their fading, are with hasty hand
Cull'd from thy store, where, gather'd day by day,
Fond memory culls within her fleeting folds
(As nature opens out her volume vast
To all who come with artless soul to read)
Such varied treasures as the mind can hold.

I may not hope the fruitage from her lap
Has found fit record here. But if one dew-drop
Fall on the page, or one responsive sigh
Be echoed to my lay,—then not in vain
Is this poor garland, as a gift of love,
Devoted to the friends who can forgive
The song, though rude, for sake of him who sung."

The first *Leaf* is on the "Duomo, Milan," and conveys a fine religious lesson, extremely wanted in the present day.

"What though from hate of priestly pomp and power,
Perchance a little tinged with bigot zeal,
And the stern tenets of his ruder times,
The poet of the 'Fall of Man' denounced
The friars' trumpery. Though our simple forms
Require not golden altar, gonfalon,
Crosier, or mitre deck'd with precious gems,
Censer of burning myrrh, or useless flame,
Sickening beneath the sunbeam? Yet, oh yet,
Call not this pious labour mockery,
Nor turn with methodistic eye away.
Who shall decide where form alone prevails,
Burying religion in her chill embrace?
The rudest and the richest both, alas,
Have outward show; and, in the silken robe
Of priest reform'd, or trim Geneva band,
Or suit of simplest sable, may there be
Form without truth, as by the rubied shrine,
Or golden glare of sacerdotal pomp.
Lift, then, thine eyes with them, unto the God
Of heaven, whose service we and they profess;
Nor deem, presumptuous, thou alone art pure.
The God of Nature builds his temples bright:
The glory of the morn, the evening sun,
The fleecy clouds, the ever-rolling waters,
The dewy shrubs and trees, the silver moon,
The glittering stars, the golden mountain-tops,
The earth herself, bedeck'd in beauteous green,
Amidst the music of her thousand streams—
These all are glorious—these his handiwork!
Why, then, despise that pomp which piety
And faith enjoin, hallow'd by age on age,
And by the hosts of Christendom revered?"

"The Last Supper, by Da Vinci," leads to some beautiful remarks on painting; and "Venice" is finely sung. We pass, however, to the shorter record of "Campo Santo."

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"Various the tracks which lead the sons of genius
Up that steep mount, where, from her golden throne,
Fame sends her glories forth; and few who climb
Approach the summit, strive they ne'er so hard.
What boots, alas, the strife, when all is o'er?
By different paths these sought her perilous seat,
Both gathering on their way unfading wreaths.
Blossoms of truth and love, cull'd from the lap
Of Nature; knowledge of the ways of man,
Wit, pathos, power, are writ, thou earlier born
And longer spared! upon thy deathless page.
And thou the latest taken! In spring-time
Of thy beneficent career cut off,
Learned in the craft of state, persuasive, wise,
Didst in thy life a bright example set,
Of manly worth, by manners mild attemper'd.
Here rest ye, not amidst the strangers' dust,
Where tablet, cypress, wild flowers mark your graves.
And many a Scottish wanderer drops a tear
Where Horner lies; or sighs that Smollett sleeps
So far from Leven's banks and Scotland's sky.
Though thus together lie her sons, whose paths
In life lay far asunder, yet the land
That loved them mourns the fate of both; and losing
Their ashes, consecrates instead their name."

From the "Amphitheatre, Pozzuoli," we copy the reference to Vesuvius.

"What scenes, O Nature, hast thou spread around!
Isles of surpassing loveliness, that seem
The very gems of Neptune's diadem;
Mountains which from the dark blue waters spring,
And to the sea give back an equal beauty;
Sulphureous spots, whose ever-smouldering flames
Whisper of fires primeval; while Vesuvius,
Making, like jealousy, 'the food he feeds on,'
Burns with a splendour inextinguishable.
Lo! at his feet the clustering vine, the fig,
The cactus, and the olive, and the palm,
The rarer orange, with her golden glare,
Glistening amidst the fruits of common growth,
And countless wild flowers every spot bedecking.
But who the tenants of the land, whose breezes
Breathe living loveliness, and glory gone?
Alas! oppression,—crime, her eldest born,—
Disease and poverty, falsehood and fraud,
With folly in their train, permeate through all;
Trade, seeking truth in vain, to other shores
Unfurls her trusty sails; while learning grave,
The best beloved of freedom, shuns the realm,
And finds in western climes a fitter home."

Come we now to Pompeii:

"Temples of Jove and Isis, from the sand
Rising in sunny clustered beauty, hail!
Your worshippers are fled; your priests have fallen;
Pompeii's kindred deities are gone;
Broken their effigies; their shrines decayed.
Hushed the tribunal, where to combat doomed,
Guiltless or guilty stood the slave forlorn.
No sound comes from the theatre of blood
Save hum of lizard, grasshopper, or bee.
Within the senate-hall the snake lies coiled,
The orator is dumb, the patriot cold.
In thy soft garden-bowers and quiet homes
Beauty has lost her smile, and love her power.
The forum is forsaken. Hushed the crowd
That in the busy mart jostled for gain.
The chariot-wheels along the well-worn stones
Move not. The jars of wine and oil are empty.
Broken the grinding-stones; the hearths are cold.
The gold within its master's grasp is sealed.
The armourer, the smith, the labourer, rests;
The slave and prisoner from his chains set free.
The sentinel keeps his post, an armed atomy!
Fountains and baths are dry. The sports are ended.
Tragic and comic theatres repose;
The actors rest. The wrestlers struggle not.
The mummer's jest is o'er. The song is hushed;
The minstrel's harp is broke; the wine-cup fallen."

"Rome" offers the theme of greatest length; but we can only give the conclusion:

"Tell me not then that Rome's best dowry is
The beauty of her sky; beauteous indeed
It is beneath the summer-sun, when forth
He shines in ruby, sapphire, diamond, gold;
Or when the softer mistress of the night
Scatters around silver and amethyst;
But Rome's best portion is her noble name,
That, 'midst the changing seasons, knows no change.
Great names and things die not; the passing time
But hallows them the more;—so 'tis with Rome,
To which I bend a willing knee, and with
An humble, pensive reverence, bid—farewell!"

And now we must pass by "Florence," and from the "Domo d'Ossola" end with a touching retrospect on parting from Italy.

"'Tis fit these mountains most magnificent,
With verdure canopied, should close the scene,
And as upon yon snowy peak afar
The setting sun expends his parting ray,
He bids me call to mind thy beauties parting,
Fair Italy! for ever from mine eye.
Thy spirit seized my heart at once; and let
My last emotion, like my first, be love.
* * * *
But, 'midst this splendour, oh, what moral darkness
Broods o'er all! Where is thy learning now?
Thine enterprise, thy freedom, where are they?
Thy merchant-kings of Genoa and of Venice?
Where now thy pontiff's power, whose written thunders
Shook Christendom from east to west, while princes
Bent at his feet the supple subject-knee?
Broken asunder, into kingdoms, dukedoms,
Poor principalities, and powers divided.
True, that the Austrian's stern but just dominion
Through fertile Lombardy spreads power and peace;
That at his bidding slowly mighty Venice
Lifts her dejected but majestic head;
That Genoa at Sardinia's call revives,
With half her ancient industry and wealth;
That jocund Tuscany, beneath a sway,
Mild and yet firm, smiles 'midst her olive-groves,
And busy merchants crowd Livorno's mart.
Ah me! within thy bounds these are but specks,
But roses blooming rarely here and there,
To mark the site where once a garden stood.
On thy wide surface sadness sets her seal.
Dull ignorance and superstition dwell
Within thee; industry finds no reward.
Thy nobles, like thy princely merchants, sink
Into forgetfulness; their palaces
Are now the stranger's home, or else forsaken.
Could truth, with energy, her sister fair,
Land on thy shores! could British enterprise
Inspire thee with congenial emulation!—
Then might thy mists dispel, and on thy soil
The old familiar fame of Rome revive!"

Our third theme is the story of an entertaining *hoax* played off upon Sir Walter Scott, whose enthusiasm in Border-minstrelsy shut his vision to the transparent and humorous disguise of his intimate friend. It is a little morsel of five pages, entitled *The Raid of Featherstonehaugh; a Border Ballad.* It was in reality written by the late Mr. R. Surtees, a poet of no mean rank or talent; and is now printed with a few remarks by Mr. J. H. Dixon, a literary antiquary, whose name will probably be better known hereafter. Among Mr. Surtees' ingenious impositions upon Sir Walter (some of them printed in the Border Minstrelsy and inserted in notes to his Metrical Romances) was this *Raid of Featherstonehaugh*, of which the author of *Marmion* entertained so high an opinion that he absolutely incorporated a verse from it into that splendid poem, and gave it entire in a note as a genuine relic of antiquity. The passage in *Marmion*, canto i. verse 13, runs thus:—

"The whiles a northern harper rude
Chaunted a rhyme of deadly feud,
How the fierce Thirlwalls and Ridleys all,
Stout Willimoteswick,
And Hardriding Dick,
And Hughie of Hawden, and Will o' the Wall,
Have set on Sir Albany Featherstonhaugh,
And taken his life at the Deadman's shaw.
Scantly Lord Marmion's ear could brook
The harper's *barbarous* lay," &c.

The apocryphal tradition and descent of the ballad, through an ancient crone of eighty to her son, a miner, is worthy of bibliographic faith; and Sir Walter's criticisms upon it are truly laughable. "The ludicrous turn given to the slaughter (he gravely observes), marks that wild and disorderly state of society, in which a murder was not merely a casual circumstance, but in some cases an exceedingly good jest. The structure of the ballad resembles the 'Fray of Suport,' having the same irregular stanza and wild chorus;" and he goes on to notice all the localities, and the reasons for the nicknames of the actors. Scott himself, as Mr. Dixon remarks, was fond of such jokes; and he fancies it, as we do, very likely that he and Surtees had sometimes laughed together at his own rhymes, the "old songs," "old plays," &c., which he palmed off as *recherché*; and that the jocular historian might, when amused by these tricks, say to himself, "you're a clever fellow, a capital hand at deceiving others, so I shall just try my hand on you!" Mr. D. adds, "that Surtees ever for a moment supposed that the 'old song' would be ingrafted into Marmion, and form the subject of a note in a Metrical Romance, we do not believe; but it having, probably to his dread and surprise, appeared in such a 'shape,' the historian no doubt thought it the best policy not to 'question' it, dreading lest a breach of friendship might follow, or that the public at large might take up the affair in an ill-natured spirit, and attribute motives and designs to him of which he was perfectly innocent."

As many of our readers may not have a reference at hand, we give place to this whimsical composition.

"Hoot awa', lads, hoot awa',
Ha' ye heard how the Ridleys, and Thirlwalls, and a',
Ha' set upon Albany Featherstonhaugh,
And taken his life at the Deadman's shaw?
There was Willimoteswick,
And Hardriding Dick,
And Hughie of Hawden, and Will of tha Wa'.
I canno tell a', I canno tell a',
And mony a mair that the deil may knaw.

The auld man went down, but Nicol, his son,
Ran away afore the fight was begun;
And he run, and he run,
And afore they were done,
There was mony a Featherston gat sic a stun,
As never was seen since the world begun.

I canno tell a', I canno tell a',
Some gat a skelp, and some gat a claw;
But they gar'd the Featherstones haud their jaw,
Nicol, and Alick, and a'.
Some gat a hurt, and some got nane!
Some had harness, and some gat sta'en.

Ane gat a twist o' the craig;
Ane gat a dunch o' the wame;
Symy Haw gat lamed of a leg,
And syne ran wallowing hame.

Hoot, hoot, the auld man's slain outright!
Lay him now wi' his face down;—he's a sorrowful sight.
Janet, thou donnot,
I'll lay my best bonnet,
Thou gets a new gude-man afore it be night.

Hoot away, lads, hoot away,
We's a' be hangid if we stay,
Tak up the dead man, and lay him ayint the bigging,
Here's the bailey o' Haltwhistle,
Wi' his great bull's pizzle,
That supp'd up the broo', and syne—in the piggin."

Our last *ensample* is a *small* thing of eight pages by John Small, called *The Horse-shoe*, and "not for sale." It is a smart and entertaining *jeu d'esprit*, worthy of Thomas Ingoldaby *lui-même*; and relates to the conflict between the devil and St. Dunstan, with modern comments and illustrations. It begins thus:—

"In days of yore, when saints were plenty.
(For each one now, you'd then find twenty,)
In Glaston's fruitful vale,
St. Dunstan had his dwelling snug,
Warm as that inmate of a rug
Named in no polish'd tale."

The saint's occupations are described, and especially his musical performances, which provoke the envy and malice of Old Nick; and of the consequences ensuing from the collision thus provoked, the author gives a version different from the commonly accepted legend. Instead of pinching the devil's nose with red-hot pincers, the conquering Dunstan shoes his cloven feet with actual horse-shoes; and

"Oh! 'twas worth coin to see him seize
That ugly leg, and 'twixt his knees
Firmly the pastern grasp.
The shoe he tried on burning hot,
His tools all handy he had got,
Hammer, and nails, and rasp.

A startled stare the devil lent,
Much wondering what St. Dunstan meant
This preluding to follow.
But the first nail from hammer's stroke
Full soon Nick's silent wonder broke,

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For his shrill scream might then have woke
The sleepiest of Sleepy Hollow.

* * * *

The saint no pity had on Nick,
But drove the nails right through the quick;
Louder shriek'd he and faster.
Dunstan cared not; his bitter grin,
Without mistake, shew'd Father Sin
He had found a ruthless master.

And having driven, clench'd, and filed,
The saint review'd his work, and smiled
With cruel satisfaction;
And jeering said, 'Before you go,
Pray let me see you jump Jim Crow
With your most graceful action.'

To tell how horny yell'd and cried,
And all the artful tricks he tried
To ease his tribulations,
Would more than fill the biggest book
That ever author undertook
Since the Book of Lamentations."

The poor devil is ultimately forced to sign and promulgate a deed, in which, among other terms, as hard as if imposed by a rascally attorney on a debtor in his clutches, it is covenanted that he will never intrude where a horse-shoe meets his sight. So it is that

"The horse-shoe now saves keel and roof
From visits of this rover's hoof,
The emblem seen preventing.
He recks the bond, but more the pain,
The nails went so against the grain,
The rasp was so tormenting.

Nor dares he through Granâda march,
For well he knows the horse-shoe arch
Would at each gate attend him.
Nor partridges may be digest,
Since the dire horse-shoe on the breast
Would grievously offend him.

The name of Smith he cannot bear
Smith Payne he'll curse, and foully swear
At Smith of Pennsylvania.
With looks so wild about the face;
Monro call'd in, pronounced the case
Clear antismithymania."

Advising all people to nail up the preservative from diabolic invasion, the writer thus applies the moral:

"And let me rede you, Mr. Barry,
Not all your arms of John, Dick, Harry,
Plantagenet, or Tudor;
Nor your projections, or your niches,
Affluent of crowns and sculptile riches,
Can charm off this intruder.

He'll care not for your harp a whistle,
Nor lion, horse, rose, shamrock, thistle,
Horn'd head, or *Honi soit*;
Nor puppy-griffs, though doubtless meant
Young senators to represent,
Like Samson, arm'd with jaw.

Only consult your sober senses,
And ponder well the consequences
If in some moment evil,
The old sinner should take speaker's chair,
Make black rod fetch the nobles there,
And with them play the devil!

Then do not fail, great architect!
Assembled wisdom to protect
From Satan's visitation.
With horse-shoe fortify each gate,—
Each lion's paw;—and then the state
Is safe from ruination."

Mr. Small in a note abjures the character of a literary man—"an affectation he cordially abhors;" but we wish we had more such to amuse us in these dull days.

P.S. While on the subject of literature confined to private circulation, and making a considerable sensation in the circles to which it is confided, we may mention a *Last New Ballad*, by Mr. Crofton Croker, on the Archæological meeting at Canterbury. The annexed is a sample of this *jeu d'esprit*, and refers to the woodcut of the barrow-opening at its head.

"This is the scud that took place in the mud,
While we sat and looked on from the carriage:
Such a dash was not seen, such a splash has not been,
My dear Bob, since the day of my marriage.

Fine ladies so soiled, as onward they toiled,
While professors so grave grubbed away;
Would have made you declare, had you only been there,
It was ten times as good as a play.

* * * *

So there we sat still, half a mile from the mill,
And a 'right merrie' trio we were;
And when to the Bourne, all their horses they turn,
Why we were the first to be there.

Shall I tell you for why? we saw by the sky
There would be no change in the weather;
So instead of staying last, we chose to ride fast,
And not all come to luncheon together.

The best of good feeding, with true courtly breeding,
Was prepared for us all at Bourne Park:
Had the party been weeded, to say truth it needed,
We could gladly have stayed there 'till dark."

Three Years in Constantinople; or, Domestic Manners of the Turks in 1844. By Charles White, Esq. 3 vols. H. Colburn.

By *Mash-Allah* on the boards, and *Bismillah* on the title-page, we are introduced to this full and particular account of Constantinople and its inhabitants. To tell what it is, few words are needed. It of necessity repeats matters which we have heard a hundred times from preceding authors, and are well known; but, at the same time, it enters more into detail; and if we wanted a single publication to inform us all about the mosques and public buildings, the bazaars and markets, the merchants and tradespeople, the court and the courts of justice, and the customs and manners of the Turkish capital, we should be well content with Mr. White. There are many stories to enliven the narrative, and some of them rather "eating dirt;" we mean, not worth repeating; but the whole furnishes apparently, as far as we can judge, a pretty correct view for A. D. 1844, and may therefore be welcomed as the latest as well as the most minute work on the subject.

Leaving jewellers, perfumers, confectioners, drapers, brushmakers, shoemakers, embroiderers, carpet-dealers, pipemakers, armourers, slave-merchants, and other craftsmen, to be made known by the author *in loco*, we shall select for our illustration of his style and manner a business more consonant to our pages than all the rest put together, namely, Bookselling. From the chapter headed, "Booksellers, Libraries, Stationers, Newspapers," we concoct our limited review. Mr. White states as follows.

The short space between the end of the *stuff*-market (an ominous neighbourhood for publishers) is the sahhaf (booksellers') gate of the old Bezestan, which "spot may be regarded as the Paternoster-row of Constantinople. The booksellers' company, exclusively composed of Musselmans, is under strict regulations, and forms one of the most esteemed and influential corporations, being in constant communication with the most learned and devout men of the city and provinces. This, however, by no means adds to the liberality of their sentiments or dealings. Indeed, their reputation for avarice and merciless extortion is so notorious among their countrymen, that it is common, when speaking of a close-fisted dealer, to exclaim, 'He is worse than a sahhaf!' Their numbers are limited to some forty; and it is impossible for any person not brought up to the business to purchase the goodwill of a shop, unless he be son or next of kin to a member of the company. The principal trade is concentrated at this spot, though common tale and school books may be purchased at kyhatjelar (stationers) tcharshyssy, near the Seraskier's palace.* It is no easy matter to extract information relative to the craft from its members. [How different from Europe!] They evince great jealousy and mystery as to their institution and dealings, and would fain induce strangers to believe that the transcribers of books have their seats near the gate of the seventh heaven [as our hacks have theirs close to the gate of the other place], and that printing-presses are made from the calcined wood of Al Zacum, the dread tree of the lowest pit,—a sentiment that appears to find an echo in Christian lands—for, in a pastoral letter recently issued by the bishops of Belgium against bad books, printing is set down as the source of the evils complained of, and devoted by implication to abhorrence. Turkish dealers assert that they are forbidden to sell books to Franks; but there is no law or fethwa for this restriction, and the assertion is either the result of individual fanaticism, or an artifice of the trade to enhance the price of works. In truth, they not only sell books of all kinds in open market, with the exception of koorans; but offer to procure any others that may be required, and to deliver them at Pera. The booksellers' stalls are the meanest in appearance of all the bazaars, and the effendy, who lord it over the literary treasures, are the least prepossessing, and by no means the most obliging, of the many crafts that abound within this vast and diversified emporium. They sit grimly upon their cushions, and appear to pass a negative existence, neither inviting nor repelling customers. Their stores are open; books are placed on their sides, upon the shelves behind, or in inner recesses, and present nothing inviting to the eye. Catalogues are unknown to them. Each sahhaf carries a list of his stock in trade and prices in his head.* The number of books in each stall does not average more than 700 volumes, so that the contents of the whole bazaar may be taken at less than 30,000 volumes. Among these, works of extraordinary rarity in the 'three languages'† may frequently be found. The prices of manuscripts are high, and the commonest printed books are double their relative value in Europe. This results from the monopoly of printing, and from the limited number of copies. There is no standard price for manuscripts or printed books. When the latter are delivered by the editor to the trade, either on commission or demand, he receives a fixed price. After that the value is as uncertain as in our book-auctions. With manuscripts, every thing depends upon the beauty of transcription, ornaments, and fame of the calligrapher, much in the same manner as the merits of old editions depend with us upon printers."

The price of koorans is very various, ranging between 100 and 50,000 piastres; and general "works when printed are either bound by the publisher, or delivered stitched to the trade, and they resell as they receive them. The same observation is applicable to manuscripts. Ask a bookseller to bind any given work, and he will reply: 'That is not our business; go to the moojellid.' The pir (saint) who is venerated as the patron of the booksellers' guild, is one Abdullah Yatimy, an inhabitant of Bassora, and contemporary of the Prophet, who is supposed to have been they first bookseller. The trade pays a trifling tax to government, and from five to seven piastres each, per month, for rent of shops. The latter sum is collected by the sheikh, and is paid to the administration of the imperial wakoofs. Hitherto, Turkish literature

* "Armenian booksellers may be found at Vizir Khan and elsewhere. Their trade is limited to the sale of catechisms and some few works on medicine and theology, printed at Venice."

* "The same process is pursued by Mr. Verbiest, proprietor of the extensive library of rare editions at Brussels."

† "Turkish, Arabic, and Persian."

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has been little known. An impression exists throughout Europe that Osmanlis have no literature of their own, and that their books consist of mere transcripts, or translations from Persian and Arabic. * * But this delusion has passed away. Many young men of different nations are now making progress in the higher branches of Turkish literature, and it is probable that, in a few years, some of them may communicate their knowledge, by translating some of the numerous works of Turkish history and poetry."

Our author next goes over the principal works which form the booksellers' stocks in trade; to which we need do little more than refer. Here, however, is one example: "Annals of Vassif, historian under Selim III. This work is in process of continuation by Shaikh Zadeh, son of the blind bookseller.* It will be printed at the Imperial press, and will complete the history of the Ottoman sultans, from Osman in 1399, to Abdoul Medjid in 1842."

Besides the booksellers' shops and public collections, "there are many Turkish gentlemen whose libraries are stored not only with the productions of the most celebrated historians, poets, and philosophers, but who add to these selections from the most esteemed French and English classics."

In this list are enumerated "Akif Effendy, ex-Pasha and Reis Effendy, whose poetical talents have been mentioned. He is the same person who, at the desire of Lord Ponsonby, was disgraced, as a satisfaction to the British government for having hesitated to make reparation for the cruel treatment inflicted upon Mr. Churchill, an English gentleman, who, whilst shooting, accidentally wounded a child. Akif is regarded as highly learned, and the best poet of the day. His style, both in verse and prose, is set forth as a model.—Fouad Effendy, before mentioned, a poet himself, and son of the most esteemed poet of the age, Izzet Mollah. Fouad Effendy possesses a choice library of some 2000 volumes, comprising a selection of the most esteemed works in French, English, and Italian.—Abdullah Effendy, Hekim Bashy and titular grand judge of Roumelia. His library consists of more than 3000 volumes of the best works on jurisprudence and medicine, in Turkish, Arabic, French, and Italian. The worthy hakim's slight acquaintance with the latter tongue recently led to an amusing *quid pro quo*. A young pasha, related to his family, was ordered to proceed with despatch to the interior of Asia Minor. Being at the time in a delicate state of health, his relative recommended him to consult one of the German physicians attached to Galata Serai, who drew up a prescription and the requisite instructions for his patient's diet. The professor shortly afterwards met the Hekim Bashy, who, after various questions as to the young pasha's state of health, asked what was the nature of the principal ingredient employed in the prescription. 'Belladonna,' rejoined the physician. 'Belladonna!' echoed Abdullah Effendy. 'Why, my friend, he has already one wife; but I suppose we must contrive to purchase him a Circassian.'"

Circassians, it would seem, are better understood than books, though bound in much the same manner. Yet Mr. White lauds the Turkish literature, and says,—"For ten men that can read among Perotes and Fanariotes, there are an equal number who do read at Constantinople. Taking the mass of the better classes indiscriminately, it will be found also that there are more libraries or collections of useful books in Turkish houses than in those of Greeks and Armenians. It may likewise be asserted that, taking an equal number of Stambol and Perote ladies, the beneficial application of instruction will be found to preponderate among the former. Upon an average, the number of Turkish ladies that can read is much less than those of Pera or the Fanar. But those who can read among the former never open a bad book; while, among the latter, there is scarcely one that ever reads a good work, unless it be the catechism or breviary, upon certain forced occasions. Of what advantage is it, then, to read or write, if the principal use made of the acquirement be to run over trashy collections of degenerate novels? Or of what benefit is the pen, when it is rarely employed for other purposes than those which neither tend to morality nor domestic happiness?"

This appears to be strange reasoning when applied to "Turkish ladies," whose domestic happiness is of so questionable a description that we could fancy even a trashy novel might improve it.

"The number of public libraries, including those of the Seraglio, which latter can scarcely be so classed, as they are not accessible even to Musselmans without express permission, amount to about 40."

The history of printing in Turkey is dull enough; and the other accessaries to literature, such as copyists (*kattat*), ink-makers (*moorekkebjee*), bookbinders (*moojellid*), and, *proh pudor!* scissors (*makas*), require little notice. The *kihatjee*, or stationers, have the neatest of shops, are distinguished for their respectable appearance and demeanour, and their "shops are open in front, and raised as usual two or three feet above the pavement. The sides and backs are furnished with glazed closets, on the shelves of which the various articles are deposited in symmetrical order. Among the most conspicuous of these are *kihat* (paper) of all qualities and colours. That used for rich manuscripts is of the consistancy of vellum, and is polished with an ivory or bone rubber, until it becomes as smooth as glass."

The account of the newspaper speculations during the last twelve or fourteen years shews that this branch of public information has as yet taken but slight and transient root in Turkey. Their rise and fall are hardly worth mentioning; nor the bias to France, England, or Russia, of those which drag on a confirmed and not very important existence. But we must bid Mr. White good-by, and in so doing express our surprise at the following opinion:

"It is highly questionable whether the system of employing native Englishmen as political dragomans will succeed. Russia adheres, and will continue to adhere, to the ancient system, and no government is so well served. The dragomans of France, all Frenchmen, are, on the contrary, at the bottom of the scale. Austria is well served by her dragomans, native Austrians; but they bear no comparison with those of Russia or with the English Perota interpreters."

* "Among the most eminent booksellers and bibliopolists of Constantinople, are,—firstly, Suleiman Effendy, celebrated for his knowledge as a philologer, and father of Sheikh Zadeh Essad Effendy, grand judge (Cazy Asker) of Roumelia in 1843, author of the History of the Janissaries, and historiographer of the empire; and secondly, Hadji Effendy, who, although he is deprived of sight, appears as expert in discovering the merits of a manuscript or printed work as the most eagle-eyed of his contemporaries, and is moreover full of literary and scientific information. The appearance of the sightless but obliging Hadji Effendy is not one of the least interesting spectacles in this bazaar. Hadji Effendy pointing, with animated countenance but vacant eye, to the merits of his fine editions, recalled the late worthy Sir Harry Engelfield amid his collection of Etruscan vases."

Modern Cookery, in all its Branches; reduced to a System of easy Practice, for the use of Private Families; in a Series of Practical Receipts, which have been strictly tested, and are given with the most minute exactness. By Eliza Acton. Illustrated with Woodcuts. 12mo, pp. 683. London, Longmans.

If man be a cooking animal, here is a *vade mecum* for him. Reading in it is enough to create an appetite; and reviewing it, even after dinner, would make any body hungry. So we hope we shall be excused for brevity; not only the soul of wit, but the pause upon cookery-literature. We cannot number the innumerable receipes for innumerable good dishes in this volume; and far less can we venture to offer opinions upon them. It would require a long life to try them all; and so we can only advise our gastronomic friends, all housekeepers, and cooks, to procure copies, and experiment upon as many as their longevity may permit. We are sure they will derive pleasure and satisfaction from the course. We must, however, mention two culinary preparations which are new to us. The first is an Irish stew without onions, as follows; and we should imagine a better stew before going to an evening party than the highly-esteemed and be-onionated mass to which, as a great solitary treat, we are occasionally accustomed.

"*An Irish Stew.*—Take a couple of pounds of small thick mutton cutlets, with or without fat according to the taste of the persons to whom the stew is to be served; take also four pounds of good potatoes, weighed after they are pared, slice them thick, and put a portion of them in a flat layer into a large thick saucepan or stew-pan; season the mutton well with pepper, and place some of it on the potatoes, cover it with another layer and proceed in the same manner with all, reserving plenty of the vegetable for the top; pour in three quarters of a pint of cold water, and add, when the stew begins to boil, an ounce of salt; let it simmer gently for two hours, and serve it very hot. When the addition of onion is liked, strew in two or three minced ones with the potatoes."

The next must be excellent. A nice beef-steak pudding is not to be despised; and a woodcock is the finest bird that flies. Its flavour is unsurpassed by any other condiment, and the only things that approach or equal it are perhaps foie-gras and real turtle (the mock be utterly denounced!)—and only think of this flavour being imparted to an entire tender and juicy beef-steak pudding! We look to receive the thanks of a thousand correspondents for telling them how to attain this incomparable desideratum.

"*Superlative Beef-pudding.*—Take a fine woodcock that is ready for the spit, and put it into the middle of a large beef-pudding, laying the meat under, over, and round it; finish it as usual, and boil it four hours or more: the fine flavour of the bird will pervade the whole contents of the pudding."

COUNTESS HAHN-HAHN'S LETTERS.

[Second notice.]

Our heroine, in her second volume, relates her traverses in Syria and the Holy Land; but no adventures of interest or novelty of matter occur to call for particular notice. Baalbec and Damascus, Beyroul, Sidon, Tyre, Carmel and its convent, Nazareth, Jaffa, Jerusalem, Jericho, the Dead Sea, and Gaza, are now almost as

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familiarly known to readers of travels in these parts as were, twenty years ago, the Netherlands, France and Italy, Brussels, Paris, Rome, and Naples. Two or three characteristic morsels, therefore, may serve for our business here. From Damascus the countess writes:

"The wisest thing that I have done for a long time, was to send back my refined lady's-maid from Constantinople, as people of this description are worse than useless in travelling in Lebanon, or across the Desert; and what will perhaps surprise you still more, is, that while in Vienna I purchased a complete *costume de gamin*, very simple, consisting of a blouse and pantaloons of grey woollen cloth, a red and white striped chemise closed at the throat, a round straw hat, and high buttoned shoes of coutil, most convenient for a journey of this kind, where you have to sleep in your tent, consequently without changing your apparel, and frequently have to ascend and descend very steep and stony places on foot. Our long riding-habits and usual style of dress are quite unsuited to travelling here; while my costume, to which in rainy weather I add a brown burnus which completely envelopes me, is incomparable."

We wonder we have not her portrait in this epicene masquerade; but from her body we pass to her mind:

At Baalbec: "Early the next morning I hastened to the ruins, to behold the sun rising upon them, as I had seen him set the evening before: it was a wondrous scene, and now I understood the fable of Memnon's melodious statue! Meanwhile the tent had disappeared on the bank of the stream, the horses were saddled; and—we were forced to leave. Yes! I exclaimed, Baal is fallen! But the eternal God of light lives for ever, and guides our foolish hearts as surely as the glorious sun guides our little darksome world."

A little incident at Lebanon is thus recorded favourably to our national habits:

"We were" (says the observant lady) "encamped in a very airy situation it is true, yet far better lodged than a party of Englishmen who arrived after us; for as they had no tent, they were obliged to take up their quarters in the khan itself, among the men and animals. We watched them as they rode off the following morning, when they looked as neat as if they had passed the night in the best hotel. They seemed very contented and independent, and each of them took his knapsack and his little wadded coverlet and laid it upon his horse. They were naval officers, and therefore accustomed by their profession to hardships of every kind. We could not help contrasting them with the four Frenchmen who left Beyrout at the same time as we did, and who made more fuss and required more indulgences than the most fastidious lady."

Another of our countrymen did not appear, on a different occasion, so comfortably equipped; for it is told: "This unfortunate traveller had joined a caravan at Jerusalem, but had incautiously remained behind. He fell among robbers, who so completely stripped him of all, that he was in some little difficulty how to return to Jerusalem, as the only article of dress which the Bedouins had left him was his hat, of which they could make no use. In this deplorable state, and with his hat upon his head, he set out on his return, like a monarch of a savage tribe."

With another mention of fellow-travelling we shall part for Egypt:

"At Tantura our caravan had been considerably increased by the addition of people who were either going the same way as the derwish, or waiting for company who were travelling in that direction. Among these were a married couple. The wife trudged on perseveringly on foot, in order to keep pace with the caravan, while her husband, seated quite comfortably on the broad saddle of his ass, smoked his pipe, and even made his servant wait upon him, while the wife was obliged to carry the bundle with their little chattels. This, too, is the custom of the East; and if the women's feet were tired, her tongue certainly did not suffer by it. Whenever we came to a pretty deep river, the water of which reached up to the men's girdles, the attentive husband actually dismounted and waded across, while she seated herself upon the ass, but nevertheless became thoroughly wet. About two hours' ride from Tantura, we observed along the shore mountains of rubbish, among which we descried, or fancied that we did so, walls, towers, and aqueducts. They are the ruins of Cæsarea, the once splendid city, enlarged by Herod the Great in the spirit and style of the Romans; now the abode of jackals and scorpions, and its walls and cisterns so broken and shattered, that none can visit it in safety."

The details concerning Jerusalem and excursions in its neighbourhood are only noticeable for their manner; and our traveller crossed the Desert to Cairo, and thence made similar trips about the country, as she had done at Jerusalem. Whatever German literature may be, that of England has of late been so full of minute accounts of these sights and lions, that it would be absurd to seek, in such a rapid performance as this, any further information about them. We may content ourselves, therefore, with repeating, that the chief or only novelty is in the manner in which the writer describes the Pyramids, the Nile, &c., and her impressions and feelings on seeing them. We encounter occasionally such remarks as these:

"At Keneh I saw a dwarf, who is the second deformity I have met in Egypt; he wore a turban twisted about his head, which might have given him a comic air, could my feelings be reconciled to any distortion of the human figure. It always seems to me as if it were suffering, from the corporeal affliction of which, perhaps, the wretched subject himself is not at all conscious. It is said that dwarfs are always excessively vain; and is not vanity in general a dwarfish passion? * * *

"Mehemed Ali possesses all the cold, inexorable severity of the despot, who has to rule and civilise an untutored race; but he is not the relentless tyrant who loves torment from caprice or inclination. He does not understand philanthropy in our sense of the term, nor as explained by Henry IV., when the fowl was put into the pot; yet he does not blindly drain the pith of his people and country to enrich himself. Whatever plans he pursues for the amelioration of Egypt must benefit future generations. That he has rescued it from the lawless barbarities to which it had been abandoned for six hundred years by Mamelukes and Turks, that he bestows infinite care and labour to develop its resources, is not quite so criminal as you hear it denounced in Europe. Europe has another religion, another civilisation, another history of the past: these should be taken into account. Mehemed Ali must not be judged by the standard of the West. Has not Europe also had men who ruled the nations of their day with no gentle hand or tender heart, and who yet mightily advanced their prosperity? Such men as Charlemagne, the great Peter, and Napoleon—not that I would compare Mehemed Ali with any of these; but I would merely observe, that contemporaries often denominate as tyranny that which posterity designates as great. He may commit errors, but still he thinks and acts; and this is so extraordinary, so novel, so unheard-of in this part of the world, that we must willingly concede to him all the honours of a first attempt. In Syria, whenever I beheld a tree newly planted, a road made, a bridge erected, or a canal dug,—or, indeed, wherever I noticed any trace of order and attention (now, alas, all relapsing into their former ruin),—and demanded who was the author, I received the unvarying reply, 'the great Pasha.' These kind of works are not undertaken by those whose only aim is to fill their coffers. * *

"The Arabs are great cowards; I perceived this when I was in Syria; yet there I will confess to the existence of danger; but here, where we, as all former travellers, had with the utmost security walked till a late hour among the mountains, ruins, catacombs, and open fields, the Arab dreams of thieves and robberies, and our dragoman repeated their tales in the utmost terror! I believe that the Egyptian Arab has carried this fearfulness in his heart for centuries, and that it is now become constitutional. They were long a conquered and oppressed race, and exposed to the most multifarious plunders. On the one hand was the pasha of the Grand Signior and the Mamelukes; on the other, the Bedouins and the pirates, who, like sea-robbers, attacked and plundered the boats on the Nile. All these past horrors may still haunt their imagination like spectres, and inspire the greatest terror. Mehemet has, in reality, put a period to the existence of these sources of their fear. * *

"The Arabs remind me of the Spaniards in many of their customs; for instance, their incessant music, and the reverence which both have for bread. If an Arab sees the smallest piece of bread lying on the ground, he immediately takes it up, lifts it to his mouth and forehead, and places it within reach of the birds or dogs, in order that it may not be wasted; nay, sometimes he will even eat it himself. This reminds me of what I saw when I was in Grenada: a little child in a confectioner's shop threw his slice of bread upon the ground on seeing us eating cakes, and asked to have some; but his mother obliged him to pick up the bread, to kiss and then to eat it. In the same manner as the Spaniards, when yawning, make the sign of the cross before their mouth to prevent the devil from entering, the Arab seeks to secure himself in a similar case against the efrit or evil djinnes, by invoking the name of Allah. In point of character I can trace no resemblance."

We conclude with the following curious statement, for which the countess tells us she was indebted to a Levantine lady at Cairo:

"Nothing is more common among the Arabs than divorce; five, ten, nay twenty times they will dismiss their wife and take another, even if they have children by her. If they have property, they are obliged to give some of it to the wife and children; but if they have none (which is generally the case among the lower classes), the woman must help herself as well as she can; return to her parents, if they will receive her, or gain a livelihood by her labour. The children of poor people are born like mushrooms, and die like flies: little regard is paid to them. Very little ceremony is required to effect a divorce. If the husband introduces a new slave into the harem, or wishes to do so, and his wife takes this amiss and remonstrates, he says to her, 'Go;' and she is obliged to go.

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It is no uncommon circumstance for a man of forty or fifty years of age to endeavour to find connubial happiness by marrying a little girl of nine or ten years of age, whether on account of the novelty, or whether in the hope of finding her more tractable and obedient, I do not pretend to say. An inexperienced child of that age wearies of such a comparatively old man; she begins to weep, and, in her childish way, asks for amusement. If this annoys him, he says, 'Go,' and go the poor little thing must. Only the daughters of eminent men are treated with respect, and are not thus cruelly sent forth. The inhuman custom of destroying their yet unborn infants is as general among the woman of the Arabian as of the Turkish harem. All these prejudicial habits and vices prevail, not only among the higher classes, to whom greater effeminacy, lasciviousness, and their consequent vices, are generally ascribed, but they pervade all ranks to a fearful extent."

At Trieste, after Athens, the travels end. The translation appears to give the meaning of the original faithfully, but is somewhat blurred with foreign idioms and occasional mistakes in scientific names.

The National Diet-Roll, &c.; in a Letter to Luke T. Flood, Esq. By D. B. Edwards, Surgeon. Pp. 30. London, J. Miland.

A CLEVER and well-intentioned pamphlet; but the conclusions arrived at are, we fear, quite utopian. The author proposes that every poor family should give up its independent *cuisine*, and subscribe to an ordinary district-table. We are a strange nation, and deserving of the ridicule which we frequently do not escape from, and which is so abundantly heaped upon us abroad. Our poor can no longer receive relief without a modified incarceration, a family break-up, and the total abandonment of labour. It is found to be more economical to the country to house, clothe, and feed a father, mother, and family, than to give them a partial relief at their dwelling-houses. Then, again, families are complaining of want of food, and large subscriptions are levied to alleviate this by soap and warm water. Mr. Edwards proves, by a long and well-conducted argument, that a married couple can be supplied at a district-table with oatmeal gruel, or tea and bread, for breakfast and supper, *four ounces* of cooked meat, with potatoes and bread (four ounces), for 7*s.* a week; and children from 12 to 16 years old at 3*s.* a head, from 6 to 12 at 2*s.* The expenses, then, of a married couple and family could not be less than from 12*s.* to 20*s.* a week (with a small family); and it has been shewn that many an agricultural labourer now gets only from 7*s.* to 12*s.* per week, to feed, clothe, house, and warm himself and family. So that the poor labourer does with his weekly pittance what Mr. Edwards cannot do by subscription and co-operation. Still the subject is highly worthy of consideration. It might be admirably adapted for many of the operative classes in populous districts; and we hope the pamphlet may catch the attention of the daily press.

The Fortunes of the Scattergood Family. By Albert Smith, author of the "Adventures of Mr. Ledbury," &c. 3 vols. R. Bentley.

OF the class of literature to which this tale belongs, it is certainly one of the most clever and entertaining. The writer, in shooting folly as it flies, makes very many successful hits, and there is a buoyancy of spirit about the whole which cannot fail to amuse the listless hour. *The Scattergood Family* has been a contribution to *Bentley's Miscellany*, and enlivened it with monthly pleasantry; but the author has filled up his third volume with two original pieces of equal talent though greater brevity. "Marguerite de Bourgogne" is a deeply interesting adaptation of Dumas' *Tour de Nesle;* and the "Armourer of Paris," a similar composition from Lochroy's *Perinet Leclerc.* The whole work offers a pastime of its kind to readers who like the caricatura of common life.

The Scotch Church Question. By the Rev. A. Sydow. 8vo, pp. 201. London, J. Nisbet.

MR. SYDOW, minister of the evangelical church of Prussia, and his Majesty's chaplain at Potsdam, having paid a visit to Edinburgh, took a warm interest in the division of the Scotch church, and has in this volume as warmly espoused the side of the Secessionists. We can only lament the separation; and would be happy to indulge in the author's hope, that out of this great evil a future good may arise.

The Enchanted Knights; or, the Chronicle of the Three Sisters. From the German of Musæus. Pp. 68. London, H. Cunningham.

A CAPITAL fairy-tale, in which the three sisters are severally and happily married to a great bear, a huge eagle, and a monstrous fish—shewing how comfortable easy-tempered and good-natured wives may be, even though encumbered with cubs, hatching eggs, or breeding dolphins. There are some neat and playful bits in the narration, and it is a nice imaginative child's book. But what does the translator mean by speaking of the English language "as too weak and barren to convey the delicate metaphor and redundant meaning of the German," and then giving us such miserable English as to "present ridicule and *throw* irony upon," p. v., and "ought to *germ* there," p. vii., and "the Count *rove* early," &c. ?

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 27th.—Mr. Murchison, president, in the chair. Commenced reading, the second part of a memoir "On the south and east coasts of Arabia," by Capt. Haines, political agent at Aden. We reserve our account of this paper till the reading of it shall be concluded. The Hamyaritic inscriptions and ruins having been alluded to in the paper, the Rev. C. Forster favoured the meeting with an eloquent and lucid exposition of his views respecting the great antiquity of the Hamyaritic inscriptions, particularly the one at Hesn Ghorab, which would appear to have been engraven upon the rock before the volcanic convulsions to which the whole of the neighbouring country has been subjected. The president observed, that admitting the facts as stated by Mr. Forster, they would certainly prove the high antiquity of the inscription; but that as the appearance of igneous action on rocks was frequently apt to mislead, nothing approaching to even a presumption of date could be stated till the geology of the country should be known.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 2d. — Mr. G. Newport, president, in the chair. Mr. Desvignes exhibited a specimen of *Coccinella lineata Fabricus*, an insect not before known in this country; Mr. Pelerin specimens of the New Zealand caterpillar and its parasitic fungus, described by Sir W. Hooker in his *Icones Plantarum;* Mr. Evans a case of insects from New Holland; and Mr. Milton many individuals of a dipterous insect in the larva state, more than 800 of which he had extracted alive from the crop of a pheasant recently killed and brought to him for preservation. The caterpillars were those of one of the middle-sized *Tipulidæ*, thus shewing that the pheasant is a friend to the agriculturist by the destruction of these obnoxious insects. Mr. Westwood exhibited the nest of *Porrectaria vibicipenella*, a moth not before described as a native of this country, it having been recently captured by Mr. Weaver in Scotland. He also exhibited specimens and drawings of several new genera of *Carabidæ*. Mr. Saunders exhibited a dragon-fly which had been captured on the wing at a distance of 600 miles from the nearest land in the Atlantic Ocean. A series of notes on the entomological productions of New Zealand by Mr. Stevenson was read.

Jan. 6th.—The president in the chair. Mr. F. Bond exhibited specimens of *Damophila Trifolii*, a small but beautiful British moth, together with the moveable case formed by the larva for its own abode. A series of extracts from a memoir by Prof. Haldeman, on the employment of vulgar names in natural history, was read; together with a notice of a plan for distinguishing entomological labels by separate colours agreeing with their geographical range.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, *Jan.* 22.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Honorary Master of Arts.—Hon. J. Gifford, Emmanuel College.

Masters of Arts.—J. T. W. Baker, Clare Hall; T. F. Eade, Jesus College; W. Baxter, Sidney Sussex College; J. Kempthorne, St. John's College.

Bachelor of Arts.—J. Taylor, St. John's College.

Dr. Smith's prizes of 25*l.* each to the two best proficients in mathematics, were adjudged as follows:—*First Prize:* Ds. Thomson, St. Peter's College, second wrangler. *Second Prize:* Ds. Parkinson, St. John's College, senior wrangler.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Entomological, 8 P.M.; Chemical, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Syro-Egyptian, 7½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (soirée).

Thursday.—Zoological, 3 P.M.; Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.

Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (discussion).

Saturday.—Royal Botanic, 4 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

DECORATIVE-ART SOCIETY.

AT a meeting on Wednesday last, a paper was read by Mr. Crabb, containing a general notice of colour, and its application to decorative purposes. After a concise and clear exposition of the laws of colour, he explained the principles which regulated Persian art, restricting it to the use of the three primary colours, gilding supplying the place of the secondaries; and that the Persian temples might be considered fine specimens of decorative colouring. The character of the Grecian art was remarked upon, and the excess of colour adopted by the Romans, leading to the abuse and decadence of art. The new era, under Constantine, was next noticed, and the grand specimens remaining to us of fine Italian art in the works of Raffaelle, in the Vatican, where the use of rich dark blue round the windows presents evidence of his consummate skill in decorative effects. In the Villa Madama, and in the casina of the ducal palace, Mantua, by Giulio Romano, the utmost perfection of classic beauty is exhibited, the exquisite execution of which renders his fame permanent. A recommendation of a study of the old masters

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followed; the Caracci for graver purposes, and Titian and the Venetian school for beautiful examples of sumptuous and harmonious colouring. These remarks were illustrated in a striking manner by coloured copies of the works of Gruner, Owen Jones, Pugin, &c. A discussion followed on the suitableness of an extended use of rich colouring in this country.

In May next, Mr. Crabb, in continuation of the subject, will read a paper "On the application of colours to manufactures." And on Wednesday next, a paper is promised "On the physiology of timber-trees considered with reference to manufacturing purposes."

The Pencil of Nature. By H. Fox Talbot, F.R.S. No. 2. 4to. Longmans.

In the *Gazette*, No. 1432, we noticed the first No. of this very interesting work, in which the plates are "*impressed by the agency of light alone*, without any aid whatever from the artist's pencil." The second No. improves upon the first, and is at once curiously novel and beautiful. The first plate is an open door, with a broom and a lantern, perfect in reflected form, and rich in tone of colour. A back window in the darker central tint is deliciously bright, yet dim and faithful to the reality. The leaf of a plant obtained by laying the object on slightly sensitive paper, and covering it with glass screwed with some force down, is nature itself—how valuable for botanical science! The book-shelves of a library are marvellously perfect, and the very title on the backs of the books as legible as in the library itself. In his remarks on this plate, Mr. Talbot broaches a remarkable theory, touching a possible separation of the invisible rays beyond the violet in the spectrum; which, we trust, will be experimented upon, so as to lead to important conclusions;—for as yet, with all our investigations, we are blind about light. A fac-simile of a charter of Richard II. proves how applicable this art is to the exact copying of ancient deeds and other writings: there can be no mistake or error in transcription here. A haystack resembles the open door in general effect; and the reduction of a well-known popular French caricature, with a multitude of human countenances, affords another proof of the diversity of uses to which photography can be put. The last is Orleans, with its cathedral and bridge, in which the impression of the transparent Loire is the most remarkable portion. Altogether, we cannot too highly recommend this publication, so extraordinary in its origin and means, and so charming and perfect in its accomplishments.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

MARSHAL BUGEAUD,

Cork, January 1845.

Mr. Editor,—The elevated position, at this moment, of Marshal Bugeaud on the great stage of contemporaneous exhibition, and, I may add, the station likely to be awarded him in the monuments of enduring fame, would be sufficient to excite and justify the desire of some sketch, or general view, of his antecedent career; but the very close alliance of this distinguished personage to Ireland cannot fail to enhance the interest of the subject, and impart to the inquiry more than common solicitude for information, however imperfect the resulting outline may prove. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August 1837, a passing advertence to a few incidental circumstances will be found. Of these, in 1843, I somewhat enlarged the sphere, and embracing the leading events, still in a compressed form, addressed to a local journal a letter corrective of a signal misconception of our county member, Mr. E. B. Roche, in adducing to parliament Marshal Bugeaud as a striking instance of the superior military system of France, where personal merit, wholly independent of birth or connexions, was the sole criterion (he asserted) of choice, or source and available ground of advancement. The prominent occurrences of this commander's life I shall now recapitulate, in order to ensure them, as I consider they deserve, a more diffusive circulation and permanent record through the universally read and abiding pages of the *Literary Gazette*.

The Marshal's family, so far from corresponding with our young legislator's averred lowliness of condition, has long been reckoned among the most ancient and noble of the "Département de la Dordogne" (or Perigord), a province illustrious as the birthplace of two of the most eminent names in the annals of France—the shrewd, philosophic, and original Montaigne,* and the venerated and accomplished Fenelon, author of Telemachus, the pride and ornament alike of Christianity and of literature. M. Bugeaud (Thomas) is the youngest son of the Marquis de la Piconnerie, and Mademoiselle de Clonard, daughter of the Count de Clonard, an Irish gentleman of the old and respectable family of Sutton in Wexford, on whom Louis XV. conferred the noble title, derived from an ancestral estate in that county, forfeited during our civil wars. The count's wife, Miss Masterson, whom I well recollect, was of equally honourable lineage in the same district; so that our marshal's descent, on every side, distinctly contradicts Mr. E. B. Roche's statement. And not only were these grandparents natives of our soil, but *all* their children, several in number, there first saw the light, before their removal to France, then the chief refuge of the disfranchised Irish Catholic, as England was to the proscribed French Protestant. Of either it might be equally said, when often compelled to seek respectively some remoter protection from intolerant laws,—

> "Victus abit, longeque ignotis exsulat oris,
> Multum gemens ignominiam plagasque superbi
> Victoris."
>
> Virgil, *Georg.* iii. 225.

From the marriage of the Marquis de la Piconnerie, in 1771, sprung a numerous family. Our warrior's two elder brothers, Patrick and Ambrose, obtained commissions in the Irish brigade, then in the service of France; but emigrating with their uncles, their mother's brothers, the one a colonel, the other a major in these famed corps, they continued officers in the same regiments when taken into our pay in 1794, until disbanded a few years after, and under their maternal name of Sutton; nor, while here, were they known by any other. On the breaking up of the brigade, followed by the prospect of a more settled order of things in France, these gentlemen returned, as so many other disappointed emigrants then did, to their native land; but necessarily kept aloof from all public demonstration; for their residence, more than suspected as they were of having borne arms against their country, was of sufferance rather than permission, overlooked, not sanctioned by the then consular government.

Meanwhile the younger brother, considerably their junior, having reached his eighteenth year, the age of conscription, entered the imperial service in 1804, beginning at the first step as a private soldier, according to the universal rule to which we have seen the sons of royalty, the present princes of the blood, submissively bend, and of which, in another professional line, our late sovereign William the Fourth had set, in his person, the first example. Still, birth and education cannot be without corresponding influence; and Bugeaud's military progress was by no means of slow advancement, although, in imitation of his brothers, he had dropped the aristocratic name of La Piconnerie, and adopted the original family patronymic, which, like Horace Walpole, he has constantly and preferably retained, of Bugeaud, without even the special nobiliary particle *De* prefixed to it. So far he differed from his brothers, who, on their return home, resumed their titular distinctions, as did most others after a short concession to a transient necessity, when Mirabeau was exchanged for the primitive surname of *Riquetti*, Montmorenci for *Bouchard*, La Fayette for *Motier*, Richelieu for *Vignerot*, Villeroy for *Neufville*, and majesty itself had sunk into *Capet*.

During the forty years now elapsed since the marshal's first engagement in the profession, few have more largely partaken of the perils and glories of war. In almost every field of renown, or scene of action, during the imperial course of conquest, he has been more or less distinguished, from Austerlitz in 1804, to Moscow, Leipsic, and Montereau, in 1812, 1813, and 1814. On Napoleon's resignation in this last year, he joined the restored royal standard, to which he remained faithful during the "Hundred Days," and did not appear at Waterloo. He subsequently represented his native department, "La Dordogne," in the Chamber of Deputies; and on the expulsion of the elder

* No writer indulges more in quotations than the old Gascon. Scarcely a page is without several; insomuch that he would seem to possess few, if any, independent views or thoughts of his own. Often, too, he borrows without citing his source, in order, as he asserts, to mislead his critics, and make them unconsciously deal a blow to some great author of antiquity, while intended for him. "A escient j'en cache l'auteur; je veulx que mes critiques donnent une nazarde à Plutarque, et qu'ils s'échaudent à injurier Sénéque," are his quaint and forcible words (*Essays*, livre ii. chap. 10). And yet I hesitate not to pronounce him an original thinker, as his self-delineation, the leading object of his work, sufficiently demonstrates. It presents not always indeed the attraction of "Il Raffaelle da se stesso dipinto;" nor are his weaknesses veiled or coloured; for he unfolds the inmost recesses of his mind and feelings with less ostentatious, though more genuine, candour than Rousseau. Here, therefore, there can be nothing extraneous, or derived from others; and even what he may owe to external sources he so impresses with the signet of his peculiar genius, that it bears all the appearance of original possession; similar to the bees, who, in his beautiful image, crop every blossom, thence gathering what they convert into honey, and make their own—"Les abeilles pillottent, de ça, de là, les fleurs; mais elles en font aprez le miel qui est tout leur." If, however, he does, as he confesses, thus occasionally purloin, many others have shone in his rightful plumage; and among them I may specially name Rousseau, who is indebted to him, not only for almost all the classical references in his works, but for numerous striking sentiments obviously traceable to Montaigne. Even Pascal, the sublime hypochondriac, while reproving his egotism, and often combating his principles, unconsciously inhaled his spirit, and adopted his sceptical views—not certainly in religious, but in philosophical application. To few also, I can assert, did the French tongue owe greater obligations.

Montaigne's singular epitaph, in Greek, may be seen in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August last. That of Fenelon, composed by the Jesuit Sanadon, is more modest; though surely it could not be overcharged in praise of its admirable subject. It emphatically dwells, as was meet, on the respect not less paid him by foreigners than by his countrymen; for Marlborough and Eugene, during the war of Spanish succession, studiously abstained from all hostility within the compass of his diocese, which bordered on the theatre of action—an emulous homage of veneration from all parties, thus expressed in lapidary form:—

> "Exteris perinde carus ac suis,
> Gallos inter et hostes cum esset medius,
> Hos et illos ingenii fama et comitate morum sibi
> devinxit."

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Bourbons in 1830, unhesitatingly, though in opposition to his family's *legitimist* politics, declared for the reigning dynasty. Chosen in 1833 for the delicate mission of conveying the Duchess of Berry out of France, from the citadel of Blaye, where she was *confined*, in the double sense of the word, after her wild expedition in Brittany, he satisfactorily accomplished his purpose. Shortly after, however, on a discussion in the Chamber of Deputies, some reflections relating to that circumstance of an offensive character being attributed by the *Journal des Débats* to M. Dulong (François Charles), though most probably never uttered by him, for they were not reported in any other paper, produced a duel of fatal result to this deputy, who died the 31st January 1834.* Bugeaud afterwards served in Africa, where he negotiated a truce with Abdel Kader, the *Arminius* of his country; one, indeed, of brief duration; but their interview is of graphic effect in the *Moniteur* of the 12th of June 1837. At length, appointed to the chief command in that quarter, he has continued to lead the French to victory; and in 1842 was promoted to the highest military station, as marshal of France. Since then, it is for the pen of general history to trace his course, crowned, as it has been, by the signal triumph, and ducal distinction, of *Isly*. Here, however, it may not be superfluous to inform the English reader, that this titular rank does not necessarily, as with us, carry with it a peerage. There have been, and still are, dukes, consequently, as commoners in the Chamber of Deputies, such as the Duke of Fitz-James (who forfeited the peerage, on refusing the oath of allegiance in 1830, though he submitted to it as a deputy), the dukes of Valmy, and of Glucksberg, &c. Under the old monarchy, dukes were similarly created, "par brevet," without being peers, and the sons of dukes often bore that title, as the Duke of Richelieu's did that of Fronsac, during their father's life; nor is it otherwise at present; for the Duke of Glucksberg's father, the Duke de Cazes, also survives. In our constitution, all minor titles, marquis, earl, &c. may belong to members of the House of Commons, because, of mere courtesy, given to the sons of peers, while essentially commoners; but a duke must be a peer, and can only sit in the upper house. The Duke de Fitz-James, above mentioned, is the descendant of our James II., by his natural son, the Duke of Berwick; and of Valmy, it may be remarked that, of the numerous honours of the kind conferred by Napoleon, this is the sole instance of a native local title. It was granted to Kellerman for his eminent share in the defeat by Dumouriez of the Prussian and Austrian army, under the Duke of Brunswick's command, the 20th September 1792. Every other titular recompense of civil or military merit bore a foreign name, derived from the conquered territories, not from the genuine soil of France, like Valmy in the "Départment de la Marne." Glucksberg, a borough of Schleswig, in South Jutland, is the title of the Duke de Cazes' eldest son, as I have just stated, obtained by Louis XVIII. (so I have understood) from the King of Denmark. De Cazes, it is well known, was the special favourite of the French monarch, who rapidly raised him to the highest dignities. In 1795, I passed a day in the house of his father, a respectable notary, at Libourne (*Gironde*). His wife, the Duke of Glucksberg's mother, is the daughter of M. de Sainte-Aulaire, the present French ambassador at our court, and author of the "Histoire de la Fronde," or troubles of the minority of Louis XIV.—in fact, an insurrection against Mazarin, sanguinary at once and theatrical, and one of the most eccentric or anomalous episodes of modern history.

But, resuming my direct subject, I have to subjoin, that in private life no man is more amiable, courteous, or condescending, than Marshal Bugeaud. By his relatives he is familiarly and uniformly called *Tom*, in English, though he speaks not our language. These relatives, at least on his mother's side, are, as I have stated, numerous. Of her brothers, the late Colonel Count de Clonard died in 1834, at Paris, leaving, by Miss Crosbie, whom he married in Ireland, three sons, two of whom, Charles and Louis, serve in the French army and navy; their senior, Alfred (or John), also an officer, having lately died. The eldest daughter, Anne-Elise, is the wife of William MacGuckin, Esq., an Irish gentleman, created Baron de Slane by Charles X., on his prior marriage with Mademoiselle de Méronat, a lady of high connexions, and to the title was annexed a *majorat*, or estate entailed on the eldest sons successively, in exceptional derogation of the law suppressive of the right of primogeniture. No children having issued from this first union, the property, with the appended title, will devolve to the son of the present marriage. The Baron de Slane was the favoured pupil of the late profound orientalist, Sylvestre de Sacy, having devoted his leisure to the same line of study, of which the fruits are held in much esteem by competent judges. I may mention a translation of the "Diwan d'Amrôlkais," with the life of that poet, by the writer of the "Kiteb el-Aghani," and notes (Paris, 1838, 4to), as also "Kitab al Aiyan," or Arabic Plutarch, with some contributions likewise to the English Oriental Translation Society.

The second daughter of the Count de Clonard, Thomassine, is the accomplished spouse of Robert Francis M'Leod, Esq. of Cork; but they now reside in France. One of the marshal's maternal aunts was the wife of Andrew French, Esq. of London, whose son, the eccentric barrister, is a distinguished Latin scholar, as his version of Telemachus, and other compositions, prove. Another aunt married Daniel M'Carthy, Esq., an eminent merchant in Bordeaux,—thus exhibiting Irish blood in every link of maternal connexion; for to *that* I confine this detail, as most attractive to us, whom the foreign course of descent can comparatively little concern. But I should not omit adding, that, besides the Count de Clonard above mentioned, the marshal had two maternal uncles—one already alluded to, as an officer of the brigade, and the other, who perished in 1788, while in command of the "Astrolabe," which accompanied La Peyrouse in his ill-fated exploratory circumnavigation; but neither left issue. Should the advanced years of Marshal Soult, or any other arising cause, produce a change in the present French ministry, Marshal Bugeaud is not unlikely to be placed at the head of the war-department.

If the deep personal regard impressed on my mind by an acquaintance of more than half a century with this amiable and honourable family has betrayed me into a minuteness of narration beyond the immediate demand of the subject, the objection will, I trust, be redeemed in some degree by the national interest attached to the general circumstances—an interest peculiarly Irish indeed, but not, consequently, without reflective credit on the empire at large. I have the honour to be, &c. J. R.

* According to custom, this victim of the "fear of being thought afraid," had his tomb strewed, not only with the flowers of nature, but of rhetoric. Among other orators on the occasion, was the editor of the republican journal, the *National*, Armand Carrel; a paragraph of whose discourse became singularly applicable to his own fate only two years after, when he fell by the hand of Emile de Girardin, the leading writer of the ministerial *Journal des Débats*. Carrel's impressive, and, in direction to himself, seemingly prophetic words, were—"La terre est désolée quand un homme à la fleur de l'âge, plein de sentiments bienveillants, et de talents utiles, est retranché du nombre des vivants par la balle dont un malheureux point d'honneur s'est armé." But unfortunately Carrel had not the moral resolution, the genuine courage, to resist what he thus stigmatises in its object and consequence, senseless alike and barbarous. Hear the reprobation of the irrational custom, even in a semi-barbarous age, by Montaigne:—"Je vouldrois qu'on me feist raison de ces lois d'honneur, qui vont si souvent choquant et troublant celles de la raison" (*Essays*, liv. ii. chap. 27). "Arma amens capio, nec sat rationis in armis" (Virgil, *Æn.* ii. 314), is the feeling of almost every one yielding in cowardly submission to this disgrace of civilisation—I need not say, religion.

Carrel has been considered one of the cleverest of French journalists; many of whom, Thiers, Guizot, Etienne, and formerly Maret (Duc de Bassano), had risen to the first civil stations: but in the highest sphere of composition, in history, he utterly failed. "Tel brille au second rang, qui s'éclipse au premier:" a line of the "Henriade," which Voltaire offered in defiance of translateable compression, and not misapplied to Carrel, whose "Histoire des deux derniers Stuarts," is a miserable production, as most foreign narratives of English events are, beginning with Rapin; save, I may add, Thierry's "History of the Norman Conquest."

THE DRAMA.

Covent Garden.—On Monday was produced the five-act play of Mr. Spicer, mentioned in our last *Gazette;* which was excellently put upon the stage by the manager, or "mise en scène," as our fashionable writers and critics choose to call it. The scenery does infinite credit to Mr. Macfarren, and all else to the "production" of Mr. E. Stirling. From these preliminaries we pass to the play of *Honesty* itself; to speak of which any way but honestly would in such a case be unbearable. It was much to its disadvantage that the dialogue was generally very indistinctly heard; and therefore most of the author's poetic merits lost. It was another drawback that the enfeebled state of Mr. Vandenhoff's health rendered him unable to develop his conception of the principal male part, that of *Douglas Trafford*, entrusted to him. These were accidents of the piece; and inherent in it were several obvious defects. In the first place, it is divided into two distinct halves, of different genera; the first half didactic, and the last half melo-dramatic; the first nearly all talk, with the merest sprinkling of incident, and the last nearly all action, with some not very advantageous interruption of speech. In the next place, the *dénouement* is transiuecent from the beginning: it must be so in reading, but in acting it became as clear as the sun at noon-day, from the bearing of *Lady Julia* (Miss Vandenhoff), the falsely-accused daughter of the murdered *Sir Philip Lancaster* (Mr. Archer), and the remorseful and despairing gestures and conduct of the real assassin, *Trafford*. In the third place, what may be called the Gothic drama, on which Mr. Spicer has founded himself, does not fit the habits and feelings of modern times, as it did when its illustrious bards originated it, and on its broad events constructed their grand poetical illustrations. In our day we cannot take an interest in a crowd of men being called upon to plead their suit, or in other words, to make love to the object of their passion, as if they were engaged in a game at football; the most agile and cleverest to win. We make love when alone with our destiny. Even then love speaks in whispers, though there is nobody within a mile to overhear what is said. The thing cannot be

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done by twenty *beaux* at once in a drawing-room; and we see it is the drama, not life. A similar objection occurs to the unhappy Julia, allowing herself to be burnt alive; as a parricide, rather than break through a pledge she has given to her cousin, whom she knows to be the actual revengeful and sordid murderer; she, too, loving another, *Francis Gage*, a poor advocate (Mr. James Vining). This is carrying self-denial too far; and no lady who committed so unnatural and unjust an act, sacrificing her innocent self, and concealing the guilt of the wretch who poisoned her parent, has any right to expect that Providence will interfere in her behalf. The excessive demonstrations of affection between a father and daughter, and the like between two brothers, *Francis Gage* and *Cyril* (Miss Fitz-James), also smack more of the study of the elder dramatists than of nature; such feelings are often most potent, but they do not shew themselves after this manner. Having now alluded to what we consider defects in the play, we may state that, as far as we could make out, there is much beauty in its composition, both as regards language and imagery. The latter portion grew in effect; and the interest of the audience, previously languid, was stirred by the judicial trial-scene, and the yet more striking scene of the trial by battle. At the end there was great applause; and a vociferous shouting for the author—at all times a suspicious, and certainly an injudicious, if not an impertinent course. What right has any one to try to force an author to be an actor? To write a drama and get it accepted and acted is surely trouble enough; without being obliged to parade yourself for the sweet voices of—we shall not say who. The compliment, like the bouquets pelted at Miss Vandenhoff, is no doubt well meant; but, smacking of foregone conclusion, both customs are more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Of the performance we need not say much. Mr. Vandenhoff exerted himself beyond his strength; but was not successful. The remorse was too much demonstrated; it declared him the assassin in every word and deed, and no mistake. Miss Vandenhoff sustained the position which her *Antigone* has gained for her, and by almost the same means; eloquent declamation and an artistical display of expression and attitude. Mr. James Vining was energetic in his character; and Mrs. Brougham considerably out of her sphere in the hybrid *Infelice*—one of the most anomalous creations of the author—at first an Italian woman breathing revenge, and yet as fondling as a kitten; and next as a page, so little disguised that a blind man must have detected her. Miss Fitz-James figured as another young gentleman; but such impersonations are injurious, for (the reverse of Master Slender), the beholders never can go along with the supposition that these well-built females are "great lubberly boys." *Master Deverell*, a usurer, always attended by bailiffs for lackeys, was the only other character deserving of notice: it was exceedingly well executed by Mr. Rogers. *Honesty* is announced for thrice a week; but the Covent Garden season is advertised to close to-night. We will not believe the bills.*

Honesty: a Drama. By Henry Spicer, author of "The Lords of Ellingham," "Lost and Won," &c. 2d edition. London, Nickisson.

SINCE writing our criticism upon this acted drama, we have had the opportunity of reading it, with all the passages suppressed in order to shorten the performance; and we are bound to state that in our opinion it reads (a rare thing, and indicative of sterling merits) better than it acts. It is, perhaps, rather rhetorical than poetical, but the author has not aimed so much at the latter quality as at the development of character (*vide* preface). As we have already, however, offered remarks which apply equally to the construction and representation of *Honesty*, we shall now satisfy our theatrical conscience by quoting only a few lines, to indicate the style and sentiment.

Love.

"Hast ever loved?
Trafford. Loved! No—yes—no. I don't
Precisely recollect—but, I should say,
I never did. I've watched the sufferers, though,
From the disorder. When the wretch sits—thus—
With knitted brow, thinking he thinks, speaks short,
Refuses wine, looks sheepish, cares not much
(Bad symptom that) for play—he's sickening. When
This calm is streaked with passion, the locked lips
Open and curl, with sneers—that man's deceived,
And convalescent. But if three long months
Pass o'er him, and no change—the pulse still high—
Sleep troubled—mind abstract—and language wild—
He's dead and gone—in love. He's fit for nought
But to be scarecrow to the rest.—No, no!
I'll be no lazar in love's hospital."

Poverty.

"[*Deverell bursting in the door.*
Deverell. What airs are these,
That keep me knocking at your beggarly hutch,
As though I were your servant, fellow—not
You mine!
Gage. You have supplied the reason. 'Tis
A beggarly hutch, and not a palace.
Dev. What!
Gage. I say, 'tis not a palace.
Dev. Well?
Gage. No need
To thunder at a poor man's door. 'Tis free
To all—as 'tis to death. Lock, bolt, and guard
The columned hall, lest shoeless beggary
Should mar the galliard, or pale famine scare
The stomach of my lord. (*Turns away.*) I am a fool
To rail!
Dev. Proceed, sir. Where didst learn this fine
Philosophy?
Gage. In sorrow's school.
Dev. Indeed!
He's a true marvel, that same pedagogue;—
There's not a student, under his wise rule,
But he's a paragon of virtue! Come—
My papers—are they finished?
Gage. No."

Remembrance of past Happiness.

"Speak, girl; what would you? Speak!
Infelice. Alas! alas!
For the dear quiet meadows where we passed
That first unconscious time! Why did you teach
The wrong you will not mend? Why roughly wake
This restless, inward monitor—then leave me
To bear the scourge alone? Why say that we
Should, in like peace, with hands thus fondly twined,
And hearts thus bound—pass on from youth to age—
And I, *thy wife?* Alas! I knew not then
What worth was in that word. Both blest, and I
So rich in love—I would have given it for
A kiss—a smile—a word—a very *word*—
Had you so wooed me.
Trafford. Why this change?
Infelice (*concealing her face*). Because
It lacked the mirror of the world's hard eye
To teach my heart its nakedness."

We observe at p. 76 that Mr. Spicer makes "*news*" plural, which *is* news to us.

French Plays.—On Monday the season opened at the St. James's, but not very favourably, though Lafont and Nathalie received much applause. An attempt to get up a call was restrained, and we should be glad to see it defeated on every occasion. If allowable at all, however, it may be on the French stage, where it has been naturalised. We trust to see this house more successful as the fashionable world grows *thronger*.

Adelphi.—A new three-act drama, from the pen of Mr. Buckstone, the author of the *Wreck ashore*, *Victorine*, and many other popular plays of the same class, drew a crowded audience to the Adelphi on Monday evening. It is called the *Green Bushes*, and commencing on the coast of Galway in Ireland, proceeds to the valley of the Mississippi in America, and ends in Dublin. This change of locality has afforded fine opportunities to the scene-painters, and they have used them most effectively; indeed, the very highest praise is due to Messrs. Pitt and Johnstone for the manner in which they have exhibited their taste and skill in the production of some charming landscapes, which must be pronounced beautiful even in these days of "blazes of triumph." The story of the *Green Bushes* is very interesting, and offers many occasions for situation and effect; but we need not enter into particulars further than to say, that its title is derived from an old Irish ballad, on the singing of which its *dénouement* hinges. In its action almost the whole strength of the Adelphi company is brought out; and all engaged in the drama exerted themselves to the utmost. Mrs. Yates was ladylike and touching, as she always has been in domestic tragedy; Mrs. Fitzwilliam naive, simple, and pathetic, as the character she had to sustain varied; and Madame Celeste graceful and attractive, as a huntress of the Mississippi. Of the men also, all we have to say is complimentary, even to the blackguard *Wild Murtogh* of O. Smith, which was a capital performance throughout; in short, we may rest satisfied in running over the names, and then leave our readers to judge if there be any wonder that the *Green Bushes* was triumphantly successful. The principal male *dramatis personæ*, then, were sustained by Messrs. Hudson, Worrell, Wright, Paul Bedford, Cullanford, and Selby; and the numerous incidents gave each and all some opportunities for the display of the particular talent for which they have gained their reputation. The *Green Bushes* is not without its faults of exaggeration and improbability; but its interest is so well sustained, its language so forcible, its situations so startling and effective, and its scenery and dresses so well arranged and appropriate, that it must ensure itself a long and lasting popularity, which, with all its faults, it most assuredly deserves, as one of the most able of Mr. Buckstone's many able melodramas.

Princess's.—Here also a novelty was produced on Thursday. It is called *The Brigadier*, is clever, and has plenty of *équivoque* and dramatic situation. Wallack sustained the principal character with great spirit and effect. It belongs to the "*Brigand*" style, in which he stands so high; and Miss Stanley and Mr. Hudson played up to him so as to leave nothing to be wished.

Olympic.—The enterprising manageress of this little theatre has determined to rival the great Drury in offering opera to the public. The well-known *Maid of Judah*, with the music of Rossini, was produced for the first time on Thursday, rendered more attractive by the *début* of Miss Alicia Nunn, a lady well known previously as a concert-singer, but who has lately returned from "the land of song," where she has been to improve her talent. She acted with great composure, and sang what music was allotted to her with tolerable correctness. We beg to remark, however, that dramatic singing requires something beyond attitudinising and getting through passages of music: but Miss Nunn has certainly made a considerable advance in her profession. Herr Fidor's singing is very striking, being *thoroughly unmusical* throughout. The performance, though success-

* It is whispered, we know not with what truth, that the author *contributed* between one and two hundred pounds towards the expense of producing this play.

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ful, could hardly be called an opera; for it consisted of about ten times more speaking than singing.

The Strand.—On Monday an amusing new piece, *The Model of a Wife*, was brought out here with success; and a new version of *Monseigneur* has been added to the list, Mr. Wild shining in it, as in several of his popular Olympic characters in other dramas; so that an evening at the Strand is very entertaining.

Surrey.—A drama called *Wolsey* has been brought out here, and played with much effect. The part of the heroine is supported by Mrs. Honner; and the plot hinges on a case of poisoning very like that in *Honesty*.

Sadler's Wells.—The performance of an original five-act legitimate drama from the pen of such a writer as Mr. Serle, at such a theatre as Sadler's Wells, is certainly an event in the history of the stage; and the author of the *Priest's Daughter*, brought out there on Thursday last, might observe as he did, with great truth, on being called before the curtain on its successful termination, that "though he had stood before larger and different audiences in our national theatres in the same capacity, yet, if the production and success of his play should only be the first of a series of similar events, he might indeed say that this was one of the proudest moments of his life." The play itself is smoothly written, and, though the language rarely rises above evenness, there are occasional bursts of poetry which are evidences of Mr. Serle's ability, had he contemplated this species of merit. The story, moreover, is well sustained, and possesses considerable melodramatic interest, especially in the fourth act, which is the most affective in the play; the fifth being the least so. Mr. Greenwood has put it upon the stage in a handsome and efficient manner, and it is capitally acted by Mr. Phelps and Mrs. Warner, as the priest and his daughter, and by Mr. and Mrs. H. Marston and Mr. John Webster in the second-rate characters; the lady especially distinguishing herself in a *viragoish* part. The experiment, from its success, must be extremely gratifying to all concerned in the management of Sadler's Wells.

The English Company in Paris.—Notwithstanding the brilliant success which attended the representation of English plays in Paris, we are sorry to hear it said that the spirited manager, Mr. Mitchell, had calculated his expenditure and the probable amount of returns so erroneously as to be a loser of nearly 1500*l.* by the enterprise. The snuff-box presented to him by the king is a very rich and handsome one, with his Majesty's cipher in brilliants on the lid. Mr. Macready has also reason to be pleased with the royal compliment, not of an "air-drawn dagger," but a magnificent heirloom testimony to his histrionic talents.

VARIETIES.

The Royal Society.—The invitations issued for the noble president's soirées date the first for Saturday the 22d February, to be followed by three others. The Marquis of Northampton has made these meetings too agreeable to individuals, and too interesting and valuable to science, to require any other intimation.

Society of Arts, Adelphi.—A brilliant and crowded conversazione was given on Tuesday evening in the fine rooms of the Society, the principal of which is adorned with Barry's splendid pictures. During the whole *evening* (as London parties call it, till half-past eleven o'clock) there was a constant influx of company; and the multitude of interesting objects presented for their inspection, as well as the liberal supply of refreshments, caused the entertainment to go off with great *éclat*.

The British Gallery is preparing for its annual opening, with productions by native artists; and we rejoice to hear, "by credible report," that there are some paintings of a superior order this year, and worthy of our English school.

Mr. E. Tennent.—The University of Dublin has conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws on Mr. Tennent: an honour justly merited by its patriotic countryman, whose services to Ireland are as ceaseless as they are unobtrusive.

Lord Brougham and Voltaire.—We have reason to believe that Lord Brougham is engaged in writing a Life of Voltaire: his lordship could hardly have taken up a subject of more public interest than such a biography must be from his pen.

Mr. Baker, a performer of second-rate parts, long known on the metropolitan boards, died a few days since in indifferent circumstances. He was a respectable actor in his line, and a man of good conduct and respectability in private life.

Hurricane in the Mediterranean.—The *Journal des Débats* says a most violent hurricane burst over the harbour of Hyeres during the night of the 14th inst.; and a letter dated Cette, 16th instant, contains the following statement:—"About 10 o'clock this morning, the sun shining brightly, a terrific phenomenon made its appearance. A meteor, having the appearance of a star, shining in the midst of the heavens and flying in the direction from north to west, described in its rapid course a segment of a luminous circle. Having reached the limit of the horizon, the meteor terminated in the form of a pear, and then its brightness assumed an unearthly appearance. The base was fringed with small globes of a silvery white, and contrasted in a striking manner with the species of tube formed by the flaming train, which was of the brightest red."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society of London, edited by D. T. Ansted, No. 1, 8vo, 4*s.*—A Visit to Bury St. Edmunds, 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Chillon, or Protestants of the 16th Century: a Tale, by Jane L. Willyams, 2 vols. post 8vo, 18*s.*—The German First Book, by M. Miehnaur, 18mo, 2*s.*—Maund's Book of Hardy Trees, Vol. II. 7*s.* 6*d.*—W. Bernan's History of the Art of Warming and Ventilating, 2 vols., fcp. 16*s.*—Treatise on Factorial Analysis, by T. Tate, 8vo, 4*s.*—Catena Aurea: Commentary on the Gospels, by S. Thomas Aquinas, Vol. IV., Pt. 1, St. John, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Supplement to Archbold's Bankruptcy, the New Statutes, &c., by J. Flather, 12mo, 5*s.*—Gelfredi Monumetensis Historia Britonum, J. A. Giles, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Missionary Enterprises in many Lands, by Jabez Burns, 32mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—The Gitana: a Tale, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Memoirs of Elliston, by G. Raymond, Second Series, 8vo, 15*s.*—Hooker's Works, with Life, &c., by Izaac Walton (Clarendon Press edit.), 2 vols. 8vo, 11*s.*—Ellen Cameron: a Tale, by E. Rankin, 3d edit. sq. 2*s.* 6*d.*—The Nursery Sunday-Book, sq., 2*s.* 6*d.*; or coloured, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Punch's Complete Letter-Writer, by D. Jerrold, 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—State of Nations, Past and Present, by P. A. Beddome, 18mo, 3*s.*—Jealousy and Revenge, by Eliza Peake, 2 vols. 8vo, 21*s.*—The Past and Present State of New Zealand, by W. Brodie, 8vo, 6*s.* 6*d.*—Year-Book of Facts, 1845, fcp. 5*s.*—Look to the End, or the Bennetts Abroad, by Mrs. Ellis, 2 vols. post 8vo, 21*s.*—Practical Geology and Ancient Architecture of Ireland, by G. Wilkinson, royal 8vo, 28*s.*—Mount Sorrel, by the Author of "Two Old Men's Tales," post 8vo, 7*s.*—The Scottish Church Question, by the Rev. A. Sydow, 8vo, 7*s.*—Dr. G. C. Holland on the Moving Powers of the Blood, 8vo, 8*s.*—Human Magnetism, by W. Newnham, post 8vo, 9*s.*—Cousin George, and other Tales, by Mrs. Walker, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—The Eccentric Lover, by Bayle St. John, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, New Series, Vol. II., imp. 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*—The Yearly Journal of Trade, 1845, edited by C. Pope, 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1845.

Jan. 1845.		*Thermometer.*			*Barometer.*		
Thursday . .	9	from 35	to	31	29·76	..	29·73
Friday . . .	10	„ 32	..	46	29·64	..	29·51
Saturday . .	11	„ 45	..	48	29·39 stationary.		
Sunday . .	12	„ 45	..	38	29·46	..	29·47
Monday . .	13	„ 38	..	44	29·40	..	29·31
Tuesday . .	14	„ 39	..	44	29·31	..	29·47
Wednesday .	15	„ 39	..	43	29·42	..	29·44
Thursday . .	16	„ 43	..	40	29·64	..	29·73
Friday . . .	17	„ 33	..	40	29·74	..	29·70
Saturday . .	18	„ 38	..	44	29·58	..	29·28
Sunday . .	19	„ 35	..	41	29·29	..	*28·88
Monday . .	20	„ 34	..	43	28·84	..	29·43
Tuesday . .	21	„ 30	..	39	29·76	..	29·88
Wednesday .	22	„ 26	..	44	29·86 stationary.		

Wind on the 9th, N.; 10th and 11th, S.; 12th, N.W. and N.; 13th, S. by E.; 14th, S.E. and N.E.; 15th, S.E.; 16th, S.E. and S.; 17th, S. and S. by E.; 18th, S. by E.; 19th, S., S. by W., and S. by E.; 20th, N. and N. by W.; 21st, N. by W.; 22d, S.W. Except the 21st, generally cloudy, with frequent rain. Rain fallen, 2·125 inches; of which ·7 of an inch fell during the night of the 19th.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.
Latitude, 51° 37′ 32″ north.
Longitude, 3 51 west of Greenwich.

* On the evening of the 19th, shortly after 10 o'clock, the barometer fell still lower, viz. 28·76.

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But the same defence cannot be set up for the part of O'Brian. One so irredeemably base, unprincipled, and unfeeling, never could settle into a good and deserving husband.

And this brings us to the moral of the tale; or rather to the conclusion to which every portion of it clearly points, and which has caused us to designate it as infidel, and very extraordinary for a female to publish.

Besides Zoe, the wife of a wealthy Roman Catholic gentleman, named Gifford (in compliment, it may be, to the *Standard* newspaper), there are two prominent male characters—Father Everhard, a rigidly educated, most zealous, and eminently distinguished Romish priest; and the Rev. Horace O'Brian, a scion of an Irish noble family, bred to the Protestant church, holder of an English rectory, and a furious anti-Catholic preacher, tract-deliverer, and proselytiser. In delineating these lights and ornaments of the rival religions, Miss Geraldine Jewsbury makes them infamous hypocrites, both adhering to their separate creeds merely from the accidents of birth and education; both (within the holy of holies) seeing the fallacies imposed on mankind; both disbelieving the doctrines they are bound to teach; and both ultra in their bigoted professions against every other faith. The only difference is, that the warmer temperament and greater conscientiousness of Everhard induce him, on a *dénouement* with Zoe, to abjure his church; whereas the smoother O'Brian goes on to the end, through sordid marriage and the sacrifice of the woman he really loves, to prosperous preferment and a third union with a rich and brilliant widow, as nobly allied as himself. The palpable and only inference from the whole conduct of this representation is, that both the Roman Catholic and Protestant religions are fallacious farces, solemnly played for the benefit of unbelieving and sordid pantomimists. And this is the essential spirit of the book; for even where the Christian principles are described as more pure, they do little else than produce weak devoteeism, and never strengthen or uphold the minds or influence the actions of their possessors. Clotilde the nun, from O'Brian's desertion, is an example of the first, and Everhard's brother, and Zoe herself, of the last.

But we must further touch on another of the remarkable aspects of this publication, as coming from a female—it is the marvellous painting of amative feelings, not only in the writer's own, but in the other sex. Since the bath-scene in the *Monk*, we have read nothing like the fire-scene in *Zoe!* The tumultuous fierceness of excited passions, the troubled emotions of desire and pangs of despair, the exhaustion of the conflict—in short, the all which we cannot repeat in this journal—are of masterly as well as mistressly potency, enough to set all the mills of Manchester, and the mill-owners too, in a blaze. The Anti-Corn-Law League is not adequate to produce such a combustion. After this the Cotton Metropolis can only be insured as doubly hazardous.

And now we are fairly puzzled. After having thus truly stated the singular, and we must add revolting, nature of this work, ought we, as an act of justice to the author, to exhibit her qualities as extremely able in composition, style, and portraiture, in counterbalance to our heavy censures? Were it 'he,' instead of 'she,' we would not; but we cannot resist the appeal of the petticoat, however strangely worn, nor of the stocking, however irreverently and stainedly blue. A young scamp (afterwards a prodigious ornament and minister of the church and court of Rome) from the country, who makes an acquaintance with the stage in London, is thus noticed:

"The third night after I was in London I went to Drury Lane theatre. I had never seen a play; it was enchantment; I doubted whether such delight could be intended for mortals. I went again and again. By day I haunted the private door of a small theatre near my lodging, thinking it would be blessed to be even a candle-snuffer, and looking with respect on the little boys who distributed the handbills. I contrived, by a lucky accident, to scrape acquaintance with one of the actresses, a pretty creature, and a great favourite with the manager; she spoke a good word for me, and I made my *début* as a silent page; but I had talents, and was soon promoted to talking parts. I was a great favourite with the women of our company, and I enjoyed the way of life amazingly. True, we were rogues and vagabonds in the eyes of respectable people; but really I don't think we were much worse than our neighbours, and we thought no small things of ourselves, I can assure you. As drinking was not one of my faults, I managed to keep my chin above water, and to live very gaily for a couple of months. I was better worth then than I am now, though nobody, perhaps, will believe it. After all, I have only left one stage to come on another; for what is saying mass, I should like to know, but acting a solemn charade? And in the sermons, which are a sort of programme, is it not asserted that the whole affair will finally be wound up by a magnificent *tableau* of a 'last judgment,' a grand display of 'lakes of fire,' 'devils,' 'ministers of deathless wrath,' who will sweep away some into everlasting destruction; whilst a fair city of gold and precious stones, full of light, music, and rejoicing, will appear for the reception of the rest? I would not wish for a more theatrical *dénouement*. To all this is to be added, the terrible excitement for those blessed ones of seeing 'the smoke of the burning rising up for ever and ever.' I hardly know which fate would make one shudder the most, if one believed it."

We beg it to be held in mind that we are quoting instances of literary talent, not of principle. Other instances of the contempt with which religion is treated occurs in the following extract, written by a Miss:

"There is in acute bodily pain something that rouses all one's energies to grapple with it; there is no instance on record of a person committing suicide either in a paroxysm of bodily suffering, or to escape the most severe surgical operation. Zoe was half bewildered at the fierce reality of pain. 'What, is all this horror of horrors a law of nature that cannot be altered!' she exclaimed, between gasps of prayers for mercy, which she felt was mockery. It was not till after her child was born, and she lay feeble and helpless, that she had leisure to meditate on the strange capability of enduring for hours, suffering which once she would have imagined must quickly end in death. Zoe wept in utter weakness, not for herself, but at the thought of all the suffering and agony so many millions of women had borne before her. Her eyes seemed suddenly opened to all the misery there was in the world; she realised with a terrible and morbid vividness the varied forms of human suffering; poor girl! the very hospitals and operation-rooms seemed to open before her eyes, and disclose their secrets. Hitherto she had never thought about evil,—she had not wondered at it; now, it rose before her in all its awful mystery. She brought to her recollection all she had been taught, all she had read of the well-compacted plausible theories by which men,

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living at ease, and in health, have complacently endeavoured to reconcile and account for every thing. She turned for comfort to the religion she had been taught; but it seemed cold and forced, and to have no tangible meaning. The prayers and praises that were prescribed by all forms of religion, seemed to her only the aspirations of crushed slaves under the hand that lay heavy upon them. Wherever she turned for refuge, she beheld only dimness of anguish; and driven into darkness, she exclaimed in the frenzy of her soul, 'Where is the All-powerful, the All-merciful, in whom we are taught to believe?' When she recollected that even according to the Christian faith, all the complicated miseries of this life, to the greater number, are but the 'beginning of sorrows,' to be carried to a horrible perfection through all eternity after death,—the calm, apathetic belief of Miss Rodney, and the placid acquiescence in this tremendous doctrine by the gentle, unruffled Clotilde, roused her hatred and disbelief in all religion almost to insanity. She wondered how the purblind old confessor, believing all this as he professed to do, could rest contented in the midst of a world devoted to such horrible torment, thinking he had done his part towards saving it, by his mumbled prayers, his days of abstinence, and his droning sermon once a week; she was astonished that all living creatures did not realise their condition as she did. But as her strength increased, this morbid exaltation passed away. * * *

"Gifford (the excellent and good man, her husband), anxious to have further advice, and also, if the truth must be told, *rather weary of the monotony of his matrimonial life*, determined to leave the castle, and reside for some time first at Bath, and afterwards in London. The arrangements were speedily made."

The writer's philosophical ideas are indicated in the subjoined:

"There are times when the heart is opened in written confession as it never is, never could be, to the dearest or most sympathising friend. It is not sympathy that we require at such times, it is to learn that which is lying hid in our own heart. The thoughts that oppress us have not yet taken a shape, but they are come too near the surface to be longer suppressed. * * *

"What a poor thing all the happiness of this world is! We often feel disposed to envy a man for being happy, though at the same time we should for ourselves utterly despise the thing that renders him so. My brother is going to be married; he seems overflowing with gentle pleasure and egotism: ever good-natured, he shews his disposition to make every one else who comes across his path a sharer in his happiness, that he may see nothing out of keeping: but he can enter into no feeling unconnected with himself, he can see nothing but himself and the fair creature he has chosen for his bride. Has heaven bestowed everlasting souls on men, and sent them upon earth for no better purpose than to marry and be given in marriage? Is the circle of man's aims and duties comprised in living in a country mansion, and doing the duties of hospitality to neighbours as full of conventionalities as themselves? to hunt, to fish, to preserve game, to legislate on turnpike roads, to send poor vagabonds to the stocks,—and after a life of sensual trivialities, to die, and lie under a painted monument? Is it the highest duty of which a woman is capable to see that her house is well swept, her dinners well ordered, her servants well trained, and her children kept beautifully dressed? and yet, is not this the sum of what the majority consider life was given them to accomplish? * *

But "women gifted like Zoe often present instances of aberration from the standard of female rectitude. It is not that high talents are in their own nature inimical to the delicate and refined virtues, but they require, in proportion, a stronger and wiser guidance than they often get. The motives that influence the generality of women do not touch women of high powers; they do not feel the obligations of those small moralities, the fear of 'being singular,' of rendering themselves the subject of 'remark,' which wholesomely qualify the love of admiration and display in the generality of female breasts. They have more energy of character than is absorbed by the routine of duties women are generally called on to perform, and they have no channel in which their superfluous activity can be expended. Women seldom have their powers equalised and balanced by a thorough education, so it is not wonderful that one gifted with more strongly marked strength of character than the generality should have somewhat of the eccentric and irregular in her actions. Her strength resembles the undirected activity of a child—much promised, and nothing accomplished with it. Besides, women cannot, like men, correct their false and crude notions by intercourse with the actual world; from their natural position, they are prevented taking a broad view of things as they really exist. When a woman steps beyond her own domestic circle, into whatever scene she goes, she is the subject of a social fiction; she is treated as a visitor, not as an inhabitant; therefore what a woman calls a 'knowledge of the world' is only a fresh source of bewilderment, which, besides being in the highest degree undesirable, is confined to a coarse exaggeration of scenes, which undoubtedly do take place, but which lose their truth by being detached from the course of natural circumstances under which they occur. Women of the class we are describing have often a morbid curiosity for this kind of enlightenment; but it leads them no nearer to their object, viz. something to fill the void in their hearts and intellects. Who are the only class of women who know the world best, who see it and mix with it in all its hard and appalling realities? * * *

"Our most indifferent actions have the impress of individuality; we may convey an impression not to be effaced for years, by an unconsidered word, a gesture, nay, by our very silence; and we, all the time, unconscious of having done or said any thing at all: it is never by our deliberate actions that we persuade others to estimate us. * * *

"'Nothing but Frenchwomen,' as a friend of ours once said, 'can analyse their feelings at the time they are passing.'"

We cannot (as we have already said) meddle with the fire-escape love-business; and will therefore only add to these miscellaneous samples a personal sketch.

"John Paul Gregory Marston had prospered in the world since last we met with him. He had become rich by the death of various relatives, he had risen in the church, and contrived to make himself much more comfortable in it than ever he had expected. His talents for business, his love of bustle and excitement, his genius for managing his own intrigues and those of other people, had recommended him to the attention of the higher powers. Though English, he liked neither the country nor the customs; Italy was his delight. He had sufficient credit to get himself appointed one of the resident bishops in Rome; and he was often employed on secret missions and in various confidential affairs. He was as great an *athé* as ever; but instead of ridiculing the church and her doctrines as formerly, he now spoke of sacred matters with the most scrupulous and decorous consideration; in fact, he felt it incumbent upon him to treat with respect a church which had behaved so exceedingly well towards him. He contrived to enjoy almost unrestrained license of conduct; so that the fierce and terribly sincere invectives which formerly used to break from him were not now needed as a relief to the unbearable constraint of his profession. He never disguised from himself that he was a hypocrite and a profligate, but he did not consider it necessary to take the whole world into his confidence. His self-complacency was not in the least ruffled by the consciousness that he was a hireling, body and soul; on the contrary, he felt a real satisfaction in forcing those who he knew saw into into his real character, to treat with him as an honest man. He never attempted to put a varnish of integrity on his own conscience, for a villanous sort of sincerity lurked there in spite of all his sins; but he would tolerate nothing short of the most immaculate reputation from the world. There was a tacit conviction on the mind of every body who knew him, and nobody could say they were exactly imposed upon, yet no one spoke ill of him; his great ability was a safe common ground on which all his debateable qualities were merged. After all, when a man is endowed with real strength of character, when he is able and decided in all he undertakes, has an object and pursues it (no matter whether the object be good or bad), he is to be recognised as a man of character, and he is one who *has* the stuff of virtue in him, though it may be shewn in a perverse sort of fashion. Strength is the main element of virtue. The very wickedness of a steady-purposed, strong-minded man is worth more than the virtuous tendencies of a weak one, that never grow to be actions, but are mere feeble indications; they have no principle within them, and the merest accident may convert them into active vices. Weakness is the only state for which there is no hope, either for this world or the world to come."

Lethè, and other Poems. By Sophia Woodrooffe; posthumously edited by G. S. Faber, B.D., Master of Sherburn Hospital, and Prebendary of Salisbury. 12mo, pp. 229. London, 1844. Seeley and Burnside.

We offer another gem to the bright coronet of female poetic genius, by which the present age is so much adorned. The youthful authoress of the poems is, alas, no more. She was taken too soon from the love and admiration of her friends, but not before she had had time to erect a monument of genius which bids fair to place her name by the side of Hemans and Landon.

Addison has observed, that the reader of any work of merit is usually anxious to learn all the particulars of the author's life. In a preface written by the editor, whose name alone must invite public attention and ensure a favourable reception to these beautiful productions, a slight sketch is given of the life of this young lady, who, though called away at the early age of twenty-two, had for some years been the literary correspondent of her grand-uncle, the Master of Sherburn. Thus prematurely removed, it follows of course that she wrote all the poems in what may be called extreme youth; one of them, indeed, which we shall notice more particularly hereafter, in absolute childhood.

Perhaps the most singular peculiarity of these

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poems, viewed under the aspect of their early production, is their entire freedom from puerility. The common error of very youthful authors, whether male or female, is an ambitious attempt at what they deem fine writing; and this, as the case may be, is usually either mawkish or inflated. As years advance, the error is corrected; and the more matured constructor of either prose or verse will smile over effusions which were once secretly deemed of the first order. But nothing of this school-boyish or school-girlish error appears in the poems now before us; and we really think, that even a practised writer of forty would find it no easy matter either to improve a line, or to new-model a sentence for the better. Nor does this remark apply only to the principal poem *Lethè*, written at nineteen; it applies also even to the dramatic poem of *Irenè*, composed at the extraordinary age of thirteen. Mere freedom from error of this description, however, though the remarkable peculiarity of so young a writer, is not alone sufficient to constitute a poet. Much more than this negative excellence is requisite; and that very "much more" is possessed by Miss Woodrooffe. She strikes us as being a perfect mistress of rhythm; and her poetical conceptions are awful or tender, beautifully descriptive or fearfully sublime, precisely as her subject calls them forth.

Such are the general characteristics of these fine poems; but our limits call us to hasten to particulars.

The principal poem, no doubt, is *Lethè*, which extends to the length of 128 stanzas. The consort of a young Athenian, living in a beautiful retirement, beautifully described, is carried off by an ambuscade of Persians shortly before the battle of Marathon. In his affliction, he vainly tries, in the schools of the philosophers, all those sources of consolation which were open to the heathen world. The cup of Lethè, presented to him by a shadowy phantom, though it produces forgetfulness, leaves him otherwise so miserable that he begs to have his memory restored. The boon is granted; and, after various ramblings to various countries and places—Egypt, Italy, Babylon, Tyre, and Palmyra, which are severally described with all the vividness of true poetry—the hero, who relates his own story, at length enters Palestine. Here he becomes acquainted with a venerable Hebrew, who brings him to the knowledge of the true God, and thus conducts him to the only source of real comfort under the troubles and trials of this mortal life.

In a poem so highly finished, and of such uniform excellence, it is difficult to make a selection: as it bears, however, the name of *Lethè*, we will give as a specimen the drinking of the cup of oblivion.

"'Give me, ye gracious gods, some gifts to bless
My troubled spirit with forgetfulness.
Efface the past, its agony of woe,
Its mingled horror and despair, its brief
And fleeting joy, which only made me know
More piercingly the bitterness of grief!
Let me again be as a simple child,
By what each moment brings with it beguiled.'

'Twas thus I prayed, and long in vain. At length
My prayer was answered. 'Twas a stormy night;
The fierce winds shook the cedars in their strength,
And crush'd the forest-oaks; the forked light,
In lurid glances, through the tempest flashed;
And o'er the sounding rocks the furious billows dashed.

I stood alone upon the mountain's brow,
My spirit in one thought absorbed; nor heard
Thunder, or foaming wave, or crashing bough,
And I stood thus entranced; until a word
Fell on my ear, and startled me. I turned,
And dimly, through the gloom, a formless shape discerned.

It spake: 'Thy prayer is granted. I have brought
A goblet filled with Lethè water. Drink,
And thou shalt know the boon so wildly sought.
Yet pause, while still thou can'st; e'en pause, and think
At what a price thou hast it.'—'Give,' I cried;
Fearful lest yet the gift should be denied.

I seized, and drank. A peal of thunder came
And shook the strong foundations of the hill;
From the dark sky one flash of livid flame
Shot o'er the surges of the torrent. Still
There was a sound, as if of wings that rushed,
Borne on the raging wind; and all was hushed.

That hour I felt like one who slowly wakes
From a long dream of terror and despair;
The while a consciousness upon him breaks
That it is but a dream; and to the air,
The genial air of morn, his lids unclose,
And quickly he forgets his visioned woes.

Yes; from that time the world was fresh and new,
The very faces of mankind were strange;
I looked upon them with a wondering view;
And knew not why they marvell'd at the change
Upon me wrought: for all my former lot,
Its joys and sorrows, were alike forgot.

My mind was as a smooth unruffled lake,
In turn reflecting all that passeth by;
Which doth its ever-varying colour take
From rocks, or woods, or mountains, or the sky;
Sullied by every cloud which o'er it fleets;
Troubled by every wind which on it beats.

Lit by the sunbeams of each golden noon
To rapture and to glory, and at night
Tinged by the softer splendours of the moon
With a more tender and a lovelier light:
A mirror, where the *present* well is seen,
But not a trace discern'd of what *hath* been."

We confidently appeal to this exquisite passage as fully justifying our remark, that the characteristics of Miss Woodrooffe's poetry are, a total freedom from puerility, a perfect command of rhythm, and a power of imagination (the true ποίησις), capable of grasping and illustrating any subject which the writer might select.

This long extract compels us to be brief, or we would willingly present to our readers two admirable translations from the Greek; one, of a chorus in the Hecuba of Euripides, written at the very early age of sixteen; the other, of the noble hymn of Cleanthes, which must have been executed not many years later. We regret that want of space precludes us from giving them both.

Passing over many lovely minor poems, we must hurry onward to the dramatic poem of *Irenè*, which, as written at the *childish* age of thirteen, though not bearing upon it a vestige of *childishness*, the learned editor most justly observes, may well be viewed as "a literary curiosity;" though he declares, that, on that account *alone*, he should not have felt himself warranted in recommending its insertion. Here, again, our remark is verified: for (to adopt the language of Mr. Faber) the claims of the poem are of a *higher* order than that of a mere literary curiosity; great poetical merit, united with a command of language not a little extraordinary in so *very* young a person. The subject is taken from the history of Irenè, empress of Constantinople in the eighth century; and it respects the barbarous blinding of her son Constantine, which, from the violence of its infliction, was not unreasonably thought to have been intentionally fatal; though, in *historic* matter of fact, he appears, as we learn from Gibbon, to have survived the deed. We give, as a specimen both of the young writer's power of versification, and of her adventurously successful management of a peculiarly difficult subject, the speech of Irenè, in which the instinct of maternal love vainly contends with the promptings of a profligate ambition.

"Titles cannot quench
A mother's love. No! I have made my heart
Unfeminine and hard, deaf to the call
Of pity and conjugal love: but still, oh, still,
A latent spark of mother's love remains.
All other love is mockery and deceit:
It can be conquered; banished from the heart;
'Tis but the shadowy mirage of the desert;
Which seems the freshest water, and allures
The thirsty traveller; then flies anon,
And leaves him disappointed, wondering much
So fair a vision should so futile prove.
But a fond mother's love is (as a well
Seal'd and kept secret) a deep-hidden fount,
That flows when every other spring is dry."

An unprincipled ecclesiastic, zealous for the worship of images and dreading the iconoclastic inclinations of Constantine, in a sophistical and adulatory speech, then urges, as if it were a duty alike religious and patriotic, the death of the young prince. He speaks to ears already but too willing to receive his suggestions: and the empress exclaims:

"Oh! if he *must* die.
Let his soul gently pass. No more! no more!"

We cannot refrain from adding the finely conceived, though perfectly natural idea, that, after the death of Constantine, his mother, unable (as it were) to realise so horrid a circumstance, should for a moment, and *only* for a moment, persuade herself, that the deed *could* never have been accomplished, that the whole was but a fearful dream:

"Let me think again,
And be myself once more. Yes, *did* I slay
My Constantine: and *did* I lift my hand
Against mine only son? It *could not* be!
Yes, yes, I *did*: yon pale and shivering phantom,
The fever'd product of a brain disturbed,
And aye-accusing conscience, tell me yes!
But sent I not a messenger to recall
The fatal word? Yea; but he came too late."

In depth of fearful and agonised pathos, we scarcely recollect to have ever met with a more intensely powerful passage than these extraordinary lines penned by a child of thirteen! Unhappily, as in the present instance, precocity of intellect rarely ensures length of days. In her own beautiful language, we reverentially say:

"Lay her amid the flowers to rest,
The young and gentle dead;
And bid them softly o'er her breast
Their last faint odours shed.
She loved them while she yet lived here;
Then plant them by her grave,
For, drooping, colourless, and sere,
Their dry leaves seem to wave
Farewell!
How mournfully they wave!"

The Collegian's Guide; or, Recollections of College Days, setting forth the Advantages and Temptations of a University Education. By the Rev. **** ******, M.A., —— College, Oxford. Pp. 371. London, Longmans.

SOMEWHAT of a humorist, the author of this volume is not the less a utilitarian. His advice is excellent, albeit seasoned with pleasantries; and he is evidently a complete master of his subject, though he has chosen to garnish it with elements of popularity which excite a smile or raise a laugh whilst we are imbibing the lessons of good common sense and experience to be found in every direction. In fact, the book is one of which we may truly say, it is Merry and Wise—a happy combination of the amusing and instructive. Many of its views and stories of college-life are as entertaining as they are self-evidently representations of facts; and whilst parents, guardians, and teachers, may refer to these pages with advantage to their sons, wards, and pupils; so may the latter learn much that is good for them to know, and which few could instil so effectually into the college-youth as the author of this agreeable and useful Guide.

Much as we approve of the publication, it is not one, however, into the illustration of which we need go at any length; for the most valuable portion of its contents are the details; and we can only give examples of its broader fea-

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tures. Of these, the following are specimens. The opening consists of the colloquies of two clergymen with the squire of one of their parishes, who is about to send his son to a university, and applies to them for information, which they communicate freely. Here is the Rev. Mr. Corbett an interlocutor:

"You must know that whether a man shall throw away every opportunity which a university is so eminently calculated to afford, and come away with a mere testamur gained rather by the trickery of private coaching (tutoring) than by mental improvement, and deeply in debt besides; or whether he shall be an elegant scholar, with such a character and standing that the best society shall be interested in him, and ready to welcome him in almost every county in England,—all this depends on the set to which he is introduced, and the plans he forms during his very first term. Now you must not talk of a man's temptations to one course more than another, when both are alike untried and unknown; and for this reason I say,—to come back to where we started, old Abram and his sign-post,—if 'some one would set about what nearly all the parish might do if they would,' many a man might be saved from the first step, and consequently from the last, on the road to ruin. Remember, it is easy to pull up and put the drag on at the top of a hill; but when you begin to swing halfway down, the advice is too late, and you come to a regular smash at the bottom. Besides,' he continued, 'it is not only the men themselves who want advice, but their fathers, who are still less likely to shut their eyes to consequences.' 'I know a case in point.' 'And I can tell you a dozen at least.' 'I was going to mention Serle the banker. Because his son was at the head of a common academy of a dozen boys, he was persuaded by the master to send him to Balliol, as certain of a first class, and then a fellowship, and a speedy fortune, of course. The end was, he took no class at all; if he had, being born in Wilts, the chances were much against a fellowship. And now there's Master Serle lounging at home with no profession, fit for nothing, and good for nothing, after four years' idleness; for, finding he was not well enough grounded to have any chance of a class, he never opened a book, but spent money enough to break the firm, which the governor was forced to pay to keep off a run upon the bank, and maintain public credit. Do you know, nothing is more true than '*ignotum pro mirifico*;' that is to say, that men form a marvellously high estimate of what they know nothing about, and not least when their ignorance turns on Latin and Greek. The name of a scholar and a classic sounds so great in the ears of some men I meet at dinner-parties, that you may hear them say, 'Well, if I had only had such advantages in my day,'—'Only sorry I was so thoughtless at school, and didn't keep up my classics.' They would like even the reputation of a learned pig, it's my belief; but as to the respect in which the advantages of a university education are to be prized, and why it is to be had in Oxford and Cambridge, and how large a part of these advantages may really be had in Gower Street, and what part cannot and never will be,—on all these matters ninety-nine men out of a hundred are deplorably ignorant; and until by some popular work they are a little enlightened, of course they cannot start their sons in quest of an object which they themselves but very indistinctly see. Talk in society of a university education whenever you will, and you will find that the essence of the matter is overlooked, and little but the mere accidents are uppermost in the thoughts of the majority. Again; while I was in Norfolk last year I was introduced to a clergyman about forty-five years of age, who, after being twenty years in the church, had, by much tedious canvassing, procured a living of two hundred pounds a year. He was a plain kind of man, without the least refinement, and evidently of low origin. On remarking this to my friend, he said, 'Yes, there is one of the many blunders men commit in settling their sons. This poor fellow is the son of a grocer, whose father had the same shop before him; and he told me the other day that his connexions were in trade, and his oldest friends were tradesmen; that this rendered it difficult for him either to obtain or enjoy the society to which a university education should entitle him; that from the time he left his father's house he had felt out of his element; his mind and habits, not having been formed for literature before he went to college, were in much the same state when he came away. 'Now,' said he, 'my father, and my grandfather before him, made not much less than twenty thousand pounds before they had arrived at my years; and here am I almost starving because I was sent to college when I was only fit for trade.'"

It is on the ground of such blunders as these, and many others which are set down, that the present Guide proceeds to guide those whom it concerns, and in the able manner we have specified. The admission of a student may serve as a specimen:

"But at last (inquires the squire) to come to a plain practical question, have the goodness to tell me how I am to procure an admittance any where? Surely I cannot enter Frederic just when and where I please?' 'A capital question,' said Corbett, 'and very like business; so a word about my first adventures in *alma mater*. As soon as my father and I were off the coach, at the door of the Angel, just opposite Queen's, we stood gazing at the royal figure over the gate, which, as old Dr. Wilson had enigmatically told us, was in his day by some unruly wags crowned empress of China. Of course we were soon surrounded by plenty of persons who offered to shew us the colleges. We took one as a guide, and walked along (the governor ever and anon eyeing a card, on which the old doctor had written the names of 'the high and low colleges' in separate columns) till we came to Christchurch. The dean was not to be seen, nor the subdean either; indeed, they would have no sinecure if they were to be unceremoniously visited by strangers like ourselves. At last, we were shewn up to one of the tutors, who seemed to us to be holding a regular levy. We waited a minute at his door for others to come out: I felt queer, and even the governor nervous; and while I was pulling up my collar, and smoothing down my coat, all of a sudden we found ourselves, as if by magic, in the room and out again, our errand and question answered, almost unheard, by anticipation; and we, by the agency of some 'repulsive attraction,' replaced on the landing-place just as we had been a few seconds before. The poor governor was almost breathless: the first words he spoke were, 'Well, I'm positive he did not even see the boy's face. I would have told him of his talents, but—but—'. In short, as I can well understand now, the tutor had heard scores of these sort of stories before, and had learnt despatch of public business.' 'And how did they serve you at the next place you went to?' 'Why, in effect the same; though the vice-president of University was not quite so sharp a practitioner as the tutor of Christchurch. Here my father would have his say; so making a long face and a short story, he got out that his son was 'very steady,' and at once was told, 'Why, as to that, sir, they are all steady till they come here. We are full for three years, and the president will receive no more names.' At Oriel, Balliol, and Trinity — in fact, wherever we went, it seemed as if there was notice of our coming, and of what we wanted; and before we could get the words out, we heard the same reply in almost the same number of syllables as at first. 'All full for exactly three years!' said my father; 'that's so extraordinary!' In short, all seemed agreed in the same story (a story, indeed)—and we almost began to despair, and to think that, contrary to the benevolent impartiality of founders, and through inveterate abuses and nefarious monopoly, there was a regular conspiracy to render 'one inside' and 'one out,' besides coachmen, porters, and coffee-house expenses, a most unprofitable investment of cash, and to send us back the same as we came. At last old Dick of Exeter, who stood my friend so often afterwards, having been only just in office, and not having learnt, as I told him once in laughing over our adventures, the official economy of breath, let drop the word introduction. 'Oh! that explains all,' said the governor; 'but — quite shameful — mere trustees for the public — what business have they to pick and choose?' So off went a letter to the parson of our parish, who knew the president; and then our course was plain.' 'And is this the way they would have served me if I had gone up as I intended last week?' 'Perhaps sharper practice still; for Dick told me he had since learnt to sieve them.' 'Sieve them; what's that?' 'Why old Davy, his scout, had by long experience learnt to distinguish a stranger on a fool's errand, as he called it, by the first glance, and would say in a very confidential tone, as if he were going to be very obliging, 'Shall I just tell master what you wants, and may be you'll be admitted sooner?' Then the moment Davy had heard the old story, he would put his head into the room and say, 'Only another of 'em, sir;' and at the least nod disappear, and with much composure come back and say, 'I've seen my master, sir, and explained your message, sir, as you desired; and please, sir, master presents his compliments to you, sir, and says the college, if you please, sir, is full for three years, and he is very sorry he can't have no more names yet.' That's what Dick calls 'sieving them.' And in this way it is probable that, with many other men of high station both in the university and out of it, the applications of the needy, both personal and by letter, are very unceremoniously sieved by their clerks and secretaries. And letters which widow ladies, with large families, who, Sir Walter Scott says, are the most pertinaciously importunate persons in the world, write by dozens to East India directors, the Horse Guards, or the Admiralty, are answered in a way no less mechanical than they are written, by a usual form requiring no other alteration than that of sir or madam. I may add, as a useful hint, that, although with the best introduction, you must have your name down commonly from one to three years in the first colleges, in those which do not fill you may enter almost for asking. I have known instances of men who had contested a scholarship unsuccessfully, having rooms offered them immediately, because they passed a good examination. A resident fellow can often expedite matters for you. The general desire of the masters of every college i

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to keep their college constantly filled with men of respectability and talent; and therefore they give the preference to those of their own connexion, unless in the case of one who is likely to do them unusual credit. Lastly, the halls at Oxford do not rank as high as the colleges. They are the resort of three classes of men: the first, respectable; the second, questionable; the third, objectionable. For they are filled, first, with men of maturer years, who do not like the restraints nor require the discipline of a college; secondly, with those who cannot get into a good college; and thirdly, with those who have been turned out. One was called 'Transportation Hall; another the 'Refuge for the Destitute;' while a third had only seven members, who rejoiced (shame! shame!) in the name of the 'Seven Deadly Sins.'"

[To be continued.]

Recollections of Military Service in 1813-1815. By Thomas Morris, late Sergeant of the 73d Foot. Pp. 319. London, Madden and Co.

SERGEANT MORRIS appears to be a sort of military Cockney, amazingly self-sufficient, and, having seen one battle before Waterloo, fancying himself a mighty military genius and hero. He criticises most of the officers under whom he served, condemns the commanders of corps for their tactics, and especially the Duke of Wellington *sans cérémonie*, states his own opinion boldly, and grumbles at the hardships, the partialities, and the injustice, which disgrace and emasculate the British army. They manage these things far better in France, and hence the deep attachment of the troops to their renowned leader:

"If we seek (says the sergeant) a reason for such extraordinary attachment, we shall find it in that constant attention of Napoleon to the wants and wishes of his men; his identity with them in all their dangers; his prompt, profuse, but impartial distribution of rewards; his throwing open to the meanest soldier the road of promotion to the highest honours; so that every man had a strong incentive to good conduct. When officers were killed or disabled, the vacancies were filled up from among the men who had been serving, who could sympathise with their comrades in their dangers and privations; and while they had no difficulty in maintaining their authority, their conduct towards the men was kind and affectionate. No man, however elevated in rank or connexion, had any chance of promotion but by passing through the various grades, commencing with the lowest. But how different the practice in the British army! where, as soon as vacancies occur in a regiment, they are filled up frequently by mere boys, just from school; who, though they may have acquired some theoretical knowledge of the art of war, know nothing of its practice; and who, knowing nothing of the fatigues and hardships the men have undergone, have no kindly feeling towards them. When I joined the army, I was foolish enough to imagine, that by good steady conduct, or by some daring act of bravery, I should be fortunate enough to gain a commission; but I very soon discovered the fallacy of this expectation."

Could only reach a halbert!—consume it, how merit is overlooked and neglected amongst us! Only a sergeant, who ought to have been at least a brigadier-general! To be sure he was not very much engaged, his single battle being one fought on the advance of Bernadotte towards Leipsic as our ally to the immense operations which there overwhelmed the gallant force of France. But he was at Waterloo; and in honour to his medal won there we will copy a few passages from his book; though we think he might have been content with his laurels, and left the bays (not the regiment) alone. They are mostly personal bits, such as a person in his rank might pick up or observe; and fair examples of his being up to all in the ring.

"Our light company was, for its number, the finest set of men I ever saw, being a mixture of English, Irish, and Scotch, commanded by a captain who had risen from the ranks. Report said, that he was indebted for his promotion to his beautiful black eyes and whiskers, which had attracted the notice of his colonel's lady, who had sufficient influence to obtain for him a commission as ensign. He was now captain; and though his whiskers were tinged with grey, his eyes possessed all their former fire and brilliancy. He was very eccentric in his ways; and his men scarcely knew how to please him. On one occasion, as we were going into action, one of the men excited his anger, and he ordered him to have an extra guard; and calling to his lieutenant, said, 'Reynolds, if I am killed, see that Gorman has an extra guard.—Sergeant Pennyton!' 'Sir.' 'If Reynolds and I are killed, see that Gorman has an extra guard.' 'Yes, sir.' 'None of your ready-made answers, sir; but mind you do it, sir!' 'Yes, sir.'"

Another anecdote of him relating to a Bible is too indecorous for us to print. Of his grand fight (to which he laments that history has not done justice), and to which he is ever and ever recurring, he states:

"The French were now defeated at all points, and the result was about 800 French killed, 1200 wounded, and 1500 prisoners; our loss in killed and wounded was about 800. This battle is very slightly mentioned in history, and no notice whatever has been taken of our presence. If it had been a battalion of the guards so engaged, the circumstance would have found a prominent place in history; but as it was only a paltry regiment of the line, of course it was not worth recording, as there was nothing in the shape of patronage to be secured by it. I have stated that the French general was taken prisoner; and there was a circumstance connected with his capture worth recording. Finding his efforts to rally his men ineffectual, being wounded, he endeavoured to make good his own retreat, but was closely pursued by one of the 2d German hussars. The general, in order to check him in the pursuit, threw on the ground a well-filled purse. The hussar noticed the spot where the purse fell, but continued the pursuit, when the general surrendered, and on retracing their steps the German dismounted, took up the purse and gave it to the general; who, when he met our general, reported the brave and disinterested conduct of the man. General Gibbs, who arrived in the field during the action, was so struck with the conduct of the hussar, that he attached him to his own person as an orderly; and when that general was killed afterwards at New Orleans in America, the man was found dead by his side."

The danger of taking a peep at an improper time is verified by the following:

"As soon as daylight appeared, the firing from the town forced us again to lie down. One of the officers, who was looking through the breastwork watching the enemy's batteries, suddenly drew himself down, observing, that a gun was just fired, the shot from which would come very close to us; the observation caused a young man, reclining next the officer, to raise himself up to look, and immediately his head was taken off."

The sergeant is as knowing in politics as in warfare; for he assures us, "that from the moment of Buonaparte's arrival at Elba, neither the allied sovereigns nor the Bourbons took any steps to fulfil the articles of the treaty of Fontainbleau. Shorn of his power, Buonaparte was considered as politically defunct. The allowance guaranteed to him was never paid: and to such pecuniary distress was he reduced, that he was compelled to sell his cannon and his stores for his support."

Here is news at the end of thirty years!—Sergeants, even not sergeants-at-law, are special fellows. And then England lent all the powers of Europe prodigious sums of money; so that this short affair (the return from Elba) was rather "an expensive one to England, as she was too magnanimous to require from the foreign powers the repayment of the loans which they from time to time received from this country. Austria, indeed, some years afterwards, declaring itself insolvent, offered the British ministry three millions, in lieu of the thirty millions which they had at different times borrowed of us, and my Lord Castlereagh (considering the loss of a few millions no object to England) generously accepted the composition."

We have mentioned Sergeant Morris's ideas respecting Field-marshal Wellington; and ought in justice to two such mighty military authorities, at direct issue on very important points, to quote what the *Halbert* alleges against the *Baton*:

"Though (quoth Halbert) it is considered a sort of treason to speak against the duke, yet I cannot help making a few observations upon the extraordinary fact, that we had neither artillery nor cavalry in the field [Waterloo]; there was a brigade of German artillery, and some few Brunswick horse. The reason given for the absence of our own cavalry and artillery was, that they were quartered at too great a distance to be brought up in time. But should it have been so? In cantonments, each division should have a portion of cavalry and artillery with them, so that they might, upon a small scale, be complete of themselves; and this arrangement would not at all prevent or impede the concentration of the whole. Fortunately for the duke, the result was successful; had it been otherwise, he would have been deeply censured."

We do not see how he can escape now! And the memory of the famous life-guardsman is blighted of its romance by the sergeant; who seems never to have entertained any predilection for the household troops, nor for the aristocratic in any shape or influence in the service:

"By twelve o'clock the artillery on both sides were busily engaged. Some commissariat waggons came into the field with a supply of salt provisions and spirits, and two men from each company were sent for them. I was one of these. It was some time before I got our allowance of hollands; and we had scarcely received it, when a cannon-shot went through the cask, and man too. While waiting here, Shaw, the fighting man, of the life-guards, was pointed out to me; and we little thought then that he was about to acquire such celebrity. He drank a considerable portion of the raw spirit, and under the influence of that, probably, he soon afterwards left his regiment, and running 'a-muck' at the enemy, was cut down by them as a madman. I admire, as much as any man can do, individual acts of bravery; but Shaw certainly falls very far short of my definition of the term hero. The path of duty is the path of safety; and it is quite likely that Shaw, if he

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had remained with his regiment, might have exercised his skill, courage, and stamina, quite as effectively against the foe, without the certainty of losing his own life; and to rush, in such a way, on to certain death, was, in my opinion, as much an act of suicide, as if he had plunged with his horse from the cliffs of Dover. In 'union there is strength;' but if every man were to follow Shaw's example—quit his regiment and seek distinction for himself—there would be an end to all discipline, and consequently to all chance of success."

The sergeant, on the contrary, conducted himself with the utmost propriety; and so was saved from damaging distinction. But we must finish with some of his particulars of the immortal 18th of June.

"It was a fair fight, and the French were fairly beaten and driven off. I noticed one of the guards, who was attacked by two cuirassiers at the same time; he bravely maintained the unequal conflict for a minute or two, when he disposed of one of them by a deadly thrust in the throat. His combat with the other one lasted about five minutes, when the guardsman struck his opponent a slashing back-handed stroke, and sent his helmet some distance, with the head inside it. The horse galloped away with the headless rider, sitting erect in the saddle, the blood spouting out of the arteries like so many fountains. Hitherto we had acted only against cavalry, but now Napoleon was leading up his infantry in masses; and as *our brigade was literally cut to pieces, the remnant was formed into line four-deep* [a wonderful feat]. But the French infantry, that were now advancing, were so overwhelming in numbers, that we were forced to retire; while doing so, General Halket received a musket-ball through his cheek, and falling from his horse, was taken to the rear. The fire from the French infantry was so tremendous, that our brigade divided, and sought shelter behind some banks."

The following is not in the official despatches published in the *London Gazette*, therefore we admit it to the *Literary*:

"Our sergeant-major was a brave soldier, and had been through the whole of the engagements in the Peninsula, with the 43d regiment. During the day, when our men were falling so very fast, he turned deadly pale, and said to the colonel, 'We had nothing like this in Spain, sir.' The worst fault he had, was an inveterate habit of swearing, which he could not avoid, even under these awful circumstances. Noticing one of the men named Dent stooping every now and then, as the shots came whizzing by, he said, 'D—n you, sir, what do you stoop for? You should not stoop if your head was off!' He had scarcely spoken the word, when a musket-ball struck him full on the nose, killing him on the spot. Dent immediately turned round, and said, 'D—n you, sir; what do you lie there for? You should not lie down if your head was off!' When we were ordered to retire from the French infantry, a young man belonging to us, named Steel, a lad of rare courage, was in the act of firing, when a cannon shot, in rolling along the ground, took his foot off at the ankle. He did not fall, but advancing a step on his shattered stump, 'D—n you, I'll serve you out for that!' and fired his piece among the enemy."

But *jam satis*.

LORD MALMESBURY'S DIARIES, ETC.

[Fourth notice: conclusion.]

WE will here select a few brief anecdotes &c., to vary our political relations, however interesting.

Algeria in 1803.—"Lord Pelham said it was, or rather had been, in contemplation, to send Sir S. Smith to the Barbaresque powers and Egypt; that Addington had gone so far as to desire Sir Sidney to hold himself in readiness, and to ride at single anchor. Lord Pelham approved it; thinks we should do well to pay great attention to these powers, and that it would please the Porte, who looks on them still as its vassals. He quoted as an instance the Turkish chargé des affaires at Paris having very lately applied to Lord Whitworth for support and advice, as minister of an ally to the Porte, on some intention expressed by Buonaparte to attack the Dey of Algiers, and added, the Porte is determined to support its vassal. It would be perhaps right to make all our consuls and agents on the Barbary coast dependant on our embassy at Constantinople. It is to that side we ought to turn all our attention, as Buonaparte's great object is Egypt, Eastern dominion, and the destroying our empire in India."

May we not add:

Tempora mutantur de—fabula narratur?

Foreign embassies.—"He (Mr. Pitt) said the continent must be watched. I said, 'certainly;' but that he must not suppose, that by watching, a very easy or passive task was imposed upon us; it required even more dexterity, more management, to watch well, and appear inactive, than to move on a negotiation open and avowed; that the most explicit and literal instructions should be sent to such ministers as required them, and that to the very few abroad in whom full confidence could be placed, the ends must be clearly defined, and the means left to them; that laboured and long despatches, intended only to justify the secretary of state who wrote them, in case of impeachment, were the bane of all foreign missions; they perplexed and frightened the new and uninformed minister, while they hampered and disgusted the more experienced one; that such would be peculiarly bad when our system was watching, which, I repeated again and again, was one that required more abilities, more temper, more experience, and more patience, than the most intricate negotiation."

Lady Hamilton.—"Despard and his associate traitors hanged at half-past eight; hardened villains; Despard manifested neither fear, religion, nor remorse; died haranguing the mob, with a lie in his mouth, but it produced no effect. Lady Hamilton, whom Lady Malmesbury met in the evening of this day at Lady Abercorn's, after singing, &c. said she had gone to see poor Mrs. Despard in the morning—she did not know her, but she went to comfort her, and that she found her much better since the body had been brought back to her. This is the consequence of Lord Nelson having spoken to his character. Lady Hamilton was a woman . . . . whom Sir William Hamilton fell in with here when he began to doat, and married when his dotage was confirmed; she is clever and artful, but a sad . . . ."

The Prince and Princess of Wales (*March*, 1803).—"Lord Bathurst at dinner; long talk about prince of Wales's debts and the measures now going to be adopted; censures it; weak and useless; hurtful to the prince. The chancellor, Lord Eldon, had mentioned to the prince the princess of Wales, and the hopes her dignity and comfort would be attended to. The prince's reply was, 'He was not the sort of person who let his hair grow under his wig to please his wife.' On which the chancellor respectfully but firmly said, 'Your royal highness condescends to become personal—I beg leave to withdraw;' and accordingly bowed very low and retired. The prince, alarmed at this, could find no other way of extricating himself than by causing a note to be written the next day to Lord Eldon, to say that the phrase he made use of was nothing personal, but simply a proverb,—a proverbial way of saying a man was governed by his wife. Very absurd of Lord Eldon; but explained by his having literally done what the prince said."

Anecdote of the king's illness.—"In the first illness, when Willis, who was a clergyman, entered the room, the king asked him, if he, who was a clergyman, was not ashamed of himself for exercising such a profession. 'Sir,' said Willis, 'our Saviour himself went about healing the sick.' 'Yes,' answered the king, 'but he had not 700*l.* a-year for it.'"

The Princess Charlotte and the royal family (*Dec.* 1804).—"Mrs. Harcourt at Park-Place—full of anxiety about the issue of the sort of contest prevailing between the king and prince, relative to Princess Charlotte. The king wants her established at Windsor, and educated as a queen, that is to be. The prince, from opposition feelings and advisers, demurs; Mrs. Harcourt insists that the king is so bent on it, that if it does not take place, it will make him ill. That two factions pulled the prince different ways—Ladies Moira, Hutchinson, and Mrs. Fitzherbert were for his ceding the child to the king—the Duke of Clarence and Devonshire House most violent against it, and the prince ever inclines to the faction he saw last. In the Devonshire House cabal, Lady Melbourne and Mrs. Fox act conspicuous parts; so that the alternative for our future queen seems to be whether Mrs. Fox or Mrs. Fitzherbert shall have the ascendancy. Mrs. Harcourt said the prince came down to the king on the 20th November, and they met for the first time for nearly a year; that, for one day, it went off very well, but that it did not last. The king sent his plan for the princess, in writing, to the prince, by the chancellor, on or about the 28th. It was not only a very judicious and wise one, but drawn up most admirably, and full of fine and affectionate feelings. Yet to this the prince made such an answer (also in writing), that the chancellor could not present it to the king; and, on the 2d December, he and Mr. Pitt (who feared the consequences either of producing this answer, or of the delay of any answer) went down to Windsor, and, in order to avoid affecting the king, said the prince had misconceived part of his majesty's letter, and that, before he could answer it at all, they must set him right on these points. In the mean while, they have sent for Lord Moira, and they depend on what he may do. The sons behave tolerably, the princesses most perfectly. The queen will never receive the king without one of the princesses being present; never says, in reply, a word; piques herself on this discreet silence; and, when in London, locks the door of her white room (her boudoir) against him. The behaviour of the queen alarms me more than all the others of Mrs. Harcourt's stories; for, if the queen did not think the king likely to relapse, she would not alter in her manners towards him; and her having altered her manners, proves that she thinks he may relapse."

Austria in 1808 (*January*).—"I omitted to mention in its right date the declaration of war of Austria and Prussia, as all the papers that passed on these strange proceedings were laid

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before parliament, and are now published. Prince Staremberg's behaviour was most prevaricating and offensive. A flag of truce arrives on the 16th at Deal, with despatches for Prince Staremberg: he at first says they are nothing but private papers relative to his family concerns, but on Thursday, the 19th, informs Canning that he has received positive orders from his court to declare, that the inconveniences which result to the continental powers from the continuation of the struggle between France and England are so great, that Austria can no longer see with indifference its duration, and that they hope some place will be fixed on the continent to conclude a maritime peace. No offer of mediation accompanied this; and though no direct threat was made, yet it was evidently to be implied that if England declined this offer, Austria would join France. Prince Staremberg did not conceal that it was the act of Buonaparte, to which he was compelled to subscribe. Canning desired him to give what he said in writing, which he did: 'Qu'il avait des ordres positifs de sa cour de déclarer que la lutte entre l'Angleterre et la France était si préjudiciable aux intérêts des puissances de l'Europe, que sa cour se croyait obligé d'appuyer sur le nécessité d'une paix maritime,' &c. Canning, in his reply to this request, desired Staremberg to explain whether this official document contained all he had to say: and that before he could give him a precise answer, he begged Prince Staremberg to be more explicit, and particularly to state how much threat was meant, and how much was to be considered only as friendly advice. On its being sent to the king, his majesty wrote for answer, that he heard with surprise the communication that the emperor of Austria had made; that it was as insulting to England, as disgraceful to Austria; that it was the more servile and more extraordinary act of submission to Buonaparte, since Austria could do us no harm; he did not doubt but that the blood of every Englishman would boil when it became known. Canning and the Duke of Portland agree quite with the king; so probably will the whole cabinet. Staremberg is by far the most insincere minister ever employed. He is trusted neither by his own court nor the court where he resides; yet his high rank and his manœuvring keep him afloat; he never will be put aside. A . . . ., contrary to the assurances Canning had given A'Court, remained on at Vienna after Lord Pembroke's departure, till war was declared. Canning then appointed him ambassador to Turkey, though he could not but know he was attached to the opposition, and communicated with them; and though not without abilities, such a dupe of women, that no secret was safe with him. This Fox, his intimate friend and patron, knew so well, that, when he named him for Vienna, he stipulated that Mrs. A . . . . (a French woman) should not go with him, and that if ever she followed him, his mission should terminate. Yet she did go after Fox's death, and Canning suffered A . . . . to remain at Vienna, and employed him elsewhere. He also left Erskine in America, and Forster (Lady Elizabeth's son) at Stockholm."

Mary Ann Clarke's affair.—"On this occasion a person of the name of Wardle (till then unknown), Lord Folkestone, instigated by Cobbett, and Maddocks, governed by a strumpet, were the Rodrigos; the Iagos kept in the back-ground; Whitbread alone had not sufficient temper to conceal himself. But I cannot but consider the origin of this mischief to be in the candour, as it is called, of ministers even to allow it to be the subject-matter of parliamentary discussion. This and other equally mischievous subjects occupied the whole session, by far the worst attended and the most insignificant I ever remember."

With these selections of a curious personal nature we conclude; for the accounts of the ministry, known by the name of "all the talents," do not require our notice; and we will only extract the short paragraph which relates the death of its main pillar:

"On the 13th September, 1806, after having been several times tapped for a dropsy, Fox died at Chiswick House. His death seemed from the time he took office to be a near event, and the assiduity and diligence with which he attended both his official and parliamentary duties, for he did so till even the last days of his existence, hastened the event. No country within the short space of six months ever lost two such able statesmen as Pitt and Fox, or ever at a more important moment. A loss less felt at the instant than it will be some time hence. They left no equal in their line, and after such superiority the nation will not be contented with moderate abilities. Fox lived long enough to be regretted by all, as he certainly acted his part most ably and honourably from the time he took office. Lord Thurlow died on the 12th, also an able man, but from temper and character never a useful friend to the government he served with."

There is a clever paper at the close—hints to young ministers to foreign countries—which it will be well for our training statesmen and attachés to ponder over. With regard to the editor's share in these volumes we cannot speak very highly—it might have been more fully and better done. Asterisks, where they either betray the persons meant, so flimsy is the veil, or where they obscure the sense from general readers, seem to us to be quite uncalled for; and instead of references to other publications (such as the *Memoirs of Lord Eldon*, p. 296), a little trouble would have supplied the information wanted on the page itself.

But these are the slightest possible blemishes; and the work itself stands forth as one of the most entertaining and valuable of its kind which enriches our national literature.

A Practical Treatise on Congestion and Inactivity of the Liver; shewing some of the Effects produced by these Disorders on the most important Organs of the Body. By F. J. Mosgrove, Surgeon. 12mo, pp. 120. London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

The attention of the public and of the profession cannot be too frequently or imperiously called to the variety of disorders which often have their origin in inactivity or congestion of the liver. Mr. Mosgrove considers them in relation to the chief structures, the brain, heart, lungs, stomach, &c.; omitting, however, what most medical men have met with in their experience—the formidable and prolonged chlorosis, which is so often in young females connected with inactivity of the liver. The work is not, strictly speaking, a professional one, being intended for general readers. It is, therefore, in our humble opinion, beneath the severe sincerity of a scientific notice; and at the same time above, or at least not well adapted for, a popular one. The statement made, p. 19, that "the brain is that mysterious organ by which is secreted the nervous power on which the performance of the functions of both mind and body depend," appears more mysterious than the organ itself.

Narratives of a Parent; or, Birth-day Tales. By Mrs. Everest. Pp. 242. Smith, Elder, and Co.

An advertisement at the end of this volume takes it out of the pale of criticism. It is a serious, pious, and well-meant production.

Chillon; or, Protestants of the Sixteenth Century. An Historical Tale. By Jane Louise Willyams. 2 vols. Hatchard and Son.

"Availing herself of the same attractive medium (*i. e.* fiction, enlisted as a powerful ally, and with powerful and Christian authors throwing her *light* veil over startling and heart-rending realities!!), and with the same object in view, the author ventures to produce this little narrative.

"The offering is laid on the altar of Him who regards not the magnitude of the gift, but its motive.

"May He accept and sanctify it!"

We must say, that this sort of preface to a Novel, however well intended, revolts us extremely. The feeling is as of profanity; and not even the adventures of the famous Genevese, Bonnevard, can reconcile us to misuse of sacred language, fit only for holy prayer and supplication. The practice of writing works of fiction for religious purposes is surely carried to the last extreme of impropriety, when they are introduced as if they were sacraments.

Ridley Seldon; or, the Way to keep Lent: a Tale for the Times. By A. Howard, author of "Mary Spencer." Pp. 240. Dalton.

A tale upon apostacy, Puseyism, the Romish church, and other the most polemical and obnoxious questions which distract our times. We have said that we never can approve of fictious narratives in such matters. They are bad in kind, unfit vehicles for such arguments, and all more or less bigoted and offensive.

Egypt and Mehemet Ali. By Prince Puckler Muskau. Vol. I. Colburn.

Mr. Colburn is producing the prince's three volumes, translated, in two. We have always considered the author a flighty and rhodomontading fellow, to whom we could not look for either solid or very credible information. But his lively manner is entertaining, and we shall return to this work; only noticing that in his preface he makes a most unjustifiable attack upon himself, accusing Prince P. M. of *modesty!!!* *We* need not point out how unwarrantable this is; for he goes on to shew that he is the only impartial, independent, and sufficiently intelligent writer who has ever written or published on the subjects of which he treats.

Punch's Complete Letter-Writer. By Douglas Jerrold; illustrated by K. Meadows. Pp. 146.

It is seldom that contributions to periodicals answer equally well when collected together. They seem generally to have served their turn when they have sparkled or amused in the transient page where they are born, and to be unable to bear a prolonged existence under a more durable form. But in the present instance the Complete Letter-Writer is improved by juxtaposition, and is the more *complete* for being legible in uninterrupted succession. When he will let sportive satire guide his pen, and take every-day life for his subject, there are few authors of this class equal to Mr. Jerrold; and the cuts of his associate are as clever as his best satire.

The Edinburgh Tales. Conducted by Mrs. Johnstone, author of "Clan Albyn," &c. Part I. Edinburgh, W. Tait; London, Chapman and Hall.

Mrs. Johnstone has already most justly established for herself a name of worthy import in our literature, made instructive through the medium of fiction. Her characters are strictly drawn from life, and every act in which they

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are involved is at once simply natural and tending to impress a useful lesson of worldly wisdom and judicious conduct. Strong good sense is her prominent quality: and a very clever method of applying its considerations to the circumstances in which people are placed in society, her distinguished talent. In the Pert I. of the new design before us we have a very original personage introduced, under the name of Richard Taylor, whose "experiences" connect the reader with two excellent stories and the beginning of e third, which, whether we regard for the mode of telling, or the moral, we very conscientiously recommend to the public. They are genuine, amusing, and full of right principle and sensible advice.

The Eccentric Lover: a Novel. By Bayle St. John. 3 vols. R. Bentley.

THE name of the writer would recommend his production to notice, and it is deserving of it from the promising talent it displays. We fear, however, that it may be deemed a little premature, and unripe for the execution of so complete a work as a thoroughly well-constructed novel on a well-chosen subject. The popular class of Parisian novels have instigated the young author to an attempt, in which Narcisse Leroux, a spouting *gamin*, is the hero; and the rest of the characters belong to the inferior orders of society. In these it would be difficult to get an English public to take much interest; and we shall therefore content ourselves with saying, that the *Eccentric Lover* often violates probability, and is occasionally amusing.

Controversy about the Varronianus between T. Hewitt Key, M.A., and the Rev. J. W. Donaldson. B.D. Printed for private circulation. Circ. 120 pages.

THIS series of pamphlets might heve ranged under the head of Unpublished Literature in our last No.; but we were somewhat repelled from it by our disinclination for controversy. Mr. Key, it is extensively known, accused Mr. Donaldson of plagiarism and other demerits in his *Varronianus;* against which (admitting some of the charges) Mr. D. has recriminated, and in turn assailed Mr. K. in unmeasured language. As the quarrel is a pretty quarrel, and we can have no hope of making it up, we shall simply observe, that Mr. Key has the best of it as to temper, which is a strong presumption that be hes also the best of it (as we think he has) as to fact and argument.

The Conduct of Life: a Series of Essays. By G. Long, Barrister-at-Law. Pp. 239. Murray.

THE results of much experience and observation, Mr. Long hss, in this volume, discussed many important subjects connected with family, social, public, and religious life. Without any thing of startling or potent originality to arrest attention, there is much of plain sense and good edvice in these pages.

Present State and Prospects of the Port Philip District of New South Wales. By C. Griffiths, A.M. Pp. 202. Dublin, Curry; London, Longmans.

ABOUT the latest book-intelligence from this part of the world, in which the writer objects to the existing system, and contends for a different line of conduct towards the natives. The statistical and general information is of interest to parties concerned in emigration to New South Wales, or having property in thet colony.

The Beauties of Jeremy Taylor, D.D. By D. S. Esq., Barrister-et-Law. Pp. 280. T. C. Newby.

ANY portion of the beauties of this beautiful writer must be welcome to all who admire the highest eloquence in prose, and illustrations proceeding from a mind brightly lighted up by genius. It is too late to offer a eulogy upon Jeremy Taylor, of whose works it is hardly possible to peruse a page without reaping both pleasure and profit.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Jan. 24th.—Mr. Brande "On the business of the Mint." Agreeing with Mr. Brands in the conviction, that although every one knows where, and in a general way how, coin is made, few are aware of the extreme nicety and perfection demanded in the mechanical and chemical details of the manufacture, or of the checks and tests by which its standard weight and purity are insured, in order that the honour of the country and the honesty of the Mint may be maintained in unimpeachable integrity, we are induced to give at some length the facts communicated to a numerous audience. The chief supplies of ingots of gold come from Hamburgh and Paris, the produce of the mines of South America and Russia; and of unmelted gold from Africa, whence the gold-dust imported between 1832 and 1841 amounted in value to 334,000*l.* The chief supply of ingots to the Mint is from the Bank, melted by their own melter, and assayed, so that they are delivered of known quality. These ingots weigh about 15lbs. for gold, and 60lbs. for silver; and the value, if standard, of the former is about 700*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, and of the latter about 198*l.* The bullion is delivered and weighed in at the Mint by the weigher and teller, in the presence of the Bank-officers, and of the controller and Queen's clerk of the Mint, and is consigned to the care of these officers, and of the deputy-master. The several ingots are then passed to the master of the Mint's assay-master, who reports upon the quality or composition of each ingot, and from his report the "pot-book," as it is called, is made up; that is, the fine and coarse ingots are so mixed end apportioned that the whole may, if possible, be brought to standard, or, if necessary, that pure gold may be added should they prove below, or copper should they turn out above standard. The term "standard" applies to gold which contains 11 parts in 12 of pure gold. The remaining 12th is called alloy, and may consist of any metal (of course, of inferior value to gold) which does not materially affect the colour, malleability, and ductility of the noble metal. This 12th, however, may be silver, or a mixture of silver and copper; and this was generally the case, until of late, in consequence of the improved manufacture of sulphuric acid, and of Wollaston's inestimable gift to science, the extended use of platinum, silver may be extracted with profit. Equal parts of silver and copper form the best alloy for coinage: but the absolute purity of the copper is essential, as the presence of $\frac{1}{1000}$th of lead renders the whole brittle. Standard gold is harder, coins better, sustains wear better, and is more fusible, than pure gold, which is so soft as to bend, and would clog the dies. Easy, however, as it may be in theory, it is very difficult to get a bar of standard gold perfectly uniform in composition throughout; for unless the mixture is well stirred whilst in fusion, and even almost whilst pouring, more of the lighter metal will be in the upper than in the lower part of the pot, and therefore the bar unequal. In the case of silver, the same general proceedings are adopted; but in England the silver standard differs from that of gold, the silver being an alloy of which 1lb. troy contains 11 oz. 2 dwts. pure silver + 18 dwts. copper, or $11\frac{1}{20}$ths and $\frac{18}{20}$ths; and this pound is coined into 66 shillings, the current value of 60 lbs. being 198*l.* The French standard, both for gold and silver, is 9 and 1. Now, bearing in mind the high relative value of gold and silver, it is obvious how essential it is to maintain the strictest possible adherence to the fineness of the coin; and this is attained and guaranteed by many cautions and checks. Mr. Brande limited himself to an account of the gold coinage, as involving in its general outline the history of silver and copper coinages, but requiring the extremest accuracy and nicety in its details. It is our standard of value; and neither brassage nor signiorage—that is, no charge for labour and expense of coinage—being here taken upon it, any individual bringing gold to the Mint (though subjected to a charge for assaying, and to the loss of interest upon it whilst it is in the process of manufacture) receives in return the full value of coin, but more valuable than bullion, inasmuch as it now bears a stamp which is security for its fineness and quality over the whole civilised world.

The standard ingots are handed over to the melter to melt and cast into standard bars. He now becomes the responsible holder of the bullion, which is locked up in his stronghold, under his own key and that of the surveyor of the meltings—an officer who is always present at the meltings, and whose especial duty it is to see that the directions in the "pot-book" are strictly complied with, and to weigh out either the alloy or the fine gold, in accordance with those directions; and it is his further business, when the metal is cast into bars, to take assay-pieces from each bar for examination by a distinct officer, namely, the Queen's assay-master. In our Mint the melter is bound to follow the directions of other officers in regard to the addition of alloy, and nothing is allowed to be added at his own discretion; but in foreign mints the melter is permitted to adjust the pots on his own responsibility. The gold is melted in what are called black-lead pots, each placed in a seperete wind-furnace, and holding about 100lbs. weight of gold, which is cast into bars. When examined by the Queen's assayer, under his written authority the bars are given over to the Company of Moneyers for coinage, passing through the chief office of receipt and delivery, where they are weighed by the weigher and teller, in presence of one of the check-officers, one of the moneyers, and the melter. The moneyer gives a receipt to the melter for the gold so delivered, which is placed to the credit of the melter in the office-books. The transit of the gold from one department to the other is on trucks and by railway. (The moneyers, under whose superintendence and direction the money is manufactured, and ultimately delivered by them, weight for weight, to the Mint-office, are an extremely ancient company. They are traced back as early as Ethelbert, first king of Kent, in 561.) The bars undergo several rolling operations, the last of which brings the ribbon of gold nearly to its required thickness; a piece cut out being a little in excess of weight. And now comes the nice and difficult part of the operation, which is, so to adjust the thickness of the fillet or ribbon that rows of sovereigns, punched or cut out of it (two in breadth throughout its length), mey be of the exact required weight, or *very* little in excess. This is done by a machine, called "the draw-bench," invented by the late Sir John Berton, and made by Messrs. Maudslay. (Mr. Brande here described the

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machinery and principle of this engine.) The ribbons being thus adjusted, are transferred to the machines for cutting them into blank pieces. The blank-cutting machine has twelve cutters arranged in a circle; each cutter is lifted by a lever-cog attached to a large vertical fly-wheel, and its descent is effected by an arrangement of pistons in air-tight cylinders, so that the pressure of the air is the force employed. The cutters are most delicately adjusted. The perforated plates, after the cutting out of the blanks, are called scissel, and go back to the melter, made up into bundles of 15lbs. each, to be remelted into bars. The proportion of blanks to scissel is 7½ to 5½. The blanks are next weighed individually, and reduced, if in excess of standard, but if too light, rejected and passed back, under the name of brokage, to the melter. Here, in the sizing-room, too, each piece is sounded or chinked upon an anvil, to detect all cracked, fissured, or, as they are called, dumb pieces. The standard weight of a sovereign is 5 dwts. 3¼ grains. The current weight, or that at which they may legally circulate, is 5 dwts. 2½ grains, ¾ of a grain being allowed for wear; so that the extreme difference between a standard and a current sovereign may be = 1½*d.*, a grain of standard gold being about 2*d.*; upon 8 sovereigns, therefore, = 1*s.*; upon 800, 5*l.*; upon a million, upwards of 6250*l.*; but the issue from the Mint is always at standard. The blanks adjusted and sized are *marked*—that is, they are flattened, and somewhat pinched up upon the edges, an operation performed by a machine which turns out 240 pieces per minute; and having become hard in the working, are annealed and blanched. They are now ready for the final operation of stamping, for which there are in the Mint eight presses, each coining from 30 to 40,000 pieces per day. In these presses one blow must complete the coin, so that the skill of the engraver is shewn by the art with which he makes a low relief, susceptible of being perfectly brought up by one blow of the coining press, tell and produce a good effect; by which he avoids prominences and asperities, that would tend to the wear and debasement of the coin. Nothing can be worse than high relief in coin; it accelerates its degradation by wear, and can never be perfectly brought up. The engraver is therefore tied down by the powers of the presses, and is very often blamed for what is his great merit. There is no difficulty by a succession of blows and repeated annealings in bringing up a very high relief, or in producing an impression of a deep-cut die; but when one blow of a certain power, and repeated 60 or 70 times a minute, is required at each time to produce a perfect coin, then is the talent and skill of the engraver equally or more severely taxed. The person responsible for the proper use of the presses is the surveyor of the money-presses, who is always present whilst they are in operation—he overlooks the pieces, watches the dies, picks out faulty pieces, or brokage, &c. The moneys being now finished are weighed up in journey weights, as they are called, 15 lb. of gold = 700*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* In this state the moneyers return the coin to the Mint-office; but before it is finally delivered to the importers, and through them to the public, it is subjected to a series of examinations as to weight and fineness, or, as is said at the Mint, it is pixed. The officers required to be present at the pix are, one of the senior moneyers, the weigher and teller, the Queen's assay-master, the controller, the Queen's clerk, and two of the clerks of the Mint-office. Besides weighing the coins for this pixing, two pieces out of each journey are retained by the controller, one of which is handed over to the Queen's assay-master, to be assayed, and the other is placed in the "pix-box," where it remains until the great trial of the pix by jury, before the Queen or such of her council as may be appointed for that purpose. The trial of the pix in this kingdom is a ceremony of high antiquity, and was in common usage in the reign of Edward I. In the 9th of Edward I. the king, by his writ, commanded the barons of the exchequer to take with them the master of the Mint, and straightway to open the boxes of the assay and to make the trial in such manner as the king's council were wont to do, and to take account thereof, so that they might be able to certify the king touching the same. The trial of pix as at present constituted takes place at irregular intervals, depending partly on the amount of moneys accumulated in the pix-box. The court of the pix is now presided over by the Lord Chancellor, and is composed of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and such members of the privy council as are specially summoned for the purpose. A precept is also directed by the Lord Chancellor to the wardens of the Goldsmiths' company, requiring them to nominate a competent number of sufficient and able freemen of their company to be of the jury. The formalities of the trial by pix were described; but we must pass over these, and conclude with the capabilities of the Mint, and the advantage of its being able to turn out a given quantity of coin in a given time. The eight presses could produce 392,892 pieces in a day, or 2,357,352 per week, or 122,582,304 per annum. In 1842 the weight of gold bars worked in seven days was = 10 tons; the coined work weighed 12,058lbs. the value of which was 935,434*l.* The number of pieces coined from the 1st July 1842, to 1st July 1844, were—

Sovereigns and half-sovereigns	15,920,411
Silver - - - - -	20,976,756
Copper - - - - -	19,631,200
	56,528,367

In 1816, when the new silver coinage took place, in nine months there were coined 57,960,936 pieces; the total value of that coinage was = 2,745,666*l.* 247,696 pieces were struck per day, = 30,962 daily at each press. During the panic of 1825, bullion came in from the Bank on Saturday, and 140,000 sovereigns were returned on Tuesday, and the same number every day until the following Saturday, when confidence was restored. Gold ingots came in from the Bank at nine o'clock in the morning of the 17th Dec., and at ten at night 47,000 sovereigns were coined and finished. These facts are sufficient to shew the extent, perfection, and good management of the machinery and business of the Mint.

Jan. 31st.—Mr. Faraday, "On the liquefaction and solidification of gases." The popular and able manner in which the Fullerian Professor treats whatever subject he illustrates has been so frequently exhibited in our columns, that we may be excused entering at length into the explanations and examples given by Mr. Faraday, on the present occasion, to carry with him the attention of a mixed audience. The subject was a branch of pure science in which Mr. Faraday has been eminently successful; and we confine our remarks to a brief statement of his past achievements, and the results and methods of his recent valuable investigations. Nine gaseous bodies had already yielded to his early experiments, and had been reduced to the liquid state by pressure. These were chlorine, muriatic acid, sulphurous acid, sulphuretted hydrogen, carbonic acid, euchlorine, nitrous oxide, cyanogen, and ammonia. Since then many continental chemists have endeavoured to extend this list of liquefiable gases, and moreover still farther to reduce and render them solid. They have added, however, only one, arseniuretted hydrogen; and carbonic acid and cyanogen have been solidified respectively by Thilorier and Bunsen. Faraday considered that their failure was attributable to the employment of pressure alone, which had been tried to an enormous extent, 200 atmospheres; and that, for the liquefaction or solidification of bodies, reduction of temperature, as well as pressure, was necessary. As, for instance, pressure only could never solidify warm water; its temperature must be lowered to 32° F. before it would become ice. Acting upon this idea, and using, with the air-pump, a "cold bath" of a solution of solid carbonic acid in ether, the temperature of which in vacuo is 160° F., or 192° below the freezing point, together with an ingenious arrangement of pressure-pumps, and tubes of common green bottle-glass, which resist an immense force, Mr. Faraday has liquefied six additional gases, namely, olefiant gas, phosphoretted hydrogen, hydriodic acid, hydrobromic acid, fluo-boric, and fluo-silicic. Of these he has solidified the hydrobromic and hydriodic acids; and of the former nine, sulphurous acid, sulphuretted hydrogen, euchlorine, nitrous oxide, and ammonia. Olefiant gas was the subject of the illustration, and publicly exhibited for the first time in the state of a liquid. Mr. Faraday had hoped to have been able to shew hydrogen as a metallic body; he had not, however, quite succeeded, but he expected soon to condense both hydrogen and oxygen. We will not add a word of comment. Every man of science will at once appreciate these fresh instances of Faraday's skilful and valuable researches.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Feb. 1, 1845.

Academy of Sciences: sittings of 20th and 27th Jan.—M. Dumas communicated a note from M. Schroter, on some experiments shewing that chlorine, spongy platinum, &c. submitted to the temperature of solid carbonic acid cease to produce the reactions which they influence at ordinary temperatures.

A letter from M. Schumacher contained new observations of the comet of M. D'Arrest, made on 10th Jan. at Altona and at Berlin. The following elements have been calculated by M. Rumker.

Passage to the perihelion 1845, Jan. 12·3528, mean Greenwich time.

Longitude of perihelion . . .	97°	59′	35″
Longitude of ascending node .	337	7	37
Inclination	47	4	21
Log. q		9·5756	

Movement direct.

These elements establish some analogy with the comet of 1779. But conclusions should not be hastily drawn from these analogies; for the result of M. Faye's calculations just made for the orbit of this comet disproves its identity with the comet of 1793, which was at first supposed.

M. Dumas communicated a note from M. Morren on the cause of the sudden death of fish, which has been sometimes noticed. The writer does not deny the influence attributed to sulphuretted hydrogen, and to sudden falls of temperature; but he adds to these a more general one, the dis-oxygenation of the water. In the normal state, the mean of the oxygena-

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tion of water may be fixed at 32 or 33 per cent. M. Morren has seen it sometimes fall to 17 and rise to 61 per cent. In the first case, fish could not live in such water; they were seen with their heads out of the water, as though to breathe oxygen in the gaseous state, but they soon perished.

M. Lereboullet, from the autopsy of a caiman, contradicts the general opinion that inflammation is impossible in cold-blooded animals.

French Antiquarian Intelligence. — In the church of St. Pierre at Chartres are twelve curious paintings in enamel, representing the twelve apostles. They were brought during the revolution from the magnificent Château of Anet, near Paris (then destroyed). One bears the signature L.L., which shews them to have been the work of Leonard le Limousin, an artist in enamel, and valet de chambre to Henry II. of France. In the gallery of the Louvre are two curious paintings of the same nature, one representing Henry II. as St. Thomas; the other, Admiral Chabot as St. Paul.

It had been remarked by some French antiquaries, that figures of women with their eyes bandaged up represented, during the middle ages, Faith—as believing without seeing. M. Didron maintains, on the contrary, that this style of emblematic figure, which is of frequent occurrence in windows, in MSS., and in sculptured groups, during the middle ages, was intended to represent the Jewish religion as distinguished from the Christian. She has her eyes blinded because she would not recognise the Messiah in Jesus Christ, and refused to believe that the prophecies had been accomplished. In a Christmas carol, attributed to St. Bernard, occurs this verse:

> "Esaias cecinit,
> Synagoga meminit;
> Nunquam tamen desinit
> Esse cæca."

Sometimes also the tables of the Mosaic law, thrown down, are represented by the side of this figure: and very commonly she has on her head a crown falling off, or she bears a standard just breaking, a dress becoming unfastened, or a cloak flying off her shoulders. She is always represented in opposition and as a *pendant* to the Church, which is typified by a female figure with a crown and a cloak fitting firmly, with a cross and a chalice. A fine example of this is to be found in a MS. Bible, No. 6829, Bibliothèque Royale.

In the Cathedral of Poitiers are no fewer than 70 stalls of the 13th century, with sculptured portions of the beginning of the 14th. They are much disfigured by paint, but are otherwise in good preservation. A beautiful engraving of the most interesting among them, representing an architect at work, compass in hand, is given in the last number of M. Didron's *Annales Archéologiques.*

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, *Jan.* 29.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. W. Dyke, fellow of Jesus College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—G. A. Quicke, fellow of New College.

Masters of Arts.—M. Morgan, Trinity College, Rev. J. Clements, Oriel College, R. Richardson, Brasenose College, grand compounders; Rev. J. W. Fletcher, Brasenose Coll.; Rev. J. J. Wilkinson, Queen's Coll.; Rev. D. Royce, Christ Church Coll.; Rev. J. Harris, Pembroke College; Rev. H. Rittleston, St. John's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—H. Cramer, student, C. Marston, N. Spicer, H. W. Brown, P. G. M'Dowall, C. W. Taylor, Christ Church College; W. Belgrave, Lincoln Coll.; P. Lockton, Magd. Hall; J. Craster, St. John's Coll.; W. Denton, Worcester Coll.

CAMBRIDGE.—There was an accidental omission in the list of degrees conferred on the 22d ult., which we published last week. The following ought to have been added to those we printed:—

Honorary Master of Arts.—Hon. W. C. Spring Rice, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. Baxter, incorporated B.A. from Dublin, H. Newport, Pembroke College.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Feb. 1st.—The Earl of Auckland in the chair. The paper read was "A short history of the cinnamon-trade of Ceylon, from its earliest known history to the present time," by Mr. J. Capper. After alluding to the use of cinnamon by the Israelites for sacrificial and, probably, medical purposes, and to the early commerce of Egypt with the ports of Southern India and Ceylon, the writer passes on to the discovery of the way to India by the Cape, which threw the trade with that country into the hands of the Portuguese. This nation, however, took but little cinnamon—the Arabs being then the chief customers for the spice, which they have continued to employ largely until within these fifty years; since when, the use of cassia, at a much cheaper rate, has superseded the genuine spice. When the Dutch took possession of Ceylon, they saw the advantages of the cinnamon-trade; and one of their governors, Falk, determined to cultivate it on his own lands, near Colombo, in spite of much opposition from the Chalias, who had hitherto kept the management to themselves. Falk succeeded in producing finer cinnamon than any hitherto known; and by judicious encouragement to the neighbouring villagers, he greatly extended its cultivation. The trade increased under the Dutch, until the exportation, about a century ago, reached to 8000 bales annually of 88lbs. each, of which 6000 went to Europe; after this time the trade greatly decreased. When the English became masters of Ceylon, they found the cultivation confined to the vicinity of Colombo, as Falk had left it. They immediately proceeded to take measures for its increase, and, so soon as they obtained the requisite knowledge, for its improvement. Mr. Carrington, in 1805 and 1806, gave the greatest impulse to this improvement; and the lands planted under his auspices still produce the best and largest quantities of cinnamon; though his plans, like those of the Dutch, appear to have been oppressive to the natives, who were compelled to preserve their plantations under severe penalties. Of the quantity produced at the period when the English took possession, there appears to be no record; but in 1804-5, the average was 3000 bales, which increased to 4500 in 1814; and in the following year, when the Kandyan provinces fell into our power, the quantity increased to 9600 bales. This large amount, however, was not maintained; but the annual produce varied, for about six years, from 4000 to 7000 bales. In 1823 the cultivation was greatly extended: between 600 and 700 acres of new land were drained, cleared, and planted, and 900 men employed upon them; but in 1833 the trade was thrown open; all the workmen upon the new plantation were discharged; and, with the exception of a few favoured spots, these fine properties were ruined: the large and expensive drains opened by government being filled up, much of the land was converted into bogs and swamps; and on several hundred acres not a vestige of cinnamon was to be found. The opening of the trade to private dealers gave a considerable stimulus at first, but it was not permanent; and even the reduction of the export-duty in 1836 failed to induce any increased activity. The trade also suffered severely from the substitution of cassia, which was produced at a titita of the price, and which, from that time to the present, has supplanted cinnamon both at home and in foreign markets. When the trade was opened the government began to diminish their operations gradually. At first they ceased to cut cinnamon from the jungles, and took only from their own plantations: they peeled for a few years about 2500 bales on the average: in 1840 the number of bales was 1795; and in 1841, 900 only. After this the trade was entirely abandoned by government, who proceeded to dispose of all their stock at what it would fetch, in quantities of 200 bales every month. In May 1843 a great reduction in the export-duty from Ceylon took place; but the trade continued to decline until about the beginning of 1844, when the great diminution of the stock in the hands of government caused prices to rise 50 per cent; and the prospects of the trade seem now to be again reviving. The paper concluded with some details of the divisions or castes of the cinnamon-peelers, and of the mode in which these people were managed under the system of forced labour, which was at length abolished by the British government.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Feb. 6th.—Mr. Hamilton in the chair. Mr. R. Hollier exhibited a Roman bronze bust, used apparently as a steelyard-weight, discovered near Nurseling, in Hampshire. It represents a bacchante in a goat's-skin drapery, and adorned with grapes and vine-leaves. The eyes are of silver, the pupils, probably of coloured glass or paste, are wanting. The lips and nipples have been inserted, and are of copper.—Mr. C. R. Smith exhibited a plaster-cast of a sculptured hand holding a patera, discovered by Mr. E. T. Artis at Sibson, near Wansford, in Northamptonshire, where the fragments of statues of Hercules, Minerva, and Apollo, were recently excavated. This fragment, which belongs most likely to another statue, is of excellent workmanship.—The secretary then read the remaining portion of Mr. Stapleton's paper "On the succession of William of Arques;" and a paper by the Rev. S. Isaacson (also supplied by the committee of the British Archæological Association, "On some Roman remains discovered at Dymchurch in Kent."

SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

AT the meeting of the 4th inst., Mr. W. F. Ainsworth in the chair, various donations of manuscripts and books were announced. Mr. C. F. Barker read the conclusion of his paper "On the present condition of Syria," which was illustrated by numerous tables of former and existing tariffs, and of produce. An account was also given of the improvements which had taken place in the rearing of the silkworm, and in the quality of the silk. This paper was followed by a lively discussion, in which Sir C. Malcolm, having alluded to the anomalous character of the Druses, the opinion of several travellers present tended to corroborate the possibility of their being a race descended from an admixture of crusaders and natives. Mr. Barker pointed out, that although Druses as a nation, they were not co-religionists; some being Muhammadans, some Christians; and from this commingling of creeds, many were neither one nor the other. This fact, combined with the habit the Druses, Ansarians, Mutuelis, and other Syrian people have of disguising their faith, assists materially in explaining the discord-

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acy of opinion which often exists among travellers upon this subject. Col. Everest, of the Indian survey, was inclined to think, that where there were so many opposing creeds, a good government was almost an impossibility. A Syrian gentleman present, however, hoped better things from the progress of intercourse.

A notice was then read of the progress made in the archæological explorations carrying on at Hors'abad, near Mosul. Mr. Ainsworth pointed out the great distance of the site of these explorations from the ruins of Nineveh—fifteen miles; being two miles less than the distance of Resen (now Nimrûd), which was between Nineveh and Calah; and twelve miles more removed than the castle noticed by Xenophon, and now represented by the ruins of Yarum-jah; and which were yet, neither of them, ever confounded with Nineveh itself. He then noticed that the progress of the explorations tended, from the manner in which certain inscriptions and sculptures had been found, to attest that what there was of Assyrian in the remains had been removed thither from somewhere else, probably from Nineveh itself, and used as building materials; and that the character of the inscriptions, which resemble those of Bisutun, and of the middle column at Persepolis, was rather to attest a Kayanian or Persian, than an Assyrian or even a Median origin to these remains of antiquity. If the identity of the Jibal Maklúb with the Mons Nikator, and of the Khúzar Su with the Bumadus of the historians of Alexander, could be established, it was not improbable that the edifice in question might have existed till the time of the last of that dynasty (Darius Codomanus), as the Gangamela, near which the Persians delivered their third and last engagement with the Macedonians.—Dr. H. Yates afterwards announced that the paper on the Hamyaritic inscriptions, by Professor Lee of Cambridge, would be read at the next meeting, on the 18th instant.

Narrative of the Proceedings in the Court of Common Pleas against Mr. Thomas Rodd, for the purpose of wresting from him a certain Manuscript Roll, *under pretence of its being a Document belonging to that Court; and of the Trouble and Expense to which he has been put in defending his Character and Property.*

This long title-page explains the nature of an appeal which involves not only individual but national interests. There is a something of acerbity in the spirit in which it is written; but in excuse it may be urged that Mr. Rodd feels himself peculiarly aggrieved, and has incurred, besides anxiety, an actual legal expense of 50*l.* 4*s.* 10*d.*, in defending a manuscript for which he asked the price of 24*s.*, and refused to deliver gratis to the mandate of the powers that be. The question is one of very considerable literary consequence. The bookseller laid upon his counter openly for sale a manuscript so ancient that few persons were able to decipher what it was, and he himself could not tell any customer. All he could make out was, that it was cramped, full of contractions, and as difficult to read as if it had been Chinese or Median. At last a sufficient *scholard* looked in, and discovered that the hieroglyph was the Filazer's Roll of the Court of Common Pleas, of John Pitt, 23d of Elizabeth; and as such, a public document, was claimed by the authority of the court, Lord Langdale. "But," says Mr. Rodd, "you are in the habit of selling tons of parchments and vellums, and I bought this fairly in the market; and I will not give it up unless I am paid for it. Four and twenty shillings is the price; take it, or leave it." "Pardon me," replies Lord Langdale, "it belongs to my court; and I insist upon having it free gratis for nothing." Hereupon issue is joined; and the formal legal steps are taken to compel Mr. Rodd to fear the rod, and surrender the property in dispute. But still he is obstinate, and he appears to justify his possession at law, when—O lame and impotent conclusion!—the rule is discharged (*i.e.* the prosecution is abandoned), the bookseller keeps the vellum; but as the crown never pays costs, it costs him the fifty pounds odds for defying the mandate of the Common Pleas. He then memorialises the Treasury; but we should like to know who ever expected or got any thing out of that place: the lords whereof write a civil answer to inform him, that they could see nothing in his case to induce them to depart from their usual practice. Thus he has only his dear-bought vellum roll to comfort him; and, as a farther *solatium*, the opportunity for stating his opinion, not in the mildest manner, of the abuses in selling ancient records; of individual misconduct; and of the tremendous expense of the Record Commission, without the shadow of adequate service. So says Mr. Rodd; and *non nostrum*, say we.

The Archæological Journal. No. IV. London, Longmans, Pickering, G. Bell; Oxford, J. Parker; and Cambridge, Deightons.

This No. worthily completes the first annual volume of the British Archæological Association. It commences with a paper suggesting the extension of the Association by various measures which are pointed out; and recommending voluntary subscriptions in addition to the annual guinea at the anniversaries; the establishment of a museum and library accessible on payment of a small yearly fee; and a club and club-house in London for resident and provincial members. How far these hints are capable of being carried into useful effect, we know not. The next paper, by Mr. T. Wright, is a very interesting one, being Illustrations of Domestic Architecture from illuminated MSS., with pertinent remarks and curious woodcuts. On Ancient mixed Masonry, by M. H. Bloxam; English Mediæval Embroidery, by C. H. Hartshorne; and Mediæval Ecclesiastical Architecture in Paris (continued), by Mr. Longueville Jones,—are all appropriate and valuable contributions. The rest of the papers, including Report of the Proceedings at Canterbury, are not so striking; but the whole No. is full of intelligence, and should be in the hands of every member of the Association.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; London Institution, 7 P.M.; Graphic, 8 P.M.; Pharmaceutical, 9 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (lecture).

Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; R. S. of Literature, 4 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.

Friday.—Astronomical (anniversary meeting), 3 P.M.; Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Philological, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (conversazione).

Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH GALLERY.—ENGLISH SCHOOL.

In the midst of some confusion of ladders, scaffolds, and artists giving the finishing gallery-touches to their works, we have had the gratification of a hasty glance at the Exhibition for the present year in Pall Mall. And it rejoices us to say, that on such a view, it appears to us to be superior in merit, as it is larger in point of number, than any we have seen for a considerable time. We believe that it is in consequence of some new regulations that all the pictures on these walls, and the three rooms are covered, are original, and have not been previously exposed to the public eye. This gives a great freshness and interest to the Exhibition. But what is yet more satisfactory, many of our most eminent artists have enriched it with their productions, and imparted to it a tone which could not be achieved by the rising class however promising in their arduous profession. At present it would be invidious, as it would also seem partial, to go into any detailed criticism; but we may note, that, through all the obstacles we have alluded to, we could not but be struck with subjects by E. Landseer, Stanfield, Lee, and other members of the Royal Academy, as well as by not a few specimens of charming feeling and poetical imagining in younger and less exalted aspirants. To these we shall in due season point attention; and meanwhile have the pleasure to repeat, that the gallery of our native art for 1845 will form an honourable epoch in its history.

DISCOVERIES AT NINEVEH.

In former *Gazettes* will be found an account of the excavations undertaken by the French government near the ruins of Nineveh, and of the drawings of the sculptures and copies of the inscriptions discovered, under the management of MM. Botta and Flandin. It appears from a letter in the *Malta Times*, dated Constantinople, January 7, 1845, that the examination of the ruins had been completed, and that M. Flandin had returned there, on his way to France, with the result of his labours. The further information is, that fifteen chambers, some above one hundred feet in length, and evidently forming part of a magnificent palace, have been opened. Their walls are entirely covered with inscriptions and sculptures. The latter are, almost without exception, historical, and illustrate events of the highest interest, sieges, naval manœuvres, triumphs, single combats, &c. The inscriptions are in a cuneiform character, closely resembling that found in the middle column of the inscriptions of Persepolis, Hamadan (Ecbatana), and Bisutun, and in the earlier inscriptions of Van. Each wall bears two rows of sculptures, one placed above the other; and the inscriptions, containing generally about twenty lines, are graven between. Frequently, however, they also occur on the garments of figures, or on towns and other objects found in the bas-reliefs. There cannot be a doubt that they are a portion of the historical records of a kingdom. It is well known that hitherto this class of cuneiform character, which is frequently called the Median, has baffled the researches of Oriental scholars. The results already obtained in deciphering the simpler form of the arrow-headed, will, it is probable, afford a clue to the more complicated character. Should this be the case, we may anticipate the recovery of the records of an empire whose extent and power were the wonder of the eastern world, and of whose very existence we have but the vaguest and most unsatisfactory notices. The sculptures are said to be perfectly original in design and execution, and to have no connexion with Greek art. Their spirit and beauty are astonishing; and to those who have been accustomed to look upon the Greeks as the only masters of the imitative arts, they will furnish new matter for inquiry and reflection.

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SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

BUENOS AYRES.

Nov. 1, 1844.

DEAR SIR,—In my last I gave you some slight idea of the character of two of the principal persons who govern this misgoverned country; and they are a fair sample of most of the leading men of the present administration, with very few exceptions (see *Literary Gazette*, No. 1454). To enable you to form a better idea of the existing state of affairs, it will be necessary to go back as far as 1810, when the Buenos Ayreans declared their independence. From that time to 1820 they amused themselves by electing and deposing governors: there were no fewer than four appointed in February of that year; and in the remaining ten months eight more were chosen and deposed, while they vainly endeavoured to form some shape out of the chaos they had themselves created. But what with the intriguing and want of good faith among them, all they planned fell to the ground, or "dissolved like the baseless fabric of a vision." Manuel Dorrego, whose fate forms a principal feature in, or cause for the last sixteen years' revolutions, was one of the most active in keeping alive this unsettled state of things. From 1820 to 1826 they had been attempting to form a federal government; but it wanted what chemists call the attraction of coherency, or uniting bodies of different natures; and as there evidently was little hopes of effecting this combination, Rivadaria, who was appointed president, tried to frame a constitution on a more solid principle—but in vain; and finding his opponents were deeper and dirtier politicians than even himself, he wisely resigned, and was succeeded by Manuel Dorrego; for Rosas preferred working *sub rosa*, making a tool of Dorrego, who was an ambitious man; treacherous and intriguing; plausible and condescending when he wanted to gain a point or a partisan, but tyrannical and overbearing in all other cases. To this may be attributed, in a great measure, the revolution of Lavalle in 1828; as you will see by the following anecdote, on the truth and correctness of which you may depend.

Lavalle was commander-in-chief of the troops employed in the Banda Oriental at the time they were at war with Brazil; and actually did wonders, defeating the enemy in several engagements with a mere handful of troops. But the necessities of this little band of brave men were not attended to, and their wants became urgent; for, like Falstaff's regiment, they had but a shirt and a half to a company, and those stolen from some black Desdemona. Lavalle's repeated applications for money and clothing for his troops were disregarded, till he could bear it no longer, and came over to Buenos Ayres himself to request the government would provide for the wants of his soldiers. Dorrego, instead of using the *suaviter in modo*, chose the *fortiter in re*, and ordered him to return to his duty; the government would send the supplies they thought necessary when it suited their convenience! Such an uncouth and insulting answer to an officer who deserved well of his country, stung him to the quick; but he obeyed the order, inasmuch as he embarked directly, swearing vengeance on the mulatto who had insulted him!

In about ten days after, he (Lavalle) made his appearance at Buenos Ayres at the head of (600) as fine soldiers (dark and devilish) as ever supported an adored and provoked commander: they took possession of the Plana, and such points as were necessary to command the city; while Dorrego sneaked off to consult his brother in intrigue, Rosas. In a few days Lavalle followed him; they met near a town called Navavinor, a few leagues from Buenos Ayres; a battle ensued, in which Dorrego and Rosas were defeated and fled. The discomfited chiefs consulted what was to be done, and Rosas recommended Dorrego to summon Colonel Acha, who had the command of some dragoon regiments, while he endeavoured to collect the stragglers. Acha, instead of obeying his governor, made him prisoner, and delivered him to Lavalle; while Rosas, privately suspecting what would happen, instead of collecting troops, made the best of his way to Santa Fé, and escaped; and when they went in search of him, the bird was flown. Brought up with Indians and Jesuits, he knew how to deceive those he pretended most to trust. Lavalle, in the mean time, called a council of war respecting Dorrego: a number of charges were brought against him, such as betraying the interests of his country to enrich himself and friends, inducing Indians (the enemies of the country) to fight against them, &c. These accusations were sent to the fort, where a military commission was held, in which, I am sorry to say, Admiral Brown (as governor *pro tempore*) was president. Sentence of death was adjudged, and Dorrego was accordingly shot: but it was no sooner done than a feeling arose that alarmed the commission who had authorised it. Lavalle, with that romantic bravery which characterised him, issued a bulletin, taking the whole of the odium on himself, by saying, "by my order Colonel Dorrego was shot this morning at the head of the troops," &c. It is (or rather would be) difficult to illustrate the character of Lavalle, had not accident made me acquainted with him, by which I had an opportunity of seeing his real character.

As a soldier he was brave to a fault, and well adapted for any enterprise where courage and fighting were the essential points; but imprudent and impetuous, more governed by passion and impulse of the moment, than by reason or reflection; generous and high-minded, but wrong-headed, and reckless of consequences, —he seemed to me as near the character of Hotspur as could be conceived. The fate of this unfortunate family reminds one of the tragedy of Macbeth—for father, mother, brothers, sisters, amounting to eleven persons, were on a sudden swept off; but the exact cause of their death remains in doubt—some say by the scarlet fever, and some say by the assistance of medicine; but be that how it may, they disappeared suddenly and strangely; though the fate of Lavalle himself is not clouded by any doubts—the facts are well known and officially attested! It appears that Rosas had in his pay a certain person among Lavalle's troops to give information of any chance that might occur, where he (Lavalle) might be surprised and assassinated. In one of his marches he imprudently took up his quarters in a rancho with his secretary, more than half a mile from his troops; notice was conveyed to the parties set to watch, and consequently, very early, before sunrise, they proceeded stealthily towards the spot. The secretary observing some men evidently trying to advance unseen, gave notice to Lavalle, but too late—he had only time to close the door: the party fired through it, and wounded him mortally. His troops (Lavalle's) were now in motion (and the murderers had to decamp without knowing the result), but when the former arrived their general was no more, a ball having passed through his chest. Thus ended the life of as brave a man as ever fought for the liberty of South America, in which he distinguished himself preeminently. His family, as I have shewn, were already disposed of; but it still remained to crown these unhallowed acts—to reward the murderers of Lavalle. Were I to relate it, I fear you might think it was overcharged, or that I had some prejudiced feeling to gratify; therefore I enclose you a translation of the decree, now before me in the *Gaceta Mercantil*; dated Tuesday, 28th of March, 1843, in answer to a solicitation of the murderer to Rosas, stating his services!

"In consequence of the high and important service rendered to the Federation by Jose Bracho, soldier of the regiment of the Escort of Liberty, we declare him a hero well deserving of his country, and worthy of the highest and most favoured distinction of all the federals; a lieutenant of cavalry, with the monthly pay of 300 dollars, creditor for 3 square leagues of land, 600 head of horned cattle, and 1000 sheep. This original decree to be given him for his satisfaction, sending eight copies to the necessary authorities, that he may enjoy the rank and pay of lieutenant from the day he killed the savage Unitarian Lavalle—by a special favour of divine Providence clearly visible in favour of this country! A certificate to be given him from the same date for the 3 square leagues of land, a second for the cattle, a third for his carbine, to be placed in the museum as a national trophy. Furthermore, that a full-dress uniform, as lieutenant of cavalry, be presented him by the principal aid-de-camp (Don Antonio Ruges), with a silver medal and 2000 dollars.

(Signed) ROSAS."

It is thus murder is rewarded in this country; and of late we have had some dreadful instances of the effect of this new moral code, designating such an act as a special favour of divine Providence, and rewarding the perpetrators as heroes! Some have been inveigled out of their houses under false pretences; others have been taken by force from the midst of their families, and their throats cut almost within their hearing. One unfortunate man was actually carried out of his shop, a public store in the centre of the town, at eight in the evening, stabbed and mutilated, and while yet alive put into a pitch-barrel, before his own door, and burnt to death! And for what?—to support the *sacred cause of federation*. These are the acts of the illustrious restorer of the laws, Don Manuel Rosas and his worthy supporters! And yet, in defiance of such dreadful atrocities, there are persons sufficiently degraded for filthy lucre, not only to defend them, but hold him up as the most generous, humane, and noble-minded man in South America.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—A new ballet, founded on the interesting story of the heathen mythology of the fifty daughters of Danaus being married to the fifty sons of Egyptus, &c., was produced at Drury Lane on Tuesday, and was witnessed throughout with a sort of weary toleration. It is the composition of a M. Hoguet, and is about as dull and stupid an affair as we ever saw. It was occasionally relieved by some laughable energy, intended for effective serio-pantomime on the part of its author, and by one or two effective *pas*, by M. H. Vestris, who is re-engaged, and Mdlle. Maria, a *débutante* from the Académie Royal, who is an accomplished dancer of the second order. The whole is a *rifacciamento* of old scenery and old dances, without novelty of any kind or striking feature to recommend it.

Covent Garden.—The play of *Henry IV.* pre-

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sented us on Thursday with the novelties of Mr. Henry Betty in *Hotspur*, and Mr. Hackett in *Falstaff*. Of the former we have little to say: it lacked fire and discrimination, and, in short, the whole performance went off so tamely, that if we had never seen it under better auspices, we should have thought it exceedingly dull. Of the Falstaff also we find it impossible to speak with praise. Almost every body, however, has an ideal of this character, and the actor may often fail because his conception differs from the spectator's standard. Thus Mr. Hackett's fat knight was, to our apprehension, far too sententious. He was more like a professed satirist than the unctuous humorist whose overflowings of wit gave the point to his observations. Falstaff premeditated nothing—Mr. Hackett premeditated much. His whole study seemed to us to be a careful mistake; and except the scene with *Mrs. Quickly*, and the soliloquy on his ragged regiment, we discovered none of the natural chuckle which self-rewarded his impromptu ingenuity of defence and his inroads of ridicule into the quarters of his assailants. One of the consequences of this idea of the part was, to make the whole run slow, where the business should have gone trippingly, and turn several of the best scenes into drawling. This pervaded the night; and without going farther we may remark, that notwithstanding the pains which Mr. Hackett has obviously taken with Falstaff, and the ability he displayed in working out his view of the part, it was only one of the many efforts we have witnessed, and by first-rate artists too, which did not satisfy us with the representation.

Adelphi.—A sparkling little two-act piece, called the *Soldier of Fortune*, was brought out on Thursday, and met with great success: it is mainly supported by Mr. Hudson, in an Irish character, which he played with ease and *nonchalance*, and in which he introduced Lover's song, "The bold soger-boy," with happy effect. The other parts were subordinate; but Miss Woolgar in male garb, and Miss Fortescue in female, and Messrs. Selby, Lambert, and Cowell, did their best; and, with some pretty scenery, its reception was another of the Adelphi-hit sort.

Theatrical Rumours, &c.—There is some talk of an arrangement by which plays of Shakspere and the legitimate drama will be performed thrice a week at the St. James's theatre. Mr. Macready and an adequate company would be combined to carry this desirable plan into effect; and the theatre is of a size which would enable the public to enjoy the sterling drama.

In our last we mentioned the handsome poniard presented by the King of the French to our great tragedian, and have since seen the royal gift. It is in a beautifully chased gold scabbard, richly set on the side uppermost in the case with large emeralds, rubies, and diamonds. The emeralds adorn the hilt and point of the scabbard; the rubies are in raised moulds running down each side. Besides this mark of honour, Mr. Macready received a no less flattering testimony of admiration and esteem from the Society of Dramatic Authors of France. It is a gold octagonal medal, inscribed with his name, date, and the compliment of presentation. On the obverse, emblematic trophies.

Errata.—By the accidental transposition of a line in our dramatic notices last week, we gave praise to one house which was intended for another. The Lyceum should have had the credit for the clever little farce called the *Model of a Wife*; and the Strand notice should have read, that Mr. Wild was performing in some of the characters which he rendered so popular during his administration of affairs at the Olympic. To make amends, this week the Lyceum has produced another new clever comic drama, called *Taking Possession*, and the Strand a laughable burlesque of *Antigone*.

THE FAIRIES' SONG.*

Inscribed to the LOVER *of Irish Minstrelsy.*

[It is said that the fairies reward those who listen with attention to their music, and punish those who treat it with disrespect.]

If you hear a sound at night
  Borne upon the breeze,
Like the voice of seraphs bright,
  Like the whisp'ring trees:
If it flow, though faint and low,
  Like a stream along,—
Hush! your lightest breath forego,
  'Tis the fairies' song.
And blessed are they by the mystic throng
Who calmly hear the fairies' song.

If the sound be like a voice
  Whispering to your heart;
If it make your soul rejoice,
  Like Kathleen's when apart;
If you pause and wonder why
  Such to earth belong,—
Do not breathe your lightest sigh,
  'Tis the fairies' song.
And they are blessed by the mystic throng
Who ne'er disturb the fairies' song.

Then if, after many a year,
  Some bard of Erin's isle
Sing the song you love to hear,
  And your heart beguile;
If that song your soul has stirred,
  Be his passion strong,—
Oh, be sure that *he* has heard
  And caught—the fairies' song.
Oh! Erin's bards sing sweet and strong,
For they have heard the fairies' song.

Leamington. J. E. CARPENTER.

* This song will be set to music by Mr. F. N. Crouch.

VARIETIES.

The Portland Vase.—This beautiful ornament of the British Museum was yesterday wantonly smashed literally to atoms by a miscreant who stated his name to be Lloyd, but who would give no farther account of himself. The missile used, we heard, was a Babylonian brick; and not a vestige larger than a sixpence remains of the Portland Vase!!

The Civil Engineers.—We are very sorry to hear that something like a collision has occurred in the direction of this institution; which has within a few years been raised to considerable publicity and importance. Professional influence and employment, it may be supposed, were consequent upon celebrity in its ranks; and where such interests exist, competition, if not jealousy, is pretty sure to spring up. All we can say farther, at present, is, that Mr. Walker has retired from the presidency, and Sir John Rennie been elected as his successor.

The Cambridge Camden Society, upon whose operations and publications we offered a commentary in the *Literary Gazette*, No. 1461, has been found in the wrong by the elaborate judgment of Sir H. Jenner Fust, in the suit between it and the Rev. Mr. Faulkner, minister of St. Sepulchre's, respecting the erection of the altar and credence-table, which (in despite of him) it insisted on placing in his church, instead of the communion-table, which was there before the so-called repairs were begun. Again we say,

"'Tis true 'tis pitiful, 'tis pitiful 'tis true,"

that such non-essentials should be raked up to distract and endanger the church. In condemning the *credence-table*, Sir H. Fust stated the following curious etymological grounds for his decision:—"I do not find any sufficient information to enable me to judge when this article was first introduced into the Romish church or into our English churches. It is clear that they were in use at the time of Archbishop Laud, and before his time. It is admitted by the learned counsel on both sides that the term is derived from the Italian language; but in Adelung's German Dictionary we have the following definition of the word:—*Credenzen*, verb reg. act., from the Italian *credenzare*, to taste beforehand the meats and drink before they were offered to be enjoyed by another: an ancient court-practice, which was performed by the cupbearers and carvers, who for this reason were also called *credenzer*. Hence also the *eredenz teller* — credence-plate — on which the cupbearers *credenced* the wine; and in general, a plate on which a person offers anything to another: *credenz tische*, credence-table, a sideboard, an artificial cupboard with a table for the purpose of arranging in order and keeping the drinking apparatus therein. In the Greek and Latin churches something of the same kind was in use under another name. The word used to describe it is πρόθεσις, that is, table, or preparation, or proposition, as on it were placed the elements before they were placed on the high altar for consecration."

The Right Hon. W. Sturges Bourne.—This gentleman, distinguished through a long political career, died at his seat, Testwood House, on Saturday last, in the 76th year of his age. He was the author of several legislative measures of importance to the lower orders, and his writings on these subjects, as well as his general love and cultivation of literature, entitle him to a notice and regret in our literary page. In private life Mr. Bourne was frank and communicative of the stores of information he possessed, both from station and powers of mind, and his society was of the most agreeable and instructive kind. We knew no man more truly and extensively esteemed; though he had outlived the great majority of his earliest friends and compatriots.

Hydraulic Locomotive.—We have heard much of the successful application of hydraulic pressure to every kind of propulsion, by sea and land. The principle, we understand, is, by means of machinery, to regenerate the power expended, so that every impulse, instead of exhausting, reinforces it; and thus the action is continued with unabated force *ad infinitum*. We are not further informed; and can only add, that the invention has been under the consideration of a government-board, and has seemed to deserve very grave attention.

Roman Antiquities.—There has just been discovered at Auch, in the Plaine de Gers, near the site of the ancient Augusta, a beautiful specimen of the Roman mosaic. The part already cleared measures about 4 feet in length, by about 2 feet 8 in. in width. It is of the Gallo-Roman epoch, so remarkable for the purity of its design.—*Galignani.*

Four or five hundred Roman medals, of the largest size and in perfect preservation, have been found by a labourer in the ruins of the old château of Larcy le Chatel (Nievre). They are for the most part of the dates of Adrian, Sabinus, Marcus Aurelius, Ætius, Antonius, Faustina, Verus Lurillus, Commodus, Crispinus, and Septimius Severus, going back to 117 of the Christian, or 192 of the Roman era.—*Ibid.*

Good Plan for moving Plants, &c.—We have just heard of a valuable case of plants received by a gentleman in this settlement by the Teresa, which were packed in wet moss without any soil at the roots, and soldered in tin. This mode of packing answers remarkably well, as every tree appears to be alive and healthy. Fruit-trees may thus be obtained from England at considerably less cost than we have been accustomed to pay for them from the surrounding colonies.—*Nelson Examiner*, April 27.

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Ancient Tunnel.—A letter from Marseilles, in the French papers, mentions the discovery of an ancient tunnel, passing from the old Abbey of St. Victoire, and running under an arm of the sea, covered with shipping, to the tower of Fort St. Nicholas. It is considered to be Roman, and is formed of a single vault, of 60 feet span, and one-fourth longer than the Thames tunnel.

Arctic Exploring Expedition.—Dr. King follows up his argument in favour of an overland expedition, to complete the survey of the northern shores of America, and has printed other papers and plans on the subject. The tone, as we before remarked, is strongly and personally controversial; but in the last issue, he states, as a credible report, that the Hudson's Bay Company have despatched Mr. Ray, a surgeon, on this service, to descend by the Great Fish River to trace Victoria Land westerly, and test its value relative to the north-west passage.

Opening of Sussex Hall.—We regret that we were prevented from availing ourselves of the invitation to attend this ceremony on the 20th ult., when the building intended for "*The Jews and General Literary and Scientific Institution*" was inaugurated, in Leadenhall Street. Many of the most eminent members of the Hebrew community (including Sir M. Montefiore, Sir J. L. Goldsmid, Mr. H. de Castro, Mr. David Salomons, &c.), and a number of their Christian friends, were present, and the theatre was brilliantly illuminated for their reception. The opening address was ably delivered by Mr. H. de Castro, the president; who presented the Rev. M. J. Raphall of Birmingham to pronounce the inaugural oration, which he did in an eloquent manner, and received great applause. Some literary and scientific exhibitions followed; and we rejoice to say, that there is every prospect of the permanent stability and usefulness of this establishment. The liberality of wealthy Jews in supporting their charities and other worthy designs is well known; and in this case, where the cultivation of the middle and lower classes is concerned, there is no doubt of sufficient provision.

The Electric Telegraph has been laid down from Nine Elms to Gosport and Southampton, under the superintendence of Messrs. Cooke and Wheatstone; and signals have been communicated with perfect success from end to end, both by the battery and by the magneto-electric power.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Elements of Physics, Part 1, Ponderable Bodies, by C. F. Peschel: translated, with Notes, by E. West, fcp. 7*s.*—Dr. Aikin's Select Works of the British Poets, new edition, with a Supplement by Lucy Aikin, 8vo, 18*s.*—The Pencil of Nature; a Collection of Specimens of the Art of Photography, by H. F. Talbot, No. 2, 4to, 21*s.*—Elementa Liturgica; or, the Churchman's Primer, by G. A. Walker, fcp. 3*s.* 6*d.*—Willich's Tithe Commutation Tables, 1837 to 1845, royal 8vo, 11*s.* 6*d.*, cloth.—H. W. Jeans's Rules for finding the Names and Positions of the Stars, royal 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Cain and Abel: a Dramatic Poem, &c., by W. Harper, post 8vo, 4*s.*—Egypt and Mehemet Ali, by Prince Puckler Muskau, post 8vo, 5*s.* (Newby's edition).—Practice of Insolvency in the Court of Bankruptcy, by Nicholls and Doyle, 2d edit. 12mo, 6*s.*—Egypt under Mehemet Ali, by Prince Puckler Muskau, post 8vo, 8*s.* (Colburn's edition).—Narratives of a Parent; or, Birth-day Tales, by Mrs. Everest, royal 18mo, 5*s.*—The Year of Affections, by Avrillon, fcp. 6*s.* 6*d.*—The Economy of the Marine Steam-Engine, by W. Gordon, R.N., 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—The Trapper's Bride, &c., by Percy B. St. John, 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Inquisitive Jack and his Aunt Mary, by Peter Parley, 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—The Accusations of History against the Church of Rome, by the Rev. G. Townsend; new edit., by the Rev. E. Cox, 18mo, 4*s.*—The Symmetry of Revelation, a Witness to the Divinity of Christ, by the Rev. R. C. Coxe, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Crotchet Explained and Illustrated, by C. Mee, oblong, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Supplement to the Authorised English Version of the New Testament, by the Rev. F. H. Scrivener, Vol. I., 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—A History of the Nonjurors, by T. Lathbury, M.A., 8vo, 14*s.*—The Communion Service, small folio, printed in black letter, bd. in parchment, 2*l.* 15*s.*—Baronial Halls of England, edited by S. C. Hall, Vol. 1., imp. 4to, 2*l.* 5*s.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1845.

January.		*Thermometer.*				*Barometer.*		
Thursday	23	from	43	to	45	29·73	..	29·51
Friday	24	,,	40	..	47	29·33	..	29·60
Saturday	25	,,	32	..	48	29·71	..	29·54
Sunday	26	,,	44	..	38	29·52	..	29·43
Monday	27	,,	41	..	33	29·07	..	28·97
Tuesday	28	,,	28	..	39	28·83	..	28·73
Wednesday	29	,,	35	..	27	28·99	..	29·02
Thursday	30	,,	24	..	33	28·99	..	28·94
Friday	31	,,	28	..	33	29·02	..	29·26
February.								
Saturday	1	,,	26	..	34	29·45	..	29·52
Sunday	2	,,	36	..	26	29·62	..	29·67
Monday	3	,,	25	..	40	29·58	..	29·63
Tuesday	4	,,	43	..	31	29·80	..	29·84
Wednesday	5	,,	30	..	43	29·69	stationary.	

Wind on the 23d, S. by W. and S.; 24th, S. by W. and N.W.; 25th, S.W.; 26th, W. by S. and N. by W.; 27th, S.W. and N.W.; 28th, S.W.; 29th, N.W. and W. by N.; 30th, N.W.; 31st, N. and N. by W.; Feb. 1st, N. by W.; 2d, N.; 3d, S.W., N.W., and N.; 4th, N.; 5th, W. by S.

The 23d, generally cloudy, with misling rain; 24th, morning cloudy, afternoon clear; 25th, morning clear, afternoon generally cloudy; 26th, generally cloudy, hail and snow about noon; 27th, morning cloudy, with rain, afternoon clear; 28th, generally clear, with snow; 29th, morning cloudy, afternoon clear; 30th, generally hazy; 31st, generally cloudy, snow about noon; Feb. 1st, generally cloudy, snow at times; 2d, clear; 3d, generally cloudy, with rain; 4th, morning cloudy, evening clear; 5th, morning cloudy, afternoon clear. Rain fallen ·235 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude, 51° 37′ 32″ north
Longitude, 3 51 west of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"News: 'A noun substantive *without the singular*, unless it be considered as singular.' 'When Rhea heard *these* news, she fled,' &c. Raleigh, *History of the World*. With the compliments of the author of *Honesty*."—A fair justification: see remark in last *Literary Gazette*, p. 75, at close of notice of Mr. Spicer's *Honesty*.—*Ed. L. G.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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TO PRINTERS, PUBLISHERS, and OTHERS.—W. LEWIS and SON have received instructions to negotiate for the disposal of the Business and Materials of an old established Printing Office in the heart of the City, in consequence of the indisposition of the Proprietor. There is every facility for carrying on an extensive business both in the Book and Jobbing line. The Premises are capacious, with dwelling-house attached, and held at a low Rent. To be taken at a valuation; or the Proprietor would treat with an active person as Partner, who has a connexion in the Business.

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STAMMERING.—Mr. HUNT, of 224 Regent Street, has returned to Town for the Season.

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A SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING will be held in the Great Room of the Society on WEDNESDAY EVENING NEXT, 12th instant, at Eight o'clock punctually, to confirm the Minutes of the General Meeting of Feb. 5th.

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By order,

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Adelphi, 6th Feb. 1845.

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition during the Years 1838-42. By Charles Wilkes, U.S.N., &c. London, Wiley and Putnam.

We have now before us for immediate notice the *third volume* of this narrative, the *second* being much occupied with the proceedings of the squadron at Tahiti, &c., concerning which we are inclined to fancy the public have had a later surfeit, destructive of all that could be interesting. We therefore pass onward to take up the thread of the story at the departure of Commander Wilkes from New Zealand on the 6th of April, 1840; whence he directed his course to Tongataboo, which was made on the 22d, and the heathen (or "devil's party") and Christian natives found on the point of an intestine and religious war! Two kings, Josiah of Tongataboo, and George of Vavao, held sway here; and the author set about reconciling the conflicting warriors, but without effect. The royal personages we have named visited the ship; and Commander Wilkes tells us:

"They remained on board upwards of an hour, and took lunch with me. I was much amused with their conduct; they ate heartily of every thing on the table, and finally crammed themselves with almonds and raisins with a most unkingly appetite. They then requested leave to take some to their wives, which they tied up in the corner of their tapas. Before they left the ship I presented King George (in the name of the government) with a handsome fowling-piece, and King Josiah with a red silk umbrella, which highly delighted him. Their majesties were both naked, except the tapa wound around their waists; and it was a curious sight to see them endeavouring to imitate us in the use of knives and forks. They left the ship highly delighted with their presents and visit, embarked in their canoe, and proceeded to Nukualofa, all joining again in the same chorus. The canoe was nearly level with the water, and appeared like a floating mass of human beings. Thus ended my hopes of effecting the desired reconciliation between the two parties. The heathen are represented by the Christian party and missionaries as a set of cruel savages, great liars, treacherous, and evil-disposed; and this character seems to be given to them only because they will not listen to the preaching; and it is alleged they must therefore be treated with severity, and compelled to yield. Under these feelings it was in vain to expect to produce a reconciliation; and had I been aware of them, I should not have attempted the task. I must here record, that in all that met our observations the impression was, that the heathen were well-disposed and kind, and were desirous of putting an end to the difficulties."

Messrs. Tucker and Rabone were at the head of the Wesleyan mission; and the narrative states:

"The missionaries were kind enough to give me the following outline of the belief of the heathen belonging to this group of islands:—They worship many gods, who are believed to possess unlimited power over them, and are called the gods of Bulotu, or Atua faka Bulotu, whom they believe immortal; some of these gods are of this world, and are called Atua. They believe that all evil is inflicted by certain gods, called Atua Banuu; that the spirits of all chiefs go to Bulotu, but that those of poor people remain in this world to feed upon ants and lizards; that the island of Bulotu is not distant, although they do not attempt to fix its locality; that both gods and goddesses have visited Tonga within thirty years past, when they drank ava in their temples, and were married to Tonga chiefs; that the higher gods, or those of Bulotu, do not consider lying, theft, adultery, murder, &c. as crimes, but as things of this world, which are left for the inferior gods to deal with, and do not concern their more elevated natures. The only crime against the higher gods is sacrilege committed towards their temples, or an improper use of the offerings. They call their oldest god Maui, and say that he drew the world or islands out of the sea with a hook and line—the first he drew up he named Ata, which is referred to Pylatart; the next was Tonga, with all its group of islands; then Lofanga and the other Hapai islands; and last, the Vavao group. After he had finished his work, he came and fixed his residence at Tonga. In those days the sky was so near the earth that men were obliged to crawl. One day Maui is represented as having met an old woman with water in a cocoa-nut shell, of whom he begged some drink; which she refused until he promised to send the sky up high, which he did, by pushing it up, and there it has remained ever since. To Maui is ascribed the origin of that most useful tree called toa, the iron-wood (Casuarina); which in time reached the sky, and enabled the god called Etumatubua to descend. Maui had two sons; the eldest called Maui Atalonga, and the younger Kijikiji; but by whom is not known. Kijikiji obtained some fire from the earth, and taught them to cook their food, which they found was good, and from that day food has been cooked, which before was eaten raw. In order to preserve the fire, Kijikiji commanded it to go into certain trees, whence it is now obtained by friction. They further say, that during the time old Maui was on the earth the only light was like that of the moon, and that neither day nor night existed; that Maui and his two sons live under the earth, where he sleeps most of his time; that when he turns himself over, he produces earthquakes, which they call 'mofooeke.' Maui is not now worshipped by any tribe, nor is he loved or feared. Tangaloa, their second god, is thought to be nearly as old as Maui, and equal to him in dignity. He resides in the skies, which the Tongese believe to be very numerous. Hikuleo is the god of spirits, and is the third in order of time; he dwells in a cave in the island. Bulotu is most remarkable for a long tail, which prevents him from going farther from the cave in which he resides than its length will admit of. In this cave he has feasts, and lives with his wives, by whom he has many children; he has absolute power over all, and all are forced to go to him; he is a being without love or goodness; to him the spirits of the chiefs and mataboles go, becoming his servants, and are forced to do his will, and to serve for what purpose he pleases; he even uses them to make fences of, or as bars to his gates; and they have the idea that his house and all things in it are made of the spirits of people, where they continue to serve without end. They never pray to Bulotu, except when some sacrilege has been committed to the offerings they make him; and on this occasion they always make a human sacrifice. They also invoke him when the Tui Tonga is sick; and it depends on the reigning Tui Kanakabolo whether or not a human sacrifice is offered. None but gods are ever permitted to come from Bulotu. This god has his spirit-temple, where all their valuable presents to the gods are deposited. I was shewn by the missionaries some large whale's teeth that were prettily carved, which had been found in the temple lately destroyed by the Christian party."

This is a very singular legendary faith. The Tongese nearly resemble the Samoans, and are evidently the same race; and it is said:

"A larger proportion of fine-looking people is seldom to be seen in any portion of the globe; they are a shade lighter than any of the other islanders; their countenances are generally of the European cast; they are tall and well made, and their muscles are well developed. We had an opportunity of contrasting their physical characters with those of several other natives, and particularly with a native of Erromago. The features of the latter were more nearly allied to those of the negro than any we had yet seen. His hair was woolly, his face prominent, and his lips thick. His nose, however, was not remarkably broad; his eyes were small, deeply sunk, and had a lively expression; his countenance was pleasing and intelligent, and his cheeks thin; his limbs were slender, and the calf of his leg high."

Portraits of individuals afford perfect notions of these likenesses and differences. The population of the Tonga islands is estimated at 18,500, of whom 4500 are Christians, and above half of these church-members. The stay of the expedition could not be deemed very pleasant; for, besides the threatened hostility, which precluded their examining the land, the author observes:

"During our stay here we were much incommoded by the musquitoes. I never saw them more troublesome; and for three or four nights the officers and men obtained no sleep, which, added to the excessive heat, was overpowering, after the fatigues of a day spent in surveying. I never saw the men look as much fatigued when the day dawned; some of them declared that the musquitoes had bitten through every thing but their boots and hats; they even sought shelter in the tops and cross-trees, hoping thus to escape the attacks of these tormentors; the ship was so filled with them that she was (not unaptly) likened to a musical box. Their attacks bade defiance to all defences in the way of musquito-nets; night observations became almost impracticable in consequence of this intolerable annoyance, and I felt quite desirous for the time of our departure from the island to arrive."

The Feejee group was the next visited and surveyed. The Americans received Tanoa, king of Ambau, a magnificently bearded fellow, sailing in a splendid canoe, on board; and Mr. W. says:

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... composed the suite of Tenoa. There was a great contrast between the Tongese and Feejees; the former being light mulattoes, while the latter were quite black: their whole make seemed to point out a different origin. The Tongese have small joints, and well-developed and rounded muscles, while the Feejees' limbs are large and muscular; the latter are slender in body, and apparently inured to hard fare and living. The difference in manner was equally great: in the Tongese there was a native grace, combined with fine forms, and an expression and carriage as if educated; whilst there was an air of power and independence in the Feejees, that made them claim attention. They at once strike one as peculiar, and unlike the Polynesian natives, having a great deal of activity both of mind and body; this may be owing, in a great measure, to their constant wars, and the necessity of their being continually on the alert, to prevent surprise. It was pleasant to look upon the Tongese, but I felt more interest in the Feejees; the contrast was somewhat like that observable between a well-bred gentleman and a boor."

Yet it is afterwards written: "Although, as we shall see, the natives of Feejee have made considerable progress in several of the useful arts, they are, in many respects, the most barbarous and savage race now existing upon the globe."

Paddy Connel, an emigrant from Clare, and a rather anomalous character, with a romantic autobiography, was discovered a resident among the natives here; respecting whom we select the following particulars:—

"The chiefs pay great attention to the dressing of their heads, and for this purpose all of them have barbers, whose sole occupation is the care of their masters' heads. The duty of these functionaries is held to be of so sacred a nature that their hands are tabooed from all other employment, and they are not even permitted to feed themselves. To dress the head of a chief occupies several hours, and the hair is made to spread out from the head, on every side, to a distance that is often eight inches. The beard, which is also carefully nursed, often reaches the breast, and when a Feejeean has these important parts of his person well dressed, he exhibits a degree of conceit that is not a little amusing. In the process of dressing the hair, it is well anointed with oil, mixed with a carbonaceous black, until it is completely saturated. The barber then takes the hair-pin, which is a long and slender rod, made of tortoise-shell or bone, and proceeds to twitch almost every separate hair. This causes it to frizzle and stand erect. The bush of hair is then trimmed smooth, by singeing it, until it has the appearance of an immense wig. When this has been finished, a piece of tapa, so fine as to resemble tissue-paper, is wound in light folds around it, to protect the hair from dew or dust. This covering, which has the look of a turban, is called sala, and none but chiefs are allowed to wear it; any attempt to assume this head-dress by a kai-si, or common person, would be immediately punished with death. The sala, when taken care of, will last three weeks or a month, and the hair is not dressed except when it is removed; but the high chiefs and dandies seldom allow a day to pass without changing the sala, and having their hair put in order. The Feejeeans are extremely changeable in their disposition. They are fond of joking, indulge in laughter, and will at one moment appear to give themselves up to merriment, from which they in an instant pass to demon-like anger, which they evince by looks ... are the subjects of it, and particularly if in the power of the enraged native. Their anger seldom finds vent in words, but has the character of sullenness. A chief, when offended, seldom speaks a word, but puts sticks in the ground, to keep the cause of his anger constantly in his recollection. The objects of it now understand that it is time to appease him by propitiatory offerings, if they would avoid the bad consequences. When these have been tendered to the satisfaction of the offended dignitary, he pulls up the sticks, as a signal that he is pacified."

Lying and covetousness are among their most distinguishing qualities.

"In preparing for war, and during its continuance, they abstain from the company of women; and there were instances related to me where this abstinence had continued for several years. * * * *

"If a town is compelled to entreat to be permitted to capitulate, for the purpose of saving the lives of its people, its chiefs and principal inhabitants are required to crawl towards their conquerors upon their hands and knees, suing for pardon and imploring mercy. The daughters of the chiefs are also brought forward and offered to the victors, while from the lower class victims are selected to be sacrificed to the gods. Even such hard conditions do not always suffice, but a whole population is sometimes butchered in cold blood, or reduced to a condition of slavery. To avoid such terrible consequences, most of the weak tribes seek security by establishing themselves on high and almost inaccessible rocks. Some of these are so steep that it would be hardly possible for any but one of the natives to climb them; yet even their women may be seen climbing their rocky and almost perpendicular walls, to heights of fifty or sixty feet, and carrying loads of water, yams, &c. * * * *

"The religion of the Feejeeans, and the practices which are founded upon it, differ materially from those of the lighter-coloured Polynesian people. The tradition given by the natives of the origin of the various races is singular, and not very flattering to themselves. All are said to have been born of one pair of first parents. The Feejee was first born, but acted wickedly and was black: he therefore received but little clothing. Tonga was next born; he acted less wickedly, was whiter, and had more clothes given him. White men, or Papalangis, came last; they acted well, were white, and had plenty of clothes. They have a tradition of a great flood or deluge, which they call Walavu-levu. Their account of it is as follows: after the islands had been peopled by the first man and woman, a great rain took place, by which they were finally submerged; but before the highest places were covered by the waters, two large double canoes made their appearance; in one of these was Rokora, the god of carpenters, in the other Rokola, his head workman, who picked up some of the people, and kept them on board until the waters had subsided, after which they were again landed on the island. It is reported that in former times canoes were always kept in readiness against another inundation. The persons thus saved, eight in number, were landed at Mbenga, where the highest of their gods is said to have made his first appearance. By virtue of this tradition, the chiefs of Mbenga take rank before all others, and have always acted a conspicuous part among the Feejees. They style themselves Ngali-duva-ki-langi (subject to heaven alone). The Pantheon of the Feejee group contains many deities. The first of these in rank is Ndengei. He is worshipped in the form of a large serpent, alleged to dwell in a district under the authority of Ambau, which is called Nakauvendra, and is situated near the western end of Vitilevu. To this deity they believe that the spirit goes immediately after death, for purification or to receive sentence. From his tribunal the spirit is supposed to return and remain about the mbure or temple of its former abode. All spirits, however, are not believed to be permitted to reach the judgment-seat of Ndengei, for upon the road it is supposed that an enormous giant, armed with a large axe, stands constantly on the watch. With this weapon he endeavours to wound all who attempt to pass him. Those who are wounded dare not present themselves to Ndengei, and are obliged to wander about in the mountains. Whether the spirit be wounded or not, depends not upon the conduct in life, but they ascribe an escape from the blow wholly to good luck. Stories are prevalent of persons who have succeeded in passing the monster without injury. One of these, which was told me by a white pilot, will suffice to shew the character of this superstition. A powerful chief, who had died and been interred with all due ceremony, finding that he had to pass this giant, who, in the legend, is stationed in the Moturiki Channel, loaded his gun, which had been buried with him, and prepared for the encounter. The giant seeing the danger that threatened him, was on the look-out to dodge the ball, which he did when the piece was discharged. Of this the chief took advantage to rush by him before he could recover himself, reached the judgment-seat of Ndengei, and now enjoys celestial happiness! Besides the entire form of a serpent, Ndengei is sometimes represented as having only the head and half the body of the figure of that reptile, while the remaining portion of his form is a stone, significant of eternal duration. No one pretends to know the origin of Ndengei, but many assert that he has been seen by mortals. Thus he is reported to have appeared under the form of a man, dressed in masi (white tapa), after the fashion of the natives, on the beach near Ragi-ragi. Thence he proceeded to Mbenga, where, although it did not please him, on account of its rocky shores, he made himself manifest, and thence went to Kantavu. Not liking the latter place, he went to Rewa, where he took up his abode. Here he was joined by another powerful god, called Warua, to whom after a time he consented to resign this locality, on condition of receiving the choicest parts of all kinds of food, as the heads of the turtle and pig,—which are still held sacred. Under this agreement he determined to proceed to Verata, where he has resided ever since, and by him Verata is believed to have been rendered impregnable. Next in rank in their mythology stand two sons of Ndengei, Tokairambe and Tui Lakamba. These act as mediators between their father and inferior spirits. They are said to be stationed, in the form of men, at the door of their father's cabin, where they receive and transmit to him the prayers and supplications of departed souls. The grandchildren of Ndengei are third in rank. They are innumerable, and each has a peculiar duty to perform, of which the most usual is that of presiding over islands and districts. A fourth class is supposed to be made up of more distant relatives of Ndengei. These preside over separate tribes, by whose priests they are consulted. They have no jurisdiction beyond their own tribe, and possess no power but what is deputed to them by superior deities. In addition to these benignant beings, they believe in malicious

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and mischievous gods. These reside in their Hades, which they call Mbulu (underneath the world). There reigns a cruel tyrant with grim aspect, whom they name Lothia. Samuialo (destroyer of souls) is his colleague, and sits on the brink of a huge fiery cavern, into which he precipitates departed spirits. These notions, although the most prevalent, are not universal. Thus: the god of Muthuata is called Radinadina. He is considered as the son of Ndengei. Here also Rokora, the god of carpenters, is held in honour; and they worship also Rokavona, the god of fishermen. The people of Lakemba believe that departed souls proceed to Namukaliwu, a place in the vicinity of the sea. Here they for a time exercise the same employments as when in this life, after which they die again, and go to Mbulu, where they are met by Semuialo. This deity is empowered to seize and hurl into the fiery gulf all those whom he dislikes. On Kantavu they admit of no god appointed to receive departed souls, but suppose that these go down into the sea, where they are examined by the great spirit, who retains those he likes, and sends back the others to their native island, to dwell among their friends. Another belief is, that the departed spirit goes before the god Taseta, who, as it approaches, darts a spear at it. If the spirit exhibits any signs of fear, it incurs the displeasure of the god, but if it advances with courage, it is received with favour. On Vanua-levu it is believed that the souls of their deceased friends go to Dimba-dimba, a point of land which forms Ambau Bay. Here they are supposed to pass down into the sea, where they are taken into two canoes by Rokavona and Rokora, and ferried across into the dominions of Ndengei. When it blows hard, and there are storms of thunder, lightning, and rain, the natives say that the canoes are getting ready. Some few of the natives worship an evil spirit, whom they call Ruku batin dua (the one-toothed Lord). He is represented under the form of man, having wings instead of arms, and as provided with claws to seize his victims. His tooth is described as being large enough to reach above the top of his head; it is alleged he flies through the air emitting sparks of fire. He is said to roast in fire all the wicked who appertain to him. Those who do not worship him, call him Kaloukana, or Kalou-du. At Rewa, it is believed that the spirits first repair to the residence of Ndengei, who allots some of them to the devils for food, and sends the rest away to Mukalou, a small island off Rewa, where they remain until an appointed day, after which they are all doomed to annihilation. The judgments thus passed by Ndengei seem to be ascribed rather to his caprice than to any desert of the departed soul."

A second killing of the spirit after the living body is a curious belief. At a great feast, before the close of the evening's amusements, one of the chiefs "recounted the circumstances of his killing a neighbouring chief. During the night he had occasion to leave the house, and his superstition led him to believe that he saw the ghost of his victim, at which he threw his club, and, as he asserted, killed it. Returning to the house, he aroused the king and all the other inmates, to whom he related what he had done. The occurrence was considered by all as highly important, and formed the subject of due deliberation. In the morning the club was found, when it was taken with great pomp and parade to the mbure, where it was deposited as a memorial. All seemed to consider the killing of the spirit as a total annihilation of the person. * * * *

"This belief in a future state, guided by no just notions of religious or moral obligation, is the source of many abhorrent practices. Among these are the custom of putting their parents to death when they are advanced in years, suicide, the immolation of wives at the funeral of their husbands, and human sacrifices. It is among the most usual occurrences that a father or a mother will notify their children that it is time for them to die, or that a son shall give notice to his parents that they are becoming a burden to him. In either case the relatives and friends are collected and informed of the fact. A consultation is then held, which generally results in the conclusion that the request is to be complied with, in which case they fix upon a day for the purpose, unless it should be done by the party whose fate is under deliberation. The day is usually chosen at a time when yams or taro are ripe, in order to furnish materials for a great feast, called mburua. The aged person is then asked whether he will prefer to be strangled before his burial or buried alive. When the appointed day arrives, the relatives and friends bring tapas, mats, and oil, as presents. They are received as at other funeral feasts, and all mourn together until the time for the ceremony arrives. The aged person then proceeds to point out the place where the grave is to be dug; and while some are digging it, the others put on a new māro and turbans. When the grave is dug, which is about four feet deep, the person is assisted into it, while the relatives and friends begin their lamentations, and proceed to weep and cut themselves as they do at other funerals. All then proceed to take a parting kiss, after which the living body is covered up, first with mats and tapa wrapped around the head, and then with sticks and earth, which are trodden down. When this has been done, all retire and are tabooed. The succeeding night the son goes privately to the grave and lays upon it a piece of ava-root, which is called tha vei-tala or farewell."

[To be continued.]

SCINDE.

The Conquest of Scinde, with some Introductory Passages in the Life of Sir C. J. Napier. Dedicated to the British People. By Maj.-Gen. W. F. P. Napier, author of "The History of the Peninsular War," &c. Part I. 8vo, pp. 196. London, T. and W. Boone.

The Scinde Policy: a few Comments on Maj.-Gen. W. F. P. Napier's Defence of Lord Ellenborough's Government. Pp. 57. London, Longman and Co.

Travels in India, including Sinde and the Punjab. By Capt. Leopold Von Orlich. Translated from the German by H. Evans Lloyd. 8vo. 2 vols. London, Longman and Co.

The British policy with regard to Scinde has been violently debated both in India and England. It involves partisan-questions affecting the governments of Lord Auckland and Lord Ellenborough, the proceedings of the E. I. directors, and the conduct of officers and agents in the military and civil service, including among the former Sir C. J. Napier, the conqueror of the Ameers at Meeance and Dubba.

The publication first noticed at the head of this paper is an unmeasured panegyric on the statesmanship of Lord Ellenborough and the genius of the general to whom he committed the uncontrolled settlement of the affairs of Scinde either by pacific or warlike measures. Beyond this, the author, with equal heat, condemns the rule of Lord Auckland, and we may say abuses such men as the deceased Mr. Ross Bell, Colonel Outram, and others *de haut en bas.* According to his statement there were but two gigantic minds and arms in India; and all besides little else than injustice, incapacity, oppression, error, shortsightedness, and imbecility.

Upon this the anonymous author of the pamphlet retorts, and charges the Historian with egotism, family vanity, bombast, misrepresentation, and absurdity in argument. If the former is intemperate in his language, the latter does not spare him; and for a stand-up fight, with a good deal of braggardism, ill-temper, revilings, and punishment, the spectators, i. e. the readers, may be curious to see the postures of the combatants, the attack and defence, the blows put in or parried, the black eyes and bloody noses, and all the consequences of battle, even were there not a deeper and a national interest in the contest itself:

"Come on, Macduff,
And damned be he who first cries, Hold! enough!"

Before quoting from Gen. Napier, we must confess that it has grieved us to find him writing in such a style. The name of Napier for gallantry in many a desperate fray, and for blood profusely shed in their country's cause, is dear to every patriotic breast; and therefore we can the less approve of or tolerate the loud vaunting on one side, and the low depreciating on the other, which marks the whole of this Scindian manifesto.

Lord Ellenborough's singleness of purpose, we are assured, was evinced in several ways. Major Outram "told him that 'he had it in his power to expose the hostile intrigues of the Ameers to such an extent as might be deemed sufficient to authorise the dictation of any terms to those chiefs, or any measure necessary to place British power on a secure footing;' and he advised the assuming the entire management of the Shikarpoor and Sukkur districts to render British power over the Indus invulnerable. This was quite in the aggressive spirit of Lord Auckland's policy, which never appears to have been distasteful to Major Outram until Lord Ellenborough deprived him of his situation; but then the Ameers seemed suddenly to rise in his estimation. It was not, however, in the spirit of that nobleman's instructions, which, far from aiming to take advantage of past misdeeds, gave warning for the future only, and expressed a desire to believe the Ameers faithful, offering them a new intercourse on well-understood grounds. But the great operations to restore the British military reputation in Affghanistan, previous to the total abandonment of that country, were now in full progress. Jellallabad had been succoured, and the armies of Nott and Pollock were directed by a combined movement on Cabool. The governor-general's hands were thus freed from the military fetters fastened on them by Lord Auckland, and he instantly employed them in choking off the civil and political leeches who were sucking the public. He broke the connexion between official men and newspaper editors, and, defying the blatant fury of the latter and the secret enmity of the former, drove the unclean people from the administration. He restored the drooping spirit of the army by a vigorous protection of its honour and interests; and he put to flight the political agents and their assistants, who, numerous as locusts, had settled on the countries beyond the Indus; their number equalled that of the whole of the salaried officers employed for the diplomacy of all Europe! Their vanity, uncontrolled power, their pomp and incapacity, had contributed more than all other things to the recent misfortunes. Wild was the uproar these reforms occasioned,

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All the rage of faction broke loose. No calumny that sordid falsehood could invent, or cowardly anger dictate, was spared: and when malice was at fault, folly stepped in with such charges as, that the governor-general's state-harness was of red leather! he wore gold-lace on his pantaloons! But while such matters were dwelt upon, the incessant activity, the assiduity, the energy, the magnanimity of the man, were overlooked. The moral courage and fortitude which could, in the midst of disaster and abasement of public spirit, at once direct the armies to victory and purify the administration, which could raise and confide in the military honour, opposing and defying the vituperation of the Indian press, re-echoed by the scarcely more scrupulous press of England; these great and generous qualities were overlooked or sneered at, as well as the complete success they procured for the country. But newspapers are not history, and Lord Ellenborough's well-earned reputation, as an able, and victorious, and honest governor-general, will outlive faction and its falsehoods, and its malignant press."

These are vast boasts and grave accusations: and with reference to the latter, the writer of the answer says:—

"In the pamphlet before us, however, the display of rhodomontade is not only indulged in for the pardonable purpose of investing with a delusive halo of glory the character of his immediate relatives, and from them of reflecting its effulgence on his own comparatively unobtrusive name, but it is made the vehicle of violent political sentiments; of coarse personalities and unsparing abuse of the conduct and objects of parties, of whose motives and actions he individually has had no opportunity of judging, but such as is enjoyed by all other of her majesty's subjects who are like himself far removed from the scene of action; of startling, unscrupulous, and unsupported assertions, the truth of which the public are expected to take on trust; of offensive and uncalled-for vituperation of a distinguished body, who, by their decision, disinterestedness, and dignified independence, have secured the approbation of all high-minded men; and above all, of fulsome adulation of one whose conduct has been the theme of general condemnation, except with the peculiar clique whom chance has made the instruments of his insane policy, whose vanity has been flattered by his countenance, whose objects have been promoted by his agency, and in whose distempered judgment, warped by their personal predilections and private interests, military success, no matter what the cause, is national glory, and the reckless acquisition of territory and prize-money the legitimate object of the statesman and the philanthropist."

"'It was at this moment (says General Napier) that for the salvation of India (!) Lord Ellenborough came, to curb the nepotism of the directors, to repress the jobbing tribe, to reduce the editors of newspapers from a governing to a reporting class, and to raise the spirit of the army, sinking under insult and the domineering influence of grasping civilians, who snatched the soldier's share and calumniated him through a hireling press.'"

On which the pamphleteer remarks:—

"Will it be credited that the foregoing passage, the purport and object of which is to heap every species of aggravating insult on the court of directors and the civil service of India, is nothing but empty and frothy declamation, unsupported by one corroborative fact —unpalliated by one extenuating pretext? The 'nepotism of the directors,' the oppression 'and insult offered to the army,' the process by which the 'soldier's share' was snatched by the 'grasping civilians,' and the connexion of the civilians with the 'hireling press,'—all are alike assumed, and asserted with the air of a man who has his pocket filled with 'damning proof,' and is prepared to stake his character on his correctness. Let it then be so,—let the general adduce but *one* well-authenticated fact to justify these sweeping assertions,—let him condescend for once to prove his charges, as well as to prefer them,—let him shew, by descending to particulars, that his character for veracity does *not* depend on his vagueness, and that his zeal does not so far outrun his prudence as to betray him into statements which he is not prepared to substantiate; let him, we say, prove one, only one, of the charges here made, and he shall stand justified in the eyes of the public. The alternative is obvious!"

General Napier, however, iterates and re-iterates the charges. Step by step he blames every thing done by Lord Auckland and Major Outram, and step by step he lauds every thing done by Lord Ellenborough and his own brother. To this train of reasoning his opponent replies: If the policy of Lord Auckland was altogether wrong, the policy of Lord Ellenborough, who followed it up and exceeded it, could not be right. Hereupon issue is repeatedly joined; but we will not trouble our readers with the arguments. There is one subject of eulogy which we confess it does surprise us the renowned Historian of the Peninsular War should have chosen to dilate upon. When the crisis approached in Scinde, he observes:

"Looking forward, like an experienced soldier, to the ultimate chance of war, Sir Charles Napier had early applied himself to the organisation and discipline of his troops, for they were generally inexperienced. He drew them out frequently, and accustomed them to move in masses; he taught them by counsel also, and exhorted them to a subordinate and modest conduct towards the people of Scinde. Nor was he deficient in a quaint humour, which no danger or suffering has ever abated; for when did Charles Napier's spirit ever quail! Broad at times the stream of that humour flows, but never sinks to buffoonery; always illustrative, it conveys instruction and even imperious rebuke in a laughing guise; and with a jest he wins the soldiers' hearts, for they feel their general regards them as comrades and not as slaves. Thus, when some insolent and silly young men persisted, insubordinately, to ride violently through the camp and the bazaars, causing frequent accidents, he issued the following characteristic order, bringing ridicule and fear at once to bear on the offenders:—'Gentlemen as well as beggars, if they like, may ride to the devil when they get on horseback; but neither gentlemen nor beggars have a right to send other people to the devil, which will be the case if furious riding be allowed in the bazaar. The major-general has placed a detachment of horse at the disposal of Captain Pope, who will arrest offenders and punish them as far as the regulations permit. And Captain Pope is not empowered to let any one escape punishment; because when orders have been repeated and are not obeyed, it is time to enforce them—without obedience an army becomes a mob, and a cantonment a bear-garden; the enforcement of obedience is like physic, not agreeable but necessary.'"

For ourselves, not being soldiers, we can hardly conceive any thing more undignified, if not more unmilitary, than this *daft-like* pr clamation. We should have been amused see what the Ameers thought of it when tran lated by their Moonshees into the Scindian di lect. The permission of gentlemen as well beggars to ride to the devil, must have ast nished their weak minds; and the denial of t right in the same parties to send other peop to the devil, would probably encourage them try a struggle with enemies so circumscrib in power and authority. But we must now ta our leave of this Part I. (the third of Gener Napier's literary design), which brings us the commencement of hostilities; in whic whatever the origin of the war, we hope to fi an account of deeds more agreeable to our tas and feelings than the present introduction.

To the writer of the Comments we are fairness bound to offer some farther space. Th following is a specimen of his main argument

"One government is accused of compassin the downfal of the Ameers, in defiance of n tional faith and honour, from motives of me expediency; and the succeeding governmen though fully alive to the iniquities of its pr decessor, is compelled, from motives of ex pediency, to complete the nefarious work destruction! The word 'expediency,' it well known, has ever been made by all govern ments the pretext for acts admitting of neithe excuse nor defence; it has from time imme morial been the parent of every species of abus and injustice,—a protecting shield held up b the dishonest minister to conceal his motive and shelter his measures—guarding the on from exposure, and the other from defeat. Se its effect in the instance under review, wher we find the doctrine laid down that the nationa honour, dignity, and good faith, could not b maintained by the performance of an act of jus tice, lest the motive should be suspected; bu that a course of policy stigmatised as dishonour able in the highest degree is to be upheld, an the principle of that policy carried out to a extent never contemplated by its originator lest by its reversal the national dignity an character for unity of purpose should be im paired. The shallowness and sophistry of thi species of argument hardly require exposure It is unworthy of Lord Ellenborough's cause bad as that cause is proved to be by its em ployment: it is still more unworthy of the know ledge, experience, and admitted talent of th advocate, and is only another striking proof how far his zeal oversteps his discretion. * * *

"'Lord Ellenborough found,' says Genera Napier, 'the finances embarrassed, the civi and political service infested with men greedy of gain, gorged with insolence, disdaining work and intimately connected with the infamou press of India, which they supplied with officia secrets, receiving in return shameful and shame less support; for, thus combining, they though to control the governor-general, and turn th resources of the state to their sordid profit. Is it conceivable that such a statement as th foregoing should be risked, recklessly imputing to a service of talented, honourable, and high minded gentlemen, every species of atrociou turpitude, peculation, breach of official conf dence, and combination for the worst and mos sordid purposes against the government t which they have sworn fidelity?—and that i should be risked too without one tittle of evi dence to support it, with a degree of arroganc ill becoming one who is relying on the veracity of others, and is himself, personally, wholly unacquainted with the nature, the character, o the constitution of the service which he thu assists in villifying as a class? It cannot surel

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be the general's intention to rely for his justification on the private letter from Sir Charles Napier, which is found in the appendix to the book, and in which these unjustifiable charges are made! It is deeply to be regretted that Sir Charles Napier should have allowed his mind to receive impressions so derogatory to the character of a highly distinguished branch of the Company's service."

Whilst considering these conflicting sentiments, the work which stands last upon our list has appeared; and we turned to the statements of an intelligent and neutral foreigner, to gather any new light which he might throw over the Scindian conquest. But his lively and interesting pages, which are well worth perusal for their Indian sketches, do not enter upon this political controversy; and all that we hear about the country is of a general and descriptive nature. The following extracts may therefore serve to give an idea of the author's pleasant manner:—

"The inhabitants of Sinde are Mahometans and Hindoos; of the former, the Belooches belong to the caste of warriors, and the Juts to that of the peasants; and it may be assumed that the fifth part of the inhabitants of the cities are Hindoos. Though so greatly oppressed in their religious and civil relations, the wealth and commerce of the country are nevertheless chiefly in their hands; and they probably form a sixth part of the million of inhabitants said to reside in this country. They suffer their beard to grow, and wear the turban of the Mussulmans, whose manners and customs they have adopted; they have the submissiveness and servility of the Jews of Europe, and are as handsome, but even more dirty than the Juts. As bankers, they enjoy such confidence that their bills pass current throughout India.

[The Juts, Peasants of Sinde.]

"The Hindoos and the Juts are the only people on whom the British government can depend. The Juts, who are a tall, vigorous, and handsome race of people, were originally Hindoos, and, properly speaking, are the aborigines of the country; the women are distinguished by their beauty and modesty, which cannot be said of the Mahometan females. As they form the agricultural class, they lead a quiet and peaceful life. Besides the cultivation of the soil, the Juts are occupied in the breeding of buffaloes, goats, and camels. The camel is as valuable and useful to the Jut as the horse is to the Arab. The Miani are employed in navigation and fishery; they live as much upon the rivers and lakes as on shore—nay, some of them have no other dwelling than their boat. The women are as vigorous and muscular as the men, and share in their hard labours; and while the husband is mending his nets, or smoking his pipe, and the child is suspended in its network cradle to the mast, the wife guides the boat with a large oar. The Belooches, who form scarcely a tenth part of the population, are the freebooters of the desert, and originally came from the mountains and steppes in the north-west. Their manners, and many of their customs, are conformable with the Mosaic laws, and their oral and written traditions, as well as their general appearance, have so much resemblance with those of the Jews, that the Belooches have been looked upon as the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. Thus, for instance, on the death of the husband, his brother is bound to marry his widow, and the children are the heirs of the deceased; and again, a man may divorce his wife, according to the forms usual among the Jews. They consider themselves as the masters of the country, and devote themselves to arms, robbery, and the chase. Some few of them engage in agriculture, and all attend to the breeding of horses and camels. Their ignorance, and the uncivilised state in which they live, renders it difficult to reduce them to obedience and discipline; each tribe obeys only its chief; but if danger threatens any one tribe, messengers on camels and horses are despatched in every direction to summon all that can bear arms. These camels are so hardy and fleet, that it is affirmed, on credible authority, that, on the entrance of Lord Keane into the country, a camel belonging to Meer Nusseer performed the journey from Hyderabad to Sukkur, a distance of between fifty and sixty geographical miles, in two days; the rider contrived to keep up its strength by giving it plenty of rice, ghee, and intoxicating liquors. The houses of the Belooches are as wretched, dirty, and confined, as those of the other inhabitants; and only those of the chiefs are rather more roomy, and ornamented with carpets. The women are engaged in domestic occupations, while the men enjoy themselves in smoking, drinking, sleeping, or playing with the children. The Belooches are robust, though not tall; their complexion is of a dark brown colour; they have fiery eyes, and a fine, noble expression of countenance. The men wear a coloured cap of cotton or silk, embroidered with gold and silver, an open shirt, a yellow or red silk waistcoat, wide pantaloons, and pointed shoes. They are armed with a long matchlock, sabre, shield, and bow and arrows. They do not shave either the head or the beard, and they either suffer their hair to fall in ringlets over their shoulders, or they tie it in a knot on the crown of the head. They consider the beard a great ornament, and pay much attention to it; old and holy men are fond of dyeing it red, and the Sheeahs, like the descendants of the Prophet, prefer green to every other colour. The women wear wide pantaloons, and a garment which reaches to the ground and fits close to the body, a kerchief loosely wound round the head, and their hair falls in long plaits. They very seldom change their clothes, and are so dirty that neither the colour of their dress nor even that of their face can be distinguished. These Belooches, in their capacity of executors of the commands of the Ameers, are the blood-suckers of the poor oppressed peasant, who is obliged to deliver to the princes more than the half of his produce. The revenues of the country, which formerly amounted to 90 lacs, have now declined to between 40 and 50, but with good management this might be increased to three times that sum. The Ameers are as ignorant as the people; their time is spent in the harem, or in hunting, and the latter is pursued with such eagerness that the country is thereby daily more and more depopulated. In order to enlarge their preserves, which consist of Babul-trees, a species of mimosa arabica, tamarinda, and tamarisks, they have recourse to the most arbitrary measures. Thus Meer Futteh Ali expelled the inhabitants from one of the most fertile districts of the Indus, near Hyderabad, which produced a revenue of nearly two lacs, because it was the favourite haunt of the bahiroussa; and Meer Murad Ali caused a large village to be totally destroyed, in order that the lowing of the cattle and crowing of the cocks might not disturb the game in an adjoining preserve belonging to his brother. In the middle of this preserve is a small isolated building, with a pond in front of it; thither the game is driven and killed by the Ameers, who are stationed behind the wall. When Lord Keane entered the country with the army, three of his officers took possession of a building of this kind, which was closely surrounded with trunks of trees; here they intended to pass the night, and to enjoy the pleasures of the chase on the following morning; but the wood, which was dried up by the sun, was set on fire, probably by design, and all three perished in the flames. Each of the Ameers has his own preserve, which they visit in great style, attended by their chiefs and a number of servants, with dogs and falcons. They are either mounted on camels or horses, or go in their large state barges along the river. The people along the road thither are compelled to provide for the numerous train, and the inhabitants of the villages in the immediate vicinity of the preserves are forced to beat up the game; and it not unfrequently happens that some of them are shot instead of the game, or torn to pieces by the barbiroussas. In hunting, the Ameers use long muskets, inlaid with gold and jewels, to which the locks of the guns presented by the English are fixed, though they do not esteem them as they ought. It is considered a great honour to a stranger if he is invited to one of their hunting parties. The language of Sinde, both oral and written, differs very much from that of the rest of India, but the princes and people are so ignorant, that very few Mahometans are able to write it. The characters are called Khada-wadi, and are found in the letters of the merchants. Compared with most of the alphabets of Hindostan, that of Sinde is very poor: there are but two characters which designate vowels, and these are only used as initials. Hence the written language

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is used merely in letter-writing, and the few books in Sinde are written in Persian characters. The pronunciation of the Beloochees is so uncouth, that the Sindians say they learnt it from their goats, when they were herdsmen in the mountains of Kelat! There are two different dialects; that of Lar, which is used in Hyderabad and the environs, and that of Sar, spoken in Upper Sinde."

Speech of the Marquis of Normanby in the House of Lords (July 26, 1844), on the Sanitary Condition of the People. Pp. 24. C. Knight.

A SUBJECT of great importance, which comes home to the fireside and breast of every man, and of which this is a skilful exposition, replete with useful statistical data, by the noble Marquis, who does himself honour by taking it up.

The Curiosities of Heraldry; with Illustrations from old English Writers. By Mark Antony Lower, author of "English Surnames," &c. 8vo, pp. 319. London, J. Russell Smith.

FEW works of its kind have deserved and won more popularity than Mr. Lower's researches on *English Surnames*, the reviews of which, with many interesting original additions from a valued correspondent of ours, occupied considerable space in not a few numbers of the *Literary Gazette*. The present volume is truly a worthy sequel in the same curious and antiquarian line; blending with remarkable facts and intelligence such a fund of amusing anecdote and illustration, that the reader is almost surprised to find that he has learnt so much whilst he appeared to be pursuing mere entertainment. The text is so pleasant that we scarcely dream of its sterling value; and it seems as if, in unison with the wood-cuts, which so cleverly explain its points and adorn its various topics, the whole design were intended for a relaxation from study, rather than an ample exposition of an extraordinary and universal custom, which produced the most important effects upon the minds and habits of mankind. All that Mr. Lower has selected from ancient writers on the science of heraldry is judicious, and so well condensed as to communicate all that could be desired without copying the prolixity of these authors, so enamoured of their subject as to think it impossible that it should be wearisome. But it is not needful for us to enter upon the wide fields of crusading, feudalism, or other great epochs and events connected with armour-bearing: we must be content to refer our friends to the work itself for this knowledge, and pick out some of the minor matters which are scattered on the way, as specimens of the author's happy talent in treating of such themes. The earlier chapters are occupied with the fabulous and authentic histories of heraldry, and the figures and language in blazoning; and then the varieties of arms, mottos, &c. &c., are described. In the "fabulous" portion, it is quaintly observed:

"'Adam, the begynnyng of mankind, was as a stocke unsprayed and unfloreshed,'—having neither boughs nor leaves—'and in the braunches is knowledge wich is rotun and wich is grene;' that is, if I rightly understand it, (for poetry is not always quite intelligible,) both the gentle and the ungentle, the earl and the churl, are descended from one progenitor; *omnes communem parentem habent;* a truth which, it is presumed, will not be called in question. The gentility of the great ancestor of our race is stoutly contended for; and, that his claim to that distinction might not want support, Morgan, an enthusiastic armorist of the seventeenth century, has assigned him two coats of arms; one as borne in Eden—when he neither used nor needed either coat for covering or arms for defence—and another suited to his condition after the fall. The first was a plain red shield, described in the language of modern heraldry as 'gules;' while the arms of Eve, a shield of white, or 'argent,' were borne upon it as an 'escocheon of pretence,' she being an heiress! The arms of Abel were, as a matter of course, those of his father and mother, borne 'quarterly,' and ensigned with a crosier, like that of a bishop, to shew that he was a 'shepheard.' Sir John Ferne, a man of real erudition, was so far carried away by extravagant notions of the great antiquity of heraldic insignia, as seriously to deduce the use of furs in heraldry from the 'coats of skins' which the Creator made for Adam and Eve after their transgression."

The siege of Troy is elsewhere assigned as the period when "armes were firste invented;" and, coming lower down, Master Gerard Leigh ascribes to Alexander the Great, "gules a golden lyon sitting in a chayer and holding a battayle-axe of silver. The 'atchievement' of Cæsar was, if we may trust the same learned armorist, 'Or, an eagle displayed with two heads sable.'"

Here is the Macedonian conqueror's shield.

When we arrive at more authentic times, we find it stated:

"The standards used by the German princes in the centuries immediately preceding the Norman Conquest are conjectured to have given rise to heraldry, properly so called. Henry l'Oiseleur (the Fowler), who was raised to the throne of the West in 920, advanced it to its next stage, when, in regulating the tournaments—which from mismanagement had too often become scenes of blood—he ordered that all combatants should be distinguished by a kind of mantles, or livery, composed of lists or narrow pieces of stuff of opposite colours, whence originated the pale, bend, &c., the marks now denominated 'honourable ordinaries.' If the honour of inventing heraldry be ascribed to the Germans, that of reducing it to a system must be assigned to France. To the French belong 'the arrangement and combination of tinctures and metals; the variety of figures effected by the geometrical positions of lines; the attitudes of animals, and the grotesque delineation of monsters.' The art of describing an heraldic bearing in proper terms is called blasonry, from the French verb *blasonner*, whence also we derive our word blaze in the sense of to proclaim or make known.

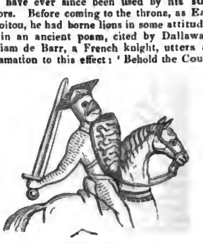
"The heavens themselves *blaze* forth the death of princes."—*Shakspeare.*

'But he went out and began to publish it much, and to *blaze* abroad the matter.'—*St. Mark.*

'Tis still our greatest pride,
To *blaze* those virtues which the good would hide.'
Pope.

The verb seems to have come originally from the German *blasen*, to blow a horn. At the ancient tournaments the attendant heralds proclaimed with sound of trumpet the dignity of the combatants, and the armorial distinctions assumed by them; and hence the application of the word to the scientific description of coat-armour. The arrangement of the tinctures and charges of heraldry into a system may be regarded as the third stage in the history of the science. This, as we have just seen, was achieved by the French; and hence the large admixture of old French terms with words of native growth in our heraldic nomenclature. * * *

"It was in the time of Richard I. that heraldry assumed more of the fixed character it now bears. That monarch appears on his great seal of the date of 1189, with a shield containing two lions combatant; but in his second great seal (1195) three lions passant occur, as they have ever since been used by his successors. Before coming to the throne, as Earl of Poitou, he had borne lions in some attitude; for, in an ancient poem, cited by Dallaway, William de Barr, a French knight, utters an exclamation to this effect: 'Behold the Count



[Richard I. from his second Great Seal.]

of Poitou challenges us to the field; see he calls us to the combat; I know the grinning lions in his shield;' and in the romance of *Cuer de Lyon* we read the following couplet:

'Upon his shoulders a schelde of stele,
With the 'lybbardes' painted wele.'"

"Nisbet mentions a fashion formerly prevalent in Spain, which certainly ranks under the category of 'Curiosities,' and therefore demands a place here. Single women frequently divided their shield per pale, placing their paternal arms on the sinister side, and leaving the dexter blank, for those of their husbands, as soon as they should be so fortunate as to obtain them. This, says mine author, 'was the custom for young ladies that were resolved to marry!'* These were called 'Arms of Expectation.' * *

"The application of heraldic ornaments to household furniture and implements of war is of great antiquity. I have now before me the brass pommel of a sword on which are three triangular shields, two of them charged with a lion rampant, the other with an eagle displayed. This relic, which was dug up near Lewes castle, is conjectured to be of the reign of Henry III. Arms first occur on coins in one of Edmund, king of Sicily, in the thirteenth century; but the first English monarch who so used them was Edward III. The first supporters on coins occur in the reign of Henry VIII., whose 'sovereign' is thus decorated. Arms upon tombs are found so early as 1144. Among the 'curiosities' of heraldry belonging to these early

* "Query—Might not some of our English maidens, who are verging somewhat on the antique, resort to this mode of advertising for a husband with advantage? The odious appellation of 'old maids' would then give place to the more courteous one of 'ladies of the half-blank shield.'"

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times may be mentioned adumbrated charges; that is, figures represented in outline with the colour of the field shewing through; because the bearers, having lost their patrimonies, retained only the shadow of their former state and dignity. * * *

"Persons of the middle class, not entitled to coat-armour, invented certain arbitrary signs called Merchants' Marks, and these often occur in the stonework and windows of old buildings, and upon tombs. Piers Plowman, who wrote in the reign of Edward III., speaks of 'marchaunts' markes ymedeled' in glass. Sometimes these marks were impaled with the paternal arms of aristocratic merchants, as in the case of John Halle, a wealthy woolstapler of Salisbury, rendered immortal by the Rev. Edward Duke in his 'Prolusiones Historicæ.' The early printers and painters likewise adopted similar marks, which are to be seen on their respective works.*

A rude monogram seems to have been attempted, and it was generally accompanied with a cross, and, occasionally, a hint at the inventor's peculiar pursuit, as in the cut here given, where the staple at the bottom refers to the worthy John Halle's having been a merchant of the staple. The heralds objected to such marks being placed upon a shield, for, says the writer of Harl. MS. 2252 (fol. 10), 'Theys be none armys, for every man may take hym a marke, but not armys without a herawde or purcyvaunte;' and in 'The Duty and Office of a Herald,' by F. Thynne, Lancaster Herald, 1605, the officer is directed 'to prohibit merchants and others to put their names, marks, or devices, in escutcheons or shields, which belong to gentlemen bearing arms and none others.' At the commencement of the fifteenth century considerable confusion seems to have arisen from upstarts having assumed the arms of ancient families, a fact which shews that armorial bearings began to be considered the indispensable accompaniment of wealth. So great had this abuse become, that, in the year 1419, it was deemed necessary to issue a royal mandate to the sheriff of every county 'to summon all persons bearing arms to prove their right to them,' a task of no small difficulty, it may be presumed, in many cases. Many of the claims then made were referred to the heralds as commissioners, 'but the first regular chapter held by them in a collective capacity was at the siege of Rouen, in 1420.' The first King of Arms was William Bruges, created by Henry V. Several grants of arms made by him from 1439 to 1459 are recorded in the College of Arms. * * *

"Richard III. greatly promoted the cause of heraldry in England by the erection of the heralds into the corporate body which still exists under the designation of the College of Arms. This epoch may be considered the noonday of the history of armory in England. * *

* "It is almost unnecessary to observe, that the expression 'a merchant's mark' is by no means appropriate; for such devices were employed in a great variety of ways. They appear, primarily, to have been used as signatures by illiterate though wealthy merchants, who could not write their names. At a later date they were employed for marking bales of goods. Within the last century many flockmasters in the south of England used them for marking sheep. Although the illiterate of our own times substitute a + for their proper names, it was far otherwise two centuries ago, when they generally made a rude monogram, or peculiar mark, analogous to the merchant's mark of earlier date."

"Shields have been made of every imaginable shape, according to the taste of the age or the fancy of the bearer, with these two restrictions, that the shields of knights-bannerets must be square, and those of ladies in the form of a lozenge.

The most usual, because the most convenient, shape is that which is technically called the heater-shield, from its resemblance to the heater of an iron, with some slight variations. Our friend Sylvanus Morgan, whose ingenuity all must admire, in defiance of the oft-quoted proverb:

'When Adam digged and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?'

deduces this shape for men, and that of the lozenge for women, from the spade of Adam, and the spindle of Eve! The ground or field of every coat of arms must be either of metal, colour, or fur. * * *

"Kings and bishops occur as charges; but rarely. The heads of Moors and Saracens are more common, and belong to the category of trophies, having originated, for the most part, during the Crusades. The arms of the Welsh family of Vaughan are 'a cheveron between three children's heads ... enwrapped about the necks with as many snakes proper.' 'It hath beene reported,' saith old Guillim, 'that some one of the ancestors of this family was borne with a snake about his necke: *a matter not impossible*, but yet very unprobable!' Besides heads, the armorial shield is sometimes charged with arms and legs, naked, vested, or covered with armour, hands, feet, eyes, hearts, winged and unwinged, &c. The coat of Tremaine exhibits three arms (et tres manus!) and that of the Isle of Man, three legs. Of the former, Guillim remarks, 'these armes and hands conjoyned and clenched after this manner, may signify a treble offer of revenge for some notable injurie.' If we might be jocular upon so grave a subject as armory, we should consider the second coat a happy allusion to the geographical position of the island between the three kingdoms of England, Ireland, and Scotland, as if it had run away from all three, and were kicking up its heels in derision of the whole empire."

Crests, mottoes, &c., are fully discussed; but our selections have, we hope, sufficiently exemplified the tone, and merits, and illustrations of this volume; and we now conclude with hearty praise, and one bunch of brief extracts for a finale.

"The most singular supporters, perhaps, in

the whole circle of heraldry are those of the noble French family of Albret. Two lions couchant, wearing helmets, support the lower part of the shield, and above are two eagles, each standing with one foot upon the head of the lion, while with the other he holds the upper part of the escocheon. The French armorists make a distinction between *supports* and *tenans*: in this instance the lions are known by the former term, and the eagles by the latter."

Of mottoes it is told: "The use became very fashionable in England from the example of Edward III. The motto of the Garter, 'Honi soit qui mal y pense,' with the order itself, dates from this reign. Edward made use of various mottoes suited to different occasions and circumstances. Many of these are now obscure, and appear destitute of point, such as 'It is as it is,' embroidered upon a white linen doublet made for this king. Others are more easily understood, as the daring and profane couplet wrought upon his surcoat and shield, provided to be used at a tournament:

'Hay, hay, the wythe swan;
By Gode's soul I am thy man!'

Mottoes upon ancient seals are extremely rare. Mr. Montagu says, 'I have examined many hundred early seals and engravings and drawings of seals preserved in the British Museum, and I know but of about half a dozen .... One is of the year 1418, inscribed 'Sigillum Jean de Juch,' and contains the motto 'Bien Sur.' Perhaps the very earliest instance of a motto anywhere is afforded by the seal of Sir John de Byron, appended to a deed dated 21st Edward I.' The motto here is *Crede Beronti*, surrounding the arms.*

"The enigmatical are those whose origin is involved in mystery, as that of the Duke of Bedford, *Che sara, sara*, 'What will be, will be;' and that of the Duke of Bridgewater, *Sic donec*, 'Thus until ——!' A late barrister used, *Non bos in lingua*, 'I have no bull upon my tongue!' alluding to the Grecian didrachm, a coin impressed with that animal, and expressive, probably, of the bearer's determination not to accept a bribe. The motto of the Lords Gray was 'Anchor, fast anchor;' and that of the Dakynses of Derbyshire, 'Strike Dakyns; the devil's in the hempe!'—enigmatical enough, certainly! * * *

"But the most curious class of mottoes are the emblematical, some of which allude to the charges in the arms, and others to the surname, involving a pun. Of those allusive to the arms or crest, the following are examples: that of the Earl of Cholmondeley is, *Cassis tutissima virtus*, 'Virtue the safest helmet,' alluding to the helmets in his arms; and that of the Egertons, *Leoni, non sagittis fido*, 'I trust to the lion, not to my arrows;' the arms being a lion between three pheons or arrow-heads. The crest of the Martins of Dorsetshire was an ape, and their motto, 'HE . WHO . LOOKS . AT . MARTIN'S . APE, MARTIN'S . APE . SHALL . LOOK . AT . HIM!' Much wit, and, occasionally, much absurdity are found in punning mottoes."

We offer a few samples:—

"Some mottoes are intentionally ambiguous, as: Hone of Ireland. Hone*sta Libertate*, or Hone, *sta libertate*, 'With a just liberty,' or, 'Hone, support liberty.'

"D'Oyley of Norfolk. "Do' no 'yll,' quoth Doyle!"

"Here is a truism: Vere, earl of Oxford. Vero *nil* verius, 'Nothing truer than truth.'

"And here a cockneyism: Wray of Lincolnshire. *Et juste et* vray, 'Both just and true.'

* "The modern motto of the family is *Crede Biron*."

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"'Set on!' says Seton, earl of Wintoun; *Boutez en avant!* 'Lead forward!' says Viscount Buttevant; 'Fight on,' quoth Fitton; 'Smite,' quoth Smith. Pugnacious fellows!

"Dr. Cox Macro, the learned Cambridge divine, consulting a friend on the choice of a motto, was pithily answered with 'Cocks may crow!'

"James. *J'aime jamais,* 'I love ever.'

"Purefoy of Leicestershire. Pure foy *ma joye,* 'Sincerity is my delight.'

"Tey of Essex. Tais *en temps,* 'Be silent in time.'

"Pagitt of Surrey. Pagit *Deo,* 'He covenants with God.'"

THE COLLEGIAN'S GUIDE.

[Second notice.]

THE character of the adviser is capitally drawn; but we have only room for a trait or two:—

"For instance, he liked a pint of wine as well as most men, and rumour said, at college none had a clearer head after a whole bottle of the newest and hottest of four-year credit Oxford port; but since, though he still liked wine, wine did not like him, it was in vain that Mr. Paxton pushed his best bottle after the second glass. Then again, no one would lend a more eager ear to the stirring adventures and 'hair-breadth 'scapes' of a run with the County Subscription pack; yet, saving a single undesigned coincidence, that John had happened to have business in the same parish in which the meet took place, and at the same hour of the same morning, and that Tom the huntsman said at the Paxton Arms the same evening, that whoever had been guilty of making Mr. Corbett a parson had to answer for one good huntsman spoiled, there had been no reason to think he had ever been seen after a fox, though he had been more than once offered a mount. He used to say, 'We must take human nature as we find it: what though I could find time to serve my parish, and have some sport too, once in a way, it is not worth while to give that unstarched and unhanged Methodist a chance against the church; he would preach on 'Beware of dogs' next Sunday, as he did when Thomas Filmer was seen out with the harriers.' What wonder, then, that the plain, unaffected, hearty advice of such a man as this seemed to Fred Paxton like a homely assurance: 'Believe me, I've had my day; I've tried all these things of which I am warning you, and deeply rue the trial. I do not pretend to have been much more innocent than others of my age; but I am wiser now, and would save you from the miseries which folly brought on me.' * * * 'All I know about Oxford,' interrupted Fred, 'is what I have heard of wine-parties, and riding home from Bullington two on one saddle, breaking glasses as soon as you have drunk out of them; and all, in fact, which I have picked up from a few reports of actions for debt brought by Oxford tradesmen, and treatises of college-life.' 'Then, Fred, you have imbibed the very notions which I am most desirous to keep out of your mind. Such publications do a positive injury to society, shewing but part of college-life, and that part shamefully exaggerated. The worst is, that they fill the minds of schoolboys with examples of profligacy, and give a taste for dissipation; and instead of things honourable and of good report, in which neither Oxford nor Cambridge would be found wanting on a fair comparison of good and bad together, scenes of folly and of vice are crowded together, and set forth in flaming colours, as an average sample of the whole. And why? because forsooth the minds of those writers who condescend, or are fit to minister to the vulgar palate, have an affinity to vice, but not to virtue; and because there are fifty readers of the lives of profligates to one admirer of such worthies as those enshrined in the pages of good old Izaac Walton. But be advised, Frederic; forget such scenes. They have as little claim to the title of Life in Oxford as a certain Tom and Jerry history of cockfights, the prize-ring, sporting taverns, and the lowest dens of thieves and drunkards, deserved to be called Life in London. Stand for a moment in Cheapside; see the unwearied stream of cabs, omnibuses, merchants' wagons, and vehicles of all kinds; picture to yourself the establishment, the business, and the commerce of which each must be the representative and the product. Look at the double stream on each side of the way of busy passers to and fro, with quick step and contracted brow, each absorbed in his own enterprises; and when you have formed some kind of estimate of the countless thousands engaged in the honourable duties of commercial life, then ask yourself where are the brutes and the bullies, the madmen and the profligates, whom many are so far imposed on as to believe the chief actors on the vast stage of London life? No less erroneous are the impressions commonly received of our universities. It is not to be denied that London has its thieves, its rakes, and *roués* of every grade, from the titled swindler and adultress to the lowest pilferer and prostitute of St. Giles's. It is not to be denied that in Oxford there are those who glory in their shame, buy that for which they cannot pay, keep company with stage-coachmen, and seem to think it the height of gentility and manliness to affect the language of the boor, and the appetites of the brute. But look about you as you pass through that city of colleges, and ask where are they, and what is the proportion they bear to the many by whom the very mention of such practices are frowned away in disgust. Compare those of academical education with the other members of society, and then say whether their manners and taste are such as to argue that the exaggerated excesses of the universities are the exception or the rule. Doubtless, youth is the age of inexperience and folly, of strong temptations to commit error, and utter carelessness to conceal it. This is the case all the world over, and not in Oxford only. Temptations are not local. They are more from within than from without; and who will deny that the same number of young men would give quite as much cause for scandal if scattered about the country, as if collected together in colleges? For, though large societies of the young engender a spirit of excitement which encourages slighter excesses, we must not forget that it also originates a public opinion and a sentiment by which the more serious failings are kept in check. Whenever, therefore, we hear of defying proctors or tutors, being at the mercy of dunning creditors, and using childish tricks to evade them, climbing college-walls, mixing with low company, and being countenanced in intemperance of any kind, we shall do well to consider that the persons who amuse us with such stories have only picked up a tale of the extravagances of some silly fellow in an unguarded moment, and that such practices are known to the majority only to be laughed at and despised. Let it be granted therefore, Fred, that you do not go to college to imitate the 'larks,' the 'rows,' 'sprees,' or any other popular topics of low novelists; that such things are no more the distinctive feature of Oxford than of any other town in England; and above all, that they are excesses in which you would not receive the countenance of even a tenth part of any reputable college at the time, nor of a fiftieth part a few years after date. Some members of a 'rowing' or 'uproarious set' which existed seven years ago live around me at this moment, but they have the greatest abhorrence of their former practices; and, far from making the least allowance for collegians who follow their example, I have heard them burst out into the most impatient expressions of invective and detestation at the very mention of their names. But is it for Latin, Greek, or mathematics, that you should go to a university? Certainly not: this is but a part of the advantages; you might prosecute these studies at home. Is it to attain to the dignity of a B.A. or M.A. degree, or to compete for honours? No, the degree is but the sign of the academical character; the honours are only the sign of classical or mathematical proficiency. The question, what is the essence of the academical character itself, remains as before. Is it to gain a fellowship, and thus pupils for the present, with a living in expectancy? These are only the means and the rewards of education. Poor indeed is the conception of those who see no more in a university than a market for labour. Private tutors there always must and will be, both great and small, cheap, middling, and dear, about a university; so also will there always be men who to gain a fellowship would barter the very brains it is designed to stimulate. Still, however prominent a place the prizes and offices of a university may hold in the sordid calculations of narrow-minded men, 'child of reason, there are greater things than these.' Is it for the advantages of society, to gain a better standing and position in life — in short, to be made a gentleman? This again is a partial and perverted view of academical advantages.' 'Now,' says Fred, 'the next thing to knowing what university education is not, is to know what it is.' 'True, that is the point; still it was necessary to smooth the way. But you must not expect me to tell you all in a short pithy definition. These things are logically good, but practically useless. The difficulty of explaining the advantages of a university education is like making a man appreciate the flavour of a fruit he never had in his mouth, and that when it is a matter of acquired taste too. Besides, since no man can see himself, and few are conscious of their own deficiencies, how can you duly estimate a a remedy of which you do not feel the need? Your own sense must tell you that what I have to say you must take partly on *faith* and authority, contented to see the reason when you reap the benefit. I must explain myself by common instances and popular illustrations. And first of all, Fred, you know advantages are like all other things—greater or less by comparison; and duly to appreciate the advantages of a university education, we must compare the four years spent by one man at a university with four years spent by one of the same age elsewhere, and after setting the influence for good or for bad of the one sphere of life against the other, we must strike a fair balance between them. It will then be quite fair to presume that whatever the one exhibits more than the other, must be set down to the account of its advantages, however unconnected with the system, and however accidental or indirect these advantages may appear. For when accidental consequences are found uniform and inseparable from a system, it is usual to reckon them not a casual sequence, but the legitimate consequence and effect of that system, without demurring about the why and

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wherefore. First, then, supposing that from 18 to 22 years of age, a youth who did not go to college remained at home and entered no profession at all, what would people say? 'There goes young So-and-so, lounging about, tired of riding, tired of walking, voting every thing a bore, complaining how dull the place is, ever looking forward to some ball, battue, archery-meeting, or hunt, and not having much zest to enjoy those amusements when they come.' All recreations when continued of course cease to be such, and have no more charms than daily toil for daily bread, nor half the satisfaction. For when the gentleman depends as much on his gun or his boat to gain an appetite for his dinner as the gamekeeper or waterman to gain a dinner for his appetite, the labourer has decidedly the more pleasure of the two; for when he looks forward to repose and grateful ease, his master (so called) dreads the return of vacuity and ennui. Besides, we have an instinct to be useful. I, for one, feel as strong inward qualms, independent of any reflection; I feel as genuine stings of conscience at idleness and waste of time as at falsehood or dishonesty itself; and so, I presume does every healthy mind. * * * The most inexperienced must observe that the collegiate years (from 18 to 22 on an average) spent in idleness, involves certain ruin, both present and future. A man's character must be formed after some one, and of course those around him: and who are the companions to be the mould and model of the idler? Idlers like himself; the frequenters of the billiard-room; the marker, even, for many a tedious hour; the tap-frequenters of the sporting tavern; the coachman, the gamekeeper, and the groom! This is no exaggeration. Let any man recall the many instances of youths without profession, and then say what have been their pursuits, their company, and their general character. Secondly, let us suppose a youth enters a profession. * * * Before he is educated as a barrister, every judge upon the bench would tell you to send him to a university. This, indeed, is the preparation required by Blackstone; who says, that if a man merely studies facts and cases, like an attorney's clerk, instead of training his mind to the investigation of principles, then principles he can never know. But put this aside. Never mind the lawyer; we are now considering what system best forms the man. For two years at least the youth we are supposing would be employed for the greater part of the day in an office. Who would be his companions? What would be the character of his employment, of those with whom he would have most frequent intercourse, and what would be the general influence on his character? Consider these questions well; weighing, above all things, the fact that both in the university and every where else, it is indisputable that from eighteen to twenty-two years of age is the time in which the style, taste, refinement, and general character of men are formed, for better or for worse, and that too on the model of those more immediately around them. Again, think of the low clerks and common people, to whom a large part of every lawyer's time is necessarily devoted. Think of the chicanery, the quibbling, and the shuffling with which, be he ever so honest, the sharp wit and blunt conscience of the litigious must tend to familiarise him. What shall we say of the sordid, the vindictive, and the selfish feelings with which a mind yet tender, innocent, and unsuspicious, is to be made prematurely conversant? Then the ways of the world, knowledge of human nature, shrewdness in business, coolness, circumspection, wariness, and caution, are certain qualifications of a very mixed and alloyed character, and rather dangerous for youth to learn; and when to this we add the spirit of emulation, contention, enterprise, and desire of victory at all costs, so rife in the bosom of youth, who is there that would not fear that two years of influence so baneful, and intercourse so chilling, might be fatal to that sentiment of honour, sincerity, and generosity, which are the pride, the grace, and ornament, of manhood? So much for the manners and the man—so much for the feelings, the conscience, and the heart. But what will be the influence of this mode of life upon the mind? All previous instruction at the best of schools is stopped at the very point at which it begins to be serviceable. The classics are closed for ever. All taste for literature is nipped in the bud; and the newspaper, the novel, and the magazine, for the most part, are the sum total of all the intellectual treasures he can ever hope to call his own. To sum up all, recall to mind any lawyer's office which you please. Picture to yourself the dusty parchments, tin boxes, meagre clerks, and clients on a market-day, and then say what kind of person should you expect to see one of your late schoolfellows emerge from such a haunt as this, after being for two years exposed to its influence? Would he possess that elegance of manners or refinement of ideas which would render him an acquisition in polite society? Clearly not. At that early age man is '*cereus in vitium flecti*;' receiving impressions like wax; while at a later age, when his habits are formed, instead of the wax, we may represent him by the seal, stamping its own distinctive character with no perceptible change from the contact. If such is the disadvantage of a premature initiation into the life of the lawyer, what shall we say of the surgeon? Worse still."

And so he goes through the argument; and sorry we are we cannot be with him to the end. But we have quoted enough to shew what sort of a book this is; and we can only most cordially again recommend it, as being very practical and sound for the object in view, and more than usually diverting for the way in which the task is performed. A brief panegyric on fishing (p. 71) is worthy of old Izaac himself in his happiest mood.

Memorials of the Life and Works of Thomas Fuller, D.D. By the Rev. A. T. Russell, B.C.L. Pp. 347. W. Pickering.

At the present time, a more exemplary model, or a more useful work, could hardly be placed before the ministers and communion of the Church of England. Fuller's *chum* at Sidney Sussex College was Sir Rowland Litton, of Knebworth, an ancestor of Sir Bulwer Lytton; but having incidentally noticed this, we must refer the volume altogether to readers as one carefully and judiciously written, and in a style of moderation which does honour to its author.

St. Etienne: a Romance of the French Revolution. By Miss Martin. 3 vols.

The third volume of this romance is indeed a reality. By some miscalculation of the MS., its two predecessors, though of ample dimensions, are lean in comparison with its enormous growth. It is, as it were, three volumes rolled into one; and its appearance makes an impression (we know not why it should be so) unfavourable for the work. The interminable length of conversations leading to nothing, has been the cause of this protuberance; and Miss Martin's book would have been far better had they been remorselessly pruned out, and she had been left with some well-written descriptions and not feebly drawn characters. The scene is laid in La Vendée; and with much merit in the complication of the plot, we have rather to complain of prolixity, and hope to meet the fair writer again under a lesser burden of words.

Look to the End; or, the Bennetts abroad. By Mrs. Ellis, author of "The Women of England." 2 vols. Fisher, Son, and Co.

Mrs. Ellis has always one end in view—the moral improvement and edification of her fellow-creatures, and particularly of her own sex. The plan of the present work affords her an opportunity of making her lessons more descriptive and various, and consequently less directly inculcative, than most of her other compositions. It possesses, therefore, more elements for popularity than its predecessors, popular as they have been, and are. An English family visits Italy, and whilst its beauties and wonders are almost thrown away upon the elders, whose minds have been formed in and fitted for a contracted sphere, they excite the warmest enthusiasm in their companion, the young and unsophisticated heroine Eva. Her emotions are told with consonant fervour, and objects which attract every traveller in the land of blue sky and sun have a different and pleasing glow thrown over them. Nor at last is the grand lesson omitted: that, delightful as these things are, there are aspirations yet far more high, and an End of everlasting glory beyond the natural loveliness and fading memorials of this earth. Mrs. Ellis conducts her readers to this result in a very pleasing and interesting manner.

Dodd's Parliamentary Companion for 1845. Whittaker and Co.

This is one of the publications which, in good hands, every succeeding year tends to improve and render more perfect; and in better hands than those of Mr. Dodd such a work could not be. By the utmost care he collects his information to the latest possible moment; and there is nothing omitted which requires attention up to within a very few days of the appearance of this guide; which is not only accurate as a list of men and description of things, but of much higher value for its useful and impartial biographical sketches and general intelligence in regard to every parliamentary subject.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 10.—Mr. R. I. Murchison, president, in the chair. The reading of Capt. Haines' paper was not resumed, for, though of the greatest importance in regard to the navigation of the Red Sea and Sea of Oman, it was deemed fitter for reference and study than perusal at the evening meeting; nevertheless, as allusion had been made, when the former part of the paper was read at the last meeting, to the Hamyaritic or Hamaiyaric inscriptions in Hadramant, on which occasion the Rev. Mr. Forster had explained his views regarding these monuments of antiquity, the president read, with the permission of Col. Sykes, a letter addressed to that gentleman by Mr. James Bird, secretary to the Bombay Asiatic Society, dated Bombay, 2d Dec. 1844. It appears by that letter, that the character of the Hamaiyaric inscriptions in South Arabia, as shewn by the late Professor Gesenius, is not materially different from the Ethiopic of the opposite coast, only being more primitive, and making use of the three primitive vowels of the Syriac in

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place of the seven vowels in modern Ethiopic, which were borrowed from the system of Greek vowels when the New Testament was translated into this language. Like the modern Ethiopic it reads from left to right, and makes use of diacritical points, such as appear to have been introduced into the Syriac by the Nestorian Christians. The language of the inscriptions is a mixture of Ghiz and modern Arabic. These and other considerations detailed in Mr. Bird's letter, are, he says, solid reasons for considering these Hamolyaric inscriptions to be posterior to the Christian era, and that we must read them from left to right, and not from the opposite direction, as other palæographists have deemed necessary. The Rev. Charles Forster reads the inscriptions from right to left; but on this subject Mr. Bird suspends his judgment till he shall have examined the matter further.

The secretary then read an account of an exploratory journey along the south-east seaboard of South Australia, performed by Governor Grey, accompanied by Mr. Bonney, the commissioner of public lands, Mr. Burr, the deputy surveyor-general, Mr. G. F. Angas, &c. The south-east portion of South Australia was little known, it having been only traversed in one direction by overland parties, who passed through a country for the most part of a very unpromising character, which induced the belief that the south-east portion of the province afforded little inducement to settlers, and that there was little probability of any continuous line of settlements being established between South Australia and New South Wales. It was in order, therefore, to effect a more minute examination of the country that the governor undertook to explore it himself, accompanied by such persons as should make the examination as effective as possible. The results of this journey were of the most satisfactory nature; and it was ascertained that, by keeping near the sea-coast instead of pursuing the line usually adopted, there is an almost uninterrupted tract of good country between the rivers Murray and Glenelg. In some places this line of good country thins off to a narrow belt, in other portions of the route it widens out to a very considerable extent, and, on approaching the boundaries of New South Wales, it forms one of the most extensive and continuous tracts of good country which is known to exist within the limits of South Australia. The south-east extremity seems to have been the scene of recent volcanic action; some of the craters are filled with good fresh water, and are very deep. A great advantage of this fine tract of country is its proximity to the sea. Along its coasts are three bays, one of which has been found to afford good anchorage for small vessels, even in the winter season; and there is reason to believe that the others will also be found good for small vessels, particularly Lacepede Bay; thus affording great facility for a coasting trade, when the tract shall have been settled. The transports by land with drays and carts will be carried on without the slightest difficulty; so that there is little doubt but that ere long there will be a line of settlements between Adelaide and Port Philip. Rivoli Bay was regularly surveyed, and its soundings laid down. The report contained many curious facts, but for which we cannot afford space.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 22d.—The president, Mr. Warburton, in the chair. The following communications were read: "Geological features of the country round the mines of the Taurus," by Mr. W. W. Smyth. The mines described in this paper appear to be worked in great masses rather than beds or veins. They consist of two, one containing ores of copper, and the other argentiferous ores of lead worked for silver. The former at Arghaneh Maden is worked in igneous and altered rocks in the neighbourhood of Diarbekr, the average annual supply being about 3500 tons of ore, producing about 380 tons of copper; but it is thought that the return of metal from the ore might easily be doubled. There are several mines of silver and lead worked at Kiebban Maden, the proportion of silver being about an ounce or an ounce and a half per hundred pounds. About 900 lb. weight of silver are produced annually, and a small quantity of lead. The geological date of the formations in the Taurus seems to be, in most cases, that of the cretaceous period; but there are also some metamorphic rocks of more ancient origin.

"On the newer coal-formations of the eastern part of Nova Scotia," by Mr. J. W. Dawson. This paper was an appendix to a communication made last year before the Geological Society, and completed the account prepared by the author of the carboniferous formation. The paper also contained a notice of some footmarks observed in the sandstone, which were considered by the author to be those of a bird. In an appendix, a notice was given of the junction of the carboniferous and silurian rocks at a locality called M'Cara's Brook.

Feb. 5.—Mr. Warburton, president, in the chair. A paper was read "On raised beaches and the shells found in them, occurring on the coast of Essex near Welton," by Mr. J. Brown, of Stanway. The object of this paper was to direct attention to the fact, that low raised beaches exist on this part of the eastern coast; and that they contain fossils not only marine but fresh-water, and confined to a small number of species, though individuals are very numerous. It was also the wish of Mr. Brown to bring these raised beaches into comparison with the beds called "Till" in the Clyde valley.

A paper was read "On the geology of the vicinity of the Wollondilly River, in Argyle County, in the colony of Sydney, N. S. W.," by Rev. W. B. Clarke. The district described by the author is chiefly occupied by igneous rocks, upon which sedimentary rocks of the carboniferous period repose unconformably. The igneous rocks consist of granite and syenite, of porphyries, basalt, and trachyte. They pass into, and occasionally intersect, one another; and are traversed by numerous dykes of igneous rocks of various kinds. The sedimentary rocks are not less violently disturbed, and have become greatly altered in every place where they have been brought into contact with the granite.

A communication was made by Dr. Fitton, "On the beds of the lower greensand of the Isle of Wight." Dr. Fitton, after describing the general structure of the back of the Isle of Wight, alluded to the numerous fissures or *chines* found in these localities. He described the different beds of the lower greensand, and mentioned the fossils most characteristic of each of them; and concluded by alluding to some of the fossils from the Neocomien beds of the Continent; mentioning the fact, that these foreign strata are strictly contemporaneous with the lower greensand of England.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Feb. 4th.—Sir John Rennie, the new president, in the chair, addressed the meeting at some length, complimenting his predecessor, Mr. Walker, who had for ten years fulfilled the duties of the chair in so zealous and popular a manner; enlarging on the vast and increasing importance of engineering science; and enforcing the benefits of unanimity, harmony, and hearty co-operation among the members of the society. The minutes of the discussion on Mr. Barlow's paper on hollow iron keys for railway bars was read; and Mr. Brockedon exhibited specimens of his "vulcanised" india-rubber for diminishing the vibration of railways, by a layer of the material being introduced instead of the patent felt between the base of the chair and the surface of the sleeper. The preparation was a mixture of caoutchouc and sulphur. Its elasticity was stated to be of a surprising character, and to be preserved under intense pressure for a long period. It had been tried on the Great Western Railway with success; its price was very moderate; and it was to all appearance indestructible.

The paper read was by Mr. B. L. Vulliamy, "On the construction and regulation of clocks for railway-stations." The author proposed that all railway-clocks should be made to shew both Greenwich mean time and the actual mean time at the station where the clock was placed. This could be done very inexpensively by applying a double minute-hand to the clock, one point indicating Greenwich mean time, the other the actual time of the station; Greenwich mean time being shewn by a gilt hand with "London time" marked upon it, and the ordinary time by a plain steel hand. By this simple contrivance the public would readily understand the difference of time between London and the place referred to in the bill, and regulate their arrival at the station in consequence. The paper then pointed out the disadvantage of employing a spring as the maintaining power of clocks; shewing the time occupied in repairing and regulating them in case of any accident occurring, and their liability to variation; as compared with the simplicity of weight clocks, which could be repaired in a few hours, and would not require time for regulation, the maintaining power remaining the same. It then explained in detail the kind of escapement to be used, describing that invented by Mr. Airy. It recommended a pendulum of well-varnished teak-wood; and in general entered into much valuable detail on the manufacture of large clocks.

Feb. 11th.—The president, Sir J. Rennie, in the chair. Read: 1. A description, by Mr. T. Hughes, of the method employed for draining some banks of cuttings on the London and Croydon and London and Birmingham railways, also a part of the retaining wall of the Euston incline-plane. The method adopted was the introduction of Watson's drain-pipes, which were made of the iron-stone clay of Staffordshire; their surface is pierced with numerous apertures, small externally, and enlarging inwardly, which form prevents their being clogged by the earth, and allows whatever enters to pass freely into the pipe. The panels of the retaining wall were drained by boring holes through the brickwork at given distances by a powerful auger, worked by a machine, and then inserting cast-iron pipes of the same form as those of clay. This process proved so effectual, that the walls which before shewed evidence of water being lodged behind nearly the whole length, were now evidently drying fast, and the water oozed out from the pipes at all times, even during the severe drought of 1844.—2. A description of the Ouse bridge on the Hull and Selby railway, by Mr. W. B. Bray. The river Ouse, at Selby, is 196 feet wide and 14 feet deep at low water; the tide rises 4 feet at neap-tides and 9 feet at spring-tides. The bed of the river consists of silt resting on

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a bed of quicksand, beneath which is hard clay. The foundations of the abutments were formed of piles driven into the clay; and on these longitudinal sleepers and transverse sills were tenoned; the intermediate spaces being filled with broken stone, grouted with thin mortar. On this platform, brick abutments, with stone quoins, string-courses, and copings, were built. They were subsequently tied by wrought-iron rods to heavy stone piers. There were six piers placed in pairs, which were founded on piles driven into the clay, and tenoned to receive the cap-sills, on which cast-iron frames were strongly bolted; the ends being furnished with cutwaters of cast-iron plates. The superstructure consists of six ribs of cast-iron, an inch and a half thick, resting on transverse girders: one being placed under each line of rails, and one under each hand-rail; the rails themselves being laid on longitudinal sleepers, twelve inches wide and six inches deep. In the Act there was a clause requiring that this bridge should have an opening arch, for the passage of steamers and vessels with fixed masts. This consists of two similar leaves, each keyed on to a cast-iron shaft, nine inches square, with turned journals, plummer blocks, and trusses. The total weight of iron work is 590 tons. The communication was accompanied by a register of the tides at Selby during the year 1842, and was illustrated by a well-executed model, presented to the institution by Mr. J. Walker. Mr. J. B. Redman exhibited a portion of a fender-pile which had been driven in the works of the new Terrace Pier at Gravesend, in 1843; and in which the "teredo navalis," or pipe-worm, had made great inroads. It appeared, however, that the ravages of this insect were confined to a space of about three feet above the level of low-water spring-tide; and that therefore, if wood-work were well defended by copper sheathing or scupper nails at and below that point, no great injury would be received by piles in any situation. The paper announced for the next meeting was a "Description of the Great Britain steam-ship, with an account of the trial-voyages," by Mr. T. R. Guppy.

ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 29th.—Admiral Sir C. Malcolm, president, in the chair.—After a short communication from Prof. Latham, M.D. on the Pillbella, Chenook, and Chimmesyan languages of the Oregon territory, a paper by Mr. Bright was read, entitled "the New Zealandar as he was." Cuvier's classification of the New Zealander with the Ethiopian variety of mankind does not meet with the approval of Mr. Bright. His dark visage is attributed to the practice of the tattoo, and the hair, though somewhat peculiar, is insufficient to mark a distinction. Individuals in every tribe on the eastern, western, and northern parts of the north island are to be found with a decided Hebrew cast of feature. Accustomed to transcribe as their signature the tattooings on the face, induces Mr. Bright to believe the practice had an origin similar to our heraldic emblazonry. When the club and the spear were their weapons, they lived in towns built on the tops and sides of precipitous hills and fenced round with timber. The several houses were separated by well-constructed fences, but the houses were not partitioned off into rooms; men, women, and children, slept together. They have no medical knowledge, in which respect they are singular; and although there are priests among them, their power is limited to the consecration of persons and things, or in other words, to the tabooing of them. Theft, adultery, and murder, are denounced as crimes if practised with one of the same tribe, but are not so denounced with one of another tribe. On marriage the priest consecrates the bride, and thus taboos her to all other men; the bridegroom must give property to the relatives of his bride. Their laws are simple, and are known to every individual of the tribe. The children of captives are slaves, but the children of slave-women by the men of the tribe are as one of themselves, and inherit their father's rank. The avocations of the sexes are in common, except those of building and of war. Mr. Bright concluded his paper with deploring, that while the white in thousands is subsisting where once the black in hundreds roamed, and we are boasting of our wealth arising out of the sale of colonial lands and their produce, we wholly neglect the old proprietor. His form and intellect, his arts and manufactures, his manners and habits, remain unrecorded. One of the most attentive of the numerous assembly was a New Zealander, now educating in this country under the care of Mr. Halswell; and the manner in which he answered the numerous questions addressed to him called forth the admiration of all.

NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.

Jan. 23d.—Dr. Lee in the chair. The Rev. H. Christmas, hon. sec., read a paper by Dr. J. W. Whittaker of Blackburn, on certain of the coins discovered at Cuerdale, and published by the society (*Num. Chron.* vol. v.). They are those inscribed SIEFREDVS, EBRAICE, CVNNETTI, and QVENTOVICI. The general opinion among English antiquaries, Dr. Whittaker observed, is, that they are French, "Ebraice" being identified with Evreux, "Quentovici" with Quanege, and "Cunnetti" with some undiscovered place. The author then proceeded to discuss the various reasons assigned against this appropriation of these coins to France, adding, that they were repudiated by the French numismatists themselves. A powerful argument against this conclusion seems to be founded on the fact that one of the Cunnetti coins exhibits the monogram of Carolus, it being taken for granted that a French king would not cause his money to be coined in England, but which argument is rebutted by five of these mysterious coins being Alfred's. The coins reading "Ebraice," "Cunnetti," and "Quentovici," have, according to Mr. Hawkins (*Num. Chron.* v. 83), seventeen varieties of the reverse, reading most commonly CIRTEN, which are chiefly blunders, or inversion of letters, or abbreviations. The author then gave at considerable length his opinion upon the meaning of this inscription, which was, that it was the name of the person who fabricated the coins, CIRTENA, pronouncing the first letter hard, like K. At the next stage of the memoir, the remarkable coins of Alfred, (*Num. Chron.* vol. v., pl. i. 8) with unknown characters, were commented upon. These characters, Dr. Whittaker considered to be Hebrew, and equivalent to the writing of the name in ordinary manner thus, [Hebrew], "Curtenæla," or Courtenay, and thus identical with the CIRTENA on the coins of Siefred, Cunnetti, Ebraice, and Quentovici; and observed, that his first impression was, that this Courtenay was a Spanish Jew, who had fraudulently issued a quantity of purported French, English, or Saxon coins, for special circulation among his own countrymen, and this would explain why Saracenic money had been found in company with Christian coinage. The family of Courtenay in all probability had a Jewish origin; certainly it would be easy to find a Hebrew derivation for the name. The fraudulent coiner of that name must have resided somewhere in England, close to places whose names resembled those of the French cities, Quanage, Evreux, and Condata, if the last be the Gallic locality corresponding to Cunnetti. In conclusion the author observed, that he thought in the word EBRAICE the letter V had been often supposed an A. The word EBARVICE does actually occur, so that the latter half of the two names Quentovici and Ebraice are reduced to an identity, and may be read assuredly "Ebarwick" and "Quentowick," or "Berwick" and "Winterbourne," formerly towns of high consideration, and within ten miles of Marlborough. The word "Cunnetti" would be Cunetio, or Kennett, on the river of the same name, pronounced to this day by the peasantry "Cunnet." Mr. Akerman remarked, that he thought there were many points in the paper which had just been read which would be objected to by most numismatists, particularly that of the supposed Hebrew inscription. If the characters could be satisfactorily read as Hebrew, he should have expected to have found something in unison with Jewish practices, and that the inscription would have been proved to be some religious apophthegm instead of a personal name. Mr. Birch also expressed dissent from the general arguments and conclusions of the author.

Mr. C. R. Smith exhibited three looped Merovingian coins from the collection of Mr. Rolfe, of Sandwich, which had come into the possession of that gentleman subsequent to his exhibition on a former occasion of similar and Byzantine coins, from the same locality, near St. Martin's church, at Canterbury. With them was found a circular gold ornament set with coloured vitreous substances, and a gold pendent set with an antique intaglio. Mr. Smith observed, that these coins had evidently formed, together with the pendent and others now lost, a necklace, which, from its intrinsic value, must have belonged to a person of distinction, probably to some noble lady of the early Anglo-Saxons. The inscriptions on the coins gave chiefly the names of towns and cities in France and those of moneyers. Dr. Lee stated, that to the present day throughout Greece the custom of wearing gold and silver coins as ornaments and necklaces has been retained, and that it was very common to see the ladies adorned with necklaces arranged precisely as it may be supposed the Saxon one was. Mr. Birch said that the Roman imperial gold coins were also worn as ornaments and necklaces.

Mr. Akerman read an account by Mr. W. Hawkins, of the Russian beard-coins or tokens. In most parts of Europe, the author remarked, the habit of wearing beards had fallen into disuse by the commencement of the eighteenth century. Peter the Great, in 1705, issued his ukase imposing a tax on those who wore beards and moustaches. This measure gave rise to much discontent, and at one time the rigour with which it was exacted almost excited insurrection. Still, for the space of nearly sixty years, the tax, with certain modifications, was exacted. When payment was made, a certain token or coin was given as a receipt, the various kinds of which were described by the author.

Mr. Birch read an account of the Sycee silver, which comprised a notice of the places in China yielding the precious metals, and the various legal enactments relating to their employ as a circulating medium.

After the meeting, the chairman, in the name of the leading members of the society, presented to Mr. Charles Roach Smith a very beautiful

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and costly silver tea and coffee service, suitably inscribed, in testimony of their regard, and as a mark of approval of his services as honorary secretary, an office he had recently resigned, on account (it was stated) of the increasing duties of the situation he holds in the Archæological Association. Mr. J. B. Bergne, the treasurer, in handing Mr. Smith a list of the subscribers, observed that the part he had taken in the affair had been a pleasure to him, as well from his regard to Mr. Smith as from the spontaneous and spirited manner in which the suggestion was met on the part of so many members of the society.

DECORATIVE-ART SOCIETY.

Feb. 12th.—Read an introductory paper by Mr. Vicary, "On the physiology of timber-trees, considered with reference to manufacturing purposes." The few government and private collections of specimens of timber in this country were noticed, and regret expressed that in almost every case no scientific arrangement had been attempted, whereby a study of the varieties of timber could be promoted. The author here contrasted the attention devoted in our national museums to stuffed birds, &c., with the almost total neglect of a useful classification of timber, although entering as it does so largely into our every-day comforts and conveniences. The growth of trees and the capillary action of the sap, &c., the formation of knots, and the consequent weakness wherever they occur, were next noticed; also the effects of pruning or lopping at a wrong season, thereby generating what is usually termed "dry rot." The patent processes of Mr. Payne were introduced, exhibiting in a series of experiments his modes of preserving timber from decay, and rendering it incombustible; also of hardening any English woods, and dyeing them of various colours, so as to make them available for the purposes of the cabinet-maker. The paper was illustrated by upwards of 200 specimens of different woods, English and foreign, sound and in various stages of decay. The subject is to be continued on a future occasion. For the next meeting a paper "On the interior decorations of the Royal Exchange" was announced.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, *Feb.* 10.—The Rev. F. Wade, M.A., of Trinity College, Dublin, was admitted *ad eundem;* and the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—The Rev. W. Rogers, Exeter College; the Rev. J. Acres, Lincoln College.

Bachelors of Arts.—F. G. Blomfield, Balliol College; A. R. M. Wilshere, Pembroke College; G. C. Bénn, Merton College.

CAMBRIDGE, *Feb.* 5.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—T. Peckston, Trinity College; T. B. Foulkes, Queen's College; T. T. Leete, Caius College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. J. Mules, Trinity Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—F. Bliss, W. S. Evans, H. Nicholls, G. Head, Trinity College; W. Gilder, St. John's College; J. M. Lukin, St. Peter's Coll.; E. T. W. Probyn, Caius College; S. W. King, St. Catherine's Hall; J. F. Ogle, Jesus College.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Jan. 23d.—Mr. Osburn read a paper, by himself, containing "Observations on the Egyptian ritual, or book of the dead." The ritual consists of three parts. The first describes and directs the prayers, ceremonies, and offerings to be used while the mummy of the deceased person was carried in procession to the tomb. The second part narrates the adventures of the soul in the nether world, after its separation from the body. The third part describes the return of the reunited soul and body to the upper world. Mr. Osburn's paper related to the first part only of the ritual. The whole upper margin of the papyrus, on which this portion is written, is occupied by a picture representing the procession from the embalmer's house to the tomb; its reception at the door of the tomb by Anubis; and the offerings made within the tomb to the ancestors of the deceased, and to Phré-Athom, the setting sun. The hieroglyphic text is a series of prayers and exclamations to be used at the ceremonies represented above. From this remarkable document Mr. Osburn deduced several singular and hitherto unnoticed facts connected with the system of psychology of which it is the exposition; and was enabled to throw much light upon the modes of thought that prevailed at the remote period in which it was originally compiled. These facts were arranged under two heads. 1. The doctrine regarding the dead body, which, when embalmed, became a statue or image of Osiris, and the proper object of worship. 2. The state after death, in which, after the embalming was completed, both soul and body, in their state of separation, were engaged in a series of painful and difficult adventures—the former in its progress to the dread tribunal in Hades, where all the deeds done in the body must be judged; the latter, in chase of its lost companion. The summary of the doctrine concerning the dead, as deducible from this part of the ritual, was briefly stated as follows:—the fruit of the good deeds done in the body could only be gathered by those who could attain to the reunion of the body and soul in the nether world. In order to this reunion, both, in the separate state, had to undergo a long series of trials and dangers. The means whereby the dead could hope to overcome these perils were twofold: the perfect preservation of the body from corruption by embalming, and the favour and help of the infernal gods, which were only to be propitiated by means of vast offerings in gold, silver, jewels, and provisions, to be made both before and after death. Mr. Osburn concluded by observing, that it would appear from the quotations given by him, that the ritual is a poem, or series of poems. In structure it is exactly similar to the Hebrew Scriptures, being rhythmical in sense, not in sound, and abounding in alliteration. The copy of the ritual made use of by him is that published by Dr. Lepsius, from an original in the museum at Turin, which the learned editor considers to be of very great antiquity. Mr. Osburn, on the contrary, contends, from the mean and imperfect execution both of the pictorial and hieroglyphic portions, that this is certainly a mistake.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Feb. 13th.—Mr. Hallam in the chair. A paper by Mr. G. Wollaston, "On the paintings on the walls of East Wickham church," was communicated by the Central Committee of the British Archæological Association, whose efforts to save them from destruction have been unfortunately without success.—The Dean of Hereford communicated a most interesting account, by Mrs. Stalkhouse Acton, of Acton Scott, of a Roman villa which she has recently had explored at Acton Scott, near Church Stretton, and in the neighbourhood of the ancient Watling Street. The most curious circumstance connected with this discovery was, the finding among the ruins several coins of the Greek colonies in Asia Minor, &c., among which were coins of Smyrna, Neapolis, and Andros. Some months ago a parcel of Greek coins were said to have been discovered at Worcester; but some of our numismatists disputed the authenticity of the fact, which, however, would seem to be confirmed by this new discovery. It would appear as though Greek soldiers had been placed in some of the posts along the Welsh border.—The reading of the papers being concluded, Mr. Windus rose and said: "He begged leave to make a few remarks upon a subject he had that evening brought before the society. He alluded to the wilful destruction of the Portland Vase. It was some consolation to them and to the public that the miscreant, whose depraved heart had urged him to perpetrate this odious crime, had not succeeded to the full extent of his wish. It was but too true that nothing could restore to them the vase itself; but genuine copies had fortunately been made. The late Pichler, the eminent engraver of gems, struck with its beauty, moulded the vase at Rome. This mould was put into the hands of Mr. Tassie; and after a certain number (only a few) of casts were made, it was destroyed. A few of these casts are extant. The Marquis of Exeter, Mr. A. Pellatt, and he himself (Mr. Windus), possess copies. His own he intended shortly to exhibit, together with a cast of the sarcophagus in which it was found, at the Polytechnicon." Sir Henry Ellis stated that the British Museum had also one of these copies, which would, as early as possible, be exhibited to the public. The vase by Wedgewood, it appears, is only a modern copy, and not cast from the original. Sir Henry Ellis also stated that the vase had not sustained so much injury as was expected; that the principal figures were preserved, and persons employed in the Museum would be able to put it together again.

ANCIENT LANGUAGE.

OUR readers are aware that Dr. Lepsius is now at Thebes; but the following interesting communication has been received of his preceding investigations:—

"It appears from the researches of Dr. Lepsius in Upper Nubia, the languages of which district in the valley of the Nile he has studied during his sojourn in that country, and also that of Darfour and the Bejowey of the Bishariba (Arabicè Bishareen), out of the valley, which last-mentioned language he has found to belong to the Caucasian family, that it is very rich in its grammar, and extremely interesting with regard to the place it occupies among the other languages; and what is remarkable also is, that it appears to have been the language of the ancient Meroe."

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Statistical, 8 P.M.; Chemical, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Syro-Egyptian, 7½ P.M.; Horticultural, 2 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Microscopical (anniversary meeting), 7 P.M.; Ethnological, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (soirée).

Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.

Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Geological (anniversary meeting), 1 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (discussion).

Saturday.—Royal Botanic, 4 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

MR. CHARLES LANDSEER has been elected the new Royal Academician; an honour fairly earned by his zealous and able exertions in the higher class of historical art. We believe there is another vacancy; and, from what we hear of the votes upon this occasion, anticipate that Mr. F. Grant, Mr. Herbert, and probably Mr. Cope, will become the earliest members in rotation of this distinguished body.

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THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

No. 1. "Decoyman's Dog and Ducks." E. Landseer, R.A.—The effect of colour cannot go beyond this; nor the softness of the feathery covering with which the artist has invested these matchless birds. The spectator feels as if he could pluck them; and yet with all this individuality of touch there is a general breadth on the canvass that we know not whether most to admire the work upon the closest inspection or when seen from a distance, which enables the eye to take in the whole. No. 134, "King Charles' Spaniels," is another masterpiece of the kind, where the two dogs, gracefully accompanied by a cavalier, hat and feather, and a gilded spur, form altogether a beautiful subject. 190 and 199, "A Sussex Spaniel and a Retriever," by the same, are admirable portraits.

No. 2. "La Cephaline." J. Inskipp.—The head of this female is delightful, and in the artist's happiest manner. Characteristic expression and a rich tone of colouring are its most obvious charms, and the drapery being loosely scambled in, prevents us from speaking of it as a completely finished painting. When it is so, it will still more redound to the already high celebrity of the artist. From Mr. Inskipp we have also 280, "The End of the Beat;" a genuine shooting-party; and 485, one no less faithful of "Pike-Fishing." The action, attitudes, and accessories in both are most true to nature, and we should be sorely puzzled to say which we prefer. Perhaps the gun, for its striking interest; though we are not sure if the rod be not the best picture.

Nos. 3, 25, 148, and 362. Sporting subjects: foxes, rabbits, partridges, fallow-deer, &c. C. Hancock.—All executed with great talent, and in the first No. with considerable humour.

No. 4. "On the Lago Maggiore." A sketch by C. Stanfield, R.A.—A brilliant sketch in Mr. Stanfield's unsurpassed style. The effect of light on the water and buildings is wonderfully transparent. No. 101, is another lovely little piece of Italian scenery; but No. 129, "On the Holland Diep," a landscape on a larger scale, in the foreground of which the waves are all but literally tossing in motion. The objects in the distance are composed with fine effect, and the *ensemble* is worthy of the pencil which has produced it. We could not say more.

Nos. 5 and 262. "Gateway of Saltwood Castle," and another pretty landscape, by W. Fowler. The former is a bright little performance.

No. 11. "Fruit." G. Lance.—It *is* fruit! and so is No. 26; but No. 89, "The last ripening sunbeam," is both fruit and poetry. The representation of the rays darting through the window on the glowing pineapple and other delicacies of the orchard and hothouse, is happily conceived, and executed with no less skill. To the excellence of mechanical art in the delineation of still life, this thought superadds a sense of enjoyment rarely attending the treatment of such subjects. No. 102, "Scrape from a Burgomaster's table," is as rich as can be imagined; and 440 and 443, other groups of fruit, equally eminent examples of Mr. Lance's talent.

No. 18. "George IV. in 1821 visiting the Field of Waterloo, attended by the Duke of Wellington." B. R. Haydon.—A large historical picture, of an incident of much national interest, and treated with great spirit. The king and his immortal guide are on horseback; the duke pointing attention to some part of the field of his glory. The animals are full of life; and the attentive look of his majesty whilst listening to the oracle beside him, quietly, and without a blemish of theatricalism, telling no doubt of some tragical and heroic event, and describing the sacrifices and the consequences, are conceived with a true painter's feeling. There are some minor traits which we might animadvert upon; but we must rank the whole among the greater efforts of art in this exhibition, and as such give it our most favourable report.

No. 27. "Dance at Xanthus." W. Müller.—A very classical and able sketch, for a large picture. The dancers, the musicians, the spectators, the costumes, and the climate (atmosphere), are all national and natural. No. 140, "Rhodes," &c., by the same, is a striking view of a famous place; and 498, "Telmessus, Asia Minor," a third production of M. Müller's, which must be reckoned among the prominent adornments of the gallery.

No. 39. "Lucy Lockit." A. Morton.—A clear-skinned and voluptuous Lucy; which reminds us of Hogarth, and does not in that recollection depress the execution of Mr. Morton; who has also 431, a study from Nature, not perhaps so carefully wrought and highly finished, but a picture which well sustains his reputation.

No. 41. "The Ballad." F. Stone.—One of the artist's sweet compositions; a female reclining on a flowery bank, and entranced in the tenderness of song. The countenance and bust are both expressive commentators on the poet; whose theme it is as impossible to doubt as if the book or broadside were open with the title before us.

[For the present we pass over some landscapes.]

No. 59. "The Widow's Benefit Night." F. Goodall.—This young artist, by his "French Fête," last year, established a name for himself, which he has fully sustained by the present performance. It is a wake or Irish dance, &c., for the benefit of a widow, who, in her weeds and with her children, are seen among one of the groups towards the left. On the other hand, footing it, drinking, love-making, and other congenial incidents, fill up the well-peopled scene. Most of the figures are capitally displayed; but there is a want in too many of them of the Irish national character. But the piper! he is the flower of the flock. Wilkie in all his power never painted any thing superior to this maker of music. He is perfect; and his pipes as perfect as himself. No. 197. "The Soldier's Dream," by the same, is one of the most poetical and touching productions of mind in the exhibition. A Highland soldier asleep on the arid sands of Egypt, with the pyramids in the background, sees a vision in the misty sky of Caledonia, of his own reception at home by his faithful wife and joyful children. The idea is very affecting, and the picture one which could never cease to please.

Nos. 160 and 184. "Morning and Evening in Paradise." J. Martin.—Two compositions in the artist's peculiar style. The figures atoms, and the landscape carried out in immense gradations, combining grand objects with perspective, and glowing with the positive colours in which Mr. M. delights.

Nos. 94, 225, and 236. W. Etty, R.A.—Small, but most covetable examples of Mr. Etty's study. The first is a Cupid, whose flesh-colour is delicious; the second a boldly executed academic nude; and the last, one of his dark Cleopatra females, dipping into the lucid stream for ablution.

[To be continued.]

Portrait of Lady Sale.—A fine lithographic portrait of the heroine of Affghanistan has just appeared at Messrs. Graves and Co.'s. The likeness is by Mrs. Moseley, and the transfer to the stone one of the most pleasing and successful productions of Mr. Lane, whose talent has in this instance (as is usual with him) done ample justice to that displayed in the original drawing. The countenance is marked and full of character; but the execution of the print is as delicate and prepossessing as it is possible to conceive. Such a publication is sure of wide popularity, both for the interest of the subject and its artistic merits.

BIOGRAPHY.

ANDREW FRANKLIN.

In the obituary of the week we observe the death, in his ninetieth year, of this patriarch in literature, Mr. Andrew Franklin, who, till obliged to retire in consequence of the infirmities of advanced age, was, for much more than half a century, connected with the newspaper-press of London as a contributor and editor. We had not seen him for some time, and had supposed either that he was dead, or had gone to spend his evening of life in his native country, Ireland; and were consequently much struck by the announcement that he had died so near to all his former friends and haunts as Tavistock Street, Covent Garden. During the greater portion of his career, Mr. Franklin mixed with the social and clever band*s* (for his space of time extended to plurals in this evanescent list) of men who devoted themselves chiefly to periodical literature. He was the esteemed companion of many of them, whose talents would have reflected lustre on any rank or station; and, himself methodical and temperate, he was not less prized as a chosen intimate of the more convivial and exuberant. His own quaint humour, and dry manner of exhibiting it, made him indeed a very amusing associate; and when these qualities were elicited by collision with the wits of the happy hour, the "brief chroniclers" of the stage, and the *bons-vivants* of other classes, who formed and enjoyed these festive *symposia*, Andrew Franklin was about one of the foremost on the scene; well-informed, rational, quietly caustic, and entertaining. A good disposition and contented temperament laid the load of ninety years upon his shoulders. Alas, poor Yorick! Mr. Franklin was the author of *The Mermaid*, a farce, in 1792; *A Trip to the Nore*, a musical entertainment, in 1797; *The Wandering Jew*, a brief comedy, or comic sketch, in the same year; *The Embarkation*, a musical entertainment, in 1799; *The Egyptian Festival*, a comic opera, in 1800; and *The Counterfeit*, a farce, in 1804.

MR. HENRY JOSI,

the able superintendent of the old print department in the British Museum, died on the 7th, at the premature age of forty-three. Many applications have been made for his succession; though the office is one which there are very few candidates who could fill efficiently. Mr. Josi was justly and generally esteemed, not only for his knowledge in this branch of the art, but for his private worth.

MR. THOMAS GWENNAP.

We have to record the premature loss of this gentleman, well known in the world of art, at his residence in Tichborne Street, on Monday the 3d inst., aged only forty-six years. He was seized on the Saturday preceding with cramp in the stomach, and died in forty-eight hours, medical aid being employed in vain. He has left a widow and a young child about

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two years old. He was the son of Mr. Gwennap, whose collection of ancient armour was so greatly celebrated some time ago, and himself an able connoisseur of paintings, and the owner of a number of ancient and curious works, which we think it likely will come into the market.

MRS. JAMES GRAY.

It is a melancholy task to record the early death of this child of song, whose poetical productions, as Mary Ann Browne, justly attracted a considerable share of public admiration. She died at the Holiwell, near Cork. Her earliest efforts appeared in the *Literary Gazette*.

THE DRAMA.

Princess's.—On Monday another novelty was produced here, called the *Carbonari*, and with complete success; for which it was mainly indebted to the captivating talent of Mrs. Stirling. The part is that of a Jewess, whose love for the person that is only wooing her for a friend is finely delineated, from its earliest glow to its final absorbing passion. The story is sufficiently interesting; and being interspersed with some light comedy, well played by Miss Stanley and Compton, the piece was received with approbation throughout, and its termination hailed with the warmest applause.

On Thursday, Miss Cushman, an American actress of celebrity, made her *début* here, as *Bianca*, in *Fazio*; a part, we are inclined to think, not the best suited for the display of her powers. Her qualities may be summed up in intensity, identifying herself with the character she has to represent, and seizing its salient points with great energy and passion. But the nice delineations of varying emotions, the shading between outbursts of the wildest nature, have yet to be acquired by study, for which we fear her own country, and ours now, offer her but few models. Still her personation was highly effective. She carried her audience with her throughout, and several of her conceptions of passages, as well as her delivery and execution, evinced both originality and genius. The entire impression was very pleasing, and she justly received the warmest plaudits from every part of the house. Mr. Graham played with skill and discrimination: and the lively and buxom Mrs. Brougham was mis-cast for the imperious *Aldabella*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

VALENTINE.

BY A PALÆONTOLOGIST.

Borne upon Pterodactyle's wing,
This heart, which once you deemed of stone,
Model of maids! to thee I bring,
And offer it to thee alone.
Not Owen, pondering o'er bone
Of great Dinornis, fonder grew
Of mighty wingless birds unknown
Than I, sweet maid, of you!

The Glyptodon, which Darwin found
Beside the South Atlantic main,
Was in no harder armour bound
Than that my spirit did enchain;
Till, bade by thee, Love rent in twain
The fetters which my fancy tied
To boulder, glacier, and moraine,
And bore me to thy side!

Like some fantastic Trilobite
That perished in silurian sea,
And long lay hid from mortal sight,
So was the heart I yield to thee.
Now from its stony matrix free,
Thy palæontologic skill
Once more hath called it forth to be
The servant of thy will!

Geological Society, Feb. 14.

VARIETIES.

Dr. Wolff.—Accounts of the Bokhara missionary have been received from Erzroum, which place he reached in an enfeebled state of health on the 4th of January. After recruiting his strength a little, it was his intention to journey to Trebizond, and thence by steam-vessels to Southampton.

The Portland Vase.—The public will be gratified to see by our report of the Society of Antiquaries, that the Portland Vase has not been so utterly *smashed* as to preclude the possibility of cementing it together again.

Honours to Science and Literature.—The king of Prussia has conferred the rank of hereditary nobility, with the title of Baron, upon the celebrated Professor Schelling, who holds the chair of philosophy in the University of Berlin, and M. Schoenlein his majesty's first physician.

Shakspere's Plays.—We are sorry to learn that the proposed arrangement for performing Shakspere and the legitimate drama thrice a week at St. James's Theatre, has been abandoned in consequence of the difficulty of bringing the expenditure (including new scenery, wardrobe, &c.) within the probable amount of the receipts.

The Round Church at Cambridge.—It is stated in a Cambridge paper that an appeal against Sir J. Fust's decision in this case is to be brought before the privy council; and that Mr. Hope, M.P., has offered the funds; whereas the Duke of Northumberland, chancellor of the university, has, on the other hand, withdrawn from the Camden Society.

Monster Child.—A most extraordinary monster child was, we are informed, recently born alive near Clapham, and within a month of maturity. It has four legs and four arms, and a sort of double body united to the head by a single neck. But the most remarkable part of the phenomenon is, that it has two faces; a circumstance, we believe, altogether unique in the history of unnatural humanity. The miserable being cried loudly, but died within ten minutes of its entrance upon a world not made for its breathing. It is now preserved in spirits by the medical gentleman who attended its unfortunate mother.

Charity and Discretion.—The venerable *Joe*, after lying dormant about two hundred years—"Generous sir! bestow thy charity!" "Content thee, friend, I have it not!"—has just been revived, and is enjoying the run of the newspapers as a fact of the day, and the colloquial parties a frequent passer and the sweeper of a crossing: there is nothing like being particular. A parallel, however, actually occurred on a police-dispute from the terminus of the Dover Railroad on Tuesday. A wealthy man of Kent happened to have forgotten his purse, and was roughly handled because he could not pay his fare, and finally taken to the station-house. On matters being cleared up, and his respectability urged as a reason why the functionary ought in his discretion to have trusted to his word, the managing director replied, "Sir, we do not permit our servants to have any discretion!"

A Frog in a Hole.—Half a column of small print in the newspapers has been allotted to the story of a frog in a hole, found by a miner in shale forty-five yards below the surface of the earth, in the Pendarran mine-works. The frog, a large-sized one, it is stated, *leapt* out of the cleft mineral, though so weak it could *crawl* only with great difficulty. Its eyes, it is added, were full-sized, but blind, and there is only an indication of where the mouth should be. It is still living, and continues to increase in bulk and weight.

Religious Separations.—Among other signs of the times, there has been a secession from the Romish Church in Prussia, led by a priest of Breslau, named Rouge, and followed by others in Prussia and Poland.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Travels in India, including Sinde and the Punjab, by Capt. Von Orlich, translated by H. E. Lloyd, 2 vols. 8vo, 25s.—Maunder's Biographical Treasury, 5th edit.; with a Supplement to the Present Time, fcp. 8vo, 10s. cloth.—Maternal Management of Children in Health and Disease, by T. Bull, M.D., 2d edit. fcp. 8vo, 7s.—Dr. A. T. Thomson's Conspectus of the Pharmacopœias, 15th edit. 18mo, 5s. 6d. cl.—Spenser's Works, new edit. royal 8vo, 10s. 6d.—Shelford's Law of Highways, 2d edit. 12mo, 7s. 6d.—Laws relating to Pews in Churches, by S. Billing, 12mo, 6s.—Lectures for the Times, by the Rev. J. Cumming, post 8vo, 10s. 6d.—Grant's Bampton Lectures, 2d edit., 8vo, 10s. 6d.—Tourrier's Model-Book, 3d edit., 8vo, 7s. 6d.—Ollendorff's Treatise on French Genders, 12mo, 2s.—Memoirs of Alexander Bethune, by W. M'Combie, 12mo, 4s. 6d.—D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, translated by Beveridge, Vol. III., post 8vo, 4s.—Dr. T. Arnold's Sermons on the Interpretation of Scripture, 8vo, 12s.—Self-Inspection, by the Rev. D. Kelly, fcp. 3s.—The Operative Mechanic's Workshop-Companion, by W. Templeton, 18mo, 4s. 6d.—Treatise on the Culture of the Pine-Apple, by G. Mills, 12mo, 5s.—The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay, new edit., fcp. 2s. 6d. sewed.—Manual of Field-Gardening, by J. Nowell, 12mo, 1s. 6d.—Tales of Good and Great Kings, by M. F. Tytler, 12mo, 5s.—Elective Polarity the Universal Agent, by F. B. Burton, 8vo, 7s.—Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress, and on the Life of Bunyan, by G. B. Cheever, 8vo, 18s.—Railway-Shareholder's Manual, by H. Tuck, 12mo, 3s.—Plain Lectures on the Gospel according to St. Matthew, by Hon. and Rev. C. G. Perceval, Vol. I., 12mo, 5s. 6d.—The Cottager's Sabbath, and other Poems, by John Hurrey, 12mo, 5s.—Plans for Gentlemen's Libraries, post 8vo, 2s. 6d.—The Improvisatore: Life in Italy, from the Danish, by Mary Howitt, 2 vols. post 8vo, 21s.—Silent Love: a Poem, by the late James Wilson, 4th edit., illustrated, sq. 3s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1845.

February.		*Thermometer.*			*Barometer.*		
Thursday	6	From 30	to	36	29·51	to	29·61
Friday	7	„ 24	..	34	29·61	..	29·63
Saturday	8	„ 24	..	35	29·72	..	29·75
Sunday	9	„ 23	..	32	29·75	..	29·64
Monday	10	„ 31	..	27	29·48	..	29·40
Tuesday	11	„ 31	..	17	29·55	..	29·85
Wednesday	12	„ *4	..	25	29·98	..	30·01

Wind on the 6th, N.W.; 7th and 8th, N.; 9th, N.W. and S. by E.; 10th, S.E. and E. by S.; 11th and 12th, N.E.—The 6th, morning clear, afternoon cloudy, evening clear; 7th and 8th, generally clear; 9th, morning clear, afternoon cloudy; 10th, snowing; 11th and 12th, clear.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.
Latitude, 51° 37′ 32″ north.
Longitude, 3 51 west of Greenwich.

* This extreme degree of cold occurred about 7 in the morning of the 12th.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. LOVER'S IRISH EVENINGS.—On MONDAY next, Feb. 17, at HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, at Eight o'Clock precisely, PADDY by LAND and SEA; including, among other Musical Illustrations, "The bowld Soger Boy," "Forgive, but don't forget," "Mother, he's going away," "Paddy's Pastoral Rhapsody," "What will you do, love;" and Mr. Lover's original story of "The Gridiron."

Tickets and Programmes to be had at the principal Music Warehouses and Libraries. Admission, 2s.; Front Seats, 3s.

FENDERS, STOVES, and FIRE-IRONS.—The largest assortment of Stoves and Fenders, as well as general Ironmongery, in the world, is now on Sale at RIPPON and BURTON'S extensive Warehouses, 39 Oxford Street, corner of Newman Street (just removed from Wells Street).

Bright steel Fenders, to 4 feet, from 30s. each; ditto, ditto, with ormolu ornaments, from 60s.; rich bronzed scroll ditto, with steel bar, 10s. 6d.; iron Fenders, 3 feet, 4s. 6d.; 4 feet, 6s.; ditto bronzed, and fitted with standards, 3 feet, 9s.; 4 feet, 11s.; wrought-iron Kitchen Fenders, 3 feet, 4s. 6d.; 4 feet, 6s.; bright register Stoves, with bronzed ornaments and two sets of bars, from 5 guineas; ditto, ditto, with ormolu ornaments, from 9l. 10s.; black Dining-room register Stoves, 2 feet, 20s.; 3 feet, 30s.; Bed-room register Stoves, 2 feet, 16s.; 3 feet, 24s. The new economical Thermic Stove, with fender and radiating hearth-plate, from 8l. 5s.; Fire-irons for chambers, 1s. 9d. per set; handsome ditto, with cut heads, 6s. 6d.; newest pattern, with elegant bronzed heads, 11s. A variety of Fire-irons, with ormolu and richly-cut heads, at proportionate prices. Any article in furnishing ironmongery 30 per cent under any other house, while the extent and variety of the stock is without any equal. The money returned for every article not approved of.

Detailed Catalogues, with engravings, sent (per post) free. Established (in Wells Street) 1820.

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E. J. DENT'S PATENT DIPLEIDOSCOPE, or MERIDIAN INSTRUMENT for the REGULATION of CHRONOMETERS, CLOCKS, and WATCHES.—Neither previous knowledge of astronomical instruments, nor acquaintance with practical astronomy, are required to enable the observer to regulate with this invention the going of his Watch by the sun or other celestial object to the fraction of a second. The instrument is as simple as a sun-dial. It is only 2½ inches in diameter, and cannot get out of adjustment, nor can it be affected by the weather. Price Two Guineas each.

Dent's Lectures on Chronometers, Watches, and Clocks, and the description of the Dipleidoscope, price 1s. each, but to customers gratis.

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Perfumer to Her Majesty, 12 Tichborne Street, London.

HENDRIE'S OLD BROWN WINDSOR SOAP, so long celebrated for improvement, retains its superiority as a perfectly mild emollient Soap, highly salutary to the skin, possessing an aromatic and lasting perfume, each Packet is labelled with Perkins's steel plate of Windsor Castle.

A variety of highly perfumed Soap Tablets, Sand Balls, &c., prepared without angular corners.

HENDRIE'S PRESERVATIVE TOOTH-POWDER, an effectual preparation for beautifying the Teeth, and preserving them in a sound and healthy condition, is exceedingly agreeable to the mouth, and divesting the Teeth of every impurity, increases the beauty of the enamel in polish and colour.

HENDRIE'S MOELLINE is the most beneficial extract of oleaginous substances for maintaining the beauty and luxuriance of the Hair, having also a delightful perfume.

His Germinative Liquid is a certain specific for producing a new growth where the Hair is failing.

HENDRIE'S COLD CREAM OF ROSES, prepared in great perfection.

IMPROVED SCOURING DROPS, for removing greasy spots from Silks.

INDELIBLE MARKING INK, for Linen, to be used without preparation, 1s. a bottle.

LITERATURE AND ART.

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The Archaeological Association.

[TO STAND OR FALL?!!]

From the warm interest the *Literary Gazette* took in the foundation of this society, the sanguine hopes we expressed of its usefulness and success, and our rejoicing in the triumph of its first meeting at Canterbury, our readers will readily comprehend something of the regret with which we pen the present statement. But circumstances have gone too far for concealment; and if it be possible (as we trust and believe it is) to apply a remedy to the evil, it must be done by our calling general attention to the subject, and pointing out a line of action by which the injury already done may be repaired, and the Association be re-formed and re-established on a surer footing. For a considerable time past we had heard whispers from various quarters of the proceedings of a party who seemed desirous of some change, and, with objects of their own, sought to obtain an overbearing control in the future direction of affairs. We could hardly imagine that the rumours which thus reached us were true, and that secret canvassing and caballing were carried on to the extent we now find, from the crisis which has arrived, to have been the case.

Previous to going into the details, it may be necessary to mention, that the government of the Association was undertaken or assumed by a self-elected Committee, sitting in London; a section of whom might, however, be justly considered as its founders, to whose exertions it owed its origin, concoction, and signally important and most popular commencement. This committee consisted of twenty-two members; a list of whom was published in the prospectus and journals. Most of them were individuals known to be connected with, or interested in, antiquarian pursuits; and some of them of celebrity in this branch of literature. From such a body, it might be too sanguine to expect perfect unanimity of views; and perhaps, looking to the result of entire dissonance, we may as well observe at once, that it was got together rather to launch the Institution into publicity than to continue, *in perpetuo*, to conduct its operations. Indeed, so completely was this the fact, that several members of this Central Committee were not only cold towards the proposed assemblage at Canterbury, but went about in their own circles laughing it to scorn, and predicting its utter failure as a mere Quixotic exploit. Such members, it ought to be added, rarely or never attended the business-meetings at which the arrangements were made for carrying into execution the design which they thus ridiculed and scoffed.

The Meeting took place, and with that brilliant effect which immediately proclaimed the value of the labours of such an Archæological Association not only throughout the British empire, but the civilised world; and caused it to be looked to with profound interest and respect both for its discoveries and its prospects. This prosperous issue, it may be understood by those who have made human nature a study, was far from bringing the malcontents in town into the victorious ranks of those who had assured the victory. On the contrary, the prophets of discomfiture became only more inveterate in opposition, and soon banded themselves together to render nugatory what they had been unable to thwart or defeat. As long as matters were doubtful, they were but factious; now their jealousies converted them into active enemies. All who have read the *Journal* of the proceedings at Canterbury; all who have read the ample report contained in *Literary Gazettes*, and the notices in other periodicals worthy of confidence and regard, must be aware that the *éclat* and success of that week were eminently due to the zeal and munificence of the president, Lord Albert Conyngham, and the unwearied exertions of Mr. Thomas Wright, with the co-operation of Mr. Roach Smith (one of the general secretaries—Mr. Albert Way, *who did not attend*, being the other); and we ought to state, that the Association altogether was the offspring of the two gentlemen we have just named, for it was first spoken of and projected by Mr. Wright and Mr. R. Smith; who invited others to join them, and thus formed the nucleus of this very Central Committee. Among the earliest of these was Mr. Albert Way, whom we have also just mentioned, who appeared to enter warmly into the plan, and whose later hostilities (he having stirred up the present explosion) are therefore the more inexplicable. Are men soured by the realisation of that which they have not promoted? or do they allow themselves to fall into the poor passion of jealousy towards those who accomplish objects without their assistance, which, from their position, they ought to have done their utmost to assist?

Be this as it may, the first person attacked was Mr. Wright, of whom it is needless for us to say, that he is universally esteemed as one of the ablest authorities, as well as one of the most popular investigators and writers, upon almost every subject of antiquarian research and literature. What his offence or imputed offence has been, we cannot attempt to surmise; for we only know, in relation to this affair, that he sacrificed much of the most valuable of a literary man's property—his time—to the formation of the society, edited its *Archæological Journal* without remuneration, and contributed, also gratuitously, a number of the best papers which it contains. These were his services to the Association—the child of his own creating.

But Mr. Wright, it seems to us, did not feel himself so bound up with this single purpose, and so severed from the pursuit of the science to which his life has been so sedulously devoted, as to deny himself the privilege of advancing it by any other means. Quixotic as his adversaries thought the expedition to Canterbury, he was not Quixotic enough to tie himself, heart, hand, and foot, to one Dulcinea del Toboso. Accordingly, towards the end of the year (1844), he conceived the idea of publishing a Series of Popular Antiquarian Essays by himself, and illustrated by engravings by a very clever artist, Mr. Fairholt, under the title of the *Archæological Album*. He could not, we think, have hit upon a more likely way to promote the pure and genuine object of the Archæological Association; and yet this appears to have been assumed as a rightful ground upon which Mr. Way, with Messrs. Hawkins and Barnewell of the British Museum, Mr. Blore the architect, and one or two others whom he recruited for the nonce, could turn round upon the gentleman in question. They were not, however, countenanced by the members of the committee who had been in the habit of attending its discussions; and then began another and a new system of assault. They canvassed with unceasing assiduity, and, to use a vulgar phrase of much significance for vulgar doings, ear-wigged the members who had neither been in the habit of attending nor of taking any interest in the concern; including, of course, those who had thrown cold water upon it, and predicted an unfortunate issue of the Canterbury folly. By this course they procured a small majority of individuals in the Central Committee, not one of whom was at the Canterbury Meeting; and forthwith commenced their offensive campaign. Finding this, Mr. Wright, though supported by the president, the treasurer, and the most efficient though not the most numerous portion of the committee, who rallied about him and his cause, resigned the thankless task of editing the Journal. We have employed the words "his cause," though in point of fact it was not strictly confined to that specific purpose, for it was clearly seen from subsequent attempts that Mr. W. was only put in the front of the battle, the manœuvres of which were aimed not against him alone but against the well-being of the Association. It is evident that with a schism of this kind it cannot go on. The president, Lord Albert Conyngham, after ineffectually using every effort to restore a good feeling in the committee, on Wednesday last gave in his resignation, not only as President, but as a member of the Association, as the only means of shewing the sense he entertained of the ingratitude and injustice exhibited towards Mr. Wright. As we are informed, the overbearing majority (combined together as we have already explained) displayed as little courtesy towards the noble lord, as they had previously done towards their editor; so that at the present moment the committee is without a head, and with the certainty of the immediate withdrawal of several of its official and, till these was an upset to be accomplished, their most active members.

In short, it is clear to us that the British Archæological Association is, at the time of our writing, in a State of Dissolution!

With the sentiments we have entertained and cherished for it, the first consideration offered to our mind is, *What steps can and ought to be taken to restore it to health and efficiency?* It is obvious that the balance of a Committee elected by themselves—lukewarm for the good, though zealous in the risk of overthrowing the Association—cannot become its governing power. Neither can the secession from this body continue to be in authority. How, then, are we to help ourselves? We see no possible escape but in the calling, and immediately too, of a General Meeting of the members of the whole Association, and submitting to that proper source of all government the re-organisation of a more harmonious and trustworthy Central Committee, or Council, or by whatever name the elected may be desig-

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nated. The near approach of the next annual meeting, appointed for Winchester, renders this arrangement the more pressing and essential. We would therefore earnestly advise, that a requisition be without delay signed by as many members as are at hand in the metropolis, and presented to the treasurer (Mr. Pettigrew), as the next officer recognised after the president, desiring him to summon an immediate meeting of the Association, to take the painful circumstances we have thus brought before the public into their consideration. Upon their decision the stability or the downfal of the Association must entirely depend.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Hawkstone: a Tale of and for England, in 184-. 12mo, 2 vols. J. Murray.

On the faith of honest critics, we have almost come to a perfect stand-still as to what we ought to say to publications of this kind; which obscure the better literature of the day, and have become the pestilence of the press. Here in the masquerade nominal disguise of "A Tale," and "for England," too — where should an English tale be for? — we have a rank religious controversy, full of tenets (pernicious or sound, it matters not) which cannot through such a medium be discussed with the gravity and consideration due to them, and which are impressed on weak, thoughtless, undeliberating minds, without reasoning, by means of romantic incidents, exciting descriptions, and imaginary characters. We care not what church, or what section of a church, resort to such engines; and we feel that those who seek such incongenial aid must be in the wrong, and know it. Moralising the cards, and other antiquated devices, were but laughable and excusable exercises of silly ingenuity, when compared with this huge, mischievous, and increasing evil. Are we to have novels instead of Bibles, lilts instead of Psalms, pantomimes instead of prayers, love-intrigues instead of Christian love, and the adventures of blackguards instead of the serious inculcation of sacred duties, human and divine? To this complexion we are coming fast. We take up an account of a church—it is a piece of Roman Catholic proselytism disguised as an architectural essay. We take up a popular history—it is a curious apology for some sect of dissent. We take up a grammar—it is an orthodox high Church-of-England catechism, with principles enunciated through verbs, nouns, pronouns, and interjections. We take up a scientific treatise—it is a Unitarian discourse. We take up the flimsiest and flightiest of romances—it is Puseyism in action. We take up the last correspondence from a Colonial Settlement—it is a eulogy upon the Free Kirk. In short, we are baffled every where, and under every possible shape. The most sinner-looking volumes are as holy as Lives of the Saints; and an apparently burlesque poem proves to be a series of martyrdoms in some good cause or another. Tract-societies, we think, had better discontinue their hitherto ceaseless and unremitting labours—stories of stolen children or murdered parents will attain their ends with greater efficacy; for tracts are dull, whilst stories are interesting. What are real facts to deathbeds embellished by enthusiastic imaginations? Then let us leave the solemn questions between life and death to be met by inventions wilder than Holbein's Dance, and often filling souls with beliefs more cruel, dangerous, and fatal than infidelity itself. This world and the next are involved in these monstrous errors; and it were well that the general sense of mankind were more keenly awakened to the awful tendency of productions which are undermining the whole framework of society.

This *Hawkstone* is a tragical tale, of unmitigated hatred, fires, treason, rebellion, murder, and all the events which can make up a stirring fiction. But its fiction is only for one purpose, viz. to inculcate certain religious opinions, which the writer upholds as being consonant to the ancient practice of fable, parable, or aphorism, which it resembles as much as an upas-tree does a gooseberry-bush.

We offer but one short extract or two, almost at random, as examples of the book:—

"Bevan sighed. But his mind was too full of sad thoughts nearer to himself for him to enter into the political question. 'And I suppose the subscriptions to the County Hospital will also fall off,' said Villiers, 'and the District Visiting Society, and, in fact, nearly all the charities? What is to become of the poor?' Bevan sighed again. 'I am not sure,' he said, 'that the District Visiting Societies are the best things that could be contrived for the poor. The visiters are too often young and inexperienced. Those to whom the office might be more safely entrusted are engaged in family duties; and the whole system, perhaps, requires to be more thoroughly permeated with a sound domestic and church spirit. It is not equal to the Romish system of Sisters of Charity.' 'They live together,' replied Villiers; 'their whole life is devoted to the task; they form a religious body in the hands of the church; and thus they have a dignity of their own, and a proper ecclesiastical character, which seems very much to correspond with that of the widows in the early church. And from living together under rule, and in the constant participation of the ordinances of the church, they acquire a tone of mind which can scarcely be attained by individuals condemned to a solitary life in the midst of the world. What an admirable Sister of Charity Miss Brook would have made, with her benevolence, her activity, and freedom from domestic ties! And how far happier and more useful her life would have been than it has been in furthering all the wild enthusiastic projects of a religion without a creed and without a priesthood!'"

Mr. Villiers resolves to restore the Romish priory of Hawkstone, and "a few days afterwards knocked at the door of an elegant modern house in one of the principal streets of London. The door was opened by a portly butler, in purple livery, attended by two other domestics, who bore evident marks of the hospitality of the servants' hall, and not less of the effects and temptations of a London life upon that class of domestics. Villiers was ushered up a broad well-carpeted flight of steps into an elegantly-furnished drawing-room. A lady with several daughters were sitting there—one at the harp, another at the piano, another at an embroidery-frame, destined for a gorgeous gilt ottoman, which stood in the centre of the apartment. Morning visiters were engaged in discussing the dinner-party of yesterday and the ball of the approaching night. Tickets lay on the table for the Ancient Concert, and various other places of amusement. Mixed with china dishes and elegant bijous were scattered the latest parliamentary pamphlets, and a variety of religious works, and in one corner, on a small table, lay a manual of family devotion. One picture occupied the wall over the fire-place, and it represented a very pleasing, gentlemanly, well-dressed man, seated on a sofa at an elegant writing-table, one leg thrown carelessly over the other, and his pen balanced gracefully in his hand, while before him lay open a letter addressed to the Right Reverend Father in God the Lord Bishop of F——. The bishop himself, as the lady informed Villiers, was at that moment engaged—indeed, every moment of his time was occupied. The old Bishop of M—— was so infirm, that his diocese had been wholly neglected, till parliament had appointed the Bishop of F—— to take charge of it; and the Bishop of F——, having already an enormous diocese of his own, containing more than a million of souls, and occupied chiefly by a manufacturing population, had vainly remonstrated against this increased burden. The post, as the lady continued to observe, brought him such a multitude of letters, that half the day was occupied in answering them. His secretary scarcely found time to take exercise; and just now the new principles and opinions reviving in the church caused so many difficulties, and required such nice considerations and adjustments, that in the bishop's anxiety to support his conscientious clergymen, to guide the doubtful, to repress the hasty, and to satisfy all, he had involved himself in the disputes of twenty-four parishes; and at last, worn out with the insults which he had encountered from one class, and the indiscretions committed by another, he had been attacked by a serious illness, from which he was only just recovering. The young ladies were preparing to engage Villiers's interest in a more light and agreeable discussion of the merits of a new French novel, which lay open on the table, when the portly butler opened the drawing-room door, and his lordship himself appeared."

In short, Mr. Ward might have written *Hawkstone*.

The Gallery of Nature, &c. By the Rev. T. Milner, M.A. Part I. Orr and Co.

Another, if not a new, form of the class of cheap issues which are addressed to the million. It is comprehensive enough, for it is no less than a "pictorial, descriptive, and historical tour *through creation!*" It begins with astronomy — a sketch of its history and notices of the chief discoverers in the wide heavenly fields; whence it proceeds to describe the phenomena in these fields; and illustrates both divisions with woodcuts.

Jealousy and Revenge: Tales. By Elizabeth Peake, authoress of "Honour." 2 vols. 8vo. Saunders and Otley.

The best we can do for this publication is to pass it over in silence; for we do not remember having met with any thing of the kind less likely to find favour with readers.

Jack the Sailor's Shore-going Diagrams of the late Experimental Cruise. London, Ackermann & Co.

Though the doings of the experimental squadron have made a noise in parliament, and a mighty stir in the navy, we must confess that we know little or nothing about the matter. It appears to us, as far as we can gather the intelligence, that several ships, built or cut down by different builders, who entertained different theories and consequently constructed their models upon their different principles, were sent on a cruise, like Juno, Minerva, and Venus to Mount Ida, with the *detur digniori* of Discordia upon them, in order to have their qualities ascertained, and the apple awarded to the fairest-sailer. The names of the vessels are the Albion, the St. Vincent, the Caledonia, and the

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Queen; and the humorous author of this *jeu d'esprit* has chosen to represent them by caricature figures of Britannia on horseback, a Romish bishop on a bull, a Scotch witch on a neddy, and our Queen on an elephant. They are on stone, and so droll that but a poor idea of them can be obtained from the annexed woodcut on the cover.

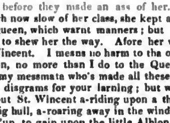
How they tacked, how they sailed, how they took in one reef and let out another, how this yard was bent and that spar rent, how they held a course, &c. &c. &c., is all Greek to us; but the cuts are amusing, and the lingo in which they are described in their various manœuvres and positions, intelligible enough to all to raise a merry laugh. The opening of the design will indicate the object, and the manner of the author:

"Why, d'ye see, to make it ship-shape, it ought to be done by reg'lar diagrams. Mayhap you don't know what I means, so where's the use of talking sense to a landsman? You might as well parly-vous French to Bill Sykes' wooden leg. But I've got a messmate of mine to make beasts of the ships, that you may understand the rights of it. I only wish I could jaw as well as he can draw. The 'sperimental cruise was all the same as a cruise ashore. First and foremost there was the Queen—I say first, but I means last, for last she was; but we'll speak the barkies as we come up with 'em. Well, there was the Queen a riding on an elephant, a heavy sort of a brute—not the Queen, d'ye see, bless her majesty!—but the elephant: lots of beam, but not so well off for stowage, though round at her bows; nose rather sharp—under water—them elephants *is* rather sharp with their noses, they does every thing with 'em. But, my eyes! what a rudder! it was a reg'lar rat's tail to an elephant's starn. Then, as to sailing, she couldn't sail no more than my old grandmother."

And so of the rest. To illustrate the order of their merits, we have them in Diagram I. In full sail, *i. e.* horse, bull, neddy, and elephant in full gallop, with their respective riders. Next, we have Caledonia "on a wind"—viz. the Scotch witch on a broomstick flying to the moon:

"She was (says the writer), a prime sailer once, before they made an ass of her. Still, though now slow of her class, she kept ahead of the Queen, which warnt manners; but may be 'twas to shew her the way. Afore her was the St. Wincent. I means no harm to the old gentleman, no more than I do to the Queen, nor does my messmate who's made all these shore-going diagrams for your larning; but we must just put St. Wincent a-riding upon a thundering big bull, a-roaring away in the wind, like a good 'un, to gain upon the little Albion, which beat 'em all by chalks in this here 'sperimental cruise."

Diagram III. is a whimsical French bark, spoken by the squadron; and IV. as ludicrous a meeting of a *sou*-(-sow-)-wester. And thus are 18 diagrams given, representing a good offing (tost off the bull), a heavy swell (a dandy of sixteen stone weight), and the Queen going over the flats, &c. (the elephant with a tea-kettle on his proboscis as a steamer); the "moral" of the whole being, to impress the expediency of ascertaining the best points in the science of shipbuilding before you incur the immense expense of building fleets upon hypotheses, which may turn out to be erroneous. The tail-piece will serve us in the same way as a sample, (though not one of the most entertaining) of the good-humour and fancy of the designer.



[The Queen salutes the Admiral.]

The History of the Reign of Tipú Sultán. Written by Mir Hussein Ali Khan Kirmani. 8vo, pp. 291. London, W. H. Allen and Co.

This is a translation from an original Persian MS. in her Majesty's library, by Col. W. Miles, and published under the auspices of our Oriental Translation Fund. It contains the biography of the sultan of Mysore, so long popularly known to us as "Tippoo Saib" (only we have reformed Eastern orthography), from his accession to the musnud, on the death of his father Hydur Ali, to his own fall at (Seringapatam) Seringaputtun; and though the principal events of his striking career are generally known, yet their description in the oriental style gives them a raciness which will, we believe, be very acceptable to most historical readers. The account of some minor transactions also adds a value to this memoir; and the true position and character of the sultan never stood out so distinctly to our apprehension before. Colonel Miles justly observes in his preface:

"It will be evident to any one who reads this book, that, although Tipú was an able man and a brave soldier, still that he was much inferior to his father in the characteristic qualities of a great man. Unlike his father, he was a bigoted Mussulman, and, like most of that class, unprincipled and quite unscrupulous as to the means he employed to attain his ends in the propagation of his religion. With these bad qualities, his dark, suspicious, faithless character alienated those who were at first his most attached friends; and at the time Seringaputtun was taken, he appears to have had scarcely one left. The story that he was betrayed by Mír Sadik, his dewán, to the English, or perhaps to some of the other confederated powers besieging Seringaputtun, does not appear improbable, although unsupported by any evidence; but, as he was a great tyrant, there can be no doubt that his ministers were glad to get rid of him on any terms. Tipú's character cannot be better exemplified than by the cases of Muhammad Alí, commandant, and Gházi Khán Beda. These officers had been all their lives the most devoted and trustworthy of his father's servants; and indeed his father owed his life to them on more than one occasion, as will be seen in his history. They had been also the chief instruments of his father's elevation to the rank and power he attained, and moreover the chief means of his own accession to the throne of the Khodádád kingdom. In return for all these meritorious services, he no sooner found himself secure in the possession of his father's authority than he put the first to death from jealousy, because he was too just and honourable a man for the service of such a tyrant; and both were executed under circumstances of great cruelty."

After this general notice, and under the circumstances of notoriety to which we have alluded, it would be tedious to follow the thread and details of the native narrative. It will suffice to offer an example or two of the Persian historian's style; and the first we select is the bulletin of a battle between Tipú and the Mahrattas, previous to his encountering his fate from the English. It affords a good notion of Indian warfare.

"*Chapter X.*—An account of another night-attack, the last battle and the defeat of the Mahrattas by the victorious army, and the establishment of peace between the Lion conquering the world, the sultán and his weak incompetent enemies the Mahrattas; also the regulation of the districts of the Poligars, with other events which occurred in the year 1200 Hijri. —A. D. 1785-6.

"The sultán, after the capture and regula-

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tion of Sanore, leaving a garrison in that city, marched to the northward, and encamped near Jobun Gurh, and halted there for thirteen days of the month Mohurrum il Huram. He now also distributed his army into four divisions; each consisting of four Kushoons, five thousand irregular foot, five thousand Silladár horse, and fifteen guns. The first division was placed under the command of Mír Moinuddín, otherwise called Syud Sáhib; the second division was placed under Boorhanuddin; the third was committed to the charge of Maha Mirza Khán; and the fourth to Hussein Alí Khán, the Mír Bukhshi. Having done this, the sultán ordered them to march on, and directed that the aforesaid divisions should encamp at the distance of three miles from the remainder of his army. The Sipahsalars, therefore, in obedience to these orders, took up their ground, and employed themselves in preparing their troops and arms for immediate action; while the sultán himself—with two Kushoons, the Assud Ilhai and Ahmudi, three Mokubs, or regiments of horse, eight Dustas of the Paigah, or household horse, four thousand Kuzzaks, and ten thousand Abshám infantry—remained encamped where he was. On these arrangements, it was currently reported by him, that of the Sipahlars (the officers commanding these divisions), the first was commissioned to the conquests of the dependencies of Hydurabad; the second to the conquest of those of Poona; the third to the maintenance of order at Raichore, Kottoor, &c.; and the fourth to the capital, Puttun, to subject and control the different forts and districts of the Poligars,—while the sultán himself was to attack the Mahrattas. The commander of the Mahratta army at hearing this news became like quicksilver, restless and uneasy; when, of a sudden, Mír Moinuddín, with his force, at the instance of Syud Humid and Syud Ghuffar, marched at night and attacked the hill-fort of Mondergi Droog, which was garrisoned by the Mahrattas; and at one assault took the fort, and passed the garrison under the edge of the sword. The town was also pillaged; and he returned with stores of provisions, and much gold and jewels. In the same way Boorhanuddín marched towards Binkapoor and Misri Kote, which were in the occupation of the Mahrattas, in a way that no one could be aware of his arrival; and unfurling the standard of enterprise, carried exceeding terror and dismay among them, and lighted up the fire of plunder and slaughter in all that quarter. The sultán also now advanced straight towards the enemy, the sign or symbol of defeat. In that march, however, the Mahrattas attacked the rear-guard of the victorious army, and brought a storm of evil on its followers, and plundered the Banjaras of ten thousand bags of grain, which they carried off. The sultán now, therefore, despatched a message to the commander of the Mahratta forces to this effect, that it was unworthy of noble generous minds to injure or distress God's people without cause; and that if he (the Mahratta) had the breath of manhood still remaining in him, their dispute might be settled in an hour; that his wish was, that in a well-fought battle of one day, they should finish the book of strife and contention. As the chief of the Mahrattas well knew the valour (meaning the reverse) of his own troops, and that without peace he could not expect to save himself from destruction, he declined to agree to the sultán's proposition. However, by the advice of certain of his servants, who recommended war, he agreed to an action to be decided with the sword alone. The sultán, therefore, one day assembled his four divisions on the river Guduk, and arranged them in order of battle, and, having appointed his Kushoons to the right and left wings, he himself mounted on an elephant with his guard, took his station on the field, and first ordered the brave men of his Paigah, or household cavalry, to commence the action, and accordingly each Dusta galloped forward, and, having formed in close order, took possession of the field. The Mahrattas, also armed cap-a-pie, now charged the sultán's troops, and between them a very severe action ensued. It was, however, determined that each Dusta should fight only half an hour, that the devotion and bravery of the whole army, officers, and men, might be fairly tested. Every brave man, therefore, made the utmost display of his courage, and many by their prowess effaced the renown of the great actions of Roostum and Isfendiar, and until mid-day, the clashing of swords, the whistling of arrows, and the rustling of the spears, continued so great and so constant, that the gallant troopers at length quitted their swords and spears, and, laying hands on each other, had recourse to their poniards and daggers, and on every side lay heaps of slain. After the brave men of the Paigah, the Silladárs, next stretching forth the arms of manhood, made the face of the plain as red as the rosy morn with the blood of their enemies. The chiefs of the Mahrattas, however, aware they were not able to resist the swords of the worshippers of fame, in the pride of superior numbers determined to charge with their whole force, and thus ride over the sultán's army; and accordingly, with this intention, they with all their troops, amounting to seventy or eighty thousand men, moved forward. The sultán, now seeing that the Mahrattas had violated their agreement, immediately gave orders to his artillery, and they, moving forward quickly from the flanks, with the Sipahdárs (and their Kushoons), by their heavy fire of musketry and artillery soon compelled the unfortunate Mahrattas to taste the sherbet of flight. As soon, therefore, as they were scattered and dispersed, the regiments of horse and the Kuzzaks of the victorious army followed them for two fursungs, and took from them to the amount of two or three thousand horses, a quantity of baggage, stores, and arms, as arrows, swords, and two pieces of cannon, and then returned. The Mahrattas, on the contrary, for three stages never looked behind them, and fled without halting even for the night. Hurri Náik the Poligar of Kunuk Giri, who at first had attached himself to the Mahrattas, seeing at this time the irregularity of their measures and movements, now finding an opportunity, left them with his troops, and offered his services to the sultán, who received him with great favour. The sultán after this marched with his army to Binkapoor, and encamped eighteen kose to the northward of Sanore. At this place a party of Kuzzak horse left the army with an intention to plunder the villages in that vicinity. It so happened, however, that the outposts of the Mahrattas obtained information of this movement, and posted themselves on the road by which they (the Kuzzaks) marched, and at one charge surrounded and killed every man of them. The sultán hearing of this was greatly incensed. * * * The women taken prisoners were dismissed after making an agreement, which they confirmed with solemn oaths, to the effect that by every art and means they would prevent their husbands from continuing the war, and that they would never withdraw their hands from importunity and solicitation until their husbands laid their heads in submission on the orders of the sultán. On the arrival of the women in the Mahratta camp, their husbands fearing they had been polluted, and that the veil of their honour had been rent by the rude hands of the Mussulmans who made them prisoners, placed them all in a tent pitched separately for them, and did not allow them to enter their tents. The women, therefore, now opened their mouths to reproach and revile the illiberality and want of shame manifested by their husbands; to extol their own purity; to praise the kind and honourable treatment they had received from the sultán; and, lastly, pertinaciously to insist that peace should be made."

We may add, that female eloquence prevailed. But more personally to illustrate the chief subject of the biography, we pass on to a curious paragraph.

"During the latter part of the sultán's reign, by the advice of certain infidel or atheistical persons, he used or adopted letters from the Korán of the characters of Osmán—may God be pleased with him—which are not read, and which letters from the days of the prophet Adam to the days of the seal of the prophet (Muhammad), no one of the kings of Arabia or Persia had ever dared to use, and which no learned historical or sacred writer had deemed it proper to employ."

Whether this cabalistical dealing provoked and hastened his destiny or not, the author does not say; but the end came: he was slain in the hottest of the fight, when his capital was taken, and his character is thus drawn:

"In his courts the splendour of kingly magnificence and majesty are well sustained. He had profited to a considerable extent in all the sciences. He wrote and composed with ease and elegance, and, indeed, had a genius for literary acquirement, and a great talent for business; and therefore he was not obliged to rely on the aid or guidance of others in the management of public affairs. He had a pleasing address and manner, was very discriminating in his estimation of the character of men of learning, and laboured sedulously in the encouragement and instruction of the people of Islám. He had, however, a great dislike to, or rather an abhorrence of, the people of other religions. He never saluted (or returned a salute to) any one. He held his durbars from the morning until midnight; and after the morning prayers, he was used to employ some time in reading the Korán, and he was to be seen at all times with his tusbih or rosary in his hand, having performed his ablutionary duties. He made only two meals a day, and all his amirs and the princes dined with him. But from the day on which peace was made between him and Lord Cornwallis, Bubadúr (to the day of his death), he abandoned his bed and bedstead, and slept or took a few hours' rest on certain pieces of a coarse kind of canvass called khaddi (used for making tents) spread upon the ground. He was accustomed on most occasions to speak Persian; and while he was eating his dinner, two hours were devoted by him to the perusal (from standard historical works) of the actions of the kings of Persia and Arabia, religious works, traditions, and biography. He also heard appropriate stories and anecdotes related by his courtiers. Jests and ribaldry, however, from the repetition of which the religion of Islám might suffer disparagement or injury, were never allowed in the courts or assemblies of that most religious prince. For the sake of recreation, as is the custom of men of high rank, he sometimes witnessed dancing

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(or was present at the performance of Bayaderes). He was not, however, lavish or expensive in any of his habits or amusements, not even in his dress; and, contrary to his former custom, he latterly avoided the use of coloured garments. On his journeys and expeditions, however, he wore a coat of cloth of gold, or of the red tiger stripe embroidered with gold. He was also accustomed to tie a white handkerchief over his turban and under his chin, and no one was allowed to tie on, or wear, a white handkerchief in that manner, except himself. Towards the end of his reign he wore a green turban, Shumlehdár, (twisted apparently) after the fashion of the Arabs, having one embroidered end pendant on the side of his head. He conferred honours on all professors of the arts; and in the observance of his prayers, fasts, and other religious duties, he was very strict, and in that respect the instructor or example of the people of Islám. Contrary to the custom of the deceased Nawáb, he the sultán retained the hair of his eyebrows, eyelashes, and moustaches. His beard, however, which was chiefly on his chin, he shaved, thinking it not becoming to him. In delicacy or modesty of feeling he was the most particular man in the world, so much so that from the days of his childhood to that of his death, no one ever saw any part of his person except his ankle and wrist, and even in the bath he always covered himself from head to foot.

"In the whole of the territories of the Balaghaut, most of the Hindoo women go about with their breasts and their heads uncovered, like animals. He therefore gave orders that no one of these women should go out of her house without a robe and a veil or covering for the head. This immodest custom was therefore abolished in that country. In his strict sense and keen perception of propriety and right he was unequalled. It happened that on some festival or day of rejoicing he went to his father's private apartments to present his congratulations to his mother; and after the performance of this duty, and presenting dresses to her and her servants, he laid himself down to sleep a short time. During this period two ladies of the deceased Nawáb's family, both of them young and handsome (God knows with what intention, good or bad), came forth from their apartments, and began to rub his feet. While, however, they were doing this, he awoke; and when he saw they were the widows of the late Nawáb (or in the place of his mother), he became exceedingly angry at their presumption, and trembling with rage, said, 'You are both of you my mothers; what insolence is this of which you have been guilty and by which you have blackened my face? what answer shall I give to-morrow to my father?' (meaning at the day of judgment). After this expostulation he sent for one of the eunuchs of the serai, and directed him to punish these women, so that they might be an example to others. In courage and hardihood the sultán took precedence of all his contemporaries, and in the management of a horse and the use of the spear, in the world he had no equal, as will appear after an attentive perusal of this work. He was fond of introducing novelty and invention in all matters and in all departments."

He altered the impression on the hoon, or pagoda, and "his workmen cast guns of a very wonderful description, lion-mouthed; also muskets with two or three barrels, scissors, penknives, clocks, daggers called sufdura,—also a kind of shield woven and formed so as to resist a musket-ball. Besides these, he also instituted manufactories for the fabrication or imitation of the cloths of all countries, such as shawls, velvet, Kimkháb (cloth of gold), broad cloth (European), and he expended thousands of pounds in these undertakings. His chief aim and object was, however, the encouragement and protection of the Muhammadan religion, and the religious maxims or rules of the Soonni sect,—and he not only himself abstained from all forbidden practices, but he strictly prohibited his servants from their commission."

Such was the Sultan, as drawn by native authority; and the following anecdotes of the siege will properly close our extracts.

"The sultán on that day, which was the 28th of the month, mounted his horse, and after inspecting the breaches in the wall or defences, ordered a party of pioneers to rebuild and repair them; and having directed his gold embroidered pavilion to be raised on the walls for his reception, returned to the palace, and then retired to the hummum or bath. As the astrologers, according to their calculations of the stars, had determined that day to be unlucky, they represented to the sultán, that to mid-day and for seven ghurries (or near two hours) after, was a time extremely unpropitious to him, and also that a dark cloud overshadowed the fort during that period; that it would be advisable, therefore, that the sultán should remain with the army until the evening, and give alms in the name of God. This prediction of the astrologers did not please the sultán; still, however, in respect to the charitable donations which repel and dissipate misfortune, whether it be earthly or heavenly, he gave orders all should be made ready; and after he had bathed and had left the bath, he presented an elephant with a black jhool, or caparison, and a quantity of pearls, jewels, gold, and silver, tied up in each of the corners of the caparison, to a brahman; and a number of poor men and women being assembled, rupees and cloth were distributed among them. The sultán then having ordered his dinner to be brought, ate a morsel, and was about to take more, but he was not so fated, for all at once the sound of weeping and wailing reached his ears. He therefore inquired of those present what was the cause of the outcry, and it was then made known to him that the faithful and devoted Syud Ghuffar was slain. The sultán therefore immediately left off eating, and washed his hands, saying, 'We also shall soon depart;' and then mounted his horse, and proceeded by the road of the postern on the river. * * * It was about the time that the sultán's horse and followers arrived near the flag-battery, that the lying Dewán followed in the rear, and shut up the postern before mentioned, blocking it up securely, and thereby closing the road of safety to the pious sultán, and then, under pretence of bringing aid, he mounted his horse and went forth from the fort, and arrived at the third gate (of the suburb) of Gunjam, where he desired the gate-keepers to shut the gate as soon as he had passed through; while, however, he was speaking, a man came forward and began to abuse and revile him, saying, 'Thou accursed wretch, thou hast delivered a righteous prince up to his enemies, and art thou now saving thyself by flight? I will place the punishment of thy offence by thy side.' This man then with one cut of his sword struck the Dewán off his horse on the ground, and certain other persons present crowding round him soon despatched him, and his impure body was dragged into a place of filth and uncleanness, and left there. Mír Moyin uddin, being wounded, fell into the ditch and died there. Shere Khán Mír Asof also was lost in the assault, and was never afte heard of. When the sultán, the refuge of the world, saw that the opportunity for a gallant push was lost [some copies say lost, and some not], and that his servants had evidently betrayed him, he returned to the postern or sally port; but, notwithstanding he gave repeated orders to the guards to open the gate, no one paid the slightest attention to him; nay, more, Mír Nudím, the Killadár himself, with a number of foot-soldiers, was standing at this time on the roof of the gate, but he also abandoned his faith and allegiance, and placing his foot in the path of disloyalty (took no notice of his master). To be concise, when the storming party, firing furiously as they advanced, arrived near the sultán, he, courageous as a lion, attacked them with the greatest bravery; and although the place where he stood was very narrow and confined, he still with his matchlock and his sword killed two or three of the enemy; but at length, having received several mortal wounds in the face, he drank of the cup of martyrdom."

AMERICAN EXPEDITION.

[Second notice.]

A MISSIONARY gave Commander Wilkes the following instance of the extraordinary manner in which, with filial piety, the Feejee families dispose of their parents:—

"On one occasion, he was called upon by a young man, who desired that he would pray to his spirit for his mother, who was dead. Mr. Hunt was at first in hopes that this would afford him an opportunity of forwarding their great cause. On inquiry, the young man told him that his brothers and himself were just going to bury her. Mr. Hunt accompanied the young man, telling him he would follow in the procession, and do as he desired him; supposing, of course, the corpse would be brought along; but he now met the procession, when the young man said that this was the funeral, and pointed out his mother, who was walking along with them, as gay and lively as any of those present, and apparently as much pleased. Mr. Hunt expressed his surprise to the young man, and asked how he could deceive him so much by saying his mother was dead, when she was alive and well. He said in reply, that they had made her death-feast, and were now going to bury her; that she was old; that his brother and himself had thought she had lived long enough, and it was time to bury her, to which she had willingly assented, and they were about it now. He had come to Mr. Hunt to ask his prayers, as they did those of the priest. He added, that it was from love for his mother he had done so; that, in consequence of the same love, they were now going to bury her, and that none but themselves could or ought to do so sacred an office! Mr. Hunt did all in his power to prevent so diabolical an act; but the only reply he received was, that she was their mother, and they were her children, and they ought to put her to death. On reaching the grave, the mother sat down; when they all, including children, grandchildren, relations, and friends, took an affectionate leave of her; a rope, made of twisted tapa, was then passed twice around her neck by her sons, who took hold of it, and strangled her; after which she was put into her grave, with the usual ceremonies. They returned to feast and mourn, after which she was entirely forgotten, as though she had not existed."

The next account is something more horrid:

"A short time before our arrival, an old man at Levuka did something to vex one of his grandchildren, who in consequence threw stones

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at him. The only action the old man took in the case was to walk away, saying that he had now lived long enough, when his grandchildren could stone him with impunity. He then requested his children and friends to bury him, to which they consented. A feast was made, he was dressed in his best tapa, and his face blackened. He was then placed sitting in his grave, with his head about two feet below the surface. Tapa and mats were thrown upon him, and the earth pressed down; during which he was heard to complain that they hurt him, and to beg that they would not press so hard.—Self-immolation is by no means rare; and they believe that as they leave this life, so will they remain ever after. This forms a powerful motive to escape from decrepitude, or from a crippled condition, by a voluntary death. Wives are often strangled or buried alive at the funeral of their husbands, and generally at their own instance. Cases of this sort have frequently been witnessed by the white residents. On one occasion, Whippy drove away the murderers, rescued the woman, and carried her to his own house, where she was resuscitated. So far, however, from feeling grateful for her preservation, she loaded him with abuse, and ever afterwards manifested the most deadly hatred towards him. That women should desire to accompany their husbands in death is by no means strange, when it is considered that it is one of the articles of their belief, that in this way alone can they reach the realms of bliss; and she who meets her death with the greatest devotedness will become the favourite wife in the abode of spirits. The sacrifice is not, however, always voluntary; but when a woman refuses to be strangled, her relations often compel her to submit. This they do from interested motives; for, by her death, her connexions become entitled to the property of her husband. Even a delay is made a matter of reproach. Thus, at the funeral of the late king, Ulivou, which was witnessed by Mr. Cargill, his five wives and a daughter were strangled. The principal wife delayed the ceremony, by taking leave of those around her; whereupon Tanoa, the present king, chid her: the victim was his own aunt, and he assisted in putting the rope around her neck, and strangling her; a service he is said to have rendered on a former occasion to his own mother. Not only do many of the natives desire their friends to put them to death to escape decrepitude, or immolate themselves with a similar view, but families have such a repugnance to having deformed or maimed persons among them, that those who have met with such misfortunes are almost always destroyed. An instance of this sort was related to me, when a boy, whose leg had been bitten off by a shark, was strangled, although he had been taken care of by one of the white residents, and there was every prospect of his recovery. No other reason was assigned by the perpetrators of the deed, than that if he had lived he would have been a disgrace to his family, in consequence of his having only one leg. When a native, whether man, woman, or child, is sick of a lingering disease, their relatives will either wring their heads off or strangle them. Mr. Hunt stated that this was a frequent custom, and cited a case where he had with difficulty saved a servant of his own from such a fate, who afterwards recovered his health. Formal human sacrifices are frequent. The victims are usually taken from a distant tribe, and when not supplied by war or violence, they are at times obtained by negotiation. After being selected for this purpose, they are often kept for a time to be fattened. When about to be sacrificed, they are compelled to sit upon the ground, with their feet drawn under their thighs, and their arms placed close before them. In this posture they are bound so tightly that they cannot stir, or move a joint. They are then placed in the usual oven, upon hot stones, and covered with leaves and earth, where they are roasted alive: when the body is cooked, it is taken from the oven, and the face painted black, as is done by the natives on festal occasions. It is then carried to the mbure, where it is offered to the gods, and is afterwards removed to be cut up and distributed, to be eaten by the people. Women are not allowed to enter the mbure, or to eat human flesh. Human sacrifices are a preliminary to almost all their undertakings. When a new mbure is built, a party goes out and seizes the first person they meet, whom they sacrifice to the gods; when a large canoe is launched, the first person, man or woman, whom they encounter, is laid hold of and carried home for a feast. When Tanoa launches a canoe, ten or more men are slaughtered on the deck, in order that it may be washed with human blood. Human sacrifices are also among the rites performed at the funerals of chiefs, when slaves are in some instance put to death. Their bodies are first placed in the grave, and upon them those of the chief and his wives are laid. The ceremonies attendant on the death and burial of a great chief were described to me by persons who had witnessed them."

Among the rest:

"The female friends then approach and kiss the corpse, and if any of his wives wish to die and be buried with him, she runs to her brother or nearest relative, and exclaims, 'I wish to die, that I may accompany my husband to the land where his spirit has gone! love me, and make haste to strangle me, that I may overtake him!' Her friends applaud her purpose, and being dressed and decorated in her best clothes, she seats herself on a mat, reclining her head on the lap of a woman; another holds her nostrils, that she may not breathe through them; a cord, made by twisting fine tapa (masi), is then put around her neck, and drawn tight by four or five strong men, so that the struggle is soon over. The cord is left tight, and tied in a bow-knot, until the friends of the husband present a whale's tooth, saying, 'This is the untying of the cord of strangling.' The cord is then loosed, but is not removed from the neck of the corpse."

These are certainly as strange as they are savage ceremonies, and seem to have been little ameliorated since Cook introduced an intercourse with civilised nations, and Christian missionary labours have been addressed to their remedy. Other customs are curious:—

"Another mark of sorrow is to cut off the joints of the small toe and little finger; and this is not done only as a mark of grief or a token of affection, but the dismembered joints are frequently sent to families which are considered wealthy, and who are able to reward this token of sympathy in their loss, which they never fail to do. Women in mourning burn their skin into blisters, as is the practice also in other groups visited by us. The instrument used for the purpose is a piece of tapa twisted into a small roll and ignited. Marks thus produced may be seen on their arms, shoulders, neck, and breast. This custom is called loloe mate. The eating of human flesh is not confined to cases of sacrifice for religious purposes, but is practised from habit and taste. The existence of cannibalism, independent of superstitious notions, has been doubted by many. There can be no question that, although it may have originated as a sacred rite, it is continued in the Feejee group for the mere pleasure of eating human flesh as a food. Their fondness for it will be understood from the custom they have of sending portions of it to their friends at a distance, as an acceptable present, and the gift is eaten, even if decomposition have begun before it is received. So highly do they esteem this food, that the greatest praise they can bestow on a delicacy is to say that it is as tender as a dead man. Even their sacrifices are made more frequent, not merely to gratify feelings of revenge, but to indulge their taste for this horrid food. In respect to this propensity, they affect no disguise; I have myself frequently spoken with them concerning it, and received but one answer, both from chiefs and common people, that it was vinaka (good). The bodies of enemies slain in battle are always eaten. * * *

"The cannibal propensity is not limited to enemies or persons of a different tribe, but they will banquet on the flesh of their dearest friends; and it is even related, that in times of scarcity, families will make an exchange of children for this horrid purpose. The flesh of women is preferred to that of men, and they consider the flesh of the arm above the elbow, and of the thigh, as the choicest parts. The women are not allowed to eat it openly, but it is said that the wives of chiefs do partake of it in private. It is also forbidden to the kai-si, or common people, unless there be a great quantity; but they have an opportunity of picking the bones. As a further instance of these cannibal propensities, and to shew that the sacrifice of human life to gratify their passions and appetites is of almost daily occurrence, a feast frequently takes place among the chiefs, to which each is required to bring a pig. On these occasions Tanoa, from pride and ostentation, always furnishes a human body. A whale's tooth is about the price of a human life, even when the party slain is of rank, as will be shewn by the following anecdotes. Rivaletta, the youngest son of Tanoa, while passing along the north end of Ovolau in his canoe, descried a fishing party. He at once determined to possess himself of what they had taken, and for this purpose dashed in among them, and fired his musket. The shot killed a young man, who proved to be a nephew of Tui Levuka, the chief of Ovolau, and was recognised by some of Rivaletta's followers. This discovery did not prevent their carrying the body to Ambau to be feasted upon; but, in order to prevent it from being known there, the face was disfigured by broiling it in the fire in the canoe. Tanoa, however, soon became aware of the fact, and forthwith sent a whale's tooth to Tui Levuka, as the value of his loss, together with a number of little fingers, cut from the people of Ambau, as a propitiatory offering. The remuneration was received by Tui Levuka as sufficient, and no more notice was taken of the matter."

In 1834 eight of the crew of an American brig were ensnared, murdered, and devoured. Their remains were bought of the natives, and seven were "brought down to the shore much mutilated, in consideration of a musket. The eighth, a negro, had been cooked and eaten. Captain Bachelor had the bodies sewed up in canvass, and thrown overboard, in the usual manner. They, however, floated again, and fell into the hands of the savages, who, as he afterwards understood, devoured them all. They complained, however, that they did not like them, and particularly the negro, whose flesh they said tasted strong of tobacco. The brig then went to Ovolau."

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In reviewing this book, and passing over, as we have done, the second volume, we ought perhaps to have reminded our readers of our disposal of the claim of Mr. Wilkes to the discovery of an Antartic Continent, which appeared in the pages of the *Literary Gazette*, and was the first narrative of the British expedition in the same seas given to the public on its happy return. In his national work, the American officer endeavours to maintain the credit of his original suppositions, and supplies us with a picturesque engraving of the imposing scene. To meet this view of the locality we shall only quote what will be found in our No. 1390:—

"On the 4th of March they (the Erebus and Terror) recrossed the antartic circle, and being necessarily close by the eastern extreme of those *patches of land* which Lieut. Wilkes has called '*the Antarctic Continent*,' and having reached their latitude on the 5th, they steered directly for them; and at noon on the 6th, the ships being exactly over the centre of this mountain range, they could obtain no soundings with 600 fathoms of line; and having traversed a space of 80 miles in every direction from this spot, during beautifully clear weather, which extended their vision widely around, were obliged to confess that this position, at least, of the pseudo-antarctic continent, and the nearly 200 miles of barrier represented to extend from it, have no real existence!!"

And we added, "Lieut. Wilkes may have mistaken some clouds or fog-banks, which in these regions are very likely to assume the appearance of land to inexperienced eyes, for this continent and range of lofty mountains. If so, the error is to be regretted, as it must tend to throw discredit on other portions of his discoveries which have a more substantial foundation."

Since writing this, the Atlas of the American Expedition has appeared, and there, in actual sight, after a chart of the world, accompanied by isothermal lines, we have another of "The Antarctic Continent, shewing the icy barriers attached to it; discovered by the U. S. Ex. Ex., Charles Wilkes, Esq., Commander, in 1840." So that it is asserted, at any rate, to be a *great fact*. The particulars are regularly set down. There is Repulse Bay, Peacock's Bay, Piner's Bay, Disappointment Bay, and Porpoise Bay; Knox's High Land, Budd's High Land, Totten's High Land, North's High Land (i' the south), and High Land covered with Snow (land enough to make a continent); and Port Alden, Port Case, Port Emmons, and Cape Hudson, and Reynolds' Peak, and Elds' Peak, and we know not what else, to verify the discovery. We shall probably resume its consideration.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

The New Arctic Expedition.

In No. 1391 of the *Literary Gazette* (so long ago as September 16th, 1848, see p. 597 of the volume for that year) it was stated, at the conclusion of our original account of the Antarctic voyage, that another expedition to the Arctic circle was contemplated, the command of which would be offered to Sir James Ross. Various circumstances arose to delay the execution of this design, and to modify the appointment of those to whose charge it should be entrusted. At length, however, the return of Sir John Franklin from his government of Van Dieman's Land has given it a new impulse, and the sailing of the expedition under his command has been finally determined. After communications from the first Lord of the Admiralty (the Earl of Haddington), Sir J. F. has undertaken this onerous enterprise; and, with the experienced and able Capt. Crozier (who is daily expected from the continent) as his second, will forthwith prepare for the service. Both the Erebus and Terror returned from their arduous southern voyage in as perfect condition as when they started from Chatham. Their strength and capability of resistance have indeed been well tried; and thus, for skill in their commanders, and the requisite qualities in themselves, we have every reason to augur hopefully of the results. These vessels have been towed up to Woolwich, where there is to be a *small* steam-power attached to each ship, so as to help them by means of the *screw* to push their way through the ice. Sir J. Franklin has, we learn, visited them this week in company with his gallant companion and friend Sir James Ross, whose advice must be so invaluable on such an occasion, even to the most experienced of polar-sea navigators, and given directions for commencing their equipment. The expedition is appointed to sail about the first week in May, and ought on no account to be later. The ships being in first-rate order, will not require the least repair. The only alterations necessary will be for the purpose of applying the small steam-power and a screw-propeller to assist them in light winds or calms, which greatly prevail amongst the ice of Baffin's Bay. This can soon be done. The officers, we believe, are not yet, but will of course be immediately appointed. The intended route is through Barrow Straits, between Cape Walker and Bankes' Land, and thence to the continent of America to the westward of Woollaston Land. They will still be able to take two years' provisions; though the steam-apparatus and coals will not admit of their taking three years' complete, as on former Arctic voyages.

Heaven prosper them, and enable them to complete a geographical survey honourable to the character of the greatest naval nation that ever existed on the face of the earth!

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

February 7th.—Mr. Grove "On the voltaic arc." When the brilliant arc of flame which plays between the terminals of a powerful voltaic battery was first observed, it could scarcely be made the subject of experiment, from the enormous and unmanageable apparatus required, and the very short time during which, even under the most favourable circumstances, the effect could be made to continue. The discovery of the nitric-acid battery by Mr. Grove, however, has placed it in the power of any experimentalist, who has moderate means at his disposal, to maintain for many hours a flood of this intense light and heat, with a battery occupying very little space, and comparatively inexpensive. On this occasion 100 pairs of Grove's battery were employed; and the light was probably the most brilliant and voluminous ever seen. After exhibiting the power of the arc by fusing stout copper and platina wires, which ran down as easily as a shred of sealing-wax melts in the flame of a candle, Mr. Grove submitted the following propositions as the theoretical data upon which his subsequent experiments were to be based, and which he considered opened an interesting and important field of inquiry.

1. Force, like matter, is, humanly speaking, incapable of being created or annihilated.

2. Electrical phenomena can be accounted for as an affection of ordinary matter, or a mode of force, without calling in aid a hypothetical fluid or fluids, of the existence of which we have no evidence.

With regard to the first proposition, it is universally established, that matter cannot be created or annihilated. The material constituents of the burned candle, though apparently consumed, yet exist in their original weight. The felly of a worn-out wheel is only dissipated or spread over the roads upon which the wheel has run. So Mr. Grove says of force: wave your hand; the motion which has apparently ceased is taken up by the air, from the air by the wall of the room, and so, by direct and re-acting waves, continually comminuted, but never destroyed. So far the conception of the non-annihilation of force offers no great difficulty; but what becomes of force when motion is arrested or impeded by counter-motion? if, for instance, one ball impinges on another, or one wheel rubs against another, is not the force annihilated? no: for no such percussion or friction can exist without the development of heat, which, even if not viewed as vibration, *i. e.* motion, is at all events a mode of force, and capable of reproducing motion. Let the body A move in one direction at a given velocity, and the body B in the contrary direction at the same velocity; it is admitted that, if not arrested, the initial force would cause them to move on for ever in the same directions, and with the same velocity; but if in passing they touch or rub against each other, heat, or electricity, or both, are developed, and these in direct ratio to the original velocity and the degree of resistance. If friction, *i. e.* resistance, is lessened, as by oiling the joints, we have more motion, less heat; if increased, as by roughening the points of contact, we have more heat, less motion; and so of the rest. Could we in any mechanical engine, says Mr. Grove, collect all the heat and electricity at the frictional points, all the motion of the waves of air, &c., and unite them as a single impelling power, we should have exactly the initial force; just as we should have again the candle if we could collect and recompound its constituents. A little consideration will make the contrary of this view inconceivable. Motion is only stopped by friction, which inevitably gives heat; or by aerial resistance, which is other matter carrying off the motion, or some like effect; and if the reaction of these be not equivalent to the initial force, action and reaction are not equal.

With regard to the second proposition. An electrified wire evinces a re-acting current upon the cessation of the primary, resulting, according to Mr. Grove, from a polarisation of its molecules. The disruptive discharge, whether Franklinic or Voltaic, is still more corroborative of the view which regards a hypothetic fluid as unnecessary. At first sight, the spark appears an emanation of something sensible though immaterial; but the electric spark from tin is blue, from silver green, from iron scintillating; similar are the colours of the voltaic arc from each of these metals; similar are the colours from the ordinary combustion of these metals; and the other metals, though less distinctly marked, give the same character of flame when electrified or burned. If a spark be taken from a brass knob to a polished silver plate, brass can be discovered by aid of the microscope fused on the silver, and *vice versâ*; and the transfer of metallic particles in the voltaic arc is evident, on examining the terminals, to the naked eye: the spark or arc is, then, an affection or transfer of ordinary matter, and depends upon the nature of the terminals between which and the medium across which it passes. Various experiments were

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shewn by Mr. Grove in illustration of these principles; thus, the voltaic discharge was taken for a few seconds between iron terminals, in a vessel of nitrogen, where ordinary combustion could not take place; the interior of the vessel was then rinsed with dilute muriatic acid, and from this iron was immediately thrown down by the usual tests, shewing that the arc was in fact a volatilisation of iron. We will not detail the many other experiments shewn by Mr. Grove, who concluded by inviting attention to the following subjects of investigation, founded upon the propositions with which he had started, and which, although he had partially elucidated, were open to much further inquiry; an inquiry which his professional occupations did not give him time to follow out.

1. The relation between the matter transferred in the voltaic arc, and the heat of that arc, to the matter electrolysed in the cells. There is in the voltaic arc a double action; each electrode is transferred in counter directions, and thus frequently the same particles travel backwards and forwards. Mr. Grove once thought the transfer of matter would be proved equivalent to that in the cell, but this fact of re-transfer makes it a very complex proposition; and philosophically, the equivalent of force would as satisfactorily account for the transfer of the current as the equivalent of matter: as one revolution of a wheel of two feet will cause two revolutions in a wheel of one foot periphery; so the intense heat, which is the exponent of the force, may, with the small quantity of matter acted on, be equivalent to the larger quantity of matter electrolysed in the cells with a less intensity of force, *i. e.* of chemical action.

2. The relation between the influence of the voltaic arc on the intervening medium, and of the intermedium on the arc.

3. The practical application of the arc in forming alloys of metals difficult of fusion, such as platinum, iridium, rhodium, &c., with the ordinary fusible metals, by dropping the former from the arc into the latter already fused in a crucible or suitable vessel. An alloy of platinum and copper thus made was exhibited.

Feb. 14th.—Prof. E. Forbes, "On some remarkable analogies between the animal and vegetable kingdoms." After a few remarks on the prevalent neglect of the metaphysics of natural history in England, the Professor proceeded to illustrate the importance of this branch of the science by an exposition of the relations of the animal and vegetable kingdoms; first through *polarity*,—by which term, as applied by naturalists, is understood the opposition or divergence of the two great series of beings composing the animal and vegetable kingdoms, the lowest forms of each being most nearly allied, and not the highest of the latter with the lowest of the former, as would be the case if such relation did not exist; and second, through *analogy*, dependent on the correspondence of the divisions of the two kingdoms, and of the laws regulating the beings they respectively include. Two classes of analogies were made the special subjects of this discourse:—1st. *Analogies* depending on the manifestation of common laws regulating the disposition or combination of individuals composing a species. The laws of the morphology of composite beings, as discovered in the vegetable kingdom by Linnæus, and afterwards by Wulf and Goethe, and as shewn to exist in the animal kingdom among the sertularian zoophytes by the professor himself (see *Lit. Gaz.* for Oct. 1844), was explained in illustration of this part of the subject. 2d. *Analogies* depending on a certain correspondence, or relation, or resemblance, between the groups or degrees of alliances under which species are assembled. These were illustrated by the exposition of certain views of the lecturer respecting parallel groups (groups equal in structural value). He maintained that throughout nature, wherever two groups were found exactly parallel in zoological and botanical value, of whatever rank as alliances, they would be found to present certain constant and universal analogies, the one exhibiting the characters of concentration, unity of combination, and tendency to the development of an endoskeleton at the expense of the exoskeleton; the other exhibiting a tendency to elongation, articulation, and the development of exoskeleton, and suppression of the endoskeleton. These characters in the animal kingdom would be manifested chiefly in the nervous system and its dependancies, and in the vegetable kingdom in the reproductive system. Vertebrata and articulata, osseous and cartilaginous fishes, the patella and the chiton, were adduced as instances from the animal kingdom; and exogens and endogens, rosaceæ, and leguminosæ, as examples in the vegetable kingdom.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Feb. 15, 1845.

Academy of Sciences: sittings of 3d and 10th Feb.—M. Milne Edwards read a further memoir of his zoological researches on the coast of Sicily. Its object was to shew that throughout the whole class mollusca as well as that of the crustacea, the veins fail more or less completely, and are functionally replaced by gaps or intervals; so that the blood distributed to the different parts of the economy by the arteries overflows into the cavities of the body, and traverses the abdomen wholly or partially to return to the organs of respiration.

M. Margueritte described new combinations of tungstic acid with the alkalies. He shewed that there existed a series of tungstates with 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and even 6 equivalents of tungstic acid to one equivalent of base.

M. Dumas gave an account of experiments with chlorine liquefied and cooled down to 90° below zero in a mixture of solid carbonic acid and ether. Phosphorus dropped into the liquid chlorine inflamed with violent explosion. Arsenic at ordinary temperature falling into the liquid chlorine bursts into flame. Antimony, on the contrary, remains in contact with liquid chlorine without combining with it. The experiments of M. Dumas in regard to phosphorus are at variance with those of M. Schrötter recently announced. He found phosphorus and antimony in the like circumstances both inert.

M. A. Aguinat addressed a note on the employment of liquefied gases as motive forces. He proposes to use sulphurous acid or ammonia, as liquefying under low pressures. The machine invented by him will be examined by a commission.

M. Turck announces that albuminous liquors continually disengage ammonia, and that the formation of this gas is due to the simultaneous presence in these liquors of the chlorohydrate of ammonia and caustic soda, which re-act the one on the other, until the soda has entirely disappeared. The albuminous liquors examined by M. Turck are, saliva, the serum of blood, and the white of egg. M. Berzelius and M. Gmelin do not consider saliva as a liquid containing albumen; but M. Turck thinks they have been led into this error through imperfect processes.

M. Pouchet wrote, in reference to the last memoir of M. Milne Edwards, that two years ago he himself had announced the general fact, that in the gasteropodes the blood overflows into the abdominal cavity, and is there absorbed by the gaping extremities of the veins.

The missing Plays of Moliere.—A most interesting discovery has been made within these few days. It is known that the "Comedien Lagrange," who edited Moliere's plays, had bought, in 1680, the house occupied, in 1658, by his favourite author in Rouen. One of the descendants of Lagrange, Mons. A. Guerault, engaged in a law-suit, recently visited Rouen to ferret out some family papers in his ancestor's house, and amongst them he discovered a dusty manuscript bearing the inscription of the *Docteur Amoureux*, known to be the title of one of the missing comedies of Moliere. The MS. contains, besides the comedy, the rough sketch of the first scenes in the *Etourdi*, together with a reference in the play to a well-known "interlude" which Moliere, who was an actor as well as an author, used to introduce in most of his representations. These circumstances concur in establishing the authenticity of the comedy, and will doubtless enhance its value in the eyes of the curious.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Feb. 15th.—The Earl of Auckland in the chair. The secretary read a paper on the history of the Chinese Triad Society, of which some notices have appeared in former volumes of the society's Transactions. The Triad Society has excited some interest from its ostensible object of overthrowing the foreign family which now occupies the imperial throne, and restoring the true Chinese dynasty which, two centuries ago, was dispossessed by the Manchoo race. Once during the late war with China they offered to cooperate with our armies, and to turn against the Manchoos, and those of their countrymen who supported them. This was at the occupation of Chapoo, in whose garrison many of the soldiers were members of this body. The offer was rejected, but they created a disturbance in the city, and left the army, probably in search of plunder, which is believed to be the real object of the association, though covered by a cloak of patriotism.

The papers read consisted of translations by Mr. Gutzlaff of documents belonging to the body found at Hong Kong. They consist of songs used at the introduction of new members, of the oath taken by the novice, and of an account of the origin and progress of the society as given by themselves. According to this account they take their beginning from a war between the Manchoos and the Seloos, towards the close of the 17th century, in which the government was materially aided by an association of 1200 bonzes of Fokien, whose success and consequent reward so excited the envy of the courtiers, that their establishment was burned to the ground, and all the body destroyed, with the exception of five, who fled from the cruelty of their treacherous persecutors. They were soon joined by the youthful son of the late Chinese emperor; and afterwards by many other persons who were well affected to the old dynasty. For several years they maintained a bold struggle with the usurping government; but in 1736 they were compelled to disperse into various parts of the empire, having previously agreed upon certain signs by which they might be known to each other, until the great day of vengeance should arrive, when they would all march to Nanking, and establish upon the

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throne the family of their ancient sovereigns. From that time to the present they have maintained a secret organisation, like the freemasons of Europe, divided into lodges, and connected by certain signs understood only by themselves; the manner of placing the cups and dishes on the table, of pouring out tea, of eating and drinking, of putting on a garment, and the words in which the commonest question is put, will immediately inform a member of the presence of another of the body, although the signs of recognition are based upon such trifling differences as would escape the most inquisitive eye uninitiated in the secret. The association is said to be extending; it embraces people of all classes, chiefly of the more disreputable, though some inferior mandarins and people attached to the police are among them. They hold frequent meetings, at which they renew their oath of fidelity towards each other, denounce traitors, and resolve upon the best and most secret mode of punishing them. They afterwards mingle their blood before an altar of incense in token of eternal fidelity, and usually conclude with a drunken debauch. Mr. Gutzlaff states, in conclusion, that the power of the society is increasing; and he speculates on the probability of their joining the political societies forming in every part of the country, with the object of upholding the celestial empire against all barbarian encroachment.

A concise account of Aden, by Assistant-Surgeon Malcolmson, who had been a permanent resident there ever since the station was established, was then read. The writer states that the town is built on the crater of an extinct submarine volcano, whose activity must have surpassed any idea we can form in judging from the operations of existing volcanoes; that after a season of repose, which may have lasted myriads of years, this volcano became active again, and formed a second crater on the north-western side of the valley. He places the second eruption at a period long anterior to the existence of animal life. With the exception of one peak, the whole of the peninsula is composed of rocks, unfit for building-purposes, as they peel off in thin laminæ when exposed to the air. The peak excepted is a basalt projecting from the edge of the precipice, down the sides of which the masses required for building are thrown by the blast which detaches them into the valley below, where they are shaped for use. The writer is of opinion that Aden was once an island; and that the isthmus now connecting it with the continent, which is no where above six feet in height or three quarters of a mile in breadth, was formed by the tides from each side meeting in the middle. The animals of Aden are a few timid monkeys, believed by the Arabs to be the people of the tribe of Ad, transformed in consequence of their wickedness, some hyænas, many very beautiful foxes, and an immense number of rats. The reptiles are—snakes, lizards, and scorpions of two kinds, one very large, reaching to eight inches in length, but whose sting is not dangerous; the other smaller, said to be very venomous. The plants are chiefly pretty flowers growing in the hills; and there were some acacias of considerable size, and other trees, at the coming of the English; but these have all been cut down for fuel. The climate may be divided into two seasons, the hot and cold. In the hot season the thermometer ranges as high as 104° in the shade; but the heat is by no means unbearable—in fact, the difference between the sensible temperature and that shewn by the thermometer is always very remarkable. This great heat does not produce sickness; and although the troops suffered dreadfully, at first, from want of accommodation and proper food, from the great fatigue and watching to which they were exposed, and from the dreadful filth of the place; now that these causes are removed, the writer feels warranted in stating that a more healthy station does not exist in any British colony. When the place was first occupied by the British, the population consisted of about 1000 half-naked and half-starved inhabitants: there are now at least 20,000 residents, well clothed and well fed, besides the troops, amounting to 3500, and a fluctuating population of 1500 souls. The water is of very superior quality, and obtained by wells, in which it remains at the same level at all seasons. It is not, unfortunately, sufficiently attainable for irrigation; and there is but little rain to supply its place: were it not for this impediment, the success of the government garden proves that the soil would be highly productive. There are remains of large tanks on the peninsula, which the writer thinks were abandoned when the wells were dug; but in all probability they were used for irrigation, and if restored, might be again available for that purpose. The dwellings are principally composed of wooden uprights, whose intervals are filled with reeds and lined with matting formed of leaves of the date-tree: they are cool and comfortable, and better adapted to the climate than more costly edifices. The chief objection to them is their liability to fire, of which an instance was seen in the whole of the lines of the 10th regiment having been destroyed in two hours.

The place is now perfectly healthy; the troops and their families cheerful and happy; they have good quarters and excellent food, and are on good terms with the inhabitants. The town is improving; ruins have almost disappeared; many stone houses have been built, and others are building: the streets are now well levelled and regular; and the revenue has doubled every year. Mr. Malcolmson is decidedly of opinion that Aden is destined to be one of the most important posts belonging to England, as there is every indication that the intercourse with India will be restored, at least in part, to its ancient route.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

The meeting of the 18th instant, Dr. Lee in the chair, was very numerously attended to hear Professor S. Lee's communication regarding Dr. Forster's interpretation of the Hameïritic inscriptions. The paper was too long and argumentative to admit of analysis. It shewed satisfactorily that Dr. Forster had committed some errors in his translations of the Arabic poems contained in the *Monumenta Vetustiora Arabica* of Schultens, some of which affected the positioning of the site where they were first discovered by Abdul Rahman, "slave of the most merciful," and viceroy in Yemen of the Khalif Moawiyah. Such was the reading of "he travelled with a hundred horsemen," which Dr. Forster has translated as so many parasangs; and the question of four parasangs, which Dr. Forster reads as forty. The paper did not, however, enter upon any discussion regarding the Hamairitic inscriptions themselves; though the learned professor expressed his opinion that they were of post-Christian times, from their apparently containing some Greek letters.

The honorary secretary announced that Dr. Forster and Professor Lee had been particularly invited to attend the discussion, but that they were unavoidably absent. Mr. Buckingham regretted the critical severity and bitter tone which the Professor had adopted towards Dr. Forster and his panegyrist in the *Quarterly Review*. Mr. Cullimore then entered more into the merits of the case, and in an able argument pointed out that, however much Professor Lee's paper might affect Dr. Forster's Arabic scholarship, it did not do away with the probability of the inscriptions preserved by Al Kazimi, as ancient Arabian monuments, found on the coast of Aden, being the same as some of the lately recovered Hamaïri inscriptions on the same coast. That the castle in which they were found, and so much insisted upon by Schultens and Professor Lee as being near Aden, is expressed in Al Kazimi's account of the Arabian viceroy's journey as on the coast of Aden, which being the country of the Adites, long preserved as the name of the whole territory that which now only belongs to one site; and which he further illustrated by the name Adramitæ, given to it by classical geographers. Sir Charles Malcolm urged that after Aden, Hien Ghorab was the only other harbour on that part of the coast, and therefore likely to have been an ancient emporium, as its ruins and its connexion with Nakab al Hajar also testify. Mr. Johnson, by comparing the inscriptions with others from Abyssinia, shewed the presence of several Ethiopic letters. Mr. Ainsworth expressed himself much disappointed with Professor Lee's paper. With the exception of correcting some translations of Arabic, it left all that regarded the Hemeïri inscriptions in exactly the same state. He had no doubt, notwithstanding Professor Lee and also Mr. Bird's late statements regarding the modern date of these inscriptions, that some of them were of very high antiquity, as well also as the ruins where they had been found. Sir W. Jones, and other Oriental scholars, had lamented their absence as a great gap between us and the earliest records of mankind; and whatever may be the opinions as to the progress made in deciphering these inscriptions, there appears little doubt that, extending through a considerable space of time, they and the ruins which accompany them embrace that interesting epoch when the trade of India flowed through Arabia towards Egypt and Palestine, and thence to Europe; which included the dynasties of the Adites, of the kings of Yemen, of whom Hamyar himself was the fifth in succession, and the renowned Balkis, queen of Sheba, the twenty-second, and extended through the time of the Abyssinian kings of Yemen to the Persian satraps and Muhammadan conquerors; thus embracing ante- and post-Christian epochs. The existence of Ethiopic letters in these inscriptions did not attest an Abyssinian origin, as we could not tell if the Abyssinians on their part may not have borrowed them from the ancient Adites, who were frequently their invaders and conquerors. Dr. Yates was also of opinion that Professor Lee's memoir went no further than to correct certain Arabic mistranslations of Dr. Forster. Mr. Mustabini thought that little real progress had been made in deciphering the inscriptions, since there was so much difference of opinion as to whether they ought to be read from left to right, or right to left. Dr. Lee hoped that Dr. Forster would himself answer Professor Lee's objections; the time was too brief to allow of the question being thoroughly discussed at this meeting.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.

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Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; Pharmaceutical, 9 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (lecture).

Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; R. S. of Literature, 4 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.

Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Philological, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (conversazione).

Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.; Medical and Chirurgical (anniversary meeting), 3 P.M.; United Service Institution (anniversary meeting), 2 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

No. 51. "Shylock." J. P. Knight, R.A.—To this likeness of the malevolent, is attached in the catalogue a quotation of his direst hate; but the striking defect in the countenance is, that it is not at all vindictive. On the contrary, it might well represent the benevolent expression of Cumberland's Sheva. With this drawback, the picture displays all the ability of the artist, is finely poised, and every accessory handled with perfect dexterity.

No. 58. "Rachel leading her Father's Sheep." Sir G. Hayter, M.A.S.L.—A dark-browed damsel, whose figure we cannot commend—nor indeed does she in any way come up to our idea of the scriptural beauty. Sir George has two other productions in the Gallery: 250, "La Guitare;" and 400, the original study for his famous picture of "The Reformed House of Commons."

No. 68. "A Highland Chieftain." F. Grant, A.R.A.—An exceedingly spirited portrait, whole length, "in the garb of old Gaul." The elastic dignity of the Highland treader on heather is finely portrayed; and the brilliant colouring of the clan tartan adds to the animation of the whole. It is on a small scale.

No. 137. "The Wild Nosegay," by the same, is a charming and well-painted fancy.

No. 100. "The Two Friends." S. Gambardella.—Executed in a subdued yet effective tone, this picture is a fair specimen of, and in the manner of, the Italian school. A lady and her favourite dog are the friends, and there is an extremely pleasing intelligence between the two. 373. "Alice," by the same, and in the same style, also deserves our just praise. Both belong to a class which always charms by its softness and grace; though it does not excite higher feelings by its boldness or wonderful touches.

No. 126. A very clever study of five negro heads, by W. Salter, M.A.F.; which brings us to notice

No. 298. "Jephtha's Return," by the same artist; a sacred scene, from the Book of Judges. We would particularly invite attention to this work, because, in an exhibition of 520 subjects, it stands almost alone as an effort belonging to the highest order of art, and therefore suggests reflections of no very flattering kind in regard to the encouragement of such productions in the English school. It is a large piece, of nearly eight feet by eleven, and represents the fatal return of the Jewish conqueror to his house at Mizpeh and devoted daughter. The triumph of the proud victors, and the rejoicings prepared to hail and welcome them, form the general character of the groups that fill the canvass; but its joy is dashed by the horror of the father when he first meets the unconscious and delighted gaze of his beautiful child, and by the participation in that horror by some of those nearest to him who are aware of his awful vow. On the right one incident of a soldier and his wife happily meeting is introduced with touching contrast. In balancing the picture, Jephtha on his noble horse, and his followers in all the pomp and panoply of war, occupy more than half the space. On the other side are the beautiful maidens of Israel, with their dances, harps, timbrels, and other musical instruments, issuing from the temple to greet their protectors home. The effect of the whole is most satisfactory; and the careful study the artist has bestowed upon every part of the costume and accessories certainly recommends his labour to great public approbation. It is our duty, as critics, to say this much; for even if we could not, as in this instance, do it in honour of the painter, we ought to invoke patronage for a class of art, the countenance of which is much needed to raise us above the petty and manufacturing performances which are so apt to find a ready market, whilst the works of Hiltons, and others like to him, are neglected. 213. "The Young Cavalier," by the same, is a very handsome boy, well seated on a capital Shetland pony.

No. 156. "Infancy." Mrs. W. Carpenter.—A very charming composition, and painted in a charming tone. The child is a true (not a pictorial) child, and the flesh-colour is as genuine as the infantile form and face. 83. A study of a child's head, and 360, a bit of landscape, do equal credit to the talent of the fair artist, who has long been an ornament to her sex and profession in our native school.

No. 44. "Belgic Galliot aground, &c." E. W. Cooke.—The variety and excellence in the landscape-department exhibited this year are very gratifying, though they do not demand very detailed criticism. In this production of Mr. Cooke's, possessing the usual features which have raised him into much and well-deserved popular estimation, the atmospheric effects will chiefly strike the connoisseur as of rare merit; but the same room contains, 24. "Hastings," 70. "Sandbank," 90. "Dort," and 104. "Seacamp," all of them sea-pieces, delightfully natural, and in more than one case rendered more effective by the introduction of craft either in mid or distant perspective, and all painted with artistic skill and feeling.

No. 54. "A Wood Scene." J. Linnell.—Of the richest autumnal brown, and most grateful to the eye. See, for further proof of talent, 369, by the same.

No. 63. "The Old Mill." T. Creswick, A. R. A.—Cool and delicious. We went but a summer day to enjoy this rural nook infinitely more than we can now in the midst of wintry frost. Buildings, wood, and water, are all equally picturesque. Nos. 32, 127, "Recollection of the Alps;" 310, "Near Fribourg, Black Forest;" and 358, "The Stepping-stones," bear ample testimony, not only to Mr. Creswick's ability in painting such homely rustic nature as we have just noticed, but his power to seize the grandest and most terrific forms of dark ravine and mighty mountain-peak, lifting their shattered summits to the sky, and transfer them to his canvass with the force of a Salvator. No. 110 is a very striking example.

No. 64. "Solitude." W. Linton.—Hanging close to 63 (see the foregoing), Mr. Linton's "Solitude" seems all on fire. It is a glowing and striking composition, in which every gradation of light and mass of positive colour are managed with splendid efficacy. We may consider this as a remarkable fruit of the artist's long and arduous studies under a southern sun.

No. 74. "Rouen"—C. R. Stanley—is a fine subject, and yet we cannot say that we are much gratified with this diligent facsimile of it. Together with 478, we think it shews greater in promise than in performance, for their parts are quite unexceptionable, though the *ensemble* does not do more than please.

No. 118. "The Campagna, Rome." W. Simson.—A classic landscape, with the Apennines in the distance, meriting the good position it has in this Gallery.

No. 124. "A Cornish Mountain Scene," H. Bright.—A fine landscape, and we hope but the forerunner of others of the same or greater talents, which must rank the painter high in this branch of art, though so rich in competition.

No. 146. "An Avenue." Hobbima? No! F. R. Lee, R. A.—It is, however, another Hobbima, and in no way inferior to that picture of the old master which brought so large a price from Sir R. Peel. The avenue is more oblique, we think an improvement, and there is the same natural and bright or chequered lights falling through the trees, resting on their branches and leaves, or distributed on the sward beneath. It is a happy trick of art. Nos. 202, 234, and 274, are three other admirable illustrations of sylvan scenery and atmospheric influences by the same ever-charming hand.

No. 212. "The Cartoon Gallery." J. D. Wingfield.—A curious, highly-finished, and successful work, which displays the pictures in the Cartoon Gallery at Hampton Court in their proper places, whilst visitors are promenading on the floor below. We have not very many productions of this species, but the Dilettanti Society and others will occur to memory; and it is not a little in eulogy upon the present performance to say, that it might safely be hung by the side of the best of them. It is very cleverly and very carefully done. 265, a very small "Student," and 312, a "Summer Afternoon, Regno Anne (Rape of the Lock)," are not unworthy of Mr. Wingfield's successful pencil.

No. 315. "The Wreath." T. M. Joy.—We give the artist joy upon his treatment of this fanciful piece. It is poetical, and in every respect grateful to behold. We like pictures which we can look upon again and again with a renewal of pleasurable feeling; and this is one of them. 264 is another of a smaller size.

DISCOVERIES AT NINEVEH.

The writer in the *Malta Times*, from whom we took the most of our last notice on this interesting subject, having continued his lucubrations in that journal of the 4th instant, we again avail ourselves of his judicious remarks and descriptions.

The nature of the sculptures and inscriptions is alone sufficient to prove that they must be attributed to a period preceding the Macedonian conquest of Persia. The difficulty lies in determining to which of the three great dynasties that successively ruled over the Assyrian empire the edifice may be assigned; whether to the first race of kings, of whom the last was Sardanapalus (B.C. 820); to the second, which ended with the destruction of Nineveh by Cyaxares (B.C. 606); or the Medo-Persic conquerors, who governed the eastern world until their overthrow by Alexander.*

The first argument is briefly dismissed as untenable.

Several important facts may be advanced to connect the edifice with the second Assyrian era. In the first place, I would direct your attention to a very remarkable passage in the 23d chapter of Ezekiel, verses 14 and 15: "She saw men portrayed upon the wall, the images of the Chaldeans portrayed with vermilion,

* For the sake of convenience I have followed the most usual chronological and historical arrangement, which, however, does not imply an assent in its accuracy.

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girded with girdles upon their loins, exceeding in dyed attire upon their heads, all of them princes to look to, after the manner of the Babylonians of Chaldea, the land of their nativity." The literal version of the passage is: "She saw men sculptured upon the wall, likenesses of Chaldeans, painted with red ochre, girded with girdles on their loins, with spreading tiaras (or flowing head-bands) upon their heads," &c.* It would be impossible for any one acquainted with M. Botta's sculptures not to be struck with the accurate description of these contained in this passage. It is evident that the whole face of the marble was painted with a kind of red-ochre, except where certain ornaments were designated by more brilliant colours. The richly decorated girdles and the head-dresses of the principal personages, whether tiaras or mitres, or simple bands confining the hair round the temples and flowing down the back, are amongst the most conspicuous objects. The coincidence is so obvious, that it leads at once to the conclusion that Ezekiel had these or similar sculptures in view. It will be remembered, that Ezekiel prophesied on the river Chabar, the Cheboras or Khabour, in the immediate neighbourhood of Nineveh; that in this chapter he is referring to a period previous to the fall of that city,—an event which he probably witnessed.†

The following facts would further tend to prove that the monument belonged to the second Assyrian dynasty. The absence of symbols and sacred emblems belonging to the Magian religion, the nature of the divinities or idols represented, historical evidence as to the period of the destruction of Nineveh, the dress of the figures, the character used in the inscriptions, and the style of architecture.

Between the fall of the first Assyrian dynasty and the final overthrow of Nineveh by the conjoined armies of Cyaxares and Nebuchadnezzar, the empire of Assyria was governed by a race of kings, who extended their conquests over the whole of western Asia, and even far beyond the frontiers of Africa. In the reigns of Senharib or Sennacherib, and Essarhadon, it included not only the countries comprehended within the frontiers of Assyria, in the widest acceptation of the term, viz. Babylonia, Susiana, part of Media and Mesopotamia, but also Cilicia, Phœnicia, Syria, Egypt, Ethiopia, and a part of Arabia. The monarchs of this dynasty are frequently mentioned in the history and prophecies of the Jewish people. Their names, shewing an Indo-Germanic origin from their construction, differ entirely from those of the kings of the first Assyrian dynasty, which have been preserved by the profane historians, and are evidently Semitic. This fact would tend to shew that this second dynasty was derived from Media. But as the Magian religion even at this period appears to have prevailed in that country, it would be reasonable to conclude that if the new dynasty were conquerors, they would have compelled its adoption in Assyria. The same remark would apply as to the Median tongue. We have, however, direct evidence to prove that the Assyrians retained, with their ancient form of worship, their language. Thus in 2 Kings, ch. xix. v. 36 and 37, it is stated, that Sennacherib was slain by his sons, as he worshipped in the temple (or house) of *Nisroch*, his god (compare Isaiah ch. xxxvii. v. 38); and in 2 Kings, ch. xviii., we find that the generals of the same monarch were entreated to speak in the Aramean (Syrian), and not in the Hebrew tongue. The Magi did not worship in temples, and, moreover, the name of the Assyrian deity is an indisputable proof of its Semitic origin. *Nisr*, in all the Aramean dialects, means an eagle; and Gesenius has conjectured that *Nisroch* signifies "the great eagle."* Now the deity which is most frequently represented in M. Botta's sculptures combines with the human shape the head and wings of an eagle. The occurrence of this figure at Nineveh, in direct confirmation of the statement in Kings, can scarcely be looked upon as a mere accidental coincidence. As one Semitic deity has been found, it may be conjectured that there are other emblems of the same worship. We have accordingly Baal, or the Assyrian Hercules. The figure appears to represent this divinity—the great head of all the religious systems in western Asia, is of gigantic proportions and of imposing form. In one hand he strangles with apparent ease a lion, whose distorted features and outstretched claws, clinging to the garments of the god, attest the superhuman strength employed in its destruction. In the other hand is a serpent with a monstrous head (or a weapon of that form). Both these attributes at once denote the Hercules of the Semitic race, from which the Greeks derived the traditions subsequently applied to their own hero. In a bas-relief representing the manœuvres of a fleet at sea, we find a marine deity, with the upper half a man and the tail of a fish, probably Triton, whose worship was widely extended over the East.† These divinities, so completely at variance with the spirit of the Magian religion, at once prove that the doctrines of Zoroaster had not yet been introduced amongst the Assyrian people.

The dress of the king closely resembles the Median. A mitre or high conical cap, painted with gaudy colours, adorns his head. His hair and beard are carefully curled, and so minutely and elaborately arranged, that they seem rather artificial than natural. Long robes, richly decorated with tassels and fringes, flow down to his ankles. A similar dress is worn by others, apparently men in authority about the monarch. The warriors are attired in helmets and armour. Although this costume of the king may be Median, it must not be forgotten that it also nearly resembles that of the Babylonians. They allow their hair to grow, says Herodotus, describing that people, and wear a mitre on their heads. They carry a carved stick in their hands, on the top of which is an apple, a rose, a lily, an eagle, or some other figure. Moreover, they wear a linen tunic, which descends to the ankles, over which is a second tunic of the same material, a small white mantle being thrown over all. The Babylonians may, indeed, have adopted, in the time of Herodotus, the costume of their Medo-Persic conquerors. Thus, though the similarity of dress found in the sculptures of Nineveh and Persepolis may lead to the conjecture that the monuments of both are to be traced to a Median origin, yet this opinion is by no means conclusive. The accurate description of Ezekiel, contained in the passage before referred to, would tend to point out a southern Assyrian origin—it was the dress, says the prophet, of the people of Babel-Chaldea.

* *Shashar*, in the text rendered 'vermilion,' is translated 'red-ochre' by Gesenius (Heb. Lex. in verb.). Various meanings have been assigned to it by commentators, but all agree in affixing to it that of a red colour. *Hakek* is 'to cut and grave in the rock,' and fully answers to the sculpture of a bas-relief. *Tebouleem-tiaras* (Gesenius), τιάραι βαπταί (Codex Alex., Theodoret, Arab. and Syr. version of Origen's Hexapla), *tiaras tinctas* (Vulgate).

† The date usually assigned to the prophecies of Ezekiel is B.C. 593; that of the destruction of Nineveh by Cyaxares B.C. 606,—a difference of about thirteen years.

* Hebr. Lex. If this critic be correct in combining a Persian intensive adjunct with a pure Semitic root, this word may be cited as a proof of the adoption of the Assyrian mythology by the Medes.

† The mythological symbol of man-fish evidently originated in the East. It was in Babylonia that Oan, On (Ὢν), Oannes, or Euahanes, whose figure was that of Triton, left the sea by day to instruct barbarous inhabitants in letters, in the sciences, and in the various arts of peace (Eusebius, Chron. ed. Aucher, vol. i. p. 20). It is not altogether improbable that the name of the Greek divinity is intimately connected with that of the Babylonian.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

CAPT. STURT'S EXPEDITION.

THE latest accounts we have in the *Adelaide Observer*, after referring to the mysterious murder of fifteen out of an overland party of twenty persons, and the consequent position of Capt. Sturt and his expeditionary party, saye: "When the gallant leader wrote, he was not at all dismayed; but expressed the fullest confidence in his steady and intrepid band; and intended to proceed to the scene of the late indiscriminate murders, which are said to have been perpetrated near Laidley's Ponds, and therefore 150 miles, or thereabouts, distant from the usual overland route. His excellency the governor, with Capt. Butler of the 96th, as second in command, Mr. Burr, deputy-surveyor general, Mr. Thomas, and an armed detachment of thirty men (mounted police and soldiers of the 96th), left town on Tuesday last, and will proceed with all possible celerity to the government station at Moorunde, where it is intended to hold a council of war, and determine on ulterior measures. Amongst these will probably be the declaring the district under martial law; the appointing of such additional force as may secure Capt. Sturt's personal safety, as well as enable him to form one or more sufficient depots on his line of route; and to open up a line of communication with Adelaide."

The distant colonial journals, which we receive very frequently, display varieties in the pursuits of society which seem curious to our European habits. Thus we have, in the paper from which we have quoted, an advertisement of a raffle,* headed "Presents for England," and consisting of three prizes of . . . *stuffed birds!* The prize No. 1. consists of thirty-seven specimens of wrens, finches, robins, tailor-birds, pardaloies, parrots, pigeons, plovers, &c. The other two lots are of the same kind, but not so numerous. Then comes a natural-history story of an enormous edible mushroom, which had raised a large log from the ground. And well it might, for it was "from margin to margin, measuring over the upper surface, which was almost hemispherical, 21 inches nearly; circumference, 43 inches; depth of the lamillæ, 1¼ inch; thickness of the pileus (or fleshy substance of the crown) nearly half an inch. It was of a fine pinkish grey colour, full of the odour peculiar to the tribe, of great richness, and yielded a pint of pure liquid when salted in the usual way. The stem was 5¼ inches from the lower part of the crown to the ground, and nearly round, but tapering slightly upward, being 7 inches in circumference at the ground, and not quite 6 inches in the centre." No want of catsup in the colony, we hope.

BIOGRAPHY.

LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

WITH feelings we have not words to express, it is this day our painful task to record the death, on Saturday last, of Mr. Laman Blanchard; a

* Raffling appears to be adopted to a great extent for the disposal of every species of property.

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personal friend long associated with and intimately known to us, and a literary man whose writings have justly earned for him a contemporaneous and wide-spread celebrity, and a fame which will be more extended and permanent. Alas, that we have to add, the manner of his loss was one of those calamitous instances of the helplessness of weak humanity to bear up against the pressure of afflictions. The minds of individuals devoted to the ceaseless toils of literature, calling forth and wasting their energies, are but ill prepared to endure sufferings of another nature. The ideal cannot slide into and compete with the real world; and though it may be a refuge for griefs of a less poignant character, the imagination, however compact, is unable to wrestle with and withdraw us from the more severe visitations of mortal distress. It was the heavy misfortune of Mr. Blanchard, a few weeks ago, to be deprived of a wife, whom a protracted illness had only the more endeared to him—a woman so equable in temper, so warm-hearted, so amiable to all, and so attached to him, that none could be surprised at the more than bridal affection which subsisted between them, and seemed the very spirit of their being. For Blanchard himself was of a fine and congenial temperament. Endued with great (perhaps with too much) sensibility, he was open, sincere, gentle, susceptible to every the minutest act of kindness, firm in integrity, and overflowing with high sympathies towards all that was generous and good. His family bereavement preyed upon him night and day; and at last his excited sense was torn with delirium, and wrecked in the sea of trouble which overwhelmed the powers of reason, and made him unaccountable for his acts. She was gone from his side with whom he might truly have said,

"The mind much suff'rance does o'erskip
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship."

His consolation had not only departed, but was the source of his intellectual prostration: the shock was fatal to a fancy and understanding, which had for many years stood the test of unremitting labour for the press; and he who had charmed thousands and tens of thousands continually with his pleasant thoughts, fell a sacrifice to an "o'ercharged heart."

We have incidentally alluded to the prominent features of Mr. Blanchard's character; but must return to offer a slight remark on points in it which particularly rivetted our regard and admiration. His unaffected sensibility was absolutely beautiful. It was inherent, spontaneous, and embraced the whole sphere in which he moved. It was alike seen in benevolence towards the poor and lowly; in charity towards a class too often excepted from the rule, the infirm and erring; in justice tempered with mercy towards all; and in the most genial and confiding love towards those whom he esteemed. And so of his integrity. It was without parade or outward demonstration, and seemed to be an innate part of himself. Yet its very gentleness and quiescency made its force. There was no assertion belonging to it, to beget opposition; and any desire that might arise to impede its way perished in the face of its invisible omnipotence. We never knew a man so humbly resolute and so nobly inflexible, with demeanour, manners, and language that might appear to indicate a softness to be wrought upon, and a disposition to evade a collision rather than to brave a conflict. Those who could surmise this, were diametrically mistaken.

The moral and social qualities at which we have thus hastily glanced shone in all Laman Blanchard's literary productions. The lightest and most amusing of his essays partook of his philanthropy and pathos, and aimed in various ways and moods at the improvement of his fellow-creatures, and the amelioration of the general lot. His graver and political efforts breathed all his unbending fidelity to the side upon which his opinions ranged. He recently wrote in the *Examiner*, having previously, a few years since, been connected with the *Courier* newspaper as an editor and leading contributor. When that journal fell into the hands of the opposite party (shortly before it sunk under its frequent mutations), it was confidently expected that the services of Mr. Blanchard would be recognised by some suitable appointment from the ministry, whose cause he had so zealously and ably sustained. But Whig as well as Tory, we fear, are in the habit of viewing the performance of such services with little favour and less gratitude. They accept the tribute as due to their excellence; a voluntary and conscientious offering, whose honesty should be its sufficient reward. At all events Mr. Blanchard (as we know), after sundry courteous interviews, hearty verbal acknowledgments, and propositions of Pisgah-promise, in the end got nothing. He was again thrown upon his pen for a precarious provision, dependent upon health and strength, and the difficult access to a market where his talents might be appreciated. This, no thanks to friends or parties, he found in the *New Monthly Magazine*, in *Ainsworth's Magazine*, and in other periodical publications; and also in occasional employment on works which the publishers thought likely to be popular, such as the *Posthumous Memoirs of L. E. L.* Was there an inscrutable link between their destinies—her mysterious fate and that of her biographer?

No man ever entertained a more modest appreciation of his own merits than Mr. Blanchard. We never heard him speak of any of his writings; and what is equally rare and laudable in our day, we never heard him decry the writings of others his contemporaries; nor do we believe he ever experienced one feeling of envy or jealousy at success, though it might in every other judgment exceed his own with far less grounds to recommend it. And we ought to look at the vast mass and variety of his productions, which cannot be believed till what has flowed in a hundred streams is collected into one grand river; it will then be seen that his mind was most fertile, never ceasing to throw off original conceptions, fanciful ideas, poetry of a high order, whether playful or pathetic; and being in truth an inexhaustible source of that perpetual and diversified profusion of literary wealth with which he enlivened and enriched the periodical publications of his day, in which men of first-rate learning and exalted genius are swamped till they are dead!!

In person Mr. Blanchard was of middle-size and light and active form. His countenance was well modelled, and his eyes peculiarly expressive either of deep emotion or gay humour. His manners, as we have noticed, were placid and gentlemanly; and his conversation, serious or lively, as occasion suited, was always agreeable, candid, and acceptable. His society was much sought by a numerous circle of literary and other friends, to whom his stores of information recommended and his most estimable qualities endeared. He has left a daughter, accomplished under his anxious superintendence in music and other feminine graces, and of whom he was almost passionately fond, and three sons younger than her, to lament the untimely loss of a father, of whom and of whose memory they have just and abundant grounds to be proud. The sadness which must mix with their filial recollections cannot as yet be consoled; but it must gratify them in the depths of their orphan woes to know that a body of the admirers and friends of their honoured parent have so far provided that they shall not suffer that destitution which is but too often the inheritance of the children of genius. For several years their proper education and earthly comforts have been secured; and the means suggested, if not adopted, for the eligible settlement of the younger branches. Mr. Blanchard was only forty-two years of age. His funeral, attended by many who lived in friendly intimacy with him, will take place this day, at 12 o'clock.

THE MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER,

DISTINGUISHED by his love of the fine arts, and the possessor of one of the finest collections of paintings in England, died on Monday, at his seat, Eaton Hall, near Chester, in the 78th year of his age. William Gifford was his travelling-tutor; and notwithstanding the Marquis's change in politics from Tory to Whig (it was said on being debarred from a site for stables deemed unsightly or incommodious near a royal park), a strong mutual attachment was cherished between them till the death of the eminent Editor of the *Quarterly Review*.

THE DRAMA.

Covent Garden.—A spectacle called the *Shadow on the Water, or the Cleverest Man in China*, was produced here on Tuesday. It began with more spirit than it carried through with it, but some fair scenery and a tolerable ballet aided its final reception with approbation.—A notice of *Othello* on Thursday evening, with a press upon our columns, must be postponed. Mr. Betty in the Moor was more effective than in any character he has yet played.

Princess's.—The appearance of the two American stars in *Othello* drew a perfect bumper to the Princess's on Monday. Mr. Edwin Forrest, after some years' absence, reappeared as the Moor, and Miss Cushman was the *Emilia*. Mr. Forrest's delineation of the character is much changed since we last saw him, and is now even a more false reading than it was. To our mind the actions of Othello should be bold and tender in his love, apt and prompt in his conclusions, brave and impetuous as a soldier; and this temperament, resulting from a nature as free and confiding as it is generous and noble, produces the alternate ascendency of the different passions, the entire change from the fondest love and most unbounded confidence to the tortures of jealousy and maddest hate; for

"Once to be in doubt is once to be resolved."

Now Mr. Forrest never did resolve, but calmly and deliberately weighed every word he had to utter, from his first measured address to the senate to the closing scene, so much so that the fine passage,

"If she be false, then heaven mocks itself!"

was utterly lost. There were, however, occasional displays of ability, which were warmly applauded, but these were few and far between; and as a whole we must pronounce this version of the part to be slow and heavy. The Emilia of Miss Cushman is almost beyond praise; nothing could exceed the importance, intensity, and dignity, with which some passages were given. Mrs. Stirling displayed much tenderness and feeling in *Desdemona*, and Mr. Graham's *Iago* was just and judicious in the first part, but became careless towards the close. *Cassio* and *Roderigo* were fairly represented by Messrs. H. Wallack and Walter Lacy.

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Sadler's Wells.—On Thursday a bold dramatic reform was attempted at Sadler's Wells: it was, the restoration of Shakspere's *Richard the Third* to its Shakesperian form, which is so very different from Colley Cibber's acting-version, that it could hardly be recognised. It is late in the week for us; but we cannot allow the occasion to pass without a few words of congratulation upon the complete success of the attempt. The scenery, appointments, &c., are of the highest order; and this revival is another honourable effort on the part of the management of Sadler's Wells to deserve the public support, of which they have received so considerable a share.

French Theatre.—On Monday the St. James's Theatre was crowded for the *début* of M. Lemaitre in *La Dame de St. Tropez*. As the latest performance of this play would take place last night, we need not enter upon a criticism of it; and have only to speak of the execution of his part by Lemaitre as a *chef-d'œuvre* of histrionic skill. It is the finest possible study: in which, not only the whole, but every subordinate effect, is marked with extraordinary versatility and fidelity.

Wilson's Scottish Entertainments.—On Monday this popular singer brought out a new entertainment, called *Wandering Willie's Wallet*, which was received throughout with great applause. There was perhaps a little monotony in the earlier songs of the first part; for sweetness itself is more apt to cloy than any other taste. A little variety here would tell. "The bonny house of Airly," the sixth in the list (nearly all tender and pathetic), was so delightfully given, that it seemed to change the feeling; and the act concluded capitally with an old comic ballad, called "John Grimlie." In the second act, another ludicrous and characteristic old ballad, to a tune which takes possession of you and sticks by you for days and nights after, entitled "Watty cam' out on a moonshiny night," appeared also to win the loudest plaudits, though many were awarded to "Why left I my hame?" and "I gaed a waeful gate yestreen."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE BEE.

Ah! who is so blest as the honey-bee,
The sylph and humming-bird of the flowers!
The light-wing'd elf! who so happy as he,
Making the most of the golden hours!
No hermit austere in his waxen cell,
But an epicure and a sage as well.

He kisses the rose's blushing cheeks,
And sucks the balm from the woodbine's lip,
While a merry murmur his pleasure speaks;
Nor only doth he sing and sip,
But reaps besides, and carries away
A harvest to hive for a rainy day.

The garden's soltan, he fondly flies
From bud to bud through his flower-serai:
He waits not to see—he is far too wise!—
His blooming beauties wither and die;
But the moment one turns pale, he retreats
To solace himself with another's sweets.

Come, friends, let's take for our guide the bee:
Who the way of wisdom so well can teach?
Let's follow his gay philosophy!
Ne'er lose a blossom within our reach,
Nor fail, 'mid the present, to garner up
Some gleanings for filling the future's cup.

ELEANOR DARBY.

VARIETIES.

Baths and Wash-houses.—The directors of this plan have issued a paper explaining its objects, &c., in language adapted to the humblest capacities, the distribution of which they request from their supporters. It describes the means and cost to those who use either bath or wash-house, and also the disposition of the buildings—but there is nothing said of their localisation.

The French Scientific Meeting for the present year is appointed to take place at Rheims early in September.

Australian Earthquake, a phenomenon rather rare in this quarter of the globe, was experienced last autumn at Flanders Island.

The Fine Arts.—The number of foreign artists now studying in Rome amounts to 405, 300 of whom are painters, 58 sculptors, 39 architects, and 7 engravers; 158 of those artists are Germans, 25 French, 33 English, 17 Russians, 7 Poles, 13 Swedes and Norwegians, 31 Danes, 19 Belgians, 3 Dutch, 11 Hungarians, 10 Spaniards, 7 Portuguese, and 14 Americans. The Italian artists are 542 in number, besides 2000 mosaic-work makers.—*Newspapers.*

IMPROMPTU.

An association of ideas suggested by our first article.

For two Alberts, we guess, we may thus share the blame:
In the one there's no *Cunning* except in the name;
In the other the best that his best friends can say,
Is that none of his doings are in the (W)right Way.

W. J.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Debrett's Peerage of Great Britain and Ireland, revised, corrected, and continued, by H. Collen, 8vo (1845), 30*s.*—The Oxford University Calendar, 12mo, 6*s.*—Greek-English Index to Englishman's Greek Concordance, royal 8vo, 3*s.* 4*d.*—The General Nature and Treatment of Tumours, by G. Macilwain, 8vo, 5*s.*—Winslow's Inquirer directed to the Atonement, 4th edit. fcp., 3*s.* 6*d.*—Religion no Fiction, by the Hon. and Rev. H. M. Villiers, 18mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*—The Book of Psalms, arranged in Daily Portions for Devotional Reading, by Rev. A. Dallas, 32mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Carpenter's Cyclopædia of Natural Science. Zoology. Vol. 2, post 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Travels in New Zealand, by Alex. Marjoribanks, 12mo, 4*s.* 6*d.*—Egypt under Mehemet Ali, by Prince Puckler Muskau. Vol 2, post 8vo, 8*s.* — The Maxims and Opinions of His Grace the Duke of Wellington, by Francis, 8vo, 14*s.*—The Goldmaker's Village, translated from the German of H. Zschokke, 12mo, 4*s.* 6*d.*—A Mirror of Faith: Lays and Legends of the Church in England, by the Rev. J. M. Neale, 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Sermons on the Practical Working of Faith, by the Rev. F. W. Fowle, 12mo, 6*s.* —The Antiquarian and Architectural Year-Book for 1844, 8vo, 14*s.*—Studies in English Poetry, by Joseph Payne, fcp. 6*s.*—Contributions towards a Flora and Fauna of the County of Cork, 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Professor Ansted's Geologist's Text-Book, fcp. 3*s.* 6*d.*—Cornelius Nepos, with answered questions and imitative exercises, by the Rev. T. K. Arnold, Part I., 12mo, 4*s.*—Rev. R. Parkinson's Poems, Sacred and Miscellaneous. 12mo, 4*s.*—Poor-Law Election Manual, by W. G. Lumley, 12mo, 4*s.*—Rural Sketches and Poems, by J. W. Ord, fcp. 5*s.*—Ivy-Leaves: a Collection of Poems, by Isabella Varley, post 8vo, 5*s.*—Dr. E. D. Silver on Diseases of the Rectum and Anus, 3d edit., 8vo, 5*s.*—Tales of the Colonies, by C. Rowcroft, 3d edit., fcp. 6*s.*—The Christian Economy of Human Life, royal 32mo, 1*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. Sigourney's Scenes in my Native Land, 32mo, 2*s.* —Rules and Orders of the Superior Courts of Common Law, by E. Lewes, 8vo, 8*s.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1845.

February.		*Thermometer.*				*Barometer.*		
Thursday	13	From	25	to	33	29·89	to	29·55
Friday	14	„	34	..	40	29·41	..	29·44
Saturday	15	„	30	..	39	29·64	..	29·59
Sunday	16	„	40	..	31	29·32	..	29·59
Monday	17	„	25	..	37	29·61	..	29·64
Tuesday	18	„	26	..	36	29·65	..	29·70
Wednesday	19	„	23	..	35	29·71	..	29·75

Wind on the 13th, S. by W., S., and S. by W.; 14th and 15th, N.W.; 16th, N.N.E. and N. by E.; 17th, S.; 18th, E.; 19th, E. by N.—The 13th, cloudy, snow, and rain during the day; 14th, clear; 15th, morning clear, afternoon generally overcast; 16th, morning clear, afternoon cloudy; 17th, generally clear; 18th, generally overcast during the morning, afternoon sun shining through haze; 19th, generally overcast till the evening. Rain fallen ·375 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.
Latitude, 51° 37′ 32″ north
Longitude, 3′ 51″ west of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Ignotus' communications, to have a literary effect, ought to be in series, and not single scraps. We shall be glad to hear from him.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. LOVER'S IRISH EVENINGS.— On MONDAY next, Feb. 24, commencing at Eight o'Clock precisely, at HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, for the FIRST TIME, an entirely New Entertainment, entitled PADDY'S PORTFOLIO, containing Sketches of Character, Mirthful Anecdotes, and appropriate Musical Illustrations; among which the following new Songs: "The Waiter's Song," "Sally," "Dermot O'Dowd," "The Road of Life, or Song of the Irish Post-Boy;" and "The Poor Blind Boy."

Tickets and Programmes to be had at the Rooms, principal Music Shops, and the Libraries. Admission, 2*s.*; Front Seats, 3*s.*

A GRAND FULL and FANCY DRESS BALL,

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To be given on WEDNESDAY, the 26th of FEBRUARY, 1845,

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Improvisatore: or, Life in Italy. From the Danish of Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by Mary Howitt. 2 vols. 12mo. London, R. Bentley.

PUBLICATIONS in the more common form of three volumes we can generally dismiss with justice in a single No. of the *Gazette*, and too often in a single paragraph—sometimes, but for the sake of *quasi*-literary history, they had better not be noticed at all, as they descend to the butterman's and cheesemonger's—but these two volumes agree so well with our taste, that we perceive we must call the attention of our readers to them for two or, it may be, three weeks to come. The truth is, that productions which come strictly within the definition of *belles lettres* or polite literature are extremely rare, and this alone would recommend the *Improvisatore in Italy*. But then, writings of Danish authors and poets are equally, if not more, rare; and here is another claim upon us. And thirdly and lastly, not to enlarge upon reasons, the originality, merits, and beauties of the work itself lay still greater obligations upon our just sense of what is due to genius. We do not know what the *Improvisatore* may be in the Danish language—we presume it must be very fine and striking—but even in a translation we have to state it has many charms for us; and we have passed over it a few hours of as agreeable relaxation as we have enjoyed for a long time in the perusal of any descriptive author. The pictures of Italian scenery, the accounts of Italian manners in high and low, and in short, Life in Italy, are painted not only with the poetic touches of the writer's inherent spirit, but with a curious felicity and fidelity that would do honour to the merest proser that ever took pen in hand to tell what he saw and heard in that land of song. The union of these qualities produces a delightful effect; and there is a story interwoven with the changes of scene, which adds the interest of romance to the varied animated paintings of society and nature with which the narrative abounds. That story we will not break in upon; but leave to the pleasurable development of perusing its mysteries: we have enough, and more than enough, in other and distinct features, to evidence and justify what we have said in compliment to Hans Andersen.

Before advancing our proofs, however, we ought to mention the sketch of that individual, which is prefixed. He belongs to the very humblest station, and was born on the 2d April, 1805; so that he is now just forty years of age. The memoir of his infant and early days is simple, and reminds us of times in our own country of less civilisation and refinement than now; when we no longer believe in legends, ghosts, fairies, and other superstitions, but have murders in our rural lanes instead, and poacher-bloodshed in our lovely sylvan woods. Not so as yet at Odensee, in Denmark; and "when the new-born child was taken to the church to be baptised, it cried resoundingly, which greatly displeased the ill-tempered pastor, who declared, in his passion, that 'the thing cried like a cat;' at which his mother was bitterly annoyed. One of the god-parents, however, consoled her by the assurance, that the louder the child cried the sweeter he would sing some day, and that pacified her. The father of Andersen was not without education; the mother was all heart. The married couple lived on the best terms with each other, and yet the husband did not feel himself happy; he had no intercourse with his neighbours, but preferred keeping himself at home, where he read Holberg's 'Comedies,' 'The Thousand-and-One Tales of the Arabian Nights,' and worked at a puppet-theatre for his little son, whom on Sundays he often took with him to the neighbouring woods, where the two commonly spent the whole day in quiet solitude with each other. The grandmother also, who was an amiable old lady, and who bore the misfortunes of her family with Christian patience, had great influence on the mind of the boy. She had been very handsome, was kind to every body, and, besides that, was scrupulously clean in her poor clothing. With a feeling of deep melancholy, she would often tell how her grandmother had been the daughter of a rich gentleman of family in Germany, who lived in the city of Cassel; that the daughter had fallen in love with a comic-actor, had left her parents secretly to marry him, and after that had sunk into poverty. 'And now all her posterity must do penance for her sin,' sighed she."

The father dies.

"Young Andersen was at that time nine years old, and his mother sent him to the next village to ask counsel from a wise woman. 'Will my poor father die?' inquired he, anxiously. 'If thy father will die,' replied the sibyl, 'thou wilt meet his ghost on thy way home.' It is easy to imagine what an impression this oracle would make upon the boy, who was timid enough without that; it was, in fact, his only consolation, on his homeward way, that his father certainly knew how such an apparition would terrify his little son, and therefore he would not shew himself. He reached home without any unfortunate adventure, without seeing the ghost of his father; and on the third day after that the sick man died. From this time young Andersen was left to himself; the whole instruction which he received was in a charity-school, and consisted of reading, writing, and arithmetic, the two last very imperfectly. The poor boy, at this time, gained an entrance into the house of the widow of the Pastor Bunkeflod, of Odensee, who died in the year 1805, and whose name, on account of some lyrical productions, is known in Danish literature. He was engaged to read aloud to the widow and her sister-in-law; and here, for the first time, he heard the appellation 'poet,' and saw with what love the faculty which made the dead a poet was regarded. This sunk deeply into his mind. He read some tragedies, and then determined to write a comedy, and to become also a poet, as the deceased pastor had been. And now, actually, he wrote a true tragedy, for all the characters lost their lives in it; and the dialogue was interlarded with many passages of Scripture. His two first auditors received this first work of the young poet with unmingled applause; and, before long, the report of it ran through the whole street, and every body wished to hear the tragedy of the witty Hans Christian. But here the applause was by no means unmingled; most people laughed right heartily at it, whilst others ridiculed him. This wounded the poor boy so much that he passed the whole night in weeping, and was only silenced by his mother's serious admonition, that if he did not leave off such folly she would give him a good beating into the bargain. Spite of the ill success of his first attempt, however, he now, unknown to any one, set about a new piece, in which a prince and a princess were introduced. But these lofty characters threw him into great perplexity, for he did not at all know how such noble people as these conversed, imagining, of course, that it must be impossible for them to talk as other people did. At length it occurred to him to interweave German and French words into their conversation, so that the dignified language of these princely personages became a perfect gibberish, which, however, according to the opinion of the young author, had in it a something very uncommon and sublime. This masterpiece also was introduced to the knowledge of the neighbourhood, the result of which was, that not many days elapsed before he was derided by the wild boys in the streets, who shouted, as he went by, 'Look! look! there goes the comedy-writer!' But it was not alone the rude boys, but the schoolmaster also, who entirely mistook the genius which clearly betrayed itself, even in such-like productions; for, one day, when young Andersen presented to him, as a birth-day present, a garland, with which he had twisted up a little poem of his own writing, he blamed him for it; and the only reward which the poor poet had for his first poetical attempt consisted of trouble and tears."

But we will not repeat the whole of this biography. Suffice it to say, the poor boy got to Copenhagen—tried to obtain any employment in the theatre, and made other vain attempts with little success; till at last fortune so far smiled upon him, that he acquired some notice and some education: and so commenced his literary career. With its vicissitudes we shall not meddle, but come at once to the result now before us of his travel in Italy, whither he was sent for his improvement with a small pension from his government.

The framer of the design assumes the character of a child of indigent parentage born in Rome, and possessing a mind exactly resembling that of the child born under similar circumstances in Odensee. He is left an orphan, his widowed mother being accidentally killed on a festival-day by runaway horses of the Prince Borghese. They are the most devout of Roman Catholics, and previous to this fatal calamity, we have a somewhat amusing argument on a religious point which affected them much. A young foreign artist lodged with them, who unhappily "was a life-enjoying, brisk young man, who came from a far, far country, where they knew nothing about the Madonna and the child Jesus, my mother said. He was from Denmark. I had at that time no

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idea that there existed more languages than one, and I believed, therefore, that he was deaf when he did not understand me, and, for that reason, I spoke to him as loud as I could; be laughed at me, often brought me fruit, and drew for me soldiers, horses, and houses. We soon became acquainted; I loved him much, and my mother said many a time that he was a very upright person. In the mean time I heard a conversation one evening between my mother and the monk Fra Martino, which excited in me a sorrowful emotion for the young artist. My mother inquired if this foreigner would actually be eternally condemned to hell. 'He and many other foreigners also,' she said, 'are, indeed, very honest people, who never do any thing wicked. They are good to the poor, pay exactly, and at the fixed time; nay, it actually often seems to me that they are not such great sinners as many of us.' 'Yes,' replied Fra Martino, 'that is very true,—they are often very good people; but do you know how that happens? You see, the devil, who goes about the world, knows that the heretics will some time belong to him, and so he never tempts them; and therefore they can easily be honest, easily give up sin; on the contrary, a good Catholic Christian is a child of God, and therefore the devil sets his temptations in array against him, and we weak creatures are subjected. But a heretic, as one may say, is tempted neither of the flesh nor the devil!' To this my mother could make no reply, and sighed deeply over the poor young man; I began to cry, for it seemed to me that it was a cruel sin that he should be burned eternally—he who was so good, and who drew me such beautiful pictures."

After his mother's death, and an escape from an uncle called Wicked Peppo, a cripple beggar, of no very amiable temper, who collects daily alms in the streets, our youthful hero is taken by a worthy shepherd and his wife to be nursed up in the Campagna; and of which and its inhabitants we have the following slight but vivid description:—

"The immense desert which lies around old Rome was now my home. The stranger from beyond the mountains, who, full of love for art and antiquity, approaches the city of the Tiber for the first time, sees a vast page of the world in this parched-up desert; the isolated mounds all here are holy ciphers, entire chapters of the world's history. Painters sketch the solitary standing arch of a ruined aqueduct, the shepherd who sits under it with his flock figures on the paper; they give the golden thistle in the foreground, and people say that it is a beautiful picture. With what an entirely different feeling my conductor and I regarded the immense plain! The burnt-up grass; the unhealthy summer air, which always brings to the dwellers of the Campagna fevers and malignant sickness, were doubtless the shadow-side of his passing observations. To me there was a something novel in all; I rejoiced to see the beautiful mountains, which in every shade of violet-colour enclosed one side of the plain; the wild buffalo, and the yellow Tiber, on whose shore oxen with their long horns went bending under the yoke, and drawing the boat against the stream. We proceeded in the same direction. Around us we saw only short, yellow grass, and tall, half-withered thistles. We passed a crucifix, which had been raised as a sign that some one had been murdered there, and near to it hung a portion of the murderer's body, an arm and a foot; this was frightful to me, and all the more so as it stood not far from my new home. This was neither more nor less than one of the old decayed tombs, of which so many remain here from the most ancient times. Most of the shepherds of the Campagna dwell in these, because they find in them all that they require for shelter, nay, even for comfort. They excavate one of the vaults, open a few holes, lay on a roof of reeds, and the dwelling is ready. Ours stood upon a height, and consisted of two stories. Two Corinthian pillars at the narrow door-way bore witness to the antiquity of the building, as well as the three broad buttresses to its after repairs. Perhaps it had been used in the middle ages as a fort; a hole in the wall above the door served as a window; one half of the roof was composed of a sort of reed and of twigs, the other half consisted of living bushes, from among which the honeysuckle hung down in rich masses over the broken wall. 'See, here we are!' said Benedetto; and it was the first word he had said to me on the whole way. * * *

"I believe, indeed, that this home operated very much upon my poetical turn of mind. This little narrow room was, to my imagination, what a weight is to the young palm-tree—the more it is compressed into itself, the more it grows. The house was, as has been said already, in the very ancient times, a family burial-place, which consisted of a large room, with many small niches, side by side, in two rows, one above the other, all covered over with the most artistical mosaic. Now was each put to very different purposes; the one was a store-room, another held pots and pans, and a third was the fire-place, where the beans were cooked. Domenica prepared the table, and Benedetto blessed the food; when we had had enough, the old mother took me up a ladder, through the broken vault in the wall, to the second story, where we all slept in two great niches which had once been graves. In the furthest was the bed which was prepared for me; beside of it stood two posts supporting a third, from which swung a sort of cradle, made of sail-cloth, for a little child; I fancy Mariuccia's: it was quite still. I laid myself down; a stone had fallen out of the wall, and through the opening I could see the blue air without, and the dark ivy which, like a bird, moved itself in the wind. As I laid myself down, there ran a thick, bright-coloured lizard over the wall, but Domenica consoled me by saying that the poor little creature was more afraid of me than I of it; it would do me no harm; and, after repeating over me an Ave Maria, she took the cradle over into the other niche where she and Benedetto slept. I made the sign of the holy cross, thought on my mother, on the Madonna, on my new parents, and on the executed robber's bloody hand and foot which I had seen near the house, and these all mingled strangely in my dreams this first night. The next day began with rain, which continued for a whole week, and imprisoned us in the narrow room, in which was a half twilight, although the door stood open when the wind blew the rain the other way. * * *

"Domenica spun, and I thought about the beautiful pictures in the convent church; seemed to see Jesus tossing past me in the boat; the Madonna on the cloud borne upwards by angels, and the tombstones with the garlanded heads. When the rainy season was over, the heavens shewed for whole months their unchangeable blue. I then obtained leave to go out, but not too far, nor too near to the river, because the soft ground might so easily fall in with me, said Domenica; many buffaloes also grazed there, which were wild and dangerous, but, nevertheless, those had for me a peculiar and strange interest. The something demon-like in the look of the buffalo—the strange, red fire which gleamed in its eyeballs, awoke in me a feeling like that which drives the bird into the fangs of the snake. Their wild running, swifter than the speed of a horse; their mutual combats, where force meets with force, attracted my whole attention. I scrawled figures in the sand to represent what I had seen, and, to make this the more intelligible, I sang it all in its own peculiar words to its own peculiar melody, to the great delight of old Domenica, who said that I was a wise child, and sang as sweetly as the angels in heaven. The sun burnt hotter day by day; its beams were like a sea of fire which streamed over the Campagna; the stagnant water infected the air; we could only go out in the morning and evening; such heat as this I had not known in Rome upon the airy Monte Pincio, although I well remembered than the hot time when the beggars had prayed for a small coin, not for bread, but for a glass of iced water. I thought in particular about the delicious green water-melons which lay one on another, divided in halves, and shewed the purple-red flesh with the black seeds; my lips were doubly parched with thinking of these! The sun burned perpendicularly; my shadow seemed as if it would vanish under my feet. The buffaloes lay like dead masses upon the burnt-up grass, or, excited to madness, flew with the speed of arrows round in great circles. Thus my soul conceived an idea of the traveller's sufferings in the burning deserts of Africa. During two months we lay there like a wreck in the world's sea. Not a single living creature visited us. All business was done in the night or else in the early hours of morning; the unhealthy atmosphere and the scorching heat excited fever-fire in my blood; not a single drop of anything cold could be had for refreshment; every marsh was dried up; warm yellow water flowed sleepily in the bed of the Tiber; the juice of the melon was warm; even wine, although it lay hidden among stones and rubbish, tasted sour and half-boiled;' and not a cloud, not a single cloud, was to be seen on the horizon,—day and night always the everlasting, never-changing blue. Every evening and morning we prayed for rain, or else a fresh breeze; every evening and morning Domenica looked to the mountains to see if no cloud raised itself, but night alone brought shade—the sultry shade of night; the sirocco alone blew through the hot atmosphere for two long, long months. At the sun's rise and setting alone was there a breath of fresh air; but a dulness, a death-like lethargy produced by the heat, and the frightful weariness which it occasioned, oppressed my whole being. This and all kind of tormenting insects, which seemed destroyed by the heat, awoke at the first breath of air to redoubled life; they fell upon us in myriads with their poison-stings; the buffaloes often looked as if they were covered over with this buzzing swarm, which beset them as if they were carrion, until, tormented to madness, they betook themselves to the Tiber, and rolled themselves in the yellow water. The Roman, who in the hot summer days groans in the almost expiring streets, and crawls along by the house-sides, as if he would drink up the shadow which is cast down from the walls, has still no idea of the sufferings in the Campagna, where every breath which he draws is sulphurous poisonous fire; where insects and crawling things, like demons, torment him who is condemned to live in this sea of flame. September brought with it milder days, it sent out also Federigo one evening to make sketches of the burned-up landscape. He drew our singular

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house, the gallows, and the wild buffaloes. He gave me paper and pencils, that I also might draw pictures, and promised that when he came next time he would take me with him for a day to Rome. • • •

"It was now November, and the most beautiful time which I had yet spent here. Cool airs were wafted from the mountains, and every evening I saw in the clouds that rich colouring which is only found in the south, and which the painter cannot and dare not give to his pictures. The singular olive-green clouds, on a grey ground, were to me floating islands from the garden of paradise; the dark-blue, on the contrary, those which hung like crowns of fir-trees in the glowing fire of the evening heaven, seemed to me mountains of felicity in whose valleys the beautiful angels played and fanned cool breezes with their white wings. One evening as I sat sunk in my reveries, I found that I could gaze on the sun by looking through a finely pricked leaf. Domenica said that it would injure my eyes, and, to put an end to the sport, she fastened the door. The time went on wearily; I prayed her to let me go out, and, as she consented, I sprang up gladly, and opened the door."

And here begins an adventure, from which, agreeably to our promise, we must abstain. It removes Antonio to Rome under the patronage of the Borghese family; and the farewell of the good shepherd's wife is very affecting.

"'It is now for the last time,' said the old mother, 'that we two, whilst my eyes are yet open, shall go together over the Campagna! Thy feet will tread on polished floors, and on gay carpets; these old Domenica has not: but thou hast been a good child; thou wilt remain so, and never forget me and poor Benedetto! O God! yet can a dish of roasted chestnuts make thee happy? Thou shalt sit and blow up the reeds, and I will see God's angel in thy eyes when the reeds burn and the poor chestnuts roast; so glad wilt thou never more be with so small a gift! The thistles of the Campagna bear yet red flowers; upon the polished floors of the rich there grow no straws, and the ground is smooth, one falls so easily there! Never forget that thou wast a poor child, my little Antonio. Remember that thou must see and not see, hear and not hear; then thou wilt get through the world. Some day, when our Lord has called away me and Benedetto, when the little child which thou hast rocked goes creeping through life with a poor partner in the Campagna, thou wilt, perhaps, then go past in thy own chariot, or on a fine horse; halt thou before the old tomb-chamber where thou hast slept, played, and lived with us, and thou wilt see strangers living there, who will bow themselves deeply before thee. Haughty thou wilt not be, but think upon old times, think upon old Domenica! Look in at the place where the chestnuts were cooked, and where thou rockedst the little child. Thou wilt think upon thy own poor childhood, thou heart's darling child!' With this she kissed me, and clasped me closely to her breast, and wept; it seemed to me as if my heart would break. Our return home and her words were to me far more distressing than our parting even somewhat later; then she said nothing, but only wept; and when we were outside the door she ran back, and took down the old half-blackened picture of the Madonna, which was pasted behind the door, and gave it to me; I had kissed it so often—it was the only thing which she had to give me."

[To be continued.]

CENTO.

[At the close of the year we made an effort to rub off some of our ever-accumulating debts to the authors of poetical publications; but in spite of us they will grow and multiply faster than we can invigorate, water, prune, or crop them. The appetite for rushing into print with poetry must be one of the strongest in human nature: for the less it is encouraged (and everybody says that nobody cares for or reads it in our day), the more it is indulged; the more it is cut down, the more vigorously does it spring up again; the more it is rolled and trampled under foot, the more luxoriantly does it flourish. Such being the case, we must, as faithful chroniclers of literature, go on with our course of poesy.]

The Wandering Angel, and other Poems. By J. B. Rogerson. 8vo, pp.136. London, T. Miller.—The author, who has risen from the humbler ranks in Manchester to literary occupation, shews much facility in the art of composition, and no small share of talent. From his numerous themes we select the following example, with much of natural truthfulness about it, to recommend the volume in which it appears to extended patronage:—

"*The Death-Dream.*

I had a vision yesternight,
A melancholy dream:
Within my chamber burn'd a light
With faint and sickly beam;
And I for many days had lain
Emaciate on a couch of pain,
And nights had pass'd away,
Nor slumber rested on mine eyes;
And I had pray'd, 'mid groans and sighs,
To look upon the day.

My feeble taper died away—
I mark'd it shine its last,
And felt that from my wearied clay
My soul would soon have past;
The moonshine crept around my room,
And silver'd each recess of gloom,
All things were cold and wan;
Faint shivering breath my lips went through,
My brow bore drops of icy dew—
I lay a dying man.

My sins came to my memory,
My frail thoughts every one,
And stood between high heaven and me,
As clouds that hide the sun:
Words spoken in an idle strain
Now lay like lead upon my brain,
Light deeds wore dark array;
My heart seem'd weeping tears of blood,
An inward agonising flood—
I ask'd to live and pray.

Hours that had pass'd away, as flies
The summer's fleeting rack,
When all was bathed in pleasure's dyes,
Again came rushing back;
The beauty they had worn was fled,
The roses of my lot were dead,
But every thorn was there;
I feebly gasp'd, 'O God, forgive!'
And still I ask'd to pray and live,
And—died in dark despair.

My vision ended not with death:
I gazed on sheet and shroud;
I heard my wife's convulsive breath,
My children sob aloud;
I saw myself in ghastly state,
I look'd upon the coffin-plate,
That bore inscription vain;
I still beheld the corse, though hid
Beneath the studded coffin-lid—
I saw the funeral train.

I saw the sexton with his spade
Prepare the clammy ground;
I saw the earth above me laid,
And heard its sullen sound;
I saw the mourners pass away,
I saw the stone placed o'er my clay,
And soon the careless tread
And merry laugh and jocund word
Beside the new-made grave were heard—
None seem'd to reck the dead.

I look'd into each human soul—
My spirit had the power
To read all thoughts as on a scroll—
I saw my earthly dower;
I saw the weeds of hate and guile
Where friendship's flowers had seem'd to smile;
I heard the serpent's hiss
Where late I deem'd the dove had been,
For falsehood's glare had left each scene,
And bared each poison'd bliss.

I saw true worth in humble guise
Borne by oppression down;
I mark'd the loud pretender arise [rise],
And bear away the crown,
Which should have graced the modest brow
Of one whom silent thought did bow;
I saw the deathless wreath
Twined ready for the honour'd head
Of genius, when 'twas with the dead,
Undimm'd by envy's breath.

I read the hearts where guile was not,
But friendship, truth, and love,
Which neither word nor deed could blot,
Nor from their purpose move;
The same in want and sorrow's hour
As in the days of wealth and power,—
All was unveil'd to me:
I woke when came the morning's beam,
But to my dying hour that dream
Will unforgotten be."

A Thousand Lines; now first offered to the World we live in. Pp. 60. London, Hatchard and Son.—There is much to please in this unassuming publication; and we think "The Song of Seventy" will serve to shew that its companion-productions are worthy of perusal.

"I am not old,—I cannot be old,
Though threescore years and ten
Have wasted away, like a tale that is told,
The lives of other men:

I am not old; though friends and foes
Alike have gone to their graves,
And left me alone to my joys or my woes,
As a rock in the midst of the waves:

I am not old,—I cannot be old,
Though tottering, wrinkled, and grey;
Though my eyes are dim, and my marrow is cold,
Call me not old to-day.

For early memories round me throng,
Old times, and manners, and men;
As I look behind on my journey so long
Of threescore miles and ten:

I look behind, and am once more young,
Buoyant, and brave, and bold;
And my heart can sing, as of yore it sung,
Before they called me old.

I do not see her—the old wife there—
Shrivelled, and haggard, and grey;
But I look on her blooming, and soft, and fair,
As she was on her wedding-day.

I do not see you, daughters and sons,
In the likeness of women and men;
But I kiss you now as I kissed you once,
My fond little children then.

And as my own grandson rides on my knee,
Or plays with his hoop or kite,
I can well recollect I was merry as he—
The bright-eyed little wight!

'Tis not long since,—it cannot be long,—
My years so soon were spent,
Since I was a boy, both straight and strong,
Yet now am I feeble and bent.

A dream, a dream,—it is all a dream!
A strange, sad dream, good sooth;
For old as I am, and old as I seem,
My heart is full of youth.

Eye hath not seen, tongue hath not told,
And ear hath not heard it sung,
How buoyant and bold, though it seem to grow old,
Is the heart, for ever young;

For ever young,—though life's old age
Hath every nerve unstrung;
The heart, the heart is a heritage
That keeps the old man young."

Compositions on various topics agreeably written, and the whole seasoned with good sense and good principles, recommend the whole amount of the *Thousand Lines.*

Poems. By the Hon. Julia A. Maynard. Pp. 100. London, Bowdery and Kerby.—Light enough are these efforts at poetising the ideas of the fair and "honourable" writer. Here is the portraiture of "an Ind," *i.e.* a young lady of Hindostan:—

"Her face was of *a creamy white*—
E'en like the pale tea-rose—
A clear, *dark, olive* to the sight,
In colourless repose."

So much for a colour,—then for rhyme!

"Her eyes were languishingly black,
Their lustre Asiatic;
Against all others I would back
Their light so unphlegmatic."

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Sad is the issue:

"In vain her dark eyes coldly shone
Upon his love *hard press'd*:
He knelt and rav'd, nor would be gone,
And she was sore distress'd."

And so are we. But in order to estimate the quality of the whole volume, we may as well bring down some

"*Mountain Things.*

The mountain-ash, with berry red,
By rain and foggy vapour fed,
With dew *connives*,—(a botanical conspiracy.)
And well it thrives.

The piney forests dark and wild
Their black tops rear where snow is piled;
Rich turpentine
Their gluey wine.—(Glad not to drink it.)

And other firs of curious cone,
Amid the waste, are not alone;
And they infuse
A gracious ooze.—(Gracious!)

And small sweet flowers, they too are there,
And bloom, 'mid rocks, so frailly fair,
From barren soil
Extracting oil."—(New chemical fact.)

"Can such things be"—published? Yes, truly, the amiable droppings of feminine sensibility: easy for Miss Maynard to write, but "hard pressed" upon others to read.

The French in Rheinstadt: a Romance of the Day, &c.; and other Poems. By James Nisbet. Pp. 173. London, Longmans.—Of the level school, without offence, but also without enough of force or beauty to emerge from the atmosphere of the valley near the lower acclivity of Parnassus. Yet the following is a fine passage:

"I hear a sound as of a thousand feet—
I hear the voices of a thousand men—
A crowd comes rushing like a mighty flood!
On, from the linden-bowers, they sweep their way,
Across the Platten with a quicker step,
Along the Rhine Street, gathering as they go;
Soldier, and citizen, and peasant mingled,
And he they love, their sovereign, leads them on:
Along the Rhine Street to the Royal Square—
They saw the palace-court in smoke involved—
Then, with one loud and universal shout,
Pour'd on the scene of conflict. Stern and brief
Th' encounter; brave men, in a holy cause,
Wield not their swords in vain! Thine arm is crush'd,
Thy heart is broke, thou base conspiracy!
Where is the boasted legion of Chalons—
Bravos beneath the mask of liberty!
Some slain—some captive; others seek the fields,
Or darkly steal, and with diminish'd crests,
To their low den of subterraneous gloom."

Saul, and other Poems, &c. 8vo, pp. 154. London, B. Kimpton.—"Saul" is a dramatic sketch, which is slurred a good deal by unacquaintance with the rules of composition: good ideas are ill-expressed; and changes of time and mood mar what, if better turned, might be effective and admired. Listen:

"Mother's kiss
Was ne'er more welcome to the waking child
After a dream of horrors, than the breeze
Upon my feverish brow. I breathe anew,
And the heart rises with a lighter play,
As if the dews of heaven were shed on it.
* * * * *

Abner. Can the throne
Which Heaven itself established be cast down—
The sceptre wrested from the hand of him
Chosen of God for his peculiar people?
Saul. Chosen of God!—for what end was I chosen?
Unknown to power and greatness, I aspired not
Unto the perilous honour, nor could shun it.
It found me peaceful, happy; youth had not
Withdrawn its flush of pride, whilst manhood knit
My nerves for action: health, content, my riches.
I left them, seized the proffered diadem,
And bound my temples with a crown of cares,
Gave health and strength—the easy toils of day,
And night's sweet slumbers which repaid them—gave
Youth, and its spring of pleasures, innocence—
Mirth unalloyed with sorrow, and a heart
Sinless as yet, for it had not been tempted,—
For mental toils, which no repose could claim,
And cares that watched for others. I exchanged
My happiness for greatness; to be thought
That which I was not; envied and admired
By those who gaze on the external pomp
Of majesty, nor see beneath it lurk
Sorrow of heart and sickness of the soul."

The Witch-of-Endor scene has some striking merits. An "Epistle from Josephine to Napoleon" is not so stirring as that of Heloise to Abelard, but still is not without feeling and pathos; and some of the lesser poems and translations are of a better order.

The Cottager's Sabbath, and other Poems. By John Hurrey. Pp. 200. Spalding, T. Albin; London, C. A. Bartlett.—The poet in his preface gently deprecates the lash of criticism, which lash ought never to be applied except to stubborn, vicious, or offensive animals. Mere silliness, capering, or want of power to do the desired work, ought not to provoke it; and therefore on Mr. Hurrey we have no vocation to lay it. His "Cottager's Sabbath" is feeling and right-minded, but without the spirit or polish of poetry: and one cannot forget Burns' "Saturday Night." The minor pieces, nearly a hundred in number, display more or less of a love of nature, and a disposition for kindly aspirations, which will, we hope, cause the writer to be prized in his locality, though his efforts must fail of triumph in the great universal arena of genius.

The Last Rose of Summer, preserved for my Friends; or, a Collection of small Poems. By Rose Ellen H——. Pp. 206. London, Kerr and Co.—By Rose Ellen H——! A rose by no other name could smell so sweet. Every leaf is a flower *sui generis*, with a colour and a perfume heretofore unknown to the genus Rosa or the genius of poesy. We have admired at Miss Maynard; but we are quite overcome with this last Rose of Summer, and the winter of our discontent with indifferent composition has thawed and melted under her influence. We would project a library on a new scale for the preservation of the published poetry of young ladies of fashion, without the horrid intermixture of productions of any other class, and especially of writings by the insensate and unsentimental male creature, man. They should all be bound in empyrean blue, lilac, sea-green, or lavendar boards, and sweetly ornamented, like court-dresses, with silver patterns of every fanciful and lovely description. But to return to our inimitable Rose, and to some specimens of a style with which we may boldly challenge comparison from even the performances of modern poets. The volume is dedicated to a lady of high accomplishments; but our favourite passages are after passing the portal, and the more unexpected from that aspect of admission. The death of Napoleon was never before, to our knowledge, sung in a strain like this:

"'Tête d'armée!' he in sadness cried,
And struggled midst most heavy sighs;
His pulse was low, he vainly tried
To raise again his dying eyes.

No more will he see his willow,
He could not hear the billow's roar,
His sunken eyes, so wan and hollow—
Oh, they will ne'er be opened more!

The bow is bent, the arrow flown,
The hero bends his head and dies.
He died!—And now the home is shewn
Where he heaved his exiled sighs."

Ornithology receives novel illustration from the following among similar stanzas in a song to the praise of birds:

"Hark! the birds in chorus singing,—
Hark to the chirping love-sick call,—
As onward they their flight are winging,
They gladden the cottage and hall.
And even from most towering height,
We still can hear the lovely swell;
Those little songsters have some deep might,
Their grateful notes so loud to tell."

Our Rose is a nature of great tenderness; she thus be-sings her little sister:

"The yew-trees which in the breeze wave,
Once were threaten'd to bend and break,
They were not always strong and grave;
To be wise, Bertha, years will take."

And thus a faithful servant:

"Oh, none will weep as I shall weep,
When far away thou *tak'st thy wing*,
When buried in ne'er waking sleep,
Thou dwellest e'en where angels sing.

Well sure am I, that should the *fire*
Of youth *wither*, e'en when thy star
Is radiant, thy love will not expire,
But thou wouldst love me from afar.

Oh, should I sleep in churchyard ground,
Betsy the spot *too soon* would trace;
And as she knelt beside the mound,
A tear would course her faithful face."

Some loyal lines to the royal children strike us forcibly; but we only give a glimpse of them:

"Oh, mother of that royal boy,
How wise must be the frown
That, even 'midst his childish joy,
Can ill from good disown.

Oh, mother of that princess fair,
In that picture I trace
Marks of goodness imprinted there,
Which no time can efface."

And the moral drawn from the family circle to the empire at large is finely instructive:

"That *hand* which can thy children curb,
That *voice* which can reprove,
Rules England with *a high-strung nerve*,
Which no dangers can move."

But we must pass many beauties over, in Italian, French, and English; though it is with difficulty we tear ourselves from such an apostrophe as the following to Lee Church:

"Thou must be drenched by each storm,
The wind around thee rudely strays;
No poor man shelters there to warm,
The bat alone around thee plays.

And thus we hasten to decay,
E'en we of *human mortal soil*,
And waiting for that coming day
My heart-strings still around thee coil."

The "soil" of humankind seems a favourite expression, for in the next poem to a flower-garden we read:

"Those just budded, as the strong leaf,
May reign with a sway very brief;
And thus we of a mortal soil,
In death's slumbering arms may coil."

The following is very naturally expressed, beginning with a sort of proclamation:

"Oh! yes [*oyez!*], there is a much felt sway,
In a pathetic little song,
In pathos it speaks to me strong,
And bears my sadden'd heart along:
O waft not then the strains away!"

For the lively, we would quote lines to a gentleman who quizzed the dear Rose for writing with blue ink:

"Go quiz my ink, and e'en my pen,
But do not quiz my writings then,
Nor let smiles hover round your lip,
When you *this little poem sip*,—
With blue I hope my pen was right
This faulty volume to endite.
Go quiz my ink, but kindly look
Upon my little Christmas book;
For if you quiz, then for your pain
I'll wish you an *anti-blue* brain;
For well I know blue is the flood
Which quizzes best an episode."

"Sweets to the sweet," says another poet, Shakspere; and having thrown so much of sweets towards our sweet Rose, we have the less hesitation in transcribing *what* follows on "What is an author?"

"Mankind his study he has made—
And of folly he knows the trade;
His high spirits ne'er seem to fail,—
He flows on like the Dover mail.
'Tis difficult sorrow to trace,
Where *narrative beams on the face*.
Oh! yes, I do think it a treat,
When I can with an author meet.

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Not always though a bed of rose*
Doth an author's career disclose;
Critics will sometimes beat him hollow,
And bitter critic's pill to swallow."

For the passionate, we presume it would not be easy to match the subjoined:

"I love thee! . . . what can I say more?
With love hallow'd and deep;
Each night I breathe thy name before
I lie me down and sleep.
* * * *
It is so sweet to feed a love
Which can bring nought but bliss;
Gentle as the soft cooing dove,
I waft to thee a kiss.

No maiden blush mounts to my cheek,
When love ranges towards thee.
* * * *
The flow'rets bloom after a storm,
So will I bloom again;
Whilst towards thee each pulse is warm,
What care I for life's pain!

Oh! love me long, and love me well . . . ."

This sort of thing is called "*friendship;*" but the next composition renders the term more *duberous:*

"I'll whisper a word,—a word of love,—
Which far shall banish care;
To softest things my spirit move,
Smile, dear, in love all fair.
That whisper, dearest, is a kiss,
To waft thee to thy rest,
To plunge thee in a dreamy bliss,
And lull thy troubled breast.
'That whisper is love.'"

And Rose denounces the less *warmer* delusion:

"Platonic love! o'er thee I bent,
And hail'd as love without one blush;
But soon I found not excellent
Was that new love, that spirit's gush.

Platonic love! a June chalice,
A goblet full of flavor'd wine;
Ah! the world too full of malice,
Would not let me hail thee as mine.
* * * *
Platonic love! thou my delight
Wert once, but now thou art no more;
For well I hope each fresh day-light
Shines on me wiser than before.

We should not live to be more weak,
But living be more wise;
And those who would in candour speak,
Platonic love despise."

And as a sequel:

"Say not I'm cold, say not I'm cold,
Because as I learn *I unfold;*
I tell the tale I think is true,
That those who err ne'er real joy knew.
* * * *
Say not I'm cold; for, oh! I'm not.
Nor have I one word of thine forgot;
But still my heart is full of fears,
Whilst to thy mem'ry it adheres.
And still my breast will waft the sigh,
And still the tear flow from mine eye;
Not cold to thee, but cold to fate,
And cold to joy which comes so late."

O pretty Rose, Rose! these are dangerous excogitations and arguments! But Joanna of Naples is a historical episode, and we gladly retire from individual responsibilities—the catastrophe is superbly wrought up:

"At midnight there arose a cry!—deep
Through Aversa sounds the alarm;
Isolda, she had watch'd Andrew's sleep,
When a smiling babe on her arm.
She starts,—she runs,—she screams,—she raves,—
Oh, dread
The sight which met her boding fear;
Andrew, the bridegroom, lying cold and dead,
While Joanna was sitting near!
* * * *
Joanna fled but to Naples once more.
In after years she came again,
And expiated by death on that shore
Her life of wandering care and pain.
Joanna! beautiful but guilty queen!
Thus died thy virtue and thy name;
Thy reign began in virtue, shortly seen,—
Thy life, alas! ended in blame."

The sympathies of the author are naturally excited for the young milliners who work for her, and she thus sings of one:

"O blithe was she till canker'd love
Sought her with tales her heart to move
With love far above her station,
Unpitying her lone situation.
It told its tale, it ate her bloom,
And then sunk in oblivion's tomb;
It robbed the lustre from her eye,
And left her then to pine, to sigh;
Stripp'd her long locks of half their gloss,
And chased away her cheeks' pink moss."

We can imagine the last epithet applied to a moss Rose, but we never saw a milliner exactly answering the description—it is, nevertheless, a rich, flowery, and original figure. But we must tear ourselves from the fascinating volume—the most perfect specimen we have ever met with of young ladies' feelings and versification when duly nurtured in fashionable society; and sorry are we that one so pre-eminently gifted should fare no better than the lowest fraternity, and sing:

"An author is a tim'rous thing,
Though all should think him bold;
His labours do but copper bring
When men think he coins gold."

* We are a little puzzled about the bed Rose alludes to here. Can it be her own? We have heard of "beds of Rose's."

The Letters and Despatches of John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, from 1702 *to* 1712. Edited by Gen. the Rt. Hon. Sir G. Murray. 3 vols. 8vo. John Murray.

These massive volumes have appeared too late in the week to allow us time for more than a hasty glance. That glance, however, enables us to state, that the editor, Sir George Murray, has performed his task in the manner to be expected from his own accomplishments as a gentlemanly scholar, a statesman, and a high military authority. His summaries of events, and general views at particular periods coincident with the dates of the correspondence, are clear and comprehensive; and having stored our minds from these little treasuries of a few pages, we start again with renewed knowledge and appetite for the details of the ensuing letters, till we arrive at another stage, and are then enlightened as before.

The letters and despatches relate to the war of the Spanish succession, and range between the momentous years 1702 and 1712, when all Europe was in one turmoil of war and struggle. The manner in which this important accession to our history was found, is thus told in the Introduction.

"When the present Duke of Marlborough succeeded to the honours and estates of his ancestors, he found that the house of Blenheim was in a condition which rendered considerable repairs and alterations necessary. In the course of their operations a place of security for the archives of the family was constructed; and several deeds and documents of that nature having hitherto remained deposited in a record-room at a house which had been occasionally occupied by the land-steward, orders were given by the duke for the transfer of such of these as should be found to be of any value to the room which had been recently prepared for that purpose at Blenheim. When these removals were carrying into effect, the series of letters above alluded to was discovered.* The letters and despatches of the duke, together with the letters also, almost equally numerous, of his secretary, Mr. Cardonnel, and a journal written by his grace's chaplain, Dr. Hare, afterwards Bishop of Chichester, are contained in twenty-eight manuscript volumes in folio, being the same into which the letters were transcribed at the time of the originals being despatched. The whole of these volumes, in the exact state in which they were found, were placed soon afterwards by the Duke of Marlborough in the hands of the editor of this work, with full authority for their publication. The principle which the editor has laid down for his own guidance has been, that nothing should be withheld from publication which can contribute to throw light upon any transaction of the period which is deserving of notice; that the amplest means should be offered to public men in general, but especially to those of the military profession, to derive instruction from the practical lessons furnished by the conduct of a man remarkable for his ability and his success in the management of great and difficult affairs: and lastly, that the fullest information should be exhibited of the true character of the Duke of Marlborough, by the best of all means of developing character, namely, the perusal of a correspondence carried on under circumstances which left no opportunity for aiming at any other object than the transaction of the business actually in hand. Much useful military information, particularly in matters of detail, has, however, been unavoidably omitted."

A good deal of the correspondence is carried on in French; and there is an immense mass of it altogether in these three ponderous volumes. So wide is the field, indeed, that we should find it impossible, with a month's preparation, to afford any thing like a connected and historical review of the contents, and the most striking disclosures which they offer to our notice. The most obvious conclusion to which they bring us is, that the character of Marlborough will be much enhanced and exalted by their publication; and the grasp of his intellect proven to be far more extended than has hitherto been allowed, even by favourable writers. The Wellington of his day will not be the worse thought of, nor be esteemed the lower in capacity, from having these Despatches, embracing every complex variety of court-intrigue and battle-field, laid before the world. At present we can say no more; and merely select three or four letters, which explain themselves and refer to familiar circumstances, as examples of the style and sense of John, Duke of Marlborough.

"*To Mr. Vernon.*

Hague, 11th November, 1702.

Sir,—Having now finished the campaign, in the successes whereof the Danish troops have had so great a share, I think myself in justice obliged, before my departure for England, to desire you would take the first opportunity to present my duty to the King of Denmark, letting his majesty know the obligations we owe

* "The Duke of Marlborough having, amongst other improvements at Blenheim, built a muniment-room, in the month of October, 1842, I superintended, as his grace's solicitor, the removal to it of the deeds and documents from Hensington, near Woodstock. They had been deposited for a longer period than any person remembers, in a record-room in the house there, which had been appropriated to the residence of some former stewards. In the same room were three large chests unlocked, placed one upon another. I was told by the person who had the charge of the room, that these chests merely contained old and useless accounts. I thought it right, however, to examine them myself. In the two upper chests I found old militia accounts and other papers of no value or importance; in the third and undermost I found eighteen folio books bound in vellum. On looking into them, I discovered, to my great surprise, that they contained manuscript copies of despatches and letters of John Duke of Marlborough, in English, French, and some few in Latin. I delivered the books to the duke, who was not aware of their existence, nor were any of his grace's connexions; and it is clear from his work, that they were equally unknown to Coxe, who wrote John Duke of Marlborough's life.—J. Welchman Whateley."

for his troops, whose services and behaviour have given the greatest satisfaction, and every way answered the expectation we had from the forces of so brave a nation, commanded by so able and experienced a general as the Duke of Wirtemberg, whose whole conduct, with that of M. Scholten and of the other general officers, justly deserves the highest commendation. I must not omit to pray you likewise to make particular mention of Colonel La Poiterie, who distinguished himself so signally at the attack of the citadel of Liege, that, if he should recover of the wounds he received there, he may have some suitable mark of his majesty's favour, as well on that account as for his great care of the battalion under his command. You will at the same time please to assure his majesty that at my arrival in England I will not fail to represent to the queen and his royal highness the services and merits of his troops, for which I do not doubt but they will be ready on all occasions to make his majesty all possible acknowledgments. I am, sir, &c. M."

"*To my Lord Hervey.*

Hague, 23d March, 1703.

My Lord,—I am very much obliged to your lordship for the honour of your letter of the 11th instant, and your kind acknowledgment of the small share I had in the honour her majesty has been pleased to confer on you, to which your lordship's merits had so just a claim, that there was scarce need of any other interest or argument to induce her majesty to gratify your lordship with this distinguishing mark of her favour. Whatever credit my services may gain with her majesty shall be cheerfully employed in the behalf of such as are most zealous for the interest and support of her government, and I shall be glad on all occasions to give your lordship assurance of the truth and respect wherewith I am, my lord, your lordship's most humble servant. M."

"*To Mr. Secretary Harley.*

Landau, 13th November, 1704.

Sir,—Having given orders for all our English troops to decamp this day from Weissemburg in order to their return to Holland, I came hither last night to take my leave of the court and generals, and to make my last efforts with the king and the ministers, that now the treaty is concluded with the Electress of Bavaria, as you will see by the enclosed copy, no time might be lost in sending some speedy succours to the Duke of Savoy. They give me fair promises, but how far they may be executed I dare not answer, notwithstanding the great necessity his R. H. is reduced to, and therefore shall set out to-morrow morning to hasten to Berlin, where I hope I may find the King of Prussia in a good temper to assist us, if the troubles in the north will give him leave; or if I can find any expedient to cure his apprehensions on that side; at least I flatter myself that my journey may have the good effect of preventing his majesty's adding new fuel to the flame. Count Wratislaw, being sensible how little I was inclined to accept the dignity intended me by the court at Vienna, deferred giving me the emperor's letter till two days since, when he told me that his imperial majesty had been informed by M. Hoffman that her majesty had declared her royal pleasure, and would lay her injunctions on me to accept it. Enclosed you will receive the original letter to be laid before her majesty. You will see it bears date ever since the 28th of August. The count tells me that the emperor has given orders for erecting some lands into a principality in my favour; when that is done, the usual signification will be sent to the diet of the empire in order to my having session and vote in the college of princes. I know not what to say to you of this tedious siege. The ill season is now come in, so that I cannot guess when we may be masters of the place.—I am, with truth, sir, yours, &c. M."

"*Translation of the Emperor Leopold's letter to the Duke of Marlborough.*

Most illustrious cousin and dear prince,—It is with great satisfaction that I apply these titles to your dilection, whom I have voluntarily admitted among the princes of the Roman empire, not so much in regard to the ancient nobility of your renowned family, as to your own personal worth and peculiar merit towards my august house and the whole Roman empire, being desirous that there should remain this public monument of the greatest honour that can be given in Germany, conferred by me on your equal merit. And I will further endeavour that a place and suffrage among the princes of the empire may be assigned to your dilection in the imperial diets, whereby it may the more universally appear how much I acknowledge myself and the empire to be obliged to the most serene Queen of Great Britain, who sent her arms as far as Vindelicia and Bavaria, at a time when the affairs of Germany, almost ruined by the base revolt of the Bavarian to the French, most needed that assistance and support. And likewise to your dilection, to whose prudence and courage, together with the bravery of the forces fighting under your command, are the two victories, lately indulged by Providence to the allies, principally attributed, not only by the voice of fame, but by the general officers of my forces who had their share in your labour and your glory. These victories, especially that of Hochstet, which cannot be equalled by any gained over the French in former ages, are such as have given us just grounds of the greatest joy, that the pride of our enemies is humbled, their pernicious designs baffled, the tottering affairs of the empire and all Europe restored and established, and also of hope that we may hereafter assert with success the liberty of the Christian world against the power and oppression of France. We are fully assured of your dilection's constant zeal and endeavours to promote this end. All that remains is to pray that you may be attended with a continued course of the same success, and to assure you of further instances of a sincere gratitude when I shall have opportunity and power to exhibit them. LEOPOLD.

Dated in my city of Vienna, 28th August, 1704."

"*To Lieut.-Gen. Ramsay.*

St. James's, 17th March, 1705.

Sir,—Being informed that the convoys have waited a considerable time in Scotland for the recruits, and that the officers pretend they are not yet ready, I pray you will cause notice to be given immediately to all the officers of the Earl of Orkney's, Brigadier Ferguson's, the Lord Mordaunt's, and Colonel Macartney's regiments, that they forthwith embark with what men they have, without staying for any others, giving notice at the same time to the commander of the convoy that he sail with the first opportunity of wind and weather. You will please likewise to let the officers know, that whoever does not come over with this opportunity will be respited upon the next muster, and their commissions be soon after disposed of to others. The season of the year being already far advanced, you will give me leave earnestly to recommend the despatch of these matters to your care. I am, sir, yours, &c. M.

Captain Ruthven of the Guards, having been recommended to me as a very good officer, I pray your favour to him in some preferment in Scotland; or, if that be not likely to happen soon, that then you will give him leave to dispose of his command in order to his coming abroad, which he is very solicitous to do."

AMERICAN EXPEDITION.

(Third notice.)

At the island of Rewa, which was visited by Capt. Hudson in the Peacock, we find the following report of the court, which shews that the royal ceremonies there are somewhat different from those observed at Buckingham Palace:

"Some of our gentlemen entered a short time previous to Capt. Hudson's arrival, and found the king taking a meal, with his principal wife beside him stretched out on a mat. All those around him were sitting after the manner of the natives, for none presume to stand or lie down in the presence of the king. When he had finished eating and pushed the food from him, a general clapping of hands took place; after which water was brought, and the cup held to his mouth until he had done drinking, when clapping of hands again ensued. This was repeated whenever the king finished doing any thing—a piece of etiquette always observed with great strictness. On state occasions this ceremony is carried much farther: the king's food at such times is passed around a large circle, until it reaches his principal wife, who feeds him with her hands. Many of the chiefs always require the ava-cup to be held to their mouths. Notwithstanding all this ceremony, the chiefs and the people sitting around them join familiarly in the conversation, and appear otherwise perfectly at their ease. * * * It was laughable to see the king's barber take his ava; as he is not allowed to touch any thing with his hands, it becomes necessary that the cup shall be held for him by another person, who also feeds him. One of the officers gave him a cigar, which was lighted and put in his mouth; and when he wished to remove it, he did it in a very ingenious manner by twisting a small twig around it."

A neat sample of etymology is added:

"The king at once ordered provisions for his guests, for whom seats were provided on a sea-chest. The principal article of food was the salt-beef he had received as a present from the ship, and which he named bula-ma-kau. The origin of this name is not a little singular, and is due to our countryman, Capt. Eagleston, who has been for several years trading among this group. Wishing to confer a benefit on these natives, he took on board a bull and cow at Tahiti, and brought them to Rewa, where he presented them to the king. On being asked the name of them, he said they were called 'bull and cow,' which words the natives at once adopted as a single term to designate both, and thenceforward these animals have been known as bula-ma-kau."

An instance of the king's politeness and hospitality occurs at night, but it will not do for us to quote; it reminds us of the very humorous caricature of the African king and his three daughter-*graces* presented to the British officers. We are not entirely satisfied with the measures adopted by Captain Hudson here to capture the chief Vendovi, who had murdered the crew of the Charles Doggett eight years before: it could not, we think, be very intelligible to the king and those who had entertained him and his people so frankly. The situation of the missionaries on some of these stations is horridly exemplified in the following account

by Mr. Hunt, whose stories of the same nature we have already quoted:

"Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, and Mr. and Mrs. Lythe, arrived at Somu-somu in August, 1839; and consequently at the time of our visit they had been there nearly a year. On the 11th of February, 1840, one of their servants informed them that the king had sent for two dead men from Lauthala, a town or koro not far from Somu-somu. On inquiring the reason, he knew of none but that the king was angry; this was sufficient to know, and in some degree prepared them for what they shortly afterwards had to witness. They now found that their servant was only partly informed, for, instead of two men, they soon observed eleven brought in, and knew that a feast was to take place. Messrs. Hunt and Lythe went to the old king, to urge him to desist from so barbarous and horrid a repast, and warned him that the time would come when he would be punished for it. The king referred him to his son, but the savage propensities of the latter rendered it impossible to turn him from his barbarous purposes. On the day of the feast the shutters of their house were closed, in order to keep out the disgusting smell that would ensue, but Mr. Hunt took his station just within his fence, and witnessed the whole that follows. The victims were dragged along the ground with ropes around their necks by these merciless cannibals, and laid, as a present to the king, in the front of the missionaries' house, which is directly opposite the king's square, or public place of the town. The cause of the massacre was, that the people of Lauthala had killed a man belonging to the king's koro, who was doing some business for the king; and notwithstanding the people of Lauthala are related to the king, it was considered an unpardonable offence, and an order was given to attack their town. The party that went for this purpose came upon the unsuspecting village when (according to themselves) they were neither prepared for defence nor flight; or, as they described it to Mr. Hunt, 'at the time the cock crows, they open their eyes and raise their heads from sleep, they rushed in upon them, and clubbed them to death,' without any regard to rank, age, or sex. All shared the same fate, whether innocent or guilty. A large number were eaten on the spot. No report makes this less than thirty, but others speak of as many as three hundred. Of these it is not my intention to speak, but only of what was done with the eleven presented to the king and spirit. The utmost order was preserved on this occasion, as at their other feasts, the people approaching the residence of the king with every mark of respect and reverence at the beat of the drum. When human bodies are to be shared, the king himself makes a speech, as he did on this occasion. In it he presented the dead to his son, and intimated that the gods of Feejee should be propitiated, that they might have rain, &c. The son then rose and publicly accepted the gift; after which the herald pronounced aloud the names of the chiefs who were to have the bodies. The different chiefs take the bodies allotted to them away to their mbures, there to be devoured. The chief of Lauthala was given to their principal god, whose temple is near the missionaries' house. He was cut up and cooked two or three yards from their fence, and Mr. Hunt stood in his yard and saw the operation. He was much struck with the skill and despatch with which these practised cannibals performed their work. While it was going on, the old priest was sitting in the door of his temple giving orders, and anxiously looking for his share. All this, Mr. Hunt said, was done with the most perfect insensibility. He could not perceive the least sign of revenge on the part of those who ate them, and only one body was given to the injured party. Some of those who joined in the feast acknowledged that the people of Lauthala were their relations; and he fully believes that they cooked and eat them because they were commanded to do so. The coolness, Mr. Hunt further remarked, with which all this was done, proved to him that there was a total want of feeling and natural affection among them. After all the parts but the head had been consumed, and the feast was ended, the king's son knocked at the missionaries' door (which was opened by Mr. Hunt), and demanded why their windows were closed. Mr. Hunt told him, to keep out the sight as well as the smell of the bodies that were cooking. The savage instantly rejoined, in the presence of the missionaries' wives, that if it happened again he would knock them in the head and eat them. The missionaries were of opinion that after these feasts the chiefs become more ferocious, and are often very troublesome."

We need not particularise the surveys of other islands in this numerous group, where the same sort of scenes are described, and nearly similar customs prevailed. In these seas the *biche de mar*, or sea-slug, is caught in abundance, and is an important article of traffic for the Chinese market:

"The valuable sorts are six in number: one of a dark red colour; a second is black, from two inches to nine inches in length, and its surface, when cured, resembles crape; a third kind is large, and of a dark grey colour, which, when cured, becomes a dirty white; the fourth resembles the third, except in colour, which is a dark brown; the fifth variety is of a dirty white colour, with tubercles on its sides, and retains its colour when cured; the sixth is red, prickly, and of a different shape and larger size than the others; when cured, it becomes dark. The most esteemed kinds are found on the reefs, in water from one to two fathoms in depth, where they are caught by diving. The inferior sorts are found on reefs which are dry, or nearly so, at low water, where they are picked up by the natives. The natives also fish the biche de mar on rocky coral bottom, by the light of the moon or of torches; for the animals keep themselves drawn up in holes in the sand or rocks by day, and come forth by night to feed, when they may be taken in great quantities. The motions of the animal resemble those of a caterpillar, and it feeds by suction, drawing in with its food much fine coral and some small shells. Capt. Eagleston stated that the biche de mar is found in greatest abundance on reefs composed of a mixture of sand and coral. The animal is rare on the southern side of any of the islands, and the most lucrative fisheries are on the northern side, particularly on that of Vanua-levu, between Anganga and Druau. In this place, the most frequent kind is that which resembles crape. In some places the animal multiplies very fast; but there are others where, although ten years have elapsed since they were last fished, none are yet to be found. The biche de mar requires a large building to dry it in. That erected by Capt. Eagleston on the island of Tavea is eighty-five feet long, about fifteen or twenty feet wide, and nearly as much in height."

A town is burnt to avenge the seizing of a boat by the natives of Tye; on the other hand, good conduct was encouraged and rewarded. At Vomo, we read, it is an island "famous for its turtles, more being caught here than on any other island of the group; the time for taking them is from December to March. During this season every place to which the turtles are in the habit of resorting is occupied by the natives, who remain in these haunts of the animal for the whole of the above time engaged in taking them. At other seasons turtles are occasionally taken in nets, made of cocoanut-husk sennit, among the shoals and reefs. We have seen that the chiefs keep turtles in pens; and I have been informed by credible witnesses, that when they do not wish to kill them, and have an opportunity of disposing of the valuable part of the shell, they will remove it from the living animal. They do this by holding a burning brand close to the outer shell until it curls up and separates a little from that beneath; into the gap thus formed a small wooden wedge is inserted, by which the whole is easily removed from the back. After they have been thus stripped, they are again put into the pens; and although the operation appears to give great pain, it is not fatal. Each turtle is covered with thirteen pieces, five on the back and four on each side. These together make what is called a head, whose average weight is about fourteen pounds. Tortoise-shell, I am informed, sometimes sells in Manilla for from two to three thousand dollars the picul (one hundred and thirty-three English pounds). It constitutes the chief article of trade in these islands, and causes them to be visited by traders every season, while it is the chief inducement for the residence of whites among them, who endeavour to monopolise the trade. The visits of the traders in tortoise-shell, who come in small vessels, are attended with no little risk; and there are many accounts of attempts made by the natives to cut them off. They resort to many methods of effecting this purpose; among others one of the most frequent is to dive and lay hold of the cable: this, when the wind blows fresh towards the shore, is cut, in order that the vessel may drift upon it; or, in other cases, a rope is attached to the cable, by which the vessel may be dragged ashore. The time chosen for these purposes is just before daylight. The moment a vessel touches the land she is considered and treated as a prize sent by their gods."

A little onward the author says:

"At eight o'clock, A.M., it fell calm, and not wishing to lose the day, I determined to land on a small sand-island, a mile and a half in circumference (which I called Linthicum island, after my cockswain) that was near us, and afterwards to connect it with that of Malolo by triangulation. The anchor of the tender was accordingly dropped, her sails remaining up as a signal to the boats of our position. We were then about five miles east of Malolo. I soon landed with Mr. Eld, and became engaged in our observations. In the afternoon I was congratulating myself that I had now finished my last station of the survey, and that my meridian distances and latitudes were all complete. We were putting up our instruments to go on board, when it was reported to me that the three boats were in sight, coming down before the breeze. So unusual an occurrence at once made me suspect that some accident had occurred; and on the first sight I got of them, I found that their colours were half-mast and union down. I need not describe the dread that came over me. We reached the tender only a few moments before them; and when they arrived, I learned that a horrid massacre had but a short hour before taken place, and

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saw the mutilated and bleeding bodies of Lieutenant Joseph A. Underwood and my nephew, Midshipman Wilkes Henry. The boats were taken in tow, when we stood for Malolo, and as the night closed in, anchored in its eastern bay."

This was a sad conclusion to the business; and Mr. Wilkes proceeds to state:—

"I had closed the operations of the survey, and awaited only my junction with the boats to be satisfied that all our perils were at an end. One of the victims was my own near relation, confided to my care by a widowed mother; I had therefore more than the ordinary degree of sorrow, which the loss of promising and efficient officers must cause in the breast of every commander, to oppress me. The blood of the slain imperatively called for retribution, and the honour of our flag demanded that the outrage upon it should not remain unpunished. On the other hand, it was necessary, in order that any proceedings I should adopt should be such as would be capable of full vindication and meet the approval of the whole civilised world, that my action in the case should not appear to be instigated by mere vindictiveness, and should be calculated to serve, not as an incitement to retaliation upon future visitors, but as a salutary lesson, as well to the actual perpetrators of the deed as to the inhabitants of the whole group. It was beyond every thing else important, that in the desire of inflicting punishment, I should avoid, as far as possible, the risk of losing other valuable lives. The two chief vessels of my squadron were at a distance, and I knew that the natives of Malolo were not only guarded in their towns by fortifications impregnable in their own mode of warfare, but were furnished with fire-arms and ammunition. To burn the dwellings of these fastnesses, as I had done at Tye, if an adequate punishment for mere thefts, would have been no sufficient penalty for the present heinous offence, nor would it have served to deter the people of Malolo from similar acts for the future. The passions of all around me were excited to the highest pitch; and although the most severely injured of any, it became my task to restrain the desire of revenge within the bounds of prudent action in the conduct of retaliatory measures, as it became afterwards my endeavour to prevent a just and salutary punishment from becoming a vindictive and indiscriminate massacre."

It is asserted that the outrage was entirely unprovoked, and the commander consequently "had no hesitation in determining to inflict the punishment it merited, and this, not by the burning of the towns alone, but in the blood of the plotters and actors in the massacre."

They bury the dead; and there is a long circumstantial account of the attack of the two towns on the island, and the slaughter of the natives:

"For about fifteen minutes an obstinate resistance was kept up with musketry and arrows. In this the women and children were as actively engaged as the men, and all made a prodigious clamour. After the above time the noise diminished, the defence slackened, and many were seen to make their escape from a gate which was intentionally left unattacked, carrying the dead and wounded on their backs. A rocket, of which several had already been tried without visible effect, now struck one of the thatched roofs: a native sprung up to tear it off, but that moment was his last, and the roof immediately burst into flames. Upon this, Lieutenant-commandant Ringgold recalled several officers who were desirous of storming the town through its small gate,—an attempt which, even if successful, must have been attended with loss of life on our part, and which the success of the rocket-practice rendered unnecessary. To force the gate would have been a difficult operation, had it been defended with the least pertinacity, for it was constructed in the manner of a fish-weir. The natives, as has been seen, had, in addition to their arrows, clubs, spears, and muskets; but the latter were so unskilfully handled as to do little damage, for they, as I had before been informed was their practice, put charges into them according to the size of the person they intended to shoot at. They believe that it requires a larger load to kill a large man than it does to kill a small one. The bows and arrows were, for the most part, used by the women. The moment the flames were found to be spreading, a scene of confusion ensued that baffles description. The shouts of men were intermingled with the cries and shrieks of the women and children, the roaring of the fire, the bursting of the bamboos, and an occasional volley of musketry. * *

"While these transactions were taking place on the island, the water also became the scene of a conflict. Lieutenant Emmons, who had been despatched to intercept the five canoes, reported to be seen from the ridge, pulled round the island without discovering them. While making this circuit, he fell in with the party under Lieutenant North, and took the wounded man into the boat, leaving one of his eight in his place. He then pulled to the brig, where he refreshed his men, and in the afternoon proceeded round Malolo-lailai to search for the canoes, supposing they might have escaped and been drawn up in the mangrove-bushes. He soon, however, discovered the enemy poling along on the outer reef towards Malolo-lailai. They were somewhat separated when first seen, but as he approached, the weathermost made sail to leeward to join their companions; and when they had accomplished this, all struck their sails and advanced to attack him, manœuvring together. In each canoe there were about eight warriors, having a kind of breastwork to protect them from the shot, while Lieutenant Emmons' boat's crew consisted only of seven. After a short but severe contest, only one of the canoes escaped; the others were all captured, together with their warriors. Lieutenant Emmons reached the brig with three of his prizes a little before midnight."

By all accounts some fifty natives were slain, including the chief at Sualib, the principal town.

The Archæological Album, No. II. Edited by Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A., Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, &c. London, Chapman and Hall.

WHILST a silly and passionate intrigue is tearing the National Archæological Association to pieces, this excellent contribution to the diffusion of the science appears with its literary, calm, and instructive information. A paper on ancient furniture is of extreme domestic interest, and tells us how our forefathers lay, if not how they slept and rested; for if not more tired with healthful labour and exercise than many of their descendants are, we can hardly believe that they enjoyed slumber and repose on these rude receptacles. Another paper on the Cucking Stool, an ancient remedy for scolds, is curious and entertaining: but the most valuable antiquarian contribution is a history of mediæval art. It is full of matter; and, like the other subjects, illustrated by numerous engravings of the most interesting description.

The Diplomatic Correspondence of the Right Hon. Richard Hill, Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Savoy, &c. Edited by the Rev. W. Blackley, B.A., Domestic Chaplain to Viscount Hill. 2 vols. 8vo. J. Murray.

IT is a singular coincidence, that almost simultaneously with the discovery of the Marlborough MSS., a similar chance should have brought the diplomatic correspondence of his contemporary, Mr. Hill, to light.* The Letters, &c., in these volumes, illustrate and receive illustration from the work to which we just called attention. They are dated from July 1703 to May 1706, and run parallel on the Italian side of the grand European fray with those of Marlborough in the Low Countries and Germany. The five volumes, in point of fact, might have been published as one work; and both are eminently acceptable for the elucidation of history, when the ambition of France was controlled, and the continent freed from a despotism, such as occurred in our own times, and with similar results. The age of Louis XIV. and the age of Napoleon Buonaparte are fertile in mighty and useful comparisons. We have no room for any of Mr. Hill's Letters. Those descriptive of the king, court, and policy of Savoy, are something in the Malmesbury manner; and the work is adorned with a number of interesting fac-simile autographs. A thousand particulars of the Ten Years of Glory which brightened Anna's Reign will be found in these sterling publications, of a kind of which we should much like to see many more, to redeem our deteriorated literature.

The Yearly Journal of Trade, 1845. Edited by C. Pope. 8vo, pp. 550. London, Cochrane.

THE vast quantity of mercantile and miscellaneous information which the experienced comptroller of accounts in the port of Bristol puts together in these annual volumes (this is the 23d edition) renders them very valuable to all persons concerned in trade. No subject seems to be neglected, the examination and report upon which can be of use to the important interests of the trading community: but the new Tariff will cause great alterations.

The Sugar Question. Pp. 27. London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

"SWEETS to the sweet"—a very clever pamphlet, and replete with statistical information; but we fear the subject is too political for us, and if we put our tongs to it, we should only cloy our readers, for the most liquorish-toothed of whom the parliamentary debates may suffice.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 24th.—Mr. R. I. Murchison, president, in the chair. The first paper read was an extract of a letter from Mr. H. Stuart Russell, dated Cecil Plains, Condamine River, Darling Downs, Australia, April 24, 1843. It appears that Mr. Russell, straitened in his sheep-runs from the encroachment of other settlers, left the matter to be adjusted by the commissioners, and started in search of another run. He took with him a black boy, and a man named William Orton, who, having been in the bush nine years, besides being a very intelligent man,

* After much fruitless research in various public depositories, and among Lord Hill's family archives, they were found in muniment-chests at Lord Berwick's, also a descendant of the house of Hawkstone. They are partly holograph, and partly copies under the writer's revision, by Mr., afterwards Lord, Chetwynd.

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and a good shot, was an invaluable companion. They had two rifles and plenty of ammunition, and three fresh horses. They first made Wide Bay; leaving which, they took a north-west direction, passing through a country whose gloom and horror cannot be described. After having been out a month, their provisions were exhausted, and they had to depend entirely upon their rifles. At length they came upon the banks of a noble river running to the northward. "This," says Mr. Russell, "I suppose to be the Boyne, which the charts lay down as running into the sea in lat. 24° 30′ S. [The charts here alluded to must be colonial, as we have no knowledge of any river called the Boyne on our own maps and charts.] The stream presented one of the finest bodies of fresh water I had seen in the country; and though I had no opportunity of trying its depth, I should say, from its appearance, that it is navigable. We saw lying before us a fine open country, but were not in a state to explore further, and quite unable to cope with any strong party of the villanous Murray Blacks, had we fallen in with them." Thus far successful, Mr. Russell returned, and, from the perfect knowledge possessed by Orton of the lay of the country, arrived straight within a few miles of a station on the Downs. The paper described the nature of the country passed over, and related an adventure with a party of free blacks, by which it appears that they are cowardly when boldly faced.

The next paper read was an extract of a communication from Mr. Duncan, dated Annamaboe, Dec. 7, 1844. Mr. Duncan, it may be remembered, was master-at-arms on board Capt. Trotter's vessel in the Niger expedition. He sailed from Portsmouth last summer in the Cygnet, and landed at Cape Coast, not far from Annamaboe, whence his letter is dated. He states that his health is excellent, notwithstanding the fatigue he undergoes, and the great heat to which he is exposed. Mr. Duncan's intention is to proceed first to the Kong Mountains; but the unsettled state of the Ashantee country has hitherto prevented his proceeding to Coomasie. He, however, expresses his determination to proceed, by making a large canoe, and ascending the Volta. This river, says Mr. Duncan, is of much more importance than is generally supposed; it is only known at its embouchure, but might, if properly surveyed, prove of great advantage to the mercantile world. On the 1st of December, Mr. Duncan started upon a short trip into the interior, accompanied by Mr. Cobold and Mr. S. Brew, the former an English, the latter a native merchant. At a small town, one mile east from Annamaboe, the travellers were graciously received by the king. Proceeding on their road among rocks and bushes, and paths so narrow as to admit only one foot at a time, they reached the beach, travelling on the loose sand, which, under a heat of 115° Fahrenheit, was very fatiguing. Leaving this beach, and striking inwards, they came to the Dutch town of "Small Cormartin," of considerable size, and formerly a place of great trade, having the remains of the Dutch fort still standing, with one battery in good condition. The situation of this fort is better than that of either Cape Coast or Annamaboe, and if in proper condition, would be impregnable against any attack from the natives, however numerous. The streets of the town are very narrow, rocky, and difficult of passage. Passing the town and fort, the path again goes down to the beach, after which a hill to the left is ascended, being 300 feet high, with a large town on the summit, also called "Cormantin." Of this town, its inhabitants, and their superstitions, and the travellers' adventures therein, a description is given. About five miles further, the town of Ouro, or Saltpond, was reached; so named from a salt lake which divides the town. The people were very obliging and hospitable. Previous to the destruction of the place by the Ashantees, it carried on a great trade in salt, procured from the spontaneous evaporation of the lake. After being refreshed, the travellers again started on their way for the river Amissa. They crossed the river Amissa and entered the town of the same name. The king received them very kindly. The paper also describes this place and its people. Leaving it, Mr. Duncan proceeded to Arsafah, crossing, to reach it, another branch of the Amissa. This was Mr. Duncan's farthest in this little trip, whence he returned to Annamaboe. A serious affair had occurred at Danish Acra, which ended in the massacre of several of the inhabitants, and the subsequent revenge inflicted by the townspeople, who brought in thirty heads, among which was that of the native chief, the aggressor. Mr. Duncan being summoned to hear the reply of the king of Ashantee respecting his journey to the Kong mountains, learned that the king would be happy to see him, but could not permit him to proceed beyond Coomasie. He is, however, resolved to carry out his plan. He states incidentally that the Prometheus has captured two very fine slavers; and that, within the last two months, the Penelope has also taken two of five which she had in sight at the same time; the other three escaped.

The last paper was a communication by Professor H. Malden, on the comparative geography of the lower course of the Borysthenes and adjacent country. It seems difficult to reconcile the statements of Herodotus with the existing condition of the country; but we cannot abridge a disquisition of this nature, so as to render it intelligible.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Feb. 18th.—Sir J. Rennie, president, in the chair. The paper read was by Mr. de la Garde, with a supplement by Mr. J. Green. It contained a history of the canal of Exeter from the year 1540, when it was first projected, to the present time. In 1563 the Chamber of Exeter engaged John Trew, of Glamorganshire, as their engineer; and under his directions a canal, with pound-locks similar in all essential points to those of the present day, was constructed from Wear to Exeter. The depth of the canal at first was three feet by sixteen feet in width; subsequently, at various periods, as the commerce of the city increased, the dimensions were enlarged; and after an arduous struggle, which extended from the year 1563 until 1835, when the Chamber ceased to exist as a corporate body, it succeeded in perfecting a ship-canal from Turf, near Topsham, on the river Exe, capable of conveying vessels of 500 tons burthen to the quays of Exeter. The latter work was accomplished by Mr. J. Green, whose reports were given, confirmed by those of Mr. Telford. They abounded in interesting illustrations of engineering difficulties and the method of overcoming them. We may mention one: this was in the excavation for the entrance-lock at Turf, which, after being carried to a depth of twenty feet through a stiff alluvial clay without water, was pressed down by the embankment ten feet, and the bottom of the lock-pit rose to a greater height than the sides, exhibiting on its surface peat moss, marine plants, fern, &c. A complete kerbing, or sheathing of whole timber piles was therefore driven, the same being strutted by transverse timbers, and the excavation made, and the lock founded in length between the transverse struts; as it was feared that the pressure of water from the tide would have a tendency to raise the invert and gate platforms, trunks of elm-planking were laid in the rubble masonry forming the bed of the invert, which were carried under and throughout the lock, and terminated in a vertical well beyond the higher gates of the lock; this allowed the sub-water to circulate and rise without obstruction. This is the oldest canal with locks in the kingdom, having been commenced nearly fifty years before the Sankey cut.

Feb. 25th.—The president, Sir J. Rennie, in the chair. The paper by Mr. W. P. Barlow, "On the comparative advantages of atmospheric propulsion on railways," was the result of an examination of the system, with a view to determining as to the propriety of adopting it on the Tunbridge Wells branch of the South-Eastern Railway. The author first examined the comparative advantages of the atmospheric over that of traction by a rope; and then he stated the reasons for supposing it to be inferior to the locomotive system. He premised that, on lines similar to the Greenwich and Blackwall, where the traffic was nearly uniform, and at short intervals, the power used admitted of mathematical computation; but that on railways generally, the power required must be irregular, both as to the amount and the duration of its employment, and that therefore a power which was restricted to carrying between certain given points only, and certain intervals, would lead to great inconvenience in practice. It would be inconvenient also to have a power which could not be employed for the ordinary repairs of the road, ballasting, removing slips, conveying building materials, working the coal and lime traffic at sidings, moving goods, trucks, carriages, &c. at the stations, all which was done at present by the locomotives with a great saving of time, and of the expense of men and horses. If locomotives were employed for these purposes only, it must be at a great expense, as the keeping up a small locomotive establishment was very costly; and moreover, the gradients and curves of the line must be adapted for working locomotives, and thus do away with one of the great arguments in favour of the atmospheric system. It was contended that the subsidence of embankments, which at present constantly occurs, without interrupting the usual traffic, or being perceived by the passengers, would suffice to rupture the air-pipe, or strain it in such a manner that the valve would not close, and thus a stoppage of the line. Many other and similar practical objections were started against the system, but the main point was in the comparative cost of haulage, when examined with stationary and with the locomotive engines: with the former it was contended that in lines with unfrequent trains the small portion of time the power was actually employed, and the number of hours for which the steam must be kept up, in order to be always ready, would be so disproportionate as to make the stationary-engine system far more expensive than locomotive power. The lines with very steep gradients were of course excluded from this position. It was considered also that with the atmospheric system, steep gradients increased the expense of power in the same ratio, as the power must always be exerted in whatever way it was applied. Several experiments were then given, to shew the great expense of fuel per ton of goods on the atmospheric railway; the results were de-

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cidedly in favour of the locomotive. The cost of construction was then examined; and it appeared, that referring to the calculation of the cost of working the London and Birmingham line, to lay down the atmospheric apparatus of a double line, with a pipe of the required area, would not be less than 10,000*l.* per mile, or a total cost of 1,120,000*l.*, the interest of which sum, at five per cent. would be 56,000*l.*, or 500*l.* per mile; which sum nearly equalled the average cost of working the line by locomotives, and was greater than on many lines. In fact, that a contract might be entered into for working a line by locomotive power for the interest of the sum which would be expended in the establishment of an atmospheric apparatus. The general results deduced were in accordance with these observations, and it was assumed that the atmospheric system could be most advantageously adopted on short lines, with frequent traffic, near large towns, where the absence of noise was important; and that railways on steep inclines in one direction, as at Dalkey, were most favourable to the system.

In the discussion which ensued, it was contended that many of the objections urged by Mr. Barlow were not well founded, and that many of the practical difficulties he had advanced had been overcome by the mechanical arrangements now in progress of execution on the more extensive lines which were destined to be worked on the atmospheric system. That both sidings and level crossings were practicable; by a very simple contrivance, a self-acting platform could be so arranged as not only to guarantee the pipe from any injury by the traversing of a cart across the line, but that by the action of the vacuum in the main, a barrier could be raised on the passing of a train which would effectually prevent the traversing of any vehicle, and thus avoid the possibility of accidents. That instead of the assumed liability to be thrown off the rails, it was shewn that, the leading carriage being tied down to the pisten, greater security was attained; and that on one occasion the leading carriage on the Dalkey line had started before its time, and had actually traversed the distance at a speed of nearly 70 miles per hour, going round curves 130 to 180 yards radius. That the power stated to have been expended in the conveyance of a given gross load was assumed at too high a ratio, and the fuel also; and that as to the question of cost by haulage, by the adoption of small steam power, worked only for pumping water, to be used only at the time of forming the vacuum for unfrequent or for light trains, a system of propulsion might be established which would be more economical than that by locomotives under the best management. These counter-statements, in direct opposition to the arguments of the paper, were ably supported by the various speakers, at a length which the limits of the report will not permit our giving, and the debate was adjourned until the next meeting.

The following paper was announced to be read:—"Description of the 'Great Britain' steam-ship, with an account of the trial voyages." By Mr. T. R. Guppy.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 17th.—Sir C. Lemon in the chair. The subject for the evening was "A statistical outline of the present system of supplying the metropolis with water," by Mr. J. Fletcher. London, in the first instance, derived its supply of water from shallow wells, from the Wallbrook and other streams descending from the fields to the north of it, and from the Thames itself by direct carriage. In the reign of Henry III. the corporation obtained liberty to bring water from Tyburn, which they did by means of a six-inch leaden pipe carried to Charing Cross, and thence to several conduits in the city. In 1438 the corporation brought water from Highbury to a conduit opposite Cripplegate church. In the following year the supply to the cisterns at Tyburn was augmented by the waters of some springs at Paddington, obtained from the abbot of Westminster. This continued to be the only great source of supply until the middle of the 16th century, although the water of various springs in the neighbouring fields were brought to supply particular buildings or localities in the city—the conduit at Holborn Cross and on Snow Hill deriving their water from the springs collected into Lamb's Conduit, near the present Red Lion Street; that at Aldgate from springs at Hackney; one in Lothbury from springs between Hoxton and Islington; the Charterhouse from White Conduit Fields, and Christ's Hospital from the Devil's Conduit, north-east of the present Brunswick Square. In 1543 an act was passed to enable the corporation to bring water from Hampstead Heath, St. Marylebone, and Hackney. Nor was it until 1568 that Thames water was raised by machinery for the supply of London. The New River Company supplies all the metropolis north of the Thames from Charing Cross, Tottenham Court Road, and the Hampstead Road, on the west, to the Tower, Shoreditch, and the Kingsland Road, with Dalston, on the east;—the East London Water-works Company, all those portions of the metropolis and its suburbs which lie to the east of the city, Shoreditch, the Kingsland Road, and Dalston; extending their mains even across the River Lea into Essex as far as West Ham;—the Chelsea Water-works Company, the whole of Westminster and the suburb parishes south and west of Charing Cross, Pall Mell, St. James's Street, Park Lane, and the Uxbridge Road, as far as Kensington Palace;—the Grand Junction Water-works Company, the great square of town included by Oxford Street, Princes Street, St. James's Park, the Green Park, and Hyde Park; the Park Square district between the Edgeware Road, the Uxbridge Road, and the Regent's Canal; and a considerable district in the angle formed by the western end of Oxford Street and the southern end of the Edgeware Road;—the West Middlesex Water-works Company, all that portion of the town lying west of Tottenham Court Road and the Hampstead Road, and north of Oxford Street, the Edgeware Road, and the Regent's Canal, with the exception of the part near the junction of Oxford Street and Edgeware Road, which is supplied by the Grand Junction water-works; the West Middlesex water-works also supply Bayswater and the suburban parishes of Kensington, Fulham, Hammersmith, and Chiswick;—the Southwark water-works, nearly the whole of the parishes of St. George's and St. Saviour's, Southwark;—the Lambeth Water-works Company, the whole of the parish of Lambeth and parts adjacent;—the South London Water-works Company, which is also called the Vauxhall Water-works Company, it was calculated in 1830, supplied above 300,000,000 of gallons. In addition to the works mentioned, there are the Kent water-works, which supply Deptford, Greenwich, Woolwich, and Rotherhithe. The quantity of water raised by the eight great metropolitan companies in 1833 appears to have been equal to 357,288,807 imperial barrels; the number of houses and buildings supplied, 191,066; and the average daily supply above 35,000,000 of gallons, or 183 gallons to each person served on the average. It is conveyed into all parts of the town by main-pipes, out of which diverge smaller pipes, called service-pipes, for the supply each of a certain number of houses, into the cisterns of which it is conveyed from the service-pipes by smaller leaden-pipes. By alternately opening and closing the communications between the main-pipes and the service-pipes in their whole series, the water is delivered in equal quantity to the remotest as to the nearest habitations; and each main is penetrated at short distances by fire-plugs of two inches in diameter, by which a strong volume of water can be poured out into each street merely by drawing them. Mr. Fletcher went deeply and ably into the general subject of waterage, of which we have given but small gleanings.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Feb. 26th.—Mr. Rotch, V.P., in the chair. The secretary read a paper, by Mr. Claudet, "On improvements in the manufacture of glass for optical purposes." Heretofore the manufacture of glass fit for the purpose of the optician has been a matter involving great uncertainty and difficulty; and, in fact, it was not till the year 1744 that it was accomplished with any degree of success. About this time, however, a Swiss named Guinaud, in making some experiments upon the construction of the telescope, found the extreme difficulty of procuring glass fit for lenses: this difficulty led him to endeavour to make glass for himself; and from his labours arose the first process by which glass could be made with certainty sufficiently good in quality for the construction of optical instruments. With the death of Guinaud his secret was partially lost; and although many able experimentalists have since given their attention to the subject, no satisfactory results have been obtained until the present time. The invention which forms the subject of Mr. Claudet's paper is founded upon the process of Guinaud, and is due to a French glass manufacturer named Bontemps, whose attention was first directed to the subject by the son of Guinaud himself. The chief defect in optical glass consisted in striæ and spots: these arose from the great difficulty of properly mixing the materials when in a state of fusion: it was impossible to stir the melted mass, because the temperature was so high as to destroy instruments of metal, and besides, by introducing it into the glass, it would have been tinged with colour according to the nature of the metal employed. The method used by Mr. Bontemps is to introduce the iron rod, used in stirring, into a clay cylinder closed at one end, so that the glass is entirely protected from the injurious action of the iron, and the ingredients are most effectually mingled; the glass is then suffered to cool gradually, the crucible broken with care, and the mass sawed transversely into slices, so that lenses may be obtained of the diameter of the crucible. Very large lenses have been produced by these means; and two of a metre in diameter are now in progress of manufacture for the Royal Observatory at Paris.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, *Feb.* 19.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—W. W. Blackwell, Trinity College; C. Braddy, St. John's Coll.; R. Woosnam, Caius Coll.

Bachelors of Arts.—G. N. Clark, Corpus Christi College; W. J. W. Bastard, Magdalene College.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

THE battle of these Ancients is, it seems, to be fought out. On one hand, the treasurer has

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...oned a general meeting of the members Wednesday evening next, and the advertisement is signed by Mr. R. Smith, whose ... has always hitherto appeared in the ...ic proceedings as honorary secretary. But ... was an Adelphi in this case; and Mr. ...rt Way, the leader of the malcontents, was ...o this period a nominal, and, so to say, ...ping partner in the post of honorary secre... too. On the strength of this appointment, ... his majority in the council, he has taken ...n himself to carry on the proceedings during ... past week, summoning a meeting of his ...federates *as the council*, after an intimation ...m the treasurer and other secretary, that in ...nsequence of a numerously signed requisition ... a *general meeting*, none would be held. The ...al place of resort, Mr. Pettigrew's, being ...s closed, the party met in a new locality in ...eat George Street, where a friend of ours, ...d one of their body, has convenient rooms ... a much larger gathering. So the game is ... upon the cards; and it remains to be seen ...o has authority to settle this ugly business.

Since penning this we are informed that the ...lcontents have had several meetings, and ... planning how they may best thwart the ...neral meeting, and set the authorised officers ... the Association at defiance. If Messrs. Way, ...awkins, Blore, and Company are the British ...rchæological Association, good and well; but ...st of the members must wish they had known ... before, and had seen or heard something of ...ese parties in their proceedings.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Entomological, 8 P.M.; Chemical, 8 P.M.; ...edical, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Syro-Egyptian, 7½ P.M.; ...rticultural, 3 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; British and Fo...gn Institute (soirée).

Thursday.—Zoological, 3 P.M.; Royal, 8½ P.M.; An...quaries, 8 P.M.

Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.; ...itish and Foreign Institute (discussion).

Saturday.—Royal Botanic, 4 P.M.; Westminster ...edical, 8 P.M.; Medical (anniversary meeting), 4 P.M.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ANTIQUITIES AT CHORSABAD.

Constantinople, end of January, 1845.

M. FLANDIN'S drawings of all the antiquities ...cavated at Chorsabad, which we had the good ...tune to see a few days ago, are calculated ...eatly to interest the public in general, as well ...s antiquarians. The abundance of the mate...als is equal to their variety: the manners and ...stoms, the religion, the art of war, the cos...mes, and the instruments of the people who ...ilt the palace at Chorsabad, the ruins of ...hich are now brought to light—are here de...neated in faithful copies of all the bas-reliefs ...hat have been discovered. The principal figure, ...n most of them, is a sovereign, king, or hero. On his head he wears the tiara; his forehead is ...ow and prominent, his eyebrows thick; his hair ...nd beard fall straight on the shoulder and ...reast, terminating in large ringlets. The dress, ...which appears to have been extremely magni...ficent, consists of a richly embroidered tunic, ...nd an upper garment resembling the surplice ...of a Roman Catholic priest. This figure appears ...ometimes engaged in combat, and driving his ...nemies before him; sometimes sitting on a ...hair at an entertainment; sometimes in a so...lemn procession, guiding a chariot drawn by ...our horses abreast, with a servant walking ...before, who is distinguished by his stature as ...appearing above the horses. Near to the hero, ...or prince, there is almost always the figure of a man without a beard, who generally bears a club, often performs other services, and has much the appearance of an eunuch. Among the many figures of combatants, there is frequently a shield-bearer, under whose protection another warrior draws his bow or shakes his lance. There are no female figures whatever, excepting one, which is not very distinct—she holds up a child in her arm. Extremely remarkable are the bulls with human heads, 15 feet high, of which your correspondent mentions six as in a state of perfect preservation. An hundred and twenty others have since been excavated. They are not statues, but in high relief, the profile often projecting considerably. Most of them have five feet, so contrived that, from whatever side you look at them, one foot being hid by another, four feet are always to be seen. Another figure, probably that of a god, has in his right hand a crooked weapon, and with the left hand drags a lion towards him. We know not what to think of the proficiency of the Assyrian sculptor, when we compare the admirable workmanship of the face and body of the lion with the manner in which the nearly outspread wings are attached to many of the figures. The wings always extend to the right and left of the figure, whether it is represented in full or in half profile. A similar contortion appears in the feet of the figures, which are otherwise of good workmanship.

M. Botta has now entirely given up the opinion which he at first entertained, that the alabaster plates, which covered the walls of the fourteen halls or chambers that have been discovered, and which are covered in front with sculpture, and at the back with arrow-headed characters, formerly belonged to another building; his reason for this (which it is not easy to dispute) is, that those alabaster plates which form the angles of all the halls, have the two faces which constitute the corners hewn out of one piece, and have always at the back an inscription which runs round the corner. Hence it appears that they were made expressly for the palace of Chorsabad, since it cannot be supposed that chance supplied the architects, for all the corners without exception, with slabs or plates already covered with inscriptions. Botta's first opinion was formed before he had found these corner-plates. The statement that the inscriptions on the back are Babylonian need not confuse us, so long as it is only an hypothesis. To explain why these inscriptions were so placed that they could never be seen while the building remained entire, we need only suppose that their contents are of a talismanic, religious, or mystical nature, and were purposely concealed, like the idols which M. Flandin found in deep recesses in the walls, and which could not be got at as long as the walls remained entire. The total length of the inscriptions which have been discovered is 2500 yards; and all have been accurately copied by M. Botta. It is hoped that when they are deciphered they will clear up many points which are at present unintelligible.

[To be continued in our next.]

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

[Third notice.]

No. 5. "A Road-side Forge." S. R. Percy. —Though small, is a sweet green spot, which does credit to the artist; and in the other rooms we observe several of his productions of similar fresh and natural character, and deserving of similar praise.

[We may here note of these, and of many others, especially when "done in little," that when they are hung high up above the range of the eye, it is impossible to speak of their qualities at all, and when low down, nearly on the ground, we can only give an opinion doubtfully concerning them. Thus we may, possibly, pass over unrecorded many a meritorious performance.]

No. 10. "Gipsies." J. Gilbert.—A cleverly grouped and well-composed picture, pairing with 27, Müller's Xanthian sketch. At first sight, however, we fancied it was a midnight meeting of cardinals in their red robes; especially as we observed a few pretty girls (particularly one in black on the ground at the left-hand corner) among them. In short, the glare of red is too great and prevalent, and the gipsy character is not preserved individually throughout.

No. 14. "Hope's Crisis." Alexander Johnston.—A domestic scene in humble life; rather too high up to allow us to ascertain the expression in the lover and lass. Their attitudes are telling, and the two children on one side, and the peeping matron on the other, seem to tell the story fairly. 248. "Reading," by the same, is a pleasant subject.

No. 19. "A Native of Salomia." S. A. Hart, R.A.—A good portrait, and a good study of costume.

No. 35. "A Scriptural Group." H. Le Jeune. —Representing natives of Syria rejoicing under their fig-trees and vines. The figures are academically arranged, and the glowing landscape appropriate. Altogether a very agreeable piece.

No. 38. "Una Ghirlandia di Roma." Amb. Jérôme.—A commendable performance without any peculiar feature for remark.

No. 45. "Scene in Devonshire." F. C. Lewis.—In Mr. Calmady's grounds at Langdon Hall, which appear to be beautifully wooded and watered. But for the glory of this landscape, give Us the Ducks! There they are swimming, standing on one leg or other under the trees, wading, dressing their feathers, &c. &c.; the brightest of ducks that ever speckled and adorned so wide and quietly-toned a canvass.

No. 50. "Parisina." F. M. Brown.—A brown mistake; not so.

No. 55. "Eel-traps." A. W. Williams.—A sylvan piece of Thames scenery, where the Thames is fairest. 159 is another sweet landscape from the same pencil.

No. 56 "Rinaldo and Armida." E. B. Morris: and 436, 445, the last, "Caractacus before Claudius." Mr. Morris aims high, and deserves high encouragement; though we fear these efforts are not of a kind to meet with it. They possess none of the little attractions which find so ready a market amongst amateurs; but still they have an energy about them, and a certain degree of talent, belonging to the superior class of art, which are very honourable to the artist.

No. 62. "Sea Beach." Alexander Frazer.—A tasteful composition in Mr. Frazer's homely and truthful style. The beings on the shore care little for the boundless element before them; their ideas are bounded within smaller compass.

No. 67. * * * W. Bowness.—A female with a fine child at her back, and painted with considerable talent; but it does not tell the story of the old song quoted for it. The painter differs much from the poet.

No. 75. "Near Reading, Berks." A. Priest. —A rather dark, but well-executed landscape.

No. 84. "Melody." C. Dukes.—A pretty little rustic group, of a boyish pipe-player and peasant maid.

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No. 88. "The Pets." S. W. Reynolds.—A nice girl, with a spaniel, and, we believe, a cockatoo. There is not much general interest in such subjects, and if their treatment is not of a very high order, they produce nothing beyond a pleasing sensation at a passing glance.

In the south room, our early notice is attracted by—

No. 379. "The Fifeshire Coast." J. Wilson.—One of his Scottish transcripts from nature, which, like Nos. 406 and 505 (Normandy), display a discriminating taste and a feeling hand.

No. 380. "Pirara, an Indian Village." E. A. Goodall, with a striking effect from its horizontal o'er-topping, and umbrageous canopy, the foreground being enlivened by Indian objects, and the middle distance cleverly painted between the two. 150 is another production of Mr. Goodall's, of nearly equal merit, though not so remarkable in form.

No. 394. "The Crowning of Henry VII. on Bosworth field." F. C. Turner.—A spirited battle-piece in the style of Wouvermans. He has also 181, "an Arab Family," well worthy of a favourable report.

No. 395. "The Angler's Enemy landing a Trout." J. Giles, R.S.A. Another, with a trout in his mouth, and both perfect likenesses; but surely the trout should gasp a little. 135, 'Glen Dee in Mar Forest," by the same, is all on fire, but with a fine effect.

No. 401. "The Gate of the Harem." F. Danby, A.R.A.—A grandly poetic scene, replete with feeling. The dark gloom of the building contrasted with the lovely moon sailing in the sky, produces an emotion similar to the perusal of an exquisite composition, or view of a finely-acted dramatic scene. The sunlight reflected on the ancient palace-windows is another fine artistical contrast to the mild beams of the moon. It is a charming picture.

No. 409. "Highland Refugees, &c." Mrs. M'Ian, is, however, far more affecting, and perhaps, for touching the heart, is unequalled in the exhibition. A haggard man and sorely distressed female companion escaped from the "45," look from the coast of Normandy their "farewell to Lochaber." There is a barren wildness in the scenery around, and a pathos and expression in the exiles, which can hardly be surpassed.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH

Departed this life last Saturday night between 11 and 12 o'clock, after a long illness, which had ultimately left little or no hope of a recovery. Memoirs of him have appeared in every journal, and, awaiting a circumstantial biography, which is sure to be published of so remarkable a man, we shall very shortly recapitulate the leading points of his life. He was born at Woodford, Essex, in 1768, though of Devonshire parentage, and educated at Winchester School and New College, Oxford, where he took honours and afterwards enjoyed a fellowship. Intending to reside for some time at Weimar with a pupil entrusted to his charge, the project was defeated by the war in Germany, and Mr. Smith went to reside in Edinburgh, where he remained for five years, officiating as an episcopal minister there. He became the associate of the youths, many of whom have since been so highly distinguished, who founded the *Edinburgh Review*, the idea of which proceeded from his suggestion. He was its first editor, and throughout his whole career a regular contributor; and his papers have been selected and published in a separate form. In 1803 he settled in London, became a very popular preacher, and also a lecturer on Belles Lettres at the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street. He obtained church-preferment, and married Miss Pybus, daughter of the banker of that name. In 1806, when the Roman Catholic discussion raged with intense heat, he published his famous "Letters of Peter Plymley," which had considerable effect on the contest, and continue to be read as fine specimens of gladiatorial English, combining powerful argument with exuberant fancy and humour. All his writings, indeed, partake of this mixed character; and those of his later period in particular are more than before highly seasoned with pointed wit and jocularity, helping out and giving poignancy to his reasoning. In social life, as in his publications, he overflowed with a humour worthy of Rabelais. There was no preparing nor getting-up in him; the happiest of epigrams, illustrations, repartees, and jests, were natural and spontaneous; and he was as delightful over a cup of tea with two or three relatives or friends, as in the most brilliant meetings of the sayers of good things. It would require no small volume to contain the thousands of pertinent and laughable facetiæ which have fallen from his lips, and pen in epistolary correspondence. It was not many days before his death that he wrote to a friend, "I am so tired of slops that I earnestly wish they would only allow me a butterfly roasted whole for a solid change." No disease could extinguish the flash of that dancing *ignis-fatuus* spirit, with which it often happened that there was not a word but a jest, and every jest but a word. In politics Mr. Smith was ever a stanch Whig; though on Lord John Russell's measure of church reform, which touched Deans and Chapters, he turned fiercely on his party's leader, and let loose upon him all his thunder and all his ridicule. On the Pennsylvanian repudiation he also wrote with similar bitterness and irresistible mockery;—both trenched upon pocket.

Mr. Smith was a canon-residentiary of St. Paul's, and held the living of Combe Florey in Somersetshire, where he enjoyed, during the season, the *otium cum dignitate* and quiet pleasures of a sweet country life.

In him one of the most shining lights of our age has gone out. So agreeable a man in society, so incomparable in conversational powers, so redolent of the finest wit and revelling in inexhaustible drollery, we shall not meet again; and though it could never be said, as in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, "I hear the parson is no jester," yet in all his private relations of life and in his religious duties there is not a syllable to be alleged derogatory to the memory of Sydney Smith. He was wise as well as merry, high-principled as well as playful, and humane, and just, and exemplary throughout every aspect of his long and active life.

SIR FOWELL BUXTON.

The death of this gentleman, which took place last week, has been feelingly noticed in the House of Commons, where a debate on the sugar-duties naturally led to the remembrance of his zealous efforts for the abolition of slavery. His many pamphlets, essays, and other publications on this subject, entitle him to a brief notice, as a literary man, in the *Literary Gazette*, which has often had reference to his writings.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON'S SOIRÉES.

The first soirée of the season, on Saturday last, was crowded with royal, noble, and distinguished persons, men of title, men of letters and of science, military and naval men, member parliament, travellers, artists, &c. &c. On tables and about the rooms were numer objects of novelty and interest; a fac-simil the Barberini, or Portland Vase — one of few taken by Tassie from the mould of original, by Pichler, presented by the Duchess of Gordon to Dr. Copland, P fessor of Marischal College, Aberdeen; a be tiful circular table, made of various Bri woods, radiating from the centre, prepared tinted by Payne's patent for the preserva and improvement of wood, some of the sof kinds being made to bear a high polish; mo floorings of opaque coloured glass, wro into numerous devices, and presenting a v pleasing effect; some exquisite wood-carvi by Mr. W. G. Rogers, especially a bol carved trophy of the regalia of Charles prepared for the occasion, and two specim of dead game, than which nothing could more bold and natural; a bust in ivory, fr an early model of Chantrey's, by Mr. Chevert produced by a mechanical carving process, p culiar to himself, of the late Professor Playf of Edinburgh. Mr. Cheverton has also recen applied his art, which he terms "Mechani Sculpture," to the reduction of large statues a size suitable for table bronzes, and has th enabled the "London Art-Union" to obtain a model for their bronze distribution-prize mathematically correct miniature copy of M J. H. Foley's beautiful statue of the "Boy the Stream," which was exhibited last year Westminster Hall, and obtained the approb tion of the Commissioners of the Fine Arts.

THE DRAMA.

Haymarket.—On Monday was produced her and since repeated every night with increasi popularity, a three-act comedy by Mr. R. Peake, called the *Sheriff of the County*, and one the merriest and pleasantest we have witness for many a season. It is founded on natu passions and follies of mankind; and the da of the grotesque in the lower characters is ju such a spicing as we should expect from th quaint and abundant humour of the autho The ambition of a country squire's lady, *M Hollylodge* (Mrs. Glover), to outvie her neig bour, *Lady Winkleworth* (Mrs. W. Clifford), wh is the Mrs. Grundy on her path, is the main spring of the action; and she is toadied an abetted in her schemes by a tricky attorne her brother, *Mr. Smirker* (Strickland), and a obsequious attendant and distant relative, *Cra ley* (Mrs. Humby); with a *leetle* following by th two *Miss Hollylodges*. The husband (Farre is the antipode to ambition; fond of the utmo quietude, and feeding his pigeons and bantam The attorney, however, succeeds in procurin the nomination to the shrievalty; and to ensur its triumph in all the details, brings down fro London a lord-mayor's footman, *Neupor* (Webster), to drill the rustic servants, *Pe* (Buckstone) and *Andrew* (Widdicomb), and als a state-carriage, new liveries, court-suits, an every other requisite paraphernalia. The blun derings which ensue, both in the upper rank and among the menials, are diverting from be ginning to end, and raise many a hearty laugh whilst an interesting underplot is enacted b the deserted sister of the squire (Mrs. E. Yar nold), and her son and daughter (Howe and Mis Bennett), whose misfortunes are brought to a end with the *dénouement* of the livelier affairs and the curtain falls to rounds of plaudits. An if the piece be thoroughly entertaining, we ma state that it is admirably acted. Mrs. Glove gives another proof of what the true *vis comic*

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of the good old English school did do. Farren shews the studied artist throughout. Webster is capital in an original notion; and Buckstone as full of fun as could be desired. Mrs. Humby is no less diverting; and all the less prominent parts are acted ably up to these leading characters.

Princess's.—The considerable impression made here by Miss Cushman, the difference of opinion raised by English taste *versus* Mr. Forrest's readings of *Othello, Macbeth,* &c., and the increasing popularity attached to Mr. Graham's greatly improved style of acting, render the Princess's Theatre at this time a subject of common discussion in dramatic circles. Miss Cushman's peculiar talent, carrying the audience with her by sheer energy of action and intensity of feeling, and making, ever and anon, most powerful hits in the delivery of a few brief words, displays the material for a much greater actress than she yet is. We mean not to depreciate her, nor to underrate the effect she so constantly produces; but she must, to approach the Siddonian standard, study deeply the shadowings and refinements of her arduous profession. In it lie hidden subtleties which nature, however strong, cannot touch; they belong to the perfection of art, to the observance of the best models, and to earnest application in practice of the ideas suggested by them—not imitation. The chief ornament, if not the original, of the most successful efforts in one of the striking features of this modern manner, is no doubt Mdlle. Rachel; for though Miss Cushman has learned much from having performed with Macready in America, it is obvious to us that the Rachel manner, if not from having seen, at least from having heard criticisms on that Star, is familiar to the mind of the Transatlantic heroine. For want of a better name, we may call this The Scrap School. It does not so much consist of a comprehensive view of the entire play, and exact embodiment of the whole character, of the bearings of the one upon the other, and of the general harmony of the representation; nor, indeed, of individual idiocracy: but it relies mainly on startling points elicited from quiet middle-ground and level declamation. The quick lightning bursts from the uniform dull cloud; and we are electrified with the shock. The poetical passage, the single phrase, or the particular situation, are marked out for this feat; and the theatre rings with enthusiastic applause. Now, though this is effective art, it is not the highest and the truest; and to be at the top, Miss Cushman must unlearn something, and acquire a wider scope for the exercise of her unquestionable abilities. She can be whatever she pleases to be; and with little else than ordinary attention, not inflated by the approbation she has already so justly earned, she will be without a rival near the throne as a queen in the most elevated walks of the tragic Muse.—Of Mr. Forrest we wish we could say nothing, or that he would care for what we said. He exaggerates *the Scrap School* (where it is only a slight failure in the road to excellence on the part of the lady), and his transitions from a whisper to a roar are absolutely ludicrous. There is no touch of the natural in such violent contrasts. Neither Othello nor Macbeth ever dreamt of smothering their breath and shouting alternately; but if they had, the actor who personates them on the stage must be very chary of doing so. For they spoke to those about them, and he has to address the near pit, the surrounding boxes, and the distant galleries, into the back ears of which no low whisper can ascend. It is extremely difficult (and an evil belonging to our largest theatres) to reconcile the voice to these localities; but to plunge into the opposite extreme, and disregard them altogether, is a fatal mistake, and one which is destroying all that might otherwise have resulted from a more judicious and healthful display of Mr. Forrest's acknowledged talents.—Respecting Mr. Graham, we shall merely repeat, that he has made, and is making, rapid progress in his course, and is a most praiseworthy and efficient supporter of a line of characters second only to the first, without which few good tragedies could be put upon the stage. He is therefore far beyond the useful and ornamental—a sterling and valuable performer.

Since the above was written, we have been to see Miss Cushman as *Rosalind*, in "*As you like it*," a part which requires the display of light graceful comedy, mingled with considerable pathos. Her development of this character confirms the impression we have formed of her powers, which, with all her errors of judgment in their use, are certainly of a very high order. In particular scenes her acting displayed great intelligence, and if, to our taste, the part was played a little too much in the free and easy style, it shewed a thorough study and appreciation of the manner in which she intended to carry her conception of it out. The piece was altogether well acted, much better indeed than we expected. Wallack was clear and sententious as *Jaques*, W. Lacy easy and moderate as *Orlando*, and Compton, with a hardness that may be pardonable, original and effective as *Touchstone*.

Adelphi.—A slight farce with the quaint title of *Mother and Daughter are doing well* was added to the attractive performances here on Monday. It was successful, which was mainly attributable to the humorous acting of Mr. Wright in the chief part, which he sustained with much humour from first to last, even to the announcement that it would be repeated every evening till further notice. It is written by Mr. Morton.

Olympic.—*La Dame de St. Tropez* has been anglicised at this theatre, Miss Davenport playing the heroine with much feeling. The play, however, is almost too revolting for English tastes, and even her clever acting could hardly render it palatable.

French Theatre.—In *Don Cæsar de Bazon*, which Mr. Lemaitre personated on Monday, he more than realised our report of his talents. Every look and movement is evidence of most careful previous study, and, in the early portion of the play, we seem to perceive this perhaps too clearly; but as the actor warms in the character and develops his infinite resources, we entirely lose sight of the preparation, and see only before us the perfect mastery which carries all along with it, leaving not a moment for a thought of the means. His bye-play is, if possible, more excellent than his direct speech and action; but the whole is finished and faultless. Mlle. Clarisse in her own *La Maritana* is full of grave tenderness; and the other parts, now so well known to English playgoers, are sustained with general ability and effect, greatly to the credit of this company. It is a fine treat, and we were glad, that one so truly relishable had superseded the disagreeable poisoners.

Mr. Benedict's Concert, at the Hanover Square rooms, which we have too long delayed to notice, afforded a rich treat to a very crowded audience. The main feature was that admirable musician's playing the piano, fitted with Coleman's æolian attachment, which we described in a former *Gazette*. The merit of this invention consists in the independent way in which either piano or æolian may be used, in its *sostenuto*, and perhaps more than all, in the very close imitation of the sound produced from the wires, the expression or "timbre" of the two sounds being quite similar. The performance of Rossini's *Fide e la Carita* for the first time was very interesting, and it was very well sung by the fair *artistes*. *La Carita* is a very delightful composition, full of light-hearted happy strains; the singing was good throughout, and the Distins earned loud praises.

Mr. Lover's Irish Entertainments.—On Monday evening Mr. Lover brought out a new variation of his popular entertainments at the Hanover Square Rooms, which were filled on the occasion. To be more successful than be has been is no easy matter; but we really think the laughter and applause which attended his humorous stories, and his lyrical nature and pathos, this evening even exceeded the encouragement given to his earlier efforts. And such encouragement operates as a powerful stimulus on public performances, and always tends to make them more effective from the augmented spirit infused into the performer. Thus it happened that with his old public favourites Mr. Lover was most successful, and the new songs he introduced quite captivated his auditors. And no wonder that the novelties made such a sensation, when such charming additions, in music and in words, to the old stock were found amongst them:

THE ROAD OF LIFE; OR, SONG OF THE IRISH POST-BOY.

O Youth, happy Youth! what a blessing!
In thy freshness of dawn and of dew;
When hope the young heart is caressing,
And our griefs are but light and but few!
Yet in life, as it swiftly flies o'er us,
Some musing for sadness we find:
In youth—we've our troubles before us;
In age—we leave pleasure behind.
Ay, Trouble's the post-boy that drives us
Up hill, till we get to the top;
While Joy's an old servant behind us,
We call on for ever to stop!
"Oh, put on the drag, Joy, my jewel,
As long as the sunset still glows;
Before it is dark, 'twould be cruel
To haste to the hill-foot's repose."
But there stands an inn we must stop at—
An extinguisher swings for the sign;
That house is but cold and but narrow,
But the prospect beyond it's divine!
And there, whence there's never returning,
When we travel, as travel we must,
May the gates be all free for our journey,
And the tears of our friends lay the dust.

VARIETIES.

University College, London.—The annual meeting of the council was held on Wednesday—Lord Auckland, V.P., in the chair—and a satisfactory report was read by the secretary. The school appeared to be increasing in various departments; and the expenditure left a balance of receipts amounting to nearly 1000*l.* The officers, &c., were elected or re-elected for the ensuing year.

Distressed Needlewomen.—The ball, advertised in our last *Gazette*, for the benefit of that numerous, lowly, hard-wrought, and half-starved class of females, on whose behalf Hood wrote his touching "Song of a Shirt," went off most satisfactorily, at the London Tavern, where everything was liberally provided by Messrs. Barthe and Breach to promote the success of the design. About 1000*l.* was collected for this truly benevolent object; though we are afraid that 10,000*l.* might be most humanely expended in the same good work, and yet leave many sad sufferers unsuccoured. We trust they will not be lost sight of after this public effort.

Sales of Art.—Messrs. Christie on Wednesday sold a very interesting collection of old

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prints, some of them very rare and valuable. Thursday and yesterday saw the distribution of many curious articles of Persian and Oriental art belonging to the late family of Impey; and to-day there are some fine pictures. One by Nunzio Ferrajuoli is a remarkable prototype of Canaletti; and specimens of Jan Asselin and J. H. Roos are perfect of their kind, shewing all the skill by which these artists obtained their reputation.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Domestic Management of the Sick Room, by A. T. Thomson, M.D., new edit., post 8vo, 10s. 6d.—Binn's Anatomy of Sleep, 2d edit., with additions by Earl Stanhope, post 8vo, 10s. 6d.—Physiology of the Uterus, by B. Ridge, M.D., 8vo, 4s.—Chaucer's Works, by T. Tyrwhit, 1 vol. imp. 8vo, 16s.—Effects and Adventures of Raby Rattler, 8vo, 21s.—Caledonia Romana: an account of Roman Antiquities of Scotland, 4to, 21s.—Sanctæ Vigiliæ, or Devout Musings on the Heavens, in Verse, by Rev. C. D. Strong, fcp. 3s 6d.—Hawkestone: a Tale, 2 vols. 12mo, 12s.—History of Margaret Catchpole, a Suffolk Girl, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1l. 11s. 6d.—Nelson's Despatches and Correspondence, Vol. II., 8vo, 15s.—Old Jolliffe, not a Goblin Story, fcp. 2s.—The Battle-Cross: a Novel, by J. Brent, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1l. 11s. 6d.—Egypt and Mehemet Ali, by Prince Puckler Muskau, Vols. II. and III., 10s. cloth.—The Typography of the Fifteenth Century, by Leigh Sotheby, 1 vol. folio, 4l.—The Young Ladies' Reader, by Mrs. Ellis, fcp. 4s. 6d.—Draper's Bible Illustrations, 4th edit., revised by Kitto, 16mo, 4s.—The Old Forest Ranger, by Capt. W. Campbell, 2d edit., 4to, 21s.—The Rationale of Religious Inquiry, by J. Martineau, new edit., 12mo, 4s. 6d. cl.—Christ our All in All, by Rev. R. Montgomery, fcp. 8vo, 5s.—Ten Thousand a Year, new edit., fcp. 8vo, Vol. I., 6s.—Eucharistica, by the Rev. Dr. Halloway, 12mo, 3s. 6d.—The Steeple-Chase Calendar, 12mo, 7s. 6d.—H. W. Cripps, on the Law relating to the Church and Clergy, 8vo, 23s.—Travels in France and Spain, by the Rev. F. Trench, 2 vols. post 8vo, 21s.—The World of London, by I. F. Murray, a new series, 2 vols. post 8vo, 21s.—Standard Novels, Vol. XCVI., Richard Savage, fcp. 6s.—Geijer's History of the Swedes, translated from the Swedish by J. H. Turner, Part I., royal 8vo, 2s. 6d.—Rev. H. Blunt's Posthumous Sermons, 2d series, 12mo, 6s.—Archbald's Justice of the Peace, new edit., 3 vols. 12mo, 3l.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot undertake to tell "a constant reader" where *the best* tuition sought for is to be obtained; but if good and sufficient instruction is required, we will answer any private note.

Our Reports (Arts and Sciences) were so numerous, that we were compelled to let the Royal Institution, Geological, &c. stand over for a week.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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City Office, 98 Gracechurch Street.

LITERATURE AND ART.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

A SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING of the Members will be holden at the Theatre of the Western Literary Institution (entrance in Princes Street, Coventry Street) on Wednesday, the 5th of March, at Eight o'clock in the Evening *precisely*.

By order of the Treasurer,

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As it is hardly possible to fancy any life more miscellaneous, the wheel of fortune ever turning rapidly round about, and the incidents bringing continually other well-known names within the comet-sphere of this eccentric luminary into our notice, we shall only experience a difficulty in drawing up as many buckets or spoonfuls from the amusing and bubbling well as will serve to afford a tolerable idea of the character of Mr. Raymond's performance.

Among the strange things related in the narrative is the frequent recurrence of anonymous letters, under the signature of Invisiblina, to Elliston; apparently from a female, and marked by the most friendly interest, and a severe testing of the immediate affairs in which he was engaged, implying at the same time advice of an invaluable kind. The party was never discovered. We quote a specimen:

"'My friend,—The report of your having poisoned the queen was a strange one; but another equally strange is going about, namely, that the report was of your own raising. I can believe almost any absurdity of you—to be accused of poisoning a crowned head is no common piece of reputation, and will make another glaring patch in your harlequin jacket. Is it possible you do not see clearly the true character of your city friend, with whom you are becoming more and more intimate? or are his personal qualities so dazzling, that you forget he is little better than a rogue, and will some day prove it in your own case? He offers very fairly, and you fancy he is liberally trusting you, while, in fact, you are all the time putting too much confidence in him. How can you select for your bosom friend a man whom your excellent wife abhorred, on such good grounds? If you deem this letter harsh, remember, at the same time, it comes from one who daily prays for your happiness.'—These repeated mysterious communications from this unknown correspondent, as we have had occasion elsewhere to observe, frequently hurried poor Elliston to a state of frenzy. The accuracy of her statements puzzled him exceedingly, whilst the pointed accusations, though having, perhaps, but a momentary effect, yet touched his conscience nearer than any reproaches he was elsewhere in the habit of meeting."

The cheapness of good advice, and its almost invariable destination, to be thrown away, was not, however, counteracted in the case of the careless Elliston; and indeed, when we reflect on the enormous supply of the article in the hourly and daily transactions of human life, unaccompanied as it generally is by any proof of a liberal disposition in any other respect, we are not so much surprised that the wisdom of the most accomplished advisers should be lost upon those who are favoured by a superabundance of the raw material, which they have not the power of working into practical serviceability or usefulness. What signifies teaching how to shut the stable-door, if it is not shewn, or you are not helped, at the same time, to get back the steed? But to return to our task, and run lightly over these shreds and patches of gossip, anecdote, witticisms, and adventure.

"On one of the pantomime nights, at the Surrey in this season, the harlequin, in jumping through a window, fell, with considerable violence, on the other side of the scene, owing to the neglect of the carpenter, in not having placed the wadded bedding to receive him. The unhappy pantomimist uttered a tremendous cry, but was not materially injured. On Elliston being apprised of the circumstance, he observed, 'Ay, there was much cry, and little *wool.*' * * *

"Mrs. Bland's maiden name was Romanzini. She appeared first, we believe, at Liverpool, about the year 1789. She was a Jewess. Miss Romanzini was a great favourite with the Liverpool people, amongst whom were many Roman Catholics; and the mother of our vocalist, for the purpose of persuading the inhabitants of Liverpool that her daughter was not of Judah, compelled her to sit at her open window on every Saturday, occupied in needle-work; and, in addition to this, she was usually sent by the politic parent into the public market to buy a pig, and was compelled to carry it home herself, to give further confirmation as to this desirable point. To such an extent did the mother employ this sort of evidence, that in the instance of her daughter taking a benefit, an advertisement announced that tickets were to be had at Miss Romanzini's residence, and also at a pork-butcher's, near the market."

There is a remarkable story of this sweet ballad-singer being driven from the theatre one night, through many streets, by a dead coachman.

After the famous crisis of the rejected addresses and opening of Drury Lane, we read as follows:—

"Elliston was acquainted with (and amongst public men, at this period, who was not?) the eccentric John Taylor, or Jack Taylor, or Sun Taylor, or Oculist Taylor, or Taylor the Punster, with sundry other *cognomina*, all of which he had well earned by his versatility of fancy and employment. Of the 'Sun' newspaper Taylor was proprietor and editor, and had consequently ample opportunity for the indulgence of his wit in stanzas 'pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, or tragical-comical.'"

This is not exactly true: for Mr. Taylor was at that period the proprietor of one-tenth share of the *Sun* only; and its despotic editor (with whom he, unfortunately for himself and the concern,* got into a bitter quarrel on questions relating to these very, not ample enough to content him, opportunities) held a similar amount, eight-tenths belonging to the original projectors and proprietors of the paper. Taylor's conversation—though often surcharged with puns—was very entertaining; and be said a thousand things as good as the following:—

"Going into the green-room of the Haymarket theatre on one occasion, he was requested to subscribe a small sum to a distressed chemist, who had lived in Panton Street, and had been well known to Colman. 'A broken chemist, is he?' said Taylor. 'Well, there's half-a-crown for the exhausted receiver.'

"On a subsequent occasion, Taylor dining with Colman, the latter holding up the decanter, which had just been replenished, observed, 'Gad! small bottles these, I fancy;' to which Taylor answered, 'Ay, ay, as a poet, Colman, you ought to know better than to give us a false quantity.'"

Colman's own name for Taylor was not the worst joke between them. Taylor's form of head and countenance were not unlike a *memento mori*, covered with natural integuments; and Colman called him Meredith-Merrydeath. He was truly a harlequin in the convivial circle; and of this original personage we are told by Mr. Raymond:

"In the Italian comedy, Harlequin is an intellectual buffoon. The name we understand to have been taken from a comedian who came to Paris under Henry III., who, frequenting the house of M. D. Harley, was called by his companions, 'Harlequino'—Little Harley."

We pass by Kean, Dignum, Harley (not Harley-quin), the Young Roscius, and many others, to indulge in a characteristic description of a less-known performer:

"Amongst the heavenly bodies which at

* Nearer the close of his day, Mr. Taylor, ruined by his misleader at the period alluded to, and a false friend to the end, was fervent in publicly proclaiming this great mistake in his life.—*Ed. L. G.*

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this period were noticed in the Brummagem hemisphere, was the luminary Allsop, daughter of Mrs. Jordan. The lady certainly possessed dramatic talent, displaying

'The whole manner
And copy of the *mother*—eyes, nose, lip,
Trick of her smile.'

A copy which nature herself had designed, rather than the result of laboured imitation. In one particular, however, Mrs. Allsop was an original, as respects the parent, for she was one of the most thoughtless and extravagant women in a profession never remarkable as a school of prudence. During her sojourn, in the spring, at the above town, Mrs. Allsop took up her quarters at the 'Hen and Chickens,' and, at the expiration of three weeks, her 'little account' amounted to 40*l*. Feeling 'astonished beyond measure' at this sum total for the mare necessaries of a lone woman, Mrs. Allsop applied to Elliston to tax the bill. On investigation it appeared that the *ménage* had been ordered as follows:—Breakfast, composed of a roast chicken (one perhaps especially picked from the firm), ham, eggs, boiled mushrooms, honey, and Scotch cake; this was followed by a meridian luncheon of cold partridge and noyeau, which two meals constituted the first act of the Lenten day, before rehearsal at the theatre. At four o'clock Mrs. Allsop dined—a repast, whereof 'the order of the course' consisted of all delicacies of the season, and expensive specialities. The hot lobster was charged six shillings; the cool cucumber, four; the diurnal bottle of Madeira, ten; and the port wine, seven; fresh strawberries and preserved cherries had due consideration. After the play, Mrs. Allsop supped—supper was her 'favourite meal,' for she had more time for its discussion. Broiled kidneys, grilled bones, and brandy and water, were deemed sustaining after the excitement of acting; and, on one occasion, Mrs. Allsop having found herself indisposed, a few extra articles were in requisition. The Hen and Chickens had also occasionally produced a coach and horses for jaunts and excursions. Mrs. Allsop's chamber was daily supplied with exotics of the rarest quality, amidst which were scattered—

'Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath;'

and at night the wasted actress entertained the blue devils of indigestion

'On a bed,
On purpose trimmed up for Semiramis.'

On a review of these things Elliston looked rather gravely at the question of appeal, but, as he never left any undertaking altogether bootless, he sought an interview with the landlord, with whom, if he did not raise any demur respecting Mrs. Allsop's debt of 40*l*., he, at least, took the opportunity of securing a reciprocation of patronage for the lady's coming benefit; in which the manager himself would share equally with the fair appellant. It would be unjust perhaps to charge upon Elliston any participation in these sumptuary offences, from the fact of being on one occasion the lady's guest, by invitation, at supper, a friendly *tête-à-tête* after their mutual exertions in the *Honeymoon*. The supper service was in all particulars multiplied by two; one dish actually containing ten lamb chops. Elliston, who was never a great eater, however he might have distinguished himself in the more generous department of conviviality, was soon satisfied, and, although nine-tenths of the dish fell to the lady's share, he bore a more gallant part in the Madeira and punch *à la Romaine*. Wine and the witching hour seldom failed in their effects with our hero, and though he and the lady might differ in their peculiar notions of substantial bliss, yet they mutually agreed the moment was happy, and seemed equally of the same mind to prolong it. With a lady so liberal in her favours, it was scarcely possible to ask too much; and Elliston, who was inclined rather 'to feast on the white wonder of dear Allsop's hand' than the fricassee chicken, was beginning to carve for himself. But the lady had been taught better; and some conversation having passed respecting dramatic operations to come, she rose up, and with considerable stage-effect pronounced, 'When you are eligible, Mr. Elliston.' 'Eligible, madam!' replied our hero; 'love is impatient of all distinctions, and makes a footman speak with the eloquence of Phœbus. Eligible!' 'When you are manager of Drury Lane Theatre.' 'Of that, madam, now know I'm resolved. In the mean time, take the security of my affections.' 'You must first clear off some of the mortgages on that estate,' replied she, laughing. 'Of the two, I'd much rather take the first chance.' 'Take it, then, and as I live ——' 'I may trust you?' 'You may indeed,' repeated Elliston, passionately, as he again seized the hand of the lady. 'Then it were ungrateful, were my pledge to you less warm. You, sir, may trust me. Will you lend me ten pounds?' 'Madam!' 'Let us open the account with that. Nay, nay, no consideration!' 'The consideration, madam, is positively indispensable,' added he, with a twinkle. 'Well, then,' said she, laughing at the rich comedy he threw into his address, 'you will have more leisure to reflect, the sooner you advance the money. Recollect,' added she with great gravity, 'my credit has been at a greater risk in your company than a ten-pound note is likely to be in my pocket. But, look you—here is your security,' saying which, Mrs. Allsop produced a letter addressed to her by a gentleman, at that time highly distinguished in the brilliant world, announcing that a remittance of cash would be at her disposal within a few days. This promised despatch Mrs. Allsop empowered Elliston to open after her departure from Birmingham, and thereby repay himself. On these terms, the ten pounds were served up, with one more rummer at parting. Mrs. Allsop quitted Birmingham. The expected letter duly arrived, and Elliston, availing himself of the permitted mode of recovering his money, broke the seal, and having satisfied his debt, forwarded the remainder to the lady at Worcester. Mrs. Allsop made her first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre in 1815, and in 1817 she signed articles with the Drury Lane proprietors for two years, at 12*l*. per week. When Elliston became manager of Drury Lane Theatre, as he had prognosticated, he had no great desire to engage Mrs. Allsop as an actress; and as he now felt an inclination even less for availing himself of those immunities to which he had now become 'eligible,' Mrs. Allsop was seen no more in London. In the year 1820, this lady proceeded to New York, the American journals stating her to be the 'granddaughter of the king of Britain.' On the following year Mrs. Allsop died in the same city, by incautiously taking an over-portion of laudanum."

But we must give something more distinct of the hero himself. He had become the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, in addition to the Surrey, Wych Street, and Birmingham, besides being in treaty for Dublin and Edinburgh; and we are told:

"Elliston, now the 'Great Lessee,' as he was wont to be saluted, immersed in the spring-tides of accruing consequences—letters, applications, contracts, appointments, &c. &c.—found yet opportunity for visiting his favourite Leamington, where he had, some time before, opened a circulating library, in the name of his sons, William and Henry; and in the upper apartments of which Mrs. Elliston occasionally resided, transferring for a time her professional engagements to this rising place of fashionable resort. Here, in his baby theatre (for verily, like St. Lawrence Church, in the Isle of Wight, it was the smallest of its kind in England) the great lessee felt peculiar pleasure in exhibiting himself. Like an emperor visiting the obscurest nook in his dominions, he pleased his imagination with the prospect of the future by the strong contrast with the present; while a consciousness that his coming was looked on as a kind of condescension at this epoch of his fame, flattered his vanity, and suggested opportunities for playing off some of those eccentricities so peculiar to his disposition. One morning, *en plaisantant*, he descended early into his shop, and looking round with the irresistible humour of *Tangent* himself, 'It is my cruel fate,' said he, 'that my children will be gentlemen.' And, on his two sons making their appearance, they beheld their father in an old dapple-grey frock-coat, dusting the books, arranging the ink-bottles, repiling the quires of Bath post, and altering the position of the China mandarins with the veriest gravity in the world. One of the first customers that came in was a short, dirty-faced drab of a maid-servant, who brought some books to be exchanged; and nearly at the same moment a snivelling charity-boy, with a large patch of diachylon across his nose, placed himself at the counter, demanding other articles. 'One at a time,' said *Octavian*, with petrifying solemnity. 'Now, madam?' pursued he, turning to the runt. 'Missus a sent back these here, an wants summut quite new.' 'The lady's name?' demanded Elliston. 'Wyse,' grunted the girl. 'With a Y or a W?' asked Elliston, as he referred to his list of subscribers; but the wench only grinned; when up mounted *Sir Edward Mortimer* the ladder placed against his shelves, and withdrawing two wretchedly torn volumes (contents unknown) clapped them together, according to the trade, to liberate the dust, and placing them in the grubby claws of the half-frightened girl—'There,' said he, 'a work of surpassing merit, and the leaves uncut I declare! And now, sir, (turning to the boy,) I will attend to you.' The lad, who, by this time, had nearly pulled the plaster from his visage, owing to the nervous state of agitation into which he had been thrown, could not at the precise moment recollect his mission; when again Elliston exclaimed, with the intonation of a 'Merlin,' 'And now, sir, I will attend to you.' 'Half-a-quire of outsides, and three ha'porth o' mixed wafers,' screamed the urchin, throwing fourpence-halfpenny on the counter. 'Outsides,' repeated Elliston to his son William; 'mixed wafers,' said he, in the same tone, to Henry. The young men, convulsed with laughter, instantly obeyed. Elliston now demanded the paste-pot. Taking the brush, he first deliberately dabbed the lad's nose, thereby replacing the fallen diachylon; and, having sent him about his business, commenced fastening the dog's-eared labels on the backs of sundry volumes, and knocking in a fresh nail against the wall, to support a huge advertisement of 'Macassar Oil.' He then seized a watering-pot, and, much to the merriment of a few strangers who were by this time collected about the shop,

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began sprinkling the steps of his library door. Having played a few further antics, the 'Great Lessee' retired to answer his London correspondents on the stupendous affairs of Drury Lane. Elliston, at this time, acted parts nightly in his pet theatre. It was here that he told his audience, on taking his leave, that he had reason to believe it was the gracious intention of his royal highness the Prince Regent to confer on him the honour of knighthood; and when next he should have the pleasure of playing before them, it would be the part of *Sir John Falstaff* by Sir Robert Elliston."

At an after date, a seat in parliament was contemplated with equal intensity!—but we must try to get through with *our* illustrations. The annexed comes home to our brethren of the press:

"The newspaper and 'periodical' applications for free admissions were more than usually pressing—one of them curious enough, which was as follows: 'Sir,—Wishing well to you, and the vast concern you have undertaken, I really wish you *did* know Dr. Rose, whose *paragraphical* capabilities would be invaluable to you. He is a great card at Covent Garden, to which theatre he has a nightly admission for himself and *four* friends, independent of the privilege always given to the paper with which he is connected.' In Garrick's time, 50*l*. was yearly remitted by the press to the manager for the privilege of inserting his advertisements; while in this day, far more than that sum multiplied into itself is paid by the converse party, and frank admissions also granted, equal to the demands of a corps of yeomanry."

Save the theatres from "paragraphical" friends! An anecdote of the infamous usage by which Mr. Peake, the worthy treasurer of Drury Lane theatre for forty years, was plunged into distress, and obliged to seek a home across the Channel, leads to the following:

"Such was the drought in the exchequer at times, that it was considered vexatious in an actor to apply, on two consecutive weeks, for his salary. In the old, or 'Garrick's Theatre,' as it was called, there was no retreat from the apartment of the perplexed treasurer, under circumstances of cash clamour; and Peake has often been kept a prisoner in his own insolvent territory for hours together, not daring to unbar the door on the rush of his assailants. But in the new theatre of 1794, matters were ordered more wisely; the window of the treasury was constructed to open on the colonnade, in Little Russell Street, so that on blank Saturdays, when there was no money, the *sinecure* cashier might make himself equally scarce, and leave the besiegers to do their worst, on the other side of the double-locked entrance. When not under parliamentary protection, Sheridan constituted the houses of his treasurer and solicitor his sanctuary, where for weeks together he has remained concealed. At the residence of Peake he not only took up his own quarters, but invited his acquaintances to the same indulgence; it being a sorry joke with him to offer his friends a dinner at 'THE *Treasury*,' where, beyond all doubt, he was first lord. Peake, in his official capacity, had almost daily applications for money from the Sheridans, father and son, to whom, at times, a guinea was indeed an object. For example—

'Dear Dickey,—To-morrow I purpose setting off for Stafford town, if I can raise the supplies. I want 20*l*. to start with, and on the road I have a hoard lying *perdue* that will carry me through. Write me an answer; but, above all, don't disappoint me as to cash—my father gives me *none*. 'T. SHERIDAN.'

"The father's letters were always for money—very short; and though scarcely legible, yet intelligible enough for that purpose; and (except when very angry) signed with his initials only.

'Dear Peake,—*Thirty* pounds by return of post, and I am with you in seven hours. R. B. S.'

'Dear Peake,—Beg, borrow, or steal; but let me have thirty pounds, and send them by return of post. Fear nothing, be civil to all claimants. Shut up the office, and write to me directly. R. B. S.'

'Dear Peake,—Without fail and immediately give the bearer five guineas to buy hay and corn for my coach-horses; they have not had a morsel of either since last night. I shall be with you presently. R. B. S.'

'Dear Peake,—Give Johnston a little money to go on with—keep as punctual with Kemble as you can—borrow, and fear not. Put 60*l*. in your pocket, and come to me directly. R. B. S.'

'Twenty pounds more will not break our backs. Let them go by nine in the morning to Hammersley's, to answer my draft given today to the St. Patrick's Society. R. B. S.'

"Sheridan was very anxious that no disappointment should take place respecting his check given to St. Patrick's Charity. Peake was therefore told to have a person in waiting, who remained at the banker's counter till the check was presented, that the money, if paid in, might not be appropriated to the over-drawings.

"Sheridan's indolence was hardly to be credited. In the affair and duel between Mathews and himself, at Bath, respecting Miss Linley, through the influence of his antagonist with certain newspapers, Sheridan's character was greatly injured by the most gross misrepresentations;—he was strongly urged by a much-valued friend to reply to the attacks made upon him almost daily. 'They are not yet sufficiently strong,' said he, 'for me to crush them; but, from the rapid progress they are making, they *will be very soon*.' 'Then why not,' said his friend, 'do that yourself?' 'What mean you?' asked Sheridan. 'Why, abuse yourself, and then answer it.' 'A happy thought!—I'll do it.' He instantly sat down and wrote a letter, abusing himself most abundantly. To his great delight, this appeared the following day in the paper: it was now 'sufficiently strong;' but such was Sheridan's indolence, he could never *find time to make the reply*."

At page 285 we do not think the critic, Mr. R., does justice to Mackay's Storm in *Ella Rosenberg*; it was a fine and effective piece of acting, and his Scotch characters of Dominie Sampson and Nicol Jarvie were only too genuine for a London audience, led away by the rich over-colouring of Liston, which was better understood by Englishmen than the purer Caledonian. Mr. Raymond quotes a letter of introduction for Mackay from Sir W. Scott, to Mrs. Coutts; we had the pleasure of one also, and in it, as Mr. Mackay will remember, Sir Walter let out the then mighty secret of his being the author of the Waverley Novels: for he stated a fact only known to Mr. Mackay and the author of these renowned works.

At p. 456 Mr. R. is also erroneous in mentioning Mr. Garrick as sponsor for "the first-born" Beef-Steak Club; the great and festive society under that glowing name having been founded in 1735 by Mr. Rich, the most popular of harlequins, and yet subsisting at its residence in the Lyceum Theatre in the full enjoyment of

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

In conclusion, we have only to mention (being nothing if not critical) that our author has indulged in about half a dozen most magniloquent words; and gone over some rather delicate ground [vide p. 261] something in the manner a Scotch horse, used to it, traverses a bog.

The Despatches and Letters of Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson. With Notes by Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas, G.C.M.G. Vol. II. London, Colburn.

AT a late hour for us we have received this continuation of a work, the appearance of which has created so much interest, that we seize the brief time and space we can spare for it, to announce its issue. It is one of those publications of which (as of two others mentioned in this *Gazette*) we may say *Ex quovis ligno fit Historia*, and which must always be welcome to the literature of a country. And such being the case, we the more regret the statements put forth by Sir H. Nicolas in his preface to this volume. Anxious as the editor of a work of so important a description must be to impart to it the utmost value of authenticity and correctness, he has, it seems, used every effort to obtain the best information he could from parties mentioned in the following extracts. But before coming to them, we must quote what is said of the contents of the volume.

"This volume contains the despatches and letters of Nelson from the beginning of the year 1795 to the end of the year 1797. They relate principally to Admiral Hotham's actions with the French fleet on the 13th and 14th of March, and 13th of July, 1795; to his proceedings when in command of a small squadron on the coast of Genoa, acting in co-operation with the Austrian General de Vins; to the blockade of Leghorn; to the capture of Porto Ferrajo in July, and of the Island of Capraja in September 1796; to the evacuation of Corsica; to the action with, and capture of, a Spanish frigate in December of that year; to the battle of St. Vincent in February, the bombardment of Cadiz, and engagement with the Spanish gun-boats, and to the unsuccessful attack on Santa Cruz in Teneriffe, in July 1797, where he lost his right arm. Some of the events described in these letters are among the most brilliant and interesting of his life."

Agreeing that the period referred to is extremely interesting in regard to the personal character of Nelson, and the naval history of England, we read the annexed passages with much dissatisfaction: for they in the first place invalidate the publication of M'Arthur and Clarke; in the second place, they impeach the received memoir of Lord St. Vincent's services; and in the third place, they shew that the present work is neither so full, certain, and complete as it might have been. Sir H. N. has done all he could; but the holders of the necessary documents will do nothing but hold a rod over his head, should he fall into any error which they may have it in their power to expose, for the sake of supporting, not the whole truth, but the representations they have thought fit to lay before the world.

"Although it is by no means wished that the notes to this work should be of a controversial nature, it has nevertheless been thought expedient to shew that the statement in James's 'Naval History of Great Britain,' respecting the proceedings of the 'Agamemnon,' Nelson's ship, in Admiral Hotham's action on the 13th and 14th of March, 1795, is both imperfect and unjust; and that his implied derogation from the merit of Nelson's exploits at the battle of St. Vincent is altogether unfounded. * * * *

"After making application to various mem-

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bers of the late Earl of St. Vincent's family, in reply to which he was assured that the papers were not in their possession, he learned that they belonged to the Countess of St. Vincent's nephew, Vice-Admiral Sir William Parker, Bart. G.C.B., and that they were in the hands of Jedediah Stephens Tucker, Esq., the author of "Memoirs of Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent." As Sir W. Parker was abroad, the editor wrote to Mr. Jedediah Tucker, stating his wishes, and pointing out the importance of enabling him to verify the letters given in Clarke and M'Arthur's work, in justice alike to the Earl of St. Vincent, to Lord Nelson, and to the public. Mr. Jedediah Tucker's reply, in October last, stated that he was unable to inform him of the address of any relative of Lord St. Vincent, who may have letters from Lord Nelson, except Sir William Parker, 'neither can Mr. Tucker place the letters he may possess from Lord Nelson in Sir Harris Nicolas's hands, for Mr. Tucker does not think it advisable that Sir Harris Nicolas should publish them. Attention is given to the state in which the letter from Lord St. Vincent appear, and should it be thought expedient to take any steps, the proper ones will be resorted to.' From the writer of a note in which little was intelligible except discourtesy, it was obvious that nothing useful could be expected."

Sir H. Nicolas then wrote to Sir W. Parker, from whom he received a courteous answer, but such as "precluded all hope of accomplishing the editor's object, at least until a remote and indefinite period, and compelled him, though with indescribable reluctance, to print many letters of the greatest importance to the fame of two of England's most celebrated admirals, written at the most eventful period of their services, exactly as he found them, well knowing, as he and the possessor of the originals do, that the copies to which he is obliged to trust are interpolated and imperfect."

For the present we content ourselves with stating this case, and leave the correspondence for future consideration.

THE MARLBOROUGH DESPATCHES, &C.—THE HILL CORRESPONDENCE, &C.

[Second notice.]

The vast mass of correspondence contained in these five thick volumes puts us *hors de combat*, as we acknowledge in last *Gazette*, as regards any attempt to offer an adequate review of them within our limits. It would no doubt be easy for us to take up Sir George Murray's masterly summaries, and abridge and re-express them, so as to make us look like historical oracles; but even this sort of performance must of necessity be most meagre and imperfect; and therefore we decline the task. In like manner we may say, it is quite impossible to condense the intelligence in the Turin correspondence, to compare it with the contemporary Marlborough letters, or even to advert to its striking points, and the important light it throws on the history of the period, in a manner to convey satisfactory information to our readers. We must, therefore, allow these Papers to be Apologies for two productions of such sterling value, that they will be consulted in their own integrity by every reader desirous of benefiting by their intelligence, and consequently needing the less any prolonged report from us.

As we, however, gave some brief samples of the writings of the great duke of the last century, we will now do as much for the ambassador.

After remaining a considerable time at the Hague, ascertaining the distinct ways and means and views of Holland, Mr. Hill proceeded to Turin; and we soon perceive from all he writes that the *sine qua non* of adhesion to the grand alliance against Louis Quatorze is money—money. The following may serve as a specimen of the tone and tenor of the whole:

"Dec. 21st, 1703, O. S.

"Sir,—I desired Mr. Lowndes to acquaint you, by the last post, that I had ordered the payments of your bills drawn upon Sir James Bateman, and that, by this post, you should have remittances for Savoy, which has been accordingly done to the sum of 200,000 *piastre*, as Galdy words it. You will have a very just foundation of valuing to his royal highness this readiness of the queen in supplying him, the treaty being but just arrived here yesterday, with Count Wratislaw and Count Maffei, not yet signed, nor so much as examined, and, consequently, no authority for issuing this money, nor no other justification for doing it, but that every thing must be ventured to preserve and accommodate an ally so valuable as the Duke of Savoy, from whose friendship England has entertained great hopes of very considerable advantages. The wind has been fair these three days for the King of Spain, but is now changed again; if we don't hear of his arrival within twenty-four hours, I doubt we shall be delayed yet another moon, which is not [at] all convenient. I am, &c.

To Mr. Hill. GODOLPHIN.

P.S.—If your old acquaintance, the Elector of Bavaria, could be influenced by any assurances you are able to give either to the Duke of Savoy, or more directly to himself, we should not think much to part with a good thumping sum of money to bring him into the interest of the allies, and make his peace with the emperor."

The naval operations at this time occupy much of the correspondence; and there are a number of curious accounts connected with their carrying on, and the movements of our allies. The same may be observed of the land-service, and the particulars of a war raging at once in Spain, the Low Countries, Germany, and Italy. Though somewhat prolix and often repeating the same news, as different parties are advised, these details are of much value and interest, not only as pictures of the age to which they belong, but as remarkable subjects for reference in comparison with the changes since effected and the *status quo* of our times.

The following letters are chosen from the more personal notices of the slippery king and the court of Turin, as being likely to entertain the general reader, and afford a notion of the Hill Correspondence in style and expression, so often such as few readers of grave diplomatic despatches would expect.

"*From Mr. Hill to the Lord Treasurer.*

Turin, 4-15th January, 170¾.

"My lord,—I was willing to stay till I came hither to thank your lordship for the honour of your kind letter of the 23d November, which overtook me at Zurich. I must thank your lordship for the care which you are pleased to take of me, and for the powers which you give me of being welcome and useful to his royal highness. He is a brave mettled prince, my lord, and will deserve, I hope, all that the queen and your lordship can do for him. I shall exactly observe the instructions which I receive from my Lord Nottingham; but since the States have assured the minister of Savoy at the Hague that they had one hundred thousand crowns ready there *à bon compte* for his royal highness, I am sure they will expect two hundred thousand crowns from me. I see I can find credit here for that sum, and shall, I believe, give bills upon London for the value of that sum. I must draw my bills, I think, upon Mr. How, or upon Mr. Fox, who may receive the money in the exchequer, and account for it in due form. This method, at present, will be easy for his royal highness; but perhaps it may be for the queen's service, and for his royal highness's also, when the subsidies are a little more ascertained, to make *remises* hither, or to pay the subsidies into the hands of Count Maffei. I find the term of a crown here very equivocal: for there is not a good crown-piece in the country. The states pretend to pay their share at the Hague in the money of that country, and to pay 50 stivers for a crown, and leave the uncertainty of the exchange to the duke's minister. Perhaps your lordship may think fit to remit the queen's share to Holland also, and assign it there to the duke's ministers. One Mons. Lullin, of Geneva, is gone, by the duke's order, to the Hague, and from thence he is to go to London, to wait upon your lordship. When you have settled the method and the manner in which you would have the payments go, I hope your lordship will please to let me know it. I am, &c.

To the Lord Treasurer. HILL."

"I must now give your lordship an account of two adventures which I met in my way through Switzerland. Mons. Hugetan came post all night from Geneva, to meet me at Lausanne. He said it was to see me, and to justify his conduct to me, &c. I received him pretty cavalierly, and chid him seriously, &c. He desired to speak to me privately two words, and then told me he had orders to ask me, if it were not possible to find some way of making some proposals towards an accommodation between England and France? I told him I thought it was not possible. He said he thought it was, and desired me to think of it. I told him no, I durst not, I would not, think of it. He asked me if I would not write to London about it. I said I should be obliged to tell your lordship all that had passed between him and me; because I should scarcely think myself innocent, after such a conversation with him, until I had been at confession; and so I left him. I met another man of a very different spirit and resolution; a Frenchman, a Roman Catholic, a white Camisard, who would engage to raise a revolt in Dauphiné and Languedoc amongst the Catholics, if I would promise him such a protection and assistance as was absolutely necessary to begin the work. I liked the character of the man and his temper so much, a man of figure and family, very well known, that I promised him every thing. He promised to come to me here, and I hope to make something of it; if I do, I shall give your lordship an exact account. * * *

"I shall manage the credit, which your lordship is pleased to say shall be sent me next week, as well as I can, and I am sorry I did not stay for it. But the honour of your lordship's letter to me of the 23d November gave me credit enough to get half the money out of the banks of Amsterdam and Venice. I beg your lordship to excuse me if I have been too forward in my payments. I shall hang myself that hour in which I think you are not satisfied with the zeal and attention with which I am, &c. HILL."

To the Lord Treasurer.

"*From Mr. Hill to the Earl of Nottingham.*

Turin, February 1st, 170¾.

"My lord,—So soon as his royal highness

came to town, he was pleased to give me a gracious and long audience, without any ceremony, to which the Marquis of St. Thomas, minister and secretary of state, came to invite me; and I could not but think that this was more hononrable than to pass by the hands of a formal master of ceremony. I delivered the queen's letter, and assured his royal highness, in the best terms I could, of her majesty's zeal and religion for the support of all her allies; and of the particular care which she would take for the defence and assistance of his royal highness in his present engagements. The duke, who is naturally eloquent, said much more than I could in the queen's honour, and that the confidence which he had in the queen's goodness and protection was what most determined him in the bold resolution which he had taken, with 4000 men, to declare war upon France and Spain, almost in sight of their armies. The rest of my audience passed in a lively description of the situation of his affairs, &c. The next day I had another audience, in which I had leisure to speak more particularly to his royal highness, and to say, that, since the treaty with Vienna is not yet finished, it would be thought reasonable at London and at the Hague to make a short treaty with his royal highness according to the project which I had given to his ministers, and of which I send your lordship herewith a copy. I soon found his royal highness had rather stick to the treaty with the emperor, which he expects to have ratified by the queen and by the states. I was forced to say, that the parliament expects to have such treaties laid before them as the queen is pleased to make, and that I believed the treaty which I had projected according to my instructions would be more proper to be shewn than the other. I then observed, that his royal highness expected no manner of limitation as to the 80,000 crowns per month; nor that he would engage to keep more than 14,000 men; and that the prohibition of commerce with France and the article about the Vaudois would give us some trouble. However, his royal highness will, he said, examine my project a little, and speak more to it in two or three days. * *

"I have only time to tell your lordship that his royal highness is a very absolute prince, and will have every thing his own way. He says he must have 80,000 crowns per month paid him in advance, and paid in this town of Turin, without any diminution in respect of the acquisitions which his royal highness may make of the places which are to be yielded to him by the emperor. For these subsidies his royal highness will not promise to keep on foot above 15,000 men, though he does propose to himself to have 25,000 in his pay, so soon as he can raise them. His royal highness will not consent to put the interruption of trade with France into any article of our treaty; he only promises to consult his ministers in order to come to some regulation of commerce with his allies. His royal highness does demand that the queen and the states should engage to ratify and confirm by an act of guarantee the treaty which is making with the emperor. His royal highness does consent to come into the treaty of the grand alliance which was made at the Hague in 1701. His royal highness does consent and give leave to the Vaudois to enjoy the liberty of their religion, and to fight for his service. We were a little out of humour, the envoy of Holland and myself, to come so far and make so ill a bargain for so much money. We have therefore taken time to give advice of all this at London and the Hague, and his royal highness has ordered an account to be sent to his ministers to solicit the queen and the states to be contented with what he is pleased to offer. I do therefore expect your lordship's farther orders, which I shall cheerfully obey whatever they are. I am, &c.

To the Earl of Nottingham. HILL."

"I am informed, my lord, that there are four battalions of the queen's subjects in the army commanded by the Duke de Vendôme, and six more in the army commanded by the Maréchal de Marcin. These poor devils are put upon the most desperate occasions, where they behave themselves too well; yet they are ill-used in all respects. These battalions are recruited by deserters from my Lord Duke of Marlborough's army; at least all who desert from him are sent thither. I do believe, that if the queen were pleased to issue a proclamation, promising pardon to those who shall leave the French, and a liberty to come home for those who should have come into the service of the allies, it would be easy to disperse copies of those proclamations amongst them, which might have good effect; and yet none of them would get home to do any harm. The physician who came hither from St. Germains is called Sommers. He is a man of learning, an Englishman, he says, from Exeter; but he is of Irish religion and temper, and I cannot be afraid of him. I think we shall hang an Irish monk here, for endeavouring to debauch some of his countrymen out of the duke's service."

This mere taste will, we trust, be deemed sufficient to enable readers to form some estimate of the solidity and great attractions of the substantial repast set before them.

THE UNITED STATES EXPEDITION—VOL. IV.

THIS volume, received since our last publication, carries us to the Sandwich group of islands, and the surveys of Hawaii, Maui, Kahoolawe, Lanai, Molokai, Oahu, Kauai, Niihau, &c. Commander Wilkes severely censures the missionary and consular doings at Hawaii, both on the part of England and France; and warmly eulogises the opposite line of conduct pursued by the American missionary, Mr. Richards.

"As the natives," he says, "under the tuition of the missionaries, emerged from barbarism, instead of deriving encouragement from their intercourse with foreigners, difficulties were thrown in the way. The chief agents in the vexations to which the government has been exposed are the designing individuals who hold the situation of consuls of the two great European powers; and through their baleful influence the difficulties have been continually increasing, until, finally, these islands and their government have been forced upon the attention of the whole civilised world. All the laws and regulations established by the kings and chiefs for repressing immorality and vice, were not only derided, but often set at open defiance, because they clashed with the interests of some of the individuals settled here."*

By way of an example, Mr. Wilkes flogged from ship to ship two American marines and a rascally troublesome Englishman, named Sweeny, who had joined at New Zealand—*pour encourager les autres*; but still, "this act," he states, "together with the legal punishment of the marines for refusing to do duty, when their time of service had not expired, was another of the many complaints brought against me on my return"—a poor return for the well-timed and exemplary whipping; as he "ordered the sentence of the court to be put into execution publicly, after the usual manner in such cases; a part of the punishment to be inflicted at each vessel, diminishing very much its extent in the cases of the two marines."

There are very long accounts of a visit to the craters of Mauna Loa, Mauna Kea, and Kilanea; but these, and generally all the rest which is related about the Sandwich Islands, are already so well known, that we need not stop for extract or comment. Dr. Judd and Lieut. Budd signalised themselves by daring descents into the burning mountains; and the former very narrowly escaped the fate of Pliny; but the expedition got off with the loss of a frying-pan (p. 181).

The Porpoise was despatched from Oahu for the Paumotu group and Penrhyn Island; and we select the following as the most novel intelligence respecting them. At the latter isle, "an old and very savage-looking chief made signs for them not to land, threatening them with spears if this was attempted. Lieutenant-Commandant Ringgold threw them some presents, and received in return a few cocoa-nuts and two large fish, the smallest of which measured five feet two inches in length, and its greatest circumference was four feet four inches. These proved to be excellent food. They were remarkable for their splendid colour, the great size of the canine teeth in each jaw, and a large protuberance over the eyes; the head was without scales, the body being covered with large circular plates, over which the epidermis was very thick and of a rich blue colour, with regular concentric stripes of yellowish white; the fins and tails were striped with straight lines of alternate blue and yellow; the lips were fleshy, and the jaws strong and bony. The men were of the dark-skinned race, resembling the Feejeeans, of fine form and crispy hair, with crowns of matting on their heads: the old man had a silvery beard. They would not permit our people to land, and on an attempt being made by a Sandwich Islander, they stood prepared to spear him. Lieutenant-Commandant Ringgold, wishing to avoid collision, ordered him to return. * * * *

* The following history of a royal family fracas will illustrate the state of things:—"On the 7th of May one of the unhappy domestic feuds of the royal family threw the whole of Papieti into a ferment. The queen, followed by all her attendants, with great lamentations, rushed into a foreigner's house to escape from her royal consort, who was pursuing her, uttering dreadful menaces. The facts of the quarrel, as derived from authentic sources, are as follows:—As Pomare was on her way to Papieti from her residence at Papaoa, she was met by Pomare-taui riding furiously. Owing to the turn of the road he did not perceive the queen's party in time to stop, and ran over one of the maids, knocking her down, and bruising her. Pomare attributing the accident to his being intoxicated, began to abuse him in opprobrious terms. Enraged at it he dismounted, and began not only to abuse, but also to strike her. Not content with this, he caught her by the hair, threw her down, and attempted to strangle her; which he was only prevented from doing by the attendants, who held him until Pomare fled for her life. Disappointed in overtaking her, he hurried to her new palace at Papieti, and vented his anger by demolishing the windows, breaking open her boxes and trunks, and tearing her wardrobe and finery to pieces,—thus doing injury to the amount of some two thousand dollars. On the perpetration of this outrage the queen at first declared her intention of summoning the judges and suing for a divorce; but soon changed her mind, and forgave her husband on his promising future good behaviour. Although this may appear extraordinary conduct on the part of the king-consort, yet when one learns that the queen has been in the habit of giving him a sound cudgelling even on the highway, his conduct is not so surprising; particularly as it is said that she administered her punishments with such earnestness and force that he would not be likely soon to lose the remembrance of them. These broils in the royal family may, I believe, be justly charged to the foreign residents whom I have spoken of before as being the authors of them; for they administer to his depraved appetite in order to derive pecuniary advantage from these disturbances."

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"Before I close the subject of coral islands, I cannot refrain from making a few remarks derived from my own observations while I was engaged among them. My opportunities have been numerous, and I have had every facility for viewing to advantage, not only those exclusively of coral formation, but also the reefs that surround the high volcanic islands, which afford the most safe and convenient harbours of the Pacific. After much inquiry and close examination, I was unable to believe that these great formations are or can possibly be the work of zoophytes; and the arguments by which it is endeavoured to maintain this theory appear to me to be inconsistent with the facts. I cannot but view the labours of these animals as wholly inadequate to produce the effects which I observed, and I was satisfied that the very appearance of the reefs was sufficient to contradict any such impression. The ingenious theory of Darwin, which has of late been promulgated, and which holds that an equal subsidence and growth are taking place, is alike at variance with the configuration, extent, and general construction of the reefs. In all the reefs and islands of coral that I have examined, there are unequivocal signs that they are undergoing dissolution. * * * The low coral islands, as far as they have been investigated, both by boring and sounding, have shewn a foundation of sand, or what becomes so on being broken up. The elevated coral islands which we have examined exhibit a formation of conglomerate, composed of compact coral and dead shells, interspersed with various kinds of corals, which have evidently been deposited after life has become extinct. A particular instance of this was seen at the island of Metia, and the same formation was also observed at Oahu. The abraiding effects of the sea on all the islands and reefs was evident, for they exhibited throughout a worn surface. Some living corals are indeed found at the surface, but a few inches beneath it the reef is invariably a collection of loose materials, and shews no regular coralline structure, as would have been the case if it had been the work of the lithophyte. All the coral islands lie within an ocean subject to the effects of volcanic action, and we have no reason to doubt that they would be as liable to be upheaved and depressed by it as those of unquestionable igneous origin. With so great and powerful an agent at hand, it seems to me there is no necessity for resorting to a cause inadequate of itself, and at variance with the facts. It seems almost absurd to suppose that these immense reefs should have been raised by the exertions of a minute animal, and positively so to explain the peculiar mode of construction by which reefs of an annular shape are formed, when in nine cases out of ten they are of other figures."

To return to the natives. "The vessel stood off and on all night, and on the 16th, at sunrise, canoes were discovered approaching the brig in great numbers, many of them large. At seven o'clock two came alongside, and others soon followed them. As the numbers of the visitors increased, they became more bold, and clambered up the sides, uttering loud and savage yells. They were the wildest and most savage-looking beings that had been met with, vociferating in a frightful manner, and accompanying their exclamations with the most violent contortions and gesticulations: they seemed frantic with excitement. These natives were quite naked, except a few who had on a small maro of cocoa-nut leaves. The canoes contained from seven to sixteen men each, all equally wild. The noise they made was almost deafening; every individual talking earnestly in a language not comprehended by our party. The tone of their voices was altogether discordant, at one moment high and shrill, and at the next sinking to a deep gruff bass. In their harangues they slapped their thighs with great violence, and some wrung their hands and cried, protruding their eyes, and making frightful grimaces, reminding one strongly of maniacs in their utmost frenzy. They were not capable of fixing their attention for a moment on any one object, but with fitful rapidity they changed their regards from one thing to another. Although they at first seemed unarmed, yet, upon a close inspection it was seen that they had weapons concealed in their canoes. A few of them succeeded in getting on board, and several articles were pilfered from the poop-deck, among them a pea-jacket, which was quickly and adroitly secreted in one of the canoes. A huge savage, with his eyes apparently starting out of his head, seized the man-rope, pulled the stanchion out of his place, and was in the act of passing it over the side when it was rescued from him. The islanders now became troublesome, and the order was given to clear the decks, which was quickly done by the crew with their cutlasses, but none of their visitors were injured. The moment they got into their canoes, large pieces of coral and shells were hurled on board with great force: two guns were fired over their heads, but they took no notice of them, and stood up in their canoes brandishing their spears and yelling defiance. As their numbers were constantly increasing, Lieutenant-Commandant Ringgold thought it prudent to keep the brig under way, beat to quarters, and made preparations to meet attack, if it should be intended. Three or four canoes were kept towing astern, and after many ineffectual and long-continued efforts, a trade was begun for their arms, necklaces, &c., which they parted with for iron, knives, cloth, and other articles. The first they designated by the name of 'toke,' and the meaning of several other of their words was ascertained. These islanders did not know the use of tobacco, but would receive any and every thing offered: on receiving the articles, they immediately thrust on board the article sold, and appeared fair in dealing, though they proved themselves to be expert thieves. Like other natives of Polynesia, they seemed a half amphibious race, diving for any thing dropped overboard with great ease and unconcern. They are of a light olive colour, though darker than either the Samoans or Tahitians, with fine black hair. The old men had beards and mustaches. They partook of the Samoan cast of feature, and are an equally athletic, erect, and finely-formed race. * * * Only two or three women were seen: they were delicate in appearance, of light complexion, and feminine cast of features, with long glossy hair and beautiful white teeth. Dr. Holmes remarks that their mammæ were immensely large. The women from their gestures proved themselves to possess habits fully as unchaste and profligate as elsewhere in Polynesia. From what was seen of these natives, they appeared a ferocious and quarrelsome set, paying little attention or regard to the old men, whom they treated with great roughness. On the occasion of a canoe being overturned by coming in contact with a larger one, and drifting astern, an old man seized hold of the larger canoe to save himself from following his boat; but instead of any assistance being offered him, his fingers were struck until he relinquished his hold, and was obliged to seek his own canoe. Few evidences of rank were observed among them, and but one was seen who had the appearance of being a chief. This was an old man, who was seated in the centre of a canoe, paddled by fifteen natives, who were striving hard to overtake the brig. He wore a sort of mantle of platted leaves over his shoulders, with a fillet of leaves on his head, and his whole bearing and conduct betokened authority. A bunch of what were apparently cock's feathers was also noticed. Spears made of cocoa-nut wood, from six to eight feet long, were the only weapons seen among them, with the exception of pieces of coral. For ornaments they had strands of human hair braided and decorated with finger-nails half an inch long, and two to each strand. Only two or three of them wore short mantles."

Nisqually and the Columbia river come next on the *tapis*, but offer nothing to detain us, as we have no vocation for the Oregon territory or unsettled settlements; and we have had later and more particular accounts of its Indian tribes since the period of the expedition.

We may therefore, with this short review, take our leave of volume iv., which, like its precursor, is embellished with well-executed and very interesting illustrations.

THE IMPROVISATORE; OR, LIFE IN ITALY.

[Second notice.]

During his education in the school of the Jesuits at Rome, his devotedness to poetry gradually augments in fervour, and there are some well-told incidents connected with that passion. We can only select, however, an illustration or two of the author, and not trenching upon the progress of events. On *Poetry*, he says:—

"In later years I have often reflected on poetry, that singular, divine inspiration. It appears to me like the rich gold ore in the mountains; refinement and education are the wise workmen who know how to purify it. Sometimes purely unmixed ore-dust is met with, the lyrical improvisation of the poet by nature. One vein yields gold, another silver; but there are also tin, and even more ordinary metals found, which are not to be despised, and which sometimes can, with polishing and adorning, be made to look like gold and silver. According to these various metals I now rank my poets, as golden, silver, copper, and iron men. But after these comes a new class, who only work in simple potter's clay—the poetasters—yet who desire as much to be admitted to the true guild. Habbas Dahdah [the head professor, or master] was one of these, and had just ability sufficient to make a sort of ware, which with a kind of poetical facility he overwhelmed people, with whom, as regarded deep feeling and poetical spirit, he could not measure himself. Easy, flexile verses, and the artistical formation of them, so that they only brought before the eye existences, hearts, and other such things, obtained from him admiration and applause."

A sample of *Criticism* is hardly less pertinent. In spite of the teacher, Bernardo (a friend and schoolfellow of Antonio's) has won the annual garland, by reciting as his own a piece composed by the latter; and is so ashamed of his Daw triumph that he quits the school.

"'He is gone like a falling star,' observed Habbas Dahdah, ironically; 'he vanished as soon as one noticed the brightness! The whole was a crack — and so was the poem, too. I shall manage, indeed, that this treasure is preserved! Then, Holy Virgin! when one looks closely at it, what is it? Is it poetry, — that which runs in and out, without shape or con-

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sistency? At first, I thought it was a vase, then a French wine-glass, or a Median sabre; but, when I turned it and drew it, there came out the selfsame unmeaning, cut-and-dried shape. In three places there is a foot too many; there are horrible hiatuses; and five-and-twenty times has he used the word 'divina,' as if a poem became divine by the repetition of this word. Feeling and feeling! that is not all which makes the poet! What a combating with fancies,—now one is here! now one is there! Neither is it thought, no, discretion, golden discretion! The poet must not let himself be run away with by his subject. He must be cold—ice-cold, must rend to pieces the child of his heart, that he may understand every single portion of it; it is only thus that a work of art can be put together. Not with all this driving and chasing, and all this wild inspiration! And then they set a garland on such a lad! Flogged he should have been for his historical errors, his hiatuses, his miserable work! I have vexed myself, and that does not suit my constitution! The abominable Bernardo!'"

Does not this remind our readers of some critics of our own day and London, who are continually enumerating oracles of the very same kind, as if Habbas Dahdah were their pattern, or they were themselves Habbas Dahdahs!! But bidding them success in their vocation, we proceed to a description of the Carnival, as an example of the writer's powers in another line, and one of the most graphic and lively we ever read.

"The carnival was all my thought. I went early in the morning to the Piazza del Popolo that I might see the preparations for the races, walked in the evening up and down the Corso, to notice the gay carnival-dresses which were hung out, figures with masks and in full costume. I hired the dress of an advocate, as being one of the merriest characters, and scarcely slept through the whole night that I might think over and regularly study my part. The next day seemed to me like a holy festival; I was as happy as a child! All round about in the side-streets the comfit-sellers set up their booths and tables, and displayed their gay wares. The Corso was swept, and gay carpets were hung out from all the windows. About three o'clock, according to the French mode of reckoning time, I went to the Capitol, to enjoy, for the first time, the beginning of the festival. The balconies were filled with foreigners of rank; the senator sat in purple upon a throne of velvet; pretty little pages, with feathers in their velvet caps, stood on the left, before the papal Swiss guard. Then came in a crowd of the most aged Jews, who kneeled down, bare-headed, before the senator. I knew one of them, it was Hanoch, the old Jew, whose daughter had so greatly interested Bernardo. The old man was the speaker, made a sort of oration, in which he prayed, according to old usage, for permission for himself and his people to live yet a year longer in Rome, in the quarter which was appointed to them; promised to go once during that time into the Catholic church, and prayed furthermore that, according to old custom, they might themselves run through the Corso before the people of Rome, might pay all the expense of the horse-racing, together with the offered prize-money, and might provide the gay velvet banners. The senator gave a gracious nod (the old custom of setting the foot upon the shoulder of the supplicant was done away with), rose up amid a flourish of music in procession, and, descending the steps, entered his magnificent carriage, in which the pages also had a place; and thus was the carnival opened. The great bell of the Capitol rang for gladness, and I sped home quickly that I might instantly assume my advocate's dress. In this it seemed to me that I was quite another person. With a kind of self-satisfaction I hastened down into the street, where a throng of masks already saluted me. They were poor working people, who on these days acted like the richest nobility; their whole finery was the most original, and at the same time the cheapest in the world. They wore over their ordinary dress a coarse shirt stuck all over with lemon-peel, which was to represent great buttons; a bunch of green salad on their shoulders and shoes; a wig of fennel; and great spectacles cut out of orange-peel. I threatened them all with actions at law, shewed them in my book of laws the regulations which forbade such luxuriousness in dress as theirs, and then, applauded by them all, hastened away to the long Corso, which was changed from a street into a masquerade-hall. From all the windows, and round all the balconies and boxes erected for the occasion, were hung bright-coloured carpets. All the way along, by the house-sides, stood an infinite number of chairs, 'excellent places to see from,' as those declared who had them to let. Carriages followed carriages, for the greatest part filled with masks, in two long rows—the one up, the other down. Some of these had even their wheels covered with laurel-twigs, the whole seeming like a moving pleasure-house; and amid these thronged the merry human crowd. All windows were filled with spectators. Handsome Roman women, in the dress of officers, with the mustachio over the delicate mouth, threw comfits down to their acquaintance. I made a speech to them, summoning them before the tribunal, because they threw, not only comfits into the faces, but fire-glances also into the heart; they cast down flowers upon me, as a reward for my speech. * * * *

"'Luogi! Luoghi! Patroni!' cried those who had chairs to let. I was bewildered in my thoughts; but yet who will think on a carnival's day? A crowd of harlequins, with little bells on their shoulders and shoes, danced around me, and a new advocate upon stilts, the height of a man, strode in above us. As if he recognised a collegian in me, he joked about the humble position in which I stood, and assured them that it was only he alone who could win any cause, for upon the earth, to which I was stuck fast, there was no justice—it was to be found only above; and then he pointed into the higher, pure air in which he stood, and stalked on further. On the Piazza Colonna was a band of music. The merry doctors and shepherdesses danced joyously around, even in the midst of the single troop of soldiers, which, to preserve order, mechanically walked up and down the street, among the carriages and the throng of human beings. Here I again began a profound speech, but there came up a writer, and then it was all over with me; for his attendant, who ran before him with a great bell, jingled it so before my ears, that I could not even hear my own words; at that moment, also, was heard the cannon-shot, which was the signal that all carriages must leave the streets, and that the carnival was at an end for this day. I obtained a stand upon a wooden scaffolding. Below me moved the crowd, without allowing itself to be disturbed by the soldiers, who warned them to make way for the horses, that would soon pass at a wild speed through the street, where no causeway made a determined path. At the end of the street, by the Piazza del Popolo, the horses were led up to the barrier. They all seemed half wild. Burning sponges were fastened to their backs, little rockets behind their ears, and iron points hanging loose, which, in the race, spurred them till the blood came, were secured to their sides. The grooms could scarcely hold them. The cannon was fired. The rope before the barrier fell, and now they flew like a storm-wind past me, up the Corso. The tinsel glittered; their manes and the gaudy ribands floated in the air; sparks of fire flew from their hoofs. The whole mass of people cried after them, and, at the same moment, in which they had passed, streamed out again into the open mid-path, like the waves, which close again after the ship's keel. The festival was at an end for the day."

With this we must for the present conclude our extracts; and shall only revert for a moment to a poem cited from Andersen, which is given in the memoir. It relates to a hopeless love in humble life; but there are one or two thoughts in it, which we think exquisitely feeling and poetical, thus:—

"In the evening oft so trustfully she sat down by my side;
We talked so much together, I could nothing from her hide:
She shared with me my trouble, in my pleasure she had part;
One only thing concealed I—the love within my heart.

I think she might have seen it,—if she had loved she would;
For there needs no word, no word at all, to make love understood!
I spoke unto my foolish heart, 'Forego it, and be still!
For thee, poor youth, such joy comes not—comes not, and never will!'"

She is betrothed to another, and

"Said I, 'Now let me see the world, and by its joy be blessed!'
But I only meant, forget the world that lies within my breast.
She looked at me, and said, 'O heavens! what's come to thee!
We love thee here so kindly, where canst thou better be?'

Then flowed forth fast my tears, this time it was but right,
'One always weeps at parting!' said she that parting night.
They went with me for company some distance on my track—
Now sick—sick unto death—they again have brought me back."

We trust we shall hear more of this Danish poet.

The Agricultural Magazine, and Journal of Scientific Farming. No. I. 4to, double cols. pp. 68. London, Scripps and Son.

HERE is promise of a very useful periodical accession to works of instruction in practical agriculture and the inculcation of those scientific principles which are being now so sedulously developed for the improvement of every branch of farming. The contents are very various, and all touch upon subjects connected with the cultivation of the soil and the disposal of its produce. We have accordingly reports of the proceedings of public institutions which investigate such matters, and of agricultural meetings throughout the country—notices of new discoveries—results of experiments in manuring, cropping, feeding, &c. &c.—accounts of improved implements and draining—fairs—and original papers; all tending to one end—to inform and guide the mighty interests engaged in agriculture. The publication cannot fail to be eminently useful.

The Shipmaster's Guide. Pp. 148. W. Orr.
A THIRD edition of a useful guide containing much information for merchant-seamen.

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A few Plain Words on the recent Proceedings in the Diocese of Exeter. By the Rev. W. B. Hawkins, M.A., &c. Chaplain to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge. Pp. 20. Rivingtons.

THOUGH the hot water in this diocese has cooled a little, the position of the present writer (throwing a little fresh supply of the boiling into the basin) calls for a passing notice. He upholds the establishment, and abjures laical interference. He limits the right of private judgment, and maintains that every doubt and difficulty can and ought to be solved by the Church of England. But he does not shew (page 9 where he makes this assertion) how it happened that the recent differences respecting doctrine and discipline could either (in that case) spring into existence, or lead to the rubrical schism which has plagued both church and people. Where was the authority to settle these questions?

The Anatomy of Sleep, or the Art of procuring sound and refreshing Sleep at Will. By E. Binns, M.D., &c. &c. Pp. 505. London, J. Churchill.

THIS is a second edition of a curious and entertaining work (reviewed on its first appearance in the *Literary Gazette*), with the addition of equally curious and entertaining notes by Earl Stanhope. Hanging up its philosophy, as Shakspeare advised in the Juliet case, and not re-describing the system of poor Mr. Gardner the hypnologist, of whom our readers have often read in our columns; we may briefly say, that for ghost-story, legend, superstition, marvellous circumstance, mesmerism, and other extraordinary matters, there is not a more amusing volume in the English or any other language. Dr. Binns is all in good faith, and so is the noble earl who has here contributed his alliance; and they have together made a whole which overflows with variety and an odd admixture of useful intelligence and imagination, if not credulity.

Reply to the Press, and its Reviewers reviewed, in Defence of the Game-Laws. By Grantley F. Berkeley. Pp. 70. Longmans.

A MANLY, straightforward, and clever pamphlet, in which the writer punches the *Chronicle, Times, Punch*, Mr. Bright, &c. &c., in support of those opinions respecting which we gave our opinion a few weeks ago. We enter into none of the controversy, which is now parliamentary, but simply speak of the production in a literary sense, as one characteristic of the man, a stout defence of his class, and a tolerable sample of ability in carrying the war into the enemy's quarters.

The Gitana: a Tale. 3 vols. Saunders and Otley.

AFTER Mr. James, it is dangerous to meddle with gypsies. High-flown and romantic to the last degree, and containing the average number of love-affairs, cruel stern fathers, mysterious events and personages, woes and joys, and winding up with the usual melodramatic finale, the matrimonial felicity of the long-tried and well-nigh despairing lovers,—the present may take its run in the circulating libraries.

The Antiquarian and Architectural Year-Book for 1844. 8vo, pp. 456. London, T. C. Newby.

THERE never was a year so rich in materials as the last, 1844, for starting an annual of this kind. The Archæological meeting at Canterbury, and the new spirit of inquiry and research infused into the country, have produced many new and interesting results, the gathering of which into a repository like this is a work of present and permanent utility. In doing so, it appears to us that both diligence and judgment have been employed; and we therefore cordially recommend the *Year-Book* to the lovers of antiquarian information.

Supplement to the Penny Cyclopædia. Part I. Double columns, pp. 96. Knight.

THIS supplement bids fair to rival the *Cyclopædia* itself in bulk, for it only reaches the name Amberger in these ninety-six spacious and closely-printed pages. In every respect it so closely resembles the original publication as to require no comment; and those who possess the former had better put themselves in communication with the latter, the object of which is to perfect or complete the work of reference.

"Effects" and Adventures of Raby Rattler, Gent. 8vo, pp. 645. London, Saunders and Otley.

Raby Rattler is one of that species of familiar and, so to speak, a little slangish tales, which have become the running part of magazines—the thread or staple near which the genuine and distinct periodical papers are hung. It is embellished in the usual way, and introduces characters of every possible description in life.

Waverley Novels, Abbotsford Edition. Vol. VII. Edinburgh, R. Cadell.

The Fortunes of Nigel and *Peveril of the Peak*, enriched by a multitude of copper-plate and wood engravings, are contained in this handsome volume, which worthily sustains the great attractions of the Abbotsford Edition.

Philological Proofs of the Original Unity and Recent Origin of the Human Race, &c. By A. J. Johnes, Esq. 8vo, pp. circ. 275. London, S. Clarke; Llandovery, Rees.

WITH much learned research, and from a curious analytical comparative tabular view of coincidences between the language of Africa and the languages of Europe, Asia, and America, Mr. Johnes contends for the propositions asserted in his title-page. As a repository of much remarkable matter of considerable value to philologists, we can safely recommend it as a literary book; but we must at the same time confess that its arguments, though held to be so conclusive by the writer, have failed to convince us.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCES OF THE WHITE NILE.

Cairo, Jan. 21, 1845.

WE have received the following letter from Mr. Antony Abadie, dated Adoa, 17th October, 1844:—

"I have just returned from a journey to Kafa and Enarea, and have discovered the sources of the White Nile. They are in the country of the Gmura (Gamora, or Gamru), a people whose language is like that spoken in the country of Kafa. The mountains Bochi, or Dochi, rise by the side of the source; so that, strictly speaking, we might say, Gamru Mountains. As the word 'Gamr' means in Arabic 'the moon,' we have here the explanation of the term 'Mountains of the Moon,' circulated in ancient times. The sources of the Abbey of Didese, or of the western arm of the Abbey, or White Nile, are swamps, which confirms the statement of Ptolemy. As I have a Docko in my service, it was easy for me to correct a report taken up on hearsay, and supported by a passage in Herodotus, which some travellers have recently circulated, of the pretended people of dwarfs (the Docko). My Docko was only 18 centimetres shorter than myself; so that he was indeed rather short, but very far from being a dwarf. All my inquiries to discover such a people were in vain; but the people speak of a race of dwarf wild elephants in the country of the Docko."

(*From another Correspondent.*)

Cairo, Jan. 21.

"Mr. Fremel, the celebrated orientalist, and author of the *Mémoire sur la Licorne*, has been here for days past, engaged in the study of the ancient Himyaric inscriptions which Mr. Arnaud discovered in Yemen. Professor Lepsius is prosecuting his successful researches in Thebes, Luxor, and Karnac; and does not think of being here till the summer. Interesting excavations have been made under his direction in the temple of Rhamses; so that it is now, for the first time, possible to give a complete plan of that splendid edifice. In the western royal hall some traces have been found of a king hitherto unknown.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

HAVING on Saturday week (*Lit. Gaz.* No. 1466) communicated to our readers the particulars of the appointments and the course of the voyage to be pursued by the new Arctic Expedition, we have now to add in regard to its progress, that Captain Crozier has (as was expected) arrived from the continent to take the command of his old ship, the Terror; and that volunteers have been flocking in from all quarters. The alterations we mentioned are proceeding with as much speed as may be, and will probably be completed in six weeks; so that the vessels may sail at the best season, *i. e.* the first week in May, at latest. On Tuesday, the Erebus and Terror were commissioned, and the following list of officers, from Woolwich, appears in the newspapers:—To the Erebus: Captain Sir John Franklin, K.C.H., to have the command of the expedition; Commander James Fitzjames (1842), formerly commander of the Clio, 16-gun sloop, on the East Indian station; Lieutenant Henry T. D. Le Vesconte (1841), formerly serving in the Clio; mate, Charles F. Des Vœux (1844), from the Excellent, gunnery-ship at Portsmouth; second master, H. F. Collins, from the Sheerwater steam-vessel, employed by Captain Washington in the surveying service; clerk, G. F. Pinhorn; gunner, J. G. Robinson; boatswain, J. G. Terry; carpenter, W. Weekes. To the Terror: Captain F. R. M. Crozier (1841); Lieutenant Edward Little (1837); Lieutenant G. H. Hodgson (1842); carpenter, Thomas Honey.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Feb. 21st.—Mr. Griffiths, "On the chemistry of prussic acid," first referred to the elementary or simple bodies which constitute as it were the alphabet of chemistry, their powers of combination both primary and secondary; and selecting only a few, viz. carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, oxygen, iron, potassium, mercury, and silver, stated that the investigation of their chemical affinities alone opened a field of philosophical inquiry so extensive, that the lifetime of the most diligent, the most assiduous experimenter might be passed in examining its treasures and wonders. He then explained and illustrated the constitution and characteristics of the cyanides, which unite with each other and form double compounds. Prussic acid is a cyanide of hydrogen, or hydrocyanic acid, but familiarly called prussic acid from being originally obtained from Prussian blue, a colour accidentally discovered at Berlin. If cyanide of mercury were heated with hydrochloric acid, cyanogen and hydrogen combined and produced real or anhydrous prussic acid. This is consi-

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dered the most deadly of all poisons, causing death upon contact with the tongue, or with any part of the body, and also upon inhaling its vapour. The experiment of forming this anhydrous prussic acid is most dangerous, and should not be attempted excepting by an able operator; the process was in operation during the hour, and about a drachm obtained. The ultimate elements of the compound are, carbon 12, nitrogen 14, and hydrogen 1 part, by weight. The method of producing diluted prussic acid, for medicinal use, from ferrocyanide of potassium and diluted sulphuric acid, according to the directions of the London Pharmacopœia, was next experimentally shewn, and its theory explained. Such acid should contain only 2 per cent of the real or anhydrous; and the method of ascertaining its strength and fitness for the above purpose, by means of nitrate of silver, was dwelt upon in some detail. Though containing only so small a per centage, the diluted acid is virulently poisonous; and its production by the distillation of bitter almond-cake with water in the form of essential oil of almonds, drew forth many curious and interesting points relative to the chemistry of organic matter. For example, bitter almonds do not contain prussic acid; but when moistened, even as by chewing, the poison is formed by a new arrangement of ultimate elements. The danger of using essential oil of bitter almonds as a perfume for soap, pomade, bandoline, and fixature, was mentioned, as likewise the existence of prussic acid in laurel-water; and then Mr. Griffiths came to the principal part of his subject. He said, since prussic acid has been so largely produced for the uses of medicine and the arts, we have been frequently appalled by lamentable examples in which it has either been accidentally taken by mistake, or resorted to as a means of self-destruction, or wilfully administered as an agent of murder. In all such cases the chemist is called upon to detect and pronounce upon the nature of the poison at the *post-mortem* examination, and it requires the exertion of all his knowledge and skill in manipulation before he can give his opinion with precision and fidelity. The important point upon which he must be guarded is this — to satisfy himself by every possible means that from the suspected matters brought to him for analysis he can *educe* or draw forth the prussic acid therein existent, and to beware that from harmless yet highly suspicious matters submitted to his re-agents he does not *produce* prussic acid by a new arrangement of ultimate elements. From animal matter and potassa was produced cyanide of potassium, and from it was produced prussic acid by the agency of hydrogen. Mr. Griffiths says that the only certain test of prussic acid is binoxide of mercury; and that the chemist could not present an antidote in a case of poisoning by prussic acid.

Feb. 28th.—Prof. Latham, "On the origin of the American races." The observations of the learned professor were directed to prove the affinities of the American races with one another and with other nations, as shewn by the relations of languages, rather than by physical relations of bodily form. In North America eleven groups of languages have been arranged by philologists, which are divisible into many dialects, some composed of as many as thirty-five: these groups, however, are not distinct languages, like the African and English, but are fused and amalgamated one into the other; some have, however, not been classified, their vocabulary being very small. In South America seven groups have been composed in the same way; and the number of languages which may be classified under these is very great: the Warow is the most isolated; but the Presheray, the language of Terra del Fuego, hitherto unfixed, is, in the opinion of Dr. Latham, of the Patagonian class. The professor next proceeded to the connexion of the languages of America with those of the Old World. In order to shew this, the most distant group was referred to — the Indo-European. This group he arranged in pairs — the Welsh and Gallic, English and German, Latin and Greek, Persian and Hindoo. The oldest forms of the members of this group exhibit the greatest resemblance; it is the best understood of any; but we are not yet in a position to shew its affinities with the American, although Dr. Latham thinks it can be done. The next well-studied class is the Semitic, containing the Abyssinian, Arabian, Egyptian, and those of Tunis, Morocco, and Algiers, allied to the Hebrew and ancient Phœnician. Next come the Negro languages; these also are to be dealt with as distinct from all others. To illustrate the subject, it is important to notice four distinct groups—Central Asiatic, American, Semitic, Indo-European. In the languages of China, the Birmese empire, and Siam, from China north to Malacca, the differences have been much exaggerated: we may break down these, and fuse them into one general body, called monosyllabic, composed of many languages, which are further reducible into many others. The professor briefly referred to the views of philologists as to primitive languages, which are considered to have been monosyllabic, from which have gradually grown the more compound languages; various simple roots, which differ from one another, being combined to form new words, as in the name "barn-door-fowl." The difficulty in the study of the American languages arises greatly from the very complicated structure of the words, all being polysyllabic, made up often of seventeen syllables, and the roots themselves compound. Thus the elements of these languages are disguised; but philologists have succeeded in decomposing these compound words, and find that their simplest roots are analogous to words of the monosyllabic family—the languages of Asia. As another example of the skill and learning of philologers, Dr. Latham mentioned that the Caucasian languages spoken between the Black and Caspian Seas, which were forty years ago dealt with as thirty different languages, are now reduced to four; and these are proved to have affinities with the distant monosyllabic group; the Georgian is analogous to the Chinese, and the Circassian to the Thibetian. Why, then, asked the learned professor, have we an African, a Polynesian, and a European hypothesis concerning the peopling of America, instead of the common-sense view of the case? for we actually find that the Esquimaux and Greenland languages are mutually intelligible, as much so as English and low Scotch; then the likeness of the Esquimaux to the American is evident, though not till lately insisted upon. In one part of America the Colooch language and the Esquimaux are mixed together; in fact, all the American groups may be traced into the Esquimaux: still further, the Esquimaux may be traced to the Kamscadale, the Aleutian, the Japanese, and even to the Korean, thus leading to the monosyllabic languages: also from Lapland, throughout the whole northern regions to the Esquimaux, there is one linked language. Dr. L. next referred to the Polynesian languages, or the Malay group. Throughout the islands from Malacca to the most eastern island, and even to Madagascar, the same language may be traced; and they are all derived from the monosyllabic group. Out of the Chinese we can form these oceanic languages, which may be called the Italian of the monosyllabic languages. As interesting subjects for study and research, we were told that in Malacca, Andaman, central Sumatra, Borneo, &c. is found a black race, not negroes, surrounded by Malays, but speaking a distinct language; so in New Guinea, New Ireland, we find the same people, in Australia and Van Dieman's Land the same race. With reference to the affinities of these people and their language, we have as yet no mature theory: it is highly curious, however, that some of the Andaman words are identical with those of languages in the very centre of North America—not universal terms, such as God, life, wind, &c., but those which refer to local objects. It has been conjectured that this language may have existed before the American. Some languages have not yet been connected or fixed to any group, as the Basque — the native language of Biscay, and the Tamul of the northern part of Ceylon and the Dekhan.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 26th.—Mr. Horner, president, in the chair. A paper was read by Mr. Lyell, "On the miocene tertiary strata of Maryland, Virginia, and North and South Carolina." These rocks of the middle tertiary period are chiefly exhibited between the hill country and the Atlantic, and form a band of low and nearly level country, about a hundred and fifty miles wide, and not a hundred feet high. They are assumed to belong to this period because they are seen resting on the eocene deposits, and exhibit the same proportion of recent species. The United States miocene beds consist chiefly of incoherent sand and clay; and the sandy beds, otherwise barren, have often been fertilised by the use of shell-marl. In the suburbs of Richmond, Virginia, there is, however, a remarkable bed of siliceous sand derived from the cases of infusorial animalcules. The paper was accompanied by comparative tables and lists of the fossils.

2. A paper, also by Mr. Lyell, "On the white limestone and other eocene tertiary formations of Virginia, South Carolina, and Georgia." The eocene beds extend chiefly to the south of the miocenes described in the foregoing paper, and are very widely spread in the southern states on the shores of the Atlantic. The mineral character of the beds in the north is so like that of the cretaceous series, that were it not for the fossils they might readily be mistaken; but towards the south a new mineral type is put on, and the rocks consist of highly calcareous white marl and white limestone. In point of fact there seems to be as great a chasm between the cretaceous rocks and the tertiaries in America as in Europe. A second part of Mr. Lyell's paper gave an account of a series of rocks called in America the burr-stone, a siliceous rock containing fossil sponges, and belonging, it would seem, to the upper division of the eocene period.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Feb. 5th.—Mr. Joseph Hume, V.P., in the chair. The secretary read a paper by Mr. E. Dalton, "On the construction of models for an ethnographical museum, and the materials best suited for the purpose." The design for an ethnographical museum for the illustration and study of mankind originated with the author more than a year ago; and the object of the present paper is to bring forward the general advantages of such an institution, and the result of inquiries and experiments as to the material best suited for the construction of models suitable for carrying out this important de-

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sign. Besides wax, the author mentions papier-maché, the cannabic composition, wood, and a particular description of clay found at a depth of 150 feet below the general level of London, as substances which might be used for ethnographical models: the two former, however, require *iron* moulds for the casts, which would render their expense considerable; the expense of models constructed of wood is also against that material. Several beautiful and well-executed models by M. Sangiovani were placed on the table, all of which were made of the clay above alluded to, which, in some respects, assimilates to the pipeclay used by modellers, but has more substance, and is less fragile; indeed, when dry it is so hard as almost to resist the file. In appearance it is very similar to hard-stone or metal, particularly when oiled over. It takes oil-colours in a permanent manner.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, March 1, 1845.

Academy of Sciences: sittings of 19th and 26th February.—A commission composed of MM. Gambey, Rayer, Velpeaue, and Magendie, reported on an artificial arm, presented to the Academy by M. Van Petersen. They had seen the apparatus applied to five mutilated individuals, and amongst them to an invalid deprived of both arms. By means of two artificial arms, he took with the hand a full glass, carried it to his mouth, tossed it off without spilling a drop, and returned it to the table whence he had taken it. He also can pick up a pin, lay hold of a sheet of paper, &c. The report declared the mechanism of the artificial arm to be deserving of the approbation of the Academy.

M. Liouville announced the subject of the mathematical prize for 1846, which may be stated as follows:—to perfect in some essential point the theory of transcendental functions resulting from the integrals of algebraic quantities. The prize will consist of a gold medal of the value of 3000 francs. The papers, with the usual arrangements for the names of the authors, must be sent in before the 1st October, 1846. The subject was agreed upon by MM. Arago, Binet, Poinsot, Cauchy, and Liouville.

The shocks of the earthquake at Guiana in August last were not felt in the alluvial districts.

The report on the collections of zoology and botany made in Abyssinia by MM. Petit and Quartin Dillon, in the expedition commanded by M. Lefebvre, expressed a wish that Government, who ordered the expedition, would furnish M. Lefebvre with means to publish the valuable scientific results. The Academy coincided in this wish; and a copy of the report will be sent to the minister of marine.

M. Dezeimeris' views in regard to the agriculture of France were, that too much of the land was devoted to corn-culture, and not enough to pasture: he sought to prove, by examples from all ages and all countries, that the revenues of the soil would be greatly increased by an opposite course.

M. Langlois' paper on the action of sulphurous acid on the alkaline mono-sulphurets concluded with several facts which he had observed relative to the action of some strong acids on hyposulphites, sulpho-hyposulphates, and bi-sulphuretted hyposulphates. When these salts are dissolved in water, sulphuric and chloro-hydric acids, as is known, decompose the hyposulphites, and have no apparent action on the others. But if their crystals are treated with the same acids, a disengagement of sulpho-hydric acid under certain conditions is observed with all. The chloro-hydric acid, in order to act, requires a slightly elevated temperature. The cause of the production of sulpho-hydric acid is easily found. In the decomposition of these sorts of salts by the acids, there is constantly a deposition of sulphur and a formation of sulphurous acid; these two bodies in the nascent state readily react on the elements of water, producing "sulphodo-hydric" acid and sulphuric acid.

M. Thirlet wrote, that digging the foundation of a house at Belnay, about a kilometre from Tournus, he has found a bed of marine shells in a greenish grey soil; two of the species were *Ostrea hippopus* and *Murex trunculus*, both of which still live on the oceanic and Mediterranean coasts. The preservation entire of most of the oysters denies the supposition that they were carried there, and he concludes they were deposited by the sea. The town of Tournus is more than 500 kilometres distant from the Mediterranean, and the bed of these fossils about 175 metres above its actual level.

French Antiquarian Intelligence.—A curious document has been lately published by the Comité Historique, concerning the completion of the Louvre and the Tuileries. It belongs to M. A. Lenoir, and was once in the office of the Grand Provost of France. It appears from this paper that all masons and other handicraft men could be forced to work upon the king's buildings, by order of the provost, to the exclusion of all other buildings, which they were obliged to abandon for the time being. The king (Louis XIV.), after ordering all due preparations to be made for the collecting of stone, &c., commands that, while these palaces shall require the aid of a considerable number of hands, no workmen in Paris shall be allowed to work on any other edifices whatever; and further, that no person shall presume to erect any building in Paris and within ten leagues round, under penalty of 10,000 livres fine for the first offence, and the galleys for the second. The committee, in publishing this document, add the observation that "the present Autocrat of Russia and the Sultan could not be more despotic and more savage." This is a gratuitous breach of good manners towards those two monarchs, to whom the word "savage" can hardly be applied. Despotism is not a plant exclusively of Russian or Turkish growth.—It is observed that in certain cemeteries of France—and it is known to have been especially the case within the cloisters of monasteries—there exist lofty crosses of stone, with a stone pulpit attached to them. This cross is styled the Hosannah cross, because on Palm-Sunday a procession was made thither from the church; certain prayers were offered up there, and the "Hosannah" sung.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, *Feb. 27.*—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—E. N. Conant, St. John's College; the Rev. W. Richards, New Inn Hall; the Rev. J. M. Dixon, St. Edmund Hall; the Rev. T. R. Green, exhibitioner of Lincoln College; the Rev. W. Poole, Oriel College.

Bachelors of Arts.—Sir Graham-Graham Montgomery, Bart., Christchurch College, grand compounder; G. Drake, University College; J. Pratt, Trinity College; G. Gordon, Brasenose College.

THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

THE first general meeting of the Association was held on Wednesday evening, at the theatre of the Western Literary and Scientific Institution, Leicester Square, pursuant to the advertisement issued by the treasurer (the next officer of the council after the resignation of the president), in consequence of requisitions sent to him, and signed, as it was stated on the occasion, by no fewer than one hundred and sixty-two members, whose names were read from the chair, and the majority of whom appeared to be men distinguished for antiquarian pursuits, and the most active corresponding and contributing members known in the archæological proceedings since the formation of this society. There were present about a hundred and fifty gentlemen; and many whose signatures were to the requisitions, either from living at a distance, the inclemency of the weather, or other engagements, were prevented from attending; so that viewed altogether, with the shortness for convening them, this may fairly be considered as an ample and decided manifestation of the opinions of the general body, and their desire to have an efficient and harmonious government, not self-elected, but chosen by and responsible to themselves.

Mr. Pettigrew, the treasurer, having *ex-officio* taken the chair, laid before the assembly a plain history of the transactions of the central committee since the foundation of the society; from which we gathered, that it originated with Mr. Wright and Mr. Roach Smith, at whose suggestion other parties were successively invited to join in the design; and thus was formed the directing power under whose auspices it had been conducted during its first year of enterprise and struggle, till its success was completely assured by the popular congress at Canterbury. During this progress, in which the association had outgrown any thing that could have been anticipated within so short a space from its first conception, all went on with the utmost unity of purpose, and the council continued its services with reciprocal good feeling and intelligence: but it must be remarked, that the individuals who have since interfered in a hostile manner with its proceedings seldom or never attended, and took no share in promoting the prosperity which had followed the efforts of their more zealous and active associates. Up to the breaking out of these unfortunate dissensions, the committee-business was wont to be done at meetings of from five to eleven members out of the whole number of twenty-two; but so soon as an opposition was stirred up, there had not been a committee at which fewer than nineteen or twenty members had been present, in spite of the excuses of extreme want of time and pressing engagements which had previously put it out of their power to be of any use with their advice or councils. The attack, in the first instance, was so frivolous that it could hardly be thought real;* it was, however, put in the front of battle and directed against Mr. Wright, for having undertaken the editing of a new work, called the "Archæological Album," he having been throughout a most liberal and efficient contributor to the "Archæological Journal," the recognised organ of the association. This led to various proceedings, and produced such a state of confusion that it became evidently impossible for the direction to go on in managing the affairs they had volunteered to conduct. Divisions ensued in committees and sub-committees, till at length the president, Lord Albert Conyngham, withdrew in disgust, not only from the scene of such unseemly strife, but from membership in the association. This brought matters to a crisis. The malcontents, elated by their small recruited majority, as-

* It evinced, however, an intense estimation and dread of Mr. Wright's talents; since it supposed that his mere name to a somewhat similar publication was sufficient to swamp the Archæological Association and its Journal!!!—*Ed. L. G.*

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sumed to be the government; whilst the minority, including all the officers, except one honorary secretary, threw themselves and the cause upon the general constituent body, out of which so irresistible a call had issued, the moment it became known that this schism, so fatal to their wishes and the science they loved, existed among the persons who had undertaken the task of guiding them. Mr. Pettigrew referred in detail to the minutes, &c., in which these circumstances were recorded; but we have room for no more than this broad outline of their substance.

A letter from the Dean of Hereford was read, of a most conciliatory spirit, and cordially adhering to the measures proposed for restoring efficiency to the management of an institution of such national interest and importance.

After this, a series of six resolutions was moved, and all adopted unanimously, except one for the nomination of a new central committee, against which five hands were ultimately held up. These resolutions were to the effect—1. That the committee should be elected annually at a general meeting in London in the month of March; when a report of the progress of the association should be read, and its accounts submitted and audited. 2. That Lord A. Conyngham should be invited to resume the presidency. 3. That the committee should in future consist of twenty-one members, including the president, treasurer, and two secretaries; and the following were elected for the ensuing year, viz. president, Lord A. Conyngham; treasurer, Mr. Pettigrew; secretaries, Mr. Roach Smith and Mr. Crofton Croker. And other members: Mr. Amyot, Sir James Annesley,* the Rev. Mr. Barham, Mr. John Barrow,* Captain Beaufort,* Sir W. Betham,* Mr. Corner,* Sir Henry Ellis, Mr. Joseph Gwilt,* the Dean of Hereford,* Mr. King, Mr. Monckton Milnes,* Mr. Planché,* Mr. Emmerson Tennant,* Mr. J. Green Waller,* Sir Gardner Wilkinson,* and Mr. Wright. 4. That the association should be divided into two classes, those paying one guinea or upwards per annum, or a subscription of ten guineas, to be denominated Associates, and be entitled to receive the Journal quarterly, and vote for the election of officers; and the rest to be named corresponding members, without any payment, or a vote in these elections. 5. That the Journal should be published in London at the expense of the association, and the profits to be added to its funds for general purposes. 6. Sir James Annesley having taken the chair, thanks were voted to the treasurer for his great services to the association, and especially for having called the present meeting agreeably to the requisitions addressed to him.

A tone of moderation and conciliation marked the whole proceedings; and a hope was expressed that some of the dissentients in the late committee would ere long rejoin the ranks they had been induced to quit.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Feb. 20th.—Mr. Hamilton in the chair. Mr. C. R. Smith exhibited a coloured drawing of a very beautiful Roman glass bottle, recently found by Mr. Thomas Inskip about six miles from Shefford, Beds. The body of this relic is cone-shaped, the neck very long; from the top of the neck to the upper part of the bulb is a handle, which terminates in a twisted ornament. The colour is very remarkable, and was compared to that of a glass of pale port wine when held to the light, with a shade of purple. With it were found several other bottles in glass, some red pateræ, an iron lamp-stand, and two skeletons. Mr. Inskip is prosecuting his researches in the neighbourhood where this discovery was made. Mr. Smith also laid before the society a variety of large and small Saxon fibulæ discovered some years since at Badby in Northamptonshire, and now in the possession of the Rev. E. G. Walford of Chipping Warden. They are of speculum-metal; the largest, which is richly ornamented with grotesque heads and interwoven work, is gilded. These objects were discovered together with a large quantity of weapons of various kinds and other ornaments, all of which were dispersed without any account or description being published. Mr. Smith further communicated an account, by Mr. Fairless, of a stone altar in Hexham Church, hitherto but little noticed and improperly described.

Mr. Solly contributed a paper on barrow antiquities in Wiltshire. It was illustrated by a drawing of a bronze sword with ivory handle, discovered in one of the barrows. This remarkable weapon was a few years since exhibited at one of the Marquis of Northampton's *soirées*, but is now no longer extant, having been consumed by a fire which destroyed Mr. Solly's house and much valuable property.

Dr. Lee then gave notice of the following motion: "An ordinary meeting of the Antiquarian Society of London having been suspended on the evening of the 30th January last, in consequence of the celebration of the fast of the commemoration of the death of King Charles I. on that day; and no statute or by-law of the society having reference to this subject, it is moved, That in future, no meeting of the Antiquarian Society of London be suspended out of deference to the above-mentioned event."

Feb. 27th.—Mr. Amyot in the chair. Dr. J. Lee brought forward the above motion; and urged in favour of it, that at the Exchequer all holydays are now abolished except Christmas-day and Good Friday; at the Custom-house and Excise-offices, all except Christmas-day, Good Friday, and the Queen's birthday; at the Stamp-office and Tax-office, all except Christmas-day, Good Friday, the Restoration of Charles II., Whit-Monday, and Whit-Tuesday; that the so-called martyrdom of the blessed King Charles I. is not observed at any of the public offices any longer, and that even the Royal Society now pays no respect to it. It had been remarked by a fellow of the society, that the non-observance of this fast would be an insult to the crown; but so far from that being the truth, the society would be only following the example of the crown by abolishing it. That it is only held in respect by certain members of the established church, and as this society has the honour of possessing members eminent for literature, who are members of the established church, and dissenters of various denominations, and Roman Catholics, it is desirable that this mark of respect to a day which few hold in esteem should be in future dispensed with.

Sir H. Ellis said there was no particular reason why the observance of the day should be continued if objected to by the members, but he believed it was still respected by the Royal Society; with which the Society of Antiquaries in many of its usages had gone *pari passu*.

Mr. Kempe said he would uphold the observance of the day out of respect to the crown, and from loyalty to it. It was a good old custom to mark the nation's sorrow for a national disaster; and should the observance of the fast be abolished, he would retire from the Society.

Mr. R. Taylor said, they might, with equal propriety, and perhaps with greater consistency, from its greater antiquity, fast and suspend their meetings out of respect to the day of the death of Edward the Confessor; and as for loyalty shewn to the present house of Hanover by observing the fast for the decapitation of Charles I., he could not comprehend how the gentleman who last spoke connected them; he (Mr. Taylor) thought that those who were for abolishing the observance of the 30th of January were the really loyal subjects of her Majesty, and that those who were for paying respect to it, paid no very flattering compliment to the crown.

Mr. Bowyer said he objected to the motion, because it involved a change; he was for things as they were. The 30th of January was a melancholy day for this country; and if its penitential observance was abolished by all the public offices, and by all public bodies, all he (Mr. Bowyer) had to say was, that it was exceedingly improper.

Messrs. Wansey, Windus, Hunter, Britton, Saul, and others, spoke strongly in favour of Dr. Lee's motion; which was agreed ultimately to be referred to the Council.

Dr. Bromet (one of the council) remarked, that he doubted the utility of referring questions to the council, as there were scarcely ever any meetings.

The Rev. J. Hunter said, that certainly the council had been very backward in transacting the business of the society, which through neglect had accumulated, and was now in a complicated state. Heavy arrears were suspended before them; but why had they ever been allowed to go on from year to year? Had common precaution been taken, they might have been easily collected; but now, after such a lapse of time, this enormous sum (from 2000*l.* to 3000*l.*, it was said) would be lost to the society.

Dr. Lee stated, that a member of the council had informed him that there had not been a meeting for the last three months; and that an application to Lord Aberdeen, the president, had been made by this gentleman, *a member of the council;* but the application was never attended to, nor did the president even acknowledge the receipt of the letter.

Dr. Lee then brought forward the following motions, which were also referred to the council as suggestions to be reported upon at the anniversary:—

2. That the president of the Society of Antiquaries of London be requested to attend at the next anniversary of the society, and to deliver an address to the members, which may comprehend the names of the members deceased during the past year; the number of new members; the state of the finances; the state of the arrears due to the society; the advance made by antiquarian research and science in Great Britain during the past year, and such information as may be available respecting the progress of science in other parts of the world; together with such observations as he may be pleased to combine with them,—such addresses being delivered by the presidents of the Royal Society, the Geographical, the Geological, the Astronomical, and the presidents of other enlightened modern societies of London.

3. That the auditors, in their next annual report, be requested to explain the charge of 447*l.* 10*s.* allowed as salary to the officers of the establishment; and to specify the sum paid

* Those marked * are new members, and most of them so well known by the reputation they have won in the literary, scientific, and antiquarian world, that no comment on their names is necessary.—*Ed. L. G.*

to each of them,—a practice observed by auditors in other societies.

4. That the librarian be allowed hereafter a competent salary in lieu of fees; and the payment to the librarian of 2*s*. 6*d*. by each member on receiving each volume of the Transactions be abolished.

5. That a general opinion having been expressed that the office of president should not always be filled by the same individual, however accomplished and erudite he may be; that no person be allowed to hold the office of president in future beyond the term of four years.

Dr. Bromet brought forward the following motions, which were disposed of in like manner:—

6. That after the words "by the society" in the first article of chapter iii. of the Statutes (edition 1837), all the words relative to a bond for the payment of the annual subscription of money be rescinded.

7. That if the authors or contributors of papers deemed worthy of being read be fellows of the society, they be requested themselves to read them (unless such authors or contributors prefer that these papers be read by the secretary); and that immediately after the reading of each paper, the members of the society be invited by the chairman to make observations upon the contents of each paper.

8. That the council do meet for the despatch of the business of the society at the usual place, at three o'clock, on the first Wednesday of every calendar month, except in September and October; and that its meeting be not adjourned unless by the votes of a majority of two-thirds of the members present.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ P.M.; British Architects 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; London Institution, 7 P.M.; Graphic, 8 P.M.; Pharmaceutical, 9 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (lecture).

Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; R. S. of Literature, 4 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.

Friday.—Astronomical, 8 P.M.; Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Philological, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (conversazione).

Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.; Statistical (anniversary meeting), 3 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

An interesting discussion relative to the fine arts and preservation of national antiquities took place in the House of Commons on Thursday, on a motion of Mr. Ewart for leave to bring in a bill to enable town-councils to establish museums of art in corporate towns. Leave was given; and in the course of the observations made, Mr. Wyse, Sir W. James, Mr. M. Philips, Mr. Hume, Mr. Bernal, Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Manners, Mr. Brotherton, Mr. M. Gore, Mr. Hutt, Mr. Labouchere, and Mr. Shiel, all spoke in favour and threw out various suggestions for amending or extending its operation. We trust we shall see the results throughout the country in schools of design, collections of ancient and modern art, the preservation of national antiquities, resorts for popular recreations, and other improvements worthy of a great and highly civilised people.

DISCOVERIES AT NINEVEH.

The character used in the inscriptions nearly resembles, if it is not identical with, that found in the middle column of the inscriptions of Hamadan, Van, and (?) Bisutun.* It appears to be the connecting link between the Babylonian and Persian forms of the arrow-headed character; less complex than the former, and less simple than the latter. It has frequently been termed the Median; but perhaps on insufficient grounds. At Van, where this character occurs singly in inscriptions far more ancient than the triliteral inscriptions of the same place, it has been vaguely attributed to Semiramis. With equal probability it might be assigned to the second Assyrian dynasty, or to a pure Medic epoch. The same character also occurs singly on various monuments in Susiana and Elymais. At Nineveh, on bricks discovered in the foundation of edifices evidently of the very highest antiquity, on cylinders, and on fragments of sculptured stones, generally basalt, we find the character called Babylonian, or a character equally complex. It appears, therefore, that two characters were at different times in use at Nineveh. If the complex were the most ancient form of the cuneiform, which from all discoveries hitherto made we are led to believe was the case; and if it were used in Babylon prior to the Medo-Persic conquest, then we may conjecture that it was employed throughout the Assyrian empire under its earlier dynasties. We should, at the same time, have less difficulty in admitting the title of Median, now given to the intermediate form, as if modifications were gradually introduced, and the character assumed its greatest simplicity when last used by the Persians,* who combined the three classes in their triliteral inscriptions. This is, however, a question of considerable difficulty, which could only be determined satisfactorily by a lengthened and minute inquiry into the history of cuneiform writing. It is sufficient here to point out the evidence afforded by the exclusive use of what is usually termed the Median character in M. Botta's monument.

Nineveh was completely destroyed by Cyaxares the Mede. Although it appears once more to have risen from its ruins, it never again became the seat of royalty, nor even a place of considerable importance. It is not, therefore, probable, that a palace so vast and magnificent as that of which the ruins have now been discovered, should have been built after that event. Xenophon does not even notice the city,—an additional proof of its subsequent insignificance.†

The absence of columns should indicate a close alliance with the massive forms of Babylonian architecture, in which that elegant as well as useful ornament appears to have been unknown. No fragments of antiquity are more durable than the shafts of columns; and as none have been found at Chorsabad, it is evident that they were not employed in the building. It can scarcely be supposed that this would have been the case had this edifice been erected by those who planned the palaces of Persepolis.

The principal arguments in favour of the reference of the building of Chorsabad to the Medo-Persic dynasty of the Archæmenides, appear to be, the similarity of its sculptures in general character and execution with those of Persepolis, and with other remains in Persia, usually called Kayanian, and the identity of some of the figures. The sculptures may be included in that class which is usually, though erroneously, termed Persepolitan; but it must be remembered that a generic name has thus been given to a style of art which derives its source, according to the best opinions, from a period long previous to the foundation of the capital of the Persian empire.

Although the extreme minuteness in the details is equally observable in Persepolis, yet the sculptures of Chorsabad are undoubtedly superior in the general elegance and taste displayed in the forms, and in the remarkable spirit and *mouvement* of the figures. The entrances to the halls in both places are formed by monstrous animals, identical in shape at Persepolis and Chorsabad,—uniting the human head and breast with the body of a bull and the wings of a bird. Heeren, arguing upon the presumption that the body of the monster is that of a lion, has endeavoured to trace in it the Martichoras of Ctesias, and to bring it, with other symbols, into the system of Indo-Bactrian mythology.* Admitting even the body to be that of a lion, the other parts of the figure do not agree with the description of Ctesias. But we need not search for its origin in the Indo-Bactrian mythology. The bull with a human head was a pure Semitic symbol. It was found in the temple of Bel, or Baal, amongst other monstrous figures, in the earliest period of Babylon; and at the same time was, perhaps, provided with two or four wings, like other symbols preserved in the same building.† There is, moreover, every reason to believe that the bull was a favourite type in Assyrian worship. It might, indeed, have been employed as symbolical of the Assyrian nation.‡ I remember to have somewhere seen the god Baal himself represented with the horns and ears of a bull. It may, therefore, be conjectured that the Medes and Persians borrowed the symbol from the nations of Assyria or Babylonia, and employed it as an ornament without any mythological reference; and this conjecture appears to be strengthened by the fact, that no other figures have been found at Persepolis combining the human with the brute form. These facts will be of importance when we come to inquire into the origin of the style of art used in the edifice at Chorsabad.

There is a further identity in the attendants of the king, his eunuch and his sword-bearer; in the led-horses, and in the chariots. But it is remarkable that at Persepolis we have no instances of warriors represented in armour and helmets.

The arguments against the reference of the edifice of Chorsabad to the dynasty Archæmenides are far more weighty than those in favour of the supposition.

I. The absence of the *ferooher*, that invariable attendant of the king in all Medo-Persic

* In my former remarks I had inadvertently included Persepolis; it is the third column to the right of the inscriptions of that place which correspond with those above mentioned. The following classification may be useful to those who take any interest in the cuneiform character:—The first columns to the left (of the spectator), in the triliteral inscriptions of Hamadan and Persepolis, resemble in character the first column to the right of Van; the third column to the right of Hamadan, the middle column of Persepolis; the third column to the right of Persepolis, the middle columns of Van and Hamadan; the first column to the left of Van, the third to the right of Hamadan. I have not yet been able to examine an accurate copy of the inscriptions of Bisutun; but I have reason to believe, from a hasty survey with a telescope, that they resemble those of Persepolis.

* Compare the gradual modification of the ideographic into the phonetic in Egypt. A similar process might easily have taken place in the Chinese.

† Nineveh must not be confounded with Larissa. (? Resen), the ruins of which, probably, now exist at the junction of the Zab with the Tigris.

* Much discussion seems to have taken place amongst travellers as to the nature of the brute portion of the figure at Persepolis; some contending for a lion with the hoofs of a horse, whilst others discover a bull. The admirable delineation of the animal in the sculptures of Chorsabad can permit of no doubt whatsoever upon the subject. This fact alone would prove the superiority of these sculptures.

† See a remarkable passage in Eusebius, Chron. ed Aucher, vol. i. p. 23.

‡ The Semitic word *shour* signifies a bull; the Chaldee form is *tour*: hence, perhaps, the Greek and Latin

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monuments with which we are acquainted.* The *ferooher*, it will be remembered, was in the Zoroastrian faith the archetype of created beings; the pure soul or essence, detached from the human body, which existed contemporaneously with each living thing, both man and animal. In the sculptures of Bisutun and Persepolis it is always placed above the image of the king, in his perfect likeness; the lower part of the body being, however, replaced by wings.

2. No traces whatsoever of Magian worship are to be found at Chorsabad; whilst at Persepolis we have the constant recurrence of the fire-altar of the priests, and of various symbols of Zoroastrianism, such as the sacred cup Havan in the hand of the king.

3. The king is no where portrayed as struggling with monstrous animals, to denote his superior greatness and strength, as at Persepolis.

4. The absence of the simple cuneiform character, which appears to have been always employed by the Medo-Persic kings, and represents the pure Persian dialect.

It will be seen from the foregoing remarks, that whilst valid objections appear to exist against the reference of the edifice discovered at Chorsabad to the dynasty of the Archæmenides, equally valid arguments cannot be advanced against its reference to the first Assyrian period. The second Assyrian dynasty has evidently, however, the best claim; and if I could venture to point out any particular monarch to whom the sculptures could with some plausibility be attributed, I would name Sennacherib, or Esarhadon, whose conquests over Jews, Egyptians, and Ethiopians, may perhaps be traced in the physiognomy of the captives and vanquished in the bas-reliefs of Chorsabad.

A.

* It is even found in cylinders.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—From the programme issued by Mr. Lumley, and which we annex to this short notice, our readers will understand the grounds on which that liberal and enterprising caterer for the public gratification claims patronage for the ensuing season. New performers of great eminence are announced, and a series of entertainments which, to judge from their continental fame, possess attractions of a very high order. The opera and the ballet, thus supported, has never yet failed to give satisfaction in London; where, in truth, only superior arrangements can expect to succeed at this theatre. We can have mediocrity and imitation any where else; but here we must have the excellence itself. When we have them, great talent and sufficient variety are certain of palmy encouragement; and if Mr. Lumley fulfils the promise he has held out (of which, from the past, and his own experience, we have no doubt), we can only anticipate a year of more than ordinary merit and success.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—The nobility, subscribers, and the public are respectfully informed that this theatre will open this evening, Saturday, March 8, when will be produced (first time in this country) Verdi's highly successful new opera, in four parts—1. The bandit; 2. The guest; 3. The pardon; 4. The mask—entitled *Ernani*, with new scenery by Mr. Marshall. *Elvira*, Madame Rita Borio (her first appearance in this country); *Giovanna*, Madame Bellini; *Ruy Gomez de Silva*, Signor Fornisari; *Don Carlos*, Signor Botelli (his first appearance in this country); *Riccardo*, Signor Dai Fiori; *Iago*, Signor A. Giubilei; and *Ernani*, Signor Moriani.

After which a new ballet, entitled *Eoline; ou, La Dryade.* By M. Perrot. The music by Sig. Pugni, the scenery by Mr. Marshall. Principal characters—*Eoline* (betrothed to Count Edgard), Madlle. Lucille Grahn; *Rubezahl* (le Gnome), M. Perrot; *Count Edgard*, M. Toussaint (his first appearance); *Prince of Silesia* (brother of Eoline), M. Gosselin; *Woodcutters*, M. Venafra and M. Gouriet.

Prologue: Le Palais du Gnome: La Vision.—Second Tableau: Le Chêne de la Dryade, Les Jardins du Chateau, La Métamorphose.—Third Tableau: La Chambre de la Fiancée.—Fourth Tableau: La Forêt des Dryades.—Fifth Tableau: Les Noces Interrompues, La Vengeance du Gnome.—Sixth Tableau: La Forêt Embrasée.

In the course of the ballet, Waltz Silesienne, by the coryphees of the corps de ballet; Pas de la Fiancée, Madlle. Lucile Grahn and M. Toussaint; Pas de Cinq (composed by M. Gosselin), Madlle. Louise Weiss, Madlle. Ferdinand, Madlle Demelisse, Madlle. Cassan, and Mdlle. Moncelet; Mazourka d'Extase, Mdlle. Lucile Grahn and M. Perrot; Grand Pas des Dryades, by Madlle. Lucile Grahn and the ladies of the corp de ballet.

Applications for boxes, stalls, and tickets, to be made at the box-office, Opera Colonnade; doors open at seven; the opera to commence at half-past seven o'clock.

Dramatis Personæ.—Ernani (the Bandit), Sig. Napoleone Moriani; Don Carlos (King of Spain), Sig. Botelli; Don Ruy Gomez de Silva (Grandee of Spain), Sig. Fornasari; Don Riccardo (Esquire to the King), Sig. Dal Fiori; Jago (Esquire to Don Ruy), Sig. Giubilei; Elvira, Signora Rita Borio; Giovanna, Signora Bellini. Chorus of Mountaineers, Rebels, Banditti, Knights, Ladies, &c.—Epoch, 1519.

Argument.—The plot is taken from the *Romancero Espanol*, a collection of tales which bears the impress of the Spanish medieval age, with all its extremes of unbridled passions and of romantic honour. Donna Sol, the heroine, is on the point of marriage with her doating old uncle, Ruy Gomez de Silva, duke of Pastrana, count and grandee of Castille, who has inherited, with his titles, the romantic vengeful feeling of honour of his ancestors; but Donna Sol has long since sworn eternal love to the young Ernani, to whom in the hour of need she once offered a refuge, and who returns her love with the most ardent affection. Ernani's real name is John of Arragon—he is the son and heir of the duke of Segorba and Cardona, whom the king of Castille had procured his followers to assassinate. Proscribed and pursued, John of Arragon fled to the fastnesses of the Sierras, became the leader of three thousand brigands, and the terror of the land—and has changed his name to Ernani. The king of Castille, Don Carlos Quinto, afterwards the celebrated Emperor Charles the 5th, has also become violently enamoured with his beautiful subject, Donna Sol. He watches her windows, and discovers that when all are at rest in the castle of her uncle, a young cavalier (it is Ernani), gains admission to her apartments by a secret entrance. He imitates the signal of the favoured lover, gets admittance to her chamber, declares his headlong passion, and is about to drag her off with him by force, when Ernani enters, and protects his "ladye love." A violent contention arises, which brings to the rescue Don Ruy Gomez de Silva. To allay his jealousy and anger, the king reveals his august character, and pretends he came in disguise, to consult him about his approaching election to the empire, and on the conspiracy against his imperial promotion and his life. The king and Ernani retire unmolested; but soon after, at the moment of the festivities preceding the solemnisation of the marriage of Don Ruy Gomez with Donna Sol, Ernani, who has claimed hospitality, disguised as a pilgrim, in a transport of jealousy discovers himself; Donna Sol flies to his arms, and Don Ruy dooms him to death. Ernani reveals to Gomez the passion and attempts of the king; and the former consents to release his rival, and that they should for a while combine their vengeance against the common enemy, on condition Ernani will yield up his forfeited life whenever it is demanded. They then join the conspiracy of electors against the future emperor, who, however, discovers the hiding place of his enemies, and takes them prisoners. Now an emperor, he forgets the vengeance of the king; he pardons Ernani, restores him to his ancestral dignities, and unites his hand to that of Donna Sol. But Gomez demands that the fatal promise should be redeemed—Ernani stabs himself, and Elvira falls down in a swoon. Thus ends the drama.

The *libretto* is founded upon Victor Hugo's celebrated drama, *Hernani; ou, l'honneur Castellan.* By this drama, the French poet began his first struggle against the classic school of tragic writers. At that period the mad romanticists eschewed those blamable eccentricities which, daily increasing in excess, ultimately brought just disgrace and ruin on this new school of *Dramaturges.* The efforts of the latter, in accordance with the times, were suggested by a wish to revolutionise the French drama; to shake off the despotism of the unities, and of other shackles, which so rigidly chained down the elder tragic writers of France, and rendered their works affected, stilted, and unnatural—particularly when compared with the boldness and freedom, and above all with the delineations to the life of human nature by our immortal bard. By inventing this *quasi-legitimate* drama, with equal contempt for the forms of French classic tragedy and of vulgar melodrama, a style was however elicited, which, with some emendation, is admirably suited to lyrical purposes; and a critic who, at the first appearance of Victor Hugo's plays, would have said, "these are not tragedies, but neither more nor less than *libretti,*" might at the present day claim the honours of a literary prophet. The immense improvement of the lyrical drama in our days, which has rendered it by far the most admired and the most popular of all recreations of the civilised world, principally results from music being rendered the interpreter of human passions on the part of the composer and of the actor; and if these be wanting, neither can exert his wonted ascendancy on the audience. The classic tragedies of antiquity, so intimately combined with music, had none of the strict court-mannerisms of the old French tragedy, but displayed human passion unfettered; and nothing can militate more against success of the vocal drama than tameness of its expression. In the translation, some improvement has been attempted in the style of former opera-books; but like all the translations of the kind, there are numberless defects, both dependent and independent of the translation. Fortunately, the Italian opera not only perfects the amateur in the study of music, but naturally suggests his acquiring the easy knowledge of the most musical of languages, whose literary treasures so amply repay exertion. Therefore this translation will amply suffice as an occasional reference.

Princess's.—On Tuesday, Miss Cushman played *Mrs. Haller* in the *Stranger* with the same success that has attended all her previous efforts. She sustained the character with great force, and was particularly effective in the last scene, in which she displayed so much sweet and womanly pathos, that she fairly carried her audience away with her tearful declamation; not a female eye in the theatre was dry, and few of the males could keep their handkerchiefs from their faces: was not this tribute enough to her ability?

VARIETIES.

Dr. Wolff.—Capt. Grover has received a letter from Dr. Wolff, dated Erzroom, Jan. 17, in which, after describing the sufferings of his

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long journey from Bokhara, he says, that as long as "that horrid fellow Ab-dool Samet Khan" is there, every Englishman will be put to death; and enumerates the following persons as having been murdered by him: "1. Lieut. Wyburd, of the Indian Navy; 2. Lieut.-Col. Stoddart; 3. Captain Conolly; 4. One whom they call Freshaw; 5. A German; 6. Il Cavaliere Naselli; 7. Five Englishmen, outside Ichaar-Joo; 8. A Turcoman, who came to Bokhara to attempt the escape of Colonel Stoddart; 9. Ephraim, a Jew, from Meshed, who was sent to Bokhara to make inquiries about Capt. Conolly; 10. A Turkish officer."

President of the Royal Geographical Society.—On Wednesday, the second of the brilliant evening meetings given by Mr. Murchison, as President of the Royal Geographical Society, took place at his residence in Belgrave Square; and was (like the first, which we were prevented from attending and noticing as usual in the *Literary Gazette*) literally crowded with persons, foreign as well as native, of distinction in every walk of life—the noble, the scientific, the literary, the artistic, the diplomatic, the legislative, the travelled—to crown the whole, with ladies, many of whom have adorned the world of letters by their contributions in various branches of literature, and their example and encouragement of every plan for improving the condition of their fellow-creatures. To attempt a list would be preposterous; for one recognised a remarkable or eminent individual in every corner; and it was gratifying to observe the friendly intercourse that prevailed throughout. The opportunity for cultivating these kindly feelings is the charm of all such assemblages; and we never witnessed more of it than on this occasion. As usual, a supply of elegant refreshments was provided in the lower rooms.

The Language of Birds.—The following is an absolute fact; it was overheard by the writer between two crows in Regent's Park on Valentine's Day:—

"Pair, pair, pair! will you pair, Mistress Crow?"
"I thank you for the offer, sir; but no, no, no!"
"When you're so jet and glossy black, how can you say so?"
"Because I cannot think of it all in the white snow!"
"Pair—pair—pair?"
"No, crow, no!" W. J.

A Bull in a China-shop.—In a West-end china-shop we observe a piece of crockery with the following attractive label: "*Fac simile* of the *Late Lamented* PORTLAND VASE."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

New Commentaries on the Laws of England (partly founded on Blackstone). By Henry John Stephen, Sergeant at Law. 8vo. Vols. I., II., III. London, Henry Butterworth.

Nolumus leges Angliæ mutare! Who could think that this was once and long held to be a glorious axiom in English law, now that every session of parliament makes changes which alter, amend, enlarge, limit, consolidate, repeal, re-enact, complicate, perplex, capsise, and overturn every thing established and in use before? So much so, that the converse of the proposition might be maintained for the rule; and it should be declared to be the maxim, "We like to interfere with every law in England." The Babel-science of legislation does indeed lead to a vast confusion of tongues; and when we listen to the arguments of A, B, C, or X, Y, Z, upon any point at issue, we find the *non intelligo* steal upon us, and are pretty well convinced that judges, masters in chancery, sergeants, barristers, solicitors, attorneys, juries, &c. &c. &c. are all as much at sea as ourselves, and that the language has no meaning to solve the everlasting puzzles of law. We see that facts become fallacies, and fallacies facts; that one sense undoes another; that Statute wars with Common, and that the *lex consuetudonis* is the dire opponent of the *lex scripta*.

Were it not for the attendant wrongs and evils, this state of affairs would be as amusing as a comedy of Moliere's; but when we see fortunes and lives affected by it, we must pause and grieve on the certain realities of this uncertain condition. The anomalies have a very injurious effect upon the popular mind and character. A miserable profligate breaks a window, and is doomed to solitude and severe labour for several months—the law effectually reaches that offence, and he or she, the offender, with the treadmill in perspective, is restrained, like the famous Sir Walter Raleigh, by the sole consideration,

"If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all;"

though it must be confessed the *simile* does not hold good throughout, for if fain to climb, there is no fall to be apprehended. But let a drunken blackguard walk into a great national repository, and smash an immortal and unique specimen of ancient art, which no money can replace, as if it were a pane of glass, and there is no law to teach him better manners, unless it happens by accident to be covered from the dust by an appreciable property in the shape of a bell-glass, on a deal or mahogany frame. Then the law has him on the hip; and incensed Justice says to him, "You dirty and abominable vagabond! if you had taken the trouble to remove the bell-glass from over the Portland Vase, and contented yourself with smashing that relique of Greek antiquity, you might have gone back to Dublin an unscathed and famous individual; but your incomprehensible laziness led you to neglect that necessary measure of precaution, and you have demolished a piece of London craft and workmanship, valued at the rate of three pounds sterling money of Great Britain. If you can pay and repair this damage, good and well; but if not, as sure as I am the representative of the laws of the land, and the oracle of its justice, to gaol or the penitentiary you go, where exercise will be found to pass your vacant hours, and keep your body in reasonable health." The culprit is dealt with accordingly. He is consigned to an attendant policeman; her majesty's carriage-van stops the way, he enters it, and is driven to his destination; his comforts are attended to, a clean shirt received, the fine is paid, and out walks the destroyer of the Portland Vase, so severely punished in consequence of its and his bad case.

Again, the disgust and indignation of the metropolis is excited by the revelation of atrocities, before which the horrors of New Zealand or Feejee Island cannibal-feasts hide their *diminished heads.* For years, a burial-ground, in the centre of its dense population, has been leased to a person, who seems to have entertained a strong doubt whether the burial or burning of dead bodies was the most proper way of disposing of them. The law, as usual, gives him, or at any rate he takes, the benefit of his doubt; and so he goes on burying, for which he is paid in fees; and having accomplished this part of his bargain fairly, he next satisfies his conscientious scruples in favour of cremation, by exhuming the corpses in the darkness of night, and consuming them secretly in a small temple he has constructed and consecrated to this act of religious duty. He does not abrogate, but he observes a rite as ancient as the Portland Vase; and, of course, there is no English law to impeach him for *that*. Nay, though it may be that he has outraged humanity beyond what is credible of savage atrocities; that he has caused the remains of the dead, in every state of decomposition, to be chopped, and hewed, and mangled; and that he has raised a mortal pestilence among the living, and sent them to undergo the same horrible process,—it availeth nothing against him—he has a vested right in integuments and skeletons; and whether he make *adipocere* or bone-fires of them, the law meddles not. But then, says some subtle barrister, we shall catch him for stealing the coffins, as we caught the other fellow for cracking the case. And thus is raised another *grave* question, or, rather, several other grave questions, for the laws to determine. To whom does the coffin belong? Not to its tenant (not its tenant at will), for the dead can possess nothing; and not to the living, for they have parted with the deposit. Alas, here, too, "the state of law is bond-slave to the law;" and we find ourselves resolving into another Shaksperian conclusion, "When law can do no right, [to] let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong." It comes, then, to this: if these monstrous enormities can be punished at all, it must be upon a poor pretence of coffin-plunder. The almost adored remains of our lost treasures on earth may be violated with impunity; and if justice can touch the guilty violators at all, it must be for burning a few worthless deals, and bits of lacquered iron or tin!

These we offer but as examples of the immediate hour of the defective system of our law, and its interpretation. If we were to cast a look back for a single year, either on what transpires in equity, in civil, or in criminal jurisprudence, we should find thousands of instances of the same lottery "perfection of human reasoning!" The very contest of the present week, between Mr. Coroner of Middlesex, Mr. Gaoler of New Prison, Clerkenwell, Messrs. Visiting Magistrates, and Mr. Secretary of State for the Home Department, is a pregnant example of the unsettled state of even the most obvious principles and practice. And two wretched prostitutes, perilled by one of the foulest accusations ever invented by a scoundrel in the form of a man, are robbed of redress, and the base villain permitted to escape loose upon the community, because they have not the money-means (a few shillings!) to pay for the initiatory steps of justice towards his most just punishment. And yet we brag of our civilisation, of our glorious and equal laws, and of their administration!

We are not, however, among the arraigners of time-honoured institutions. All our argument goes to is, to the imperfections which may be and which ought to have been remedied. We believe that in no country on earth are the judges so pure, nor the magistracy so independent and well informed. The exceptions are of no weight in the general scale; and a bad-tempered judge, or a weak-headed magistrate, is held in such tolerable check by public opinion and the press, that they cannot do much mischief. But the great evils arise out of the enormous and conflicting mass of legislation and precedent, according to which, what is called justice is done throughout the kingdom between man and man; such justice, as in the matters we have referred to, makes us ask, "Which is wiser here, justice or iniquity?"

To codify, to simplify, and to explain and reconcile all this confusion, is about the most useful and beneficial task to which any patriotic citizen of Great Britain could devote his energies. And in the work before us—so far proceeded with as the extent of three good octavo volumes, by a competent person, and one learned in the laws—Mr. Sergeant Stephen has performed this task in an elaborate, satisfactory, and masterly manner. He has been for years employed upon it; and his reasons for bringing the dicta of so high an authority to be applicable to the present day are so clearly and concisely stated in the preface to the 1st vol., 1841, that we copy it instead of offering any statement of our own:—

"Though the celebrated treatise of Blackstone still remains without a rival, as an introductory and popular work on the laws of England, the positions it contains have been nevertheless so trenched upon by recent alterations in the law itself, that if the student were to rely upon its text as containing an accurate account of our present system of jurisprudence, he would be led continually astray. The later editions have consequently comprised a copious accompaniment of corrective and supplementary notes at the bottom of the page: but it is not in the nature of such a method (with whatever ability pursued) to give entire satisfaction, because it obliges the reader to transfer his attention incessantly from the text to the commentary, and

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augments also, to a considerable degree, the bulk and consequent expense of the volumes. These considerations led me to conceive that a work might prove acceptable which should be framed upon the plan of introducing the necessary alterations into the text itself; but the question then arose, whether it would be better to confine my effort to the reparation of those defects which new legislation and new decisions had occasioned, or to take a bolder course, and, discarding all solicitude about the measure of my adherence to the original work, to interweave my own composition with it, as freely as the purpose of general improvement might seem to require. It was upon the latter plan that I fixed, though with some hesitation, my choice."

Of the general plan which he has ventured, on his own responsibility, to lay down, he observes:—

"Its leading principle is, to make the distinction between *persons* and *things* the foundation not of a primary, but of a subordinate arrangement, and to consider *persons* as constituting, in a primary sense, the only objects of the law's regard. But the persons, whom the law is supposed thus uniformly to contemplate, are presented first in the light of insulated individuals,—and in that capacity their *personal* (in other words, their *bodily*) rights are examined; next, in their connexion with the things around them,—which introduces the consideration of their rights of *property;* next, as members of families,—which involves their *rights in private relations;* and lastly, as members of the community,—which leads to the discussion of their rights in public relations, or (as they may be termed more compendiously) *public rights.* According to this order, the absolute right uniformly takes the precedence of the relative; and the law of property in general is investigated before the relations of men, in regard to property, arise for consideration. Upon this system, too, the division of *public rights* (when it shall come to be examined in its proper place) will allow of a subdivision conveniently adapted to the discussion of those mixed subjects to which we have before referred, and which, having no exclusive connexion either with person or property, it is the tendency of Blackstone's method to exclude. I propose to subdivide the head of Public Rights into those which concern a man in his relations to persons in authority, whether civil or ecclesiastical, and those which concern him in his relations to his fellow-citizens at large — the first of which will fall under the heads of The Civil Government, and The Church; the second, under that of the Social Economy of the Realm; and it is under this latter head that such mixed subjects as above referred to will find a regular and appropriate place."

Any compliment from us on the ability displayed in the execution of this work would be little valued by its author, and, we fear, carry little, and no legal, weight with the public. But we may say, looking at its numerous subjects and their arrangement, at the lucid interpretation of difficult, and plain exposition of simpler points, we have never taken up a law-book from which we obtained so clear and ready an insight into the business discussed. We have fancied we could take our seat on the bench, respectably, with these three volumes beside us, and only praying that none of the questions to be embraced in their successors should be brought before us till we had them for guides. In short, the Commentaries appear to us to possess the rare combination of qualities which consist in having the wisdom of experience and the ease of popularity. They contain a thousand lessons of what we ought to do and what we ought not to do; and they communicate that sort and degree of information, of which no Englishman in the upper stations of society ought to be ignorant. The author eminently deserves the thanks of his country for this important service; and we rejoice to understand that it is duly appreciated by the profession, and by that invaluable body, throughout the land, upon whose intelligence so much of the welfare of the state and their fellow-subjects depends.

Outlines of Man's True Interest. By the Rev. T. Charles Boone, Vicar of Kensworth, Herts. 12mo, pp. 426. London, W. Pickering.

This is a small work professing to portray, or rather, we should say, shed light upon, the road of happiness. The author's aim is to compress in a small compass the most valuable rules and precepts, and to enforce his arguments by illustration and extracts from the most approved authors.

The consequence is, that many subjects, which, if merely treated in the usual style of essay, would fail to attract attention, become invested with considerable interest from this somewhat novel method of presenting them to the mind. Indeed, the volume, though small, may be said to comprise a large quantity of the most attractive and useful information, and to be in itself a library of morals. There cannot exist a parent who would not desire to have his son conversant with the contents; nor are there many fathers who might not themselves be improved by a careful perusal of the able sketch of what a gentleman ought to be, so pleasingly portrayed under the title of "the generous economist." The contrast of the mental superiority and inward peace of this man and the perpetual anxieties of the "miser" and the "man devoid of principle," cannot but whisper an impressive admonition even to the most careless reader. There are, indeed, so many striking yet awful truths concentrated in the few pages dedicated to the investigation of an unprincipled man's career, that one almost imagines the author must himself have been the victim of some base and treacherous individual. The sketch is admirably calculated to put young persons on their guard, and we doubt not but that the work will be at once received as a most valuable instrument for effecting good, by pointing out the certain and bitter consequences of every species of vice.

In a short summary, Mr. Boone observes:

"The life of the 'man devoid of principle' is a continuous moral outrage. It embraces the vices of the malicious, the covetous, the sensual; we find in it no one redeeming point. It is miserable to himself, for his mind is full of mistrust, suspicion, and fear; judging others by himself, he calculates that deceit lurks in every bosom. Therefore he is dead to the thrice-blessed and sacred ties of love and friendship. We repeat, therefore, that his life is miserable to himself, injurious to his fellow-man, disgraceful to human nature. This example is as pernicious to others as his disappointments are acute to himself. A celebrated physiognomist observed, that 'a woman without religion is a more disgusting object than one stamped by the most repulsive external blemish.' To which we would add, that a man without religion and devoid of all principle is, in our eyes, far more loathsome than the 'leper as white as snow.' His breath is as pestilential to society as we are told the leper's was to the Asiatics. The overwhelming sound reverberates in our ear, 'Unclean, unclean!' Now we will boldly point out the root of this man's error. He mistakes *cunning* for *wisdom*. In other words, he mistakes a painted, errant harlot for the goddess Minerva; woos her all his life and is faithful to her alone. Trusting to her smiles and favours, he ridicules all sacred friendships, all holy ties, all honourable connexions, all generous feelings, and exalted notions. Need we say, then, that the sources whence he would derive his pleasures prove broken cisterns; the pains and penalties he devises for others, the frauds and treacheries he hugs and cherishes so fondly, the malice and revenge he anticipates, all, all eventually recoil upon himself. The whole of his wretched life proves to be *one grand mistake.* * * *

"The greatest of sins, in the view of the unprincipled man, is placing confidence in a fellow-creature. He regards the man who implicitly trusts another as a fool; and the abuse of such confidence but a well-merited punishment for folly. He scoffs at the remark that there cannot be a greater treachery than first to raise a confidence and then deceive it. He does not observe the English adage, 'honesty is the best policy,' nor the French, '*bonne renommée vaut mieux que ceinture dorée,*' because his understanding is not sufficiently enlightened to perceive that it is his interest to prefer the greater distant good to the smaller present one. Consequently he lives habitually in deceit, scorning the poet's admonitory voice—

> 'Oh! what a tangled web we weave,
> When first we practise to deceive.'

It is safer to recline under the upas-tree than to trust in his friendship.* He is not to be relied upon in the most trifling matter. We must bear in mind the *punica fides.* He who attempts to sit in the same boat with him may calculate with certainty upon being thrown overboard when it suits this man's whim or purpose. All men of observation have perceived that invariably a man hates the one whom he has grossly injured: so this man has always an enemy. He pursues his revenge coolly and systematically, as a pastime, in the spirit described by Aristotle, when he says, 'men dwell upon the imagination of revenge, which imagination is like to the pleasure we have in dreaming;' yet in public he so conducts himself that the object of his animosity continues perfectly unsuspicious of his revengeful designs. It were vain to exclaim in the words of the high-minded Canning—

> 'Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe,
> Bold I can meet, perhaps may turn his blow;'

for in his schemes of revenge and malice, this man is

> 'More cruel than the tiger o'er his spoil,
> And falser than the weeping crocodile.'

Nothing is to be gained by concession to him. His insolence increases in the same ratio with another's forbearance. He mistakes unwillingness to be at strife for pusillanimity; yet 'the slightest scratch upon his *amour propre* never heals.' The only resource for the upright and the gentleman, is cautiously to avoid all dealings and intercourse with such an one."

In a chapter headed, "Doing to others what we would that others should do unto us," the author demonstrates, in a few powerful pas-

* "The first consideration with a knave is, how to help himself; and the second, how to do it with the appearance of helping you. Dionysius the tyrant stripped the statue of Jupiter Olympus of a robe of massy gold, and substituted a cloak of wool, saying, 'Gold is too cold in winter, and too heavy in summer. It behoves us to take care of Jupiter.'"

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…, why happiness cannot be found in self-… or sensual indulgence, or the pursuit of …tion, and forcibly urges upon the reader …it is to be found in benevolence, defined …the fundamental or primary object of moral …' Some affecting instances of the suffer-…of the poor have been collected from this …al; and the various methods of alleviating …distresses of the poorer classes, and re-…ng the character of the English peasant to …mative state, are succinctly but ably de-…strated. Mr. Boone speaks in the most …mine manner of the possibility of reducing, …indeed almost annihilating, the poor-rates, …ncouraging and urging the poor of either … to become members of a friendly society or ….

…ut this work has gratified us so much, and …ted in us so strong a desire to recommend … the consideration of all ranks or classes of … fellow-creatures, that we must add a few …acts to our general praise, in order to shew … capable the author is of enforcing the hu-…ising and great truths it is his object to im-…s on the minds of his readers—thus speci-…;—

The author's object, then, in sending forth … volume is, to enforce and exemplify the …, that virtue is a good which brings all …s along with it, and that the more strictly …obey the divine precepts, the more surely …e pursue even our temporal and worldly …rests. He would fain hope that he has de-…d a somewhat novel yet simple method of …ing the mind with important rules of …which, as they should always be practised, …ust they at some time be learned; and that …little work may prove useful to many of …ing generation."

…f the innumerable fine illustrations, we … the following:—

…There is a sunshine of the mind, a happy …r of disposition, which far outweighs all …al advantages: but this sunshine of the …, the man of honour and probity alone ex-…ces. No bribe can purchase it for the …t; no black devices, no mean arts, can … it from the upright."

…hen diversion becomes the business of life … no longer diversion, may be laid down … certain rule for the ennuied votaries of …me. What we add are hardly selections, …passages taken by sortes in opening the …e at random.

…e.—" Every man pretends to estimate …value of time, while every one wastes the …ons of which it is composed. Few men, …ps, understood its value equal to Bona-…. It was a noble saying of his, 'Ask me …ything but time.' And yet, we doubt not, … were occasions when the words of the … were applicable even to him:

'Alas!
…he that made us were extreme to mark
…he trifled hour, what human soul could live?
…e trifle all: and he who best deserves,
… but a trifler.' *Hurdis.*

…y has it been said, that if we wasted our …y as we do our time, we should be bank-… all. * * *

…evolence.—" We believe benevolence, …h has been defined as 'the fundamental …mary object of moral law,' to be one of …main sources of human happiness. If …be denied, shall we seek for happiness in …ne? The reply is, that 'no one member …the great body is detached from the whole, …an enjoy his good, or suffer his evil, with-…some participation with others.' Shall we … for it in sensuality? The answer is, 'Sensuality is a disorder of the mind; it results from the imagination, and is a project of obtaining a continual enjoyment, where nature has given no more than a capacity of occasional and temporary pleasure.' * * *

Charity.—" Here we especially enter our protest against indiscriminate charity—*benignus etiam dandi causam cogitat.* In fact, in proportion as the claims of the wretched multiply, the necessity also of prudent discrimination increases. While indiscriminate charity overlooks the truly deserving and meekly suffering, it gives a premium to the idle and profligate impostor. * * *

" Reader—do you doubt that an act of kindness can draw tears down the cheek of the most callous and hard-hearted?—alas, but too frequently miscalled so! Do you doubt that 'benefits attract and attach the heart?' Do but try the experiment. What if you find the gloomy, discontented, ferocious hater of his own species suddenly converted into the mild, subordinate, grateful man! Remember, we have no wish to advocate the cause of the idle: we would follow the example of the bees—those which do not work are expelled from the hive. We say—behold the poorest of Englishmen as he now actually is—desiring employment and not finding it—witnessing his wife and children starving around him—crushed to the dust by his feeling of degradation—driven to despair by his hopeless condition—inured to the vices which ever follow in the train of malignant poverty—if an inhabitant of our metropolis, where 'vice comes for shelter, poverty for concealment, and wealth for ostentation,' deprived even of the inestimable blessing of fresh air! Perhaps, if resident in a manufacturing town, he has, in conjunction with his wife, borrowed money on his children's labour; a practice, we fear, not very uncommon—has let out his child for so many months, and thus sealed 'the bond which invests our Christian Shylocks with the title to the pound of infant-flesh.' Or, if he have not actually borrowed money on his children's labour, he has witnessed that which the Archbishop of Normandy, in an address to the manufacturers of Rouen, said should not be permitted; he has witnessed these 'young plants forced to produce fruit in the season of blossoms, by means which exhaust their sap and leave them to perish on a withered and tottering stem.' Such is the condition of English parents and English children!"

To conclude.—" We know, that although the first breath we draw is only the first motion towards our last, yet our being terminates not with death; but death is the portal to the new world, of which the knowledge and the enjoyment are reserved for 'the just made perfect.' Heb. xii. 23. And when we arrive safely in the eternal kingdom; when we welcome the period from which our sun shall no more go down, and enter upon that great new year which shall never have an end; when the world of spirits opens upon our astonished view;—how utterly insignificant, upon retrospection, will be the anxieties, the animosities, the contentions, which engrossed our attention here, when we were as shadows pursuing shadows! How incredible will it appear, that the life of so many was devoted to the injury of their fellow-creatures—to the gratification of cupidity, and oppression, and malice—to the accumulation of gold, which they could not carry away with them! How extraordinary will it appear, that charity in its fullest extent and meaning, love to our fellow-man, universal benevolence, which the Saviour of mankind has promised to acknowledge as displayed towards himself, when we shall reach his kingdom: virtues calculated to bring their own reward in this life, and the especial approbation of the once incarnate God in the next,—have been by so many, alas! utterly contemned and neglected! Would that we could persuade the cruel, the unjust, the selfish, to review the past, and to reform and alter their lives, were it only for the happiness, temporal and eternal, which the change would confer upon themselves! Reader! we have but a word more to say. You and we are journeying on one road, at the end of which is the valley of death. May we meet again on the opposite shore!"

We rejoice to see such a writer as Mr. Boone again in the fields (would we could say pastures!) of literature. His early reputation was great, and we had imagined his career must have been more constant and bright as a man of letters; but other paths open, as even the most gifted individuals proceed on the journey of life; and perhaps we ought to congratulate those who, unseduced by flattery and fame, forsake these thorny paths, and seek content and happiness in more quiet pursuits.

The World of London. A New Series. By J. Fisher Murray. 2 vols. 12mo. R. Bentley.

The first series of these magazine "articles" appeared in *Blackwood;* and the second, *i.e.* the present publication, in *Bentley.* They are consequently familiar to the reading public; and as our rule, with regard to our contemporaries, is to "let every Herring hang by its own head," we have little to say on the great and inexhaustible subject of the London World. Mr. Murray is a clever, observant, and somewhat cynical writer, quite up to the standard of periodical contribution. Some of his papers, such as an account of a club called the Harmonious Owls, and another upon auctions, with individual portraiture, however, hardly reach this mark, and seem to us to be unworthy of his talent. But, as a collection of light and amusing sketches, taken altogether, these volumes are just of a character to repay the time well spent in conning their various contents. In many parts there is a marked power of style, growing readily out of the matter in hand, and without the appearance of effort; which ranks the author high in this class of literature. We would point, for example, to a single page on the *slums* of London (p. 20, vol. i.), and to some stringent remarks on the value of character in our busy metropolis, pp. 63-65. We like the latter so much that we copy it, though well aware at the risk of repeating what must have struck numbers in its original site.

" Another word in your ear: if, unhappily, you may be a bit of a scamp, which is not at all unlikely, don't be fool enough to imagine that you can go on with your pranks in London without paying the customary penalty. London is a wide place and a long, but rumour has wider scope and a longer tongue; nor is there any place I have seen (and this I tell you in good time) where *character*, in the most comprehensive sense of the word, is so vital, or where the want of it is so fatal to a man's success, as London. Never imagine that London wraps a man's vices or follies all over like a cloak. It does no such thing. When we told you that there is freedom here from observation and neighbourly gossip, we told the truth; but the truth holds only of those who choose to live alone, and who, perchance, may have reasons for living alone. If you choose to be a recluse, or to lead the life of an outlaw, London is the greatest desert you can find, and a more secluded hermitage than mountains can bestow.

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So long as you pay your way, annoy nobody, and be not found out, you can go on as you please, and pursue, without interference or observation, your especial vice or dissipation. But when you want anything of society, or goodwill of men, employment, advancement, respect, credit, consideration, or the intimacy of the wise and good, you will find your character has gone before you like a herald, with the difference only that, instead of proclaiming your titles of honour, Fame, who performs a part of Norroy King at Arms, is much more busy to sound upon her trumpet the base notes of your life, than to flourish out your abilities or virtues. If you are a man of any note, or striving to make a name for yourself, you will of course have enemies. Nowhere will you have more than in London, because nowhere is competition—not only for fortune, but for that bombastic bladder of wind, *fame*—more active and unremitting. Of course your enemies will have a fling at you; and your friends, if you have any, you may rest assured will be very little behind your enemies, in damning with faint praise, assenting with civil leer, and good-naturedly bringing on the *tapis* (which they are sure to do) whatever defects in your life or conversation their intimacy may have given them an opportunity of becoming acquainted with. This observation may seem harsh, and derogatory to the dignity of friendship; but every reader has it in his own power to test its truth. If he comes forward and says, that in any conversation about an absent friend among friends, he has not heard the predominant vice, folly, or eccentricity of that friend incidentally touched upon at least *once* in the course of the evening, then I beg pardon for the calumny, and desire the pleasure of his better acquaintance. In London, especially among the enterprising and ambitious, we have often sighed over the hollowness and selfishness that exist even among friends. The field being unlimited, and the horizon boundless, each man's desires, each man's ambition, are perpetually extending from the centre of self. Nowhere is commendation less warm, nowhere encouragement less hearty, nowhere does failure or misfortune find less compassion, pity, or relief. This all-absorbing selfishness is one of the greatest evils attending a London life. It reacts upon yourself, hardens your heart in your own defence, and renders you incapable of those tender promptings of pity, and those delicate sensibilities of affection, without which, in our estimation, a man is no more than a two-legged rhinoceros."

Upon the earlier portion of these shrewd remarks we would simply observe, that Mr. Murray might have taken another view of the case, or, rather, added to his view of it another light—namely, that Character, on which, as he truly says, so much depends, may be falsely whispered away, as well as ruined by true report. This is an evil almost paramount in London, where people have so little time for inquiry; and it is a belief stamped upon us by our experience and study of mankind in the mighty multitude around, that the amount of injury and suffering inflicted by idle and malignant lies is infinitely greater than what is the result of absolute misconduct and vice. The bad man, when found out, only hurts himself; but one envious and bad-hearted person can contrive, invent, and propagate enough of misrepresentation to blight the fortunes or poison the lives of hundreds of the innocent and deserving. The natural readiness to listen to such Serpents of Society, and to allow something to stick even where there are sure grounds for doubting and disbelieving all the rest, is the taint and curse of "the world of London."

We may, before shutting the book, allude to some pithy opinions on the condition of literature and literary men (p. 128 et seq.), and note that the family history at p. 173 is incorrect in its particulars. None of the eminent brothers there alluded to ever stitched in the shop of their highly respectable father. The second son, who did follow the business, died prematurely thirty years ago, and was gifted with abilities not unworthy of his race.

Diary of Travels in France and Spain, chiefly in the year 1844. By the Rev. Francis Trench. 2 vols. London, Bentley.

As the memoranda of a tour, performed in a pretty pony-chaise, we cannot say that we have been able to pick much original matter or valuable information from these volumes. The rev. gentleman travelled at his ease, and, it would appear, from his uxorious dedication (which follows), accompanied in a manner most congenial to his mind and favourable to his enjoyment:—

TO HER,
WHOSE SPIRIT, ENERGY, AND ATTENTION TO EACH
WORTHY OBJECT, ADDED FRESH AND UNFAILING
INTEREST TO EACH DAY'S JOURNEY,
THESE PAGES
ARE MOST AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED
BY THE
AUTHOR.

Shall we confess, that an inscription of this sort does not convey to us the idea of an author who is likely to communicate any very rare intelligence to the world? The sentiments expressed are very amiable and laudable; but we cannot admire their public proclamation. It indicates a kind of softness and a domesticity and home-office occupation, which would interfere with extensive or acute observation on foreign affairs; and, to say the truth, the work comes up exactly to this foreboding. And next to his good lady, his ponies occupy a considerable share of Mr. Trench's attention; and so does his servant, who was taken ill on the road, and kindly watched by his benevolent master and mistress during three months he detained them on their journey. But with regard to the ponies, it may be amusing to read of their reception at Tulle, as a specimen of the way in which they figure throughout their triumphant progress in France and Spain.

"The whole town was to-day in active excitement in consequence of the arrival of cavalry moving quarters. The horses of another regiment had filled every available stable at the inns on the night before; and I was glad to secure a lodging for my ponies in a large old barn, which I thought much preferable to a crowded stable. A stall is an equine luxury almost unknown at French inns. At least I have not yet seen one. This renders great care, under any circumstances, needful for those who take their own horses about the country. Still more did my little ponies require protection against the monstrous animals often met with at the inn-stables, from whom one kick would have been utter destruction. In vain did landlords, landladies, ostlers, and lookers-on innumerable, say to me, 'Soyez tranquille, Monsieur,' or 'pas de danger, Monsieur,' when I thought a position in any way precarious; and I must say that almost invariably efforts were good-humouredly made to meet my wishes, and remove all apprehensions. In saying this, I do not speak of this watchfulness as involving any trouble which proved disagreeable to me. On the contrary, I often found that my visits to the stable brought me into amusing and instructive communication with travellers or natives i each separate locality; and besides this, as have said before, few Englishmen will look upo their horse, especially on a long journey, other wise than as a friend. I must say also, th the ostlers were very gentle towards the ponie and indeed they were so small and harmles notwithstanding their unwearied spirit and en durance, that they were quite treated as pe by all who came near them. Not only did gen tlemen pay them visits, but mammas came an put their children on their backs; one lady who was an invalid, had the little grey abs lutely led into her room; and another handsom and sprightly young landlady was so charme with them on our arrival at her door, that sh called out, patting them and summoning th household to see them, 'Les amours!—Le amours!'"

The following incident at St. Mames is sti more entertaining, when our reverend frien was (through the ponies) mistaken for one Batty's travellers.

"Two stables (he tells us) were filled wi long lines of handsome horses belonging to M Franconi. There were also some little ponie two from Scotland. A young Englishman i his party told us about their proceedings. The travelled at a foot's pace during the whole jour neys, often extended to forty miles in the day and by this plan the horses did not get out condition, as, he said, would certainly be th case on any other. I had also some conversa tion with M. Franconi, an elderly man of in telligent and quiet bearing. Also with a lad of his party. It was truly a patriarchal assem blage, including women and children. The travelled in very comfortable carriages, an set off about two hours before us. I said t Mrs. T—, that we should, in all probability be mistaken for some of his troop; and thi soon happened to us. We stopped at a sma inn to give hay and water to my horses. Th hostess asked me how long our 'company' wa going to remain in the neighbourhood; but find ing out her mistake from some answer of min she said, 'Pardon, monsieur, je croyais que vou étiez le directeur de la compagnie.' And I ha not been half an hour at Périgueux, which w reached soon after the arrival of M. Francon before I had another proof of my being take for the same celebrated personage. On m going to a chemist's shop, a very similar ques tion was put to me there, and being muc amused at the mistake, I said in answer, ' guess whom you mistake me for.' 'Vous ête Franconi, n'est-ce pas?' 'No,' said I. 'Oh said the chemist, 'I saw you coming up th street just now, and every body said you wer Franconi. You came up with two little ponies 'I did,' said I; 'but I cannot claim the honou of being that well-known individual.'"

We may surely quote and apply the poet wh says—

"Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies!
Other horses are asses, but these maccaronies."

Only one need not go abroad to hear of suc things.

Well then, dismissing this *Diary* as a pleasan enough production, with little or nothing abo the parts through which the congenial par travelled new and worthy of publicity, we hav to notice its main feature, and that which alo can recommend it to much consideration. M Trench, throughout the whole of his journe maintained the character of an orthodox Pr testant minister of the Church of England, an almost of a missionary, performing divine se vice, praying, communicating sacraments, an making himself acquainted with the conditic

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of the French Protestant Church in general, and its congregations of English residents and natives in the principal places which lay on his route. Thus, from Dieppe, through Rouen, Paris, Orleans, Tours, Loches, Blois, Chinon, Saumur, Brissar, Angers, Nantes, Clisson, Rocheford, Bordeaux, Brives, Uzerche, Cahors, Toulouse,—and then Ernani, Pampeluna, Roncesvalles, Luchon, &c. in Spain—and back *via* Roquefort, Rodez, Clermont, Auvergne, Volvic, Autun, Auxerre, Sens, and Fontainebleau—we have detailed accounts of the numbers of Protestant worshippers at each place; of the ministrations of the author; of the distribution of tracts; of his disputes with Roman Catholic clergymen, and other circumstances connected therewith, from which an interesting result may be gathered of the actual numbers and position of the reformed Church in France, and a small portion of Spain, where, indeed, its slight efforts are barely tolerated. It may be expedient that we should select a few passages to illustrate one or two of the topics to which we have alluded in this concise enumeration.

"At Saumur," says Mr. T. "I was invited to dine this evening at the house of Count V. F— who resides at about three miles distant from Saumur. He was so obliging as to send his gig for me. Half of the road to his residence was along the highway, and excellent; the remainder was across the fields, by a track full of holes and large prominent stones. Nothing could surpass the steadiness and judgment with which a fine old French horse managed the difficulties of the way in the dark; and intensely dark it was. Just before we arrived at the count's house, we descended by a very steep ditch, between high walls, into the village. I confess that the proceeding required the exercise of considerable faith in driver, horse, and harness, as the angle of descent made by the shaft of the gig did not appear to me of a very safe character. However, on turning a corner at the bottom, I soon arrived among the lights and servants of my friendly host, received a hearty welcome, and passed a very agreeable evening with the count and the ladies of his family. I returned to Saumur the same night, being unable to make a longer visit, notwithstanding the most kind and pressing invitation so to do. From Saumur we visited one of the ancient Druidical temples of which there are so many specimens in France, especially on the wild heaths of Brittany, also in Anjou, and other adjacent localities. They are called *Dolmen*, and are constructed of vast blocks of stone, rudely arranged in an oblong shape, the sides, ends, and roofs, being all of that same material. The best of the two specimens near Saumur is about a mile from the town, in the corner of a vineyard. According to my measurement, when walking on the top, to which I ascended by a ladder, its length was about sixty feet, and the whole structure was composed of no more than seventeen stones. I should not suppose that it has undergone the smallest change since the day of its erection. The people of the neighbourhood call these monuments, "*Les pierres couchées.*" Monsieur Mérimée, the inspector of public monuments in France, gives a very detailed account of this singular building, and speaks of it as larger and more regular than any he had seen in Brittany."

At Angers "we hired a maid as cook, and found ourselves at once pleasantly settled. The good weekly markets held in French towns, generally in some open and commodious locality, afford great assistance towards such temporary housekeeping. Our maid used to take a basket on her arm, sallied out, and in about an hour returned with various provisions for the week. The price of articles along the banks of the Loire is very moderate; meat about *5d.* a pound, a larger weight than our own; bread *2d.* a pound; butter of the best quality *8d.* to *10d.*; eggs *5d.* a dozen; fowls from *1s.* to *1s. 6d.*; partridges *1s.* each; turkeys *2s. 6d.* to *3s.*; hare *2s. 6d.*; duck *1s.*; all kinds of the finest vegetables very cheap, also wine, fruit, and provender for horses. In towns near rivers there is a very abundant fish-market on Friday, as a fast-day, and various sorts of pond-fish abound. All travellers, whether farther concerned in the supplies or not, will find the market in a newly-visited foreign city a very amusing place; and those of an inquiring turn will do well to resort to it for information on the state and produce of the neighbouring country. * * * I heard from a French gentleman, who was one of the company and a resident at Angers, that in the town and immediate neighbourhood there was no less than nine thousand poor, who received charitable aid during the winter, out of a population somewhat under forty thousand. This surprised me much as spoken of a locality with a very productive soil, mines, manufactories, and navigation on two busy rivers adjacent."

Religious.—"Alluding to all the educated men of the Romish Church with whom I have hitherto spoken at length on such subjects in France, not excepting one, I may confidently say, that the real and virtual point at which ere long we arrived was this: whether the Bible alone, or the Bible and the tradition of the Church, ought to be the rule of faith. And in every conversation in which I have contended against the sacrifice of the mass, the worship of the Virgin, purgatory, &c., my opponent has finally appealed to tradition as his warrant. Most fully do I believe that what our Saviour said to the Jews is still doctrinally applicable on this matter: 'Ye do make the word of God of none effect by your traditions.' And may we, as Protestants, be warned now, and continue to be warned, by this and every other warning afforded by the Church of Rome! May we resist with zeal and determination every effort made to raise tradition out of its due place! Many such efforts are now made; and in proportion as they succeed, true doctrine must fall, and false doctrine must rise."

According to the latest statements, there are now in France above 700 established Protestant pasteurs, whose salaries from the government amount to 1,219,000 francs annually. The number of churches has also greatly increased, and more are wanted for the population. They are kept back, as Mr. T. states:

"It is very difficult for a foreigner or a stranger to attain an insight into the question; and it perplexed me much for a considerable time, notwithstanding the many inquiries which I made on every available occasion. As the result of these inquiries, I believe that I am not inaccurate in attributing the harassing obstacles and tedious delays of which I have above spoken to the power which is vested in the local authorities of each district relative to the 'autorization,' as it is called, of the reformed worship. This power is of a very vague and undefined character—above all, as to the point whether the measure is likely to be productive of any disorders or interruption of public tranquillity. We can see in one glance to what an extent such a power may and will be abused in any country where there are two religions, and where such slight matters are considered breaches of public tranquillity, as in France. Now, although where there are Protestants of influence, and where Romish bigotry is not in active exercise, impediments arising from hence are not much experienced, yet elsewhere it is altogether otherwise. The efforts of small or weak bodies of Protestants are neutralised, and they are either deterred from making the attempt of assembling together under a regular pastor, or their spirit is worn out by that concentrated opposition, so easily raised and directed against them by the efforts of the priesthood. It is wonderful, and hardly to be accounted for on any principles of general application, that, in a country so free, enlightened, and liberal as France, such circumstances should be allowed to continue for a single day; and for my own part, I am quite unable to reconcile them with the general system and affairs of the kingdom. But the case is so. And various causes, some of them of universal application, and some of them specially connected with French history, render the present condition of the Protestants on the subject in question far more acceptable to the mere politician than any measures which would allow a fairer development to the principles of the Reformation. I need not add any remarks on the extreme unwillingness of the priesthood, and of all who, on religious ground, are adverse to their spread, that any clearer statement of right should be made and practically applied. With the strength of these two-fold adversaries the Protestants of France have now virtually to contend, although theoretically and nominally there is free toleration for them, and even more—I mean, support from the state. The leading object held in view by the Protestants in France at the present moment is this—to obtain a constitutional declaration of a more definite character, not extension of privileges. And what can be more fair than this claim? They ought to have the sympathy not only of every Protestant, but of every honest and of every candid mind."

About Thomas à Becket we have a paragraph at Sens, with which we close our quotations:—

"Thomas à Becket is celebrated in this vicinity, which he chose as his asylum when he fled from England. The Abbey of Vezelay, near Avallon, is connected with some of the most remarkable events of his history. He dwelt at Sens for some time, and his ecclesiastical vestments are still kept in the treasury of the church. We saw them, and they appear in good preservation. He was no less than six feet four in stature, and his garments have somewhat a gigantic appearance. There are other curious relics in the church; and while some are of the ordinary character, having mere traditions or fables attached to them, others are of intrinsic merit; for instance, a carved ivory casket of extreme antiquity, brought to France in the time of the Crusades."

To conclude: those who like an agreeable gossipping upon common subjects which present themselves to the view of tourists (without embracing aught of research) will read these volumes as a light recreation; and for their graver and indeed only serious matter, their information relative to the Protestant Church, they may be consulted with advantage; giving, as far as we are aware, the best, if not the only detailed particulars to throw a light on its present condition and prospects.

THE NELSON CORRESPONDENCE.

[Second notice of Vol. II.]

We last week limited ourselves to the literary engagements between the editor of this work and the possessors of Nelson papers: not taking part in the quarrel, but regretting, for

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the sake of the public, that the whole truth and full and ample information on subjects so interesting to the nation, should not, as yet, be forthcoming. We have now only further to select a very few samples of the most original and characteristic of the hero's letters, preferring those of personal to those of historical interest. On receiving his commission of colonel of marines, which he desired as more suitable to him than to hoist an admiral's flag, he thus addressed Earl Spencer, the then first lord of the Admiralty:

"Agamemnon, July 19th, 1795.

My lord,—I have seen in the newspapers that I am appointed one of the colonels of marines, an appointment certainly most flattering to me, as it marks to the world an approbation of my conduct. To your lordship I beg leave to express my gratification, more especially as, by a letter from your lordship to Lord Hood, you declared your intention to represent my services in the most favourable point of view to the king; for which I beg leave to return your lordship my most sincere thanks. In the same letter the doubts which had arisen respecting the damage my eye had sustained at the siege of Calvi, made it, your lordship said, impossible to say whether it was such as amounted to the loss of a limb. I have only to tell your lordship, that a total deprivation of sight for every common occasion in life, is the consequence of the loss of part of the crystal of my right eye. As I mean not to press on your lordship the propriety of considering my loss, I shall conclude by assuring you, that my endeavours shall never be wanting to merit a continuance of your good opinion, and that I shall ever consider myself your lordship's most obliged, humble servant, Horatio Nelson."

To Sir Gilbert Elliot, then viceroy of Corsica, he writes: "I am truly concerned that Paoli should be troublesome. I had heard it, but could not give credit to such an apparent absurd conduct on his part. I fully trust and believe that your excellency's mild and equitable administration will leave the good Corsicans little to hope or fear from Paoli and his adherents. Poor Agamemnon is as near worn out as her captain: we must both soon be laid up to repair. The marines have been given to me in the handsomest manner. The answer given to many was, the king knew no officer who had served so much for them as myself."

"*To Captain Collingwood.*

Vado Bay, August 31st, 1795.

My dear Coll.,—I cannot allow a ship to leave me without a line for my old friend, who I shall rejoice to see; but I am afraid the admiral will not give me that pleasure at present. You are so old a Mediterranean man, that I can tell you nothing new about the country. My command here is so far pleasant as it relieves me from the inactivity of our fleet, which is great indeed, as you will soon see. From the event of Spain making peace, much may be looked for — perhaps a war with that country: if so, their fleet (if no better than when our allies) will soon be done for. Reports here say, they mean to protect Genoese and other vessels from search by our cruisers in the Gulf of Genoa. If so, the matter will soon be brought to issue; for I have given positive directions to search such vessels, denying the right of the Spaniard to dictate to us what ships we shall or shall not search. The Genoese are going, it is said, to carry a convoy with provisions to their towns in the Riviera of Genoa, in possession of the French army. However cruel it may appear to deprive poor innocent people of provisions, yet policy will not allow it to be done; for if the inhabitants have plenty, so will the enemy, and therefore I have directed them to be brought into Vado. So far have I gone; and trust I have acted, and shall act, so as to merit approbation. Our admiral, *entre nous*, has no political courage whatever, and is alarmed at the mention of any strong measure; but, in other respects, he is as good a man as can possibly be. I hope, my dear friend, you left Mrs. Collingwood well. How many children have you? Did you see Mrs. Moutray lately? Her dear amiable son was lost by serving under me. I have a stone on board, which is to be erected in the church of St. Fiorenzo to his memory. I hardly ever knew so amiable a young man. Believe me, ever, my dear Collingwood, your most affectionate friend, Horatio Nelson.

Tell me a great deal."

The success of Buonaparte and the French armies in Italy rendered the efforts of the English fleet on the coast incessant, as they were much diversified by varying events. The following refer to some of these circumstances. 15th Aug., 1796, Nelson writes to his admiral, Sir J. Jervis:

"I hope we shall have settled Leghorn before the Dons, if they intend it, arrive. I have still my doubts as to a Spanish war; and if there should be one, with your management I have no fears. Their fleet is ill-manned, and worse officered, I believe; and they are slow. Lord Bute's letter paves the way very clearly for your line of acting: ministers seldom commit themselves in an opinion. Should the Dons come, I shall then hope I may be spared, in my own person, to help to make you at least a viscount.

[Apparently in continuation.]

August 17th, Bastia.

It is possible that the Spanish frigate bound to Civita Vecchia may be intended to carry money from his holiness, with the famous Apollo, &c. &c., for the French. It is allowable to seize the property of enemies, even on board neutral ships of war. Mr. North tells me, that in the late war two or three Danish ships of war were seized by the Spaniards, carrying stores to Gibraltar; and on the remonstrance of the Danish minister at Madrid, the answer he received was, that it was not men-of-war which were stopped, but vessels which had made themselves merchantmen for the time. This hint may be useful: the times are critical. I am, &c., Horatio Nelson."

To his brother, three days later:—

"I laugh at your fancying my being able to buy, at least, Tofts; and don't you be uneasy when I assure you that if I have saved my ship-pay, the marine I throw in, I shall be content; but I verily believe that will not be the case. It is true I have taken numbers of prizes, but I have always shared with my squadron, none of whom have I ever received sixpence from; or had so many vessels in sight, that they run away with the greater part. I believe had I trusted to my own good fortune and enterprising spirit, I might have been able to think of Tofts; but that gives me not a moment's concern. Happy, happy shall I be to return to a little but neat cottage! I may tell you, as a *secret*, that probably the next letter you see from me will be in the public gazette. An expedition is thought of, and of course I shall be there, for most of these services fall to my lot. I have just been arranging shot, shells, &c. &c., for to give our enemies. As to rewards, I expect none. I shall not, perhaps, return till a peace, when our services are forgot. I am not surprised that the linendraper should sell his estate. Almost every one lives beyond his income, and attempts to imitate his neighbour who is richer. However, now I am a real commodore, having a captain under me I shall share for all prizes, whoever is the taker. A Spanish galleon taken now in this country will be a capital stroke; but I can hardly bring myself to believe they will venture on a war. If they do, we must give up Corsica, and that is all. Our fleets will cover every sea but the Mediterranean. The Dons will expect it at home and abroad. America will readily join against them, and they will lose Mexico and Peru. America will find soldiers and privateers, and we must find ships-of-war. I have my eye on a Spaniard who is gone, I fancy, to the mouth of the Tiber, to bring away the tribute of the pope for the French. I hope to catch her on her return, if she has really their busts and money on board."

To the Duke of Clarence:

"As to our fleet, under such a commander-in-chief as Sir John Jervis, nobody has any fears. . . . We are now twenty-two sail of the line, the combined fleet will not be above thirty-five sail of the line, supposing the Dons detach to the West Indies. I will venture my life Sir John Jervis defeats them; I do not mean by a regular battle, but by the skill of our admiral, and the activity and spirit of our officers and seamen. This country is the most favourable possible for skill with an inferior fleet; for the winds are so variable, that some one time in twenty-four hours you must be able to attack a part of a large fleet, and the other will be becalmed, or have a contrary wind; therefore I hope government will not be alarmed for our safety —I mean more than is proper. I take for granted they will send us reinforcements as soon as possible, but there is nothing we are not able to accomplish under Sir John Jervis. I am stationed, as you know, to blockade Leghorn; and now Corsica may prevent my going to the fleet, which I feel very much, but all cannot be as we wish. I assure your royal highness that no small part of my pleasure, in the acknowledgment of my services, has arisen from the conviction that I am one of those of whom from your early youth you have been pleased to have a good opinion; and I have to beg that your royal highness will ever believe me your most faithful, Horatio Nelson.

"His royal highness replied to this letter from Richmond on the 3d of October following:

"'Dear Nelson,—I received yours of 19th August, from Leghorn Roads, a few days ago, and must lament, in common with you and every good wisher of his country, the constant defeats the Austrians have suffered in Italy. It is a lamentable circumstance how victory has attended the French in their different expeditions on the Continent. The archduke, I hope, in Germany will exterminate these monsters; in which case, I yet trust Italy will be once more freed from requisitions and devastation. It is a pleasant circumstance to every Englishman, and particularly to professional men, to see the navy of this country ride triumphant in all quarters of the globe: still, dear Nelson, I never wish to hear of twenty-two British sail of the line being opposed to thirty-five of the enemy, though a combined fleet. I venerate and esteem Jervis's abilities as high as any man, and I am well acquainted with the intrepidity and valour of the English sailor, and the knowledge and experience of their officers; and, as a seaman myself, I can easily understand the advantages to be taken from variable winds and calms. However, the risk,

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believe me, between such unequal force, is too great. You very properly shew your discretion by your caution; and therefore you will understand mine if I do not by letter enter into the future destination of your fleet, and of the intentions of our government towards the Mediterranean. A Spanish war is inevitable, and I look forward with an anxious eye to the conquests which our navy will make; and render themselves if possible more the terror and the admiration of the world. I feel very sensibly the flattering expressions you use in your letter to me, relative to being so many years my acquaintance. I loved and esteemed you from the beginning as an ornament to the service, and must ever regard you as such. The time must come when we shall be where both my birth and my experience in the navy ought to place me—I mean when I am entrusted with the executive management of the Admiralty. It then will be both my duty and my inclination to serve the deserving—amongst whom you will stand ever one of the foremost. For the present, adieu, and ever believe me to be, dear Nelson, your most affectionate friend, WILLIAM.'—*Original in the Nelson Papers.*"

The battle of St. Vincent, February 14, 1797, now occurs to give a new tone to the correspondence; and the cold praise given by Jervis to his officers is much dwelt upon; and the details of merits, &c., in the manœuvres and fighting of the ships, is also matter of much discussion.* Nelson's own "remarks" were published long ago, and are well known to the naval service and readers of modern history. But a second paper, of similar tenor to that to which we have just alluded, bearing Nelson's autograph, and with some differences, will be found very interesting. (See pp. 344-7.)

Here we conclude.

The Geologist's Text-Book. By D. T. Ansted, M.A. F.R.S. Prof. of Geology, King's Coll. London. Pp. 143. London, Van Voorst.

As "a book of reference for the geological student," we could not imagine a more clear, concise, and valuable little volume than the present. Coming, however, from the author of the greater work on Geology, published last autumn, and reviewed in the *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1445, we could expect nothing less worthy of popular regard; and we most cordially recommend this brief yet sufficient guide to all who feel a desire to make themselves acquainted with the science.

Judea Capta, &c. By Charlotte Elizabeth. Pp. 296. London, W. H. Dalton.

WE do not mean to say it disparagingly, but the pouring of old wine into new bottles is completely paralleled here by the pouring of old matter into a new form of publishing. Every incident of the tragical siege and destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans has been printed in a hundred ways; and now all we can say of the present version is, that it is agreeably put together and makes a nice and interesting volume, especially for youthful readers.

* "The following interesting anecdote has been obligingly communicated by Captain Miller's sister, Mrs. Dalrymple: 'While Captain Miller was leading his men to the San Nicolas, Commodore Nelson said, 'No, Miller; *I* must have that honour;' and on going into the cabin, after the contest, Nelson said, 'Miller, I am under the greatest obligations to you,' and presented him with the Spanish captain's sword; and then, as if he could not sufficiently shew his sense of his captain's services, he again expressed his obligations, and drawing a ring from his finger, placed it on Captain Miller's. The ring, rather a large topaz, set round with diamonds, and the Spanish officer's sword, are now in the possession of Miss Miller, Captain Miller's only surviving child."

A Sketch of the Military History of Great Britain. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A., Chaplain-General to the Army, &c. 12mo. Pp. 304. London, J. W. Parker.

SURELY this is a book for a Review: at least for an Inspection, which ought to precede a review, but which the calumniators of the commanders in that service often allege is not gone through as a necessary preparation. We will not contradict; nor need we in a case of this kind, where the mere name of the author is enough to enlist an array of readers. By his merits he has risen in the ranks both military and literary; and the Subaltern is now a Chaplain-General in the one, and equally high in the other, though from the nature of the service and the disregard with which it is honoured in this country, we have no names or titles for those who acquire eminence therein!

Mr. Gleig begins with Greece and Rome, and then traces the fashions and means of war through the mingled blood of our progenitors the ancient Britons, Saxons, Danes, Normans, &c., and to the date of the last peace, which Heaven grant may not be disturbed by any views of the glory unfolded here, or other memories of exploits which exalt the British name. Long may "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" be confined to the helms and nodding plumes of the *house-hold* troops; and long may they be worthy of that domestic name and no other! Long may their horses prance beautifully through the mud of London streets, rather than the blood of fallen comrades and conquered enemies! Long may their messes be luxurious, and their fare fairly purchased (like their commissions) without ravaging a country and pillaging a people! Long may the Chaplain-General preach to them the pacific and forgiving doctrines of the Christian Gospel; and perform the burial service for them in good veteran old age, without "a volley" (as Charles Dance has sung) "fired over their head:" yet long may he contribute to our profit and instruction such works as the present, of national interest, and breathing alike of the stir of camp and field, and the repose and moral influence of Chelsea Hospital!

Sintram and his Companions. From the German of De la Motte Fouqué. Pp. 120. J. Burns.

Is a new translation of a widely and justly popular romance of superstition, and illustrated by engravings of the most characteristic description, by H. Selous. Of a tale so universally a favourite, we need say nothing more than that in its present dress, literary and artistic, it is produced in a manner well calculated to spread its fame yet more widely and more delightfully.

Home Sermons, each Six Minutes long, for the use of Families at Morning and Evening Devotion. By the Rev. A. Williams, M.A. Pp. 389. 12mo. London, Bowdery and Kerby.

THAT much good advice may be conveyed in six minutes (perhaps more impressive than in six hours' lecturing) is proved in these pages, which we accordingly recommend to our readers, as a valuable portion of family worship.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GRAND RUSSIAN CHRONOMETRICAL EXPEDITION.

IN the *Literary Gazette*, No. 1413, we gave an account of the determination of longitude, undertaken by order of the Emperor of Russia, between the Grand Central Observatory at Polkowa and the observatory at Altona; at the same time stating, that it was to be extended during the ensuing summer to connect Altona with the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. This has been completed, and we have a letter addressed to Mr. Dent, in which the mean of his chronometers gave the difference of longitude between Altona and Greenwich 39m 46·11s. The difference published in our *Nautical Almanack* is 39m 46·6s, being a difference only of 49 hundredths of a second. The account published in the *Nautical Almanack* is the result of a chronometrical expedition undertaken in 1824, by Prof. Schumacher, director of the Royal Observatory at Altona, who has greatly aided the present undertaking. There were fifteen distinct journeys from Altona to Greenwich and back. The observers, as well as the astronomical instruments, were changed during the experiments; that is, the person making the astronomical observation at Altona was transferred with his instrument to Greenwich, and the one from Greenwich to Altona, to correct as far as possible the error of *personal equation*, which was not supposed to exist when Prof. Schumacher undertook his experiments in 1824. The coincidence between Prof. Schumacher's results in 1824 and those just arrived at are extraordinary, and the more so as, twenty years ago, personal equation was not supposed to exist. Prof. Schumacher, however, fully convinced of the unerring value of chronometrical determination of the longitude, addressed a letter to Mr. Dent, in December 1844, in which he said, "I am, with regard to my first expedition in 1824, curious to know how much its results, 39m 46·6s, will be altered by the results of the last. Though my first expedition was made under very unfavourable circumstances,—long time at Hamburgh and Bremen, excursion to Norway, want of personal equation, &c.,—let me predict that the error of the results will be within a second." In *Literary Gazette*, No. 1427, we noticed the triumph of British chronometrical workmanship, in the instance of Mr. Dent's chronometers, in competition with others of all nations, and trusted that a similar distinction, a gold medal, would be conferred on him or some other British chronometer-maker in the present extended expedition. Mr. Dent has again been successful, and the emperor has been pleased to confer upon him the appointment and title of "chronometer-maker to his Majesty the Emperor of Russia:" not so honorary, but probably more substantial in a pecuniary point of view than the gold medal.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

March 7th.—Mr. Goadby "On the action of preserving fluids as applied to animal structures." Mr. G. has for some years been known as a very skilful dissector of minute animals and insects. Of late he has been engaged as dissector and preservator at the Royal College of Surgeons, the museum of which institution has been much enriched and improved by his labours. On the present occasion he afforded a complete insight into his very successful method of preserving the dissected and entire animal structures. For many years it has been common to place animals or parts of them intended for preservation, in spirits, contained in bottles of round form generally. The evils of this system are twofold—in the use of spirit and in the shape of the bottle. The spirit is so volatile, that a great portion of the vessel is often occupied by vapour, in addition to which the object is then much more liable to injury from the shaking of the half-filled bottle. Another great evil in the use of spirit is that it hardens the softer animals, such as mollusca, directly shrivelling them up, and altering their appearance. Other minute animals, such as

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infusoria, are dissolved by spirit, and the cilia of others destroyed. The expense also of spirit is very cousiderable in preserving large objects. Mr. G. next spoke of the form of the containing vessel, which being more or less circular, gives always a distorted view of the object. This was well exemplified by placing a slip of plate glass in such a vessel filled with water: it appeared completely twisted. Mr. Goadby then explained the method adopted by him for the last five years with perfect success. It consists of using a fluid composed of baysalt, 4 oz.; alum, ℥ij; corrosive sublimate, gr. ij; water, a quart. This is called the A 1, or strong fluid. A weaker is more generally employed, made by the addition of cor. sub. gr. ij, and water a quart. This Mr. G. uses most frequently, and finds it especially useful in dissecting the nervous system of the lower animals; the neurine is acted upon before the other tissues, and thus the nerves are rendered hard, opaque, and visible. Specimens most admirably preserved for some years were exhibited. There are objections, however, to the use of this fluid. One is, that the acid of the alum will act upon shells and other parts which contain carbonate of lime; therefore it is inadmissible for such objects: the other is, that if the vessels containing it are left exposed to air, its surface is soon covered by vegetable growths, from the myriads of sporules of fungi which fill the atmosphere of all museums. These do not, however, descend below the surface of the fluid in any case that Mr. Goadby had ever met with; and if they have not been deposited on the preparation, it may safely be taken out carefully, and closed up in one of the glass boxes. When animals containing carbonate of lime are to be preserved, we must use an arsenical fluid, composed of baysalt, ¼lb.; arsenic, ½ drachm; corr. sub. gr. ij; water, 1 quart. A beautiful specimen of the *argonauta argus*, or paper nautilus, with all its tentacula, was exhibited just as it floats on the ocean. This arsenical fluid is also very useful for softening tissues that have been previously hardened by spirit, as in the case of animals sent home from abroad. Mr. G. then described the glass cases, which are not only invented by himself, but made by his own hands. They are formed of pieces of plate glass, the edges of which are accurately ground by hand, and cemented with Jeffery's marine glue, composed of equal parts of caoutchouc and shell-lac, dissolved in naphtha, and used hot. The cases are filled completely with the fluid, and then the last piece of glass is slid carefully on, and cemented. No force can then separate the joints, and the object is thus preserved hermetically for any period. Pieces of coloured or white paper, according to the nature of the object, are then placed to form a ground. These preparations have a very neat and perfect appearance, and have the great advantage of being seen on every side, and are not injured at all by being shaken. Many rare and excellent preparations of dissected insects, crustacea, and other lower animals, were placed on the table, highly interesting and valuable. We were pleased to hear Mr. Goadby say that the cruel process of impaling insects and other creeping things is rendered unnecessary by this process.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.

March 4th.—Sir John Rennie, president, in the chair. The paper read was "a description of the Great Britain steam-ship, with an account of the trial-voyages," by Mr. T. R. Guppy, under whose superintendence the vessel and engines were constructed. The origin of the Great Western Steam-Ship Company, by a few of the proprietors of the Great Western Railway, the reasons for building the Great Britain, and the details of construction, were fully given in the paper, and amply illustrated by numerous drawings and models, to a large scale; and the advantages of the water-tight bulkheads in preventing dangers from a leak in any one compartment, in case of fire, and for tying and stiffening the vessel, were strongly insisted upon. The action of the screw-propeller was then fully treated; and from the tabulated result of the experiments on several kinds of screws, it appeared that with the "Archimedes" the greatest velocity of the vessel, which was 8·375 knots, was attained with a screw 5 feet 9 inches in diameter, the angle of which was 19¾ degrees. The slip was 21 per cent, and the ratio of speed of the vessel to that of the screw was as ·787 to 1. Subsequent alterations in form gave improved results, and governed the form of the screw made for the Great Britain. It was of wrought iron, with six arms 16 feet 6 inches diameter, with a pitch or helix of 25 feet to one revolution, which equals an angle of 28 degrees: the area of the six palms was 56½ feet, and its weight was 77 cwt. The engines employed to drive this screw consisted of 4 cylinders, each 88 inches in diameter, with 6 feet stroke, working with steam at 4½lbs. pressure, and cutting it off at one sixth the length of the stroke. The connecting rods act directly in pairs upon crank-pins at either end of the main shaft, 17 feet long by 28 inches in diameter. Upon the main shaft is a toothed drum, 16 feet diameter, around which work 4 pitched chains, encircling also a lower drum, 6 feet in diameter, upon the propeller-shaft. The chains work quietly and smoothly, and when the engines are making 18 revolutions per minute, the speed being nearly 2·95 to 1, the screw makes about 53 revolutions per minute. A considerable portion of this shafting was 30 inches diameter, hollow, and formed of two courses of plates, ¾ inch thick, rivetted together. The slip of the screw was also discussed at length; and it appeared that in one trial, the engines making 18¾ revolutions, the speed of the vessel being 12½ knots, the speed of the vessel was as ·907 to 1 of the screw. The details of dimensions of the boilers were given; but owing to the sea-sickness of the stokers on the voyage, no account of the consumption of fuel was kept. The account of the trial-trips in the Bristol Channel, and of the voyage from Bristol to London, abounded in curious facts. It appeared that with the engines making 18½ revolutions, the speed of the vessel would be 11½ knots, and the slip of the screw 13 per cent: even during the voyage round, with a heavy gale dead against her, she made upwards of 9½ knots. The ship behaved remarkably well, steered well, and, although disadvantageously loaded with no weight in her bottom, she rolled easily. In the heaviest weather the engines worked uniformly, and never made those variations in speed which are observed in steam-boats when the paddle-wheels are alternately plunged deeply and then nearly out of the water.

In the conversation which ensued, and in which Sir Charles Napier, Captain Hosken, and several naval men, as well as the engineers, took part, the principles and the comparative advantages of the paddles and the screw were discussed. It was allowed that for sea-going steamers the screw possessed great advantages, and particularly for war-steamers, the present construction of which Sir Charles Napier condemned *in toto*. Few men have had more opportunities of forming an accurate opinion, as he has directed his attention to the subject for upwards of twenty years, having been interested in and commanded in her first voyage in 1821 the "Aaron Manby," which was the first iron steam-vessel that ever went to sea, and which conveyed a cargo from London to Paris direct, without transshipment.

Capt. Hosken gave an unqualified approval of the Great Britain as a weatherly ship, and of the screw as a means of propulsion at sea. The discussion was adjourned until next meeting.

March 11th.—Sir J. Rennie, president, in the chair. The discussion was renewed upon the relative merits of the screw and paddle-wheels as methods of propulsion, and was extended to so late a period that no papers could be read. The general opinion gave to the screw great advantages in rough weather; also for adaptation to sailing-vessels. It was thought, however, by some, that with the feathering paddles, invented by M. Cave, the Napoleon would have done quite as good work as could be done with the screw.—A curious letter was read from Lady Bentham, proving, by extracts from documents, that half a century ago the late Sir Samuel Bentham, to whom was entrusted the building of several men-of-war, was the originator of the introduction of water-tight bulk-heads, dividing vessels into compartments, for preventing accidents from leaks, and also for stiffening them. Sir Samuel was aware of the plan having been used by the ancients, and also that the Chinese use the plan now; and he also invented the wrought-iron water-tanks, and the metal casks for storing the powder, both being fitted to the shape of the ship. The letter containing these interesting facts was remarkable for the clearness of its expression and for the accuracy of demonstration, when it was considered that it proceeded from a lady in her 75th year.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, *Feb. 26.*—The following graces passed the senate:—To confer the degree of Doctor of Divinity by royal mandate on J. Chapman, M.A., of King's College; and C. J. Vaughan, M.A., of Trinity College.

Feb. 28.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Honorary Master of Arts.—G. T. O. Bridgeman, Trinity College.

Masters of Arts.—O. Robinson, Trinity College; W. F. Witts, King's College; J. Harrison, Queen's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—C. Hutton, Trinity College; W. B. Smith, St. John's College.

THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

As was to be expected, the rupture in the Central Committee managing the affairs of this important Association, and the subsequent proceedings of the General Meeting, of which we gave a succinct but correct report in last *Literary Gazette*, has led to farther movements, the history of which it behoves us to lay before our readers and the numerous body of antiquaries particularly interested, as members, in these strange doings.

We, and we presume other members of the B. A. A., have received two printed circulars of very different complexion and character. The first is issued by the Central Committee elected at the General Meeting, in pursuance of the resolution, No. 4, passed there, and regularly signed by the secretaries, Mr. Crofton Croker and Mr. Roach Smith. The result, we are assured, has already been not only the adherence of many of the old members as Associates, but the addition of new subscribers and voluntary contributions both to the funds and the Journal.

The second circular, we grieve to say, requires more remark, and not of a satisfactory

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kind. It may be deemed, as it appears to us, an anonymous publication; for it has neither printer's name, date, nor signatura, to vouch for its authenticity or authority. It purports, however, to emanate from the party calling themselves "the Central Committee;" and may claim, therefore, to be considered as the production of the twelve or thirteen individuals who composed the majority on the late breaking up of that governing power. But on perusing it, we cannot persuade ourselves that it could have come from any set of gentlemen and persons of education such as they stand in the public eye. In short, we must conclude that it is what, as we have observed, it seems to be—an anonymous paper; and treat its statements accordingly.

In the first place, we consider that none but irresponsible writers would have misrepresented and mystified a plain tale so ingeniously as is done in this performance; in the next place, we cannot believe that any scholar or scholars could have penned such bad reasoning; and in the third place, we are sure that no one who had received the benefit of grammar-school, if not university, instruction, would have written such shocking bad English.

To descend to a few particulars, and relying on the Minutes of the Committee itself, adduced at the General Meeting and read in corroboration of Mr. Pettigrew's relation of all that had happened, we proceed. We will not trouble ourselves with minor points not worth contradiction, respecting Mr. Wright's being editor of the Journal, and Mr. Fairholt the honorary draughtsman, of the Association; the facts being, that the public knew nothing of the "virtual" position of the one, and just as much of the existence of the other. But we arrive at the measures adopted by the majority in the Editing-Subcommittee on this account, and the ground on which the subsequent explosion ensued in the Central Committee. The anonymous author says: "To correct this erroneous impression (viz. that the Album and Journal were both issued under the authority of the Committee, *i.e.* the *Central*), the *Editing* Sub-committee, in *their* circular of the 28th of December 1844, announcing the completion of the first volume of the Journal, stated that it was the only publication issued under the authority of the Central Committee."

Now we have got accustomed to "the majority," since they acquired the ascendancy in votes, calling themselves the Central Committee, and latterly, even after their dismissal, advertising and pretending to act as such; but we were not aware of the pregnant precedent set before them in the matter we have just rehearsed. The sub-editing committee (as we learn from the minutes referred to) consisted of five members, Mr. A. Way, Dr. Bromet, Mr. Poynter, Mr. Wright, and Mr. R. Smith, one of the secretaries. Had the business been truly and ingenuously stated, instead of being garbled and falsified, as it is by the anonymous writer of the circular, it would have been made known that Dr. Bromet and Mr. Poynter had, at the previous meeting of the Central Committee, brought forward the same proposition, and withdrawn it, in consequence of the sense of that meeting being expressed entirely against it. Thus foiled at the head and centre, whence alone the authorisation of such an act could proceed, these two gentlemen, with the casting-vote of Mr. Way, boldly carried their measure in the sub-editing committee, from which, having entered their protest against it, Mr. Smith (though never mentioned in the circular) as well as Mr. Wright, withdrew. But the triumphant trio went much further than this, for *they* absolutely caused to be printed and published their own announcement (previously scouted by the Central Committee, and protested against by two of their own body, the founders of the Association) as an advertisement, in the name of the Central Committee!!! Need we any longer wonder that with three such Elements, the larger number now acting in concert with them should adhere to the same title; and would do, even when they are disclaimed and repudiated by a larger majority of the whole eighteen hundred persons who constitute and are the British Archæological Association?

As far as we can understand the confused and contradictory account of the ulterior meetings and votings of the Central Committee, as given in this circular,* it appears that Mr. Wright withdrew from the sub-committee, that he was induced to retract his withdrawal, that he was requested to withdraw from the editing sub-committee (by a vote of 10 to 6), that the last resolution was rescinded, and finally, that he announced his intention to withdraw altogether from the said sub-committee, and take no further part in editing the Journal. Even when this concession was made in the spirit of conciliation, that gentleman, ("the value of whose services," says the circular, "have been ever [ever been] thankfully acknowledged") was not permitted to retire gracefully from his thankless labours, but an offensive resolution, involving a premeditated insult, was moved and carried, which led to the resignation of the President.

Appended to this perplexed roundabout history is a misleading paragraph in the circular, as follows:—

"It is necessary to observe, that at the previous meeting Mr. Pettigrew had requested the only visitor in the room to withdraw [see No. 1, below], as the Committee was about to proceed to private business: Mr. Pettigrew on the present occasion allowed two visitors to remain [see No. 2, below], and one of them actually voted with him, so that in fact the numbers were 10 to 5† [10 to 6 are recorded]."

Besides the note below, it ought to be explained who are designated by this specious name of *visitors*. No visitors, it appears, were ever admitted to the meetings of the Central Committee; but on inquiry we learn, that its constitution embraced a certain number of local *members* who, when in London, were entitled to attend the meetings, and by their very name had naturally the right of voting. The Anonymous could not have been aware that, in the circumstance (see No. 1, above) he mentions, the visitor was Mr. Parker, the bookseller of Oxford, and that the person who desired him to withdraw was not Mr. Pettigrew, but Lord A. Conyngham, who occupied the Chair. Mr. Parker stood in the somewhat anomalous position of being the Society's publisher, and at the same time a local member of the Committee as Secretary of the Oxford Society of Gothic Architecture, a post which at this time he had ceased to occupy. But more than this, the "private business" about to be transacted related to points and expenses connected with the publication of the Journal, at the discussion of which it would have been most indecent for the publisher to be present. On the other hand (see No. 2, above), the two "*visitors*" of the circular, but the *local Members* of the Committee, "allowed to remain" (and who could turn them out?), were two of the most distinguished supporters of the Association in all its infant exertions, Sir William Betham and the Rev. Stephen Isaacson, who could have no interests whatever but those of the institution itself at heart.

The statement as regards the acceptance of the resignation of the President, and the feelings expressed towards him, is an equivocation, and does not declare the real manner and facts belonging to that most ungracious and domineering measure. But we have not room for the proof of this and the refutation of other erroneous impressions conveyed by the exceedingly indistinct language of the circular. *Ex. gr.* Mr. Pettigrew (against whom there are a number of very silly and childish complaints) is accused of the crime of "postponing the next ordinary meeting of the Central Committee" on the ground of having received a requisition to call a general meeting; and in the very next sentence we read with surprise that "Mr. Way, &c. immediately issued a circular *denying the postponement* of the said ordinary meeting"!! The riddle of Œdipus can only compare with this puzzle; and we must leave it to readers to guess whether the "said meeting" was postponed by Mr. Pettigrew, or was not, as so resolutely denied by Mr. Albert Way. By the by, we may observe that the treasurer had on several occasions before, "by his own sole authority," postponed similar meetings without a word of censure, and for no more consequential reason than that the same day happened to be one for the meeting of the council of the Camden Society.

And with respect to the cause assigned by Mr. Pettigrew, it is most ridiculously argued, that *a minority* in a government (and a self-elected one too) can have no right to appeal to the whole constituency of the state: is it contended that *a majority*, carrying every thing their own *Way*, would disturb themselves by taking such a step? And, after all, of whom does this numerical potency consist? The most active of the dissatisfied Mr. Way's partisans are, Messrs. Hawkins, Barnwell, Blore, Poynter, Manby, and Ferrey, who, though elected soon after the formation of the society, have contributed nothing to its proceedings, and have (as we gather from the Minutes) only attended during the first busy year in the following proportions: Hawkins *twice*, Barnwell *four times*, Blore *once*, Poynter *four times*, Manby *once*, and Ferrey *five times*: whereas the Minority Members have attended, and done the committee-work, respectively, *twenty-four*, *twenty-three*, *nineteen*, &c. times, and their names occur in almost every page of the proceedings as printed in the Journal—which Journal, we ought also most emphatically to state, was originally projected by Mr. Wright.

* The Central Committee compromised the matters in dispute by not enforcing a censure on the sub-trio for venturing to publish their advertisement respecting the Journal in its name; and this excess of their proper functions is thus posthumously justified in the circular: "Upon comparing that paper, however, with previous notices issued by the sub-committee, all of which had received at least the tacit approbation of the Central Committee, it appeared that there was no essential difference in the notices, excepting the virtual disclaimer of the Album as the publication of the Association; and Mr. Pettigrew withdrew his censure." Upon this it may be observed, that there was never but one previous notice (not notices) issued by the Sub-committee, in which instance it had the direct authority of the Central Committee—so that there were no "*all of whichs*" or "*tacits*" in the case, and no "*essential*," except "*virtual*," (what does the Anonymous mean!!) "difference in the notices." How could there be, since there were only two, the one legal and the other not!—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

† At this meeting, Mr. Pettigrew is charged with insisting, "that a motion should be expressed in writing"—a positive duty of every Chairman, though here enumerated as an argument of blame; and now the numbers are counted up without him, he being Chairman, and though decidedly against the resolution, not entitled to vote. Is this fair or candid?

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We find, however, we are exceeding our prescribed limits; but it is not easy to get away from a document of so singular a character as that before us (only matched by the one which preceded it); and though there is much remaining to be animadverted upon in its inconsistencies and fallacies, we must condense what we had yet to say within the narrowest possible compass, hoping that brevity may have a spice of the soul of wit.

The pseudo Central Committee beg to submit the statement, in order to shew the members of the B. A. A. that their "position" "*remains unaltered;*" which, to our thinking, is exactly as if a man without a head, and without a stomach, and without a hand, had begged to inform us (from some mesmeric organ) that he was as perfect and good a man as ever; for this committee has no president or head, no treasurer or stomach, no secretary or hand, —if we except such an honorary hand as Mr. Way, resembling that just invented in Holland by the Dutchman Petersen, and competent to do the work of two real and natural members.

At the close, the next No. of the *Archæological Journal* is advertised, and communications are invited for it. This is probably the cream of the whole affair. It was about the publication that the split took place; out of a dread that its profits might be diminished by the contemporary Album. As the Association, however, reaped no pecuniary benefit from its Journal, it will perhaps not be disposed to entertain this fear, far less to consider it a sufficient ground for the unseemly contention, which, but for its making an immediate, firm, and general stand for itself, must ruin a national design whilst riding on the very flood of popular prosperity. So puerile, indeed, is the pretence set forth, that we are not astonished to find the *Cambridge Advertiser* thus characterising it:—"The two secretaries of the Archæological Association have quarrelled, and the institution is about to dissolve. And why? Because Mr. Wright, the active secretary, has published, on his own account, an *Antiquarian Album!*"

In conclusion, we have noticed that no signature vouches for the circular which has induced these observations. Like Junius's Letters, though not so ably written, nor even likely to be quoted for purity of style or force of argumentation, the only traces we have towards the authorship are the type and the locality of the post-mark. The former much resembles that of the Journal, printed at Oxford; and the latter, in common with the previous circular signed by Mr. Way, is posted close by the British Museum. It is a droll coincidence that several of the *Way-ward* party belong to this great national establishment; and have possibly more leisure time to attend to such things than their associates, engaged in active personal pursuits. Be this as it may, we could have wished for decency's sake, in a composition wherein their names appear, that they had corrected the press, or got some of their juniors to execute that task; but the mere folding, sealing, and directing some two thousand letters is rather a tough job.

The annexed is a sample, when describing Lord A. Conyngham's resignation. It is said: "After a resignation announced in such terms, with such conditions annexed, *nothing remained* for the committee *but a grateful acknowledgment of his lordship's valuable services, and regret at his resignation*. The motion to that effect, omitting the request that his lordship would resume his position under such conditions, WAS REJECTED!!!"

It would appear by this that the majority was actually against these gentlemen, and that, after all, the president's resignation was never accepted!

A great literary association cannot but go on in triumph with illustrious scholars of this stamp; and what must the Journal be with such accomplished editors?

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

March 1st.—The Earl of Auckland in the chair. We noticed, in a recent number, the presentation to the society, by Mr. Masson, of a cloth impression of a large inscription at Kapur-di-Ghari, between thirty and forty miles north of Peshâwer, engraved on the rough face of a rock, in the characters used on the Bactrian coins, most of which were deciphered a few years ago by the lamented James Prinsep. The impression was taken upon calico, by smearing the face of the rock with the common country ink, and pressing the calico upon it by the palm of the hand. In some parts the ink has run into the spaces where letters should have been; and in consequence of the rough state of the surface, it does not appear at all in many places. The inscription, moreover, covered a surface of above 150 square feet; and Mr. Masson had no other aid than what he could get from the inquisitive natives who gathered round him. Fortunately that gentleman also made a copy of the inscription by the eye, which contains much that is obscure on the cloth; and it was hoped that, by a careful examination and comparison, enough might be fairly copied out on paper to admit of attempts at deciphering. Mr. Norris, the assistant-secretary of the society, had undertaken to get this done; and he now proceeded to lay the result before the meeting. A large copy, on an immense sheet of paper, nearly thirty feet long, was placed against the wall of the room; and a reduced fac-simile of as much as could be completed laid on the table. Mr. Norris then stated that he had succeeded in ascertaining what the inscription was, and in reading a considerable part of it. He had been led to the discovery by seeing a word repeated several times, which, though containing three doubtful letters, he thought looked like *Devanampiya*; and the guess was confirmed by finding the same word beginning a separate tablet engraved on another part of the rock, followed by *piyasi*, erroneously put for *Piyadasi*,—the two words forming a designation of the Buddhist monarch of India, who had erected so many monuments in that country in the third century before the Christian era. He communicated this first step to his friend Mr. Dowson, to whom he had previously given a copy of the separate tablet, and who had paid much attention to the ancient alphabets of India. That gentleman compared this copy with the well-known Girnar rock inscription of the same monarch, published in 1837 by Mr. Prinsep, in which each division begins with the words *Devanampiya Piyadasi*; and he found that the tablet was in substance the same as the seventh division of the edict, which recommends union among all persons, and submission to religious control. On this Mr. Norris proceeded to collate the whole inscription with that on the Girnar rock; and he found that the two were in substance the same, above half the words being absolutely identical; and in all probability many of the rest, though illegible from indistinctness in the copy, and in many cases from injury to the face of the rock, which had been much damaged by falling from a higher locality. But the new document was not merely a copy: it comprised more than the Girnar rock. Mr. Norris had not had time to look into details; but he had examined with much interest that portion which contained the names of the kings of the West, and had been gratified to find it in a complete state, giving clearly the names of Antiochus, Ptolemy, Magas, Antigonus, and Alexander. These names are decisive as to the age of this interesting monument, though there are some chronological difficulties which he had not been able to look into, having been barely enabled to prepare a succinct account of the discovery, and a reduced copy of a part of the inscription, with a new alphabet, in time for the meeting. He hoped to be soon able to prepare a complete copy of the whole for publication in the Society's Journal, which would probably be accompanied with the readings of persons more able than himself to follow up the path he had had the good luck to be instrumental in opening.

Much interest was excited among those present at the announcement of the discovery; and Professor Wilson, the director of the society, remarked upon the singular fact of an inscription being found in a language of Hindu origin written in a Semitic alphabet, evidently allied to the Hebrew, and written from right to left, unlike all other Indian alphabets; and said that it was, on the whole, fortunate that the new discovery was a version of an already known inscription, as it would be a means of more certainly recovering the value of the characters on the Bactrian coins. We understood from Mr. Norris that he has read some of the reverses on those coins that had not been before ascertained; and that he had discovered several new letters, and changed the values of some supposed to be known. He also stated, in conversation, that he had seen in an old legendary tale the name of a monarch hitherto known only by being found on those coins, where he is designated *Gondopherres*: in the tale he was called *Gondoferus*, king of India.

A beautiful fac-simile of the Girnar inscribed rock, taken by Dr. Wilson of Bombay, was opened for comparison, to the great surprise of that gentleman, who was accidentally present. He had for some years lost all traces of this valuable document, having sent it to Calcutta to the late Mr. Prinsep, when engaged in deciphering these monuments; and he was very happy in making over to the society any claim he might have upon it.

Dr. Wilson also stated that he had made considerable progress in deciphering the Himyaritic inscriptions; and that he hoped soon to be able to communicate the results of his investigations.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

WHEN the third resolution, noticed in our last, was moved, one member stated that the arrears amounted to 2693*l.*; that the printing of the Anglo-Saxon papers cost 1500*l.* or 1600*l.*; that the stock of the council had not been taken for some years. The resolution, No. 4 (see also last *Lit. Gaz.*), seemed to meet with unanimous approval; and will probably lead to the abolition of the obnoxious fee of 2*s.* 6*d.* to the librarian for his delivery of each volume of the Transactions. No fees are paid in the Royal Society, or the Astronomical Society, &c. No. 5 met with partial approval. On No. 6 it was stated, that the council are employing an attorney to write to defaulters, but obtain no answers, or do not dare to enforce the bonds, which have consequently become a mere farce.

Having added these brief explanations to our report of the rarely stirring and threatening agitation of the last meeting of this for a long period very quiet, orderly, and somewhat slum-

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bering society—out of which it is not unlikely that considerable changes will ensue, we ought, for propriety's sake, to acknowledge the following laconic and not over-civilly couched note we have received from Dr. Bromet:

"March 8, 1845.

"Dr. Bromet has to inform the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, that, of the several motions stated (in the *Literary Gazette* of this day) to have been brought forward by him at the meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, on Feb. 20th, the proposition No. 7 was never so much as alluded to there; and that the only proposition which Dr. Bromet made which was read from the chair was that relative to a meeting of council on the first *Tuesdays* (not Wednesdays) in every month."

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Statistical, 8 P.M.; Chemical, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Syro-Egyptian, 7½ P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Microscopical, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (soirée).

Friday.—British and Foreign Institute (discussion).

Saturday.—Royal Botanic, 4 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

Monument to the late Lord Holland.—The subscription for a monument to the memory of the late Lord Holland having reached to above 6000*l.*, several eminent sculptors were invited by the committee to compete for its design. Messrs. Baily, Campbell, Lough, Westmacott, and Wyatt of Rome, entered the lists; and we learn that the prize was carried off by one of the three models sent in by Mr. Baily. The monument so chosen consists, as we are told, of an urn on an elevated altar-pedestal, and draped with great feeling, solemnity, and effect. Weeping figures are grouped around. Westminster Abbey, refused to Byron, will receive this fine work of art.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON'S SOIRÉE.

THE second *soirée* of the president of the Royal Society, on Saturday last, was honoured with the presence of His Royal Highness Prince Albert, who remained for two hours, examining and taking great interest in the several novelties and specimens of art that crowded the tables. By them also the men of every rank and profession in the higher walks of life that attend these delightful assemblies were more or less attracted. The first work of art that engaged the attention of the Prince was a bust of Her Majesty in ivory, mechanically sculptured by Mr. Cheverton, reduced from a production of Chantrey's chisel: the piece of ivory was exceedingly large, and the likeness was well preserved. Passing on through the the room, the first table that presented itself was spread with some excellent, and a great variety of, Talbotypes: on it also was a Missal richly illuminated, bearing date 1530, placed there by Mr. Rogers, with, near it, two or three of his admirable wood-carvings; likewise a working model of Dr. Pott's tubular pile-driver, the pile sinking under the action alone of the air-pump exhausting the interior of the tube. On another table were several of those exquisite clay-sculptures of Sangiovanni, brigands, dogs, &c.; also a chronometer with a glass balance-spring, the acme of vitreous manufacture mentioned in the Premier's speech on the budget, and an improved compass invented and exhibited by Mr. Dent. The card and needle of the latter is suspended by an axis running at either end on a flat diamond, and working in ruby holes. The great advantages over the ordinary mode of suspension are: 1st, that the friction arising from the motion of the vessel is reduced to that only in the horizontal plane; 2d, that the vibratory motion, produced in the ordinary card by the centre of suspension being of necessity higher than the centre of gravity, is corrected; and 3d, that the card may be inverted and a double reading obtained, the mean of which gives the true magnetic meridian, and also determines the error of the zero of the card. This improvement, we trust, will elevate the compass in the scale of scientific instruments. Farther on was a model of Pilbrow's Atmospheric Railway, the air tube closed and adapted for being laid below the surface in ten-mile lengths, for it is thought that at that distance the requisite vacuum can be produced through its whole extent. The tube is provided with a travelling piston attached to a rachet traversing a closed hollow square ridge, acting therein on peculiar horizontal cog-wheels placed in pairs at certain distances, the vertical axles of which, provided with the same kind of wheels above the level of the railway, work on a similar rachet attached to the carriage. Both the Prince and Sir Robert Peel closely examined the atmospheric model. The next objects that arrested His Royal Highness for a considerable time were Mr. Goadby's beautiful preparations, which are described in our present number, "Royal Institution," p. 168. The life-like nautilus mentioned there was the first specimen that caught the attention of the Prince, and he exclaimed, "Oh, how did you contrive to get it there?" The exclamation was high praise to Mr. Goadby, for so naturally was the creature floating, that the first impression was of life. There were other works of art, and other ingenious inventions, that we could dwell upon with pleasure, but we must conclude with a mere note of them. There were an illuminated model of a stained glass window, a model of Mr. Lee's patent safety-carriage wheel and axle, an instrument for finding the weight and specific gravity of minute globules, some exquisite electrotypes of vegetable substances by Captain Ibbetson, and an elegant transparent reflector for lamps, which will doubtless be in general request. It is composed of flint glass, and fits over the chimney of the lamp on a rest; its concave surface is smooth, and throws down great light, whilst the remaining light passing through is broken by the ridges on the convex side, and diffused through the room. The second *soirée* was brilliant in attendance, and rich in attractions.

BIOGRAPHY.

Robert Smith, Esq., the elder brother of the late canon of St. Paul's, has not survived him long. He died on Saturday last, the 8th, in the 74th year of his age; and had consequently lived for a considerable time past in comparative retirement. But in former days he was not less distinguished in political, literary, and social circles, than the Rev. Sydney himself. The name of "*Bobus*," by which he was known to his familiars, occurs in many publications of the day; and he was an intimate associate of the wits who shone in the Anti-Jacobin and other publications which had great influence on public opinion. For humour Bobus was hardly, if at all, inferior to his brother; and many of his *mots* were wont to be repeated, and set the table and the town in a roar. He sat in Parliament for Lincoln; and was warmly esteemed by all who had the pleasure of knowing him.

Mr. Day, the celebrated lithographer (Day and Haghe), is among the sons of distinguished talent who have lately been removed from amongst us by death. It is stated that the execution of some parts of the process in which he so greatly excelled was kept secret by him, and that the means of producing these effects have died with him.

Miss Linwood, the most renowned of all sempstresses and embroiderers, died at Leicester, her native place, on Sunday last, and in her 90th year. The exhibition of her performances has long been one of the lions of London, and been admired as a wonderful example of industry and talent.

Mr. Samuel Russell, the never-to-be-forgotten representative of Jerry Sneak, and a very perfect artist in a peculiar line of dramatic parts, died on Wednesday, the 26th ult., at Gravesend, aged 79, in the house of his daughter. He was born to the stage in the year 1766, being the son of an actor, and early initiated in the profession, as he played at the Circus (it was called the Circus then, but now the Surrey) when nine years old. In 1787 he gave mono-dramatic entertainments in the City; and made his first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre on the 21st September, 1795, as Charles Surface, in the *School for Scandal*, and Fribble in *Miss in her Teens*. From that period he continued to be regularly engaged at Drury Lane and the Haymarket; and was much connected with, and intimately attached to, the vagary-ish Elliston. He was himself the lessee of the Brighton Theatre for eight or ten years; and, so late as 1839, stage-manager at Drury—well fitted for the task by immense experience and a thorough knowledge of the stage and its denizens. He took a farewell benefit in 1842. Mr. Russell was one of the most agreeable conversational companions we ever met with; and possessed an inexhaustible treasury of theatrical anecdote, of which we hope he has left written memorials, the publication of which must be full of amusement. To the very end of his long life Mr. Russell was the youngest-looking man of his age in London; and his mental faculties kept pace with his personal appearance. He knew the world well, and had tasted some of its troubles: *Requiescat in pace.*

Michael Nugent died on the 6th, at New Street, Covent Garden. He was an Irishman, and possessed much of the talent of his country. For many years he was a reporter and writer in the *Times* newspaper, to the columns of which he was an abundant contributor both of parliamentary matter and dramatic criticism. During his career he was engaged in several literary works; one of which, we remember, was a novel called *Six Weeks at Longs*, the material for which was furnished by a *habitué*, and licked into literary shape by Nugent and another. In society he was humorous, eloquent, and entertaining; and many a sorrowing friend laments with us his loss, though he had reached, we should think, beyond his grand climacteric. He was as worthy a man as ever trod the seductive ground over which lay his road through a busy life.

Miss Fox: Mr. Drummond Hay: Professor Daniell.—This week we may say Death's shafts indeed fly thick among persons distinguished in the literary world. On Wednesday died the estimable Miss Fox, the sister of the late Lord Holland, and so beloved in the circles which for so many years adorned the unions of taste and talent wont to be assembled under his auspices. At Tangier, our gifted consul, Mr.

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Drummond Hay, whose writings and literature entitle him to a high place in our memory, has fallen a sacrifice to his fatigues in the service of his country during the late Morocco war; and on Thursday, Professor Daniell, of King's College and Foreign Secretary to the Royal Society, suddenly dropt dead from apoplexy in the council-room of the society, within a few minutes after having delivered a chemical lecture in the college. He was 55 years of age, and had written much on chemistry and other philosophical subjects.

Harry Johnson, the performer, who originally appeared on the boards of his native Edinburgh so gracefully and with so much success as *Young Norval*, and who afterwards sustained that line of character with *éclat* both in Scotland and London for many years (latterly being one of the most pleasing representatives of the heroes of melodrame), died recently near the age of seventy. He cannot be recalled to the public notice without also remembering his very pretty and too-celebrated wife, whose adventures with a succession of admirers, all, like her husband, rejoicing in the name of Henry, led to the witticism, that if she had another lover it must be *Old Harry*. Mr. Johnson was the son of a respectable hair-dresser in Edinburgh; and in his youth remarkable for the fine proportions of an active form and the expressive beauty of a handsome countenance, belonging to the Antinous-class of sculpture.

William Frederick Deacon, Esq., a gentleman long connected with the periodical press, and for many years with the *Sun* evening newspaper, died on Monday last, at the premature age of forty-seven. He was a man of considerable talent and acquirements, and is much lamented by a numerous circle of friends.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre opened as announced and fully described in the *Gazette* of last Saturday. Of *Ernani* we may briefly say, the instrumentation is very good, and the choruses generally more effective than the principal parts. Madame Rita Borio is a mezzo soprano, with much rapidity of execution, apparently with perfect ease and without effort, though occasionally not altogether correct. Her voice is of fair quality. Fornasari and Moriani were excellent, the latter displaying a marked improvement in voice since last season. Signor Dai Fiori has nothing remarkable to distinguish him among *secondo* artistes. The ballet of *Eoline* is very pretty—the dancing pleasing—and Lucile Grahn and Perrot occupy the foreground with *éclat*. The scenery is beautiful, and it is rare to see so attractive a beginning to the opera year as was witnessed with satisfaction and greatly applauded on this occasion.

Mr. Lover's Evenings.—On Monday, in Hanover Square, and on Tuesday, at the Mechanics' Institution, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, the songs and stories, pathos and humours of Ireland, delighted two audiences of very different descriptions; and it is gratifying to observe that "the hard-handed men of London" enjoyed the treat even more heartily than their softer west-end and more fashionable contemporaries. They are not so glutted with amusements, and besides, as the artist had previously experienced at similar resorts in Manchester, &c., there is a more lively and genuine sense of nature in the middle and lower ranks of life than in the higher and more fastidious, who are satiated with variety itself, and long for nothing so much as novelty. At the Institution there was a freshness in the lyric effusions, touching or gay, and a hilariousness in the Irish fun, which told effectually on every hearer; and we are sure that if the place could crowd thrice the number, it would be filled every night on which Mr. L. continues the series of national revelations, of which this was the first.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. JAMES GREY.

How the stars fade away!—the sky is dark
Where once they shone with such clear radiant light.
List, to a voice of music!—and then, hark!
The death-wail sounds upon the ear of night.
Pale drooping forms mourn o'er a broken spell,
And cold winds murmur forth, "Farewell—farewell!"

Must it be always so—this early death
For those who give to live its brightest hue?
Is there deep poison in song's sweetest breath,
That thus we lose the young—the loved—the true—
The gentle-hearted—those who seemed to be
Linked with earth's best and glorious destiny!

They die!—alas, they are the *first* to die!
The sweetest notes soon end in silence deep;
While on the tomb the laurel-wreath will lie,
And bitter tears are poured o'er those who sleep—
Those who yet *live* immortal in the heart,
With the bright memories that may ne'er depart.

EMMA B——.

THE EXILE'S RETURN.

He stood without one fettering band
Upon his native shore,
The joys and hopes that freedom gives
Were all his own once more.
The weary pain and misery
That haunts the captive's lot;
The past, the dreary bitter past,
Was in that hour forgot.

He reach'd his childhood's home, and paused
To view its aspect fair;
No dreaded change, no dull decay,
At first he noted there;
The same old trees were casting still
Their shadows on the ground;
The rose, the myrtle, and the vine,
Were flourishing around.

And yet a fearful stillness reign'd
O'er each remember'd place;
He saw no hurrying form appear,
No sweet and joyous face;
No kind and welcome words of cheer,
No tones that once had been
The very music of his life,
Were gladdening the scene.

He stood within his childhood's home,
Despair was on his brow;
Beneath the might of agony
His spirit seem'd to bow:
He stood there, pale and desolate,
And earth no longer shone—
Alas, alas! what *is* this earth
When those we loved are gone!

EMMA B.

VARIETIES.

The Italian Scientific Meeting for the present year is appointed for Naples, from September 20th to October 5th; and is greatly patronised by the king, whose minister of the interior, the Chevalier Santangelo, has issued the programme. Don Antonio Spinelli is president.

Marischal College, Aberdeen.—Mr. Alison, the author, has been elector lord-rector by a considerable majority over Mr. Macaulay.

British Art.—We beg to direct our readers to an announcement in our advertising columns, from which it will be seen that H. R. H. Prince Albert and his honoured coadjutors do not relax in their judicious exertions to stimulate and exalt our school of native arts.

Monument to Dr. Arnold.—The effigies in Caen-stone to the memory of Dr. Arnold, which we described last year when finished by the artist, has now been placed in the chapel at Rugby; and so entirely to the satisfaction of the committee, that they have presented him with a hundred pounds in addition to the covenanted price.

Prints, &c., British Museum.—The care of the prints and drawings in the British Museum has been confided to Mr. Carpenter, the son of the long-established and much respected bookseller in Bond Street, and husband of the accomplished and eminent portrait-painter, as the successor of the late keeper, M. Josi.

The late William Grieve.—The engravings from, and original drawings and pictures by, this late eminent scene-painter, were sold by auction on Thursday; and yesterday the sale of another superior collection of paintings was begun, Sir Joshua's famous "Kitty Fisher" being its closing lot to be knocked down this day by Messrs. Christie and Manson.

The Wood-Pavement is beginning to shew other signs of decay in London besides those so sensibly insisted upon by Sir Peter Laurie. The inhabitants of Leadenhall Street have obtained leave to remove their improvement and replace it with the ancient granite.

Charles Dickens.—Letters from Rome state that Boz and the Pope are quite hand and toe!

The famous Wooden Leg outdone.—A Dutch sculptor of the name of Petersen is reported (see Paris Letter last *Literary Gazette*) to have contrived artificial legs and arms so perfect, that the latter, though they weigh only 1lb., are rather better than natural arms. At least they are not liable to rheumatism, stiffness in the joints, or fractures to need amputation.

Old Ballads are worth something!—A collection in black-letter, extending over 110 years, from 1570 to 1680, and above 900 in number, in 3 vols. folio, were sold this week by Mr. Sotheby for 535*l.* Understood to be for the British Museum.

Quicksilver.—A mine of fine mercury has, it is stated, been discovered near Adelaide in South Australia.

The labouring Poor.—We observe with infinite satisfaction that Mr. William Cowper has obtained leave and brought a bill into parliament to promote the letting of field-gardens to the labouring poor. The measure is to be permissive, not compulsory; but we can imagine nothing better framed to achieve the desired end than this wholesome act: only let care be taken to have as many comfortable cottages as possible, and the gardens as near as may be to the dwellings, and we trust we shall soon witness again a numerous and well-fed peasantry, their country's pride.

Mdlle. Taglioni and an intense frost with snow have arrived at Trieste, February 21.

A new Comet has appeared in India with two tails: it should have been in Turkey with three or more.

Indian Railroads.—A railroad from Bombay to Tamah is about to be undertaken under the most favourable auspices; and will begin a system, the prodigious importance and effects of which on our Indian empire are almost too great for the imagination to contemplate.

The City Theatre.—Mrs. Warner and Mr. Phelps, we hear, have become lessees of the City Theatre, whither they purpose to transplant Shakspere and the legitimate drama.

English Names.—The judicial bench, at the present time, offers a fair example of the combinations and origin of English names. Thus we have three men, Den-man, Colt-man, and Wight-man, all joined to monosyllables of other and distinct meaning. We have two sons, Patte-son, and Alder-son. In the chancellor we have the words Cope and Ley. In vice-chancellors the Norman Lance and Knight, and the Saxon saint Shad and Well (Sir Lance-

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lot Shadwell and Knight Bruce), not forgetting the conjunction of Wig and Ram. In other courts we have either entire or as component parts of names, Poll and Lock, Cole and Ridge, Cress and Well, Merry and Vale, Maule, Parke, Rose, Fane, &c.; so that there are few of our judges whose names do not resolve into something of English import.

The Builder for the present year has furnished us with the two monthly parts; and we are glad to see it going on so well under a new editor. Architecture is quite fitted for illustration in the way these weekly issues are embellished; and both the immediately useful (such as houses for the lower orders, baths, washhouses, new building acts, &c.) and ancient edifices and decorative furniture, &c., are treated and displayed in a very agreeable and instructive manner.

Avalanche and Landslip.—A fatal avalanche recently took place at Roderet, in Piedmont, which buried the Protestant clergyman, D. Buffa, his wife, child, and servant, in its ruins. At Cromer, on the Norfolk coast, a landslip, to the extent of six or seven acres, fell last week from the sandy cliff to the sea-shore.

The Comet in Eridanus. — A letter in the *Times* from Sir James South, and dated from Parsonstown (Lord Rosse's), ascribes the discovery of the comet, one of the three at present visible in the heavens, to Mr. Cooper, late M.P. for Sligo. Dr. Peters, of Denmark, however, also saw it at the same place, Naples, and about the same time, the night of February 7th. The leviathan telescope is now employed when the cloudy weather does not prevent it, and its powers will be tested in looking after these phenomena.

T. Hood, Esq.—A very interesting likeness of Hood, from an admirable bust, embellishes the last No. of his magazine. We lament to state that his illness receives no alleviation; but, on the contrary, that his strength is gradually wasting, and he is becoming more and more feeble.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

It is so troublesome to strike out apt names for new publications, that we are rather surprised to see the captivating title of *Anne Hathaway* caught for the first time for a novel in the press.

A volume of about a score of Tales by various popular writers, edited by the Baroness Calabrella, is about to appear, with as many illustrations from the admired pencil of G. Cattermole.

Mr. Charles Mackay, who is already known to the readers of poetry by his "Hope of the World" and "Salamandrine," has a volume in the press, entitled "Legends of the Isles, and other poems."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Impressions of Australia Felix during four years' residence, by Richard Howitt, fcp. 8vo, 7*s.*—Institution of Civil Engineers: Minutes of Proceedings, Session 1844, post 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—The Mabinogion, Ancient Welsh MSS., with an English Translation, by Lady Charlotte Guest, Part VI., royal 8vo, 8*s.*—The Industrial Resources of Ireland, by R. Kane, M.D., 2d edit., post 8vo, 7*s.*—A Few Words on the Game-Laws, by A. Hamilton, 8vo, 2*s.*—Home Sermons, by the Rev. A. Williams, 12mo, 6*s.*—An Index to such English Books printed before 1600 as are now in the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth, by the Rev. S. R. Maitland, 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*—The Doctrine of Imposition of Hands, by Rev. J. Frere, post 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Hortus Dietetica, by J. Main, 18mo, 3*s.*—The Shipmaster's Guide to the Baltic, 12mo, 1*s.* 6*d.* sewed.—The Ward of the Crown: a Historical Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Le Page's French School, Part III., The Last Step, new edit., 12mo, 3*s.*—Watkins' Conveyancing, by Morley, &c., 9th edit., by H. H. White, 8vo, 18*s.*—Ruff's Guide to the Turf for 1845, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Hydropathy for the People, by the Rev. W. Horsell, 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Drawing-Book of Figures, by Geo. Childs, imp. 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Hebrew Dramas, by Wm. Tennant, fcp. 5*s.*—Abstract Principles of Revealed Religion, by H. Drummond, post 8vo, 9*s.* 6*d.*—Anatomical and Pathological Observations, by J. Goodsir and H. D. S. Goodsir, 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—The Story of Fotha, the Russian Serf, in German MSS., by Klattowski, 12mo, 5*s.*—German Grammar for Beginners, by Klattowski, 12mo, 3*s.*—German Manual for the Young, by Klattowski, 2 vols. 12mo, 21*s.*—Emerson's Nature: an Essay, 12mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*—The Modern Orator: Chatham's Speeches, royal 8vo, 3*s.*—Lessons on Doctrine and Duty, by a Sunday-School Teacher, 18mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*—Questions to Mrs. Markham's History of England, 12mo, 1*s.* 6*d.* sewed.—Piety and Intellect relatively estimated, by H. Edwards, Ph. D., 3d edit., 12mo, 5*s.*—Fifty-three Plain and Practical Sermons, by T. Kidd, 4th edit., 8vo, 9*s.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1845.

February.		*Thermometer.*				*Barometer.*		
Thursday	20	from	19	to	31	29·76	to	29·75
Friday	21	,,	26	..	39	29·63	..	29·48
Saturday	22	,,	25	..	38	29·23	..	29·20
Sunday	23	,,	30	..	36	29·17	..	29·15
Monday	24	,,	33	..	45	29·33	..	29.65
Tuesday	25	,,	31	...	40	29·79	..	29·66
Wednesday	26	,,	38	..	48	29·34	..	29·39
Thursday	27	,,	36	..	46	29·62	stationary.	
Friday	28	,,	37	..	31	29·63	stationary.	
March.								
Saturday	1	,,	28	..	38	29·62	..	29·57
Sunday	2	,,	32	..	40	29·56	stationary.	
Monday	3	,,	38	..	26	29·30	..	29·51
Tuesday	4	,,	25	..	33	29·56	stationary.	
Wednesday	5	,,	23	..	31	29·58	..	29·71

Wind on the 20th, E. by N. and S.W.; 21st, 22d, and 23d, S.; 24th, W. and W. by N.; 25th, E. by N., E., and E. by S.; 26th, W. by S., W., and N.W.; 27th, N.E. and S.E.; 28th, E. by S., E., and E. by N.; March 1st, E. by N.; 2d, N.E.; 3d, S.W. and N.E.; 4th, N.E. by E. and N.E.; 5th, N. and N. by E.—The 20th and 21st, generally clear; 22d, cloudy; 23d, cloudy, snowing fast during the morning; 24th, morning clear, afternoon and evening cloudy; 25th, cloudy, raining in the evening from 7 till 11, perhaps later; 26th, clear till the evening; 27th, generally cloudy; 28th, morning cloudy, afternoon clear; March 1st and 2d, clear; 3d, clear, rain and snow during the day; 4th, clear; 5th, snow in the morning, otherwise generally clear.—Rain fallen ·705 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude, 51° 37′ 32″ north.
Longitude, 3 51 west of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Vacher's "Parliamentary Companion." We have to thank the parties for their fourteenth year of this useful little publication.

X. Y. Z. need not feel indignant at the piracies he "observes continually committed, without acknowledgment, on the *Literary Gazette*;" at least, we have got so accustomed to them that they do not affect our equanimity at all. The example being set every week by contemporaries in London, it is not surprising that provincial journals should copy them and follow their example. But it is not always wilfully, or with malice prepense, that these trespasses are perpetrated: they are far more frequently the result of a want of time, and consequently of care, which attach to the system of every periodical. The editors and other doers find it impossible to search through all their masses of intelligence, and are therefore prone to take what is cut and dry for them; and what they come at most readily, or have some special reason for adopting, without looking far either for the original sources or public value of their information, is clapt in to fill a convenient space, just as circumstances of arrangement require. Thus unimportant trifles too often usurp the columns which might convey useful and interesting intelligence; and really useful and interesting intelligence is either not sought out at all for selection, or changed like stolen gypsy children, and the parentage sunk in obscurity.

We have to thank the publisher (Mr. H. Cunningham) for Parts I. and II. of the *Naval and Military Sketch-Book*, which seem to be full of anecdote, adventure, and woodcuts, to satisfy all tastes for various reading.

Hogg's Weekly Instructor, No. I., from Edinburgh, demands our acknowledgment. It proposes to fill a blank in cheap periodical publication, by not losing sight so much of religious inductions as is done by the more secular pennyworths, threehalfpennyworths, and up, we believe, to the high-priced groatsworths of intelligence already in existence. "The Sailor's Wife," a tale by Mrs Crowe, is the most original feature of the first No. But to shew that there are other pretensions of the same genus in the field, we have an announcement (and before this probably an issue) of the *Christian Treasury*, another candidate for the office of literary religious instructor.

Favours from several correspondents will be attended to next week.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
LAST NIGHT BEFORE EASTER.

The Nobility, Subscribers, and the Public, are respectively informed that this Evening, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, will be repeated (third time in this country), Verdi's new Opera, ERNANI. In Four Parts—1st, The Bandit; 2d, The Guest; 3d, The Pardon; 4th, The Mask. With new Scenery by Mr. Marshall.—Elvira, Madame Rita Borio; Giovanna, Mdlle. Bellini; Ray Gomez, Signor Fornasari; Don Carlos, Signor Botelli; Ernani, Signor Moriani.

To conclude with an entirely new Ballet, by M. Perrot, entitled EOLINE; ou, LA DRYADE. The Music by Signor Pugni. The Scenery by Mr. Marshall. Principal characters—Eoline (betrothed to Count Edgard), Mdlle. Lucile Grahn; Rubezahl (le Gnome), M. Perrot; Count Edgard, M. Toussaint; Prince of Silesia (brother of Eoline), M. Gosselin. In the course of the Ballet the following Dances will be introduced:—Waltze Silesienne, by the Coryphees of the Corps de Ballet. Pas de la Fiancee—Mdlle. Lucile Grahn and M. Toussaint. Pas de Cinq (composed by M. Gosselin)—Mdlles. Louise Weiss, Ferdinand, Demelisse, Cassan, and Monceslet. Mazourka d'Extase—Mdlle. Lucile Grahn and M. Perrot. Fourth Tableau: Grand Pas des Dryades by Mdlle. Lucile Grahn and the Ladies of the Corps de Ballet.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.

Doors open at Seven; the Opera to commence at Half-past Seven o'clock.

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By order,
March 14, 1845. W. IRWIN, Secretary.

GREAT PARIS and LYONS RAILWAY.—No Applications for Shares to be made after THIS DAY.

By Order, W. IRWIN, Secretary.
March 15, 1845.

WILSON'S SCOTTISH ENTERTAINMENTS, MUSIC HALL, STORE STREET.—On MONDAY EVENING, 17th March, at Eight o'Clock, Mr. Wilson will give, for the Fourth Time, his Entertainment entitled, WANDERING WILLIE'S WALLET. And on EASTER MONDAY (24th inst.), by particular desire, THE ADVENTURES of PRINCE CHARLES, with the Illustrative Jacobite Songs.

Pianoforte, Mr. Land. Private Boxes for Six, 15*s.*; for Eight Persons, 1*l.*

MR. LOVER'S IRISH EVENINGS.—On MONDAY next, March 17th, commencing at Eight o'Clock precisely, at HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, FOURTH TIME, an entirely New Entertainment, entitled PADDY'S PORTFOLIO, containing Sketches of Character, Mirthful Anecdotes, and appropriate Musical Illustrations; among which the following new Songs: "The Waiter's Song," "Sally," "Dermot O'Dowd," "The Road of Life, or Song of the Irish Post-Boy;" and "The Poor Blind Boy."

Tickets and Programmes to be had at the Rooms, principal Music Shops, and the Libraries. Admission, 2*s.*; Front Seats, 3*s.*

GREAT RUSSIAN CHRONOMETRICAL EXPEDITION.—E. J. DENT, 82 Strand, and 33 Cockspur Street, has the high and distinguished honour of stating, that his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia has recently condescended to confer on him "the appointment and title of Chronometer-Maker to his Imperial Majesty," as a reward for the unequalled performance of his Chronometers during the Expedition of 1844. In 1843, his Imperial Majesty the Emperor was pleased to reward the performance of Dent's Chronometers with a Gold Medal of the highest Order of Merit.

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TO VISITORS to the CONTINENT.—Messrs. J. and R. M'CRACKEN, Foreign Agents, and Agents to the Royal Academy, No. 7 Old Jewry, beg to remind the Nobility and Gentry that they continue to receive Consignments of Objects of Fine Arts, Baggage, &c. from all parts of the Continent for clearing through the Custom-House, &c.; and that they undertake the Shipment of Effects to all parts of the world.

Lists of their Correspondents abroad, and every information, may be had on application at their Office as above.

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LITERATURE AND ART.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

An anonymous paper, without date or printer's name, but professing to be issued by "The Central Committee of the British Archæological Association," and containing a garbled statement of the late proceedings, has been laid before the Central Committee, who are desirous of apprising the Members, that in the forthcoming number of the "Journal," to be published, as the first of a NEW SERIES, in the month of April, a complete account of the History and Progress of the Association will be given, together with a precise detail of all the circumstances connected with the late dissensions. The Committee cannot but lament that any members of the late Committee should be found disposed to usurp to themselves the character of "THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE," such Committee having been elected by a large body of the Members assembled at a General Meeting on the 5th of March. The object of such conduct can only be regarded as an attempt to destroy a most useful Association; and the Central Committee, therefore, confidently call upon the Members to discountenance the proceedings of such an unauthorised body. The Central Committee hold themselves responsible to the Members for a due and proper appropriation of all papers and funds entrusted to their care, and request that the same may be forwarded only to the Treasurer, T. J. PETTIGREW, Esq., Saville Row; or to the Secretaries, T. C. CROKER, Esq., Admiralty, and C. R. SMITH, Esq., 5 Liverpool Street, City. Subscriptions may also be paid to the account of the Treasurer at the London and Westminster Bank, 1 St. James's Square.

ALBERT CONYNGHAM, President.

March 12th, 1845.

ART-UNION of LONDON.

By Authority of Parliament.

The Subscription-List will close on Monday, 31st instant. Subscribers will receive an impression of a Line Engraving by Mr. G. T. DOO, after the Picture of W. MULREADY, R.A., "The Convalescent;" and in addition to this, a series of Designs in Outline, made expressly for the Society, by Mr. W. RIMER, illustrative of Thomson's "Castle of Indolence."

GEORGE GODWIN, } Hon. Secs.
LEWIS POCOCK, }

4 Trafalgar Square, March 1, 1845.

ROYAL COMMISSION OF FINE ARTS.

Whitehall, 8th March, 1845.

IN consequence of applications from Sculptors, requesting to be allowed to exhibit in Westminster Hall Specimens of their Art, which have been prepared in order to be submitted to the inspection of Her Majesty's Commissioners on the Fine Arts; NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That Artists are invited to send Models for Statues or Groups during the FIRST WEEK in JUNE NEXT to WESTMINSTER HALL, to be there exhibited, subject to the regulations and conditions which were published relative to the former Exhibition.

By command of the Commissioners,

C. L. EASTLAKE, Secretary.

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Further information may be had on application to the Secretaries.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS is open daily from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. CLXIV.—ADVERTISEMENTS for insertion in No. 164 of "The Edinburgh Review," are requested to be sent to the Publishers' by Thursday next, and BILLS on or before Saturday next.

39 Paternoster Row, March 13, 1845.

On 31st of March will be published, in crown 8vo, with 240 Examples of Colours, Hues, &c.

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"It is very far from a strong position, though no doubt the best the country afforded. A gently rising ground, not steep enough in any part to prevent a rush of infantry at double quick time, except in the dell on the left of the road, near La Haie Sainte; and along the crest of the hill a scrubby hedge and low bank, fencing a narrow country-road. This was all! excepting La Haie Sainte and immortal Hougoumont! That a general should have calmly and confidently waited on such a spot, to receive the attack of a superior army, commanded by the conqueror of Europe, the great master and regenerator of modern warfare, amazingly outnumbering him in cavalry—for which arm the ground was most favourable—and with ninety guns more than his own! That he should have done this, is perhaps the greatest compliment that has ever yet been paid to any army. It is pleasing to know that such a man is a hero to his cook—and no doubt to his *valet de chambre* also — but the former we know. The honest fellow, at the little inn at Waterloo, went on through the day steadily attending his stew-pans. He knew that his master would like something nice after the row. Although the allies galloped past in crowds, singing 'all is lost now,' and even a very few English, I grieve to say, found it necessary to retire hastily upon Brussels, yet the cook stirred not. 'Encore une charge de cuirassiers! 'faut plumer les canards!'—he was quite satisfied it would be all right, and his master would drop in about dinner-time. Whoever has seen Siborn's model, has little to learn about the field of Waterloo. * * *

"La Haie Sainte, where the gallant Germans perished for want of ammunition, is painfully interesting. The reason of their not being supplied is perhaps not generally known. The house was attacked by such overwhelming numbers, that to have thrown relief into it by the only entrance, which was in front, would have required an advance in force, a thing not consistent with the plan of the action. It was expected that the Germans would have broken a way through the rear of the premises, in which case relief was ready to be given them. This was not done, and they perished to a man. It is understood that this reason for their being abandoned is given by the very highest authority. Another fact in the history of this campaign may not be generally known, that Blucher's defeat on the 16th at Ligny was foretold by the Duke of Wellington, from the fact of his supports being too far in the rear. On inspecting the position, he is reported to have delivered one of those pithy sentences that have become so celebrated: 'Every general ought to know his own troops best, but I think this army will be beaten.' The duke is also understood to have said, that with his old army he would have made his final advance two hours earlier on the 18th. * * *

"One more anecdote of the duke, which requires no comment, and which it would be presumption to commend. While reconnoitring the enemy's position, a group of officers was pointed out to him, among whom Napoleon was plainly to be distinguished. As they were within good cannon range, it was suggested that a few shots might be thrown amongst them, but this the duke positively and indignantly forbade. It is seldom that history has to record the scruples of a hero in a matter deeply affecting his chances of success. The emperor's conduct on a similar occasion stands in sad contrast to this. On his celebrated re-

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treat towards France after the battle of Leipsic, his attention was called to a similar group, which happened to contain two of the allied sovereigns and General Moreau. Napoleon ordered the artillery officer to throw 'une douzaine de bullets' amongst them, one of which carried off Moreau's two legs, passing through his horse."

Forward to Aix-la-Chapelle.

"On a market-day, the scene is uncommonly gay, when the whole place is densely filled with the peasants in their gaudy dresses of yellow, red, and blue; and heaped, as the ground is, with green vegetables, out of which the figures rise, it is no great effort to imagine it a huge parterre of flowers. I never saw such green, fresh vegetables in my life, or such heaps of fruit. The statue of Charlemagne, though six feet high, looks, at a little distance, like a dwarfish, round shouldered, old man; in front, however, he looks well, and the face is dignified and commanding. He is dressed in plate armour; an anachronism, as that costume did not come in till after the 12th century. There is a perversity in dressing statues: instead of representing people in the dress they were accustomed to wear, they are clothed according to some beau ideal of the time; more ridiculous, perhaps, than their own costume, without the merit of shewing them as they were. Chantrey's wet blankets will appear as ridiculous to the next generation, as the pot-bellied Roman dress and flowing wig of the last do to us. No nation has yet outdone us in absurdities of this kind. Look into St. Paul's, and see Roman dresses, cannon-balls, guns, and flowing wigs, altogether, on the quarter-deck of a British man-of-war. Old George the Third (bless every hair pigtail!) is the best statue in London."

In spite of all the puerile criticisms upon this statue, we rejoice to have our oft-expressed opinion of it, and of the style in which it was executed, confirmed by so able a judge as the author of this work shews himself to be in every page where Art is noticed. Of this here is another proof, which evinces both skill and right feeling:

"I am sorry to hear that a considerable sum of money has been subscribed,—partly by the inhabitants, partly by the government—to defray the expenses of refreshing the front of the old Rathhaus, and restoring it with new statues and ornaments, to what it is imagined to have been originally; the restoration to be carried into effect by the Society of Arts of Dusseldorff. I wish these gentleman of Dusseldorff would live at home at ease, among their handlungs and dampshiffahrts, or exercise their taste in the formation of new buildings, rather than the restoration of old ones. Give the Rathhaus a new front, and it ceases to be the building of 1353, and becomes a flashy, new, Dusseldorff edition of the old work. There is just now a pernicious rage abroad, for the restoration of old buildings. I cannot make a German understand the veneration which we feel for the original old stones of a building,—the tall uncut edition. I do wish they had some Thomas Frognall Dibdins amongst them. If they must meddle with antiquities, why not begin with their printing types, and not destroy people's eyesight by reading, as well as make their throats sore with speaking, their language. More people wear spectacles in Germany than in any other country in the world: and I believe from poring over their horrible and absurd type."

Numerous sketches are to be found, and embellished with some clever cuts, *ex. gr.*

"However efficacious these waters may be to strangers, they do not seem to have the power of keeping the natives in a healthy state. I never saw so many cripples, dwarfs, and diseased people as there are about this city. In fact, the inhabitants, generally, are a seedy and measly race. The young women are the exceptions, they are mostly healthy, bluff-looking girls, with good figures, but they early lose their good looks; and the old women are most disgusting and repulsive. The males have a weazened look almost before they arrive at manhood. This I attribute to the eternal pipe; boys of eleven and twelve have acquired the beastly habit, and continue it to the grave. Coachmen smoke on the box as they drive about their masters and mistresses, who (the masters) are puffing away inside; and footmen composedly smoke as they follow their ladies about the streets. Snuff is the relish of the old women. It is amusing to watch the conventionalities of different people at our dinner-table. One day a Frenchman, picking his teeth with his fork, gently reproved a young German, for noisily and offensively collecting his saliva, and dropping it on the floor. 'J'en conviens,' said the other, good-humouredly, 'but I really was obliged; it was either that or swallow it.' A Belgian, who regards with disgust the conveying of peas to the mouth on the point of a knife, has no scruple in combing his head at table, completing his toilet with a small mirror, with which he examines the state of his back teeth. An Italian, who affects the fine gentleman, and looks contemptuously upon the holyday clothiers of Verviers, who come to spend their Sunday here, will not only spit and do worse, but help himself to strawberries with his well-worn toothpick. A German sits at breakfast with his wife with his hat on, though out of doors he can hardly keep it on his head for bowing. Yesterday, a gentleman helping a lady to champagne, saw something in the wine; and dipped his finger into the glass to remove it; then filled up the glass, and politely presented it. On all sides you see the old principle of 'fingers before forks,' amply carried out in these days. Some of the ladies pick their bones with relish, and, forgetting that napkins are liberally supplied, scrupulously lick their fingers afterwards. Even the pretty young lady will persist in dragging her cutlets off the dish by the bone. I believe I am the only person who gets the knife and fork changed at every change of plate; but this affectation I mean to discontinue. The practice is, after carefully wiping and polishing the plate with a piece of bread, and swallowing it, to take another piece and wipe the knife and fork: this, at any rate, is better than having them polished up by a common towel, which must happen, if every one sent them away with their plates. I am sorry to observe that our guests of all countries lose all sense of restraint and decorum, when there is a chance of a favourite dish escaping them. Waiters are then vehemently called to, seized, if possible, but, wearing no coat-tails, this is not easy; and quietly but deeply cursed if they miss an expectant. After a man has well-heaped his own plate, I have known him turn to a neighbour with an 'En voulez-vous, monsieur?' I was much amused one day with a fat, plethoric fellow, who came in late and sat next to me. The bouillie was going round, but had passed him while eating his soup. However, as soon as he could get his plate changed, he helped himself to cauliflower, and looked out sharp for the meat, which came not, and was rapidly vanishing, my neighbour on the other side having just cleared one dish at his second helping. Unluckily, two waiters in succession, not noticing that he was already provided, handed him vegetables again, when he started up, and in a state of great excitement, shouted 'Fleish, fleish!' continuing the sentence with what I should consider, from the tone and manner, to be the heartiest curses I ever heard in my life. I have generally been unlucky in my neighbours. Hardly had I ceased to congratulate myself upon the departure of the gentleman opposite, noticed before for his habit of letting fall perpendicular fluid, when his place was occupied by a lady of rank, whose powers of mastication were but indifferent. She could get through no meat that was not very tender. But she was persevering: she gave it a fair trial on both sides of her mouth, and brought every grinder into play; then, if she found her efforts unavailing, she was wont to take the mouthful of half-masticated matter in her hand, and shy it with an impatient gesture under the table. As I have the weakness to pride myself upon the polish of my boots, I was at first greatly disconcerted at this under-hand attack; but discovering from experience the usual course of the invisible shells, I managed to slew myself round, and let them ricochet past to my neighbour. Without any affectation of gallantry, I mentally repeat the compliment that Frederick II. paid to one of his distinguished opponents. 'Placez vous ici (Madame), j'aime mieux vous avoir de mon coti que vis à vis.' A Dutchman, I observe, is disgusted with one who, rinsing his mouth after his coffee, spits the contents into the cup. They may call our countrymen rude and bearish—and there are some curious specimens go abroad—but I am satisfied, no person from Wapping, or St. Benet Sherehog, would do these things. Nay, I am equally sure that, for genuine, real politeness, that does the civil thing without any flourishing, they are not to be matched abroad. It is much to be wished that they could get rid of their cold and apparently sulky manner: these I dislike, because we hate our own faults in others."

From Aix the patient went, via Cologne, which he whimsically paints, to Wiesbaden; and paid his devoirs to the waters, "all hot," as muffins are cried, at Schwalbach, Homburg, and other places.* Of his manner in describing them we select a few specimens. At Schlangenbad, he says:

"Schlangenbad is shut in more closely by hills than Schwalbach, and they are covered with wood. I do not, however, like the place:

* Treating of these waters, so efficacious in many disorders, we may take occasion to remind our readers of an account we gave nearly twelve months ago of a very ingenious invention as applicable to other useful purposes, but which we now learn is employed in a manner to insure the unadulterated importation into England of the spas of Germany, whether desired for the sake of health, or merely as a pleasant and refreshing beverage. Every one accustomed to drink Seltzer water is aware of the frequent disappointment from bad bottles; either through their being ill-corked, or the corks pierced by custom-house officers to ascertain that the contents are not something else in disguise, and liable to duties. But the Duke of Nassau and Mr. Betts, the patentee of *the Metallic Capsule*, have entered into a treaty, by which the genuine waters of Selters, as also of the springs of Fackingen, Schwalbach, and Weilbach, shall have, as a top covering for all the bottles, both large and small, these capsules, impressed with the arms of Nassau, and under the arms the name of the water contained in the bottle, &c. Thus and much more guarded, both by marks and stamps, and the official superintendence of the crown officers at Nassau, these waters, protected and hermetically closed by the capsule, will reach us in the same state of freshness and perfection, irrespective of time and climate, as at the first moment they were taken from the above celebrated springs, without the possibility of a spurious article being substituted: a desideratum long wished for by the many who are in the habit of cooling their summer-wines with the sparkling and reviving addition of the Seltzer spring. —*Ed. L. G.*

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half-dozen hotels and bath-houses are in bunch, with the road passing through the lst. They all overlook each other, and there no privacy or retirement. I am satisfied it a place for scandal. In walking down the d, you feel as if sculling your little punt ngst a fleet of three-deckers, who have all out their guns to give you a broadside as pass. I was soon in the far-famed water, confess to some addition of self-love, though escaping the fate of Narcissus. It *does* give you a brilliancy which you never had before. Let any one, after taking the 'premier pas,' look down, and see if he is not reminded of Guido, or the dead flesh of Rubens. The softness of the water is exaggerated. Feed no hopes of going into it sackcloth, and coming out satin. It is not softer than the water of Wiesbaden, or so soft as that of Aix. The bath, however, is truly delicious, soothing, pure, and sweet; and I lay in it a happy sixty-five minutes. The taste is that of brook-water, vapid, and to my palate, not excellent. I brought away a bottle full to try upon the freckles of an English face."

We must reserve a column or two for another notice; but giving here the author's illustrations of the uncomfortable short beds, the eternal pipe, and the universal water-drinking of Germany.

Travels in New Zealand: with a Map of the Country. By Alexander Marjoribanks, of Marjoribanks. Pp. 174. London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

WHILST the political, personal, and no less stimulating pecuniary storm about New Zealand rages high, in public and in parliament, it may be as apt a time as any to cast a glance over these statements and lucubrations. As a border-laird of good descent and family, an experimentalist in the colonisation of the country, a practical witness of the workings of the scheme, and a gentleman of probity, impartiality, and education, who has recently returned thence to his native land, we must consider Mr. Marjoribanks to be entitled to the public attention. That he is occasionally poetic and a little facetious does not diminish our confidence; and we therefore proceed to lay some of his matter before our readers.

In November, 1839, he sailed from the Clyde with an emigrant expedition for New Zealand:

"We were all (he says) full of hope and anxiety to see what had been represented to us as a sort of earthly paradise—a smiling land, the very sight of which was at once to have banished away all our cares and all our sorrows. But man seeth only as through a glass darkly. Within a few short months I was doomed to witness those very beings who were cheering and shouting as they left the land of their nativity, cast, as it were, upon a barren, dreary, and inhospitable shore. I saw them turned out into a flat-bottomed boat every morning, for three weeks, nearly up to their knees in water, in order that they might erect for themselves their future habitations in the wilderness. I saw them at last, when that period, that short period of only three weeks, had elapsed, driven out of the ship, like oxen, upon a Saturday night, in the midst of a storm of wind and of rain of which you can hardly form any conception, many of them having no place to which they could fly for shelter until the fury of the storm was overpast. I heard their sighs; I witnessed the feelings which overpowered them, when they thought on those peaceful shores which they had so lately left, and on those happy days which had then for ever vanished from their view; and were those amongst them, who still survive in that distant region, now standing by my side, I am confident that many of them would be ready to exclaim with the prophet Jeremiah, 'Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him, but weep sore for him that goeth away, for he shall return no more, nor see his native country; but he shall die in the place whither they have led him captive, and shall see this land no more.'"

Subsequent adventures, we are informed, were not exposed to such terrible trials and hardships. In the present instance, they made D'Urville's Island, but were all adrift for directions; and consequently put off again, and stretched away for Port Nicholson (113 days from Greenock). Here the author, though he

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had failed in earning the laurel for a prize poem, struck the natives with his *grande physique*.

"On first landing (he informs us), I observed that I was rather more an object of attraction amongst the natives than most of my friends; and this, I afterwards discovered, arose from my size, as I then weighed fifteen stone, though the hot suns of Australia reduced me to thirteen within a twelvemonth afterwards. It was amusing to see the delight with which they gazed on me; and when I walked along the beach, two of them, a young man and a young woman, insisted on accompanying me, and taking hold of my arm. Had I been twenty stone instead of fifteen, I actually believe they would have worshipped me as a deity. Previous to this, I used sometimes to regret being so stout as I then was, but my New Zealand friends have thrown quite a new light upon the subject; and I readily bow to their authority, as they are well known to be people of *taste* in all matters of that sort. The Chinese, in like manner, consider those amongst the male sex the most handsome who are the most bulky, though they are no great admirers of fat women."

Apropos, the house of Marjoribanks has, for several generations, been filled by a somewhat gigantic race; of which the well-known member of Coutts' could not rank as a superior specimen. But this by the by; nor need we follow our countryman in his descriptions of New Zealand, though they are much to the purpose. Of the cannibalism of the natives, he laughingly speaks thus:

"Walton states, that Europeans run no risk of being devoured, and no doubt, as a general rule, and when not actuated by revenge, this may be correct. But when pressed with hunger, they become, in some measure, like beasts of prey, as a tiger when gorged becomes gentle, and even the lion of the forest seldom eats human flesh when he can get any other, so that if you meet him after his repast, he will walk politely past; whereas, if you come across his path when he is roaring out 'where shall I dine?' you must lay your account with his dining on you."

Of the unhappy dissension in the colony the following particulars are given, among others which we have not room to specify:

"The tragical event which happened at Wairoa, on the 17th of June, 1843, by which twenty-two of our countrymen were killed, will form a memorable epoch in the annals of that country; though, from the conflicting statements regarding the cause of that calamity, it is difficult to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion regarding it. By the settlers in that country it has been imputed to the combination of a variety of causes. Among these, the chief seem to be, first, the delay in the settlement of the land claims on both sides of Cook's Straits; second, the distance of these (by far the most important in the colony) from Auckland, the capital and seat of government, situated 350 miles from Port Nicholson, at a remote corner of the North Island, and containing, in conjunction with the Bay of Islands, only one-fourth of the European population now settled in that country; third, the breaking of the treaty concluded between the natives and the New Zealand Company in 1839; fourth, the circumstance of the natives having been allowed, in some former cases, to attack the settlers with impunity, which gave them fresh courage for further resistance; fifth, the conduct of the protectors of the aborigines, who are represented as totally unfit for their office; and lastly, the conduct of the missionaries. The church of England missionaries are accused of having been all along, from motives of self-interest, hostile to the New Zealand Company. Indeed, one of the most active members of that body, the Rev. W. Williams, went from the Bay of Islands to Port Nicholson, about the latter end of 1839, just two months after Colonel Wakefield, as agent for the company, had made an arrangement with the natives there for the cession of their rights on obtaining certain equivalents. To be sure, this eminent divine did not succeed in preventing the natives from concluding the treaty, or in obtaining the land which he wished, not indeed for the church, but for himself; but it is alleged that he was too successful in his attempts at disparaging the company and the settlers there in the eyes of the natives. Mr. Williams, it would appear, paid a visit on that occasion to his amiable friend Rauperaha, who, it will presently be seen, acted a most conspicuous part in the late tragedy. As a further proof of his zeal in the cause of the gospel, he, and ten other missionaries of that enterprising church, presented, in 1841, to the commissioners appointed by government, claims to no less than 96,219 acres of land, in the districts which they had long occupied in the vicinity of the Bay of Islands; and four others subsequently gave in claims to nearly the one-half of the above amount. One of the church of England missionary catechists, Mr. Fairburn, laid claim to a tract of country near Auckland, extending to about thirty square miles—not a bad estate for a missionary, though the commissioners have only awarded him 5000 acres. The Wesleyan missionaries are accused, on the other hand, of having urged the natives to get more payment (*utu*) for their land, and of having furnished them with a considerable quantity of gunpowder. All their interests, moreover, are said to be identified with those of the natives, having none in common with the settlers; and whilst the sincere members of that body are represented as dreading the approach of civilisation, lest it should be accompanied by the views of old societies, the insincere, on the contrary, are said to tremble for the existence of their spiritual dominion or temporal advantages. Whatever truth there may be in these allegations, it cannot be denied, that little more than two years before the late fatal catastrophe, a single missionary of that society, the Rev. Samuel Ironsides, passed over the straits to Cloudy Bay, and gathered around him 500 natives; and it is recorded in the 62d No. of the Wesleyan Missionary Notices, for February 1844 (page 454), 'that none of these Christian natives engaged in the fight at Wairoa; but Raurri Kingi Puaha, the principal chief of the station, went up to the excited English magistrate, when pointing in a threatening attitude to his armed attendants, and with his New Testament open, said to him, 'Don't fight, don't fight, this book says it is wrong to fight; the land has become good through the missionaries, don't make it bad again.' Colonel Wakefield also states, in one of his despatches to the secretary of the company in London, 'that when the conflict terminated, this same Christian chief Puaha exerted himself to save the lives of the white prisoners, but unhappily in vain.' A more striking testimony than this cannot well be paid to the effects of Christianity, though, unfortunately, it is but too rare. * *

"Governor Fitzroy has been much blamed for not bringing Rauperaha and Rangihaiata to trial; and I observe, that the editors of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, who are in general very guarded in their remarks, are amongst those who censure him for not doing so. It is impossible for me, of course, to know what his motives were in acting as he has done; but I may mention two or three circumstances that have occurred to myself on the subject, and these have led me to the conclusion, that perhaps, upon the whole, it was the most prudent plan to allow the matter to rest where it was. In the first place, he would make great allowance, no doubt, for a people so lately removed from barbarism, and for the feelings which must have actuated them when they came in contact with those whom they must have considered as interlopers upon their soil. In the second place, he did not arrive till six months after the event had taken place, and when the excitement was in some measure dying away. In the third place, he could not have selected a jury of twelve impartial men to try them in the whole colony—the feelings of the settlers, almost to a man, being against them, so that they would either have got scrimp justice, or, more likely, no justice at all—and Capt. Fitzroy is a great lover of justice. In the fourth place, he could not have got them apprehended without an immense sacrifice of life, requiring a much greater force too than he had at his command, besides running the risk, had he made the attempt, of rousing the whole natives throughout the country, who, though at war amongst themselves, would probably have united against the whites, whom they now consider the common enemy; and had this been the result, the whole European population in that country would have been annihilated in one moment."

It is not, however, in our power to enter into the multiplied and magnified causes of the New Zealand questions; and we must leave Mr. Marjoribanks to be consulted by those who are most interested in them; closing with a philosophical observation of his which will prove, that together with a touch of eccentricity as an author, he also possesses the mind and talent of an acute observer for the many-coloured scenes through which he has passed.

"Life would be insupportable to those who, beset with the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of having survived every pleasure, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; and thus happily the contempt of death forsakes us when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more."

EVIL! Pp. 68. 1st and 2d Editions.
GOOD! Pp. 46. By L. J. Hansard.
The Miseries of Prostitution. By J. B. Talbot. Pp. 80. Madden and Co.
The Thanks voted by Parliament to the Army and Navy, for signal instances of successful efforts in defence of their Country, 1801 *to* 1843. By L. J. Hansard. 8vo. Pp. 277.

WE pronounce with grateful attachment the names of Howard and other benefactors of their species; and assuredly, if ever enthusiasm in the cause of benevolence, and unremitting exertion in the promotion of philanthropic designs, could entitle an individual to be placed in this illustrious list, the name of Luke James Hansard will ever stand among the foremost in the public estimation. His untiring zeal, his munificent expenditure, the disinterested purity of his motives, and the great amount of the good he has done and is doing, all warrant us in claiming for him the noblest praises that can be due to the Man, the Patriot, and the Christian!

Three of the above publications have emanated from his pen, and are all directed either

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to the eradication of social evil, and the substitution of good, or to ends worthy of a loyal citizen of the glorious British empire.

There are two leading principles for educating mankind and governing the world: the one is that which involves merciful kindness, consideration, and encouragement; the other stern severity, repression, and vindictive punishment. We need not say on which side Mr. Hansard ranges himself. Yet, though of infinite importance to the country, there are some of the topics discussed in these works unfit for the page of a Journal like ours, addressed to popular reading. The statesman and philosopher are bound to weigh and consider them, and apply the remedies which are practically and wisely recommended for adoption; but we must not enlarge upon the "Evils" of seduction or prostitution, even to point out means to diminish or eradicate them; and thus our remarks on these various publications are narrowed within a compass far too limited for their wide scope and infinite value.

Of the first pamphlet, therefore, we can merely say, that in it the writer displays an ardent longing for the progressive advancement and welfare of his fellow-creatures; and that it contains some curious statistical facts and a scheme for an association to rescue the victims of guilty passions from the miseries of their fallen condition.

In the second pamphlet, "Good," finance is treated of, and a proposition is made for reducing the national debt and doing away with oppressive taxes. The gist of it is, to create a fund of above 872,920,000*l.* in the form of "tribute-money to the Lord," in various amounts, like bank-notes; but we confess our apprehension that this project is visionary and impracticable.

The third pamphlet presents us with some striking arguments; and, as examples of Mr. Talbot's manner, we quote a few passages, without expressing any controversial opinion of our own. Here, for instance, is a statement, with the whole of which we should find it difficult to agree, though we cannot but respect the mind and principles from which it emanates:—

"It is an approved maxim, that the more vice in all its deformity is exposed, the more will it decay. Evil, which lurks in and loves darkness, dreads nothing so much as the broad and unclouded daylight of virtue and morality, and in the sunshine of religion invariably hides its diminished head. 'If the vices of mankind are not to be exhibited and condemned, then close the Bible; let most of the plays of Shakspeare and the old and modern dramatists be suppressed; let such works as those of Swift and Rabelais be burnt by the common hangman; let those of Fielding, Smollett, Byron, and many others, both of the past and present day, be treated as obscene publications, and let there be a public censor of the press to prevent authors from putting forth impurities in future. Moreover, suppress indecent exhibitions—let us have no more opera dancing after the present fashion—pull down your statues—shut up your galleries of sculpture—do not let images of the purest and loveliest objects of creation be carried about the streets; and then, when you have done all this, some credit will be due to you for being consistent in your hypocrisy, and not complaint of your pretended indignation against the truths and evils which the history of licentiousness may happen to exhibit.' * * *

"It is quite evident, whether the subject be brought under the notice of virtuous minds or not, in the way I have proposed, that the evil exists to an enormous extent—that it is witnessed in our public streets—that it has settled down into a nefarious and horrid system—that it is unblushingly forcing its hydra-head into the domestic quiet of our families—that it is counteracting and nullifying the progress of morality and education, and that it is jeopardising the interests of Christianity itself. This surely is enough to arouse every Christian and every man to activity, that the most effectual remedy may be applied, and that the evil, as far as practicable, may be suppressed. * *

"According to the last census, of 1841, there are 2,024,031 females in the metropolis, or six females to five males. A vast proportion of these are young women, in service, or apprenticed to some trade; and a great number, from the difficulty of finding employment, are exposed, in an eminent degree, to those deceptions which it is my object to point out. For some years, various societies in London have attempted to check the flood of prostitution, which is inundating the streets with young victims; and the committees of the various penitentiaries are in possession of a large body of evidence on the cause and effects of a mischief which is every day becoming more grave."

After noticing more secret and concealed sources whence this deplorable evil is augmented, Mr. T. adds:—

"The impunity with which this system is carried on, the lucrative nature of it, and the consequences on society, have become so grievous, that I earnestly believe that a legislative enactment is absolutely necessary to check it, as in the many attempts to arrest the scourge, insuperable legal obstacles have been encountered. * * *

"It is true that individuals and societies may do much; but, as compared with the evil itself, all their efforts are puerile and inefficient. The Government, armed with a giant power, may grapple with the monster; and so increase the difficulties for its perpetration, and the facilities for its suppression, as most effectually to check it, though its total abolition may be impracticable. After much consideration given to this subject, I venture to submit the following plan, which is, I think, easy of practice, and would be successful in its operation."

The means we must, for reasons already given, leave to be gathered from the original publication; one prominent feature is to "enact that seduction, at whatever age, should be a penal offence." These statements and observations come so entirely in favour of Mr. Hansard's opinions and views, that we have taken occasion to class them together.

Of the last and largest work enumerated, we have to observe, that it is handsomely got up, and contains matters for exultation in every British bosom. That we have been so mighty and victorious in war is one of the most effectual grounds for hoping that we and the world may long continue to cherish and preserve the blessings of peace. This is the aim of the volume—out of the evil to deduce the good; but independent of this Christian issue, we would warmly recommend the production as the record of glorious services of those who, to use nearly the words of our author, have, in all integrity, sacrificed so much for our safety, and have lived and died manfully amongst and for us.

To Mr. Hansard we again tender our thanks for these his unique and most humane and charitable publications.

The Industrial Resources of Ireland. By Robert Kane, M.D., &c. &c. Pp. 438. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. London: Longmans, Simpkin and Co.

This is a second edition, and we are right glad to see it; for when the first appeared we seized the opportunity to point out its deserts (see *Lit. Gaz.*, No. 1431), and express our satisfaction at seeing so impartial and valuable a work issued from Ireland, directed altogether to useful objects, and altogether free from the taint of faction. We hail such things as of good auspice for this rich and favoured country; on which the bounties of nature are so profusely showered, and of which it may be more truly said than of Greece, that

"All but the spirit of man is divine."

Well, we repeat, a second edition of an Irish publication of this description is so rare, that we cannot but consider it to be highly promising, as well as immediately gratifying. Prof. Kane has made the industrial resources of the land fully known—shall they be left uncultivated contemporaneously with the advance of every civilised nation on the face of the earth? or will the people condescend to employ wisely what God has assigned to them so bountifully? Surely the time must have come when very shame will cause every class to unite in a great patriotic effort to redeem themselves from the degradation of ignorance, and its concomitant, want; and, with a rich soil, a productive coast, superb rivers, and even bogs capable of being made nurses of industry and wealth, rescuing themselves from the reproach of semi-barbarism. We cannot but hope that the present volume will open their eyes, and point the way to prompt and inestimable improvements.

And whilst hoping for Ireland, we trust we may be pardoned here for referring to another matter which we think intimately connected with all that such "hoping" may indulge in, as regards the future of Ireland. We allude to the formation in London of

THE IRISH SOCIETY,

which has been "instituted for the promotion of social and intellectual intercourse amongst Irishmen, without distinction of rank, creed, or party, who, in the public service, any of the liberal professions, in art, literature, science, or the higher walks of commercial life, have won, by their talents and prudence, more or less of honourable distinction or independence in the British metropolis; and, within certain limits, such noblemen and gentlemen as, cordially approving of the design, may be desirous of promoting its welfare by their countenance and co-operation."

This is a noble design, and is thus further developed:—

"As its members will be composed, in great part, of men who, in open competition with their fellow-subjects generally, have trodden, not unsuccessfully, the paths of fame or honourable toil, this society will, it is presumed, by the example which it will thus present, exercise a useful influence upon young Irishmen of education just commencing their career in London; and, whilst it will afford to such aspirants some facilities in making their talents known, will impress them at the same time with a wholesome conviction that it is by individual conduct and well-directed perseverance alone, ultimate success is to be attained. Whilst the sympathies of individuals from other portions of the United Kingdom are concentrated and strengthened by associations in the metropolis, it has been a subject of regret, that there has hitherto existed no point of union, where the numbers,

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rank, and wealth of Irishmen in London could be combined for the promotion of national and social objects. The Irish Society will, in a great measure, supply this want. Disavowing all narrow and exclusive partialities, it will, from its constitution, eminently tend to dispel, within its own sphere, those unhappy prejudices which have heretofore kept Irishmen, in their social relations, too much apart. For the present, it confines its views within these limits; but its founders indulge a hope that, at no distant day, its increased resources will enable it to extend the circle of its usefulness."

It affords us sincere pleasure to add, that the society has established itself in spacious premises, Pall Mall East, and that all its earlier formative meetings have been attended with the utmost harmony. Every political party, and every religious creed, have met in a common sympathy for the sake of their native land. Of the nobility, Lords Clanricarde, and Londonderry, and Eliot, may be taken as types; of the members of Parliament, J. Emerson Tennent, Morgan J. O'Connell, Mr. Shaw, Mr. F. French, Quintin Dick, and Sergeant Murphy; and of the general body, F. Mahony, D. Maclise, John Doyle (the renowned H.B.). Sir E. Macnaghten, Sir T. B. Lennard, Col. Torrens, E. Raleigh Moran, Crofton Croker, Robert Bell, Dr. Cooke Taylor, P. M'Dowell, and others known to literature and the fine arts. These names we have taken from the list of the managing committee, which boasts of thirteen men of title, four right honourable members, and more than twenty members of the House of Commons.

The society is expanding and prospering: long may it prosper, and excellent be its fruits, not in London alone, where the tree is planted, but throughout that beautiful Western Isle, where we rejoice to be assured amenity and amelioration have already sprung from the kindly feelings called into existence by this association.

A Complete Course of Meteorology. By L. F. Kaemtz. Translated, with Notes and Illustrations, by C. V. Walker, editor of the "Electrical Magazine," &c. London, H. Ballière; Paris, J. B. Ballière; Leipsig, T. O. Weigel.

THIS treatise comes to the English reader through the joint instrumentality of a full quaternion of authors; but the duty of each has been such as to add to, rather than to detract from, the integrity of the work. The original was written in German by M. Kaemtz, and published a few years ago. M. Kaemtz is a man eminently fitted for the task; he had been for many years a professor of the science of meteorology at Halle; and he now occupies the chair at the university of Dorpat; he is also a faithful and indefatigable observer; "he has, for instance, almost unassisted, made at Halle, a barometric, thermometric, and psychrometric series of more than ten consecutive years: he has studied atmospheric changes in Germany, on the Rigi, on the Faulhorn, at Deep, on the coasts of the Baltic, and at Apenrada, in Denmark, and low temperatures and auroræ at Dorpat." The results of his many labours were published between the years 1831 and 1836 in three volumes, with the title of *Lehrbuch der Meteorologie.* These volumes were destined to be placed in the hands of the philosopher, rather than in those of the general reader. It remained for him to concentrate the results which had presented themselves to him, in common with other philosophers, into a familiar treatise; and this he has very successfully accomplished in the volume before us. So successfully, indeed, that very shortly after the appearance of the original work, it was translated into French by M. Martins, a philosopher well versed in the science of meteorology and experienced in observation. The French edition was enriched by a vast number of notes from the translator, as well as from the pen of M. Bravais, a name which the readers of the *Literary Gazette* have already seen associated with that of M. Martins, in the account of the ascent to the summit of Mont Blanc in the autumn of last year. But perhaps the peculiar value of the French edition consists in the appendix, by the well-known mathematician M. Lalanne, in which the whole of the tables included in the body of the work are presented to the eye by graphic delineations. The great characteristic of M. Lalanne's method is, that it involves *three* variables:—we will endeavour to make this evident, taking for our illustration the first figure of the appendix, which represents the "Law of the variation of mean *temperature* per *hour*, in the different *months* of the year, at Halle." We have italicised the three variables,—*temperature, hours, months.* The figure in question is square; it has twelve perpendicular lines for the respective months, and twenty-four horizontal lines for the several hours. The surface of the square is covered with a remarkably regular series of re-entering curves, to each of which a number is attached. This number represents the temperature; so that when we look at the figure, and select a temperature—20°, for example—we have merely to follow the curve, and the intersection of the perpendicular and horizontal lines on any part of the curve will give the months and the hours of the day at which that mean temperature prevails. Thus, at a single glance, we have a complete history of thermometric ranges, painted in such characters that literally "he who runs may read."

The French edition, with all that it has received from the labours above alluded to, has been translated for the English reader by Mr. Charles V. Walker; and he, like those who have preceded him, has added much valuable matter in the form of notes to the present edition. As far as his limits would allow, he has illustrated many passages, which were but briefly treated in the text; he has given the instructions for systematic observation; he has described the apparatus in the observatories of Greenwich and Kew, printing a fortnight's observation at the latter place; and he has annexed descriptions of several meteorological instruments, which were not described in the text, and of which some were not accessible to the other authors. Among these is Prof. Wheatstone's electro-meteorological register, which is here, for the first time, fully described and illustrated by engravings.

To return to the treatise itself: it must undoubtedly be regarded as the only manual of meteorology in the English language; and when to its being the only one, we add that it is very well digested and very ably written, in a familiar and easy style, we are justified in concluding that it will be in the hands of all—perhaps already it is in the hands of many who are devoting themselves to this interesting and promising science. The three corner-stones of the science—thermometry, hygrometry, and barometry—are very fully investigated; and the results of the labours of successive philosophers on these several branches are put forth in a clear and instructive form. The winds, and also the electrical and the optical phenomena of the atmosphere, meet with their due meed of attention; and these are followed by auroræ, and the conceded magnetic relations: problematic phenomena—such, for instance, as showers of blood, sulphur, shooting-stars, aerolites, moon-stones, &c.

Each division is extensively subdivided; and the various accidents of time and place, and other physical contingents, are in turn considered; so that no single feature in meteorology is regarded as independent of the rest. Were we disposed to pass from this general notice of the volume into a closer analysis of any parts, much interesting matter presents itself, but we must conclude, directing our readers' attention to the enlarged view taken by our author of the barometer; leaving them to reflect upon the extensive bearings it presents, and on the great impulse it will give toward the increase of simultaneous observations.

"The barometer is greatly analogous to the differential thermometer: it points out to us the differences of temperature between two places situated at great distances. . . . When the barometer falls in a country, it is because the temperature of this country is higher than that of the neighbouring countries, whether because it is heated directly, or because those countries are cooled; on the contrary, the rise of the barometer proves that this country becomes colder than those which surround it. . . . By observing the barometer and thermometer at a single station, we soon see that the thermometer generally rises when the barometer falls. . . . Almost all meteorological instruments—viz. the vane, the thermometer, the hygrometer—only indicate what is going on at the place where they are stationed; . . . the barometer indicates the mean pressure of the atmosphere as far as is its limits. . . . If the barometer oscillates much without the temperature changing, the reason must be sought for in countries that are far distant: such a sudden variation in Europe may be explained by great ruptures of equilibrium, of which the point of departure may be found in the centre of the Asiatic or American continent."

THE IMPROVISATORE; OR, LIFE IN ITALY.

[Third notice.]

WE cannot take leave of our poet in Italy without devoting two or three columns more to his interesting work. The writer of that single line and beautiful thought (see No. 1468, p. 151),

"I think she might have seen it,—if she had loved, she would;"

is not to be parted with on a slight acquaintance; and the more he is read, the more ideas of a similar nature will be discovered. But to follow the narrative. From Rome, after a memorable adventure, the hero of the tale, Antonio, goes to Naples; and concerning his romantic journey thither and his stay there, the relation is full of strange and imaginative incident. The warmth of a Neapolitan signora very nearly overthrows the precepts constitutionally imbibed from the Jesuit's school and destination for the church; and a most poetic intercourse with an exquisitely lovely blind girl; a marvellous vision, after escape from drowning, in the witch's cave; and other singular and disastrous chances, restore him to Rome. He has improvised triumphantly in the theatre of San Carlo, has visited Herculaneum, Pompeii, Vesuvius in eruption, Amalfi, the blue grotto of Capri, &c. &c., and is an altered being. He, however, resumes his studies, and six years pass away. To this period the subjoined selections belong. When the passion of the Neapolitan lady first blushes into light, he says:

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"Somewhat embarrassed I bowed before the strange signora, who had thus become acquainted with my heart's history. At length Federigo sought to console me by saying that nobody knew to what it might lead. 'I am,' said he, 'a real Turk in my reliance on fate; besides, after all, there are no state secrets in the whole of it; every heart has, in its archives, such painful memoirs. Perhaps it was her own youth's history which she heard in yours; I can believe it, for people have seldom tears for other's troubles, excepting when they resemble their own. We are all egotists, even in our greatest sufferings and anxieties.'"

In the same tone at Naples, his painter-friend seeing his dejection and disregard of the pleasures so fertile about them:

"'I think and hope thou wilt only be a monk for this evening; to-morrow, when the sun shines warmly into thy heart, thou wilt not be one. Thou art really an improvisatore, a poet, and hast soul and knowledge. Every thing will be glorious, excellent. To-morrow we will take a cabriolet, and drive to Herculaneum and Pompeii, and will ascend Vesuvius. We have not been there; thou must be amused and brought again into humour, and when all the dark fumes are dissipated, then we will talk about the future quite rationally. Now thou goest with me to the Toledo; we will amuse ourselves. Life speeds on at a gallop, and all of us have, like the snail, our burden upon our backs, it matters not whether of lead or mere playthings, if they are alike oppressive.' His solicitude for me affected me; I was still supported by a friend. Without a word I took my hat and followed him. Music was merrily sounding in the square from one of the little wooden theatres; we remained standing before it among a great crowd of people. The whole artistic family stood as usual upon the stage; the man and woman, in gay clothes, hoarse with shouting; a pale little boy, with a care-depressed countenance, and in a white dress, stood and played upon the violin, whilst two little sisters twirled about in a lively dance. The whole thing appeared to me very tragical. 'The unhappy beings!' thought I; 'uncertain as theirs, lies also my fate.'"

The touch of the street-scenery of Naples in the foregoing tempts us to a larger and finely painted picture of that gay city:

"Towards evening we approached it. The splendid Toledo street lay before us; it was really a corso. On every hand were illumined shops; tables which stood in the street, laden with oranges and figs, were lit up by lamps and gaily-coloured lanterns. The whole street, with its innumerable lights in the open air, looked like a stream sprinkled over with stars. On each side stood lofty houses, with balconies before every window, nay, often quite round the corner, and within these stood ladies and gentlemen, as if it were still a merry carnival. One carriage passed another, and the horses slipped on the smooth slabs of lava with which the street was paved. Now a little cabriolet on two wheels came by; from five to six people sat in the little carriage, ragged lads stood behind it, and beneath, in the shaking net, lay quite snugly a half-naked lazzarone. One single horse drew the whole crowd, and yet it went at a gallop. There was a fire kindled before a corner-house, before which lay two half-naked fellows, clad only in drawers, and with the vest fastened with one single button, who played at cards. Hand-organs and hurdy-gurdies were playing, to which women were singing; all were screaming, all running one among another—soldiers, Greeks, Turks, English. I felt myself transported into quite another world; a more southern life than that which I had known breathed around me. The signora clapped her hands at the sight of her merry Naples. 'Rome,' she said, 'was a grave beside her laughing city.' We turned into the Largo del Castello, one of the largest squares in Naples, which leads down to the sea, and the same noise and the same crowd met us here. Around us we saw illuminated theatres, on the outside of which were bright pictures, which represented the principal scenes of the pieces which were being performed within. Aloft, on a scaffold, stormed a Bajazzo family. The wife cried out to the spectators, the husband blew the trumpet, and the youngest son beat them both with a great riding-whip, whilst a little horse stood upon its hind-legs in the back-scene, and read out of an open book. A man stood, and fought, and sang, in the midst of a crowd of sailors, who sat in a corner; he was an improvisatore. An old fellow read aloud, out of a book, Orlando Furioso, as I was told; his audience were applauding him just as we passed by. 'Monte Vesuvio!' cried the signora: and I now saw, at the end of the street, where the light-house stood, Vesuvius, lifting itself high in the air, and the fire-red lava, like a stream of blood, rolling down from its side. Above the crater hung a cloud, shining red from the reflected glow of the lava; but I could only see the whole for a moment. The carriage rolled away with us across the square to the Hotel Casa Tedesca. Close beside this stood a little puppet theatre, and a still smaller one was erected before it, where Punchinello made his merry leaps, peeped, twirled himself about, and made his funny speeches. All around was laughter. Only very few paid attention to the monk who stood at the opposite corner, and preached from one of the projecting stone steps. An old broad-shouldered fellow, who looked like a sailor, held the cross, on which was the picture of the Redeemer. The monk cast flaming glances at the wooden theatre of the puppets which drew the attention of the people away from his speech. 'Is this Lent?' I heard him say. 'Is this the time consecrated to Heaven? the time in which we should, humbled in the flesh, wander in sackcloth and ashes? Carnival time is it? carnival always, night and day, year out and year in, till you post down into the depths of hell! There you can twirl, there you can grin, can dance, and keep festino in the eternal pool and torment of hell!' His voice raised itself more and more; the soft Neapolitan dialect rung in my ear like swaying verse, and the words melted melodiously one into another. But all the more his voice ascended, ascended also that of Punchinello, and he leaped all the more comically, and was all the more applauded by the people; then the monk, in a holy rage, snatched the cross from the hand of the man who bore it, rushed forward with it, and exhibiting the crucified, exclaimed, 'See, here is the true Punchinello! him shall you see, him shall you hear! For that you shall have eyes and ears! Kyrie, eleison!' And, impressed by the holy sign, the whole crowd dropped upon their knees, and exclaimed with one voice, 'Kyrie, eleison!' Even the puppet-player let fall his Punchinello. I stood beside our carriage, wonderfully struck by the scene."

From such and other yet more intoxicating delights, the change to the lessoning and supervision of the school at Rome was indeed a violent transition; and it is described in a very original manner, with a thorough scanning of human feelings:

"The impression of the whole (he writes) I will give thee in a few touches. It was the combat of my spiritual education; the journeyman treated as an apprentice, before he could come forth as a master. I was considered as an excellent young man of talent, out of whom something might be made; and therefore every one took upon himself my education. My dependence permitted it to those with whom I stood connected; my good nature permitted it to all the rest. Livingly and deeply did I feel the bitterness of my position, and yet I endured it. That was an education. Excellenza lamented over my want of the fundamental principles of knowledge: it mattered not how much soever I might read: it was nothing but the sweet honey, which was to serve for my trade, which I sucked out of books. The friends of the house, as well as of my patrons, kept comparing me with the ideal in their own minds, and thus I could not do other than fall short. The mathematician said that I had too much imagination, and too little reflection: the pedant, that I had not sufficiently occupied myself with the Latin language. The politician always asked me, in the social circle, about the political news, in which I was not at home, and inquired, only to shew my want of knowledge. A young nobleman, who only lived for his horse, lamented over my small experience in horseflesh, and united with others in a *Miserere* over me, because I had more interest in myself than in his horse. A noble lady-friend of the house, who, on account of her rank and great self-sufficiency, had gained the reputation of great wisdom and critical acumen, but who had actually very little of the sense she pretended to, requested that she might go through my poems, with reference to their beauty and structure; but she must have them copied out on loose papers. Habbas Dahdah considered me as a person whose talent had, at one time, promised great things; but which had now died out. The first dancer in the city despised me because I could not make a figure in the ball-room; the grammarian, because I made use of a full stop where he placed a semicolon; and Francesca said, 'that I was quite spoiled, because people made so much of me;' and for that reason she must be severe, and give me the benefit of her instruction. Every one cast his poison-drop upon my heart: I felt that it must either bleed or become callous. The beautiful and the noble in every thing seized upon and attracted me. In tranquil moments I often thought on my educators, and it seemed to me that they existed in the whole of nature, and the life of the world for which my thoughts and my soul only existed as active artisans. The world even seemed to me a beautiful girl, whose form, mind, and dress, had attracted my whole attention; but the shoemaker said, 'Look only at her shoes; they are quite preferable; they are the principal thing!' The dressmaker exclaimed, 'No, the dress; see, what a cut! that, above all, must occupy you; go into the colour, the hems, study the very principles of it!' 'No,' cries the hair-dresser, 'you must analyse this plait; you must devote yourself to it!' 'The speech is of much more importance!' exclaims the language-master. 'No, the carriage!' says the dancing-master. 'Ah, good Heavens!' I sigh, 'it is the whole together which attracts me. I see only the beautiful in every thing; but I cannot become a dressmaker or a shoemaker just for your pleasure. My business is to exalt the beauty of the whole. Ye good men and women, do not, therefore, be angry and condemn me.' 'It is too low for him!' 'It is not high enough for his poetical spirit!'

said they all, deridingly. No beast is, however, so cruel as man! Had I been rich and independent, the colours of every thing would soon have changed. Every one of them were more prudent, more deeply grounded, and more rational, than I. I learned to smile obligingly where I could have wept; bowed to those whom I lightly esteemed, and listened attentively to the empty gossip of fools. Dissimulation, bitterness, and *ennui*, were the fruit of the education which circumstances and men afforded me. People pointed always to my faults. Was there then nothing at all intellectual, no good points in me? It was I myself who must seek for these, who must make these availing. People rivetted my thoughts upon my own individual self, and then upbraided me for thinking too much of myself. The politician called me an egoist because I would not occupy myself solely and altogether with his calling. A young *dilettante* in æsthetics, a relation of the Borghese family, taught me what I ought to think, compose, and judge, and that always in one mode, that every stranger might see that it was the nobleman who taught the shepherd boy, the poor lad, who must be doubly grateful to him in that he condescended to instruct him. He who interested himself for the beautiful horse, and for that and that alone, said that I was the very vainest of men because I had no eye for his steed. But were not they all egotists? Or had they right? Perhaps! I was a poor child for whom they had done a great deal. But if my name had no nobility attached to it, my soul had, and inexpressibly deeply did it feel every humiliation. I who, with my whole soul, had clung to mankind, was now changed, like Lot's wife, into a pillar of salt. This gave rise to defiance in my soul. There were moments when my spiritual consciousness raised itself up in its fetters, and became a devil of high-mindedness, which looked down upon the folly of my prudent teachers, and, full of vanity, whispered into my ear, 'Thy name will live and be remembered when all theirs are forgotten, or are only remembered through thee, as being connected with thee, as the refuse and the bitter drops which fell into thy life's cup!' At such moments I thought on Tasso, on the vain Leonora, the proud court of Ferrara, the nobility of which now is derived from the name of Tasso; whose castle is in ruins, and the poet's prison a place of pilgrimage. I myself felt with what vanity my heart throbbed; but, in the manner in which I was brought up, it must be so, or else it must bleed. Gentleness and encouragement would have preserved my thoughts pure, my soul full of affection; every friendly smile and word was a sunbeam, which melted one of the ice-roots of vanity;—but there fell more poison-drops than sunbeams. I was no longer so good as I had been formerly, and yet I was called an excellent, a remarkably excellent young man. My soul studied books, nature, the world, and myself, and yet they said, he will not learn any thing."

We greatly admire this graphic passage; it teaches us much, though a fine apothegm in a preceding page says, "*Nature is a chain of riddles; we have only found out the easiest.*"

[To be continued.]

The Sabbath Companion; being Essays on First Principles of Christian Faith and Practice. By Thomas Dale, M.A., &c. &c. Second series. 12mo. Pp. 431. London, Bowdery and Kerby; Peacock and Mansfield.

This is a second series, of the first of which we spoke briefly, but we trust to the purpose of recommending it earnestly to the attention of youth of both sexes. From such a monitor as Mr. Dale they have every thing that is good for them, in this world and in the next, to learn; and there is no austerity to repress their yearnings after truth and the best of councils. The peacefulness of many a Sabbath-day may be increased in enjoyment by having by your side a volume like this.

Tales of the Colonies; or, the Adventures of an Emigrant. By Charles Rowcroft, Esq. Pp. 536. Smith, Elder, and Co.

We are glad to see that these tales fully justified our opinion and prediction, by reaching the enviable distinction of a third edition. We declared them to be lively and interesting, and faithful pictures of emigrant colonial life, besides containing much valuable information; and the author has now added greatly to the importance of his work, by entering largely and with all his experience into the question of systematic emigration.

An Introduction to Heraldry, &c. By Hugh Clark. 12mo, pp. 267. London, H. Washbourne.

The fourteenth edition of a book which has maintained its position for sixty or eighty years, needs only to be mentioned, with the farther recommendatory addition, that it has been enlarged and improved.

Biblical Cabinet. New Series, No. II. 8vo, pp. 266. Edinburgh, J. Clark.

The first volume of the learned biblical scholar, Professor Hengstenberg of Berlin, is here continued in the excellent translation by two Scottish clergymen, Mr. Fairbairn, minister of Salton, and Mr. Thompson, minister of Leith. The commentaries are well known and highly valued on the continent, and deserve the same estimation in England.

Ridley Seldon; or, the way to keep Lent. A Tale for the Times. By A. Howard, author of "Mary Spencer." Pp. 240. London, W. H. Dalton.

A religious novel; or rather we should say, a novel upon the most sacred and vitally important questions of religious faith. Two brothers bring these points into discussion; and the evangelism of the church of England is made to overcome the idolatry of the church of Rome.

Narratives of a Parent; or, Birth-day Tales. By Mrs. Everest. Pp. 242. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Moral and pretty stories, which appear to have been published by the authoress, a widow with two little girls, to demonstrate her fitness for undertaking the tuition of some other children.

The Duties of Judge-Advocates, &c. By Capt. R. M. Hughes, 13th Regt. Bombay Army. Pp. 223. London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

Capt. Hughes seems to have compiled a valuable manual from the best sources and authorities both at home and in India, where his duties led him to perform the office. We presume his volume will be most acceptable to the military world.

Fauna and Flora of the County of Cork. 8vo, pp. 130. London, Van Voorst; Cork, Purcell and Co.

Read at the meeting of the British Association, 1843, and a very complete and careful catalogue, of much interest to natural history. Many of the incidental notices are curious.

The Lives of Donne, Walton, Hooker, George Herbert, and Dr. Sanderson. By Izaac Walton. Pp. 453. London, Washbourne.

This is a new and neat edition of a biographical work long and justly popular. Major's original embellishments have been retouched where called for, and some interesting notes been added to the text. A book of its kind more deserving of being put into the hands of youth can scarcely be found.

Helps to English Grammar. By G. F. Graham. Pp. 134. Longmans.

Easy exercises and useful "helps" for students of tender age.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

March 10th.—Mr. R. I. Murchison, president, in the chair. Two new members were elected. A letter was read from Mr. Brockman, dated Damascus, Oct. 24th, by which it appears that the traveller's health was much improved. He had visited Deir El Kamar and Baalbec, and returned to Damascus, where a letter from Capt. Haines at Aden informed him a Frenchman had been to Mareb, whence he had brought many inscriptions. The Captain gave Mr. Brockman little hopes of being able to enter Hadramant as an Englishman, and that at any rate a thorough knowledge of the language and customs of the people was indispensable. Mr. Brockman describes Damascus as a fine large city, with a beautiful river full of trout flowing through it. His apartment cost only fourteen pence a week, and his living seven pence a day.—Some notes, "On the geography of eastern and southern Africa," communicated by Mr. Macqueen, were then read. The first purports to be the route of Liep Ben Saeid, a native of Zanzebar, to the great lake Maravi, in Africa, whither he had twice been. He had occupied 140 days, or 4½ months, on the road, of which time he had travelled 62 days at the rate of about 9 or 10 English miles per day. The first portion of his route was in a south-westerly direction, after which it was westerly; and Mr. Macqueen lays down the point where he struck the lake, in about 30° E. and about 8° 45′ S. The second article was entitled "Africa near the tropic of Capricorn," being some account of the journey on oxback of the Rev. M. Livingston, who early in 1843 penetrated to about two degrees to the northward of the tropic, nearly in the meridian of 26 E. Along the whole of the route the climate is said to be dry, mild, and salubrious; a part of the country is full of large volcanic craters. The third notice was entitled, "General observations in southern and eastern Africa;" and the fourth and last, some curious notices obtained from an African named Thomas Wogger, now in London. The object of these several notices is the improvement of our maps of Africa by the determination of the courses of rivers, and the position of places, as presumed and estimated from the accounts of travellers. It is therefore evident that the statements cannot be abridged so as to do them justice.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

March 12th.—Mr. Horner, the president, in the chair. A communication was read by Prof. Sedgwick, "On the comparative classification of the older stratified rocks of North Wales with the corresponding deposits of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire." The object of the author in this memoir was to place in a parallel series the silurian rocks of the lake-district of Cumberland and Westmoreland with those of North Wales, so far as he had hitherto investigated the subject. In both there appears to be a series extending through the various members of the silurian rocks. In the lake-district the lower silurian rocks are very imperfectly seen, and are not

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more than 300 or 400 feet thick, the Ash Gill beds being the highest; but the upper silurians are admirably shewn, and contain many characteristic fossils. Of these latter, the Coniston limestones and the Coniston flags form an important group, as much as 1200 or 1400 feet thick, and correspond with the Denbigh flags of North Wales and the Wenlock shale and limestone of the silurian system. The Ireleth slates and grits succeed, and occupy a considerable space, and must be of very great thickness. These higher beds in Cumberland abound with *terebratula navicula*; but above them are remarkable bands with *asterias*, while the whole upper portion is full of fossils, the prevailing type of which is upper Ludlow.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

March 14th.—Mr. Shaw, "On photographic phenomena," detailed a series of experiments with reference to the accelerating or retarding properties of chlorine, bromine, and iodine. One result appears promising for an improved photometer, the construction of an instrument which already gives good approximate data. It consists of a wedge-shaped glass vessel, filled with dry chlorine, a strip of glass and a narrow band of chloride of silver running from end to end, the former divided to scale. The darkening commences at the narrowest part of the vessel, and advances as the intensity of the light increases. From the scale of black bands the mean effect can be ascertained. In the dark the chloric reacts on the blackened chloride of silver, blanching it, and restoring it for farther use.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

March 12th.—Mr. B. B. Cabbell, vice-president, in the chair. The secretary described Mr. V. C. Wright's method of packing camp-equipage in a wooden case 4 ft. 9 in. in length by 18 in. deep and 12 in. wide, containing a tent, 12 ft. in diameter at bottom and 8 ft. at top, which opens and shuts as an umbrella, the jointed pole on which it is fixed being 10 ft. in length, a clear headway of 6½ ft. preserved under the stretchers; two forms and two stools, together constituting seats for 12 persons; 4 footboards; a four-legged table, 3 ft. long by 2 ft. wide; a box and cooking-apparatus complete the equipage. The whole weighs less than 1 cwt., and can either be taken to pieces or put together in 20 minutes.—The secretary next described Mr. A. Dacey's knife-and-fork apparatus for one-armed persons, which consists of an ordinary hot-water plate, the interior, however, being loaded, to keep the whole in its place. Attached to the rim is a vertical standard, in which is a holding-down fork, working on a pivot passing through the handle; a steel spring is applied above the fork, in order that the meat in the plate may be held firmly down while the one-armed person uses, first, a knife to cut the meat, and then a fork to raise it to his mouth, the knife and fork being in the same handle; the latter is removed when the knife and fork are required to be cleaned.—The last subject brought forward was the patent dental carving machine, by Mr. J. Tomes. The machine itself was shewn in operation, and the paper read explained, in the first place, the ordinary modes of making artificial teeth, gums, and palates, and secondly, the improved mode by means of the machine.

March 19th.—Mr. W. H. Hughes, vice-president, in the chair. The secretary described the substance called "Gutta Percha," which was first introduced to the notice of the society in 1843, by Dr. Montgomerie. It is the concrete juice of a large indigenous forest-tree in the island of Singapore, and is obtained by cutting notches through the bark, when it exudes in the form of a milky juice, which soon curdles. In its chemical properties it somewhat resembles caoutchouc, but is much less elastic; it however possesses qualities which that substance does not, and which render it of considerable value. The gutta percha, when dipped in water nearly at the boiling point, can readily be united and becomes quite plastic, so as to be formed (before it cools below 130° to 140° Fah.) into any required shape, and which it retains at any temperature below 110°; in this state it is very rigid and tough, and is used in Singapore for chopper-handles, &c., in preference to buffalo-horn. The secretary produced excellent casts from medals, a rough lathe-band, a short pipe, &c., which he had formed for the occasion; a soda-water bottle containing the juice as collected from the tree had been entirely enclosed by a covering of the gutta percha, which was as tough as leather, but by immersion in hot water for two or three minutes was removed, and formed again into a solid lump. The trees containing this valuable product are very numerous in the island of Singapore.—Dr. J. G. Hawlett read a paper "On atmospheric railways," giving a history of the invention from 1810, in which year Mr. Madhurst published a pamphlet on the subject, to the present time, dwelling especially on Pilbrow's plan, by which the longitudinal valve is entirely dispensed with, described in our last number.

ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

February 19th.—Mr. W. Aldam in the chair. Mr. E. Chadwick and Mr. J. Yearsley were elected members. A paper "On the ethnography of Russian America," by Prof. Latham, M.D., was read. Inhabiting the most north-western extremity of America, or the coast of Behring's Straits, the tribes of Russian America are divided from Asia only by the latter channel, so that of all the tribes of the new world they are most in contact with the old; and this circumstance alone puts them prominently forward in ethnology. Considering the remote situation of these extensive and inhospitable tracts, the knowledge we possess of them is creditable to the government of Russia. From the time of Behring downwards the coasts have been accurately described, whilst the communications of the officials of the Russian-American Fur-Company exhibit far more than an average amount of intelligence. On the southern extremity of Russian America the native tribes are known to their neighbours of New Caledonia, and the Oregon territory, and to the Hudson's Bay Company, by the names of the Colooches, Tunghaases, Atnahs, Coltshanies, Ugalentenzes, Konagis, Cadlacks, Tchugatches, and Kenays. For the Nootka and the shores of the Arctic Sea, they are dealt with as members of the great Esquimaux family. Further investigation multiplies the names of these tribes, so that we hear of Inkalites, Inkhlukletes, Kiyataigmutis, Agolegmutis, Pashtolegmutis, Maymutis, &c. To these divisions may be added the different varieties of the natives of the Aleutian islands. In the classification of these numerous tribes, it is considered much remains to be done; for the tribes on the Northern Ocean, and for the parts immediately south of Behring's Straits, the general character, both physical and moral, seems to be Esquimaux. The three forms of speech spoken by the Esquimaux are but dialects of one language. One of these dialectical differences is found about three degrees westward of the Mackenzie, which coincides very nearly with the eastern boundary-line of Russian America. The Tchuktchi, the Kuskokwims, who occupy the banks of the river from which they take their name, and who may stand as the representatives of the tribes between Cape Rodney and the peninsula of Alaska, numbering 7,000; and the Tchugatches of Prince William's Sound, who are closely allied in language with the islanders of Cadiack, are Esquimaux. In the parts about Cook's Inlet and Mount St. Elias a second race is said to make its appearance; and this is generally separated from the Esquimaux by a broad line of demarcation. It is called the Colooch race, and is generally placed in contrast with the Esquimaux. Isolated tribes, akin to the Colooches, and worthy of special notice, are the following:—1. The Ugalyachmutsi, or Ugaleutzes, consisting of about thirty-eight families. They are Colooch in manners and conformation, having especial affinities with the Yakutes tribe of that group. Living around Mount St. Elias, they are frontier tribes to the Tchugatches. 2. The Kenays of Cook's Inlet, four hundred and sixty families strong. Like the Ugaleutzes, they are in contact with Tchugatch Esquimaux. 3. The Atnahs, dwelling on the Copper River, sixty families strong, hunters of reindeer, and workers in iron as well as copper. They coincide with the typical Colooches in burning their dead, in ascribing the origin of their race to the raven, and in most other particulars. These three tribes are unequivocally connected closely with each other, and with the other members of the Colooch group. The position of the following is less definite:—1. The Holshani. These represent the natives of the interior. They fall into two divisions, whereof the nearest can make itself intelligible to the Atnahs and Keneys. The more distant one is savage, inhospitable, unintelligible. 2. The Inkhlukhlates, dwelling on the Chnlitna river. They are stated to be akin to the Maymutis; who are allied with, 3. The Inkaltes. These represent the Auwigmuts and the Maymutis. In one village alone they are seven hundred strong. Their language is said to be a mixture of the Kenay, Unaleshkan, and Atnah. Dr. King accounted for the dialectical difference in language of the Esquimaux westward of the Mackenzie from their neighbours to the east, by supposing that the inhabitants of the Mackenzie had made their way overland from Kotzelaus, or Prince William's Sound, and thus isolated a large portion of the western coast Esquimaux,—a supposition borne out by the study of their physical and moral characters.

DECORATIVE-ART SOCIETY.

On Wednesday week a paper (2d notice) was read by Mr. Dwyer, "On the interior decoration of the Royal Exchange." He referred to his former paper, and, in repeating several objections therein expressed, contended that the decorations did not improve upon acquaintance; he noticed defects visible in the fresco over the southern entrance, and critically examined the details of the painting on the ceilings and walls of the ambulatories: he affirmed that they were wanting in "fitness of purpose" and "in unity of design;" that the ceilings and walls contrasted painfully with the floor and pilasters; and that, admitting the style of decoration to be in approved taste, this incompleteness in such a building was much to be regretted. He suggested that an enriched or mosaic pavement in the ambulatories, comprehending in its design decided lines assisting the perspective, would tend to improve the

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whole effect of the interior; also, that the walls might have been adorned with representations from the history of commerce, such as the signing of important treaties, or by portraits of celebrated men who have been connected with the rise and progress of our commercial greatness; and that these works should have been by our best English artists. It was considered that the painter (Mr. Sang) has had great difficulties to contend with in a practical sense, but that his efforts did not display the originality and talent which the opportunity afforded. A question was put respecting "the vehicle used for the wax or encaustic painting" at the Exchange, which received no satisfactory answer; and another question followed as to "the composition of a vehicle for encaustic which would stand severe tests;" and information was solicited upon this important point, which, in fact, marks the distinction between *encaustic* and *distemper* painting, or between durability and that which is not durable.

The invention (patented by Mr. Dicksee) of compressed glass mosaics for pavements, for mural decorations, or for furniture, was explained, and some beautiful specimens exhibited in the room; and these led to some further remarks on the exclusiveness of the Gresham Committee, to whom this inventor had applied to be allowed to exhibit his specimens, but was not noticed; and it was alleged that, had there been a competition afforded to artists generally, much better results in the decorations of the Exchange would have been realised.

ASTRONOMICAL PHENOMENON.

MR. T. E. ELLIS, of Trin. Coll. Camb., writes to the editor of the *Times*, March 9, of a most extraordinary phenomenon which was on that day observed at Cambridge; and one which must interest the scientific world to a very high degree, though the results of the minute observations made by the Plumian Professor will not be completed for some days. The morning, he states, was beautifully fine and the sky cloudless, except in a few cirro-cumuli in the S.S.E., which appeared like thin pieces of white gauze floating in the sky, scarcely a breath of air stirring. About 25 min. past 10 the sun, though apparently unclouded, seemed to shine with less than usual lustre, and his rays appeared slightly tinged with green. Using the dark glass of his achromatic telescope, and with a power of about 40, Mr. E. saw distinctly in the sun's centre a small dark spot, surrounded successively by violet, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red rings, separated by comparatively dark rings, and beyond the exterior red ring the same recurred in the same order, but the colours then were much more faint, and at last hardly visible. This appearance increased in intensity until 5 min. past 11, after which the colours began to fade, and exactly at 12 all trace of colour disappeared. The phenomena, however, had not concluded, for the colours now began to return in a reversed order—*i. e.* at the sun's centre was now a spot of purely white light, and each colour was replaced by its complementary one; and this appearance of the sun's disc increased in intensity of colour until 5 minutes before 1, and then began to fade, vanishing completely at 35 minutes past 2, after which everything resumed its ordinary appearance, and nothing more could be discerned unusual throughout the day. Mr. Ellis accounts for this extraordinary phenomenon on the principle of Newton's rings. If two thin films of vapour, extremely near together, passed between the sun's disc and the eye of an observer, the transmitted rays might produce the appearance described as taking place after 12 o'clock; but to produce that observed before 12, the rays reflected from the earth by these two films of vapour must have been again reflected by a third film, and thus brought to the eye in a manner somewhat analogous to that in which the mock sun is formed. As this third film moved away, the phenomenon must vary, and at last disappear, and the sun's transmitted rays now reaching the eye without any reflection, would change the appearance to that observed from 12 o'clock to half-past 2. He cannot, however, he says, yet explain why the periods of maximum brightness should be equidistant from noon, as he is at a loss to know what functions of the sun's hour-angle the motions of these laminæ of vapour could be. The correctness of the above hypothesis is remarkably confirmed by micrometrical measurements which Mr. E. took of the angular magnitudes of the red and violet rings. The colours, moreover, in the spectrum before noon were fainter than those observed afterwards; and some light must be lost by the second reflection, if his hypothesis be correct.

[A continental meteorologist foretels an unusually warm summer, as the spots on the sun, he says, are diminishing in size.—*Ed. L. G.*]

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, *March* 15.—The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred, by decree of convocation, upon the Rev. J. Medley, M.A., of Wadham College, nominated Bishop of New Brunswick; and the following degrees were conferred:—

Master of Arts.—F. Metcalfe, Fellow of Lincoln Coll.

Bachelors of Arts.—H. A. Buckmaster, Christ Church College; S. G. Selwyn, Fellow of New College.

CAMBRIDGE, *March* 12.—The following gentlemen were admitted to the degree of Doctor of Divinity by royal mandate:—Rev. J. Chapman, King's College, Bishop of Ceylon; and Rev. C. J. Vaughan, Trinity College, Head Master of Harrow School.

March 14.—*The Chancellor's Medallists.*—The two gold medals given annually to the two commencing Bachelors of Arts who, having obtained senior optimes at least, shew themselves the greatest proficients in classical learning, were adjudged as follows:—F. Rendall (29th wrangler and first classic, bracketed), and T. F. Knox (14th senior optime and third classic), Trinity College.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

THE distraction which has arisen in this Society, we regret to say, still continues to force itself on the general body; and the means adopted to enforce a divided empire are but too likely to impede and retard the usefulness of the whole. We trust, however, that this state of things will very shortly come to an end; and the Association be allowed to go on without farther interruption or unseemly rivalry.

Since our last the posture of affairs appears to encourage this hope. Nearly three hundred members have enrolled themselves as *associates*, i. e. subscribers of a guinea a-year, and some liberal donations have also been added to the common fund. Thus the sinews of successful war are already supplied, and every day fresh accessions augment their force. The President, Lord Albert Conyngham, and the Committee, are actively employed in re-organising the Society, preparing for the early publication of the *Journal*, and concerting measures for the ensuing Annual Congress. The inhabitants of Winchester, we understand, are earnest in their desire that it should take place in their ancient city.

On the other hand, the majority of the late Committee have advertised *their* Journal; and are no doubt employing their strongest efforts to obtain an authoritative *status*. Till they can accomplish this, we can only view them as a stirring minority of members endeavouring to obtain a position from which they may more effectually disturb, if they cannot govern, the community. We abstain from noticing many reports of injudicious proceedings which have reached us; for though we have felt our judgment compelled to adopt the side we have taken on this vexatious occasion, the *Literary Gazette* never did and never will become a partisan organ, either for misrepresentation or ungentlemanly abuse. Our cause is the cause of Archæology: and we are only warm in supporting the decision of the general meeting, because we consider the founders and officers of the Association to have acted with moderation and propriety throughout, and that by adhering to them we were most likely to protect and advance all the common objects for which the Association was formed.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Feb. 27th.—The secretary read a paper, by Mr. H. Holland, "On Wesseling's objections to the opinion that the city named Cadytis by Herodotus was Jerusalem." Herodotus, in two places in his history, introduces a city named by him Cadytis. He describes it as a great city of Syria, not much less, in his opinion, than Sardis; and reports several particulars respecting the districts neighbouring upon it, as having been communicated to Cambyses, when that sovereign was meditating an invasion of Egypt. From these passages some of the highest authorities among the learned—*e. g.* Prideaux, Rennell, D'Anville—have understood that by Cadytis Herodotus meant Jerusalem, so called by him from the term "Alcads," the Holy, the term applied to it by the Arabs. To these authorities, however, is opposed the learned Wesseling, who, in his commentary on Herodotus, gives his opinion that Cadytis could not be Jerusalem. He supposes that the historian intended to assign this city to a maritime situation, because he includes it in the description of a part of Syria in which were situated the ἐμπόρια; but Mr. Holland shewed that ἐμπόριον does not necessarily imply a trading port, but answers generally to the modern *entrepôt*. Again, Wesseling alleges that μέχρι οὔρων Καδύτιος, used in his description by Herodotus, has been erroneously translated "as far as the mountains of Cadytis," and would substitute "borders;" to which translation Mr. Holland objected, at the same time remarking that it furnishes no argument against the more general opinion respecting Cadytis. Lastly, Wesseling regards it as improbable that the Philistines and other neighbouring nations, who hated the Jews, should have given the name of "holy" to their city; but the fact is, observed Mr. Holland, that the Arabs and Syrians now call it by a name as nearly resembling Cadytis as the native names of places usually resemble those that the Greeks assigned to them in their writings. He farther remarked, that it is not unlikely that the name "holy" might at an early period be applied by general consent to the city which contained a temple so extraordinary for its architectural splendour and solemn services as the temple of Solomon. Mr. Holland concluded his review of the objections of Wesseling with the observation, that they do not appear forcible enough to subvert the decisions of Dr. Prideaux, Maj. Rennell, and D'Anville, besides those of the many "viri eruditissimi" with whom the learned commentator acknowledges he once agreed on this point, and from whom afterwards differing, he was himself able to come to no other

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conclusion than the ancient formulary of doubt, *non liquet*.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

March 4th.—Dr. J. Lee in the chair. Remarks were read by Mr. Samuel Sharpe "On the hieroglyphics of Horapolio Nilous, an Egyptian scribe, native of Phœnebytus, who attempted to collect and perpetuate the fast-fading knowledge of the symbols inscribed upon the olden monuments of his country. This paper was illustrated by a series of drawings upon a large scale.—Mr. Buckingham then read a communication, the result of personal inquiry, on the ruins of the ancient Naucratis, and the site of Sais in the delta of Egypt. He confirmed the opinion of Major Rennell, that the modern village of Sah'l Hadj'r now occupies the site of the ancient Naucratis, and not of Sais, as represented on the French maps; and in this he is also borne out by Arrowsmith, who places Sais further within the delta. The paper contained several other points of interest, especially in relation to some of the more important events connected with the two sites of Naucratis and Sais.—Donations of books and of Babylonian bricks, by Mr. J. C. Floyd, of the Euphrates Expedition steamers, were announced; as also four coloured drawings of the Hartwell mummy and mummy-case, by Dr. Lee.

March 18th.—Mr. W. F. Ainsworth in the chair. Communications were read from Prof. Lee of Cambridge, Dr. Thomson of Damascus, and Mr. Barker of Tarsus. The latter gentleman described the progress of the French archæological researches in the great massive monument of Tarsus, supposed by some to be the tomb of Julian the Apostate; and by Mr. Barker apparently confounded with the monument of Sardanapalus, noticed by antiquity as existing in the same neighbourhood.—Mr. Cullimore then communicated the result of a laborious investigation of the different modes proposed to decipher the Hamyaritic inscriptions, in which he had been assisted by Mr. Bonomi. These gentlemen had applied Mr. Forster's method to some of the inscriptions, of which the translation or Arabic version is supposed to be contained in Schultens; and upon comparing them with these Arabian monuments, a number of very remarkable coincidences resulted. Mr. Cullimore then examined the inscriptions according to the methods proposed by Rœdiger, Gesenius, and Dr. Hincks; and it resulted from these, and his own researches, that by this method he could determine eighteen of the letters to be Ethiopic; while by Mr. Forster's method there were only four. Mr. Cullimore was inclined, from these investigations, to believe that the method proposed by these learned scholars was the one which would ultimately lead to the true decipherment of the south Arabian inscriptions. Some discussion ensued upon the inconsistency presented by the various readings from right to left, and *vice versâ*; and it was mentioned that inscriptions in ancient Greek had been also met with which read from right to left. Some opined that alternate lines might differ. Mr. Johnson argued that the pointing, which is very distinct, attested a reading from left to right. Asaad Y. Kayat remarked upon the existence of Armenian letters in the inscriptions. Mr. Ainsworth had lately shewn to Mr. Forster inscriptions from the city of Al Hadhr, in Mesopotamia, in which there existed Armenian characters, and in which Mr. Forster had also at once recognised Hamyaritic letters.—A communication was read from Dr. Hincks upon his proposed method of deciphering the inscriptions. This gentleman proclaimed them as Abyssinian, from an inscription of similar character having been met with at the monastery of Yeeha in that country, and as belonging to times posterior to the Abyssinian conquests of southern Arabia. This was objected to, so far as all Hamyaritic inscriptions are concerned, on the grounds of the antiquity of the ruins in which they occur; of their abundance in southern Arabia as compared with Abyssinia; and of the fact, historically recorded, of the Hamyaritic kings—Dul-Minar, or "the lord of the tower;" and Nashír al Naïm, or "the opulent"—having erected various monuments, with inscriptions in the Hamyaritic character, in Abyssinia and Nigritea, previous to the Abyssinian conquests of southern Arabia. Mr. Cullimore was inclined to believe that the Ethiopic might have been partly derived from the Hamyaritic.—A letter was read from Lieutenant Cruttenden, political assistant at Aden, containing an account of Baron Wrede's successful visit to Marab; also of Lieutenant Cruttenden's examination of the inscription at Hisn Ghurab, of which he thinks the portion noticed by Mr. Forster as wanting to complete the comparison with the Arabian legend may have been erased from the rock; the same letter also contained hints as to the facilities of pursuing investigations in southern Arabia, from Aden, in an easterly direction, by which the whole line of the forts of the Hamaïri, or Homerites, by which they defended the southern approaches to their country, might be brought successively in review.

Lieut.-Col. Everest of the Indian Survey, and W. Plate, LL.D., were elected upon the council; and numerous donations of books, maps, &c., were announced.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Medical, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Zoological, 8½ P.M.; Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.

Wednesday.—Pharmaceutical, 9 P.M.; Ethnological, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (lecture).

Friday.—British and Foreign Institute (conversazione).

Saturday.—Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

STATUE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

SEVERAL of the newspapers have recently mentioned an equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, on a small scale, and modelled by Count d'Orsay. Having been allowed the favour of seeing it, we will give a brief description of this small but beautiful production of art; not alone worthy of an amateur, even of the fine acknowledged taste and talent of the Count, but such as would do honour to the educated professional sculptor. The group may be about twenty inches in height, about the proportions of the Napoleon from the same hand, which was so much admired last year, when shewn at Messrs. Howell and James's (see *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1434). The Duke is firmly but easily seated, with the reins loose, held up by the right hand (in which is also a telescope) on the off-side, the left arm and hand being more loosely declined toward the horse's shoulder on the near-side. The costume of the figure is a modern undress, buttoned up to the throat, and relieved behind by military draping: so that we have at once (what *we* always contend for in such works) the habit of the personage as he lived, and the effect of ancient art wrought out by a skilful adaptation of contemporaneous realities in dress or equipments. The likeness is perfect in every point of view; full face, either profile, and catch of any single feature. The head is covered by a soldierly cocked hat, rigged, as the sailors say, right fore and aft. The whole of the Man is very imposing; for M. d'Orsay has most judiciously subdued (as far as this great end of statuary or painting requires) the bulkier form of the noble animal, so as not only not to interfere with the principal object, but to make it subservient to its happier display. The difficulty in statues and pictures of this description is, so to dispose the materials, that the larger and more prominent attractions of the Horse should not seize or eclipse attention from the main purpose—the portraiture of the Rider, whose lineaments and expression it is wished to preserve for future generations, but whose physical frame, in juxtaposition, will not stand, in comparison to the eye, close beside the most magnificent creature belonging to the animal world. In the present instance, the splendid charger has bowed his neck, and, though full of fire, so suited his action, that we do not observe him till *after* we have been delighted with contemplating his glorious master. Altogether, we can truly state that no production of this class ever gave us more entire satisfaction; and we trust it may be copied into an imperishable shape, the everlasting bronze, *monumentum ære perennius*, and thus enable the yet living illustrious companions of the Hero to have his true effigies as a household *Lar*, and our army to perpetuate his immortal memory, by a cast in every regiment in the service; nor do we mean to exclude other ranks of the people from indulging in a similar gratification.

THE PORTLAND VASE.

[Before giving the following ample description and poetical illustration of a famous work of ancient art, the demolition of which has excited so general a sensation, we may revert to the perfect cast of it belonging to Mr. Charles Copland, which was shewn at the Marquis of Northampton's three weeks ago (see *Lit. Gaz.*). This copy is coloured so as exactly to represent the original; the ground exhibiting faithfully the body of dark-blue glass, and the raised figures being cut in the coating of white enamel with equal fidelity and truth. We have on high authority that only two more are in existence; but they remain in the simple character of plaster casts; whilst many *imitations* are to be met with, the most finished of which are by Wedgwood. Mr. Francis Wedgwood writes—"that Wedgwood's copy of the Portland Vase is not, strictly speaking, a cast from the original. It is true he took a cast from the original; but as the material of his copy was to be clay, which shrinks in the fire,—if he had used his cast as a mould, his copy would have been smaller than the original. He wanted it exactly the same size; he therefore modelled from the cast a mould a little larger than it, so as to allow for the shrinking in the fire; and in that mould his copy was made." Mr. Copland's facsimile was moulded at Rome from the original, by the celebrated gem-engraver, Pechler, and taken off by Tassie—only a few being permitted, when the model was, by order, destroyed. Jane, Duchess of Gordon, presented this specimen to the late Dr. Copland, of Marischal College, Aberdeen.]

THIS celebrated vase, for about two centuries in the possession of the Barberini family and the chief ornament of their palace in Rome, was purchased nearly fifty years ago by the Duke of Portland, and subsequently deposited in the British Museum. In height it is nearly 10 inches, and 6 in diameter taken at the broadest. The figures are white enamel in bas-relief and of the most exquisite workmanship, raised on a ground of deep blue glass, apparently black, unless held in a strong light. The figures have evidently been formed from the external coating of white opaque glass, in the manner the finest cameos are produced, and must therefore have been the labour of many years. Some eminent antiquarians have placed its age many centuries before the Christian era, as such sculpture was said to have been declining in respect to its excellence in the time of Alexander the Great.

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Many opinions and conjectures have been published concerning the figures. Mr. Wedgwood has well observed, that it does not seem probable the Portland vase was purposely made for the ashes of any particular person deceased, because many years must have been necessary for its production. Hence it may be concluded, that the subject of its embellishments is not private history but of a general nature. It appears to be well chosen, the story finely told, and evidently represents what in ancient times engaged the attention of philosophers, poets, and heroes, viz. the *Eleusinian* mysteries. These mysteries were invented in Egypt, afterwards transferred to Greece, and flourished more particularly at Athens, which was at the same time the seat of the fine arts. They consisted of scenical and obscene* exhibitions representing and inculcating the expectation of a future life after death, and on this account were encouraged by the government, insomuch that the Athenian laws punished a revelation of their secrets with death. What subject could have been imagined so sublime for the ornaments of a funeral urn as the mortality of all things and their resuscitation? where could the designer be supplied with emblems for this purpose before the Christian era but from the Eleusinian mysteries?

The exhibition of these mysteries was of two kinds, those which the people were permitted to see, and those which were only shewn to the initiated. Concerning the latter, Aristides calls them "the most shocking and the most ravishing representations;" and Stobæus asserts that the initiation into the grand mysteries exactly resembles death: this part of the exhibition seems to be represented in one of the compartments of the Portland vase.

First Compartment.—Three figures of exquisite workmanship are placed by the side of a ruined column, whose capital has fallen off and lies at their feet, with other disjointed stones. They sit on loose piles of stones beneath a tree which has not the leaves of any evergreen in this climate, but may be supposed to be an elm, which Virgil places near the entrance of the infernal regions, and adds, that a Dream was believed to dwell under every leaf of it. In the midst of this group reclines a figure in a dying attitude, in which extreme languor is beautifully depicted; in her hand is an inverted torch, an ancient emblem of extinguished life; the elbow of the same arm, resting on a stone, supports her as she sinks, while the other hand is raised and thrown over the drooping head, in some measure sustaining it, and gives with great art the idea of fainting lassitude. On the right of her sits a man, and on the left a woman, both supporting themselves on their arms, as people are apt to do when they are thinking intensely. They have their backs towards the dying figure, yet with their faces turned towards her, as if seriously contemplating her situation, but without stretching out their hands to assist her. The central figure appears the emblem of mortal life, or death. The inverted torch shews the figure to be emblematic; for if a real person in the act of dying, there had been no occasion for the expiring torch, as the dying figure alone would have been sufficiently intelligible; again, had it been a real dying person, would not the other figures, or one of them at least, have stretched out a hand to support her, to have eased her fall amongst the loose stones, or to have smoothed her rest? The man and woman on each side of the dying figure must also be considered as emblems, both from their similarity of situation and dress to the middle figure, and their being grouped along with it. They may be presumed to be emblems of humankind, with the backs towards the dying figure of *Mortal* life, unwilling to associate with her, yet turning back their serious and attentive countenances, curious to behold, yet sorry to contemplate their latter end.

Second Compartment.—On the other compartment is exhibited an emblem of Immortality, the representation of which is well known to have constituted a very principal part of the shows at the Eleusinian mysteries. The habitations of spirits or ghosts after death was supposed by the ancients to be placed beneath the earth; hence the first figure in this group is of the *manes*, or *ghost*, who, having passed through an open portal, is descending into a dusky region, pointing his toe with timid and unsteady step, feeling, as it were, his way in the gloom; he appears lingering and fearful, and wishes to drag after him a part of his mortal garment, which, however, adheres to the portal through which he has passed. A little lower down in the group the ghost is received by a beautiful female—a symbol of *Immortal* life. This is shewn by her fondling between her knees a large and playful serpent, which, from its annually renewing its external skin, has from great antiquity been held as an emblem of renovated youth. The serpent shews this figure to be an emblem, as the torch shewed the central figure in the other compartment to be one: hence they agreeably correspond and explain each other, one representing mortal life, and the other immortal life.

This emblematic figure of immortal life sits down with her feet towards the figure of Pluto; but turning back her face towards the timid ghost, she stretches forth her hand, and taking hold of his elbow, supports his tottering steps, as well as encourages him to advance, both which circumstances are thus with wonderful ingenuity brought to the eye. At the same time the spirit loosely lays his hand upon her arm, as one walking in the dark would naturally do, for the greater certainty of following his conductress, while the general part of the symbol of immortal life being turned towards the figure of Pluto shews that she is leading the phantom to his realms. The figure of Pluto cannot be mistaken. As is agreed by most of the writers who have mentioned this vase, his grisly beard, and his having one foot buried in the earth, denotes the infernal monarch: he is placed at the lowest part of the group, and resting his chin on his hand, and his arm upon his knee, receives the stranger-spirit with inquisitive attention. In this group of figures there is great art shewn in giving the idea of a descending plain, viz. from earth to Elysium; and yet all the figures are in reality on a horizontal one; and the effect is produced, first, by the descending step of the ghost; secondly, by the arm of the sitting figure of immortal life being raised up to receive him; and lastly, by Pluto having one foot sunk into the earth.

There is yet another figure which is concerned in conducting the ghost to the realms of Pluto, and this is Love: he precedes the descending spirit on expanding wings, lights him with his torch, and turning back his beautiful countenance, beckons him to advance. In ancient times he led the way into this life, and was therefore a proper emblem for leading the way to a future life.

In this compartment there are two trees, whose branches spread over the figures; one has smoother leaves, like some evergreens, and might thence have some allusion to immortality; but perhaps they were merely designed as ornaments, or to relieve the figures, because it was in groves where these mysteries were originally celebrated. The masks hanging to the handles of the vase seem to indicate that there is a concealed meaning in the figures besides their general appearance; and the priestess at the bottom, now to be described, seems to demonstrate this concealed meaning to be of the sacred or Eleusinian kind.

Third, or bottom Compartment.—The figure on the bottom of the vase is on a larger scale than the others, less finely finished, and less elevated; and as this bottom part was evidently afterwards cemented to the upper vase, it might be executed by another artist for the sake of expedition; but there seems no reason to suppose that it was originally designed for the upper part of it, as some have conjectured. The figure of the priestess appears with a close hood, and dressed in linen, which sits close about her; except a light cloak, which flutters in the wind. Secrecy was the foundation on which all mysteries rested; and the priestess before us has her finger pointing to her lips, as an emblem of silence; this figure seems placed here with great ingenuity as a caution to the initiated who might understand the meaning of the emblems round the vase, not to divulge their knowledge; and this circumstance seems to account for there being no written explanation extant, and no tradition concerning these beautiful figures handed down to us along with them. The most commonly received opinion is, that this figure is the head of Atis, the great hierophant, who first taught the mysteries of Eleusinia; and that the figures on the sides of the vase are emblems from the same source. It was not unusual amongst the ancients to put allegorical figures on funeral vases, as may be seen in the Pamphili palace at Rome, where there is an elaborate representation of life and death on an ancient sarcophagus.

Darwin thus poetically describes the urn:—

"Or bid mortality rejoice and mourn
O'er the fine forms of Portland's mystic urn.
Here, by fall'n columns and disjoined arcades,
On mouldering stones, beneath deciduous shades,
Sits humankind in hieroglyphic state,
Serious and pondering on their changeful state;
While with inverted torch and swimming eyes,
Sinks the fair shade of mortal life, and dies.
There the pale ghost through death's wide portal bends,
His timid feet the dusky steep descends;
With smiles assuasive Love divine invites,
Guides on broad wing, with torch uplifted lights;
Immortal Life, her hand extending, courts
The lingering form, his tottering step supports,
Leads on to Pluto's realms the dreary way,
And gives him trembling to Elysian day.
Beneath, in sacred robes the priestess dressed,
The coif close-hooded, and the fluttering vest,
With pointing finger guides the initiate youth,
Unweaves the many-coloured veil of truth,
Drives the profane from mystery's bolted door,
And silence guards the Eleusinian lore."

The Suffolk-Street Gallery of native art has its private view to-day, and opens to the public on Easter Monday. Report speaks well of it, but Good Friday has prevented us from availing ourselves of our long-used privilege of a peep in advance.

Paintings, Statuary, Bronzes, &c.—A vast sale of works of art and *vertù* commences on Monday in Dublin; having been collected by the late Mr. F. Johnston, architect. The auction, by Mr. Littledale, will last eighteen days; and the catalogue, containing 1440 lots, is rich in Irish productions. The gallery of paintings

* A remarkable symbol belonging to the 'Αρρητὰ τὰ (Ελευσίνια has lately been described by Mr. Millingen, shewing it to be the Iambé of Egypt, the Baubo of Greece. The figure is indecent, emblematic of the female, as Demeter was of the male sex and worship.—*Ed. L. G.*

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alone occupies six days, beginning on Monday week.

A Comparative View of the Situation and Extent of Ancient and Modern Jerusalem; drawn up from Sketches taken on the spot. By W. H. Bartlett: and lithographed on stone by J. C. Bourne. London, G. Virtue.

The accuracy and the beauty of Mr. Bartlett's Views recommend them alike to the matter-of-fact man and the artistical connoisseur. But indeed, when we come to the illustration of such interesting subjects as this folio contains, the former must be confessed by all to be the most desirable quality. We want true representation and no embellishments. Not wanting the taste and feeling which constitute the essence of the latter, without their encroachment on realities, the present work gives us entire satisfaction. The frontispiece, an ancient bridge, is a congenial portal to the interior; which, as a whole, affords us a very clear idea of the Holy City as it was and is. The general pictures are as effective as faithful panoramas; and we feel as if we had actually before our eyes the place and the people of other days and of our own times. We are sure that all readers of the Scriptures will be charmed with this publication; so well calculated to impart correct notions of the most vitally important spot on the wide earth's surface.

The Castle of Ischia. By Stanfield. Engraved by E. Goodall.

We have just received a proof-impression of this picturesque and splendid landscape, for presentation to their subscribers of 1844 by the Art-Union of London. We have heard unfavourable criticisms upon some of the productions which have preceded this from the same source, and for a similar purpose; but sure we are that the most fastidious and hyper-critical will agree with us in considering the present *boon* as one of the most valuable and attractive which could be adopted to ensure a multitudinous accession of patrons to the Art-Union. The castle is a noble object; the figures on the foreground are introduced with all the skill of a master, and with a draughtsman-power rarely combined with landscape-painting; and then the scene itself, of sky and cloud, and land and water—the waves tumbling about in unison with the darkened face of the heavens—we have only to say, it is worthy o Stanfield in his best style, and that is enough !f

MUSIC.

Pergolesi's 'Stabat Mater.'—A private chamber-performance of this very interesting and beautiful composition by the old master took place at the Hanover-Square Rooms on Tuesday, under the able superintendence of Mr. Vincent Novello, and in accordance with the desire of the late Mr. Barham, who adapted the words to the music. The band consisted simply of six stringed instruments, three violins, viola, and basses, doubtless such a one as Pergolesi himself employed a century ago. The principal voice-parts were taken by Miss S. Novello and Miss Turner, who sang with great feeling and accuracy. The music, which was exceedingly well performed, and afforded great enjoyment to a numerous and select audience, is full of simplicity and beauty, and not loaded with the calculated harmonies which later sacred compositions contain. We cannot say much in praise of the words, or their adaptation to the music; we acknowledge, however, the great difficulty of changing the language of any *libretta*.

Royal Academy of Music.—The first public performance by the pupils of this excellent institution was given on Saturday last. Selections from the works of Spohr, Handel, Beethoven, Haydn, Pergolesi, and Rossini's "Stabat," were performed in a most creditable manner. These concerts are very interesting, as they exhibit the progress of the students and the capabilities of the English school of music. H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, and many other distinguished patrons, were present, and expressed their approbation of the performance.

Oratorio.—We observe, from the daily press, that Mr. C. Horn produced an oratorio of his own composition at the Store-street Music-room on Tuesday evening.

Wilson's Scotch Wallet has, as is usual in such cases, been improved upon since the first night; and the vocalist has only to employ his fine organ on the broad national doric of his country, eschewing ornament or any change for southern effect, to enchant his English as well as his Scottish auditors.

VARIETIES.

The Marquis of Northampton's Soirée, on Saturday last, was again honoured with the presence of His Royal Highness Prince Albert. Mr. Goadby's beautiful preparations were the objects that chiefly engaged his attention. This was the third *soirée*, and following the noble President's annual dinner to the Council of the Royal Society.

Astronomical Lectures.—We have been much gratified to observe the full audiences that have attended Mr. Adams' lectures on Astronomy during the week (to conclude this evening) at the Adelphi Theatre; and the attentive interest taken, not merely by boxes and pit, but by the numbers who crowded the gallery, in his lucid explanation of the motions of the heavenly bodies, and the beautiful illuminated illustrations of his subject. The thirst for knowledge in every class of the community thus manifested is one of the best signs of the times, and one that may and ought to be directed by our rulers to the most beneficial results throughout the population of the land.

The Archæological Dispute.

[In two lines.]

They would have their *Way*, and for trifles divide;
So *We* took our own, having *Wright* on our side.

Cor.

Observation.

Upon this dispute why have more to say?
We've kept the *Cream*; so let them have the *Whey*.

Note.

The *Ins*, methinks, should therefore hold their jaw, sir;
The *Outs* leave Canterbury Tales to Chaw-sir.

Vauxhall Gardens are, we hear, threatened to be opened again this year!

Landslip.—On Thursday week a great land-slip took place from the top of Hillsborough, above 400 feet, opposite the entrance of Ilfracombe harbour. A thousand tons are estimated to have fallen, and the crash is described as tremendous. *Débris* have continued to follow, and the crown of the hill presents an altered form.

Water-tight Bulk-Heads.—We have received a letter signed "Daleth," with reference to our last report of the proceedings of the meeting of the Civil Engineers, at which a letter from Lady Bentham claimed for Sir Samuel Bentham the honour of originating, above half a century ago, the division of vessels into compartments for preventing accidents from leaks, &c. Daleth states that a good description of them will be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for 1759, p. 155, in an article entitled "A method for preventing ships from sinking after receiving such damages as must otherwise unavoidably cause them to founder." He calls attention also to the following extract from the article, as a useful hint in the hour of danger: "If the leak be too low to be come at, then first let all hands remove what heavy stuff they can, such as iron, &c. out of the leaky division; then let them put into the same leaky part all that comes to hand specifically lighter than water, viz. empty casks, seamen's chests, any sort of timber, &c."

Atmospheric Railways.—On the motion of Mr. Shaw, though opposed by Mr. Warburton, Mr. Hinde, Sir George Clerk, &c., a committee was appointed in the House of Commons, to inquire into the system and merits of atmospheric railways.

Comets are becoming fashionable. A letter from Rome states that a new telescopic visitor of this kind was discovered on the evening of Feb. 25th, and its elements on the 26th as follow:—M.T. 7^h 2^m 57^s; R.A. 11^h 38^m 8^s; and Declination $+ 54° 43' 26''$.

Time.—Messrs. Reid and Sons of Newcastle-on-Tyne suggest that all public and railway clocks, and all other clocks throughout the kingdom, should be "uniformly kept with Greenwich time, without regard to the difference of longitude." They say, that "one standard of time" would remedy much inconvenience, and give punctuality to all business arrangements. Their suggestion has been adopted generally in Newcastle and on the railways connected with it.

The Test.—A drug reported to be much adulterated by a firm of *Jewish* importers, was referred for manipulation to Dr. Ure, whose verdict was strongly against the marketable commodity; upon which a determined punster observed that nothing could be more awful to the Jews than such a *Ure-em and Thumb-em.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Illuminated Common Prayer Book.—Mr. Murray has just issued a prospectus for an illustrated edition of the Book of Common Prayer, on fine paper, with about a thousand ornamental borders, scrolls, vignettes, initials, &c. The specimens look gay, but we cannot say much for the animal form (the ass) in the first etching, or the figure apparently touching his hat in the second. It will be well in the artists to look carefully even to such small component matters as these.

Mr. Richard Howitt has long been engaged upon, and is about to produce, a work entitled "Visits to the Birthplaces and Resorts of the most eminent English Poets;" which will include localities in England, Scotland, Ireland, Switzerland, Italy, and other countries.

Old Irish Music.—There is announced for publication, by subscription, a "General Collection of the Music of Ireland," by Mr. William Forde, Author of "L'Anima dell' Opera," "An Essay on the Key in Music," &c., who, it is stated, has a very extensive collection of melodies and ancient airs of great beauty, obtained from the peasantry of various districts and other unpublished sources.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

A Series of Letters on Agricultural Improvement, by J. Joseph Mechi, 4to, 1*s.* 6*d.* sewed, 3*s.* cloth.—The Yorkshire Cattle-Doctor and Farrier, by J. C. Knowlson, 3d edit., 8vo, 7*s.*—Festus, a Poem, by P. J. Bailey, 2d edit., fcp. 6*s.*—Claims of Labour, 2d edit. with additions, fcp. 6*s.*—Rev. J. Davison's Discourses on Prophecy, 5th edit, 8vo., 12*s.*—Sancti Aldhelmi Opera, edit. J. A. Giles, LL.D., 8vo, 10*s.*—Prayers and other Devotions for Penitents, compiled by the Rev. J. Ley, fcp. 1*s.* 6*d.*—The Psalter, with the Gregorian Tones, fcp. 2*s.*—Lanfranci Opera, edit. J. A. Giles, LL.D., 8vo, 2 vols. 24*s.*—The Baptismal Font, by the Rev. J. Cumming, 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—The Law of Nisi Prius, by J. F. Archbold, Vol. II., 12mo, 18*s.*—The Angels of God: their nature, character, &c., by the Rev. T. Timpson, post 8vo, 9*s.*—The Spoon; with upwards of 100 Illustrations, by H. O. Westman, 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—The Royal Progress to Burghley, 4to, 10*s.*—Luther on the Galatians: a new Translation, with Notes, &c., by the Rev. J. Owen, post 8vo, 8*s.*—Michael Cassidy, or the Cottage Gardener: a Tale, 18mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*—The Heroine of a Week: Conversations for the Teacher and the Taught, 16mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—The Comforter, or the Love of the Spirit,

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by R. Philip, 2d edit., 18mo, 2s. 6d.—Leçons Françaises, or, new Method to learn French, by J. N. Vlieland, 12mo, 3s.—De Rohan, or the Court Conspirator, by M. Eugene Sue, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1l. 11s. 6d.—Mortimer on the Growth, &c. of Children's Teeth, 2d edit. 12mo, 5s. History of the Consulate and the Empire, by M. A. Thiers, translated by D. F. Campbell, Vols. I. and II., 8vo, 5s. each.—The Churchman's Theological Dictionary, by the Rev. R. Eden, 12mo, 5s.—Characteristics of the Greek Philosophers (Socrates and Plato), by the Rev. J. P. Potter, 12mo, 4s. 6d.—Slavery in the United States: a Letter to the Hon. D. Webster, by M. B. Sampson, 8vo, 2s. 6d.—Rev. J. Stonard's Exposition of the Church Catechism, 18mo, 2s.—Alice Glynn: a Tale, by J. Slade, post 8vo, 4s. 6d.—Morton's Surgical Anatomy of the Head, Neck, Axilla, &c., royal 8vo, 7s. 6d. plain; 13s. coloured.—Wine-Merchant's Manual, by T. Smeed, fcp. 4s.—Prime Minister: a Historical Romance, by W. H. G. Kingston, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1l. 11s. 6d.—Adolphus' History of George III., Vol. VII., 8vo, 14s.—Mrs. Delectable and her Pupils; or, the Spirit of Young England, "Coming out," fcp. 3s. —Past and Present Policy of England towards Ireland, post 8vo, 9s.—Taylor's Edwin the Fair, &c., new edit. 24mo, 2s. 6d. sewed.—The Freaks of Cupid: a Novel, by an Irish Bachelor, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1l. 11s. 6d.—Lettres de Marie Stuart, par le Prince A. Lebanoff, 7 vols. 8vo, 4l. 4s.—De la Voye's Nouvelles Recreations Francaises, 12mo, 4s. 6d.—De la Voye's Nouveau Choix de Lecons Francaises, 12mo, 4s. 6d.—Dr. J. J. Furnivall on Diseases of the Heart, and of Aneurism, 8vo, 8s.—Collection of Cases of Apoplexy, by E. Copeman, 8vo, 7s. —Thomson's Seasons and Castle of Indolence, new edit., fcp. 5s.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Nobility, Subscribers, and the Public, are respectively informed that this Theatre will RE-OPEN on TUESDAY, March 25, when will be performed Verdi's highly successful new Opera, entitled, ERNANI. In Four Parts—1st, The Bandit; 2d, The Guest; 3d, The Pardon; 4th, The Mask. With new Scenery by Mr. Charles Marshall.—Elvira, Madame Rita Borio; Giovanna, Madame Bellini; Ruy Gomez, Signor Fornasari; Don Carlos, Signor Botelli; Riccardo, Signor Dai Fiori; Iago, Signor A. Giubilei; and Ernani, Signor Moriani.

(It is respectfully announced, that in consequence of other novelties the highly successful Opera of Ernani cannot be again repeated until later in the season.)

After which a new Ballet, entitled EOLINE; or, LA DRYADE. By M. Perrot. The music by Signor Pugni. The Scenery by Mr. Marshall. Principal characters—Eoline (betrothed to Count Edgard), Mdlle. Lucile Grahn; Rubezahl (le Gnome), M. Perrot; Count Edgard, M. Toussaint; Prince of Silesia (brother of Eoline), M. Gosselin; Woodcutters, M. Venafra and M. Gouriet. In the course of the Ballet, Waltze Solemnelle, by the Coryphees of the Corps de Ballet: Pas de la Fiancee—Mdlle. Lucile Grahn and M. Toussaint. Pas de Cinq (composed by M. Gosselin), by Mdlles. Louise Weiss, Mdlle. Ferdinand, Mdlle. Demelisse, Mdlle. Cassan, and Mdlle. Mancelet. Mazourka d'Extase—Mdlle. Lucile Grahn and M. Perrot. Grand Pas des Dryades—Mdlle. Lucile Grahn and the Ladies of the Corps de Ballet.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.

Madame Anaide Castellan, of the Imperial Theatre, St. Petersburgh, is daily expected in town, and will make her first appearance forthwith in Donizetti's Opera, LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

It is respectfully announced that a GRAND MUSICAL FETE, comprising the unpublished Manuscripts of the celebrated FELICIEN DAVID (produced for the first time, with the most enthusiastic success, at the Conservatoire Royal, Paris), will be executed, for the first time in this country, on THURSDAY EVENING, March 27, with the Original Melodies and Choruses. Grand Descriptive Symphonic Ode of LE DESERT. Ode, Symphonie, Orientale—divided in three parts, with grand orchestra. The orchestra and chorus will include upwards of 200 performers. Solos by Sigs. Moriani and Corelli.

Programme.—Part I.—Entrance to the Desert.

Glorification of Allah; Grand Chorus and Orchestra—Arrival of the Caravan—Departure of the Caravan—Tempest in the Desert—Return of the Calm—The Caravan resumes its March.

Part II.—Night.

The Evening Star—Halt of the Caravan—Hymn to the Night; Air sung by Sig. Moriani—Arabian Fantasia—The Dance of the Almés—The Liberty of the Desert; Grand Chorus, with Orchestra—Evening Reverie; Melody sung by Sig. Moriani, with Chorus and Orchestral Accompaniments—Sleep.

Part III.—Sunrise.

Call of the Muezzin: Original Arabian Melody, with the Arabic Words—The Caravan Starts once more on its Journey—The Caravan gradually disappears in the distance: Grand Chorus and Orchestra—Silence in the Desert—The Song of Thanksgiving—Allah. Grand Chorus final.

Introductory Part.—1st. Fragment of Grand Symphony in E flat—2d. Melodies imitative à Grand Orchestre: Les Hirondelles, sung by Signor Moriani—3d. Melodie Orientale: Le Chibouque—4th. Soirée du Printemps. Fragment tiré des Quatre Saisons de Felicien David, executed by all the string instruments.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Pit-Tickets to be made at the Opera-office, Colonnade, Haymarket.

Doors open at Eight, and commence at half-past Eight o'clock.

LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY.

Further Reductions of Passenger Fares.

ON and after SUNDAY the TWENTY-THIRD inst., the FARES of PASSENGERS by the TRAINS between LONDON and BIRMINGHAM, leaving London at 8 o'clock in the morning, and Birmingham at 12 o'clock (noon), WILL BE REDUCED from 27s. to 23s. for First Class, and from 19s. to 16s. for Second Class Passengers, and in proportion for intermediate distances. R. CREED, Secretary.

Euston Station, March 19, 1845.

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Fleet Street, near St. Dunstan's Church, March 11, 1845.

LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Books for transferring Shares in this Society will be CLOSED on THURSDAY, the 27th instant, and will be REOPENED on THURSDAY, the 10th day of APRIL next.

The Dividends for the year 1844 will be payable on Thursday, the 10th day of April next, or on any subsequent day (Tuesdays excepted), between the Hours of Ten and Three o'Clock.

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The next Congress of the Archæological Association will be held at Winchester, in the month of September. All Annual Subscribers of One Pound will be entitled to attend the Congress, and to receive the Volume of Transactions on that occasion. Subscriptions may be paid to the account of the Central Committee at Messrs. Cocks and Co., 4 Whitehall. It is requested that all communications be addressed to the Secretary, 12 Rutland Gate, Hyde Park.

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THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

History of the Consulate and the Empire of France under Napoleon, &c. By M. A. Thiers. Translated by D. Forbes Campbell, Esq. 8vo, Vols. I. and II. London, Colburn, Chapman and Hall.

During a parliamentary recess, with plenty of room in the great broad-side newspapers, the publication of such a book as this was sure to attract much attention, and he largely quoted. M. Thiers' history has by this means already become familiar to the majority of readers; and so many of its most striking passages have been Timed and Chronicled and Posted that we may spare ourselves the trouble of a long review; and be content to state our impressions in the briefest manner.

The work is very well translated, reads well in English, and is as clear as in the clear original, and free from gallicisms. The promised historical introduction is postponed till the appearance of the third volume; and public archives and private sources have been made patent to the researches of the author, so that his account of these mighty movements and events is not limited to matters already known, or advanced on insufficient grounds. Still it may be doubted whether the period has yet arrived when a frank and candid history of the first fifteen years of the present century can be written and published, even supposing the writer to be possessed of all the information that could be furnished for its illustration, and be also unprejudiced and impartial in his own mind. M. Thiers, however, is one of the *quorum pars*, and his views cannot by possibility be unbiased. His preceding History of the French Revolution afforded proof of this; and his new work does not, as a sequel, depart from the model of its precursor. The same phantom-word Glory, the curse of France, is still the *ignis fatuus* as far as nationality is concerned; and General Bonaparte is the Demigod to be identified with that word of fear and evil. Every action of his career is *glorified*, and wonderful as he truly was, he is made still more prodigious in the page of his panegyrist. His departure from Egypt may be cited as a sample of the apologist and justificator. After his evasion we are told:—

"Regret for home is a passion which becomes violent when the distance and the novelty of places, and fears founded on the uncertainty of return, concur to irritate it. In Egypt, this passion frequently burst forth in murmurs, sometimes in suicide. But the presence of the commander-in-chief, his language, his incessant activity, dispelled these gloomy vapours. Well knowing how to occupy himself, and how to occupy others, he captivated their minds to the highest point, and either dissipated around him, or prevented the generation of, those irksome feelings to which he was altogether a stranger. The men often said to themselves that they should never see France again, that they should never recross the Mediterranean, especially now that the fleet had been destroyed at Aboukir; but General Bonaparte was there; with him they could go any where, find their way back to their country, or make a new country for themselves. With his departure, the aspect of things was totally changed. The intelligence of it came, therefore, like a thunderbolt. The most opprobrious epithets were applied to this departure. *They did not consider that irresistible impulse of patriotism and ambition, which, on the news of the disasters of the Republic, had urged him to return to France.* They perceived only the forlorn state in which he left the unfortunate army, which had felt sufficient confidence in his genius to follow him. They said to themselves that he must then have convinced himself of the imprudence of that euterprise, of the impossibility of its success, since he had run away, and relinquished to others what seemed to him thenceforward impracticable. But to sneak off alone, leaving beyond sea those whom he had thus compromised, was cruelty, nay cowardice, said some traducers; for he always had some, and very near to his person, even in the most brilliant epochs of his career."

The famous despatch, descriptive of the miserable condition of the army he had left,* is summarily disposed of:

"General Kléber and Poussielgue, the administrator, stated that the army, diminished by one half, was at this moment reduced to about 15,000 men; that it was nearly naked, which in that climate was extremely dangerous on account of the difference of temperature between day and night; that they were in want of cannon, muskets, projectiles, powder, all which things it was difficult to replace, because cast iron, lead, timber for building, and materials for making gunpowder, were not to be had in Egypt; that there was a considerable deficit in the finances, for the sum of 4,000,000 (of francs) was due to the soldiers for pay, and 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 to the contractors for various supplies; that the resource of levying contributions was already exhausted, the country being ready to rise if new ones were imposed; that, the inundation having been scanty this year, and the crops being thus likely to prove deficient, the Egyptians would be alike destitute of the means and the will to pay the tax; that dangers of all kinds threatened the colony." * * * And "Kléber added, that the commander-in-chief had seen the crisis approaching, and this was the real motive for his precipitate departure. M. Poussielgue concluded his report with a calumny; General Bonaparte, when he left Egypt, had, he said, carried away two millions. To complete this picture, it should be known that General Bonaparte had heaped favours on M. Poussielgue."

And on the same subject the English Government is thus misrepresented (one of the multitude of instances in which M. Thiers commits similar injustice):—

"Believing that the French army was reduced to the last extremity, it lost no time in sending off an express order not to grant any capitulation, unless they surrendered themselves prisoners of war. Mr. Dundas even made use, in his place in parliament, of *odious expressions*. 'An example,' said he, 'must be made of that army, which, in a time of profound peace, has dared to invade the dominions of one of our allies: the interests of mankind require that it *should be destroyed*.' This language *was barbarous*; it displays the violence of the passions which then filled the hearts of the two nations. The English cabinet had taken literally the exaggerations of Kléber and of our officers; it considered the French as reduced to submit to any conditions that might be imposed upon them; and, not foreseeing what was passing, it had the imprudence to give positive orders to Lord Keith, the admiral commanding in the Mediterranean, not to sign any capitulation but on the express condition that the French troops should become prisoners of war."

We would ask, what there was "odious" and "barbarous" in the language which spoke of *destroying* an army, simply and obviously in the sense of making the troops prisoners of war? How could a French author, with all the slaughters of twenty years committed by his countrymen, and related by himself, venture on so unfounded a charge?

But we will not dwell on generalities or evoke argument. It will better suit our page to pick out what may rather be considered as private and personal characteristics. Thus, for example, we find M. Thiers painting portraits of men who flourished in these days, when the revolution of the 18th Brumaire had terminated the existence of the Directory.

"*Sieyès*, who had never worn a sword, was almost the equal of General Bonaparte; so great is power of mind, even unaccompanied by the talents which render it useful or applicable. But now that it was necessary to lend a hand to business, Sieyès, who was indolent, peevish, obstinate in his ideas, irritated or upset by the slightest contradiction, could not long vie in influence with his young colleague, who was capable of working night and day, whom no contradiction ruffled, who was abrupt but not testy, who could win the goodwill of men when he pleased, and who, at any rate, when he neglected to do so, had always the alternative of carrying his point by force."

* In this way: "In August 1799, Gen. Bonaparte, being decided by news from Europe to leave Egypt suddenly, ordered Admiral Ganteaume to send out of the harbour of Alexandria the frigates La Muiron and La Carrère, the only ships left after the destruction of the fleet, and to cast anchor in the little roadstead of the Marabout. It was there, about two leagues westward of Alexandria, that he purposed to embark. He took with him Generals Berthier, Lannes, Murat, Andréossy, Marmont, and the two men of science, to whom he was more attached than to any of the others belonging to the expedition, Monge and Berthollet. On the 22d of August (5th Fructidor, year vii.) he proceeded to the Marabout, and precipitately embarked, in constant apprehension lest the English squadron should make its appearance. The horses on which the party rode thither, being left upon the beach, galloped back to Alexandria. The sight of these horses, completely saddled, but without riders, excited a sort of alarm; it was supposed that some accident had befallen some of the officers of the garrison, and a detachment of cavalry was despatched from the entrenched camp. Presently a Turkish groom, who had been present at the embarkation, explained what had happened; and Menou, who alone had been initiated into the secret, made known in Alexandria the departure of Gen. Bonaparte, and the appointment which he had made of General Kléber to succeed him. The latter had an appointment to meet him at Rosetta on the 23d of August, but Gen. Bonaparte was so hurried to embark that he had gone the day before." His *devoted* army!!

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Bernadotte, &c.—"The stanch revolutionists, beaten at St. Cloud, still had partisans in the Society of the Riding House (Menège), as it was called, and in similar societies in different parts of France. They had at their head few of the leading men of the two assemblies: but they numbered among them some officers highly esteemed in our armies: Bernadotte, a man of moderate abilities, and of a vain and ambitious disposition; Augereau, a brave soldier, supremely unreasonable, and luckily possessing but little influence; lastly, Jourdan, a good citizen and a good general, whose military miscarriages had soured his temper, and thrown him into an exaggerated opposition."

"*M. Maret*, since Duke of Bassano, who became secretary to the consuls, with the title of secretary of state. Charged to prepare for the consuls the elements of their labour, frequently to draw up their resolutions, and to communicate them to the heads of different departments, to keep the secrets of the state, he had a kind of ministry, destined sometimes to make up for, to complete, or to control the others. A cultivated mind, a certain acquaintance with Europe, with which he had already negotiated, particularly at Lisle, with Lord Malmesbury, a tenacious memory, a fidelity not to be shaken, caused him to become one of the most serviceable and most constantly employed fellow-labourers of General Bonaparte. In those who served him, the General preferred exactness and intelligence to brilliancy. It is a partiality common to superior geniuses, which desire to be comprehended and obeyed, but want no substitute. Such was the secret of the high favour also enjoyed by M. Berthier for twenty years. M. Maret, though far from equalling him, had, in civil affairs, some of the merits displayed by the illustrious chief of the staff in his military career."

Lucien Bonaparte.—"The partisans of General Bonaparte could not speak of this device of the Grand Elector without inveighing against it; and among them Lucien Bonaparte, who alternately crossed or served the head of his family, but always capriciously, without consistency or discretion; sometimes acting the part of a brother, passionately promoting the greatness of his brother; at others, the citizen hostile to despotism, Lucien Bonaparte declaimed with violence against the plan of M. Sieyès. He loudly declared that there needed a president of the Republic, a Council of State, and very little more; that the country was tired of babblers, and wanted only men of action. These inconsiderate speeches were of a nature to produce the most mischievous effect; but fortunately, no great importance was attached to the words of Lucien."

"*Kléber* was the handsomest man in the army. His lofty stature, his noble countenance, expressing all the pride of his soul, his valour at once intrepid and cool, his quick and solid intelligence, rendered him a most formidable commander on the field of battle. His mind was brilliant, original, but uncultivated. He read incessantly and exclusively Plutarch and Quintus Curtius; there he sought the food of great souls, the history of the heroes of antiquity. He was capricious, indocile, and a grumbler. It was said of him, that he liked not either to command or to obey; and this was true. He obeyed under General Bonaparte, but not without murmuring; he sometimes commanded, but in the name of another; under General Jourdan, for example, assuming the command by a sort of inspiration amidst the battle, exercising it like a superior captain, and, after the victory, resuming his character of lieutenant, which he preferred to any other. Kléber was licentious in his manners and language, but upright, disinterested, as men were in those days, for the conquest of the world had not yet corrupted their dispositions.

"*Desaix* was the reverse in almost every respect. Simple, bashful, nay, somewhat awkward, his face hid by a profusion of hair, he had not the look of a soldier. But, heroic in action, kind to the soldiers, modest with his comrades, generous to the vanquished, he was adored by the army and by the people conquered by our arms. His solid and eminently cultivated mind, his intelligence in war, his application to his duties, and his disinterestedness, made him an accomplished model of all the military virtues; and, while Kléber, indocile, refractory, could not endure any superior authority, Desaix was obedient, as though he had not known how to command. Under a rough exterior, he concealed a soul ardent and susceptible of enthusiasm."

He fell at Marengo, the victory of which he achieved on the very same day that Kléber was assassinated in Cairo. Bonaparte esteemed the latter, but had an affection for the former.

The new rulers of France having been installed, it seems as if an accident had at the very outset determined the precedency and power of Bonaparte, pointing, like the witches in *Macbeth*, the way he had made up his resolution and was predestined to go.

"On the very day that the three provisional consuls removed to the Luxembourg, they met to deliberate on the most urgent affairs of the state. It was the 11th of November, 1799 (20th of Brumaire). It was necessary to choose a president; the age and position of M. Sieyès seemed to call him to that distinction; but Roger-Ducos, though his friend, as if carried away by the feeling of the moment, said to General Bonaparte, 'Take the arm-chair, and let us deliberate.' Bonaparte immediately complied. The official acts of the provisional consuls, however, made no mention of a president."

Sieyès was now employed to produce one of his pigeon-hole constitutions, and Roger-Ducos being a nonentity, the ambitious designs of Bonaparte were gradually unfolded. Sieyès' constitution-mongering is whimsically painted:

"He had arrived at last at the Venetian aristocracy, constituted for the benefit of the men of the Revolution, since it attributed, for ten years, to those who had exercised functions since 1789, the privilege of figuring by right in the lists of notability; and he purposed, moreover, to reserve for himself and for three or four principal personages of the day the faculty of composing, for the first time, all the bodies of the state. But aristocracy is not to be created off-hand; despotism alone is. That harassed society could not find repose but in the arms of a powerful chief. In this extraordinary constitution, every thing was admired, every thing admitted—every thing excepting the grand elector, with his magnificent income, and apparently nothing to do. In his stead was substituted an energetic and active chief, General Bonaparte; and, by the change of a single spring, this constitution was destined, without any participation of its author, to lead to the imperial despotism, which, with a conservative senate, with a mute legislative body, we have seen governing France for fifteen years, in a glorious but arbitrary manner."

The parties soon quarrelled:

"General Bonaparte was, under the impression of the reports made to him concerning the grand elector, inactive, and liable to be absorbed by the senate; M. Sieyès was soured by the condemnatory expressions which were attributed to the general, and which had been, no doubt, exaggerated. They met in the worst humour, did nothing but disagree, and used the bitterest language to one another. M. Sieyès, who needed composure for explaining his ideas, did not develop them on this occasion with sufficient clearness and coherence. General Bonaparte, on his part, was abrupt and impatient. They inveighed against each other, and parted almost at enmity."

At last, however, a sort of plan was produced, and Bonaparte and his colleague proclaimed, "*The Revolution is finished*;" and then came the scramble for place and pelf; for they had some seven or eight hundred offices and appointments to dispose of.

"General Bonaparte, upon whom it devolved to appoint the agents of the executive power, as well as Messrs. Sieyès, Roger-Ducos, Cambacérès, and Lebrun, who were entrusted with the selection of the members of the senate (who again, in their turn, had to choose the members of the legislative body and the tribunate), were beset by solicitations from every quarter. The applicants sought to be appointed either senators or members of the legislative body, tribunes, councillors of state, or prefects; and really these important posts, all conferring handsome emoluments, and all to be filled up at once, were calculated to tempt the ambitious. Many fiery revolutionists, enemies of the 18th Brumaire, were already wonderfully appeased. Many of those waverers, who only make up their minds after success, were beginning to express their sentiments aloud. There was at that time, as there always is, an expression of the day, which depicted to a nicety the state of the public mind. 'We must speak out' (il faut *se montrer*), were words in every mouth; 'we must shew that, far from wishing to throw fresh obstacles in the way of the new government, we are, on the contrary, ready to assist in overcoming those which surround it;' which, in reality, meant that the speaker was anxious to attract the notice of the five personages who had all the patronage in their hands. Among the applicants there were even some who, to secure their appointment to the tribunate, promised their zealous support to the consular government, although they had beforehand made up their minds to pursue towards it a system of vexatious annoyance. In revolutions, when the fire of the passions begins to burn low, cupidity may be seen to succeed violence, and the terror of the spectator is almost suddenly changed into disgust. Were it not that deeds of lofty virtue and heroic actions covered with their lustre the sad details; and especially, were it not that the vast and beneficial results which nations derive from social revolutions compensated for the present evil by an immensity of good to come, we might well turn our eyes from the spectacle which they present to the world; but they are the trials to which Providence subjects human society for its regeneration, and we ought, therefore, to study with care, and, if possible, with advantage, the scene alternately repulsive and sublime."

Events proceeded; the tribunate became troublesome; and other incidents interfered with or threatened the gradually consolidating power of Bonaparte. The way in which he carried forward his usurpation, and bent the necks of all in succession to his yoke, is ably told. Among the rest was the subjugation or pacification of La Vendée; and whilst thousands came into the growing control of the consul, yet one or two remained firm to their principles:—

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audience. When he was conducted to the Tuileries, the aide-de-camp ordered to introduce him conceived such apprehensions from his look, that he deemed it unsafe to shut the door of the first consul's cabinet, and went every now and then to steal a glance at what was passing. The interview was long. In vain General Bonaparte addressed the words 'native country and glory' to the ears of Georges: in vain he held out even the bait of ambition to the heart of that fierce champion of the civil war; he had no success, and he felt convinced himself that he had failed when he looked at the face of his visitor. Georges, on leaving him, set out for England with M. Hyde de Neuville. Several times, when giving his fellow-traveller an account of this interview, he exclaimed, shewing his vigorous arms, 'What a blunder I committed in not strangling that fellow!'"

Had he, indeed, played this political Hercules, what a difference to the world! But we must now conclude; and we do so with M. Thiers' estimate of Mr. Pitt, who was not, any more than Georges, to be cajoled into a dangerous peace, even by the arts of Bonaparte:—

"War suited the passions and the interests of Mr. Pitt. This celebrated head of the British cabinet had made the war with France his mission, his glory—the foundation of his political existence. If peace became necessary, he should, perhaps, be obliged to retire. He brought to the conflict that obstinacy of character which, combined with his rhetorical talents, had made him a powerful, but not very enlightened statesman."

A Verbatim Report of the Proceedings at a Special General Meeting of the Members of the British Archæological Association, held at the Theatre of the Western Literary Institution, 5th March, 1845. Pp. 32. London, J. R. Smith.

This verbatim report of the meeting (the result of which we stated in the *Lit. Gaz.* of the 8th March) has the merit of entire fidelity; and will therefore lay before the members of the Archæological Association, and the public at large, a true statement of all that is alleged by the portion of the Central Committee which adopted this step, in order, if possible, to extricate affairs from the miserable confusion into which they had fallen. The chairman's plain and lucid exposition of what had taken place will be perused with much interest, as it puts the whole matter on the real ground, and exhibits the growth of the contention from its first germ to its latest rupture. Every one can, therefore, form his own judgment on the case; for we do not understand that the other side deny any of these facts.

There is an introduction by Mr. Wright, written in a gentlemanly tone, from which we select the following passages, as throwing some further light on the subject:

"At that meeting I abstained altogether from speaking, because I could not have spoken without alluding to matters of personal feeling, which I, as much as any one, wished to avoid introducing in proceedings where calmness and regularity were so much to be desired. Since that, a circular has been issued containing statements so disingenuous and garbled, that I am not sorry to have an opportunity of saying something in my own defence, in addition to the very fair, I may say indulgent, statement made by Mr. Pettigrew in his address to the members assembled at the general meeting. It is not without reluctance that I even attempt to defend myself in a question so paltry and frivolous, as that relating to the 'Archæological Journal' ter of astonishment to me, that it should ever have been made a subject of discussion in a society of gentlemen; and I cannot therefore believe that it is the 'only point at issue.' As it has been stated by Mr. Pettigrew and by Mr. Way, I edited the Journal of the Association during its first year,—that is, I performed the drudgery of an editor without having the credit of being the editor (for it was not known even to all the members of the Central Committee), and without any remuneration. I undertook this work, certainly most disinterestedly, because it appeared the only means of ensuring method and regularity of publication. It is perfectly well known that the Journal was put forth as edited by a sub-committee. * * * I feel surprised that a gentleman, or a body of gentlemen, should venture to state in print that any one is receiving 'a *considerable* salary,' without even knowing that there is any *salary* at all. What the similarity in the title is I do not know; a Journal of an Association and an Album are certainly different things. My publication is literally an Album; it consists of essays written by myself alone; and although for convenience published in six parts, the volume when completed will have no appearance of having been published otherwise than as an annual volume. * * Mr. Pettigrew's statement gives the outline of the subsequent proceedings. My impression is, that they were characterised by hostility to the 'Album' more than by apprehension for the 'Journal.' When, after the subject had been twice turned out of the Central Committee, the three members of the sub-committee determined to issue a circular against the 'Album,' I was requested to withdraw my name from the title of my own book. The grounds on which Mr. Smith and myself protested, and withdrew from the committee, were, that we had no power of issuing such a circular, that we were compromising the principles of the Association, and that we were insulting the Central Committee, on which we were dependent, by doing what it had virtually decided should not be done. It appeared to us that under such circumstances, with such a protest, all 'precedents' would have led us to lay the matter before a meeting of the Central Committee for decision; but the only answer we could obtain was, 'We are three to two, and will do as we like:' and the circular was issued in spite of the protest. I think it right to state, that I learnt from what had passed in the sub-committee before my arrival, and from what was said in my presence, that the original intention had been to issue a circular, stating, in so many words, that the 'Archæological Album' was a publication not authorised by the Association, which no one could for a moment have taken for any thing else than an official recommendation from the 'Central Committee' to each member of the Association not to buy it. The aim and tendency of our institution is, to unite together in one body all who have any taste for antiquities; and it would truly be a monstrous thing, if such a powerful instrument were used to proscribe particular antiquarian publications which might give umbrage to two or three individuals."

The canvassing of the opposition in the Committee, and the bringing in of faces and votes hitherto unknown, is next plainly recorded—and we read:

"We supposed that the business of the Association was to be carried on at our next meeting in the same friendly manner as formerly. But no sooner had Lord Albert Conyngham turned his back, than the same system of canvassing votes was continued; and our surprise greater number of new faces than before. A systematic opposition to the gentlemen who had hitherto conducted the affairs of the Association was exhibited on more points than one; and I personally was made the object of a very rude attack, quite unprovoked, and, I think, unmerited. A very uncourteously-worded motion, expelling me from the editing sub-committee, was moved by Mr. Hawkins, and seconded by Mr. Barnwell. My first feeling was to endeavour to secure the peace of the Association by giving way; and I can safely say, that during the whole discussion, under whatever provocation, I did not allow one word of personal feeling to drop from my mouth. But I saw that the only result of my standing aside to avoid the blow was, that it fell on the head of one of my friends and colleagues. I then felt it my duty to stand my ground as long as I could. There was now no longer any room for doubt that a party had been organised to take the direction of the society out of our hands. Mr. Hawkins's resolution was carried by, nominally, a majority of 10 against 6. Mr. Pettigrew has stated that he did not vote, being in the chair; but he has forgotten, and the writer of the circular has not thought it necessary to recollect, that I also was present, and did not vote (from the feeling that I was personally concerned in it); so that, after all, this large majority of which they boast was only 10 against 8. The next person singled out for attack appears to have been Mr. Pettigrew. It is perhaps not generally known among the members of the Association that, in addition to many other good services for which we are indebted to our treasurer, he has kindly given us a room in his own house, during the first year of our existence, as our place of meeting, the amount of our funds until lately not being sufficient to enable us to pay the rent of apartments for that purpose. It would have been too bold to attack Mr. Pettigrew in his own house; it was determined to seek a room elsewhere, and this was done without even the courtesy of communicating on the subject with Mr. Pettigrew himself. We learnt accidentally that an application had been made *in the name of the Central Committee* to the council of the Art-union for the use of a room. It appears that this was at first assented to, but some difficulties afterwards arising, a room was obtained at the Institute of Civil Engineers, by the means of Mr. Manby, and there the fraction of the old defunct Committee have since held their meetings. * * On learning what had taken place, and receiving a copy of the resolution, Lord Albert Conyngham sent in his resignation as president, and another special meeting of the Committee was called. It was, however, well known that it was the intention of these gentlemen to accept the president's resignation, in whatever terms it was couched. Mr. Way had stated that the business of the special meeting would be to consider of the choice of another president. When we met, Mr. Pettigrew represented to them how much we were indebted to Lord Albert Conyngham—that he was our first president, and had come forward when we were few in numbers and our success was doubtful—and that he had been an attentive and zealous leader and fellow-labourer in our upward struggle. He suggested measures which, in his opinion, would lead to our president's return, and urged that they should be adopted. The only answer given was evidently a pre-arranged one—'We will not be dictated to!' Mr. Pettigrew then drew out a written resolution, accepting the resignation of the president, with expressions of regret and of

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thankfulness for his services, and ending with the hope that his lordship would still reconsider his determination. The gentlemen on the other side immediately moved and carried an amendment, accepting the resignation, but omitting the part which contained the hope that the president would reconsider his determination. This was their 'regret' and 'grateful acknowledgments.' We felt that, under these circumstances, it was useless for us to remain on the committee with such opponents. But we felt also that we had incurred a considerable degree of responsibility towards the body of the Association, and I doubt very much if we should have done our duty in surrendering its money and papers into the hands of men who by their conduct during the first year had not shewn great anxiety for its prosperity. It seemed the more honourable course to place ourselves in the hands of the body at large. It is evident that a factious majority (for it was a factious majority) of 12 or 13 persons ought not to be allowed to dictate to a large Association, without any responsibility to the Association itself. There were other reasons which made a general meeting desirable, for we had felt a growing necessity to remodel the constitution of the Association, which had gone through many transformations, without a proportionate modification in its system. * * * I will only add, that the late members of the Central Committee still continue their meetings, and lay claim to be the Central Committee, and have announced a Journal as the continuation of that published under the direction of the Central Committee during the past year. They have also taken various steps to thwart us in our proceedings, which fortunately have not met with much success. Sir Henry Ellis has retired from both parties, on the ostensible plea of a wish to keep neutrality; and Mr. King has gone over to the others, on the ground of not agreeing in the necessity of a general meeting. But, on the other hand, the larger part of the Association acquiesce in the general meeting, and the adhesion of a considerable number of associates, as well as correspondents, has shewn that we have nothing to fear. The 'Journal' will be ready for delivery in the course of the month of April, and I have no doubt that it will then be easily seen which is really the Journal of the British Archæological Association."*

* It will gratify the adherents to the Committee elected, and the order of things established by the general meeting, to be informed that a fine mummy has been sent from Egypt by Mr. Waghorn, to be unrolled at their next meeting. We are aware that the grumblers chose to denounce a similar act at Canterbury as one of the *mountebanking* proceedings; but we can hardly think that investigations such as have awakened the earnest curiosity of the whole world can be deemed inconsistent with any archæological pursuits. But even say they are foreign to the immediate objects; we would ask, why so universally interesting a procedure should not be introduced, were it only for an evening's variety and relaxation? Tea and coffee ought also to be proscribed.—*Ed. L. G.*

American Facts, &c. By G. Palmer Putnam, Member of several American Societies, and Author of an Introduction to History, &c. Pp. 292. London and New York, Wiley and Putnam.

This is a volume very full of miscellaneous and useful information respecting America; and, as the title states, sums up the "Facts," shedding light upon the statistics, governments, manufactures, commerce, religion, arts, literature, education, manners, and customs of the country. It seems to be as fairly done as could be expected from a citizen of the States; for if there be a national bias and *couleur de rose* (as indeed there must be), they are not carried to that pitch which should make us doubt or disbelieve the statements of the author, or do more than take a little salt with his favouring panorama. In short, we consider it to be a compilation which will convey much intelligence, in the smallest possible compass, to every class of readers.

A distinct map is prefixed, and there are some portraits, transferred hastily by a new process, of which they are not such favourable specimens as we should expect; for the illustrations of the American expedition under Commander Wilkes (frequently noticed by us), and some original productions we have seen at Messrs. Wiley and Putnam's, shew us that the fine arts are rapidly advancing in the United States.

We will not dwell upon gazetteer subjects, but briefly mention a few broad heads.

In 1790, the population was estimated at 3,929,328; in 1840, at 17,062,666, including 2,487,355 *slaves*, in thirteen of the twenty-six states. The electors are calculated at two and a-half millions, of whom from 150,000 to 200,000 are foreigners, natives of Europe, of whom we are told:

"Compared to the *whole*, this number is not formidable; but, unfortunately, these 200,000, though nearly all incapable of understanding the nature and peculiarities of a republican government—and with nothing whatever at stake in the national councils—have yet been permitted to enjoy privileges which give them in fact a controlling power in public measures: for their numbers are sufficient to turn the scale of the political parties, and hence they are courted and feared by each party, and they hold the balance entirely in their own hands. The evils arising from this state of things are now beginning to be apparent; and a strong effort is being made, and very properly, to limit the right of suffrage either to natives of the country, or to residents of twenty-one years."

In 1840, "there were 1552 printing-offices, 447 binderies, 138 daily newspapers, 125 semi- or tri-weekly, 1141 weekly, 227 periodicals: the whole employing 11,523 persons, and a capital of 10,619,054 dollars. The total amount of capital employed in manufactures of every kind was 267,726,579 dollars, or say fifty-five millions sterling."

About repudiation we shall say nothing; and must refer readers, for the particulars of the various powers of the general and each provincial government, to the details of Mr. Putnam, who places them briefly and clearly before us.

"The chief religious denominations in 1840 were:

	Churches or Congregations.	Ministers.
Baptists	7130	4907
Methodists	—	3506
Presbyterians	3744	2898
Congregationalists	1300	1150
'Christians'	1000	800
Episcopalians	950	849*
Lutherans	760	267
German Reformed	600	180
Roman Catholics	512	545
Friends	500	—
Universalists	653	317
Unitarians	200	174
Various sects	306	—"

* "There are twenty-five bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States."

We agree with the author in his justly-bestowed praise of the school-books, dictionaries, and cyclopædias of America; and would extend our eulogy to some of her classical editions; and these notices bring us to the congenial topics of her literature and arts. It is gratifying to hear that "there is scarcely a town of any importance in the Union but has some sort of a public library, reading-room, lyceum, or athenæum. The libraries of the legislatures of the different States are also considerable; and there are many valuable books in the collections of the various scientific and historical societies, to be mentioned presently. There are then, at least, some 800,000 or 900,000 volumes in public collections, mostly well chosen, and placed within the reach of all classes."

The following additional observation is not so worthy of the writer's good sense and tone:

"Are they not (he asks, in a vulgar and flippant style) more adapted to be *useful*, as far as they go, than two or three times the amount of learned lumber piled in folios and quartos on miles of dusty shelves, and rarely disturbed in their slumbers? But learned lumber is not quite neglected, and many important additions have recently been made to the collections mentioned."

How can important additions be said to be made to *lumber*—in the book way, not in the West India trade?

"There are in nearly all the States *historical societies*, for collecting and preserving national records, books, coins, &c., especially those relating to the early history of the country. The Historical Society of Massachusetts has published *twenty-seven* volumes of 'Collections;' that of New York, about six volumes; those of Georgia and Ohio, one or two volumes each.

"The addresses at *historical commemorations* and centenary celebrations,* which are peculiar to the United States, become the means of recording and perpetuating much historical information. Probably there are 500 different pamphlets of this kind. The original archives of other States have been carefully arranged; those of the general government, with the State papers, have been printed in about forty folio volumes; at least 2000 volumes of documents have been printed by Congress and the State legislatures. All these, with the private publication of more than seventy different volumes of American historical memoirs and diplomatic correspondence—among which the writings of Washington, in twelve *expensive octavos*, have been actually sold to the extent of 6500 copies.† These facts should make another qualifying note to Mr. Alison's assertion, that the Americans are 'wholly regardless of historical records and monuments.' * * *

"The promiscuous introduction into the United States of the works of English authors, unrestricted by international laws of copyright, has had the tendency, unquestionably, of checking the progress there of a native literature. It is thought, however, that those who suppose that American literature has thus been utterly extinguished, or that no such thing ever existed, are somewhat in error—or are at least too much influenced by prejudice and incredulity.

"American authors are not always deprived of just remuneration for their writings. The Harpers, of New York, are said to have paid Mr. Prescott 7500 dollars (1500*l.*) for the *first* edition of his 'Conquest of Mexico,' and to have offered double that sum (which was declined) for the entire copyright. In two years the sale of 'Barnes' Notes,' yielded the author alone

* The *centenaries* of American history must needs be very few, unless the Irish immigrants keep them every *tenth* year.—*Ed. L. G.*

† "Another rather curious historical fact is the sale of 22,000 copies of an octavo volume, by J. Priest, on *American Antiquities*. The demand for some other historical works in the United States has also been definitely ascertained, and is mentioned in the second part of this volume."

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more than 5000 dollars. President Day has received more than 25,000 dollars (5000*l.*) for an Algebra; and Dr. Webster had about the same sum from a spelling-book (!); and all these yet retained their copyright in future editions. A Philadelphia publisher paid to authors 135,000 dollars in five years. These are certainly peculiar instances; but much more proof could be given, that native literary genius and useful talent are not neglected, but receive a fair amount of encouragement from American publishers and the public."

The writer expresses a hope, indeed an expectation, that a fair international copyright measure will soon be agreed upon between Great Britain and the United States. And it is only right to quote the following passage:

"The number of American books reprinted in England is much greater than is usually supposed, because many a one gives no indication of its origin. 'Who reads an American book?' was asked by the witty Sydney Smith, in the *Edinburgh*, perhaps twenty years since; and he had no *unfriendly* doubts. *Now*, many *do* read these outlandish books, without being themselves aware of it. In about ten years, the 'London Catalogue' chronicled in the same list with their English brethren, the following English reprints from the American:

	Works.		Works.
Theology -	68	Poetry -	12
Fiction -	66	Ethics -	11
Juvenile -	56	Philology -	10
Travels -	52	Science -	9
Education -	41	Law - -	9
Biography -	26		
History -	23	Total	382"

As we are simply noting the facts most suitable to our columns, we may mention the slight sketches of American authors and their works as among the most agreeable portions of the volume. But these, as well as similar brief particulars connected with the fine arts, we must leave to be consulted in the publication itself, and conclude with one closing illustration of its style and character:—

"Many of the pictures of American society and manners, by British tourists, have been wrongly drawn and coloured in three particulars. They have been taken (far too much for a fair average), 1. from the travelling population; 2. from the large sea-ports, where are centred the poverty and vices of the worst class of European emigrants; 3. from the western and south-western borders and the backwoods—far distant from the older states and more cultivated society—a region yet in a state of fermentation, and shewing its crude and unsettled materials on the surface. It is always better to 'start fair.' The last thing I expect to do is, to prove that society and manners in the 'new world' are universally pure, polished, and unexceptionable. No American of common sense is so presumptuous as that. Let the disagreeable superfluities of tobacco-chewing and spitting be scourged as they deserve, and more than one American will say, Amen! I can sympathise in the most hearty antipathy to such practices, without assuming a self-righteous fastidiousness. Vulgarity and rudeness of manners are not *necessary* consequences of 'free and enlightened republicanism,' or one might well desire less freedom and more civilisation. For one, I will not quarrel with the most caustic satire, or with the broadest burlesque, which would hold the mirror up to any American propensity offensive to good manners or good taste, in any way which would cure it. Let the castigation be ever so severe to sensitive nerves—if given in a right spirit, it will do no harm." * * *

"But though there is a want of refinement among the masses which is to be lamented, and though their manners and customs might graze roughly against the fastidiousness of one accustomed to the more quiet, dignified, and polished circles among the wealthy of the old world—and though this noted sin of 'expectoration' is so offensive and so prevalent in certain quarters—I still maintain that the English popular pictures of American popular manners represent the *whole* subject about as fairly as the 'fore and aft' passengers of a Thames steamer on a Sunday would represent *English society*: life in Bethnal-green, or Spitalfields, or Billingsgate, would just as truly be life in London." * * *

"The rush to the dinner-table in hotels and steamers, and the almost equally rapid rush *away* from it, are justly lashed by foreigners, and are far too peculiarly American habits. Let such habits be dosed till cured. The eager mechanic or man of business is unfortunately apt to be governed by the hurrying principle, even at his meals; and more quiet people are too prone to fall into the ranks; for in this age of screw-propellers no one likes to be the last.*

"A common English charge against Americans is that of excessive love of money, inordinate greediness for gain. There is, doubtless, too much of this. Dollars *are* sought for and talked about. The people of all grades find dollars useful; they think of them, work for them, plan out schemes on large and small scales for obtaining them; with many, indeed, this is the chief occupation: and dollars have been discussed in drawing-rooms, sometimes—much to the detriment of good taste. This spirit and practice is changing, however; and, it is to be hoped, will be radically cured."

And to sum up, according to our authority, who distinctly affirms:—"1. That the substantial, thriving, and intelligent population of the United States, is essentially that part which is purely American—natives of the country, or descendants of the founders of the nation. 2. That four-fifths of the crime, poverty, and disorder, and of the causes of bad faith, belong to the population which Europe has bestowed upon us within the last thirty years. Americans must work out the cure of this evil; and while their country may yet be a home for the oppressed of all nations, they may, with their own artist-poet, say of England—

"All hail, thou noble land.
Our fathers' native soil!
* * * *
While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let ocean roll;
And still from either beach
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech—
'We are one!'"

The Prime Minister; an Historical Romance. By W. H. G. Kingston, author of "The Circassian Chief," &c. 3 vols. R. Bentley.

The wild interest and power exhibited in the *Circassian Chief* were enough to recommend any new work by the author to a favourable audience; and if he has not in the present instance gratified us so much, we cannot attribute it to any want of ability, but, as we think, to the choice of subject. The manners and habits of Portugal a century ago offer few attractions to the English reader; and thus barren, no story that could be invented to bring them into play and description would operate on curiosity to the extent needed for the success of novel or romance.

Another mistake of Mr. Kingston appears to us to be, that he has mingled his fiction with nice questions of historical character; the two being utterly unfit to be investigated or discussed together. He tells us, that the late *Memoirs of the Marquis of Pombal*, by Mr. Smith (the secretary to his descendant, the Marquis of Saldanha: see *Literary Gazette*, No. 1382), are partial and incorrect; and, accordingly, he differs much from that gentleman's account of the great minister's actions. To put them in a true light, Mr. K. has sought among MSS. both in private families and in the fine public library at Oporto; of which he says, it "is established in a large building, formerly the Convent of St. Lazaro, the principal room vying in size and elegance with any of which the first cities in Europe can boast. There are also numerous other apartments, occupying the entire floor of the edifice, now crowded with books, which it will take many years to arrange." Important documents in our State-paper Office have also been consulted by both writers; and Mr. K. observes on their difference of opinion:

"To excuse the barbarous executions of some of the first nobility in Portugal, Mr. Smith says, that some of equal cruelty have taken place in France and Germany. To shew that the complaints made by the victims of the minister's iron policy, who crowded the prisons, were unjust, he cites a memoir, in manuscript, written in prison by the unfortunate Marquis d'Alorna, who, he says, makes querulous complaints of not having his linen changed sufficiently often, though he had frequent intercourse with his family. I have perused an exact copy of the MS. Mr. Smith has seen, if not the identical one. In it, the unhappy marquis speaks indignantly of the dark, narrow, and damp cell which was his abode in the Junguiera prison for many years, he being scarcely supplied with the common necessaries of life; while the marchioness was confined in some other equally wretched place, separated from her children, who were distributed in different convents. The husband states that he received one letter from his wife written with her left hand, she having lost the use of her right side from a rheumatic complaint, brought on by the dampness of her lodging. A year or so afterwards another reached him, written by holding the pen in her mouth, she having then lost the use of both her hands. This was the sort of free intercourse the minister allowed, and, it must be remembered, neither were found guilty of any crime. The marquis mentions the history of many of his fellow-prisoners, several of whom died in prison; and, he states, after some years' confinement, by means of bribes, they were able to obtain some communication with their friends from without. In the body of the work will be found many details from the MS. I have spoken of. Mr. Smith does not inform his readers, when mentioning the outbreak at Oporto, in consequence of the formation of the obnoxious wine company, that not only the wine-sellers rose up in arms, but that the wine-growers, who, it was pretended, were to be benefited, marched into Oporto, and demanded its abolition; nor that, when the troops arrived from Lisbon to quell the revolt, the city was given up to their unbridled license, the chief magistrate and sixteen principal citizens having been executed, while the prisons were crowded with others. Once established, with its blood-stained charter, a post in the company was con-

* "Remember this is in promiscuous *tables d'hote* of public conveyances and hotels. We are inclined to believe that American private life is somewhat different."

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sidered one of the most valuable rewards the minister could bestow for services performed for him, his own immense fortune having been acquired, indirectly, through that very company. Mr. Smith affirms that the wealth to which the minister's eldest son succeeded was left him by various members of his family; but, as his family were universally known to be poor, such it is difficult to believe was the case. Mr. Beckford, in his Diary in Portugal, laughs at the young count, for having endeavoured, during the whole course of a morning visit, to persuade him that his father had never attempted to amass a fortune. Pombal, on retiring from office, left the treasury rich; but that is no proof that he had not taken care to supply his own chests by any means which he considered justifiable. One can scarcely wonder at his acting as was so generally the custom. The aim of these Memoirs of Pombal is to throw a halo of glory over his life and actions, of which he was undeserving. The minister is compared in them, as he was fond of comparing himself, to Sully. I do not make these observations unjustly to depreciate this work; but that I may not be accused of unfairly portraying a man whose really great qualities I duly appreciate; nor have I described him as performing one action that is not well authenticated. I am not a greater friend to the system of the Jesuits than is Mr. Smith; but do not wish to abuse them for the sake of exhibiting the minister in brighter colours. Pombal, like Napoleon, was never prevented from doing what he considered necessary to forward his own views, either political or private, by any laws, human or divine. His motto was, *Quid volo quid jubeo.*"

From our having been led to these remarks and quotations, a notion may be formed of the inconsistency to which we have alluded, of conjoining a tale of love and adventure, developing the usual pictures of manners and customs, with an inquiry strictly belonging to an individual, and the history of the country at a period when he had so much influence on its destinies. Setting aside this objection, the story is a various and good story, and lovely donnas and chivalrous knights, and proud fidalgos, and duennas, and priests, and robbers, and kings, and courtiers, figure away in it through all the mazes of uncertain life, Pombal enacting the principal part, and the grand earthquake being a prominent feature. Altogether, the leisure time bestowed in reading it will not be ill spent; for it recalls foreign scenes of the past with a degree of talent which does not fail to impress them on the memory: so that we may truly say there is both amusement and information.

The History of the Rabbis, the Ribs, and the Rabs; with an Account of the Trinity Brethren, or the Rabbi-Rib-Rabs; and a Short Notice of the Rubs. By Grotius Gallipotius, Historiographer to the Royal Colleges. Pp. 88. London, S. Gilbert.

The anomalous and complicated position of the medical fraternity in the metropolis could not be better exposed than by that ridicule which it so richly deserves. The very different character of the bills laid before Parliament by the Secretary for the Home Department last session and this sufficiantly testify to the inutility of any attempt at legislative interference, without a thorough cleansing of the Augean stable. While in Scotland and Ireland there are only two branches of the profession, the physician and surgeon, or surgeon-apothecary, there are in London physicians (Rabbis), pure surgeons (Ribs), apothecaries (Rabs), chymists (Rubs), general practitioners (Rabbi-Rib-Rabs), and general practitioners and chymists (Rabbi-Rib-Rab-Rubs).

An accumulation of old and useless privileges, which have deprived the physician and surgeon of the right of dispensing the medicines which they prescribe, has caused this absurd breaking-up of professional entities; and so framed it, that the cockney is beset by upwards of half-a dozen different claimants to the management of his physical troubles.

Physicians and surgeons, in order to practise a subordinate department of the profession, were obliged to become apothecaries; hence the origin of physician-apothecaries and surgeon-apothecaries; and when these combined together to form themselves into a Royal College of General Practitioners, either the climax of absurdity was reached, or it was shewn that a useless trinity existed where unity alone was wanted.

Favoured by a variety of clauses and circumstances, the metropolitan corporations had long before discarded all rivalry. A physician at Oxford or Cambridge was not a physician in London. The union of England, Scotland, and Ireland, was true as far as being under one crowned head; a fallacy as regarded medical education.

And yet all these advantages failed to ensure harmony in the metropolis itself. The physician could not supply his patient with medicine; the surgeon could not be a pharmaceutist; while the apothecary, from the facilities offered to him of advising, bleeding, compounding, and dispensing at the same time, looked upon his collegiate brethren as very learned in Latin and book-knowledge, but totally ignorant of black draughts and life-pills—the arcana of medical science—the Koran of the general practitioner. The apothecary had in reality only one rival, the chymist and druggist, who also boldly tendered his advice across the counter, inevitably followed by a box of pills, a draught, or a lotion. The Pharmaceutical Society was established with a view to rectify this state of things; but it is quite evident that nothing can be done without centralisation, and washing away inconvenient and useless distinctions, founded upon privileges of olden time, and professional habitudes which have become obsolete, except where the spirit of monopoly still flickers in a dying attempt at their maintenance. The New Poor-law, while it has extended the demand for active, intelligent, and educated medical men, to the exclusion of parish-practitioners who assumed duties which they had not time to fulfil, merely to keep a stranger from the already occupied territory—at the same time opened the eyes of statesmen to the important fact, that under the present anomalous and complicated state of things, these were not to be obtained; and whatever may be the amount of opposition offerad, or however long the blow may be averted, come it must, from the most imperious necessity: and the great field of medical practice will soon be opened to all soundly educated men alike. At the same time the interests of the public will be secured by penal enactments against all persons practising without the recognised licenses; which can alone ensure harmony in the profession, by giving equal powers to their possessors. As far as the public is concerned, it cannot possibly want any thing more than the physician, the surgeon or surgeon-apothecary, and the chymist and druggist. The mere Rab, and its fustian expansion into Rabbi-Rib-Rab-Rub, is only calculated to lower the dignity and degrade the social position of the college or university-educated professional man.

The author of the little work before us, and which has suggested these few remarks, is, we believe, a physician of rank, and a scholar, yet be treats the subject in a spirit of liberality widely different from that adopted by the gentlemen of the gallipots, who are ever on the look-out for what they designate as intruders and interlopers. The history of the origin of the corporations of the Rabbis and the Ribs is given with infinite truth and humour. There is a vast deal of caustic fun, and some little classical liberties taken (rather strong for the general reader), but no where any ill-nature. Almost every remark has its point; and the account of James Grig, and the ordinary proceedings at the army mortar department is as true as it is constantly repeated. So also of the rivalry of the army mortar representative with rendez-vous officer Tank—a rivalry which has long been a subject of ridicule to the profession at large. The assault of the Royal College upon a little Tom-tit is a humorous account of a recent attempt at down-putting.

As a proof of the author's liberality of mind, we make the following extract:

"'Let the physician prescribe, the surgeon operate, the apothecary compound,' is a maxim that will no longer apply to the condition of the society. What is a real physician? a man who, if he limits himself to prescribing, carries a grave face and empty pockets one half his life, and, for the most part, dies more prematurely than the rest of his fellow-creatures, as if to shew the imperfection of his science. Modelling his life after that of Plutarch's vestal virgin, he divides it into three portions: in the first, he learns the duties of his profession; in the second, he practises them, with little or no profit to himself; and the third, he devotes to teaching the more business-like, and, for the most part, the most prosperous members of the profession, either in consultations, or by books, the results of patient investigation, long study, and philosophical research, all but incompatible with the habits and routine of the early initiated general practitioner of equal talent. A surgeon? An operating physician, and something of an apothecary. An apothecary, or general practitioner? a man who is something of all these, and often a druggist also. Now since the departments are so far connected, that their total separation is impossible, I would not sneer at, but rather laud, that man whose knowledge and industry is capable of grasping the largest share of all these. *He only is ridiculous who prides himself upon a limitation to which he does not adhere.* * * *

"I could never understand the meaning of the phrase, 'grades of the profession.' As it is the province of the priest to probe the leprous ulcers of the soul, of the lawyer to unravel the intricacies of fraud, so it is that of each sort of doctors to pass life in the contemplation of disease and death in all their appalling aspects.

"To die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot,"

were bad enough; but to be immured peripatetically for life in dissecting-rooms, hospitals, lazarettos, sick-chambers, dead-houses, workhouses, and (worst of all) mad-houses, until the thousands of morbid objects it has been our duty to behold—the misery we have no means to alleviate—wrongs we cannot redress—insults we dare not notice—crimes we must not report—diseases we cannot cure—shall have left their impression on our countenances, like that of Ulysses on his return from the shades below; this is, indeed, a proud occupation, and a fine one for a herald master-at-arms to divide into grades!"

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We have said enough to shew that the author is a man who thinks clearly, and with a mind disencumbered of weak prejudices, and who speaks in a bold, distinct language. We cannot, at the present moment, recommend his opuscule to too general a perusal among legislators and members of the medical art, more especially to those who, when they call others interlopers, ought to consider whether they themselves are not as Rabbi-Rib-Rabs—trinity in unity—the monopolisers of the functions of the old-established branches (not grades) of the profession, by the assumption of powers which ought also to belong to their equally if not superiorly educated brethren. The discord, as we have frequently had occasion to point out, does not originate here in the attempt of the higher branches of the profession to domineer over the inferior, but in the inferior being gifted with powers denied to the higher branches; and which hence threatens either to annihilate them altogether, or oblige them in self-defence to become also Rabbi-Rib-Rabs; in other words, by not enjoying the same privileges, to be forced to descend to their level. It can never be the interest of good legislation to support the inferior ranks of a profession against the higher; and it is on this account that we have no apprehensions as to the ultimate results.

A HOT-WATER CURE, SOUGHT OUT IN GERMANY.

[Second notice.]

Though we have, in our last, encroached somewhat on a single volume, we confess we have been so gratified with our companion and guide, that we cannot leave him without reluctance, and another pull at his budget. Of Frankfort:

"The town is a curious union of old and young—of January and May: a tottering old gentleman of the fifteenth century, who has taken to himself a flashy young wife of the present day. The bride keeps as far away from him as she can; she does not shew herself much below the Ziel, but the old fellow hugs himself in his dirty and faded finery, and seems content with things as they are. I delight in these quaint old gables, curious figures and faces in the little nooks and corners, and especially in the brow-beating houses of the Jews' quarter. What close, stived-up streets—so narrow that you can touch both walls at once: what cages of iron bars to protect their windows: what massive iron shutters and huge padlocks, and iron-bound chests offered for sale, telling of hoards of ducats and golden crowns, when the Frankfort Jew was the wealthiest of the earth! Some of these houses, still bearing evidence of their former splendour in their close quarters, are shut up, or used only as warehouses. They are rusting and rotting away with neglect and dirt. Do me the favour to step this way—that is if you have any feeling for such old places, and can see beauty in the dark deep shadows, where a ray of sunshine looking in seems like a flaming sword—if you have a delicate nose, better remain with the young bride. Step down this street out of the Ziel, nearly opposite the Russian Hotel, where you see a figure at the corner, in an Oriental costume, holding out a pistol. We soon come to a fanciful house on the left, highly ornamented with figures, where the lady affectedly turns her bust away from him with the bird on his shoulder. This has been a palace in its day, though now a warehouse and offices. But this is an affair of a modern date comparatively—the attitudinising shepherds of a hundred years ago. We will go deeper still, pass the open space with the lions' heads, and so through the Jews' gateway, where they caged them up, rich as they were, and locked them in at night as unclean and pestilent animals too foul to approach but in broad daylight. Deeper still, and out through the gateway with the huge iron chain and padlock hanging to it. See, from under the arch, the painted house-front on the opposite side of the broader street, strewed in its whole length with fruit and vegetables and noisy market-people. Turn along it, to the right, to the red-painted house at the corner, and plunge down the narrow lane. Here the plot thickens. Dirty and close as it is, rich men have lived in this lane. What care they took of their houses, and how curiously they ornamented them! You may see how the facetious carver has given a likeness of some of his Jew customers over their own doors. Go on, and leave the long caravansera with the low balconies on the right—on, under the gateway, to the lower deep beyond. Follow it till you come to the Bull's Head at the corner, with the elaborate iron sign on which the gilding still lingers. What a subject this is, with the fountain on the right, and all the figures crowded about the little place! A famous house was this Bull's Head in days of yore, depend upon it; much frequented, if I am not mistaken, by the convivial old fellows in caps and cloaks edged with fur, and with many rows of buttons on their collarless vests. It is slightly offensive, this little square; but never mind, face the worst at once; take a long sniff, as you would look over a precipice amongst the Alps. Bring up your left shoulder to where the old house has the air of butting the new intruder with his head, and up the narrow way between them. At the top was the old original market-house of the district, with its low black beams, over which the small slates of the roof seem shrivelled up with age. A little eau de Cologne, and down amongst the butchers, where the women sit in boxes, knitting, at the doors, and the meat seems cut up into little bits for fear of filling up the narrow streets. A rump of beef and a fillet of veal could not pass without jostling, or two shoulders of Leicestershire mutton go along arm-in-arm. Bear away to the right after this, to the large open square, and look round it; but first take a peep under the gateway in the corner, where the figures are heaving and bending under the weight of the house. One has got the stomach-ache, and is very bad in the head. He has had enough of it; he seems to say, 'Take me out of this—saw me up; a joke's a joke, but one can't stand it for ever. I don't mind a hundred years or so, but heart of oak can't go on for three or four.' Still a little further beyond the Cupid pump, and here we catch the old houses kissing at last. They have been and done it; the cooper's shop has fairly got his upper story under the old lady's bonnet. This is too bad at their time of life, though it is in a corner. Back to the square, and look at the gaudily painted house; the colours hold on well in spite of frosts and rain; and the next door, carved in wood from top to bottom. This was a great one in its day. Look round the corner, and see his old iron knockers, like crabs, with long spines on them, and the little trap-door with the antique hinges, and the little scraper, as large as an oyster-knife, for the pretty Jessica's little foot. From this take the whole length of the market street to the cathedral; fine bits there are in it all along. If you are for another course of narrow streets, begin at the bottom of the Ziel: turn to the right, and then to the left under the archway. Here you are in the stronghold of the Jews again—strong in every sense. It is difficult to imagine human habitations so filthy as these. How they live and breathe in such dark holes is a wonder: it is no exaggeration to say that the dirt of centuries is upon these windows. Here lives the mother of the Rothschilds at the age of 99. Nearly at the bottom is a man who offers a goose for sale. It is cut up raw, and spread out attractively upon the shopboard. Few people go the whole goose in this thrifty quarter. A feeble palsied old man is haggling for the bones of the wing—nearly all the flesh has gone with the breast; but few inquire for that expensive luxury; it is meat for their masters. The old man makes an offer for the bones; it is rejected. He takes a long look at them, and turns slowly away. He looks round and repeats the offer. No. He toddles on a bit. He knows well what the chink of the money will do, and comes back with it in his hand. 'Come, split the difference; here are your kreutzers.' 'No.' 'Throw us in a side-bone then.' 'No.' How he handles and twists about the bits of bones! It is no bargain; they differ for a kreutzer or two—the sixtieth part of 1*s.* 8*d.* An old woman has come up; she has a fancy for the legs and back; but the merchant hardly condescends to notice her. He has seen a basket under her cloak; he knows she means to have it. All the time she chaffers, he is calling the attention of the passers-by to the yellow fat on the thighs. Such a bird has not been seen in Jews' Street before. Another old woman stops and takes up a leg. This is enough; the first has seized it with her bony fingers, thrown down the money, and away. She looks so happy with her bargain, I suspect she gave him a bad kreutzer."

Returned to Aix: "the steaming, parboiling, rubbing down, douching, and drenching. My old cronies, the cripples, are getting on well; crutches are cheap. More than half of the old set are gone home rejoicing, but the number is pretty well kept up by fresh arrivals."

He, in consequence of a mistake, took Dremel's vapour-bath:

"It is by no means an inviting-looking place. Having undressed in a neighbouring apartment, you are ushered into an arched brick passage, about six feet high, and less than a yard wide. With the exception of such light as can find its way through a small pane of glass in the door from the outer passage, the place is quite dark. Following the guide, who is naked to the waist, you grope your way along this sulphurous and repulsive vault, and at the extreme end, at least ten yards from the entrance, are an arm-chair and foot-board, where you are requested to sit tranquilly down while the attendant retires and closes you up. It is very much like building up a nun alive in the walls of a convent, or Liston assisting at his own funeral. Bell there is none; and if a delicate invalid were to faint, there he must lie and stew, unless he had strength enough to rush along the passage. But I have no doubt it is efficacious. You take the sulphur-vapour into the lungs as well as through the pores; you breathe, and swallow, and live in brimstone. If it had not been for very shame, I should have bolted out of this living catacomb, such was the stifling oppression I experienced. Ever and anon, the attendant, opening the pane in the door, roared out his hopes that you were getting on well: something like inquiring of a goose in an oven if he was done enough; adding such consolatory jokes as 'C'est une espèce d'enfer, n'est ce pas?' At the end of twenty minutes, he walks into the oven with a burning hot sheet to wrap you in, and you retire to finish your cooking between two feather-beds. * * *

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"There is a great deal of washing in Germany, but little cleaning. They are a slopping people. There is a perpetual slip-slop in their passages and about their doors. A wet cloth is thrown down and worked about with a broom; but for cleaning under a bed, or brushing the dust from beneath sofas, or even tables and chairs, it does not occur to them. The vehement filth of their most necessary apartments is powerfully apparent. It is for the most part mere show-cleaning. On Saturday evenings it is a service of danger to walk the streets, such is the sluicing of water-buckets and scouring the stones. But the greatest danger is from the handles of the window-brushes, which are long enough to wash the first-floor windows, and when suddenly and recklessly shortened by the busy servant-maids, it requires some management to avoid an awkward poke in the ribs. The German ladies look with contempt upon our English housewives, who are not perpetually fussing in the kitchen. Those who reside amongst them say they are adepts in the application of the screw. * * *

"The Germans are cried up as an honest people: I should be the more inclined to accord this character to them, if their shop-keepers had not two prices; one for their own countrymen, and another, from 25 to 50 per cent higher, for their English visitors. It may be said that this is common in all countries; perhaps it may, but it is not honest. The highest and lowest classes are much the same every where: it is to the middle—the shopocracy—therefore, that we are to look for the national character, and I do not think that this class can take a higher ground than their neighbours. I have been robbed in London, more robbed in France, most robbed in Germany. The English robbery is plausible, cringing, pliant; you are '*shaved*,' and you suspect it. The French robbery is a pleasant process, and perpetrated, as it usually is, by a pretty woman, we are ready to undergo it again. The German is a hard, civil, unyielding 'do.' You are half imposed upon by their heavy frankness, and you yield the other half, rather than try the same thing in another shop. They are a heavy people. Heavy in their manners and their amusements—in their persons and their pipes—in their dinners and their jollifications. Drinking alone makes them gay, and then there is a coarseness in their cups. To see a German dancing is ridiculous; you are reminded of the old story, of one being discovered furiously jigging upon a table by himself, and being questioned, answered, 'he was learning to be lively.' You are convinced that the lesson must have been thrown away. A German never talks politics with another German. They are absolutely without political liberty, and this, perhaps, makes them ashamed to broach the subject; but with foreigners they are not quite so reserved. I very much suspect that ten years will see a mighty change. I trust that the 'New generation,' amongst other changes, will change their shirts, and wash their heads; curtail their pipes; and eschew public expectoration. It is a delightful country; and I know not which most to praise, the wines or the water: gratitude whispers the latter, for I AM CURED; but I took both freely, and of all kinds that came in my way. Nature has been, indeed, bountiful to this favoured people: she has given them the finest wines and the noblest river in Europe; and above all, provided them with baths which are the attraction of the world; as if

'To show by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted them so much.'"

Remarks, &c., on the Medical and Chemical Evidence against J. Tawell. By G. L. Strauss. Pp. 23. G. J. Palmer.

RARELY does any subject of a murderous nature attract public attention, but the desire for notoriety prompts many an obscure person to rush into print, either in newspaper-columns or pamphlets, in order to shew the extent of their talents, impeach the administration of the law, and expose the sheer and utter ignorance of witnesses, especially if they belong to the same profession as the writers. Mr. Strauss is one of the boldest of this class. He holds up the surgeons and chemists, Messrs. Champneys, Norblad, and Pickering, as altogether unacquainted with poisons; Mr. Cooper as but indifferently versed in chemistry, Baron Parke as an ignoramus, Mrs. Hart as a suicide, and Mr. Tawell as a perfectly innocent man, whose execution will be (quære have been) a legal murder!!! His *confession*, however, settles the value of these opinions!

The Ward of the Crown. A Historical Novel. By the Author of "Seymour of Sudely," &c. 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

INCIDENTS connected with the wars of the rival Roses will always be sufficient, though the mine has been long and vigorously wrought, to furnish materials in a good hand for a historical romance. In the present instance, the author has created an ingenious, if not very original, plot, and wrought his historical figures into the tapestry in a smooth and pleasant manner. The era is that of Richard III. and Henry VII., commencing with the battle of Hexham, and terminating with the marriage of Henry and Elizabeth. The interwoven tale of love involves the average quantity of events in connexion with the description of the like in public affairs; and the *Ward of the Crown* may fairly be recommended as an agreeable tale.

The Old Forest Ranger. By Capt. Walter Campbell, of Skipness. 4to. Lond., Jeremiah How.

WHEN the first edition of this entertaining work appeared, we bestowed our warm praise upon its tropical sports, so vividly delineated, and felt and described with so much spirit. With its attractions we are not at all surprised at its reaching a second edition; a circumstance not very common to works of its class, and therefore proclaiming its individual merits. We have only to add, that it is in every respect very handsomely got up—paper, printing, embellishments, and binding.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 6.—The Marquis of Northampton, president, in the chair. "On a new bleaching principle produced by the slow combustion of ether in atmospheric air, and by the rapid combustion of bodies in a jet of hydrogen gas," by C. F. Schœnbein. The author, having observed that a peculiar principle, in many respects similar to chlorine, was developed during the slow combustion of phosphorus in the atmosphere, was led to inquire into the product of the slow combustion of the vapour of ether mixed with atmospheric air. He finds, that besides well-known compounds, such as aldehydic, formic, and acetic acids, there is evolved a principle hitherto unnoticed, which possesses oxidising and bleaching properties in an eminent degree. It decomposes indigo, iodide of potassium, and hydroiodic acid, and also, though more slowly, bromide of potassium. When in contact with water, it converts iodine into iodic acid, and sulphurous into sulphuric acid, changes the yellow ferro-cyanide of potassium into the red, and the white cyanide of iron into the blue; it transforms the salts of protoxide of iron into those of the peroxide; and it discharges the colours produced by sulphuret of lead. The author points out the similarity between the action of this substance, in these instances, and that of chlorine and of ozone. Analogous results were obtained from the combustion of a jet of hydrogen gas in atmospheric air, and even, under particular circumstances, from the flame of a common candle, and also from various other inflammable bodies when burning under certain conditions. The author is hence led to the conclusion, that this peculiar oxidising and bleaching principle is produced in all cases of rapid combustion taking place in atmospheric air, and that its production is therefore independent of the nature of the substance which is burnt.

Feb. 13.—'Αμόρφωτα, No. I. "On a case of superficial colour presented by a homogeneous liquid internally colourless," by Sir John Herschel. The author observed that a solution of sulphate of quinine in tartaric acid, largely diluted, although perfectly transparent and colourless when held between the eye and the light, or a white object, yet exhibits in certain aspects, and under certain incidences of the light, an extremely vivid and beautiful celestial blue colour, apparently resulting from the action of the strata which the light first penetrates on entering the liquid; and which if not strictly superficial, at least exert their peculiar power of analysing the incident rays, and dispersing those producing the observed tint only through a very small depth within the medium. The thinnest film of the liquid seems quite as effective in producing this superficial colour as a considerable thickness.

Feb. 27th.—Sir J. W. Lubbock, V.P. in the chair. Read, "Additional remarks respecting the condensation of gases," by Dr. Faraday. The author, suspecting the presence of nitrogen in the nitrous oxide on which he had operated, repeated his experiments with this gas very carefully prepared from pure nitrate of ammonia; but the results still indicated the presence of a more volatile gas, mixed with another less volatile. He found that olefiant gas is readily soluble in strong alcohol, ether, oil of turpentine, and other bodies of the same kind; and that, like the former gas, it seems to be of a compound nature. His experiments confirm the prevalence of the law, that the force of vapour increases in a geometrical ratio for equal increments of heat, commencing at a given amount of pressure. The more volatile a body is, the more rapidly does the force of its vapour increase by an augmentation of temperature; the increase of elasticity being directly as the volatility of the substance. By further and more accurate investigations, a general law may be established for deducing from only a single observation of the force of any given vapour in contact with its fluid, its elasticity at any other temperature.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

THE anniversary meeting was held on Saturday, when Lord Monteagle as president, and a numerous council, was elected.

March 24th.—Mr. Hallam in the chair. A paper by Mr. F. G. R. Neison was read, "On the laws of sickness and mortality in various trades and localities, indicated by the experience of benefit-societies." The data made use of by Mr. Neison was from two sources; the Friendly Societies of England, and the Friendly Societies of Scotland. The former consist of the quinquennial returns furnished to Govern-

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ment, and the latter of a series of returns made in competition for prizes for the best filled-up schedules during the period of twelve years—from 1831 to 1842 inclusive. The form of the schedules, and the method of abstracting and converting them into life-tables, were minutely described, and the following are some of the most striking results. As a standard table of comparison, Mr. Neison calculated a table on the 2, 3, 4, end 5 reports of the Registrar-general for England and Wales, and the following are the results for decennial periods of life:

Age.	Expectation of Life in England and Wales.	Age.	Expectation of Life in England and Wales.
20	40·69	50	20·84
30	34·09	60	14·58
40	27·47	70	9·21

Numerous similar tabular statements were given. One point urgently insisted upon was, the influence of employments on the general mortality of large towne; and in order to sufficiently illustrate this, Mr. Neison's abstracts extended to upwards of 400 trades, and from peculiar combinations it appeered that at mature age the expectation of life differed in some classes by nearly 50 per cent.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—British Architects, 8 P.M.; Chemical (anniversary meeting), 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Syro-Egyptian, 7½ P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (soiree).

Thursday.—Zoological, 3 P.M.; Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.

Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (discussion).

Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.

The Gallery has been well attended throughout the holyday-week; and though there is very little of very high art, there are enow of pleasing productions to gratify the lovers of sight-seeing. There are 816 paintings and drawings, and 21 pieces of sculpture. For the present we ask our readers to eccompany us in a glance round the principel room, and at the peintings most on a line with the eye.

No. 12. "Dead Game," J. J. Hill, is a very large end elaborated subject, with hares, partridges, pheasants, wild-duck, &c. &c., taken from e hamper and disposed in various lots. There is much inequality in the execution; and without the utmost finish such representations lose much of their value. The head of one hare, on the left hand, is a blemish of this kind, and injures the better parts.

23. "The Church of St. Maclou, Rouen." E. Hassell.—An interesting piece of church and street architecture, clearly painted and in good perspective.

26. "Portrait of C. N. Dennys, Esq." C. Baxter.—As able a portrait as has been seen in any exhibition for a long time. The head is admirably effective, and full of character—the pale features very expressive, and the whole tone of the canvass in the best taste.

34. "Wreck of a West Indiaman off Arran." J. Wilson, sen.—A striking scene of sea and sky and human dangers. There is much force ie the *ensemble*, and a bold treatment of the atmosphere, which, though true, amounts to the poetical.

41. "Materials for a future Page." J. W. Allen.—A clever bit of the comic. The future page is "a lubberly boy" of the Sancho physiognomy; and it must also be confessed that the fashionable trio to whom he is introduced are no beeuties nor fine examples of grace.

46. "The Holyday, or Granny in a rage." H. E. Dawe.—Another farce, a little caricatured. A misfortune and breekege at blindman's-buff brings the beldame Granny, armed with a rod, among the culprit children; and the fellow escaping et the window seems destined to teste its smart.

55. "The Belle of the Villege." J. Zeitter.—A blue-bell, painted with much freedom, and excellent effect of colour. But it belongs to the unfinished school, wherein loose dashes and patches are to be received as careful art.

67. "Hungarian Water-carrier." By the Same.—Is in the same style, but does not please us so much.

56. "Rebecca." F. Y. Hurlstone.—A fine academic and fresco-like female.

65. "The Attachment detected." T. Clater.—One of Mr. Clater's truthful and netural domestic scenes, on which the advantage of finish has been bestowed. We are not sure that the old head is in correct drawing; but the incident is well told.

68. "Pedlar's Camp." W. Shayer.—A lively landscape, and enlivened by picturesque figures, quite congenial to its sunny character. It has much the manner of Gainsborough, and is an ornament to the Gellery.

75. "Naval Intelligence." H. J. Pidding.—An actual group of Greenwich blue-bottles reading the newspaper, and in the artist's well-known style. The individuality is complete, and the arrangement and expression unobjectionable.

86. "Above Bletchingley." J. W. Allen.—A landscape of considerable merit, but too uniformly pale-green, and the details too much made out.

101. "Applegarth, on the Swale." The same.—Is much more to our taste.

102. "Sand-getherers." J. B. Pyne. A circular piece on the Yorkshire coast, and furnishing a key to the number (twelve) of varied and charming productions with which Mr. Pyne has edorned the exhibition. There is a brilliancy about them all, a distinctness without hardness, a transparency and yet solidity of effect, which marks them out to be admired as among the best performances of the yeer. See 125, on e larger scale, "The Vale of Neath," and a remarkable lendscape.

109. "Smugglers packing a Cargo on the Coast of Cornwall." Another and one of the most animated and best of Mr. Zeitter's.

122. "An Arriera."—Another of Mr. Hurlstone's, in his peculiar style, which would not be the worse for more frequent changes, so as to relieve us from a certain degree of monotony and sameness. This is an Italian lutish-boy, and a very agreeable work.

131. A gorgeous canvass, in his own style, by A. J. Woolmer, in which every effect of heightened celour is wrought at with a lavish hand.

145. "Cockenzie, Fife Coast." J. Wilson.—A very pretty landscape.

152. "Roman Draught-oxen." C. Josi.—Draught-oxen well drawn, and curious portraits of the picturesque animal.

171. "Vulcan and Hebe." J. F. Herring.—*After* Landseer.

183. "The Gambler." Zeitter.—*After* Hurlstone.

192. "Sir Calidore." J. Tennant.—We fear we must say the attempt, and not the deed, confounds the ertist. He has not grasp for such a theme.

200. "Annette." J. P. Davis.—Annette is a very sweet and delightful girl; but her pet-bird is sadly darkened in his bright plumage, so as to be almost indistinct.

207. "A Coast-Scene." C. Baxter.—The fishermen are too much in action—too pictorial, and wanting repose. The urchin at the fire is far superior to the principal group; yet it is firmly painted, and does credit to the artist.

235. "Going to Market." H. M. Anthony.—Too minute.

240. "Sheep-washing." H. Hawkins.—A sad misrepresentation.

252. "A Summer-Evening." A. Clint.—A calm and rosy picture; very natural and grateful to the sense.

263. "A Locality in Venice"—(a scene in *Marino Faliero*). J. Holland.—With much of the effect of Canaletti, this is a very sterling painting, and deserves our warm commendation: and with its notice, we take our present leave of the Suffolk-street Gallery.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

BOOKSELLERS' PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.
BOOKSELLERS' PROVIDENT RETREAT.

Other pressing engagements have prevented us from attending the later general meetings of these excellent associations; but we have taken care to ascertain the progress they are making, and have much pleasure in communicating the result to our readers.

On Thursday, the 13th inst., the supporters of the institution met; Mr. Bevis E. Green, one of the vice-presidents, in the chair. The report of the directors for the past years was received, from which we learn that continued prosperity attends their leudeble exertions. Two aged widows, who, but for their husbands' provident care in joining it, would have been left destitute, are comfortably provided for. Thirteen persons, including three widows, have received temporary aids, after investigating their cases so as to proportion the assistance adequately to the want. The number of members has increased; so that there are now 278 life, 129 annual, and 48 honorary—in all, 455. No less a sum than 14,000*l.*, producing, with the annual subscriptions, nearly 800*l.* per annum, has been invested; and it is gratifying to us to remark, that the whole expenses during eight years, from the commencement of the undertaking, have been limited to 594*l.* 8*s.*, including advertisements, collectors' salaries, printing, and other items, rarely liquidated at so trifling a cost.

The affairs of the Retreat offer a like smiling and promising aspect. Mr. John Dickinson, with a liberality reminding us of the charitable benefactions of the good (the best!) old times, has given an eligible site of land, for the erection of comfortable dwellings for such of the members as require it, in addition to their allowance from the parent institution. This land is now the rightful property of the trustees chosen by and for the association; and several members of the committee have procured architectural plans and designs from architects friendly to the cause. Others are invited; and also farther contributions to accomplish this particular object es it ought to be done. Only proposed in 1843, the principal subscribed and the interest have reached the honourable sum of 1823*l.*

At the meeting we have referred to, Mr. C. Orme, the president, resigned that office, which he has graced by munificent donations, and

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made productive by the influence of great personal exertion; and Mr. James Nisbet, another liberal and efficient supporter, was elected as his successor. In retiring, we ought to mention the reason assigned by Mr. Orme; which is one not unworthy the consideration of many officials, who like to enjoy the *dignitas* entirely with the *otium* of such situations, and leave their constituencies to shift for themselves. Not so the man whose life had been engaged in business: he found himself unable to attend the meetings of the directors, which he deemed it the duty of a President to do, and he withdrew from being their nominal head, at the same time that he expressed his resolve to take as deep an interest as ever in the success of the institution.

With such feelings cultivated on all sides, and by all concerned, from the president's chair to the seat of the humblest member, and with such generous help from the wealthier individuals who have joined their ranks, to benefit them, need we wonder that such admirable plans should flourish? On the contrary, we look with a certainty to their establishment on foundations which will set a noble example to every branch of trade within the wide commercial bounds of the British nation.

THE WOODY PAVEN; ITS EVELS AND REMEDIS.

To the Editur of the Littery Gay-Set.

Malecoach and Hosses, Smartings le Grand.

MR. EDITUR,—The Malecoch and Hossea will praps Cary your thoats to the Post Offis; and wot is Father, to the letters Orphan opened there, witch seams to Upset more Peepple than any thing sins the grate Postage Muvment by Rolling Hill. Befour that time I Openly woar her Majesty's Close, bein a Male Coachman; but I'm now a Lass druv to Bussing—and doont I feel It! No purkysites with Lunnun Bussea as there was with Country Males—them Dear old Males, with purkysites as made em not only Males, but Fee-Males! But sins then, wat a Fallin Off, like Humty Dumty, I've Eggsperienced! When I fust left the Coach, I used to try to joak and sall myself a Male Contractor, cos I got so Thin. But sich wittlecisms I find is a Waist off Fun when poaked at yerself.

Well, Mister Editur, wat I've been a tryin to say is this—that if your Conductur can make Rum for me inside, I shall be glad to Mix with yer Spirited Comtributurs; and wat I wish to Broach yu'll fine Below:—

Are you ever Druv over the Woody Paven? Do you ever Ride over it?

"No! we'll be Hanged if you Ketch us at it," sais you.

Well I has to do it all day long—much agin the likin of my hosses, which awlays Slide down and has to be Iceted up reglar evry junney, weakday and sunday; while they seems to stick so many Oths into it, that it wood be Ruff enuff if any thing coold take Hold on it. But Really it Staggers me that sich a Blind job and sich a Seerous matter to Look at shoold make so mush Way as it does. It sirtnly has got its Foot in, but does it leave a Footin for us? No! it warnts an Nero to ventur on it; and Im shure even King Alicksander hisself, if he warnt mortal Drunk, woodnt let his Bucoellas Run over it. I recklect I awlays said it woodent do, and spoak the Centrements of my Mins to sevral Snaffiish old Hossdealers, when the fust Bit was tried: but they sade I was a hignorunt yung Feller, as wood Nock Down every thing, and that I Oat to Bridle my Foalish opinyuns—which only shoed their Breedin! For I still think, as "Laycorn" by Coltun igspresses it, that Little things awlays has Bean and Oat to be Food for Filly soffical creturs. Jest let any body look at the Woody Paven now kivared with a sort of mud Pudden, and say wot has given Rice to it? Why fust and sheefly dirty Speckylation. Who shood Splice the Blocks but a Jint Stock Company? and if there cums to be a Split in these Wooden Cumpnys of Barnets, Knites, &c., who can be Sirprised —or shoed the Cashberes "Cut their Wood," who wood be a Stoneished? Why even if they do go on Smuthely, its Plane that as Shares go Up Hosses cum Down—till in fack all the Streets of Lunnun becum one yooge Horsliedown.

Now it's true there's sevral Cumpnys, and evry one has inwented the best Paven; but I finds all the Wood Richardly bad, and much a Dickted to Floorin. There's one, for instuns as the annimals is awlays a fallin on and a rubbin and Licken their noses over—its propiy called "the Oblick." There's another called "Count Lyeall's Patent," and sure enuf you may evry day Count the hosses Lye all over it. Then there's the "Stead Patent;" which I wood only obsarve, if Cristuns Laid Down upon it as offen as hosses, it mite be named, stead of the Stead, the "Bedstead Patent." And last you will fine, spite off its Name, that the "Hocktygone" aint gone Behind the others in any pertikler.

I may ear paws to remark, as I've often heerd of people haven hosses as Never lays down—I should jest like to see em go over any of the above specimonts!

Returnen to our Muckworms, as the French as it. Now if these Cumpny's do Stand (and hosses dont), what are they the heavydunces of —what but our desire for Lucksury? I doant go a stipple chasen arter larnin anxient istory, but still I know a little consarning Gone-by stage-coachmen and other things what's Past; and I am shure I may say, without wishin to elewate my Pairentage, that all my Fourfathers druv over ruffer roads with smuther faces than falls to me and my Annimals. The ruff, round obble pavment guv way to graynite blox, trimd by skwair and roole—even this Jolated some Heads; and by the nex inventur it was Taken Up, Condamned, chopt into Chips, and then got grouned into Dirt; and then, as the fust Man was all so formed of Dust, this was called Make Adamising! And now we're on the Eve of anuther change—and a purty one 'tis! I allood to the Woody Paven, when evry Rider and Driver is in constant jobbardy, Poor Sole, of going head over eels—"the Pitch of perfecshun in road-making" as the Shearholders stile it. But as I saide twise befour, this all cums of our luv of Lucksury; and the Mortalist might trooly egsclaim, "Is it not the Highest Proof you can Distill into the young mind of the Vanity of our 'Wood-if-we-Cood' desires?" I shud say it is.

Well, then, Sins we are Gilty off losing respeck among all respeckable Stone marchants and many others by continnying in our Bad Ways, it is time summit was Dun for our Credit. The Oppysition aint cunfined to Poor Folks by No Means. Looking over some Old *Times*, I find Sir Peter Lawry Cuttin up the Wood Sharply, and shoeing that even hosses now doant like to get their Bread near the Munshin House. Nex I see a writer (as sines hissalf "One who lives in a Macadamised Street,"—hard words to cuppy!) has so much Mud about him, that he is obligated to add Mire the Wood. Nex Aldman Cupland (he does a large Chiny biziness near the Insolent Court in Poor to Gull Street, and so is awlays dubly Near a Smash)—he talks about the danger to his hosses and caridge, and wont trust his own Mug upon it. In short its awlays a ketching it, and desarvedly so, for a Cording to one wery sighintific writer, the horrid Wood is a sort of roled out Madum Lafarge, sloely and sickritly plainin all the inhappytants —by funnygous male area!

But one thoat has Struck me as nobdy else has Hit on (which I often finds the case, I beg to agnolildge). It was Reared in my busum by a grate Gardner—at lease one as made in bis thyme a grate Noise—Mr. Loudun; in one of his wurks is the following igspression, witch I myself piged out at our "Littary Instytushun and Tempruntz Athinnyem." Mr. Loudun sais (I gives his own spellin—sich as it is!) "England is an envied land—London is a fascinating city. Who ever puts foot in it that does not wish to stay in it?" Now I say thats true; and depend upon it the woody paven will become "Rooted to the Spot," and "Deeply and Inevertibly Attached to it," as those Monkyfying Nuvvel Centre mentaillsts has it. This is a Deal to say on this Gardners hint, and as Fir as I need go into this part of the Wood, as I doant want to Trespass too much. But I beg Leaf to proseed to the best Branch of the subjec, and make my Bough and Break off.

Let me now then comb to the Mane pint. Can nobdy get over the objecshuns off the wood? We do almos evry thing nowydays—make the crooky Strate—the blind See—the voiceless Sing—the dum Speak—yet carnt make the wood Answer! That's strange—parson strange! Sartnly weve had many inwenturs: one has a plan to scatter sand over it with a sort of large Nutmeg-graiter under the Allspices of Marrowbone westry; another has a Sweepin Machine; another some other Machination, and so on—every one thinkin hisself a Collossus at Roads, and sposing he's made a Stride Toewards improvement. But let me ax, Is the Ramady to be found in the Road? Some of them proposed mite desarv the Gutter. I say, is the remdy to be found in the Road? I dout it; for I bleve we must (I mean the hosses) accummodate ourselfs to the Wood. A patten shoe was inwented; but at present only the inwentur seems to have put his Foot in it; yet dependupon it this is the way the difkilty (and the road too) is to be got Over by the hosses—and it behoofs one to think about it. Stone and Ion is both hard—Wood and Ion very difrent; Hard things do well anuff together—as my wife sais of sumbdys Head and the Bedpost. Will not Soft things do so too? I never axd her, but have wurked out that probelem for myself. Every genus makes one Diskivry in his Generashun, and arter going Deeply into it, here is Mine! Yes! this is my Egg—and so I'll Set it up, as Cristofer Omnibus did, and shell out!

A Hoss-shew cumposed of Ion and Lether is the thing! The noshun struk me as I sot afore the fire tother night with my Jug of beer. "Mugniffisent throat—thost!" rored I. 'What?" said my wife, startin. "Lether and Ion!" I igsclamed, in a voice that nockt her all off a heap for a minnit; and then, takin up my Old Boots, witch I egspected at my head, "Why, you fool, Tom," says she, looking at the Heals, "why doant you talk Inglish, and say you wants Tips?" "Tips! I bleve I shall want Tips!—hansum Tips!—purty considerable Tips! from All the Cumpnys two, if my idears *is* realised! But you kno your sects wasnt intended to kno nuthin—and so I aint goin to tell you nuthin."

But, Mr. Editur, you belongs to Our sects, and we're proud of you too, for I've often heerd you called a Ornament to your sects—as if you was a hired Wig or a watchchane, tho you aint

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nythar. I say you are one of Our seets, and so I prefer unbusumin to you.

Well then, take a Man as Nose the Conckave Shoe, and let him make one summit like it; only stead of being hollow, fill it in with Lether, and then stick this lether full of Sparables as the boys has in their boots—only these must be Large *Hos*-sparabies, mad on purpose. Saw simple as it seams, with sich shoes on his feet no senecible hoss wood aver slide again, but leave all futur Slips to the raleroads. Ontil the Rest of Lunnun adobts the Quiat wood, of course the Sparabies wood ware out raythar fast, but they cood be easely supplide: for Busses, for instuns, each Cad must be Maid to Cary a hammer and sparabies as wall as a Baj. Mr. Wittle R. V. cood Illoominate 'em on these pints. These nails wood slitely cut up the face off the wood, jest as my boy Jacks do the carpet; and this is jest what wood be the benefit, as it wood awlays keep it Ruff—which howsumaver is wot I dont wish to keep my Jack.

Here then's my Seecrit, Look ye—and in Faw Words two; for Ive heerd say that all our Great Diskivries awlays do lay in Nutshells (excep Cristofer Omnibuses, which, I spose, Amaryky being so vary Big, was obligated to lay in a Egg). Ive now only to Tell you a Hofar eye Aim at makin some folkes—and tis plane they Must Make Money if they Coin sides with Me. I perpose to go to the Sciety for Croolty to Animals and ax for a grunt—grant I maan—to carry out my inwenshun, off which I shall gif them this Spaechification:—

"Plan for Treatin Hosses Intirely like Cristuns—by Shoeing am with Lether and Sparables, by which they will at Last get that Footin on the Earth as is ownd they desarv and ont to have; but which they hava too often preyed for in Vein on their Bleeding knaes not with standing. Its egspekted they'll Jump at this new way of being Lethered, and we shall then hear no Moor Blask joax about sliding skales, nor see pintless punstirs with debotched counternances ryittin in eggstravagans on the pay for their jibs bout Street artifishal Ise, the Hoss Polka, et Geenus Onknees!"

I expek this Strong Dose will have such Effek on the working part of the Committy, that they'll soon oan how Bad thair Roads are, and at ones set about Curing the Ils, and letting the publik Daily see the Valley of my Invenshun Mountin into favour. If They wont Take it Up, I am sirtain, if I can only get some Sam to Carry it Out, or a Bill ta bring it In, or Somebody to Speak to its merits, its shure to Answer; and I shall thus at last hava the prowd sattisfacshun of seeing many a Stubborn man's Opinyons bring him At Length to the Block—the Cumpnys promoated from Keeping their Logs—Lunnun Streets all Kept in the Wood, and spite of O'Kennell prefurred to them in Cark, or even to the Bully Yards of Paris.

Still I kno there maybe in this Broad world sum ½ duzen Narrer minded Quizzin Peepel like my Cross Ireish Osler, who sais all this will appeer to the Mass Nunsensical and Monkhorsinish; but tho I canot Demon strata its Impportans to Babbies and others in lick Suckemstances, I am sura yur Groan Sighingtifick Reeders will not Blow cold Breth on it, but at Wons Lose no time in prophetin by the sujjestins of Yours Greatfoolly

WILL DRIVER.

NOT A BEAN—*Fib the 28th.* Sum time arter writin the abuv Notes I Chantsed to Maat off a "Spekttatur," and its slices of Peel and spicy bits for Dan's Irish Stew I licked pritty well. But I cant say so much for this Great Reformer's hard Knox by sum writer with the Haad of "Wood and Wood Knot,"—which I Saw Thro at ones. He funnily sumplaned in a choka that we dont swallow tha plan of "Mr Litch Ritchie," to maka the Wood Pitchia and Grittia as they do in Pittersbug—witch cracks of fleagrant noncens to me. "A thin Coat of Pitch and Grit" he says is all it wants! I dont blam it for Wantin it in Cold Weather, but how Long would it keep this Coat to its Back prey? Not a day!—look at it nex mournin and you wood fine it but a Waste cost. But jast taka the Wood as it is, and

> "Trot a hos over it, Frend Litch,
> And yule be sirtain of yure Pitch;
> While your old fase, damdaged and split,
> Gits a noseshun of the sarvis of Grit!"
>
> (*Old Play.*)

Searously, this Litch Ritchie Pitchia Grittia remdy has no Ground to stand on. What might Do for Roosia woodnt Do for Us—as Bony thont long sins. The traffik in tha Roosian streets aint nuthin to ours—at Lease I'm Let to bleeve so by my "Perryquear and Roosian Bares Greece Parweighar"—indede I egspek the traffik is much grater in Crossing their moor Wild and Savage parts kitchen all them Skinny Baras for the Barbers. If Lunnun straets, I may reaplt, were no mower cut up than Pittersbug ones, Ive no dout We English cood do wall enuf with tha Wood jest as it is; but with Greecy Roosians I admit its wary difrent—they live upon ils, and must be natrally Slippy and require a littla Grit to git along any whare—in fack they must be a good deal lik Eals, and maybe feel as much at home in Sand.

But if Pitch and Grit would do for Us and our streats, why we shud in coarse adop them fine Cments calld "Seashall Asfaults" and "Clayridge's (stinking) Bittermen," and hava No Wood at all; but Mr Pitchia Ritchie shurely knos this has been triad, and that these foring Sirfaces, lik tha foring She faces, wont stand no tima agin our waar and tear! If he dont kno it, let him Axe how they hava been Chopt up in Oxford Street. I think howsomaver I neednt say mora on Mr Litch Ritchie's pour noseshun that Pitch and Grit can put a stop to Pitch and Toss on the Woody Paven. But I may add,—

Pea S. for the Winter.—I have sade littel off "the streets in winter"—not as I wood Gloss over the Ice, but be Caws I wont Crow too much of my oan plan—which howsumaver is tha vary Best adabted for Slite Freezin. For "hard frosts" nuthin can be better than the hoid way of "ruffin" the hosses, witch Evry One does for Hisself be it observed. This indeed is tha grate prineipel of my plan. Hosses is out long but Rarely (excep when Ovardona); and Jack, Bill, or Tom, Lukes arter am avry day. If therefour you adap the Hosshew to the Rode, (stead of tha Rode to the Shaw,) Evry Man as kips a annimal helps to maka the roda suit him; wareas if you Throw tha Remdy in the Rode, you must truss to the mercy of Scavangars or Sumbdy Nobdy knos; and pritty orphan fine your Pet Mare cant git on till these wurthias plesa to be as purlita as them comick Burgers were to the Quin, and put summut under tha annimels feet for her to walk upon. But as this Last Featur brings me to the Foot of my paper, I Truss it and the other egstrawdney and Lofty pints be fourinhand haya suffishantly exhorseted the Subjak. I paws for a Reply.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—The routine of opera and *ballet* was varied here on Thursday, by the production, for the first time in this country, of *Le Desert*, by Felicien David, a French composer, who has lately risen from comparative obscurity to a very important position in the musical world of Paris, where his works are highly applauded. The splendid band and chorus of the theatre were increased to 200 performers for the occasion. The composer's idea of *Le Desert* occurred to him while travelling over the sacred plains of Palestine; by the music he attempts to describe the enchanting scenes of Eastern clime. The composition, which is called a descriptive *Symphonie Ode Orientale*, consists of three parts:—1. The Entrance to the Desert; 2. Night; 3. Sunrise. The music begins pianissimo, when a very grave gentleman enters, in front of the orchestra, and recites a few lines, in French, descriptive of the desert; then the distant sound of the hymn to Allah arises and swells gradually to the grand chorus; the arrival of a caravan is then intimated by a march-movement; the tempest rages—the march stops, and gradually the music drops to a smooth piano movement, to represent a calm; the caravan proceeds with the first march-music, imitating the tramp of men and horses. Night comes on, of which we are reminded by the recitative and a charming air by Moriani, followed by the evening dance and jocund chorus, in praise of "the liberty of the desert." Moriani then sings a very pretty air, called "Reverie," which is gently taken up by the chorus, and ends diminuendo. This is a very pleasing and clever composition; the chorus blending with the air, the swell becoming piano, and ending with the subject, repeated very quickly by the violoncelli and double-basses. *Sleep* is then represented by a sostenuto of some length on the same note. Next comes the "Sunrise," pictured to the ear by a piano tremolato of the violins in unison, swelling at length to the full power of the whole orchestra; the caravan starts again with the march-movement and grand chorus; silence, represented by a sostenuto piano, follows, broken suddenly by the chorus to Allah, when the performance ends. We cannot place this composition in the highest rank as a scientific work; the effects are strikingly clever, and the melodies very pleasing; but in harmony and counterpoint there is something to be desired. The author mistakes repetition of the subject by parts of the orchestra, while other parts are playing mere accompaniment, for those beautiful combinations of parts which, in the treatment of the great masters, are the elements of grandeur. M. David has attempted some most extraordinary effects in the use of a number of one kind of instruments: during the last season in Paris, he composed a piece for eighty pianofortes, which was performed in the circus of the Champs Elysées before an immense crowd of people. The performances on the present occasion were much and generally applauded; though some disapprobation was expressed at a composition played previously to the great work.

The number of new-Easter pieces would induce a very curt summary, even if they were of a kind to court the details of critical remark. But they belong to the genus *Temporary*, and, with very little exception, have so strong a family-likeness, that we might almost say of them, *ex uno disce omnes*. If we glance over the various theatres, indeed, it looks as if nearly every drama was produced out of similar materials, if not out of the same factory and by the same manufacturers. Parody, and burlesque, and pun, are the staple; facetiousness, travesty, and allusions to passing circumstances, the trimming.

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At *Drury Lane*, *Robert Macaire* has been turned into a *ballet*, and the Tom-and-Jerry school of Paris is cleverly represented by the dancing of Mlle. Polin and M. Gasperini.

At the *Haymarket* Mr. Planché has aimed, and successfully aimed, at a higher flight in the *Golden Fleece*, a very superior burlesque on the *Medea* of Euripides, to which he has added (founding himself *no doubt* on Apollodorus, Pindar, Musæus, Ibycus, Simonides, Pausanias, and other classic authorities), with particular effect, Jason in Colchis. Τὰ 'Αργοναυτικά, with a spice of drollery out of the chorus in *Antigone*, was never modernised for the stage with more deserved success; and it will improve the more, the more the united stories and their humours are understood by the million. As it is, Vestris' Μήδεια, P. Horton's 'Ιάσων, Bland's double royalties in *Colchis* and *Corinth*, and C. Mathews' individual *Chorus*, with good scenery, carry all before them, and hearty laughter rewards their efforts and the author's Grecian whim.

At the *Princess's* there is a travestie of *Timour the Tartar*, with a good many political squibs, and some vulgarities (the latter, we hope, removed since the first night), which smack of the characteristics of the day, to which we have alluded; and which are recognisable in a considerable portion of the periodical press.

At the *Lyceum*, the *Recruiting Officer* was cashiered into three acts, and a Miss Villars from York made a promising *début* in *Sylvia*. A novelty called the *Lowther Arcade* seemed to be ushered prematurely into existence; but *Whittington and his Cat*, an extravaganza, made amends for all, and brought up the holyday-entertainments with a wet sail. Mrs. Keeley is a great future *Lord Mayor*, and her *Cat* a pattern for pussyism. The piece is written by Mr. Taylor, from whose talent the stage has much to expect.

At the *Adelphi*, *St. George and the Dragon* has furnished matter for another burlesque, which runs with great applause. Paul Bedford is a unique Dragon and finless fish of the present times and elements; and, ably seconded by his ludicrous *confrère* Wright, Miss Woolgar, Selby, and others, he bids fair to sweep a long tail (of audiences) after him for many a night.

At *Sadler's Wells*, Shakspeare still attracts the many, and proves the true standard of English taste, notwithstanding every effort to corrupt it.

At the *Surrey*, Mr. E. Stirling has dramatised the Suffolk tale of *Margaret Catchpole* with striking effect; and Mrs. R. Horner displays her touching powers as the heroine.

At the *Victoria*, the same theme has been taken up, Miss Vincent the *Margaret*; but the whole affair is wretchedly cast.

At the *Olympic*, a new summer dynasty reigns; and Mr. Marble, in an Indian character called the *Cock of the Wilderness*, gives remarkable imitations of the red race. [On Wednesday, by the by, Mr. Forrest pursued a nearly similar course in a very long five-act drama, called *Metadora;* which was exceedingly tedious and stupid where his impersonation was off the scene.] The Seven Champions of Christendom were twisted into the Olympic burlesque.

At *Astley's*, the *Maid of Saragossa* reigned supreme, to the refreshment of youth, and the regeneration of olden memories for the more mature. It is a new grand military spectacle, worthy of Mr. Batty's enterprise; and the tableau from Wilkie's painting is very effective. The scenery, machinery, and properties are produced with the usual profusion; and in the circle shone Mr. and Made. Dumas, two graceful and dauntless equestrians.

At the *City of London*, there was another *Whittington;* but he was of a rather coarse description.

There are, we believe, six, eight, or a dozen other theatres to visit; but one cannot be every where at once like a bird.

Cosmo and Dio-ramas have also opened in the Easter-week; to which, with other spectacles, we shall pay our respects next Saturday.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FACTORY CHILDREN.

Hear ye, who kindly pity feel,
The factory children's loud appeal!
With pallid cheek and sunken eye,
O'erwearied, still their tasks they ply.
Ah, sad! o'er childhood's opening flower
The tempest-clouds so early lower,
And cast the blight of toil and gloom
Where joy and hope should gaily bloom.

The rosy morn, with dewy wings,
For them renewed exertion brings;
The shade of evening finds them still
Fatigued within the tedious mill.
Immortal beings, formed to rise
In thought beyond the spangled skies;
They're doomed to toil the livelong day,—
Then sink in premature decay.

When, bursting from the mortal clay,
Th' undying spirits pass away,
Oh! let them not depart unblest,
By with'ring ignorance deprest;
With souls unclad, with minds untaught,
(How fearful is the awful thought!)
To stand before His judgment throne,
Who was to them a "God unknown."

Ye say—the church, the schools, invite,
To guide their youthful ways aright;
But crushed beneath Oppression's sway,
How *can* they Duty's voice obey?
The weary frames require repose,
The Sabbath-day alone bestows,—
Oh, chided be each cold delay,
Life's precious streamlet ebbs away!

Then pity grant, that *all* may feel
The factory children's sad appeal;
'Tis sounded in the senate's ear,
By one whose virtues all revere;
The champion of the helpless throng,
The friend of all who suffer wrong.
What, though awhile his efforts fail,
The cause of mercy *must* prevail! Rosa.

VARIETIES.

Alexander Blackwood, Esq.—On the morning of the 21st, at his residence in Edinburgh, died Alexander Blackwood, the eldest son of the late William Blackwood, and at the early age of thirty-nine years. This worthy and much-esteemed individual had followed in the footsteps of his father, to whom the literature of Scotland was so deeply indebted; and continued, in conjunction with his family, to conduct a successful course of publication, honourable to them, and justly popular throughout the world. As a Scotsman, and intimately connected with the literary history of the country—as a citizen of her capital, whose operations and influence were of much value in the general scale—Mr. Alexander Blackwood's loss is a public misfortune; and as a private person, whose amiable and excellent qualities endeared him to all who knew him, it is deeply deplored by a very wide circle of friends, who were most attached to him during the brief space of a life so suddenly and prematurely closed.

M. Etienne, the author of many works of considerable celebrity, died last week in Paris at an advanced age.

Mrs. Harriet Downing, the writer of many anonymous and clever contributions which have appeared in various periodicals (of which we may mention the "Tales of a Weekly Nurse"), as well as acknowledged productions in prose and verse, all displaying talent of no mean order, died last week at Chipping Norton.

Miss Helen Faucit.—A number of gentlemen, chiefly connected with the fine arts in Dublin, have presented Miss. H. Faucit with a large fibula or broach, of ancient pattern and Irish gold, in testimony of their admiration of her talents and character.

The Fountains in Trafalgar Square began to play a little on Wednesday; being the first of their holydays.

French Exhibition.—The annual exhibition of French art opened last Saturday in the Louvre, and between two and three thousand works were accepted; and nearly as many, it is stated, rejected either for want of room, or merit, or interest.

H.B. Caricatures. — A capital single figure, Sir R. Peel in modern garb as Hercules, and supported by a human lion's skin, lettered "Income Tax," is most laughable in expression. "Catching a Poacher," Col. Sibthorpe arresting Mr. Bright, is another superb hit at the sporting political affray now in Parliament. The Colonel and his dog are inimitable; and the third of this happy trio embodies the D'Israeli taunt at the Premier for running off with their clothes whilst the Whigs were bathing. The little Whigs in the water is very funny.

A New Dodge.—Some Cork poetaster having written a book which nobody would notice, has sounded his own trumpet to a queer tune, as the following note implies:—

"*To the Editor of the Cork Examiner.*

"17 Upper Baker-st., Portman Square, London, March 21, 1843.

"Sir,—I have just seen in your columns, copied from the *Shropshire Conservative*, a 'rhyming review' of a book I never saw or heard of.

"The thimble-rig practice of puffing a book through the medium of forgery, however disgraceful, I should not notice, were the unknown thing only bedaubed with fulsome flattery; but when men of 'mark and likelihood' are attacked, I am obliged, in defence of my own judgment and character, to disavow the doggrel and expose the paltry puffery.—I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

"Samuel Lover."

Mesmerism is becoming quite a trade—for we cannot call it a profession. Itinerant lecturers contrive to live upon it; for though the admission-fees are small, popular curiosity is large, and the pence soon mount to pounds. Persons who have been detected in confederacies continue their barefaced tricks; and we have even improved so far as to have female and male proficients imported from the continent—families of them—who are not only blessed with *clairvoyance* themselves, but can with a wink restore the blind to sight. But these are dear affairs, and the lady, or Fräulein, practitioner exacts pounds sterling for her attendance and advice. No happier combination of roguery and credulity could be imagined, and *Bull* is expected to be *Ass* enough to bite this thistle. Well might we then say as the Scotchman did of the animal's long ears, "Heh! soft's your Horns!"

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Rodwell, the well-known composer, and author of "Teddy the Tiler," &c., is, we learn, about to exhibit his powers as a novelist.

Mr. George Yates is about to publish a Remonstrance, addressed to the female Nobility and Gentry, on a subject connected with the education, accomplishments, and personal tendance of the junior branches of our aristocracy.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Mabinogion: Ancient Welsh Manuscripts, with a Translation, &c. by Lady C. Guest, Part VI., royal 8vo, 8s.—The Structure of the Lungs, exemplifying the Wisdom and Goodness of God: a Prize Essay, by J.

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Moore, 8vo, 3s. 6d.—Esther: an Epic Poem, by James Watson, 12mo, 2s. 6d.—The Cambridge University Calendar, 1845, 12mo, 6s.—Lays and Legends, by Camilla Toulmin, 4to, with 27 plates, 21s. cloth.—Rev. H. Palmer's Origines Liturgicæ, 4th edit., 2 vols. 8vo, 18s.—The Court of Queen Victoria: Portraits of British Ladies, with Memoirs by Sir H. Nicolas, 4to, No. I., 12s.—St. Patrick's Eve, by Charles Lever, fcp. 5s.—Steill's Pictorial Spelling, Part II., 12mo, 1s. 6d.—Steill's Juvenile Cyclopædia, 12mo, 3s.—Savings Bank Interest Tables for Four-day Periods, by J. Craig, 4to, 1l. 11s. 6d.—Hand-Book of Dressmaking, by Mrs. M. J. Howell, 12mo, 5s.—The Human Body in Health and Disease, 12mo, 5s.—The Subaltern, new edit., fcp. 2s. 6d. sewed, 3s. 6d. cloth.—Ten Thousand a Year, new edit., Vol. II. fcp 6s.—Chronicon Angliæ Petriburgense, edit. J. A. Giles, Ll.D., 8vo, 6s.—Neil M'Alpine's Pronouncing Gaelic Dictionary, 2d edit., 12mo, 6s.—The Parish Rescued, by the Rev. W. F. Wilkinson, fcp. 3s. 6d.—Mount Sorel, by the author of "Two Old Men's Tales," Vol. II. post 8vo, 7s.—Chromatics, or Harmony of Colours, by G. Field, new edit., 8vo, 21s.—The Minister's Kail-Yard, and other Poems, edited by T. C. Latto, fcp. 5s.—The Rosary, and other Poems, by the Rev. F. W. Faber, fcp. 5s.—Prayers for the Dead, for the use of Members of the Church of England, 12mo, 3s. 6d.—Maids of Honour, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1l. 11s. 6d.—The Maniac Improvisatore, and other Poems, by W. Hurton, 12mo, 3s. 6d.—American Facts: Notes and Statistics, by G. P. Putnam, post 8vo, 9s.—G. P. R. James's Works, Vol. IV., One in a Thousand, 8vo, 8s.—The Oratory, or Thoughts and Prayers in Verse, by the Rev. W. Nind, fcp. 3s. 6d.—Scriptural Communion with God: the Bible, with Notes, &c., by the Rev. G. Townsend, Vol. I., 8vo, 20s.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS' and GENERAL FIRE and LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

Adelaide Place, London Bridge—444 West Strand;

23 Thistle Street, Edinburgh;

Wason Buildings, and Mathew Street, Liverpool; and

Great Bridgewater Street, Manchester;

(Empowered by Act of Parliament.)

The Company transact business in every department of Life and Fire Assurance, in Annuities, Reversions, and Loans.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Actuary—J. T. Clement, Esq.

At the last Quinquennial Meeting there was added a bonus to the Life Policies equal to 25 per cent on the sums paid; and a bonus of five per cent to the Shares, in addition to the payment of the annual interest.

For the convenience of parties wishing to assure for a specific sum, without a prospective bonus, a new table at lower rates has been calculated; on which, as well as on the participating scale, one-half the premium may remain on interest at five per cent for five years, thus enabling a person to insure his life for 1000l. on the immediate payment of the premium for 500l. only.

The following are the annual premiums for the assurance of 100l. for the whole life, one half of which may remain for five years by merely paying the interest annually at five per cent; and should the policy become a claim in the interim, the amount due will then be deducted:—

Age		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
20	without profits	1	13	0	with profits	1	18	0
30	. . .	1	19	8	. .	2	5	8
40	. . .	2	14	3	. .	3	1	3
50	. . .	4	3	4	. .	4	9	6

For short periods the premiums are considerably lower, and for any age or contingencies not usually advertised, information may be obtained on application to the Actuary or Secretary.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The Company insure Houses, Furniture, Stock in Trade, Farming Stock, and every description of Personal Property, against loss or damage by fire.

The Directors beg to remind their friends whose premiums become due at Lady-day, that no extra charge is made at this office for the transfer of policies, and that they will be rated on terms peculiarly favourable to parties insuring.

Insurances may be effected for any period of time; if for seven years, the premium and duty will only be charged for six.

JOHN BIGG, Secretary.

March 20, 1845.

R. HENDRIE,

Perfumer to Her Majesty, 12 Tichborne Street, London.

HENDRIE'S OLD BROWN WINDSOR SOAP, so long celebrated for improvement, retains its superiority as a perfectly mild emollient Soap, highly salutary to the skin, possessing an aromatic and lasting perfume: each Packet is labelled with Perkins's steel plate of Windsor Castle.

A variety of highly perfumed Soap Tablets, Sand Balls, &c., prepared without angular corners.

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His Germinative Liquid is a certain specific for producing a new growth where the Hair is failing.

Hendrie's Cold Cream of Roses, prepared in great perfection.

Improved Scouring Drops, for removing greasy spots from Silks.

Indelible Marking Ink, for Linen, to be used without preparation, 1s. a bottle.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

It is respectfully announced that a SECOND GRAND MUSICAL FETE, comprising the DESERT of FELICIEN DAVID, will be presented on Monday week, April 7th.

FRENCH PLAYS.—SEASON ARRANGEMENTS.

Monday next, March 31.—The eminent actress Mademoiselle Plessy will make her first appearance this season in Casimir Delavigne's popular comedy, "L'Ecole des Vieillards;" and will perform during the week in Marie, ou les trois Epoques, La Suite d'un Bal Masqué, La Dame et la Demoiselle, and La Fausse Agnes.

The popular comic actor, Mons. Raoul (of the Théâtre du Palais Royal), will have the honour of making his first appearance in this country on Monday, April 14, and will perform on that evening in a new and highly popular comic vaudeville, entitled "L'Etourneau."

Monsieur Regnier (of the Théâtre Français), will also make his first appearance in this country at the end of April, and will perform with Mademoiselle Plessy in the popular plays of Le Mari à la Campagne, Les Fausses Confidences, Le Mariage de Figaro, Les Fourberies de Scapin, Tartuffe, Le Barbier de Seville, Le Jeu de l'Amour, Le Mariage d'Argent, &c. &c. &c.

At the end of May, the favourite actor, Monsieur Achard (who is engaged for a few nights only), will appear in several new vaudevilles, and in the occasional performance of some pieces already so deservedly popular.

The season will terminate by the engagement of the celebrated comic actor, Monsieur Arnal (of the Théâtre du Vaudeville), who will have the honour of making his first appearance at this theatre; and during whose engagement the following popular plays, as originally performed by Monsieur Arnal, will be produced: l'Homme Blasé, l'Humoriste, Les Gants Jaunes, Passé Minuit, Les Cabinets Particulaires, Renaudin de Caen, Le Poltron, La Mansarde du Crime, Le Bal du Grande Monde, &c. &c. &c.

Application for season boxes and stalls to be addressed to Mr. Mitchell, Royal Library, 33 Old Bond Street; and at the Box Office of the Theatre.

GREAT MEDITERRANEAN and ADRIATIC JUNCTION RAILWAY COMPANY.

Capital, 30,000,000 Florins Convention (or £3,000,000 sterling), in 60,000 Shares of 500 Florins Convention (or £50 sterling) each; Deposit, two and a half Florins, or 5 Shillings sterling per Share.

The object of the Company is the construction of lines of Railway to connect the Port of Genoa with the Cities of Turin and Milan, effecting a Junction of the latter with the Austrian Railway now in progress between Milan and Venice, and thus connecting by Railway the Mediterranean and Adriatic Seas. The Prospectus will shortly be issued; and in the interim applications for Shares may be addressed to the joint English Solicitors, Mr. E. Smith, 12 Gray's Inn Place, Gray's Inn, and Messrs. Lewis and Ford, 28 Essex Street, Strand; and to the Provisional Committee, at the Offices of the Company, 4 Coleman Street, City; from each of whom Forms of Application may be had.

By order, T. RUSSELL, Secretary.

GREAT RUSSIAN CHRONOMETRICAL EXPEDITION.—E. J. DENT, 82 Strand, and 33 Cockspur Street, has the high and distinguished honour of stating, that his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia has recently condescended to confer on him "the appointment and title of Chronometer-Maker to his Imperial Majesty," as a reward for the unequalled performance of his Chronometers during the Expedition of 1844. In 1843, his Imperial Majesty the Emperor was pleased to reward the performance of Dent's Chronometers with a Gold Medal of the highest Order of Merit.

Dent's Patent Watches, Chronometers, and Clocks.

BETTS'S PATENT BRANDY.

Sir,—The sample of *Patent French Distilled Brandy* you sent me I have accurately examined; and having instituted a series of experiments on it and on the finest *French Brandy*, I have, in these comparative trials, been able to discover so little difference, either in their composition or effects, that they may be considered as identical; excepting that *your Brandy is free from uncombined acid and astringent matter*, which exists more or less in most of the Brandies imported from France.—I remain, sir, yours respectfully,

JOHN THOMAS COOPER,
Lecturer on Chemistry.

To Mr. Betts.

Betts's Patent Brandy is prescribed by the highest medical authorities in preference to French Brandy; and is exclusively used at *Guy's*, *St. George's*, *St. Thomas's*, the *Westminster*, and other *Hospitals*; and at the *Manchester*, *Bristol*, *Brighton*, and other infirmaries.

Quantities of not less than Two Gallons, supplied at the Distillery, in Stone Jars, at 18s. per Gallon, exclusive of the Jar; and in Capsuled Bottles at 20s. per Gallon, Bottles and Case included, and not returnable.

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SELTERS WATER,

IN ENGLAND CALLED SELTZER WATER.

THE DUKE of NASSAU, to prevent any further fraudulent imitation of Selters Water, the celebrated produce of his territory, previously carried to such an enormous extent, that Bottles, with his name, arms, and marks, have been specially made for the purpose in this country, has, through the *Direction-General of his Domains*, adopted the use of the *Patent Metallic Capsules*; and has entered into an agreement with the Patentee, Mr. J. T. Betts, of London, by which the exclusive right is given to him of purchasing direct from the Springs, for the United Kingdom, its Colonies, and Dependencies.

The nature and extent of this arrangement with the Nassau Government will not only enable Mr. Betts to supply the public at a moderate price, but (every Bottle being Capsuled the instant it is filled) in the same state of freshness and perfection as at the first moment of the waters being taken from the spring.

Particulars, with the Declaration of the Nassau Government, showing the impossibility of adulteration, or of a spurious article being substituted for the genuine, will be published as soon as the navigation of the Rhine is opened, and supplies received.

1 Wharf Road, City Road,
London, March 1845.

HODGSON and ABBOTT'S EAST INDIA PALE ALE.—E. ABBOTT, the *sole* surviving partner of this long-celebrated Establishment, informs the public that this Beer, so strongly recommended by the Faculty, not being sold to the trade, can only be procured at the Brewery, Bow.

City Office, 96 Gracechurch Street.

TO VISITORS to the CONTINENT.—Messrs. J. and R. M'CRACKEN, Foreign Agents, and Agents to the Royal Academy, No. 7 Old Jewry, beg to remind the Nobility and Gentry that they continue to receive Consignments of Objects of Fine Arts, Baggage, &c. from all parts of the Continent for clearing through the Custom-House, &c.; and that they undertake the Shipment of Effects to all parts of the world.

Lists of their Correspondents abroad, and every information, may be had on application at their Office as above.

LITERATURE AND ART.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS is open daily from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

ART-UNION of LONDON.

By Authority of Parliament.

The SUBSCRIPTION-LISTS will POSITIVELY CLOSE on MONDAY NEXT, the 31st instant. Subscribers will receive, besides the chance of obtaining a valuable work of art, an impression of a Line Engraving by Mr. G. T. DOO, after the Picture of W. MULREADY, R.A., "The Convalescent;" and in addition to this, a series of Designs in Outline, made expressly for the Society, by Mr. W. RIMER, illustrative of Thomson's "Castle of Indolence."

GEORGE GODWIN,
LEWIS POCOCK, } Hon. Secs.

4 Trafalgar Square, March 27, 1845.

THE EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of BRITISH ARTISTS, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, is now OPEN DAILY, from Nine till dusk.

Admission, One Shilling.

EDWARD HASSELL, Secretary.

ON VIEW.

MESSRS. HENRY GRAVES and COMPANY beg to announce that they have now the pleasure of exhibiting in their Gallery, previous to their being placed in the hands of the Engravers,

The Grand Military Portrait of

MAJOR-GEN. SIR ROBERT SALE, G.C.B., &c.

Painted by HENRY MOSELEY, Esq.

Also, the beautiful Portrait of

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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW,
No. CL.,
WILL BE PUBLISHED ON MONDAY NEXT.

CONTENTS:

I. Greek and English Lexicons.
II. Mrs. Butler's Poems.
III. Gally Knight and Bunsen on Ecclesiastical Architecture.
IV. Malmesbury Papers.
V. Convocation.
VI. Miss Berry on French and English Society.
VII. Whig Tactics.
VIII. The Improvisatore; or, Life in Italy.
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The Marchioness of Brinvilliers;
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By ALBERT SMITH.
With an Illustration by Leech.

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Chapter 11.—Maître Picard prosecutes a successful crusade against the Students.

Chapter 12.—Exili spreads the snare for Sainte Croix, who falls into it.

The Siege of Hensburgh, by John Ryan, M.D., LL.D.
How to serve out Cupid, by the Irish Whiskey Drinker.
Sketches of Ross, Tintern Abbey, Chepstow; by Louisa Stuart Costello.
The Labourer's Song, by William Jones.
The Wet Blanket, by Paul Prendergast; with an Illustration by Leech.
A Glance at the Drama.
Glimpses and Mysteries — the Author, outlined by Alfred Crowquill.
Literary Retrospect of the Departed Great — Sir Thomas Lawrence, by a Middle-Aged Man.
Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith, with a Portrait.
The Halifax Murder, by an Infantry Officer.
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THE ART-UNION MONTHLY
JOURNAL. No. 79, for April. One Shilling.

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1. The Arts in their Application to Manufactured Articles—Porcelain Slabs for Fire-places (with nine illustrative engravings on wood).
2. Pugin's "Gothic Ornaments;" with an example in lithography.
3. Heraldry; with woodcut examples.
4. The Portland Vase; with an illustrative woodcut.
5. Hope's "Ancient Costumes;" with two explanatory figures, executed in lithography.
6. The Entry of Prince Charles into Edinburgh; with an etched outline.
7. The Manufacture of Glass—the Capabilities of the Material.
8. Obituary: Smirke, Day, Schwabe, Burgess, &c.
9. Kunstblatt Review of the Exhibition—1844—in Westminster Hall; written by Dr. Foerster, and fully translated.
10. Art-Union of London; Institute of Fine Arts; Decorative Art Society.
11. Society of British Artists—the present Exhibition reviewed.
12. Mr. Ewart's Bill for the Establishment of District Museums in large Towns.
13. Scene in a Picture Auction-Room.
14. Art in Continental States.
15. Art in the Provinces.
16. Varieties:—Brief Comments on a variety of passing events interesting to the Artist, the Amateur, and the Manufacturer, &c. &c. &c.

Publishers—Chapman and Hall, Strand.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.
No. CCCLIV. for APRIL. Price 2s. 6d.

CONTENTS:

I. Virgil, Tasso, and Raphael.—II. Ping-Kee's View of the Stage.—III. The Midnight Watch.—IV. Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation.—V. Marston; or, the Memoirs of a Statesman. Part XVI.—VI. Betham's Etruria Celtica.—VII. Suspiria de Profundis: being a Sequel to the Confessions of an English Opium-Eater.—VIII. North's Specimens of the British Critics. No. III. Dryden.

William Blackwood and Sons, 45 George Street, Edinburgh; and 22 Pall-Mall, London.

THE PHARMACEUTICAL JOURNAL
for APRIL 1. Edited by JACOB BELL.

CONTENTS:

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Published by John Churchill, Princes Street, Leicester Square; Machlachlan and Stewart, Edinburgh; and Fannin and Co., Dublin.

THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

On the 31st instant will be published, by Messrs. Longman, W. Pickering, and J. H. Parker, Oxford, price 2s. 6d., No. V. of

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL JOURNAL,
published under the Direction of the Central Committee of the British Archæological Association.

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The NEXT CONGRESS of the ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION will be HELD at WINCHESTER in the month of September, where will be submitted for confirmation the proposed RULES AND REGULATIONS for the Government of the Association, an Abstract of which may be had upon application to any Member of the Committee.

All Annual Subscribers of One Pound will be entitled to attend the Congress, and to receive the Volume of Transactions on that occasion. Subscriptions may be paid to the account of the Central Committee at Messrs. COCKBURNS, 4 Whitehall. It is requested that all communications be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, 12 Rutland Gate, Hyde Park.

By order of the Central Committee,
ALBERT WAY, Honorary Secretary.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S SHILLING
MAGAZINE.

No. IV. (April) contains:—

St. Giles and St. James. By the Editor.
Sonnet on the Death of Laman Blanchard.
Truth in a Vision.
The Parson's Gamekeeper.
Cat and Fiddle Moralities. By the Editor.
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Mother's Love.
The Hedgehog Letters.
A Case at Sessions.
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London: published for the Proprietors of PUNCH, at the Punch Office, 92 Fleet Street.

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TABLE-BOOK.
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The Dream of the London Season. By the Editor.
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To Rosalie. One Illustration.
Alice Brompton. One Illustration.
Sonnet to the Frost.
A Cold Love Letter. Two Illustrations.
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Betty Morrison. Two Illustrations. &c. &c. &c.

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By GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

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Lord Brougham's Men and Letters of the Time of George the Third.
The Georgies of Poland — Kosmian.
Position and Prospects of Protestantism.
Critical Sketches of New Works in British and Foreign Literature.
Prussian, Saxon, and Austrian Correspondence; Literary, Scientific, and Political Notices, &c.

London: John W. Parker, West Strand.

On the 31st of March will be published, price Two Shillings,

DOLMAN'S MAGAZINE.
No. II.

Art. I. Vices, Sins, and Crimes.
2. Anecdotes of Calcutta.
3. The Tractarian Movement.
4. The Countess Clemence. Chapters II. and III.
5. The Eternal City. Chapter II.
6. The Luck of being Transported.
7. A Second Peep at all Things, and a few Others, by Bo-Peep.
8. Reviews of New Publications.

London: C. Dolman, 61 New Bond Street.
Cumming, Dublin; Stevenson, Edinburgh; Booker, Liverpool; and all Booksellers.

The following Periodical Works for April 1845 will be published by CHARLES KNIGHT AND CO.

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OLD ENGLAND. Part XVI., with a Coloured Engraving of Wolsey's Hall, Hampton Court, price 1s. 6d. Published also in Weekly Numbers, at 3d. The Coloured Engraving as a SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER, price 6d.

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MAPS of the SOCIETY for the DIFFU-SION of USEFUL KNOWLEDGE. Part VII., containing Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, general, 1 Map—Sweden, South, 1 Map—Denmark, and Part of Norway, 1 Map—Sweden and Norway, North, including Russia, No. I., 1 Map—Russia, Nos. II., III., and IV., 3 Maps. Price 2s. 6d. plain, and 5s. coloured.

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The COMPLETE CONCORDANCE to SHAKSPERE; being a Verbal Index to all the Passages in the Dramatic Works of the Poet. By Mrs. COWDEN CLARKE. Part XI. The Concordance will appear in Monthly Parts, at Half-a-Crown each; the whole to be completed in 18 Parts, of uniform size with C. KNIGHT'S "Pictorial Edition."

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On Monday next, March 31,

THE CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER,
No. XLVIII. Price 6s.

CONTENTS:

1. Ordinary Teaching of History.
2. Martin Marprelate.
3. I Promessi Sposi.—Manzoni.
4. Parochial Work.
5. The Rubrical Question.
6. Continental Travel—Trench, Talfourd, &c.
7. Oxford Matters.

With Papers on German Protestantism, the proposed Dissolution of the Cambridge Camden Society, and Notices of New Books and Pamphlets published during the quarter.

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⁎ A very few copies of the last number remain unsold, for which immediate application is necessary; the present number completing the Ninth Volume.

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Having given this brief outline, we shall proceed to adduce some quotations pointing to various subjects, which, we think, cannot fail to be acceptable to every reader. Our first extract is a letter from Mary to Elizabeth, dated Holyrood Palace, 5th January, 1563, in which the then condition of the Borders is pitbily described, and with apparently much reason for complaint.

"D'Holyrood, le 5 janvier, 1563.

"Ryght excellent, right hie and myghtye Princes, oure derrest suster and cousiu; eftir oure maist hertlie recommendationis. Quhaireas the maister of Maxwell, wardane of the west mercheis of this our realme hes oftentymes compleuit unto ws, that he can be no meanes obtene at tha handis of the lorde Dacre zoure wardane upone thopposite merche redres of sic attemptatis as hes bene committit continualie thir thre or foure zeris past be the subjectis of that zoure realme under his charge; notwithstanding the frequent requisitioun of our said wardane and his offir to do the like for all oure subjectis under his reull. We requirit M. Randolph diverse tymes to signify the same unto zow to the effect that be zoure commandiment the said lord Dacre myght be maid mair conformable. Nottheles seing his continewance in his formar maner of proceding, always differing all executioun of justice, throw the quhilk, thoffendouris ar encourageid to follow furth there accustumat wichit lyfe; quhairof oure said wardane hes of lait geven ws ernist warning: we have thocht gude be thir oure letters, to advertise zow of his negligence and to desire zow in oure maist effectuisa maner to tak spedye ordoure for the reull of that merche, that not onlie thoffences hipast may with speid be deulis radressed, but alswa the inhabitantis upone the same contenit in better ordoure heireftir; lyke as we sall not faill to see done for oure parte accordinglye. We have commandit the L. of Lethington oure secretare to send unto zouris the especial hedis of oure said wardanis complayntis, quhairby ze may be the mair particularlie informid. We wrait alswa ofbefoir to zow in favouris of ane of oure subjettis namit Grahame, quha be zoure commandiment obtenit a commissioun to the lorde Gray, sir Thomas Dacres, sir Johne Foster and to the thesaurare of Berwik to mak him full restitutioun of certane gudis spolzeit from him and his collagis be the inhabitantis of Northumberland, conforme to the decrete obtenit be him in zoure courte of thadmirallitie, quhairin as zit there is na thing done, be the quhilk drift of tyme the povir mercheand is reduceid to extreme povertie and almaist oute of hoip evir to ressave payment, onles be zoure letters they be straitlie commandit with all speid to proceid in the said commissioun, and mak him be satisfied according to justice bot ony forder delay, quhilk we alswa pray zow ernistlie to do, as we salbe reddy to do the semblable to zoure subjectis, quhen occasioun sall require. Thus right excellent, right hie and mightye Prince, oure derrest suster and cousin, we pray almighty God to have zow in his eternall tuitioun. Subscrivit with oure hand and geven under oure signet at our palice of Halierudhous, the fyft day of januare the twentyane zeir of oure regnne.—Zour richt gud sister and cusignes,

MARIE R."

"*Au dos:* To the right excellent, right heich and michtye Princes, oure derrest suster and cousin, THE QUENE OF ENGLAND."

That there was no lack of grievances on the other side, the following from Elizabeth to Mary will shew; it is dated April 1566:

"En avril 1566.

"Right high, right excellent and mightie Princess, our dearest suster and cousin, in our hartiest maner we commende us unto yow. Doing yow tunderstande how that great and very lamentable complaint hath bene exhibited unto us in the behaulf of our loving subjectes William Gittons, William Hopkyns, with others merchantes and inhabitantes of our citie of Bristoll, whereby it is declared unto us howe that they having buylt a barke called the Samuel of Bristol of the burden of fiftie tonnes or thereaboutes, whereof one Edward Stone was master and partie owner, and put the same to the sea, fraighted with their goodes and merchandizes the 20th of September last past, to trafficque with the same to a place called Wurkington in the North parties of our realm, near unto our citie of Carlisle, the said ship being in her way towardes the said place was dryven by force of weather and tempest to the coast of Scotland to a place called the Keyles, and there ryding at an ancre was boorded by certaine Scottishmen, who fayning themselfes to be merchantes and to cum onely to see what merchandizes was in the ship, most cruelly did murdre the said Master with all his companie except two that kept themselfes in secret places of their ship untill the furye of thies murderers was aswaged, and so toke both ship and goods as their owne, to the utter undoing of our said subjectes and pitifull discompfort of the poer widowes of the slayne. For the redresse whereof and the recovery of the said ship and goodes this bearer doth repaire unto you; and albeyt we doubt not but that for the zeale we knowe you do beare to justice, ye wolde without any our motion cause both severe ponishment to be done upon thies horrible murderers and robbers, and restitution to be made unto our said subjectes of their said ship and goodes, as to justice apperteyneth, and as the good amytie and treaties betwene us and our realmes require; yet undrestanding their lamentable complaynt and at their humble requests we coulde not but wryte thies our letters unto you in the favour of their cause; earnestly praying you, good Sister and Cosin, to cause such order to be taken as the owners may be restored spedely to their said ship and goodes, or recompensed to the value thereof, with their costes, charges and interest, and the offendors condignely ponished, as we are ready to cause the like justice to be admynistred to your subjectes as occasion shall happen. And thus Right High Right Excellent and Mightie Princes, our dearest Sister and Cosin, we besech Almightie God to have you in his blessed keeping.

"*Au dos:* Mynute to the Quens of Scotland in the favo. of certaine m.chants of Bristoll. April 1566."

Both these letters are pictures of the times; and the next we shall notice bears upon the proposition we have laid down,—viz. that throughout all, Mary is presented to us as the martyr to her constancy to the ancient religion, and her whole reign in Scotland, and imprisonment and execution in England, a consequence of that position and her efforts to crush the reformed church and state. The letter to which we allude is written in Italian, from her to Pope Pius IV., Edinburgh, 31st January, 1563; and details her efforts, since her arrival in Scotland, to put down heresy, and declares her firm resolve to live in obedience to the catholic church, and, if called for, to sacrifice her life to it.

"I nostri sudditi per farli degnamente riconoscere la Santa Chiesa Cattolica Romana nell'

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obedienza della quale volendo noi vivere divotissima figliuola, non rispargneremo per questo effetto cosa alcuna, che sia in nostra possanza, fin alla propria vita, se sia bisogno."

A letter in French to Philip II. of Spain, Glasgow, 10th Sept. 1565, breathes the same sentiments and manifests the same spirit. The queen speaks of the religious agitation of Scotland, and the necessity it imposes on her and the king, her husband, to seek foreign protection; and appeals to his majesty, as the firm supporter of Catholicism, to afford them his support. It concludes thus:

"Et le redespeschés bien tost, car [ces] occasions sont si nescésaires, qu'il nous importe aultant [pour] la couronne, et la liberté de l'Eglise pour jamays, pour [laquel]le meintenir, nous n'espargnerons vie ni estast, estant suporté et conseillé de vous; auquel, après avvoir baysé les mayns, je priray Dieu donner, Monsieur mon bon frère, toute prospérité et félisité."

At page 299 in the first volume (to change our subject), occurs a new and curious letter, in French, from Mary to Paul de Foix, the French ambassador in England: it is dated "D'Edimbourg, le 8 Novembre, 1565," and is the Queen's version of her marriage with Darnley. After treating of other affairs, she states that the Earl of Murray had offered her to accomplish her union, if she would consent to banish the Roman religion from Scotland. That Murray intended to arrest Darnley and his father, the Earl of Lennox, at St. Johnston's, and send them prisoners to England; and it was only by postponing the assemblage there that this snare was avoided. Murray's renewed intrigues are described, and especially the rumour he spread that Darnley had plotted his assassination because he would not sanction the marriage: the measures adopted thereupon; the evasion of Murray into Argyle, and attempt to raise a rebellion; the denial and refutation of his allegations, and the counter-assertion that he had conspired to murder Darnley, and his design to entrap the Queen herself and shut her up in a castle; the full proof of which had been acquired since his flight into England. She desires M. de Foix to communicate these details to Elizabeth, and beg of her not to intercede for the traitorous Earl, whom she, Mary, could not pardon.

This letter occupies about seven pages, but our abstract embodies its leading points. Leaping over much interesting intelligence, we would call attention to p. 333, vol. vi., and the following letter to Parsons the Jesuit, who has figured so conspicuously in every history of the period.

"De Chartley, le 29 mai, 1586.

"Good Frende. Your letters of the ? of ŵ eyghtye foure and of the ? h. of februarye eyghtye five came no soner to my handes then the 25th of the last monthe, so as the occasion of the contentes thereof being passed, and not knowing how thinges have succeded or stande yett at this present, it is impossible to me to give yow any substanciall direction or answer. Nevertheless may I say if during my aboade at Wingfelde I had receaved yowr foresaydes, and had had also the monye which I had required, I think I cold have browght that to passe which yow did propone unto me, the sayd howse being verye fitt therfore, circutte whollye with woode, and at that time in the winter season, as yow desired. Besides that my new kepars, to make me more willinglye grawnt to the change from my olde kepar, gave me a great deale more libertye then I was wont to have. But now both my selfe and my folkes here are so straightly looked unto and kept so close as it hath not hithertill bene in my power to practise any within this howse to my devotion, except him only that leadeth this entercowrse. And withowt I were assisted by some of my kepars servantes, it is now altogether impossible for me to escape. The gate so nelyd, never a window in my lodging, nor way abowt the howse being almost eyther day or night withowt a sentinell. Wherefore for this desseing of my deliverye I can putt yow in no hope, consydring the state I am in presentlye. Leave not to continue to labor by all meanes for the reestablishment of thinges in this cowntrye, the weale and prosperitye whereof and of the good men and trew catholikes of the same I shall always preferre to all greatness and particular contentement of my owne, and will thinke my life well bestowed to that end, when so ever occasion shall offer. Give right affectionate thankes in my name to my cowsin the Prince of Parma, for the honorable testimonye I have had by his letter, of the good will he beareth me, which accepting and nott now able to requite but with the like onelye, I pray yow to lett him understand for answer, that as it hath pleased the K. of Spayne my good brother to make a special choyse of him to have from henceforth the whole charge and managing of the enterprise proponed for the restablishing of his state; so in as moch as I can for mine owne part, I shall always esteme it for me no small happinesse to concurre in an action so importent for the weale and common quietness of all Christendome with a Prince so meete in all respectes, for effecting of the same as I see he is. And therefore if it pleaseth him that he advise with yow all, in those partes, of the fittest meanes for execution of that his good intention in the said enterprise, let him be sure that I shall therein corresponde for my part, with an entier acknowledgement of how much I am beholding unto him therfore. I remitt to yow to give him thankes for the diligence and good order which I have understoode he hath cawsed to be taken for the recovering of the 12,000 crownes I had asked, for the which I would not there were made any farther sute, unless yow saw therein some great facilitye to obtayne the sayd monye, in respect of the great charges I am at and have bene forced to beare all this while, during and since my change, for that all my intelligences have fayled me, being not able to recover others of new, withowt new meanes. Also that such occasions of importance may fall owt on the sodayne for to further my escape or otherwise, which for want of redye and sufficient meanes in hande, I shall be forced to let slippe. Yow know how I am used in France and my dowrye during thes warres there is to diminish more than ever; which notwithstanding I wold no way importunate the K. of Spaine nor the P. of Parma, liking a great deale better to suffer than beg any wayes, being no less obliged towards yow for the paynes and travayle yow have taken therein for me, as if it had taken effect. For as moch as I cannot write to Mr Owen more then th'aforesayd, I referre unto yow to impart the same unto him, and with all to witness the accompt I make of his good will towardes me. God almighty preserve yow."

At page 383 is the famous letter to Babbington, here, we believe, first correctly and fully printed: but we can only refer to it, and pass on to an important epistle to Sir Francis Englefield, dated Chartley, 17th July, 1586, in which the plot for her escape and attempt against Elizabeth are openly discussed. She thanks him for obtaining a grant of 12,000 crowns from the King of Spain, and says:

"Yow may also thanke Granvell and secretary Joliaques, assuring them certaynely from me that the sayd somme shall be employed to no other use then to the accomplishing of my escape from hence and that I have alredye taken order with my ambassador the B. of Glasco, to sende me it in all diligence, by the meanes I have opened, and wherof . . . . . . , for better clearing of the matter shall be made participant. To tell yow freelye, seing the lenght wherunto that sute was drawne, I have written alredy to the sayd B. of Glasco and Father Parsons (who have undertaken to labor therfore with the P. of Parma) to make no more instance for the same, being farre agaynst my harte, withowt extreme nede in soch thinges to shew myselfe importunate. It hath bene no smal consolation unto me, as well for the good of this isle as for the particular of the K. of Spayne (whome I am moch bownd to affect) to understand that he beginneth to feele and take revenge of this Quene practising and attempting agaynst him. For it is not credible how moch the appearance to see Leycester and Drakes prevayle hithertill, and the insensibilitye of the K. of Spayne, have discoraged his frendes and made his ennemyes insolent here. And yett doe I feare that the brute that ronneth of a peace betwene the K. of Spayne and the Q. of England shall retire many from pursuing the desseingment of an entreprise anew dressed here, whereof he reasons to long to be deducted unto yow as for the many particularityes as also for that during those warres in Gascoigne I dread the intercepting of my letters in so long a way; but only tell yow that the principall catholikes of this realme having abowt Ester last made a complott together to arise in Leycester his absence and before his retorne, which they feare greatlye (having not of myselfe wherwith to give them any subtanciall answer) did send over in France one from amongst them to Charles Pagett, who made theyr messenger declare the same, in generall, theyr desseingment to don Bernardino de Mandosa for to know if the K. of Spayne, his master, will harken therunto. Wheruppon all good hope being browght backe agayne unto them as they have signified unto me and finding the same in a manner confirmed by your letters, I have made them a verye ample dispatche, by the which, uppon a platt that I have dressed for them giving them my advise point by poynt on everye thing necessarye for the execution therof, and remitting to themselves to resolve theruppon, I have desired them that for to lose no time they shold withowt sending agayne unto me, dispatch in all diligence some one among them, choyse, faythfull, and sufficientlye instructed towardes the sayd don Bernardino, to impart unto him particularly, the platt of the sayd enterprise, as they may amongst them have resolved upon, and to informe to the same, if the sayd don Bernardino do like therof, to require soch support as shall be necessarye as well of footemen and horsemen, as armor, munition, and mony. Of which thinges before that they have sufficient promise and assurance, I have wished them playnelye not to sturre in any wise on this side, for feare they ruine themselves in vayne. Wherfore not being able as yett to advertise yow of the said catholikes resolution, as a thing unknowne to my selfe, I will only pray yow for this time to require instantly the K. of Spayne, in my name, to lett me understand playnelye and resolutelye uppon so moch as he may have knowen by the said don Bernardino of this enterprise, whether he doth like therof or no, if he will intervene therein, when and how he meaneth to make his forces marche. For I feare moch that the im-

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pediments which he hath abowt the Indias shall occupye enowgh the army which he was to send thither, untill this next winter namelye if the Turke (as is sayd) hold hand to the sayd Drake. And from the Low Contryes I see not how that the Prince of Parma may spare so many forces as shold be requisite for owr sayd enterprise. But the principall is to have the K. of Spayne his playne and assured promyse, and no artificiall intertaynement as here tofore hath bene given. For theruppon his commoditye may be better awayted on, and in the meane time all thinges necessarya provided for. I have cleared the greatest difficultye which hath bene alwayes objected unto me in the like enterprises, to wete, my escaping from hence, and I hope to execute the same assuredlye, with God his grace, as I have desseinged. If a peace be made in France, the D. of Guise having alredye great forces in hande may amploy the same for us on the sodayne, before that this Q. be ever aware therof. For Scotland I am in laboring that from thence owr enemies here may have no soccor. But of my sonne I can give yow no assurance, albeit that of late he hath endevored him selfe to give me satisfaction, having written to me all that he may of his entier affection and obedience towardes me. For, notwithstanding all these good wordes in secrett, I finde him so variable, to and fro as the feare of danger wherein he findath him selfe, and the allurementes he hath of England, do cast and move; so as I can make no solide reconing of his parte. I dowt not but that the league which he hath latelye made with this Q. doth greatlye offend all the catholike princes. But in those parties excuse him therein uppon the power and authoritye that the erle of Angus and his adherentes have at this day in that contrye of Scotland, and that my sonne his safety being in the sayd Angus his handes, and exposed to this Quenes forces, withowt any assurance of any forayne support, durst not contearye them in any sorte. * * * I pray yow recommend in my name to the K. of Spain, so instantly as yow can, the prosent nede of the L. Paget and of the rest there, but namelye Thomas Throgmorton (unto whome and all that partayne unto him I am more beholding for my owne particular then now I can tell yow) they all having abandonate no small commodityes, not without hazard of their lyves, for Gods cawse."

A subsequent letter of July 23, to Don B. de Mendoça, (intercepted by the English), farther explains her expectations from Spain; and a remarkable one to Pope Sextus V., dated Fotheringay, 23d November, will deserve our translation in next *Literary Gazette*.

The last volume consists of correspondence, &c., relating to Mary, and letters discovered by Prince Labanoff after the previous volumes were committed to the press. But for the present we must conclude.

St. Patrick's Eve. By Charles Lever. London, Chapman and Hall.

A small and prettily illustrated volume, in which the talent of Phiz (Brown) ably seconds the characteristic descriptions of Lever. But in other respects this production is still more praiseworthy: for it lays bare to the public eye some of the prominent causes which contribute to inflict present miseries on, and retard coming happiness from, Ireland, without asperity and without faction. A very interesting tale is made the medium of this valuable exposition; and young and old may read with equal pleasure and profit the varied and vivid scenes of *St. Patrick's Eve.*

"My object," says the accomplished and justly popular author, "in this little story being to trace the career of one humble man through the trials and temptations incident to his lot in life, I must not dwell upon the wider theme of national disturbance. I have endeavoured—how weakly, I am well aware—to shew, that social disorganisation, rather than political grievances, are the source of Irish outrage; that neglect and abandonment of the people, on the part of those who stood in the position of friends and advisers towards them, have disseminated evils deeper and greater than even a tyranny could have engendered. But for this desertion of their duties, there had been no loss of their rightful influence, nor would the foul crime of assassination now stain the name of our land. With an educated and resident proprietary, Ireland could never have become what she now is; personal comfort, if no higher motive could be appealed to, would have necessitated a watchful observance of the habits of the people—the tares would have been weeded from the wheat; the evil influence of bad men would not have been suffered to spread its contagion through the land. Let me not be supposed for a moment as joining in the popular cry against the landlords of Ireland. As regards the management of their estates, and the liberality of their dealings with their tenantry, they are, of course with the exceptions which every country exhibits, a class as blameless and irreproachable as can be found any where—their real dereliction being, in my mind, their desertion of the people. To this cause, I believe, can be traced every one of the long catalogue of disasters to which Ireland is a prey: the despairing poverty, reckless habits, indifference to the mandates of the law, have their source here. The impassioned pursuit of any political privilege, which they are given to suppose will alleviate the evils of their state, has thrown them into the hands of the demagogue, and banded tham in a league, which they assume to be national. You left them to drift on the waters, and you may now be shipwrecked among the floating fragments."

This passage must not be taken as a sample of the incidents of the tale, and striking pictures of natural scenery, national manners, and peculiar feelings; it is simply the application of the moral taught, "that prosperity has as many duties as adversity has sorrows; that those to whom Providence has accorded many blessings are but the stewards of his bounty to the poor; and that the neglect of an obligation so sacred as this charity is a grievous wrong, and may be the origin of evils for which all your efforts to do good through life will be but a poor atonement."

In fairness to the more entertaining features, we must extract a passage or two of other kinds. Thus an Irish fair in a remote district:—

"Various shows and exhibitions were in preparation, and singular announcements were made by gentlemen in a mingled costume of Turk and Thimble-rigger, of 'wonderful calves with two heads;' 'six-legged pigs;' and an 'infant of two years old that could drink a quart of spirits at a draught, if a respectable company were assembled to witness it;'—a feat which, for the honour of young Ireland, it should be added, was ever postponed from a deficiency in the annexed condition. Then there were 'restaurants' on a scale of the most primitive simplicity, where boiled beef, or 'spoleen,' was sold from a huge pot, suspended over a fire in the open air, and which was invariably surrounded by a gourmand party of both sexes; gingerbread and cakes of every fashion and every degree of indigestion also abounded; while jugs and kegs flanked the entrance to each tent, reeking with a most unmistakeable odour of that prime promoter of native drollery and fun —poteen. All was stir, movement, and bustle; old friends, separated since the last occasion of a similar festivity, were embracing cordially, the men kissing with an affectionate warmth no German ever equalled; pledges of love and friendship were taken in brimming glasses by many, who were perhaps to renew the opportunity for such testimonies hereafter, by a fight that very evening; contracts, ratified by whisky, until that moment not deemed binding; and courtships, prosecuted with hopes, which the whole year previous had never suggested; kind speeches and words of welcome went round; while here and there some closely-gathered heads and scowling glances gave token, that other scores were to be acquitted on that night than merely those of commerce; and in the firmly knitted brow, and more firmly grasped blackthorn, a practised observer could foresee, that some heads were to carry away deeper marks of that meeting, than simple memory can impress;—and thus, in this wild sequestered spot, human passions were as rife as in the most busy communities of pampered civilisation. Love, hate, and hope, charity, fear, forgiveness, and malice; long-smouldering revenge, long-subdued affection; hearts pining beneath daily drudgery, suddenly awakened to a burst of pleasure and a renewal of happiness in the sight of old friends, for many a day lost sight of; words of good cheer; half mutterings of menace; the whispered syllables of love; the deeply-uttered tones of vengeance; and amid all, the careless reckless glee of those who appeared to feel the hour one snatched from the grasp of misery, and devoted to the very abandonment of pleasure. It seemed in vain that want and poverty had shed their chilling influence over hearts like these. The snow-drift and the storm might penetrate their frail dwellings; the winter might blast, the hurricane might scatter their humble hoardings: but still, the bold high-beating spirit that lived within beamed on throughout every trial; and now, in the hour of long-sought enjoyment, blazed forth in a flame of joy, that was all but frantic."

A faction-fight or row occurs, in which the landlord's son, Mr. Leslie, is saved from being killed by a peasant named Owen Connor, who gets a blow on the forehead in the affray which would have slain any human being but an Irishman. Some weeks after, a gentleman, attended by a guide, rides up to their mountain dwelling; and we are told:

"The very few visitors Owen and his father met with were for the most part people coming to fish the mountain-lake, who usually hired ponies in the valley for the ascent; so that when they perceived the animal coming slowly along, they scarce bestowed a second glance upon them, the old man merely remarking, 'They're three weeks too early for this water, any how;' a sentiment concurred in by his son. In less than five minutes after, the rider and his guide stood before the door. 'Is this where Owen Connor lives?' asked the gentleman. 'That same, yer honor,' said old Owen, uncovering his head, as he rose respectfully from his low stool. 'And where is Owen Connor himself?' 'Tis me, sir,' replied he; 'that's my name.' 'Yes, but it can scarcely be you that I am looking for; have you a son of that name?' 'Yes, sir, I'm young Owen,' said the young man, rising, but not without difficulty; while he steadied himself by holding the door-post. 'So then I am all right: Tracy, lead the pony about, till I call you;' and so saying, he dismounted

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and entered the cabin. 'Sit down, Owen; yes, yes—I insist upon it, and do you also. I have come up here to-day to have a few moments' talk with you about an occurrence that took place last week at the fair. There was a young gentleman, Mr. Leslie, got roughly treated by some of the people; let me hear your account of it.' Owen and his father exchanged glances; the same idea flashed across the minds of both, that the visitor was a magistrate come to take information against the Joyces for an assault; and however gladly they would have embraced any course that promised retaliation for their injuries, the notion of recurring to the law was a degree of baseness they would have scorned to adopt. 'I'll take the 'vestment' I never seen it at all,' said the old man eagerly, and evidently delighted that no manner of cross-questioning or badgering could convert him into an informer. 'And the little I saw,' said Owen, 'they knocked out of my memory with this;' and he pointed to the half-healed gash on his forehead. 'But you know something of how the row begun?' 'No, yer honor, I was at the other side of the fair.' 'Was young Mr. Leslie in fault—did you hear that?' 'I never heerd that he did any thing—unagreeable,' said Owen, after hesitating for a few seconds in his choice of a word. 'So then, I'm not likely to obtain any information from either of you.' They made no reply, but their looks gave as palpable a concurrence to this speech, as though they swore to its truth. 'Well, I have another question to ask. It was you saved this young gentleman, I understand; what was your motive for doing so? when, as by your own confession, you were at a distance when the fight begun.' 'He was my landlord's son,' said Owen, half roughly; 'I hope there is no law agin that.' 'I sincerely trust not,' ejaculated the gentleman; 'have you been long on the estate?' 'Three generations of us now, yer honor,' said the old man. 'And what rent do you pay?' 'Oh, musha, we pay enough! we pay fifteen shillings an acre for the bit of callows below, near the lake, and we give ten pounds a year for the mountain — and back luck to it for a mountain — it's breaking my heart, trying to make something out of it.' 'Then I suppose you'd be well pleased to exchange your farm, and take one in a better and more profitable part of the country?' Another suspicion here shot across the old man's mind; and turning to Owen he said in Irish: 'He wants to get the mountain for sporting over; but I'll not lave it.' The gentleman repeated his question. 'Troth, no then, yer honor; we've lived here so long we'll just stay our time in it.' 'But the rent is heavy, you say.' 'Well, we'll pay it, plaze God.' 'And I'm sure it's a strange wild place in winter.' 'Its wholesome, any how,' was the short reply. 'I believe I must go back again as wise as I came,' muttered the gentleman. 'Come, my good old man,—and you, Owen; I want to know how I can best serve you, for what you've done for me: it was my son you rescued in the fair—' 'Are you the landlord — is yer honor Mr. Leslie?' exclaimed both as they rose from their seats, as horrified as if they had taken such a liberty before royalty. 'Yes, Owen; and I grieve to say that I should cause so much surprise to any tenant at seeing me. I ought to be better known on my property; and I hope to become so: but it grows late, and I must reach the valley before night. Tell me, are you really attached to this farm, or have I any other, out of lease at this time, you like better?' 'I would not leave the ould spot, with yer honor's permission, to get a demesne and a brick house; nor Owen neither.' 'Well, then, be it so; I can only say, if you ever change your mind, you'll find me both ready and willing to serve you; meanwhile you must pay no more rent here.' 'No more rent!' 'Not a farthing; I'm sorry the favour is so slight a one, for indeed the mountain seems a bleak and profitless tract.' 'There is not its equal for mutton—' 'I'm glad of it, Owen; and it only remains for me to make the shepherd something more comfortable;—well, take this; and when I next come up here, which I intend to do, to fish the lake, I hope to find you in a better house;' and he pressed a pocket-book into the old man's hand as he said this, and left the cabin: while both Owen and his father were barely able to mutter a blessing upon him, so overwhelming and unexpected was the whole occurrence."

An observation on sleep is so applicable to what we are hearing about so much at present of prison-scenes previous to executions, that we quote it in conclusion; and must leave the fearful career of Owen Connor, through the ravages of cholera, cruel disappointments, persecutions, and association with guilt, to be read in the handsome little work from which we have selected these insulated morsels.

"The sudden change from the cold night-air to the warmth of the cabin soon made him drowsy. Fatigue and watching aiding the inclination to sleep, he was obliged to move about the hut, and even expose himself to the chill blast, to resist its influence. The very purpose on which he was bent, so far from dispelling sleep, rather induced its approach; for, strange as it may seem, the concentration with which the mind brings its powers to bear on any object will overcome all the interest and anxiety of our natures, and bring on sleep from very weariness. He slept, at first, calmly and peacefully—exhaustion would have its debt acquitted —and he breathed as softly as an infant. At last, when the extreme of fatigue was passed, his brain began to busy itself with flitting thoughts and fancies,—some long-forgotten day of boyhood, some little scene of childish gaiety, flashed across him, and he dreamed of the old mountain-lake, where so often he watched the wide circles of the leaping trout, or tracked with his eye the foamy path of the wild water-hen, as she skimmed the surface. Then suddenly his chest heaved and fell with a strong motion, for with lightning's speed the current of his thoughts was changed; his heart was in the mad tumult of a faction-fight, loud shouts were ringing in his ears, the crash of sticks, the cries of pain, entreaties for mercy, execrations and threats, rung around him, when one figure moved slowly before his astonished gaze, with a sweet smile upon her lips, and love in her long-lashed eyes. She murmured his name; and now he slept with a low-drawn breath, his quivering lips repeating, 'Mary!' Another and a sadder change was coming."

But we will not spoil the effect by anticipating.

BOOKS OF A RELIGIOUS NATURE.

SIMILAR to our remarks on the rapid appearance and consequent accumulation of poetical productions, we may notice, as another of the signs of the times, the mass of works on religious subjects which are continually issuing from the press. It would require a steam-engine of twenty Reviewer power to keep pace with them; except, indeed, we should content ourselves with the same sort of knowledge of them which we acquire of passing objects when travelling at the top of railway speed — fifty miles [volumes] an hour, and no stops!

It is our duty, however, to do what we can for this class of publication; as, without due attention, the *Literary Gazette* would but ill fulfil its office of a full and faithful record of the literature of its day. The following will therefore, we trust, be taken in good part, though it will not boast of very particular, and certainly not of very prolix criticism. Enough to make the broad characters of the books known.

The Reformers before the Reformation. By Emile de Bonnechose. Translated by Campbell Mackenzie, B.A. Dublin Coll. 2 vols. in 1, pp. circ. 660. Edinb., W. Whyte and Co.; London, Longmans.—The period embraced is the fifteenth century—the greatest actor John Huss—the tragic and faithless drama principally sustained by the Council of Constance, and the secular rulers involved in its proceedings. As a result of this sad contest, the subjoined conclusion will display the author's powers and way of thinking:—

"The Roman religion, at first shaken to its centre, and on the point of being overturned, in the greater number of European states, by the revolution of the sixteenth century, nevertheless, a few years after the Reformation, recovered an unhoped-for vigour: it maintained itself on the ground which it had preserved; and in some countries it even took deeper root, whilst Protestantism ceased to progress. Two great facts explain this state of things, which has excited the astonishment of most able and excellent men: Catholicism strengthened and fortified itself externally after the Reformation, by returning to its true principle—authority; Protestantism lost its expansive force, and became enfeebled, by denying its own—liberty. When, at the voice of Luther, Europe was divided, the clergy, through the influence of a salutary rivalry, felt the necessity of purifying their morals, acquiring information, uniting together, and rallying to a common centre, under a single direction. At the same time was seen to start into existence a body militant, admirably disciplined, ardent, and indefatigable, advancing to its object by every road, over every obstacle, and absolutely devoted to advance the influence and authority, not of the pope, but of the popedom. Never was an enterprise prosecuted with greater unanimity, vigour, and tenacity. To annihilate all individuality to the profit of the order—to strengthen the order, in order to render the popedom more powerful— in fine, to elevate the authority of the holy see above all other authority, in order to extend and fortify the Catholic principle — was what the Jesuits aimed at; and if the morality of their proceedings may be called in question, it is impossible, at least within certain limits, and in spite of numerous disgraces, to refuse them the merit of success."

Treating of the effects of claimed infallibility in politics, M. de Bonnechose proceeds to ask:

"What are they in human knowledge? Knowledge develops in the mind of man, in very different degrees, faculties which before remained unknown: and will thereby endanger the uniformity of beliefs—perhaps, even, it may throw light on the errors of the infallible body: from that moment this latter power will treat knowledge as an enemy. They had disseminated it as long as they considered themselves its master, and whilst it was an instrument in their hands; but they will extinguish or proscribe it when they find that it escapes from their jurisdiction. Ignorance will then possess their sympathies, as being compatible with the uniformity of beliefs, which, like colours, are confounded together in darkness;

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and in order to reign, they will endeavour to establish mental night. If a living faith and strict morality could not be preserved but at the price of the evils inseparable from sacerdotal infallibility, perhaps it would be necessary to pay even that price for them: for a people which should deny God, the immortal soul, and the sacred rule of duty—which should reject the Gospel after having received it,—would soon sink to the lowest rank of nations, and cease to be a people. Let us hasten to shew that this result is not a matter of necessity."

The labours of Gerson and Wycliffe are exalted by our author; and they are themselves personally glorified as being one of the priesthood and one of the people, and both illustrious for their opposition to Rome and her schismatic popes. Of these popes, the fate of the deposed John XXIII. is ably touched:—

"His sentence was drawn up in the following terms:—'The council hereby declares John XXIII. to be deposed and stripped of his pontificate, and releases all Christians from their oath of fidelity to him. . . . It condemns him to remain in some suitable place, under the guard of his most Serene Highness Sigismund, king of the Romans, and advocate of the Church; reserving to itself, in addition, the task of punishing him for his crimes according to the canons of the church, and as the law may demand.' The president repeated this sentence in the name of the college of cardinals; four bishops repeated it after him in the name of the four nations; and the whole council signified their approval of it by pronouncing the *placet*. The armorial bearings of John XXIII. were then effaced, and his seal broken; and, finally, five cardinals were appointed to notify to him his deposition, and to exhort him to submit quietly, under pain of a more rigorous punishment. The next day they repaired to Ratolfeel; and appearing before him who had been John XXIII., but who was now only Balthazar Cossa, they presented him with a copy of his sentence, and demanded if he acquiesced in it. Balthazar took it, read it over in silence, and then requested some time to give his answer. After a lapse of two hours, he ordered the cardinals to be called before him, and informed them that, after having attentively perused and examined the sentence of the council, he approved of it, and, of his certain knowledge, ratified it; adding, that he acquiesced in his deposition. He then placed his hand on his heart, and, of his own proper motion, and at full liberty, swore never to offer the slightest obstacle to the decisions of the council, and that he absolutely, and of his own free will, renounced all claim to the pontificate. 'Would to God,' exclaimed he, 'that I had never mounted to such a height! Since then I have never known a happy day!' The council, dreading his intrigues, had him brought nearer to Constance; and, three days after his deposition, the fallen pontiff was transferred to that same castle of Gotleben in which the unfortunate John Huss, arrested by his orders, had languished on for the last six months, in the expectation of his trial and of a certain death. There, separated from his friends, and deprived of all his domestics except one, Balthazar endeavoured to re-establish a secret intercourse with some friends remaining at Constance. The latter, however, returned no answer, through prudence, and also because the man who implored their aid in his disgrace had, in the time of his prosperity, disdained their exhortations. What a contrast was then offered by the two men confined within those walls! That haughty pontiff, who, not long since, had denied that any human authority had a right to judge the vicar of God, was now in the power of his enemies, shrinking under their threats, and basely abandoning the prerogatives of his throne, for which honour and religion commanded him to die! There he was, without any support within himself against external ignominy, endeavouring to ransom himself from a severe captivity by concessions still more despicable than his late avowals; acknowledging with his lips, in a rival power, that privilege of infallibility which the successors of St. Peter then only attributed to themselves! There he was, crushed to the earth—despairing of all—exhibiting marks of bitter regret, rather than of remorse—through terror degrading himself before men, rather than before God—filled with far greater solicitude for the miserable remains of his temporal life than for the state of his soul in eternity—a hundred times more crushed by his infamy than by his chains! A few paces from him, and under the same bolts, another man—a poor priest—displayed against his enemies, in the interests of truth alone, an immovable firmness. He refused to acknowledge himself culpable of certain errors laid to his charge; because such an avowal, he said, in the first place, would have been a falsehood, and, next, because his disciples might find in it an occasion of scandal aud backsliding. This man's life is pure, and yet his sins disquiet him far more than his perils. His thoughts turn on his soul, on his disciples, on his friends, and, above all, on his God. It is to God alone that he turns in his distress. He knows that, should he persist in refusing the base avowal that is required, the fate reserved for him will be a slow and frightful death; and yet he persists in so doing, and still has hope. His soul is firm; for God is his hope and strength. And now that destiny brings him on terms of comparison with his persecutor, and appears to place them on a level, he soars above him, and predominates by the majesty of his virtues; and by it they are now more separated from one another than they ever were by worldly dignity and power. History does not say whether they then met."

Of the close of this cruel and potent council we read:

"Thus terminated the thirty-ninth general session, remarkable only for being the last in which the council manifested, by serious proceedings, a real zeal for a reformation. From the very day on which it was decided that the election of the pope should be proceeded to, the cause of the desired reform was lost, and that of the Roman court gained. The cardinals triumphed."

Ziska and the reform in Bohemia furnishes abundant matter of great interest; and the accounts of the formation of the Moravians are not less so. But in the perusal of these volumes the polemic horrors which pervade them must fill the reader with a disgust which no brighter aspect of things can efface, and on which the mind must dwell to warn us from falling into similar errors and crimes in our more enlightened (?) age.

A History of the Nonjurors, &c. By T. Lathbury, M.A. 8vo, pp. 530. London, W. Pickering.—Mr. Lathbury represents the Nonjurors as a sect much belied through ignorance or enmity, and patient in suffering for conscience-sake. Some original correspondence between them and the Greek church is the most remarkable portion of the work.

The Accusations of History against the Church of Rome, &c. &c. By the Rev. G. Townsend, M.A., Prebendary of Durham. Pp. 449. W. H. Dalton, for the Protestant Association.—This is a new and enlarged edition of the rev. gentleman's able examination of Charles Butler's *Book of the Roman Catholic Church;* with some correction and revision, bringing it nearer to the present controversial day, by the Rev. J. E. Cox. The original was much commended as a Protestant work; and it has lost nothing in the hands of the editor, whose remarks are written in the same spirit.

Incidents of the Apostolic Age in Britain. Pp. 292. Pickering.—Printed in an old-fashioned Romish manner, this is a queer sort of volume, on an interesting national field. The barbarous natives murder a whole ship-load of Romans wrecked on the coast; but one old man is saved, and turns out to be a Christian missionary. Coel at this time was king of the Trinobantes, who, as the writer relates, "swayed its patriarchal sceptre—a Herculean staff, on which at times he leaned, meditating on affairs of state. Of the subterranean citadel of this potentate, I have been shewn the alleged remains, but I confess to the remembrance of little more at present than just a hollow in a grove that was called 'King Coel's Castle,' to which when a child I have wandered on sunny afternoons. Hard by are the very conspicuous vestiges of a celebrated Roman colony and military station. To this, and to the ancient British town just mentioned, the general name of Camalodunum has been given by Tacitus and others." Coel and his subjects were warm allies of the Romans; and accordingly the stranger had scope to work on their minds, and convert the monarch, and his family, and his people generally, to the Christian creed. A romantic structure is built out of the events which follow; and Iva, the lovely princess, is hocussed by the vengeful opposing druidesses, but lives again. Her adventures are very strange and awful; but she becomes the mother of a number of children, the *Fitzmorles;* whose progeny we suppose exist among other *Fitz's* to the present hour. Of the qualities of the work, the annexed four paragraphs will afford sufficient indices.

"None used more desperate and appalling methods to obtain a glimpse of a coming day, or to delude their disciples with a semblance of it, than the druids of Gaul and Britain. The vitals of human victims were torn, living and palpitating, from their bodies, that demons might shew the people which of the contending hosts should first resign the struggle; which way the chief blood should flow on the day of battle. And who shall say that the powers of evil may never have rewarded devotion like this by granting such indications of approaching events, as their clearer insight into human affairs may have enabled them to supply? not more surprising would be the confirmation of such a revelation to us, than was the occurrence of an eclipse after the prediction of an astronomer to American savages in a later age; not more difficult perhaps would the working of supernatural results have been to the druidical magicians than to those who wrought them before Pharaoh, and in the sight of Moses, who recorded them. The disclosures of Iva, and the stranger from whom she had derived her premonitions, excited the especial fear and rage of those ancient seers amongst the druids, whose peculiar office it was to declare the future to the Britons. And there, almost concealed beneath the folding vestures of her office, sat one of the most revered and yet most malign of her order, under the very roof

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of a chieftain whom Iva had been addressing with the voice of warning and entreaty. Iva knew the aged priestess, and poured the full burthen of her impassioned yet simple eloquence on the seemingly deaf ears of Dhua; nor did she break off or interrupt the flowing current of her speech, but mingled it with supplications and gushing tears, when the prince her brother entered, and fixed the eye of astonishment upon her. Yes, chiefs, as well as matrons and children, gazed with wonder at the scene before them, amazed at the strange courage and resolution of one like Iva, a feeble maiden, but whose frail form and almost sepulchral features were animated now as by a spirit of more than human energy and power. Like a pillar of salt the hoary criminal appeared, at first motionless, and then almost melting before the breath and shrinking under the fixed eye of the youthful speaker. Dhua had, in fact, sunk down and endeavoured to retire within her ample robe when Iva entered. She had many reasons for wishing to avoid the maiden's notice, and for declining an encounter in which she knew that more was to be feared than hoped for herself and the order she represented. And when Iva commenced, and even made her the sole object of her address, the half-closed eyes and collapsed visage of Dhua seemed to indicate indifference, torpor, or a determined resolution to shut her ears, and exclude the subject from her thoughts. Yet as she sat, she occasionally lifted her eyes to the woodland horizon and a spot beyond it, and muttered inaudibly, as at something she saw or expected to behold from the open door. The maiden closed her speech, and had in fact ceased some time, before any other voice was heard. There was an interval of silence, save that the hollow wind moaned through the forest, swept in gusts by the cottage, and seemed to add its mournful cadence to the awful sentence that had been last delivered. But, like a spider or reptile recovering at length from the shock of some sudden injury or alarm, Dhua began to indicate signs of reviving powers. She moved more decidedly the quivering edges of her lips, then her eyelids—and soon her leathern cheeks palpitated with the fluttered breath that was rising to her tongue. She rose slowly from her seat, and the shortened shrivelled form, which but now appeared as if it might have been cradled within the ribs of death, gained apparent bulk and stature. She stood forth a tall, gaunt, ferocious object; the marks of extreme age by no means weakening the impression of fear amounting to horror, which her natural appearance was calculated to produce. Her fangs seemed protruded like tusks arming her jaws for conflict. She gasped, whilst white foam gathered on her lips; and she would have spit her venom, but even in her rage she was partially restrained by fear. She uttered at first a sort of vampire screech, by which, on set occasions, she summoned the demon of her altar to the oblation of a writhing victim, or at other times invoked him at her need; and now the loose integuments of her mouth fluttered awhile before the cave they curtained, ere she could command the steady undertones she desired. In a voice then subdued at first to a low ferine snarl, but which gradually rose above every effort to repress it, Dhua, the prophetess, began. 'Art thou she, the rejected of the grave, whom the sepulchre of thy fathers, the tomb of an hundred kings, would not receive? Yes, I know thee, though the grave disowned thee! A voice from the abyss defied thee, and thou art denied burial or repose. Yet hast thou been stricken, and art still holden of death, and because for thee the body of no reptile was vile enough, thou art condemned to inhabit thine own cold corse! The sun at noon warms thee not; the shades of the pit refuse to cover thee—that is thy doom!'"

Elsewhere the druids, when the prince is treacherously slain and brought for burial, are thus described:

"No sooner was the body of the slain deposited in the cell allotted to it, than this vault and all connected chambers rang to their utmost depths with the united yells of incantation, of imprecation, perhaps of fear. The sounds exceeded in intensity and horror any thing which could have been conceived of as possible to issue from human throats. There seemed to be, if not in the hoot and the howl, yet now in the shrill cachinnations, something like the extasies of fiends to whom joy is rare. Could the dead have heard any sound but that of the last trump, this was enough to wake them!"

The death of Dhua is another high-flown effort at the striking:

"Dhua might have been glutted, could her appetite for carnage have known a limit; but as its food increased, so rose the desire for blood in the malign heart of this monster. She breathed hard, and ground her tusks against her jaws, and now to add a fresh zest to her enjoyment, she turned on Coel, and jibed him with the loss of throne and home, of chief and child. She deemed herself safe in goading a toothless lion, striken with age, and weakened with lately gushing wounds. But she miscalculated here. In a sudden franzy of parental agony, he sprang on his desperate enemy, and holding her shrivelled throat in his iron grasp, he demanded his children's fate! Even her sunken eye seemed now starting from its socket, and Coel relaxed his hold to gain the hag's reply. But she expended the brief breath allowed her by invoking to her aid the legions of the Abyss,—her imprecations on their delay choked each other. 'Tell of my child, or thou shalt die the death!' said Coel in a terrible voice that echoed from the hills. 'Demand her of the grave,' murmured Dhua. 'The grave has her not, the wolf is guiltless of her blood—thou hast her in thy toils; speak—tell me of Iva, or Coel bids thee die!' Again the wild chieftain bent his ear to hear. But Dhua spat in his face, and cursed him by her gods. She then struggled from him, clapped her hands together, and with a loud shriek fell backwards. A shadow now darkened the moon, a whooping call was heard, there was a flitting of wings invisible around, and Dhua was no more!"

And to conclude, the author treats all this rhodomontade as true history.

"In these fair weather and capital times (he says), when profession, having elbowed a clear road for itself, struts akimbo before us, when religion is to be managed on such advantageous terms, and the smallest possible deductions of cost and comfort are submitted to by multitudes of its present confessors—these favoured persons are little disposed to disturb their equanimity, their self-complacency, by conning the page which records the stern incidents of early church-history. The discomfort is too great of contemplating the writhing form of martyrdom, even from the very safe distance at which time has placed it: the exercise might be profitable, but it is too painful, of reckoning the account, of summing the price, at which men of another age were willing to accept the Christian faith. Is there, then, any reproof conveyed hereby to the men who are now so much at ease in Zion? 'O no,' is the ready answer; 'but the fact is, that the rights of conscience are now fully understood, and the ancient church is no pattern for us; besides, the details of the stake, of death encountered amidst blood and flames, do not suit the feeling of the day—we have got beyond it all!' And at what, then, have we arrived? Why at the more awful period of an untried faith, on whose doubtful wing men are content, nay, resolved to venture their all hereafter. We live in times when religion is deemed to require no sacrifices at all. So professors have little to do but to plume themselves and line their nests with down. They will not allow a feather's point to intrude on their cushioned repose. There are masses of persons, claiming for themselves all religion, who will not endure a fast, who fear not to condemn an alms, who will confess no fault to man, nor take a rebuke from him, and who will confront the clear Scriptures on those heads, nothing daunted. Meantime, the ear is lulled under the soft impressions of smooth things discreetly worded. It seeks stimulants for its prurience, and anon demands the thunders of a horrible tempest on the world around. This is modern Christianity, which, impatient of every burden, shoulders the cross aside, spurns at its approach, and vaunts and luxuriates in its own new path to heaven!"

The Archæological Journal. No. V. London, Longmans, Pickering, G. Bell; Oxford, Parker; Cambridge, Deighton.

"UNDER which king, Bezonian?—speak or die!" This is the publication of the Way Branch of the Archæological Association; who have hurried into print to anticipate the General Meeting Branch. We will not say, the more haste the worse speed; but this is certainly a heavy and inferior issue, when compared with the four preceding parts. It more resembles the *Archæologia* of the Old Society of Antiquaries (to which it may be considered a rival) than the reviving proceedings of the New Association; and has evidently been gathered together for the sake of priority, rather than with a view to consistency with its precursors. The first paper is a short architectural notice of Tong Church, Salop, by the Rev. J. L. Petit; and the Jacksonian Professor Willis, of Cambridge, has contributed an Essay on the Great Seals of England, which is rather dry, and not quite adapted for the work in which it appears. His name, however, is a tower. Mr. S. Birch, in two pages, describes a curious gold fibula, communicated, with his brief but instructive remarks, to "the mountebanks" at Canterbury. The next article is by the illustrious Way himself, and entitled "The Legend of Saint Werstan, and the first Christian Establishment at Great Malvern." It occupies some eighteen or twenty pages, and seems to us to be rather a rambling affair,—at least we cannot pretend to understand it. The writer supposes in one place that St. Werstan was a hermit who first carried Christianity into the district of Malvern, and in another he imagines that he lived in the reign of Edward the Confessor, when Christianity must have been long known in a district near Worcester, which had been rendered illustrious by a long list of especially pious bishops through several centuries. He has, let it be observed, overlooked the statement of Leland, that Werstan was a monk of Deerhurst, who fled from that monastery when it was destroyed by the Danes in 1012; it is probable that he then became a hermit at Malvern, and was there subsequently murdered by the Danes or some other invaders of that locality.

Dr. Bromet has issued about three score of

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queries, modified from the French, and intended to *assist* correspondents in arranging their communications; and to these succeed a mutilated portion of the Proceedings of the Central Committee from December 11th, 1843, to March 12th, 1844,—the other corresponding minutes remaining in the hands of Mr. Secretary Roach Smith!

Notices of new publications fill up the rest; and there are lists of committees, and members, and announcements of every sort, to muster an appearance and put a good face upon this division of the A. A. But the list of members is a perfect "fudge"; for it gives the names of *all* who ever adhered to the institution, and consequently includes those who have opposed themselves to the Way Branch and been most conspicuous in the measures for getting rid of them.*

We have only to advert to a paper (four pages) stitched into this Part, and also courteously sent to us by post from Oxford; which a letter we have also received from Mr. Wright (see page 216) treats in a trenchant manner. We are farther informed that an advertisement of the report of the General Meeting was sent for the wrapper of the Journal, but was refused admittance, contrary to the usual business rule in such cases made and provided.

Sir Henry Ellis and Mr. Amyot have retired from both parties, on the ground that, as officers of the Society of Antiquaries, they ought not to take a part in disputes of this kind. Does not this look like a deliberate condemnation of the ringleader, who holds the office of their Director, and who certainly, as it appears to us, is publishing articles in a Journal for Mr. Parker, which, as we have hinted, must have been turned aside from, and does compete with, the *Archaeologia*?

* That list's the Association *as was*, and not the Association *as is*.—*Sam. Weller.*

Murray's Home and Colonial Library. Nos. XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII.

Mr. Murray has been peculiarly fortunate in his later issues of this serial publication. The above lay before readers Father Ripa's "Residence at the Court of Peking," Mr. G. Lewis's "Negro Life in the West Indies," and Sir John Malcolm's (two Nos.) "Sketches of Persia." It is not possible to name any works of the description better calculated for popular edification and entertainment. Father Ripa's Romish voyage out and mission during thirteen years in China, at the beginning of last century, is a most *naive* and amusing performance. We have since learned much more about the Celestial empire, but still the spirit of the devoted missionary sheds so curious a light over his statements, that he will always remain a pleasing original. Of his tone the following short passage may be taken as a key:

"On the 1st of January, 1709, one of the sailors, whom the scurvy had reduced to a state of extreme debility, fell into the sea. The boat was immediately lowered, and every effort made to save him, but to no avail. I was exceedingly grieved at this accident, for the poor fellow had been disposed to abjure his heresy, and we had agreed that, as soon as we landed, I should confess and receive him into the bosom of the true church. We dared not do this on board, lest we might be observed, especially as, owing to my ignorance of the English language, the confession must have taken place through an interpreter, and consequently with closed doors, in order to avoid discovery and punishment. Whilst still sorrowing for this loss, I was informed that an English youth, who was the son of a great London merchant, finding himself brought nearly to his end by the same fearful disease, was also anxious to abjure his religion and receive absolution at my hands; but the devil, who reigns among those heretics, kept them constantly about the bed of the patient until he died, leaving me bitterly disappointed."

Monk Lewis's account of his last visit to Jamaica is full of variety and incident, and was so popular thirty years ago, that few things could be suggested more eligible for a cheap reprint; and the delightfully written sketches of our late lamented friend, Sir John Malcolm, are another contribution of the same order, the attractions of which it would be difficult to surpass.

We need hardly repeat, that four little volumes better suited to the plan and purpose of this Library could not be selected from the entire mass of our literature.

The Wine-Merchant's Manual: A Treatise on the Fining and Management of Wines. By T. Smeed. Pp. 81. Smith, Elder, and Co.

The very useful production of a long-experienced and practical man, well worth the attention of the wine-merchant and cooper; and, as tee-totalism and cold-water have not yet quite absorbed the palates of the people of England, it may be consulted with advantage by such as have the good fortune to possess cellars and belong to the wine-bibbing portion of the community. To the great *finers*, isinglass, and the whites of eggs, Mr. Smeed strongly recommends the *concret-marin* in all cases where tartareous coarseness and other obnoxious ingredients are found in the generous liquor. This concret is composed of marine shells sublimated and prepared in a certain manner: and it is declared to neutralise all acescency and correct the many other defects that wine is heir to. Purified by this, no bush is needed, nor one drop of alloying Tiber; and no boon-companion would decline the social temptation to imbibe the conquering liquid till (as with Mark Antony and Cleopatra) it steeped the sense in soft and delicate Lethe.

The Sugar Question made Easy. By C. F. Stollmeyer. Pp. 19. E. Wilson.

Sugar and life, says the author, are generated by solar heat; and he solves the question relating to the former by recommending the export of iron machinery to the West Indies. After perusing his desultory pamphlet, we still find the readiest way to make it easy to our comprehension is to put a few lumps in our tea-cup, if morning, in our tumbler, if evening.

An Essay on Aerial Navigation (with Engravings). By J. Mac Sweeny, M.D. Pp. 122. Cork, Purcell and Co.

Dr. Mac Sweeny proposes to unite two balloons together, somewhat after the fashion of the Siamese twins, but at greater distance apart; and by means of rudders, tail-paddles, and warping, to direct them through the realms of air. It is a whimsical project, and, with some curious extraneous matter, is whimsically described in this little book.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

March 26th.—Admiral Sir C. Malcolm, president, in the chair. Dr. King read a paper by Mr. J. Macqueen, "On the nations of Africa." The Berbers (Mr. Macqueen remarks) were driven at an early period out of Arabia, and first occupied the Abyssinian coast about Assab. From Assab they went westward through the heart of Africa, conquering the nations before them, especially the Tuarick, and afterwards settling from Mount Atlas to the Mediterranean. The Tuarick are a remarkable, and, as compared with other African tribes, a superior race. They came originally in five tribes from Augela, and other places in Fezzan. They succeeded the Berbers in their conquests in the interior; and they now inhabit and bear sway over the oases of the desert, extending from 2° W. to 14° E., and from 15° to 26° N. They are clearly a different race from the Moors, Arabs, or Negroes, and are certainly of Hamitic descent. The letters of their alphabet, consisting, as far as is known, of nineteen, are nearly all the same as those old Hamyritic letters lately discovered in Arabia. The most remarkable people are the Foulahs: they are found every where, and are the ruling power throughout a vast portion of Africa; they are of a fair complexion. Amongst the numerous and most remarkable negro-tribes in the western and interior portion of Africa, are the Mandingoes. Their country is of great extent, extending west and north-east from a distance of 80 miles from Sierra Leone to 1° E., and from the boundaries of Ashantee on the south to the banks of the Niger below Timbuctoo, and thence by that river west, including Bambarra, to the confines of the Benown and the Foulah country on the upper Niger. They are jet black, of the Mahommedan faith, and can read and write Arabic. The Ashantees are a fine race, and considerably advanced in civilisation and the arts of government; they are decided pagans. South of Senaar, the country along the east bank of the Bah-el-Abiad is peopled by the black tribe called Fungi; to the west of that river, by the Shellouck and the Nuba; and to the north and east, around the whole frontier of modern Abyssinia, by the Shangalla, a race of negro blacks. North-west from Mupowa, dwelling on the banks of the Ansaba, are the Bilaus; and south from Mupowa, and betwixt the Red Sea and the Abyssinian mountains, are the Shoho and the Dankali. South of the Dankali are the Somauli and Sowahities. The modern kingdom of Shoa is peopled by the remains of the Amhara, but chiefly by the Galla. The Galla are a powerful race, and their inroads have made vast changes in the destinies of Africa. They are brave, agreeable in countenance, and of a brown complexion. When an elder brother dies leaving younger brothers behind him, and a widow young enough to bear children, the younger brother of all is obliged to marry her; but the children of the marriage are always accounted as if they were the elder brother's, nor does the marriage of the younger brother to the widow entitle him to any part of the deceased's fortune. Mr. Macqueen dealt largely with the nations of Africa. There were present natives of Oahoo, of Sierra Leone, of the Gambia, and of Areca in South America.

DECORATIVE-ART SOCIETY.

March 26th.—The second part of the paper "On the physiology of timber-trees considered with reference to manufacturing purposes" was read by Mr. Vicary. He passed in review various theories concerning the growth and formation of pith, annular rings, medullary rays, bark, &c.; the influences of soil, light, winds, and pruning; and also the evidences of health and maturity on the living tree. The tubular construction of timber, its medullary rays, &c., were clearly and beautifully illustrated by the oxy-hydrogen microscope, with transverse, oblique, and longitudinal sections of various woods,

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prepared for this occasion. Sir William Symonds, in the course of his observations, expressed his willingness to afford to inquirers the facility end edventage of examining the government collection of woods, &c. at present under his control.

NEW NIGER EXPEDITION.

ANOTHER Expedition to explore the Niger has been prepered, end lergely supported by subscriptions both in London and Liverpool: the lete Sir Fowell Buxton having given 500*l*. The command (seys the *Times*) is entrusted to Captain John Becroft, who was second under Colonel Nicholl at Fernando Po, who has been seasoned to the climate by three preceding ascents. He is accompanied by Dr. King, and the same engineer who went with him in his former voyeges; and, to guard further egainst the fatality which visited the previous expedition, the rest of the crew is composed of Africans. Among the essistants to the engineer is an African youth, 19 years of age, who has had the advantage of ten years' education here, and its scientific part in the engineering department of Woolwich dockyard. He it was who worked the Wilberforce up the Niger in the lest trip she made; also down that river, and to Fernando Po, end back to Englend. Several of the crew are expert seamen and boatmen; others are good tradesmen, end ell able to read end write—also professing the Christian religion. The tradesmen ere to be left, with certain proportions of merchandise, at the most populous and convenient statione on the Niger and its tributaries, to collect a cargo for the Ethiop (the vessel fitted out for the exploration of the river), where she errived, according to accounts received, on the 22d of November lest, from Liverpool, and is to remain until the proper time for ascending the Niger in July next, or be employed meantime in surveying the entrances of several rivers on the coast, from the Old Caleber to the Congo. The same journel mentions with high encomium the successful efforts of e medical gentleman, Mr. Wm. Daniel, in ascertaining, on the coast of Africa, the best treatment for the cure of the African fever.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, March 29, 1845.

Academy of Sciences: sittings of 17th and 24th.—The heirs of M. Dallery laid claim to the invention of the screw-propeller, patented by him in 1803.

M. Pelouze presented a memoir from M. Dupasquier on the inconvenience and danger arising from the use of arseniuretted sulphuric acid. It proposed to shew—1st, that the employment of these acids in manufectures, and in the preparation of chemical and pharmaceutical compounds, may engender great inconveniences and even dengers. 2d, That arsenic in the sulphuric acids of commerce is in the state of arsenic acid. 3d, Thet the proportion of this poison in these acids is variable, but may be estimeted et ebout e thousandth. 4th, That the employment of chloro-hydric ecid is insufficient to purify the arseniuretted sulphuric acids. 5th, That the use of alkaline sulphurets afford an easy and complete mode of purification. And 6th, That the sulphuret of barium, in regard to economy, as well as to the purity of sulphuric ecid, is much more preferable than other alkeline sulphurets, and thet it offers a truly industriel, that is, a very cheep and easily practical method of perfectly purifying the arseniuretted sulphuric acids during their menufacture. The memoir concluded with an exhortation to the legal suppression of the sale of arseniuretted sulphuric acids.

M. Pelouze communiceted e note from M. Mergueritte upon a double carbonate of potash and soda. The principal cherecter of this combination would at first lead to e belief thet it wee a bicerbonate of potash, but, upon e more ettentive examination, it would be evident thet it was neither e bicerbonete nor a neutral carbonate of potash. It is represented by the formula, 2Na OCO^2, $KOCO^2$, 18HO.

M. Marignac asserts thet ozone is not a product of the decomposition of ezote, es believed by its discoverer, M. Schonbein. His experiments tend to shew that oxygen, or some peculiar compound of oxygen and hydrogen, is its source.

M. Santini of Padua has been elected, by 39 out of the 44 votes, to succeed the late Mr. Baily as corresponding member. His co-nominees were M. Argelander of Bonn, M. Robinson of Armagh, M. M'Lear of the Cape of Good Hope, end two others.

M. A. Gaudin made known a new preparation of photogenic peper. Expose a sheet of white peper for e minute to the fumes of chlorohydric ecid, then dip it in a saturated neutral solution of the nitrate of silver, and leave it to dry. Plece it then in the camere, and bring out the image with a nearly saturated solution of the sulphete of iron of commerce, slightly esidulated with sulphuric acid. After washing in pure water, fix with a solution of one-tenth of caustic ammonia in water.

French Antiquarian Intelligence.—M. de Caumont's erchæological work, the *Bulletin Monumental*, goes on in its usuel setisfactory manner. It is now in its ninth volume; end contains a vast quantity of interesting notices of edifices and monuments of all dates. M. de Caumont, in a journey which he made some yeers since into Italy, collected several inscriptions on cathedrals end other buildings there, commemorative of their dates and their architects. As these have not been published (that we are awere of) in this country, we subjoin a few of them. In the cathedrel of Piacenza is the following:

" Centum viccni duo $\overline{XPI}$ mille fuere
Anni cum ceptum fuit hoc laudabile templum."

At the baptistery of Parme, over the lintel of a doorway, is to be read:

" Bis denis demptis annis de mille ducentis
Incepit dictus opus hoc sculptor Benedictus."

On the externel portion of the apsis of the cathedral of Modena is this inscription:

" Ingenio clarus Lanfrancus, doctus et aptus,
Est operis princeps hujus, rectorque magister."

In another line the author of these verses thought himself worthy of the following commemoration:

" Hos utiles facto versus composuit Aimo;"

and the director of the works is indicated thus:

" Bocalinus Massarius sancti Geminiani hoc opus fieri fecit."

At Ravenna, in the church of St. Agatho, there is found on a column:

" Upretus et Hueramus fratres col. poni cur. 1494."

At Genoe, in the baptistery of St. Giovanni, is this inscription:

" MCCCXII. Filippus de Nigro et Nicolaus de Goano reparatores hujus ecclesie fecerunt renovare hoc opus de decreno (decreto?) legatorum."

In the cathedral in the seme beeutiful city is a reliquery-shrine of St. John the Baptist in silver gilt;-the date of which is ascertainable from the following inscription:

" Hoc opus factum fuit tempore priorat.
D.D. Lazari de Vivaldis et Johanis
De Pasdano MCCCCXXXVII die XVIII Maj.
Et Teramus Danielis fabro fabricavit."

At Lucca the front of the cathedral was executed, A.D. 1204, by the sculptor Guidetto. The ornaments and bassi rilievi of the vestibule are of the date 1233, as this inscription testifies:

" Hoc opus cepit fieri a Belenato et
Aldibrando operariis A.D. MCCXXXIII."

An abomineble act of Vandelism was perpetreted some time since at the church of St. Symphorien le Château, neer Lyons. The pavement of the church, including many incised slabs, wes taken up to allow of the whole being laid down in patent asphaltum:—the monuments and inscriptions were thrown into the churchyard, end meny of them injured. The coffins of the dead underneath were violated, and the ancient shrouds found in them taken away. At the alter, the reredos of an eltar of the fifteenth century, well sculptured, had been turned face downwerds, and kept there for e long time by some former Vendal. The new ones finding that it projected, and interfered with the level they wented for their asphaltum, did not teke the trouble to remove it whole, but deliberately broke it to pieces with their hemmers. On being remonstrated with ebout it, they replied, "Oh, this is not the first of the kind we heve broken in the seme menner!"

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

April 2, 1845.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—A paper has just been put into my hands entitled, "*A Narrative of Facts in reply to the ex-parte statements and representations of Mr. Pettigrew and Mr. Wright*," which conteins essertions relating to myself so utterly unfounded, that, elthough an anonymous production, I can hardly let them pess unnoticed. I heve said that this paper is enonymous; but as it bears the imprint of the printer of Mr. Parker's Archæological Journal, end as it has been inserted in the copies of that publication just issued, it is evidently intended to have the appeerence of coming from Mr. Perker. I am sorry for this; because it is no longer a disingenuous or garbled statement, but it is a tissue of falsehoods, craftily put together in order to produce e false impression with regard to my conduct in matters with which your readers must now be tolerably well acquainted, and therefore I cennot help treating it rather roughly.

I will waste none of your valuable space in introductory remarks, but proceed at once to the paper itself, the writer of which makes the following statement:

"At this [the Canterbury] meeting a circumstance occurred to which it is necessary to call particular attention. The *Illustrated London News* announced their intention to publish a full report of the proceedings of this meeting, with engravings from drawings by Mr. Fairholt. From the very large circulation of that journal, this would have been the best possible advertisement for the association, and could have done it no injury. But after this announcement had been extensively placarded on the walls both of London and Canterbury, Mr. Wright, acting as secretary to the associetion in the ebsence of Mr. Way, who was unable to ettend from the still precarious state of his health, took advantage of his position peremptorily to forbid the publication of this report in that paper, and stated publicly at one of the meetinge in the town hall, at which Archdeacon Burney presided, that this could not be ellowed, on the ground that Mr. Fairholt being '*the* euthorised draughtsman to the association, his drawings could only be published in the au-

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thorised publications of the association;' to which he added, at the suggestion of Mr. Parker, who happened to be sitting by him, ' I mean of course the Archæological JOURNAL,' to which however (Nota Bene) not a single drawing of ' the authorised draughtsmen' has ever been sent."

You will observe that this is a very minute and circumstantial statement; that several sets dependent on one another are described; that conversations are repeated, and even words criticised by being put in italics and in capitals. If, therefore, this statement be not true, it cannot be excused on the ground of a treacherous memory, or a wrong impression, or a mistake, —but it must be looked upon as a deliberate falsehood, the more disgraceful to the person who has uttered it, for being so elaborate and artful a fabrication. *It is not true.* The meeting in question was that of the medieval section, held at eleven o'clock on Wednesday, the 11th of September, when Archdeacon Burney presided. At that meeting *I was not present*, and so far from sitting beside Mr. Parker, I was actually at a distance of nearly four miles from the spot, preparing for the reception of the archæologists at Dr. Faussett's at Heppington, whither they were to be conveyed in omnibuses and other carriages immediately after the meeting.

The simple facts are these. Mr. Roach Smith and myself, knowing how much anxiety had been expressed by Dr. Faussett as to the manner in which the company should be received, resolved that, instead of attending the meeting of the medieval section, we would walk across the fields to Heppington, and overlook the arrangements. A little before we started, when I was quitting the breakfast-table, Mr. Croker and Mr. Fairholt called upon me at my inn, to shew me the placard issued by the *Illustrated London News*, and they stated that it was not true that Mr. Fairholt had undertaken to furnish illustrations to that paper, and asked me, as a friend, if I did not think it ought to be contradicted. I merely replied, "If it be not true, no one can certainly dispute the propriety of contradicting it." In conversing with Mr. Smith on the way to Heppington I recurred to this circumstance, and said, that I thought on the whole it was a pity Mr. Fairholt had not made the drawings for the *Illustrated News*, as it was certainly for our advantage that good reports and good drawings should be published rather than bad ones, but that perhaps there were some captious persons in the world who would have made it a handle of complaint. I returned from Heppington towards six o'clock, and in the course of the evening I was informed that Mr. Croker had delivered to Archdeacon Burney a written paper contradicting the placard in question, and that Archdeacon Burney had read that paper from the chair. This is strictly all that I did or said with regard to the matter in question: fortunately, all the witnesses are alive and well, so that my statement may be easily verified. I never, during the whole week, sat beside Mr. Parker in the town-hall, or near enough to him to hold any conversation; and I never held any conversation with him on the question between Mr. Fairholt and the *Illustrated News*, either at Canterbury or elsewhere.

This, then, is the circumstance "to which it is necessary to call *particular attention*;" and there are some other circumstances in the "Narrative" to which *particular attention* may also be called.

The writer of this "Narrative" goes on to say:—

"Previously to the breaking up of the Canterbury meeting, Mr. Wright *succeeded in persuading* Mr. Parker not to publish any separate report of the proceedings, as he had wished and intended to do, on the ground that many of the papers read were too heavy for the public, and much better fitted for the 'Archæologia' than for separate publication, *observing also*, that it was desirable to keep on good terms with the Society of Antiquaries, and rather play into each other's hands than to act in any way in opposition to one another. To this *Mr. Parker agreed*, Mr. Wright *at the same time promising* that he would give a very full report in the Journal, and that the most interesting of the papers should also appear there. Great was Mr. Parker's astonishment to find afterwards what a *meagre skeleton of a report Mr. Wright had really sent* for the third number of the Journal, which he could not at all understand at the time, or reconcile with *Mr. Wright's promises.*"

I beg to state most explicitly on the various assertions made in the foregoing paragraph,—

1. That I never attempted in any way to persuade Mr. Parker not to publish the proceedings. The only words which passed between us on this subject were, his stating to me that he thought of publishing Prof. Willis's paper separately, and that some of the others might be published in the same way, and in the same form as the Journal, and my reply that I had no objection whatever, but that I did not think the central committee could venture to print the papers at its own risk.

2. I never made any observation whatever relating to the Society of Antiquaries or to the "Archæologia," with reference to our proceedings at Canterbury, during the time of our meeting; and I had not the slightest notion that any of the papers were likely to be offered to the Society of Antiquaries for the "Archæologia" until some time after our return.

3. I never made any *agreement* with or any *promise* to Mr. Parker on this subject; it was not my place or my intention to give such report.

4. The "meagre skeleton of a report" was not sent by me for the Journal, but by Mr. Smith, who, as secretary, drew it up according to the directions given him by the central committee, and I have no recollection of having interfered in the matter in any degree. It is quite a mystery to me at present what it was that Mr. Parker "could not at all understand," but if "at the time" he had put any question to me on the subject, I should probably have been able to explain it to him.

I will not waste my time in contradicting all the false statements contained in this "Narrative of Facts." Not only is every paragraph of the same character as those I have already quoted, but they are put together with the intention of creating on the whole a false impression that I have done something which I have not done; the whole paper is (as far as regards myself) one falsehood from the first word to the last. The writer is determined to have a different version of every "fact" from that of other people; according to his notions, Mr. Pettigrew called the general meeting "on his own authority *as treasurer*, an authority never before attached to that office," (!) whereas he would have seen, had he taken the trouble to read the report, that he called it *as president*, in which office he necessarily acted during the vacancy; our narrator saw only a *hundred* members at the meeting, whereas several persons, who counted them, arrived at the same conclusion, that there were about a hundred and fifty present. He says: "The meeting consisted of about one hundred persons, of whom *a large proportion* were merely spectators, and took no part whatever in the proceedings lest they should thereby appear to acknowledge the authority of the meeting." Perhaps you may not be aware, Mr. Editor, that this "large proportion" consisted of Mr. Parker and two friends, and of three or four young gentlemen from the British Museum, which young gentlemen, finding the proceedings not much to their taste, decamped rather early in the evening.

Before I quit this anonymous gentleman, I will take the opportunity of contradicting another anonymous statement, although put forth as an *authorised* one, which is made much more cautiously in the present document, although here also it is put in a form intended to create a false impression. I am charged with having asked of Mr. Parker a sum of money for editing the Journal. This is altogether untrue. I never asked Mr. Parker for any remuneration for editing the Journal, nor ever dreamt of doing so, for Mr. Parker was not the person to whom I ought to apply for that purpose. At the time when I was getting out the third No. of the Journal, gratuitously, I found the task so onerous, that I mentioned to one or two of my friends in the committee my intention of resigning it; they urged me not to do so, and it was then suggested to me that I should receive a small remuneration to cover my mere loss of time. After some further conversation on this subject, I wrote in confidence to Mr. Parker, stating to him that I felt great delicacy on the subject of the money, and requesting him to give me his advice, "as a bookseller," and as knowing the prospects of the Journal, as to the sum which I might venture to name to the committee without having the appearance of wishing to make it a matter of profit; and I entered into some further suggestions as to the manner in which this might be arranged between the committee and him, which had nothing to do with the simple question of remuneration. After receiving Mr. Parker's answer, I let the matter entirely drop; for I saw that Mr. Parker was getting more and more into so wrong a position with respect to the Journal, that it must before long lead to a collision between him and the committee. I felt myself placed in a disagreeable position between them. I had hitherto done my utmost to keep peace, and when I saw that peace could not be kept, I had made up my mind to retire quietly out of it, when I was arrested by the explosion which has taken place. I will not condescend to recriminate on these matters; the Journal of the Association, which will be ready in the course of the month, will contain a plain statement of matters between Mr. Parker and the committee with regard to the Journal.

The anonymous "narrator" commences his paper by stating that, "towards the close of the year 1843, a few individuals" (he has not the courtesy to call them gentlemen) *formed the idea* of setting on foot an association of this kind, but from *their want of extensive connexions*, they had no expectation of getting more than from 100 to 200 persons to join them. Fortunately, however, when the subject was mentioned to Mr. Albert Way . . . . his station and extensive connexions, aided by his own high character, at once enlarged the prospects of the *proposed* association." I will not take any notice of these invidious insinuations about extent of connexions, and high character, and the like, but I will merely hazard an observation which strikes me rather forcibly. The "few individuals" *had formed* the Archæological Association; with them originated its name

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and plan; they projected and planned the Journal; and with them, before Mr. Way was admitted, originated the idea and plan of the annual congress. This being the case, it appears to me that if Mr. Way and his friends choose to separate themselves from their old colleagues, the more manly course would have been to form themselves into another association, the success of which must have been ensured by the high connexions, &c. without the necessity of assuming names and attributes which really do not belong to them. If they object to new names, they might have taken the name of some defunct society: I dare say the Cambridge Camden Society would be delighted to resign in their favour. In pursuing this course, they would have no need to put forth so many anonymous papers, or try to fix ungenerous imputations upon those "few individuals," or attempt to sow division among them, or to canvass so assiduously in order to detach a few other individuals from their ranks, or, lastly, to pretend to undersell them by asking for a pound instead of a guinea subscription, with the additional allurement of a ticket to the congress, and an illustrated report of it gratis, promises which I do not think they have any prospect of fulfilling. By this plan they would no doubt have formed a very good and respectable society; whereas at present they are only carrying on an unnecessary and unseemly rivalry, which cannot possibly lead to any good result.

I have thought it necessary to answer this paper as far as regards myself. I shall notice no more anonymous attacks of this kind, for I object to adventuring myself with any one who comes in a mask and carries a dagger concealed under a cloak. When any gentleman attacks me personally in print, I should feel much obliged if he would have the goodness to sign his name at the end of his attack.—I remain, dear Mr. Editor, yours, &c.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

March 13th.—Dr. Bromet exhibited *fac-similes* from some of the accented Latin inscriptions that have from time to time been discovered at Nismes, and which, he observed, are all of prior date to the year A.D. 180. Accented Latin inscriptions, with one exception (viz. of a poetical inscription, published by Grævius and Marcelli, and termed by them "vetustissima"), having been found only at Nismes, the modern inhabitants of that city have thence assumed that the language of Rome was spoken with greater purity in Namausus than in other colonial towns. Dr. Bromet, on the contrary, would explain this peculiarity by supposing that these accents denote so low a state of Latin orthography among the Nemausians, that it was necessary to instruct them as to the proper pronunciation of the vowels superscribed with these marks. The letters accented are the vowels A, E, O, and U; the I having no accent, but presenting the occasional peculiarity of an elongation to half the usual height of the letters above the line. Dr. Bromet suggested that the accents relate neither to the expression nor tone—the comparative intensity or emphasis—nor to the modulation, or acute and grave pitches of the voice; but that, while their purpose was to designate the prosodial length of the letters over which they are found, they also pointed out the precise articulate sounds to be employed in pronouncing them; *e. g.* that the E should (probably) be sounded as we in England generally sound the letter A.—The secretary read a second portion of "Remarks on lacunæ in Thucydides, and the means of supplying them from satisfactory sources," by Mr. Geo. Burges. In this communication Mr. Burges adduced proofs, replete with research and ingenuity, of his having discovered portions of the historian, which the scholiast on Aristophanes, Maximus Tyrius, and Priscian found in their copies, but which are at present wanting in all the MSS. hitherto collated, and the existence of which has been wholly unsuspected by the editors. Of these supplements upwards of one hundred were obtained from Suidas: the shortest consisting of two or three words, but others presenting whole sentences, accidentally omitted, and as accidentally recovered, after the lapse of centuries.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

March 15th.—The Earl of Auckland in the chair. The paper read to the meeting was "On the Ante-Brahmanical religion of India," by the Rev. Dr. Stevenson, of Bombay, who had already communicated several interesting papers on the same subject. The writer introduces his paper with remarks on the great diversity of views under which the Brahmanical religion appears in India; each sect looking on different members of the Hindu pantheon for the chief object of worship, and clothing him with the attributes of all the rest; and many differing greatly as to the mode in which their gods should be propitiated. He infers from these and other facts, that the present religion of India is made up from three sources,—the ancient religion of the Vedas; that of the followers of Buddha; and that of the many varying idolatrous systems which prevailed in India before the Brahmins arrived there. The Brahmanical portion remains in the daily reading of the Vedas, the preservation and worship of the sacred fire, and the adoration of Vishnu. The Buddhist faith has bequeathed the tenderness of animal life; and the varying practices of the aboriginal tribes have contributed perhaps a larger portion than both, in the numerous local superstitions which abound throughout the peninsula. The worship of Siva, as the *lingam*, Dr. Stevenson thinks derivable from the latter source; and as this god seems the great favourite of modern Brahmans, and to have been, more than the others, celebrated in the Puranas, he proceeds to give his reason for the adoption of an opinion so different from that usually followed. He finds that the triad of gods, of which Siva is now a chief member, is utterly without foundation in the ancient Vedas, which have nothing at all corresponding with it; the only triad acknowledged being that of the three sacred fires, lighted at sacrificial offerings; and that Siva is never even mentioned in the ancient hymns, while all the other gods are frequently and separately called by name to partake of sacrifice. He maintains that the opinion which makes Siva the same as Rudra, and worshipped under that name, is not correct; and quotes several passages from the Vedas, clearly shewing that Rudra was a subordinate person, and not even ranked among the *Adityas*. He further cites the legend of Daksha, from the eighth chapter of the *Vishnu Purana*, with the extract from the *Vaga Purana*, and Professor Wilson's translation, where the submission of Daksha to Siva, in all probability, embodies the description of a total change of religion, and the substitution of the worship of Siva for the ancient Brahmanical rites. The worship of the *linga*, now so general, is a more modern introduction; and the Doctor mentions a passage of the *Linga Purana*, stating that when Buddhists and Brahmans quarrelled for superiority, the idolatrous followers of the popular superstition stepped in, and took the prize for themselves. An additional reason for supposing the adoration of Siva to be an innovation, is founded in the fact that the most numerous shrines of Siva are in the east and south parts of India, the most distant from the plains, which were the original settlements of the Brahmans. The Brahmans are the officiating priests in all the temples of Vishnu; but in the Mahratta country, where the Saivas prevail, no Brahman officiates in a Linga temple: for this purpose there is set apart a distinct body of men of Sudra origin; and the Brahman takes his place as another worshipper, never touching the sacred image, or interfering with the Gurura's dispositions. The Doctor thinks this difference a proof of the incomplete amalgamation of the Brahmanical and Sivite worship. Several points of resemblance between Siva and one of the demons of the devil-worship of Ceylon, and his Sanskrit name *Bhutesa*, or Prince of Demons, were then mentioned by Dr. Stevenson, who concludes, from all these facts, that Siva was adopted into the religion of the Hindus for the sake of gaining an influence among the aborigines of the country.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

April 1st.—Mr. W. F. Ainsworth in the chair. Inscriptions, recently transmitted from the catacombs near Alexandria, were communicated by M. Bonomi. Mr. Mussabini proposed to translate them. These catacombs are being destroyed, as they are successively opened, for the construction of fortifications, and it appears that Christians were buried there with their pagan brethren. Mr. Cullimore communicated the results of his further labours in the decipherment of the Hemyaritic inscriptions, and by which he had considerably increased the number of identifications with the Ethiopic, and extended the views of Prof. Rœdiger and Gesenius, as advocated in this country by Prof. Lee and Dr. Hincks. These results oppose themselves to Mr. Forster's views.—Mr. Johnson then read an interesting paper on the introduction of Christianity into Abyssinia, and on the derivation of two deities of the Egyptian pantheism, Apis and Serapis, from the two great branches of the Nile, which are now generally believed, as before advocated by Mr. Johnson, to come from the south-west; and concerning the great southerly branch of which, previously supposed to flow to the Indian Ocean, information from M. d'Abaddie was contained in a late number of the *Lit. Gaz.* Mr. J. shewed also that the discovery of this southerly branch corroborated the statements of Herodotus and other older geographers regarding the tributaries of the Nile. Dr. Plate noticed, as the results of Baron de Ureda's researches in Thædremant, that Saba, the residence of the queen of Sheba, was not, as is generally supposed, at Marab, but at a place still designated Saba or Taba. The same gentleman also gave some details concerning the old Jewish kingdoms in southern Arabia, and of that anomalous kingdom which existed between the eighth and twelfth centuries in southern Russia; and which, under the name of the Kazanian empire, had Jewish rulers and a mixed Mahomedan and Christian population. These communications were followed by a long discussion, in which Drs. Yates and Camps, and Messrs. Lloyd, Gardiner, Mussabini, and others, took part.

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LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Entomological, 8 P.M.; United Service Institution, 9 P.M.; Chemical, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; London Institution, 7 P.M.; Graphic, 8 P.M.; Pharmaceutical, 9 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (lecture).

Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; R. S. of Literature, 4 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.

Friday.—Astronomical, 8 P.M.; Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Philological, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (conversazione).

Saturday.—Royal Botanic, 4 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

THERE was a very numerous concourse of former and actual students of the Royal Academy present in the School of the Antique (the room devoted to sculpture at the exhibitions) on Saturday the 29th ult., being the last evening of the academic season, on the occasion of the presentation to the Keeper of a large silver Etruscan tazza (we rejoice to say, modelled for the occasion as became the artists). The form, although unusual, is well suited for the purpose of a present, and possesses the advantage of being unfrequently manufactured at the present day. The tazza is inscribed:

To GEORGE JONES, Esquire, R.A.
Keeper of the Royal Academy,
from the Students of that Institution,
March 1845.

It was offered, on the part of the 100 subscribing students, by the hands of the eldest son of Mr. Cooper, R.A., as a memorial of their gratitude to the Keeper for his undeviating kindness of manner, and his affectionate regard for their success and interests. Mr. Jones (who was supported by his oldest friends, Messrs. Etty, R.A., and Mulready, R.A.) replied, that he had always devoted himself with pleasure, and with all his energies, to fulfil the honourable post to which the Academy had elected him in preference to Mr. Mulready, who, forty-five years ago, was the first to take notice of him when, friendless and unprotected, he entered that school; but who would have given him every support, had not the assiduity and gentleman-like bearing of the students always been so much a source of gratification to him as to render such a token as the present unnecessary as unexpected. Mr. Jones concluded a long and very pathetic speech by exprrssing his hope that on the deathbed his senses might recall this effusion of the attachment of the young men who surrounded him. The presence of Mr. Mulready, so honourable on this occasion both to himself and to Mr. Jones, elicited the most animated demonstrations from the excited audience.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.

191. "Bacchante and Bacchanal." W. Salter.—A bright-eyed and sparkling bacchante, with a rich and natural tone of flesh-colour, gives animation to this poetical production. We must, however, complain of that careless boy, who is looking out of the picture instead of looking at the business in hand. The consequence is, that he will spill the wine, between the ewer and goblet, and, perhaps, if they are frangible, break the vessels.

201. "View near Great Marlow." S. R. Percy.—We like much the cloudy sky and tone of this landscape. The watery aspects of passing showers are delineated with perfect truth, and the whole is genuine English vegetation and climate.

185. "Fisherman's House: coast of Devon." W. A. Brunning.—Is another faithful piece of native scenery. The buildings on the left are picturesque, and the foreground and figures make out a subject of a very pleasing character.

35. "Portrait of Henry, son of Gen. Fraser." J. J. Hill.—We last week noticed Mr. Hill's game, and have now to point the eye to this as a very good example of skill in portraiture. The boy is fine-looking, and his Scottish garb becomes him well. Other portraits by the same also deserve our praise.

248. J. P. Phillips, is a coppery St. John; the flesh being much of the colour we should ascribe to the brazen serpent in the desert. Surely no artist ought to mistake this for rich shadow.

268. "Scene in Deepdale, Yorkshire." H. J. Boddington.—Is an extremely sweet composition.

281. "The Orphans." W. Shayer.—Belonging to the Wilkie school, this is a very agreeable subject, congenially painted. The orphans are not displayed in grievous plight, but forgetful of woe, as youth is when kindly treated, as it is the happiness of these two to be.

286. "Twin Daughters of the Hon. G. D. Ryder, M.P."—H. Hawkins. If bright pink frocks and shining glass eyes of a very pale blue could make a fine picture, this would be one of the finest ever produced; as it is, it is a monstrosity.

302. "From the Arabian Nights." A. J. Woolmer.—Another example of the artist's style; gay, fantastic, and a little Stothardish. There is a look generally as if all the colours in the rainbow had been mixed on his palette, and slapped on with a trowel—blue, red, yellow, &c., scattered about as they listed.

311. "The Rivals." H. J. Pidding.—Two blue-bottles of Greenwich (only one of them is a canary) contend for the favour of a nice lass, who seems not to know how to determine. We think, however, she inclines to the *yellow boy*, for the worthless are often preferred in such affairs. Our readers are aware that the yellow-coat, or turn-coat, on a pensioner, distinguishes him for drunkenness or some other offence. It was a worthy of this kind, who, when asked by a lady why his dress was different from the rest, blushingly replied, "Why, ma'am, d'ye see, it was because I fought with Nelson at the Nile." A half-crown in his pocket, and likely enough to perpetuate his distinction for another week!

313. "Entrance to Newhaven." A. Clint.—An exceedingly clever coast-scene, with the rocks running out to the sea, and both land and water executed with much ability.

No. 320. "The Lost Steak." H. J. Pidding.—The artist ought not to belong to a temperance society; for the pimpled *gent.*, who sees a slate with a long score, instead of a rump well done, and done quickly, evanishing from his stupid perception, is done to the life. But, after all, the subject is not a telling one; for the intemperate drinker is not of an appetite to care for the disappearance of solid food.

324. "The Meeting of Covenanters." W. Bromley.—With a good idea of character, is but a feeble effort of the tea-tray kind. Without higher qualities of art, such laborious productions, the results of much study and thinking, are but equal to manufactures.

341. "Returning from Market." C. Baxter.—A clever sketch of a country girl, with indifferent legs: now neat limbs are essential to a rural beauty.

343. "Mair to mirth than grief inclined." R. Morrison.—Is a clever impersonation of the subject; a picture to suit every taste.

345. "Market-Cross, Chichester." E. Hassell.—Prout might be proud of this well-executed painting, so much in his style, and so pleasing in its architectural features and perspective. We need not go abroad for the picturesque in this branch of art.

363. "Dorothea." Woolmer.—Ever bare-legged Dorothea—nearly the same from every brush—is here seated in a cleft of trees, not quite Salvator's, and without water enough to wash her toes. Yet the general effect is good.

378. "Young England." J. P. Davis.—A catching title. A flower-girl with tartan stockings; as if Young England was flowery and chequered. It is, however, a well painted little red-riding-hood, and perhaps a little dumpty.

391. "The Repast." Pidding.—In the manner we have already noticed more than once. The foreground-party much as usual; but the two shadowy old maids nothing like the understanding of art.

396. "Taking it coolly." J. F. Herring.—Mr. Herring traverses after E. Landseer with great assiduity and considerable talent. This is one of his best specimens of animal representation; but he has many in these rooms, parts of which do honour to his mechanical skill, though we miss the genius which can be displayed even in works of this class.

411. "The Heart knoweth its own bitterness." E. Prentis.—An affecting little domestic scene, of an old bereaved man and a young child. The deep sorrow of the one, who must soon follow the lost object, and the almost unconscious sympathy of the other, who weeps partly from a memory and partly from an immediate feeling, are touchingly expressed.

430. "The Lady Betty Germain's Apartments at Knole." J. Holland.—A sumptuous, antique, fashionable interior; but to eyes non-artistic, it would seem as if every piece of moveables and the two ladies must slide down to the frame of the picture.

439. "Banks of the Thames." E. Childe.—A morning effect, and very singular; but whoever has felt an interest in these lovely phenomena, will agree with us that truth is copied here. We have seen scenes on the river which no artist durst attempt to delineate without being exposed to the charge of unnatural exaggeration, whilst in fact, his endeavour was far behind the actual appearance. On these grounds we admire this picture.

479. "Portrait of Mr. Braund." A. Herviene.—Apparently the best of several productions of the artist, but hung too high for critical inspection.

500. "May-day in the last Century." H. M. Anthony.—No. 500 in the Catalogue, and containing about 500 persons, bundled together in so confused a manner, that it is impossible to make them or their employments out. Looking more closely into it, we discover good studies of character and costume, and groups well arranged, if they were not so crowded. From the pains bestowed, we regret that the general effect is not more imposing.

619. "Bacchanals." J. Harris.—The cream of the Exhibition. Of course Mr. Harris has studied from the life; and we envy him his models. M. Angelo for boldness, Raphael for beauty, Titian for colour, and Correggio for grace, appear to have suggested his ideas; but the manner in which he has embodied them is his own.

THE QUEEN BY LOUGH.

YESTERDAY we were favoured with a private view of the statue of her Majesty, sculptured by Mr. Lough, for the centre of the Royal Exchange. It is of colossal form, about eight feet, and dignified as it is colossal. But it combines

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with this imposing grandeur a degree of grace in the *ensemble*, and of expression in the countenance, such as has rarely been equalled, and never excelled in any work of the class. The drapery is admirably disposed, and altogether it is a production of which the city may well be proud, and the artist no less satisfied with the perfect success which has attended his labours.

BATHS AND WASH-HOUSES FOR THE LABOURING CLASSES.

WE have visited the designs exhibited in Mr. Rainy's fine auction-rooms in Waterloo Place. They are twenty-three in number, and from nineteen competitors; the majority of them doing much credit to the talents stimulated on this public occasion. The prize has been carried off by Mr. P. Prichard Bayly, an engineer, we believe, employed by Mr. Brunel at the Hungerford Suspension Bridge. The elevation is simple, with two ranges of windows, the lower range circular at top, and a square tower in the centre. The interior arrangements are such as to have fully satisfied the sub-committee to which the decision of the case was allotted; and those who had time and opportunity to examine them reported to us very favourably of their fitness. The subscription amounts to about 7000*l*., and above 4000*l*. more are wanted to complete the building, which is destined either to occupy a site in Farringdon Market, or near the new street now forming on the north side of Whitechapel. It will occupy 11,684 square feet, and the estimate is 11,700*l*. The other estimates varied from 6800*l*. to 20,000*l*.; the lowest estimate covering the largest space, viz. 24,645 square feet.

New Diorama.—The Chevalier Renoux has surpassed himself, and his atmospheric effects, in a diorama of the Castle and Town of Heidelberg. Winter and mid-day, and summer and evening, are represented in this beautiful painting with equal truth and surprising effect. Nothing can be more picturesque than the natural scenery; and the antique forms of the buildings contrast admirably with the luxuriance and freshness of the landscape. In short, no subject could be better chosen or better treated; and we cordially recommend our readers, young and old, with taste or without it, to visit Heidelberg situated in the Regent's Park. Notre Dame continues its rival attractions.

The Grand Panorama of London from the Thames. C. Evans.

TWELVE feet long, and very cleverly executed, this remarkable wood-engraving is one of the gifts which journals frequently devise to increase their circulation. In this instance the *Pictorial Times* is the dispenser of the inducement; and it must be owned that it is a very tempting one. From the New Houses of Parliament we descend the river to the St. Katherine's Docks; and every object on the northern bank is fairly pictured and presented to the view in a correct and graphic manner.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—A brilliant and fashionable audience assembled here on Tuesday evening, to hear Madame Castellan make her *début* in the character of *Lucia*. This lady had sung before an English audience some years previously, but not in an opera: at that time her performance, though very good, did not excite any very great admiration. Her *début* in *Lammermuir* was not heralded with any of the common puffs of the newspapers, and we entered the theatre expecting to hear a singer of moderate pretensions. The reception of the fair *artiste* was such as is always given by our generous audiences, and at once placed her at her ease. Mad. Castellan possesses considerable personal attractions—her dark brilliant eyes and good features are well suited to express the tender emotions, and her attitudes are very correct and expressive. *Lucia* enters at the fourth scene with the cavatina, "Ancor non giunse!" The first few bars were received rather coldly, but sung with great care and self-possession; a few passages, delivered with much feeling and a charming *abbandono* expression, called forth some loud "bravas." *Edgardo* enters with the fifth scene, the whole of which was beautifully sung and acted, with a freshness and sentiment quite delightful. In the second act, the interview between *Lucia* and *Enrico*, when he talks of their marriage and shews the fatal letter, Castellan acted with beautiful pathos, and sang the charming scena, "Me infelice," with excellent expression; the duo, "Tu, che vedi," was also admirably sung, and caused the theatre to resound with applause. In the contract-scene, in which *Edgar* makes his sudden appearance, she acted the part with more earnestness than we usually see. In the madness-scene she sang the plaintive music with great truth, and looked the character: the whole scene was very effectively performed. Then came that charming *morceau*, "Spargi di qualche pianto," which was sung in a very delightful and musicianly manner: the part of *Lucia* ends with this beautiful air, and Castellan had stirred a feeling of sympathy with the character and delight at her singing, not often exhibited as it was by the audience of this theatre, who were quite enthusiastic, with shouts of "Brava" on every side. Madame Castellan's voice has benefited much by cultivation—her register is very extensive. It can hardly be called a pure soprano; for some of the contralto notes are full and true, while the middle notes are the most defective, if we may say so, and the alto more accurate and even. Her intonation is always true, and her *voce vibrato* is good; but we should like more expression in the voice than in the acting. Her *sotto voce* might be more effective; but altogether, such a soprano is a very great acquisition to the establishment, and we expect great things of her. Moriani sang with fine expression, though his tone does not improve. It was the first time of his performing the entire opera here; and we must say, that the whole work was exceedingly well executed. The choruses, which are remarkable for good motives and rich composition, were very perfectly done.

French Plays.—This week these ever-varying entertainments were resumed. On Monday Mdlle. Ozy (of the *Théâtre des Variétés*) made her *début* in Scule's Vaudeville *Les Surprises*, the extremely fragile nature of which gives no scope to test the talents of a fair aspirant for theatrical fame, and we shall for the present dismiss Mdlle. Ozy without further remark than to congratulate her upon her agreeable person. The same evening Casimir Delavigne's new comedy *L'Ecole des Vieillards* re-introduced the accomplished Plessy; it is written in verse, after the manner of Moliere; but is very common-place in its incidents. All the characters talked and acted as their predecessors of the same genus have done in twenty comedies: the commotion (plot there is none) is caused by an invitation to a ball, which the giddy young lady-wife attends in spite of her husband's *defense*, and her own promise; then follow a declaration of love, a discovery, a duel, and, finally, a reconciliation. The piece was tedious and tame, and nothing but the beauty and art of Plessy rendered it tolerable; her coaxing, who could resist? her tears withstand! even in her anger she was *aimable*. On Wednesday and Friday she appeared in four other popular *rôles*. In person, Mdlle. Plessy appears fuller than she was last season, yet without impairing the delicacy of her frame. The house has filled with magnificent company.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE LOST AND FOUND.

[The following lines were suggested by the perusal of a touching incident which lately occurred at Munich, in what is poetically called there the Hall of Death.]*

Woe, woe, Bavarian mothers! the prettiest little maid,
The sweetest child in Munich, in the Hall of Death is laid;
Her small hands on her bosom are folded as in prayer,
And her lips' angelic smile Death's kiss has sealed there.
He seems to rock her kindly in his cold arms to rest,
Like a fond mother clasping her baby to her breast;
She looks so calm, so happy, wrapt in a trance so deep,
A lovely little statue of Innocence asleep!
How softly she reposes, safe from life's stormy sea!
Strewed o'er with fresh white roses, less pure and fair than she!
Robed in a vestal raiment, white as the mountain-snows,
She doth herself resemble a sweet pale virgin rose!
'Mid many a sobbing weeper, with fixed and stony stare,
Stands one whose grief is deeper, the image of despair!
One who, her farewell taking, feels, gazing on that bier,
As if her heart were breaking, yet cannot shed a tear.
Oh! by her speechless anguish, sure that must be her child;
And she is doomed to languish, lost in a desert wild.
Woe for the childless widow! lonely she lives and dies:
No voice to charm her sorrow, no hand to close her eyes!

The day is past—another with sunshine gay comes on;
But what can cheer the mother whose light of life is gone!
Her sunless home forsaking, she hastes away,—one glance
At the lost only treasure may soothe her soul perchance.
With tottering steps, distracted, the Hall of Death she seeks;
Once more she'll clasp her cherub, and kiss those pallid cheeks!
What mean the gladsome voices that meet her wondering ear?
Ha! every one rejoices around that loved one's bier!
Joy, joy! e'en Death repented, and spared so fair a prey;
Embracing her relented, and turned his scythe away.
O moment full of rapture! O miracle! the dead
Is sitting up, and playing with the roses o'er her spread!
A sympathetic pleasure brightens each mourner's eye.
As moved, o'erjoy'd, the keeper of the dread hall draws nigh,
Takes in his arms the blossom saved from an early blight,
And bears her to her mother *now* weeping with delight!

ELEANOR DARBY.

VARIETIES.

Lord Rosse's Telescope.—Marvellous rumours are afloat respecting the astronomical discoveries made by Lord Rosse's monster telescope. It is said that Regulus, instead of being a *sphere*, is ascertained to be a *disc*; and, stranger still, that the nebula in the belt of Orion is a *universal system*—a sun, with planets moving round it, as the earth and her fellow-orbs move round our glorious luminary!!! Can such things be?

Camden Society.—At the annual meeting this week, Mr. J. Payne Collier was elected treasurer in the room of Mr. Bruce, who has resigned in consequence of his residing at a distance from London.

* The double rhymes introduced into several of these stanzas, are not inadvertently composed, but for the sake of variety.

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Dr. Wolf has reached Malta on his homeward route; and is probably by this time in England.

Earthquake at Huntingdon.—Shortly after nine o'clock on Wednesday evening, the slight shock of an earthquake, accompanied by a low rumbling noise, was experienced in this vicinity, where such a phenomenon is unknown.

Numbers Ones.—The first of April has given birth to several new serials, and we have to thank the editors for, 1st, Lives of illustrious Lord Mayors (annuals!) and Aldermen of London. The renowned name of Walworth of Dagger, Whittingtam of Cat, and Crosby of Shaksperian celebrity, illuminate No. 1; but the memoirs will become more racy as we approach and embrace our "illustrious" era. 2d, *The Rejecteds' Magazine*—not a very captivating title, but by no means a bad miscellany—it rises to about the usual Maga pitch. 3d, *Hogg's Weekly Instructor*, Edinburgh, has several able tales, which are republished in other forms, and is altogether an instructive periodical.

Testimonial to Sir John Barrow.—Sir J. Barrow having retired from the office of Secretary of the Admiralty, a well-earned tribute of respect has been presented to him by the officers who have been employed in the various Polar expeditions by sea and land. It consists of a handsome candelabrum, with a suitable inscription, &c. to testify their private esteem, and to record their sense of the very prominent part he has taken, for many years past, in the promotion of Arctic discovery.* This elegant piece of plate bears the following inscription, together with Sir John's coat-of-arms, and a spirited representation of two ships navigating among icebergs:—

"To Sir JOHN BARROW, Baronet,
LL.D., F.R.S., &c.,
On his retirement from office,
After a period of forty years' service as
SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY,
And of fifty years altogether in the service of his country,
BY THE OFFICERS
Who have been employed in the Arctic Expeditions
By Sea and Land.
As a sincere testimony of their personal esteem, and of the sense they entertain of the talent, zeal, and energy evinced by him in the promotion of
Arctic discovery.
PRESENTED
On behalf of the Officers,
By a Committee consisting of
Sir Wm. Edwd. Parry. } Captains { Sir Jas. Clark Ross.
Sir John Franklin. } { Sir George Back.
London, 28th January, 1845."

Delabere Pritchett Blaine, Esq., author of the "Encyclopedia of Field-sports," and other popular publications, died in the Isle of Wight on Tuesday last, aged seventy-four.

Pictures.—The portion of the late Earl of Beauchamp's collection to be sold to-day by Messrs. Christie and Manson has, among some other pieces well worth seeing, a fine portrait of Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, by Jansen, and another of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, by Zuccaro; Charles I., by Stone, almost a Vandyke; besides some charming landscapes, &c., by old masters of a high value. On Tuesday commences the sale of the late Andrew Geddes' collection, &c., amounting to nearly 800 lots, and including many of his own productions.

Native Copper and Silver.—A bed of native copper and silver exists on the borders of Lake Superior. At Kewena point, on the southern side of the lake, the copper is seen generally in the metallic state filling all the cavities of the amygdaloid trap, disposed in thick dykes, cutting the old red sandstone and the conglomerate, which form there the borders of the lake. The copper is found both in the pure metallic state, and alloyed with silver, enclosing also specula and grains of pure silver in its mass, and silver crystallised in uneven globules adhering to the surface of the copper alloy. Pure metallic silver is also found in abundance in the amygdaloid rock, in small grains and in buttons the size of a pea.

* In 1818 Sir John published his History of Arctic Voyages and Discoveries; and since that period has been indefatigable in his exertions to promote their being carried to a result due to the station and honour of our great maritime country.—*Ed. L. G.*

LIKENESSES.

SEE the wretch, that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again:
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise. GRAY.

Miserum videto, quem diû morbus quatit,
Spinisque aculis torquet in lecto dolor;
Tandem ut solutis artubus redit vigor,
Spirare rursûm, et se movere fortiûs.
Valle in reductâ flosculus vilissimus,
Minimusque quem ferl aura mobilis sonus,
Sol, cœlum, et æther, omnibus communia,
Illum ad Beatas Insulas vivum ferunt.
Sidonius Apollinaris, Carm. x. 300.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

IN Mr. Murray's new list of forthcoming publications we find the following announcements of literary interest:—

The Lives of the Lord Chancellors of England, from the earliest Times to the Revolution of 1688, by Lord Campbell.—Sketches of the History of Christian Art, by Lord Lindsay.—Legends of Saints and Martyrs, as illustrated by Art, from the earliest ages of Christianity, by Mrs. Jameson.—Leaves from a Journal, and other Fragments, in Verse, by Lord Robertson.*—Life of Rowland Lord Hill, from his Journals, by the Rev. Edwin Sidney, A.M.—Journal of Travels in North America, with Geological Observations, &c., by Charles Lyell, Esq.—Adventure in New Zealand, from 1839 to 1844, by E. J. Wakefield, Esq.—Naval Worthies of Queen Elizabeth's Reign, by John Barrow, F.R.S.—The Correspondence and Journals of the late Sir Hudson Lowe, K.C.B., chiefly during the detention of Napoleon Bonaparte at St. Helena, edited by Hudson Lowe, Esq.—Voyage of Discovery and Research in the Southern and Antarctic Seas, during the years 1839-43, by Captain Sir James C. Ross.—The French in Algiers, from German and French Originals, by Lady Duff Gordon.—Life of the Great Condé, by Lord Mahon.—Kosmos; or, Outlines of Physical Geography, by Alexander Von Humboldt.—History of England under the Anglo-Saxon Kings, from the German of Lappenberg, by Benjamin Thorpe, M.A.—The Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria, by George Dennis, Esq.—Russia in Europe, and the Ural Mountains, Geologically illustrated, by R. I. Murchison, Esq., M. Ed. de Verneuil, and Count A. Von Keyserling.—A Hand-Book for London, Past and Present, by Peter Cunningham.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Cock and Anchor, being a Chronicle of Old Dublin City, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—The Archæological Journal, published under the direction of the Central Committee of the British Archæological Association, Vol I. 8vo, 11*s.* cloth.—New System of Architecture, founded on the Forms of Nature, by W. V. Pickett, 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Summary View of the Evidences of Christianity, by Rt. Hon. C. K. Bushe, with Preface by Rev. J. Wills, fcp. 3*s.* 6*d.*—P. Hood on the Diseases most Fatal to Children, post 8vo, 6*s.*—On some Exhausting Diseases, particularly those incident to Women, by Sir J. Eyre, M.D., post 8vo, 4*s.*—Progressive Oral Lessons for French Conversation, by J. C. Tarver, 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—The Royal Phraseological English-French Dictionary, by J. C. Tarver, royal 8vo, 25*s.*—Anne Hathaway; or, Shakspere in Love, by Emma Severn, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Historical Landmarks of Freemasonry Explained, by the Rev. G. Oliver, D.D., Vol. I., 8vo, 17*s.*—The London Medical Directory, 1845, 12mo, 5*s.* 6*d.*—A Nomenclature of Colours, Hues, Tints, &c., by D. R. Hay, 8vo, 21*s.*—Road Reform, by W. Pagan, 8vo, 5*s.*—The Grasses of Britain, by R. Parnell, M.D., Part II., royal 8vo, 22*s.*; complete in 1 vol., 2*l.* 2*s.*—Conchologist's Nomenclator, by Agnes Catlow, assisted by L. Reeve, 8vo, 21*s.*—The Holy City, by the Rev. G. Williams, 8vo, 18*s.*—Aothon's Virgil, edited by Major, fcp. 7*s.* 6*d.*—Catalogue of Mammalia and Aves in Museum of College of Surgeons, 4to, 21*s.*—Catalogue of British Vertebrate Animals, 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*, sewed.—The Blacksmith's Daughter, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Cox's Companion to the Medicine-Chest, 33d edit., by R. Davis, 18mo, 2*s.*—Pritchard's Microscopic Illustrations, 3d edit. 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Pritchard's History of Infusoria, plain, 8vo, 12*s.*—General Orders, &c., of the Poor-Law Commissioners, new edit. post 8vo, 5*s.*—Arnulfi, Lexoviensis Episcopi, Epistolæ, &c., edit. J. A. Giles, LL.D., 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—The Child of the Island: a Poem, by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, imp. 8vo, 16*s.*—Scott on the Existence and Agency of Evil Spirits, 2d edit. fcp. 6*s.*

* Reviewed, with copious extracts, in No. 1463 of the *Literary Gazette*, at the same time with Sir John Hobhouse's pamphlet on the refusal of Byron's monument for Westminster Abbey, and several other productions in *private circulation*.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1845.

March.		Thermometer.			Barometer.		
Thursday	6	From 15	to	29	29·64	to	29·85
Friday	7	„ 23	..	38	29·85	..	29·86
Saturday	8	„ 25	..	39	29·85	..	29·82
Sunday	9	„ 28	..	41	29·82	stationary.	
Monday	10	„ 34	..	42	29·80	..	29·71
Tuesday	11	„ 41	..	31	29·71	..	29·59
Wednesday	12	„ 29	..	37	29·55	..	29·49
Thursday	13	„ 22	..	24	29·49	..	29·42
Friday	14	„ 13	..	31	29·41	..	29·36
Saturday	15	„ 21	..	32	29·38	..	29·43
Sunday	16	„ 28	..	25	29·29	..	29·23
Monday	17	„ 20	..	34	29·41	..	29·43
Tuesday	18	„ 21	..	42	29·41	..	29·43
Wednesday	19	„ 31	..	42	29·36	..	29·50
Thursday	20	„ 28	..	40	29·76	..	29·85
Friday	21	„ 20	..	44	30·06	..	30·10
Saturday	22	„ 36	..	47	30·01	..	29·93
Sunday	23	„ 46	..	49	29·86	..	29·65
Monday	24	„ 54	..	41	29·71	..	29·79
Tuesday	25	„ 36	..	51	29·73	..	29·56
Wednesday	26	„ 53	..	43	29·47	..	29·60
Thursday	27	„ 43	..	56	29·52	..	29·57
Friday	28	„ 46	..	55	29·40	..	29·46
Saturday	29	„ 38	..	52	29·72	..	29·91
Sunday	30	„ 41	..	50	29·94	..	29·71
Monday	31	„ 36	..	56	29·76	..	29·90
April.							
Tuesday	1	„ 33	..	46	29·91	..	29·87
Wednesday	2	„ 30	..	55	29·78	..	29·75

Wind on the 6th, N.E.; 7th, N. by E. and N.E.; 8th and 9th, N.E.; 10th, N. by E.; 11th, N. and N. by E.; 12th, N. by W. and N.; 13th, N.E.; 14th and 15th, N. by E.; 16th, N.E.; 17th, W. by N. and N.W.; 18th, N. by W. and N. by E.; 19th, N. by W.; 20th, N. by W.; 21st, S.; 22d and 23d, S. by W.; 24th, W. by S. and N.W.; 25th, N.E. and S. by W.; 26th, W. by N.; 27th, S.W.; 28th, W. by S.; 29th, W. by N.; 30th, S.W. and S.; 31st, W. by N., N.W., and N. by W.; April 1st and 2d, E.—The 6th, morning clear, snow falling since 3, evening clear; 7th, morning clear, afternoon cloudy, evening clear; 8th, morning clear, afternoon cloudy; 9th, morning clear, afternoon cloudy; 10th, cloudy; 11th, except the morning, generally clear; 12th, morning cloudy, afternoon clear; 13th, morning snowing, afternoon and evening clear; 14th, clear; 15th, morning clear, afternoon generally overcast; 16th, morning generally overcast, small snow falling, evening clear; 17th, clear; 18th, morning clear, afternoon cloudy; 19th, morning cloudy, afternoon clear; 20th, clear; 21st, morning clear, afternoon generally overcast; 22d, raining lightly; 23d, generally cloudy, raining lightly, from 9 till 12 A.M.; 24th, morning cloudy, afternoon clear, evening cloudy; 25th, generally cloudy, rain in the afternoon; 26th, clear; 27th, generally cloudy; 28th, morning cloudy, afternoon clear; 29th, clear; 30th, generally cloudy, rain in the afternoon; 31st, clear; April 1st, morning cloudy, afternoon clear, evening cloudy; 2d, generally clear.—Rain fallen since the 6th of March, 1·05 inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.
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Longitude, 3 51 west of Greenwich.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

This Evening, SATURDAY, April 5, will be performed Bellini's celebrated opera, entitled "La Sonnambula." Amina, Made. A. Castellan; Teresa, Madlle. Bellini; Lisa, Mdlle. C. Rosetti (her first appearance); Count Rodolfo, Sig. F. Lablache; Alessio, Sig. A. Giubilei; and Elvino, Sig. Mario (his first appearance this season).

After which, will be presented the new ballet, by M. Perrot, entitled "Eoline; ou, La Dryade." The music by Signor Pugni; the scenery by Mr. Marshall. Principal characters—Eoline (betrothed to Count Edgard), Mdlle. Lucile Grahn; Rubezahl (le Gnome), M. Perrot; Count Edgard, M. Toussaint; Prince of Silesia (brother of Eoline), M. Gosselin; Woodcutters, M. Venafra and M. Gouriet.

The celebrated Spanish dancers, Dona Manuela Perea, known as "La Nena," and the celebrated Bolero dancer, Don Felix Garcia, have arrived in town, and will appear forthwith.

Made Grisi and Sig. Lablache will make their first appearance this season on Tuesday next.

Applications for boxes, stalls, and tickets to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.

Doors open at Seven; commence at half-past Seven o'clock.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Nobility, Subscribers, and the Public are respectfully informed that there will be an Extra Night (not included in the subscription) on THURSDAY next, April 10, when will be performed Donizetti's opera, "Don Pasquale." Norina, Madame Grisi; Dr. Malatesta, Signor Fornasari; Ernesto, Signor Mario; and Don Pasquale, Signor Lablache.

After which, a new Divertissement, in which the celebrated Spanish dancer, Dona Manuela Perea, known as La Nena, and the celebrated Bolero dancer, Don Felix Garcia, will appear in various of the National Pas of Spain.

To be followed by the last act of Donizetti's opera, "Lucia di Lammermoor." Lucia, Madame Anaide Castellan, and Edgardo, Signor Moriani.

To conclude with the new ballet, entitled "Eoline; ou, La Dryade," by M. Perrot. The music by Signor Pugni; the scenery by Mr. C. Marshall. Principal characters—Eoline (betrothed to Count Edgard), Mdlle. Lucile Grahn; Rubezahl (le Gnome), M. Perrot; Count Edgard, M. Toussaint; Prince of Silesia (brother of Eoline), M. Gosselin.

Applications for boxes, stalls, and tickets, to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.

Doors open at half-past seven; the opera to commence at eight o'clock.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Grand Musical Festival will take place on FRIDAY next, April 11, comprising the celebrated work of Felicien David, the symphonic ode oriental, entitled "The Desert," with the original melodic Chorus and Grand Orchestra, to be preceded by admired selections from the most classical composers, executed by the orchestra, choruses, and the following distinguished artistes: Mme. Rita Borio, Mme. Rosetti, and Mme. Castellan; Signors Moriani, Corelli, F. Lablache, Botelli, Fornasari, and Lablache. The orchestra and choruses will include upwards of 200 performers. The whole under the direction of Signor Costa. The programme will comprise selections from the works of Mozart, Weber, Mendelssohn, Gluck, David, Berlioz, and Beethoven.

Applications for boxes, stalls, and tickets to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.

MR. LOVER'S IRISH EVENINGS.—

On MONDAY next, April 7th, commencing at Eight o'Clock precisely, at HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, the New Entertainment entitled, PADDY'S PORTFOLIO, containing Sketches of Character, mirthful Anecdotes, and appropriate Musical Illustrations; among which the following new Songs: "The Waiter's Song," "Sally," "Dermot O'Dowd," "The Road of Life, or Song of the Irish Post Boy," "The Beggar," and "Kitty Creagh."

Tickets and Programmes to be had at the Rooms, principal Music Shops, and the Libraries.

Admission, 2s. Front Seats, 3s.

On THURSDAY, April 10th, PADDY BY LAND AND SEA at the LECTURE-HALL, GREENWICH. Admission, 2s. Members, on shewing their Tickets, 1s. To commence at Eight.

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Age 20	without profits	£1	13	0	with profits	£1	18	0
30	. . .	1	19	8	. .	2	5	8
40	. . .	2	14	3	. .	3	1	3
50	. . .	4	3	4	. .	4	9	6

For short periods the premiums are considerably lower, and for any ages or contingencies not usually advertised information may be obtained on application to the Actuary or Secretary.

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The Company insure Houses, Furniture, Stock in Trade, Farming Stock, and every description of Personal Property, against loss or damage by fire.

The Directors beg to remind their friends whose premiums become due at Lady-day, that no extra charge is made at this office for the transfer of policies, and that they will be rated on terms peculiarly favourable to parties insuring.

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March 20, 1845.

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£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
			1837	170	9	3	77	5	1	12	3	2	346	2	3
74	3	4	1838	144	2	2	64	5	6	9	14	4	296	13	4
			1839	116	16	0	51	5	11	7	11	2	247	4	5

THE DIVISION OF PROFITS IS ANNUAL.

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The Law Books will be sold on Friday, the 18th of April.

At the same time will be sold several Mahogany Bookcases, Library Table, &c.

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The Right Hon. HENRY LABOUCHERE, M.P., in the Chair

WILLIAM JOHN ROPER, Assistant Sec.

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A SOIREE MUSICALE, in AID of the FUNDS of KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL, will be given at the Residence of Dr. ROYLE, 4 Bulstrode Street, Manchester Square, on WEDNESDAY, April 9th, to commence at Half-past Eight o'Clock. The following eminent Artistes have most kindly promised their valuable assistance:—Vocalists,—Mdlle. Schloss, Miss Maria B. Hawes, the Misses Pyne, and Mdme. F. Lablache; Signor Brizzi, Herr Kroff, and Signor F. Lablache. Instrumentalists: Pianoforte, Madame Dulcken and Mr. Neate; Concertina, Mr. George Case; Violoncello, Mr. Goodban; Clarionet, Herr Edward Meyer.

Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, may be had at Dr. Royle's residence; or at Charles Ollivier's Royal Musical Repository, 41 and 42 New Bond Street.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.—To ADVERTISERS.—Advertisements and Bills intended for insertion in No. V. must be sent to the Publishers by the 15th instant.—3000 Bills required.

Edinburgh: W. P. Kennedy. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. Dublin: W. Curry and Co.

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Annual Charges in maintaining the Debt . . . . . . p. 47
Ability of the Community, as a State, now or at a distant time, to pay its Debt . . . p. 48
Inclination or disposition of the Community to pay its Debt, looking to the habits of its long-accustomed usage . p. 50
The Ways and Means of the ability to pay the Debt . p. 51
England's position and prospect in relation to her Debt . p. 54
Venice, the origin of the Funding-System, now reduced from comparative splendour and commercial importance . p. 55
A kindly hint to England, and to the Fundholders of her Debt . . . . . . p. 54-56

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AND

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

. 1473. LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1845. PRICE 8*d.* *Stamped Edition, 9d.*

ɪVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

e of Lord Hill, G.C.B., &c. By the Edwin Sidney, A.M., &c. 8vo, pp. 395. ɪn, Murray.

ɪɴEY has the enviable lot of being, as it ographer to the eminent family of the ɪnd there are not many families in Eng- ich could furnish such desirable mat- a historian. In some measure resem- ɪe Wellesleys in this respect, the indi- member now brought forward offers a r resemblance, and yet a degree of con- ɪ the mighty head of that name. Like his and commander, the Duke of Welling- was ever victorious in his military oper- but he differed from him in respect to character and external manner. The :nergetic, and iron Chief, brusque in ɪd action, seemed a being of another rom the considerate, gentle, and yet firm companion in arms. They achieved glory; but the one was an overwhelm- rent breaking down all resistance, the ɪ a copious flood sweeping all away be- The present volume exhibits the va- a striking way; and is thereby made ore welcome than it must have been ɪ intrinsic and personal interest.

ɪord Hill's birth and parentage, early on, and first steps in the army, we shall king; for all their particulars are well He served in Egypt, and in Ireland; scion of a race of the highest English through good interest added to good , he rose quickly in his profession; till loyment in the Peninsular war raised ost deservedly, to the honours of the .

first half of the work has nothing to ɪs, but towards its close we find a grow- action; and we are sure it will be read ɪre than ordinary gratification.

some remarks on the want of chap- the army, in which the churchmanship uthor peeps out, Mr. S. says:—

the army of Spain, the tradesmen, the cturers, the mechanics, the rural labour- Great Britain, were all represented by u who for five successive years main- he supremacy of the British arms against ɪwned soldiery of invading France; and ɪe of Hill naturally suggests the inquiry, ɪas done for their spiritual welfare? rovision was there throughout this long ɪ-destroying war, that they might wor- ɪd from sabbath to sabbath, or for their ɪion in divine truth, while in stationary or in winter quarters? Where could ɪk for ministers to comfort and direct then perishing by disease or wounds on allets, or in hospitals? Little, indeed, ɪeir advantages in these important re- so little, so inadequate to the wide and ɪl exigency of the case, that *none* might ɪst recorded as the honest reply. Nor ɪs melancholy destitution of the means e viewed with indifference by Lord Wel- , who twice made urgent representations government. It is true that on one of ccasions he alleged that Methodism had appeared, and was spreading very fast in the army. Each time also he expressed himself anxiously; but neither respect for his wishes, mercy to the souls of men, nor dread of irregularity, which often acts when every other inducement fails, moved the ministry of that day to those efforts in the matter which were due to God, to the soldiers, and to the country. Undoubtedly the efficient and active clergymen asked for by Lord Wellington would have been far more desirable instructors than the instruments of another kind then appearing amongst the soldiers, to arouse them to reflection on the truths of religion; but nevertheless, the leaven which spread amongst them at this period was hallowed, and the dispensation pregnant with mercy, as it was a rebuke to those who ought to have cared for their souls. The influence of a few pious individuals became extended, because their efforts were sincere. Men who cared for their eternal interests banded together to seek amongst themselves in private the privileges they could not enjoy in public ministrations; and numbers of them breathed their last sighs upon the fields and in the hospitals of Spain, looking unto Jesus. Officers who during the campaign regarded these proceedings with disapprobation have, though deeply attached to our own excellent church, with its order, discipline, and doctrine, since spoken of the leaven then working in the ranks with wonder and respect, and with grief at the apathy of the government and the sneers of thoughtless or licentious comrades. Whatever Sir Rowland Hill may have thought of these proceedings at the period referred to, it is certain he never offered any opposition to them; and his own troops were under a discipline marvellously efficacious, considering the sufferings they endured and the triumphs they won. No general ever used less severity, yet the fear of offending him acted on the minds of his soldiers far more effectually than the dread of punishment, which was recklessly braved when unsparingly administered. An officer of his division wrote of him thus eloquently and justly in a recent letter:—'The great foundation of all his popularity with the troops was his sterling personal worth, and his heroic spirit; but his popularity was increased and strengthened as soon as he was seen. He was the very picture of an English country-gentleman. To those soldiers who came from the rural districts of old England, he represented home—his fresh complexion, placid face, kind eyes, kind voice, the total absence of all parade or noise in his habits, delighted them. The displeasure of Sir Rowland Hill was worse to them than the loudest anger of other generals; and when they saw anxiety in his face that all should be right, they doubly wished it themselves; and when they saw his countenance bright with the expression that all was right, why, they were glad for him as well as for themselves. Again, the large towns and manufacturing districts furnished a considerable body of men to the army. Now these soldiers were many of them familiar with the name, and character, and labours, of his pious and devoted uncle, Rowland Hill, who was, perhaps, of all the preachers of the gospel in the past century, the one best known, best loved, and most talked about amongst the common people all over England. His sincerity, his boldness, and his many strange sayings and doings, were known and reported in the ranks; and the men did not like Sir Rowland the less for being the nephew of this celebrated and benevolent individual. Also his kind attention to all the wants and comforts of his men, his visits to the sick in hospital, his vigilant protection of the poor country-people, his just severity to marauders, his generous and humane treatment of such prisoners and wounded as at times fell into his hands,—all consistent actings of a virtuous and noble spirit,—made for him a place in the hearts of the soldiery; and wherever the few survivors of that army may now be scattered, in their hearts assuredly his name and image are dearly cherished still.'"

A letter at a subsequent period affords a fine trait of the justice of this eulogy. It was "addressed to Lord Wellington himself in defence of an officer of lower rank, who imagined he had fallen under his lordship's displeasure:—

'Elizondo, July 10, 1813.

'My dear Lord—I only yesterday received the enclosed letter from ——; and although it did not appear to me, from the conversation which I had the honour to hold with your lordship on the subject, that you felt any displeasure towards —— on the occasion alluded to by him, I think it my duty in justice to that officer to state, that the very moment your instructions for the closer investment of Pampeluna were received, he proceeded to make the necessary examination of the ground, and reported to me without loss of time. And if there was any improper delay in carrying your lordship's wishes into effect, it rested entirely with me, and I feel myself fully satisfied with ——'s desire to exert himself on that occasion, and should be sorry if your lordship thought otherwise. I have, &c. R. HILL.

'Marquis of Wellington, &c. &c. &c.'

"The perusal of these letters will be the best possible clue to the sentiments entertained towards one who was looked upon as the friend of his officers and the father of his troops."

Again, we are told, "all the orders of the duke addressed to Lord Hill were executed with his accustomed judgment. His whole mind was filled with the momentous interest of the coming struggle for the destinies of Europe. The history of the fight at Quatre-Bras, and the retreat to Waterloo, belongs not to this memoir. Nor need any allusion be made to the ball at Brussels, from which the chieftains were summoned to the field, further than to say that Lord Hill was not there. He was at his post, attending to the movements of the enemy and his own duties. The night previous to the battle of Waterloo was spent by Lord Hill and his staff in a small house by the side of the road leading from Brussels to the field. At the commencement of the day, his corps was on the slope of Merke Braine to the right of the Nivelle road, covering the right wing of the general line. Later in the day it advanced, and added greatly to the decisive issue. * *

"'The light brigade was lying under the brow

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of the hill, and gave and received vollies within half pistol-shot distance. Here Lord Hill's horse was shot under him, and, as he ascertained the next morning, was shot in five places. The general was rolled over and severely bruised, but in the *mêlée* this was unknown to us for about half an hour. We knew not what was become of him: we feared he had been killed; and none can tell you the heartfelt joy which we felt when he rejoined us, not seriously hurt.' When the tremendous day was over, Lord Hill and his staff again reoccupied the little cottage they left in the morning. His two gallant brothers, Sir Robert Hill and Colonel Clement Hill, had been removed wounded to Brussels; the party was, nevertheless, nine in number. A soup made by Lord Hill's servant from two fowls was all their refreshment, after hours of desperate fighting without a morsel of food. Lord Hill himself was bruised and full of pain. All night long, the groans and shrieks of sufferers were the chief sounds that met their ears. It was to them all a night of the greatest misery. The men whom the nations of Europe were about to welcome with acclamations, and to entertain in palaces, could only exchange sigh for sigh with each other in a wretched cottage."

We will diversify the melancholy picture by picking out a few anecdotes.

"Pampeluna still held out; but Sir Rowland felt persuaded that it could not stand much longer. O'Donnell, Conde de l'Abispal, who had been stationed near that place, and cooperated with him during the battles of the Pyrenees, was gone; but his Andalusians and Don Carlos D'Espana had blockaded the place till the middle of September: still it was not till October that the surrender was made, under pressure of intolerable disease and misery. The Conde was always looking out for some opportunity of distinction. On one occasion in the Pyrenees, when Sir Rowland had obtained an advantage, O'Donnell became exceedingly angry at not having been called out into a more effective position, and considered himself deprived of the glory he should certainly have acquired. 'O'Donnell is in such a rage,' said Sir Rowland quietly to Lord Wellington. 'Never mind, I'll find plenty for him to do another day,' was his lordship's reply. The day came; he was put forward with his troops in a ravine; the French enfiladed them; O'Donnell did not flinch, but was angry no more. 'From that day,' Lord Hill used to say, 'I never saw him nor heard from him.' * * *

"Sir Rowland Hill was busily engaged in adopting measures to prevent the enemy's boats from navigating the Adour. Finding musketry ineffectual, he proposed to try rockets, which he thought would at least confuse the boatmen; but Lord Wellington considered that if the French found them almost harmless, they would after the first alarm cease to regard them. At length he sent for some heavy guns. In a note to General Fane respecting them, he mentioned the detriment to the service which arose out of the intimacy of the French and his own soldiers. 'You did,' he said, 'perfectly right in receiving the flag of truce addressed to me. The intercourse, however, going on between our soldiers and the French has increased to such an extent, that I have been under the necessity of giving out another order upon the subject.' The fact was, the officers had become quite intimate with each other, and the men carried on a regular traffic upon a rivulet running between the two armies. A great stone was placed in the stream, and on it a canteen was put containing money. After a time this was found filled with brandy. One evening the French sentry failed to supply the brandy to a man named Patten, who was, as he supposed, tricked out of his liquor. He dashed across the stream in the morning, seized the French sentry, stripped him, and carried his accoutrements in triumph to the picket-house. A flag of truce soon afterwards appeared, and the French captain who came with it begged hard for the return of the things taken from the sentry, on the ground that if they were retained, his own commission and the sentry's life would be undoubtedly forfeited. 'I have got them in pawn,' said Patten, 'for a canteen of brandy;' but he gave them up, and refused to accept money offered him by the officer. Still, poor Patten was sentenced to receive 300 lashes. Sir Rowland had the delinquent led out with great parade, as if to undergo this severe punishment, and addressed a remonstrance to all the regiments on the indiscretion and probable consequences of such conduct; but, at length, he unexpectedly enumerated many acts of gallantry performed by the prisoner, and, in the midst of faces beaming with admiration, remitted the sentence. * * *

"On the day of presentation [of a sword from the city of London], Mr. Rowland Hill arrived at Guildhall a little before the time appointed, and was cordially welcomed by the worthy chamberlain. In the course of conversation, reference was made to the motto on the arms of Lord Nelson. The chamberlain observed, 'There are not many people who know that this motto is a specimen of the good taste and accuracy of the king.* It was originally shewn to him in these terms, 'palmam *quam* meruit ferat.' His Majesty said, 'No; let it be 'palmam *qui* meruit ferat.'' * * *

"Lord Hill was completely overcome in endeavouring to return thanks. Lord Beresford next received his sword and the box before mentioned. No sooner were these ceremonies over, than all present crowded round both the heroes, and a hearty shaking of hands took place, such as has not been witnessed since those days of joy at our deliverance from a long and awful war. It was carried to such an extent, that old Blucher one day, lifting up his aching arm, exclaimed, '*Me shake at hands none more.*' Wherever Lord Hill appeared in the metropolis he met with a similar reception, till at length he quitted the *fêtes* of London for the romantic scenes and beauteous woodlands of Hawkstone. His arrival was the signal for a general burst of rapturous welcome; and all the principal towns through which he passed shewed him some token of respect. At Birmingham he was presented with a sword in these terms: '*Take it, my lord, and it will not fail you.*' '*Trust it to me,*' was his reply, '*and I will not disgrace it.*' * * *

"When Bonaparte came back from Elba, I was in London. One day I was sent for suddenly to the cabinet. They told me there was a fear of an action being risked on the frontier of the Netherlands, that might prove disastrous. 'We think,' they said, 'your influence would operate to prevent it—will you go?' I answered, 'Yes.' 'When? To-night?' 'No; not to-night; to-morrow morning.' I went home, got ready, and set off; and was able to keep all right till the arrival of the Duke of Wellington. This, I believe, is not generally known. When this conversation was told to his sister, she said she remembered that the evening before his sudden departure he was to have gone to the opera. At dinner he quietly remarked, 'I cannot go with you this evening; I am off to-morrow morning;' but the cause of his rapid movement was not mentioned. He went, leaving his attached aid-de-camp, Major Egerton, to arrange his affairs, and follow him as soon as possible."

After the battle of Waterloo, Lord Hill writes to his sister:

"Yesterday I rode with the Duke of Wellington to see Blucher. We found the old marshal amusing himself with Bonaparte's hat, stars, and personal baggage, which, with his carriage, was taken by some Prussian cavalry. I verily believe there never was so tremendous a battle fought as that at Waterloo; and it is astonishing how any one could escape. * *

"While Lord Hill resided at Westbourne House, he united, as much as possible, the enjoyments of the country with the business of his command. His society, always much courted, was exceedingly enjoyed by those with whom he could cast off his natural reserve, and give vent to the flow of his quiet and agreeable humour. He was most good-natured to his Paddington neighbours, and ready to please every body when he could. One day, to gratify an officer he had known in the Peninsula, he actually allowed his own carriage to be attached to a steam-coach, in which his gallant acquaintance took a great interest. Unluckily, however, the engineer made too fine a turn round a corner, and the carriage and its contents were sent over a hedge into a field. Luckily, his lordship and companions escaped injury, and the newspapers never heard of the accident. I recollect his telling the story at breakfast to a private circle. He was asked how he could run such a risk. 'Oh,' said he, 'I did it to please ——: he was a brave fellow. Once in the Peninsular war, an officer who led a charge was shot and his horse ran back. I desired —— to mount it, and take his place. 'Bless you,' he cried, 'I cannot ride.' 'Never mind,' I replied, 'jump up!' and I never witnessed a more gallant affair. On seeing —— afterwards, I asked him how he got on so well, being such a novice at horsemanship. 'Oh,' said he, 'I shut my eyes, and galloped on, and cried, Old England for ever!' His good-humoured way of taking every thing will be seen in a note he sent to the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, on their inviting Lord and Lady Hill to a banquet at the Mansion House: 'Lord Hill presents his compliments to the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, and begs to acquaint them that as he has not the good fortune to be married, he cannot have the honour of presenting Lady Hill at the Mansion House on Thursday, the 20th instant. Horse Guards, 15th January, 1831.' * * *

"At St. James's Palace and at Windsor his Majesty invariably paid him the most marked attention; well knowing that of all his servants not one was more sincerely devoted to his person. After Lord Hill's death a silk purse belonging to him was found to contain a crown piece, in an envelope of writing-paper. On the paper was written, 'This *Crown* was won by Lord Hill from his Majesty King William the Fourth, at Windsor Castle, 25th Oct., 1831. I will do my best to preserve *it* for him. H.'"

When the French were being driven out of Spain:

"The object of Soult seemed to be to throw the allies on the defensive. He also sounded Morillo on the possibility of gaining over the Spaniards. Morillo sent Sir Rowland some curious documents on this subject, including a letter from General Paris stating that he had orders not to attack the Spanish troops. These

* George III.

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papers were immediately forwarded to head-quarters."

There is a fine trait of the Duke:

"Lord Hill, when he left Paris, proceeded to Cambray, but was obliged to go to England much sooner than he intended, by the unexpected tidings of pecuniary losses, arising out of circumstances they could not control, which had occurred to his family. He made this known to the Duke of Wellington, and received the following noble and generous reply:

'Paris, Feb. 20, 1816.

'My dear Hill,—I received only yesterday evening your letter of the 16th, and I am very much concerned for the unfortunate circumstances which have occasioned the necessity for your return to England. I consent to it, as well as to that of Sir Noel. Let him apply through the official channel, but he need not wait for the answer.

'In the existing state of public and private credit in England, I am apprehensive that you will find it difficult to procure the money which you will require. I have a large sum of money which is entirely at my command; and I assure you that I could not apply it in a manner more satisfactory to me than in accommodating you, my dear Hill, to whom I am under so many obligations, and your father, for whom I entertain the highest respect, although I am not acquainted with him. I trust, therefore, that if you should experience the difficulty which I expect you will, in finding money to settle the disagreeable concern in which your family is involved, you will let me know it, and I will immediately put my man of business in London in communication with yours, in order to apply it to you. Ever yours most sincerely,

'WELLINGTON.'"

With a literary extract we conclude:

"We have already noticed the great confidence reposed in him by the Duke of Wellington. How entirely it was deserved in every respect appears in a letter to his Grace, on the subject of information he was asked to supply for Southey's 'History of the Peninsular War.' The applicant was a nobleman of high rank; and Lord Hill immediately wrote to the Duke:

'Oct. 18, 1821.

'My dear Lord Duke,—Some days ago I received the accompanying note from . . . ., and as it relates to the general proceedings of your army in Spain and Portugal, I cannot think of sending an answer to it without your sanction. It has been rumoured that Mr. Southey has been furnished with documents on the subject by your Grace's permission: if that be the case, I cannot give him fresh information, and if it is not the case, I am sure I ought not to supply him with any memoranda I may have. I have destroyed, since I came home, many papers relative to our operations in the Peninsula. I have, however, several papers still in my possession, and amongst them the valuable instructions I received from your Grace at various times. I beg, however, to state that I would not on any account allow them, or any part of them, to go out of my hands, particularly for publication, unless it is your wish that I should do so. I am rejoiced to have it in my power to say, that Rowland was this day elected member for the county of Salop. The proceedings throughout the whole of this business have been most gratifying to our family. The events alluded to in the first part of this letter have contributed in no small degree to Rowland's success; for I can assure your Grace that your glorious campaign in the Peninsula, in which I had the good fortune to be a humble partaker, has not been forgotten by the Shropshire freeholders. The family at Hawkstone join me in expressing to your Grace our best thanks for your kind and good wishes contained in the last letter I had the pleasure to receive from you.—I have, &c. HILL.'

"The duke replied with equal kindness and truth.

'London, Oct. 25, 1821.

'My dear Hill,—I have received your letter, and sincerely congratulate you upon the success of your nephew, and this fresh instance of the deserved respect in which you and your family are held in the county of Salop. In respect to Mr. Southey, I have heard in the whole that he was writing a history of the war in the Peninsula; but I have never received an application from him, either directly or indirectly, for information on the subject. If I had received such an application, I would have told him what I have told others, that the subject was too serious to be trifled with; for that if any real authenticated history of that war by an author worthy of writing it were given, it ought to convey to the public the real truth, and ought to shew what nations really did, when they put themselves in the situation the Spanish and Portuguese nations had placed themselves; and that I would give information and materials to no author who would not undertake to write upon that principle. I think, however, that the period of the war is too near; and the character and reputation of nations, as well as individuals, are too much involved in the description of these questions for me to recommend, or even encourage, any author to write such a history as some, I [fear], would encourage at the present moment. This is my opinion upon the subject in general, and I should have conveyed it to Mr. Southey, if he and his friends had applied to me. In respect to your reference to me, I receive it, as every thing that comes from you, as a mark of your kind attention to me. Unless you approve of the principle which I have above stated, there is nothing to prevent you from giving Mr. Southey any information you please; but I should wish you not to give him any original papers from me, as that would be in fact to involve me in his work without attaining the object which I have in view, which is, a true history.—Believe me, ever yours most sincerely. WELLINGTON.

'General the Lord Hill, G.C.B. &c.'

"Upon receiving this communication, Lord Hill assured the Duke that 'no original paper relative to his Grace's military proceedings, nor any part of their contents, should pass out of his hands unless he wished them returned to himself.' This the Duke by no means desired, but answered the proposal thus:—

'London, Nov. 1, 1821.

'Many thanks, my dear Hill, for your note of the 27th. The papers to which you refer cannot be in better hands than yours; and when the proper time comes, and such a publication is to be made as ought to be made, I shall have no objection to their being published.—Ever yours most sincerely.

'WELLINGTON.'"

The Child of the Islands: a Poem. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. Pp. 238. London, Chapman and Hall.

THIS volume is beautifully got up, as the trade phrase is: it is on handsome paper, in handsome type, handsomely embellished, and elegantly bound. The theme is a contrast between the rich and the poor; and in the aristocratic style of its execution it might represent the former class in the book-world, and put quite out of countenance the "million" of cheap, low, and seedy-looking publications by which it will be surrounded on counter, shelf, and stall. So much for externals. The *Child of the Islands* is a poetic title for the Prince of Wales, of whom the accomplished writer says:

"Beautiful royal child, that art to me
Only the sculptured image of a thought;
A type of this world's rank and luxury,
Through whom the poet's lesson may be taught:
The deeds which are by this world's mercy wrought
Lie in the compass of a narrow bound;
Our life's ability,—which is as nought,—
Our life's duration,—which is but a sound,—
And then an echo, heard still faintly lingering round."

And the lesson taught, from the first page to the last, is one worthy of woman's feeling heart, and the author's sympathising genius. She invokes those who are blest with the means, to apply an untiring and well-directed benevolence to the relief of distress. She shews them the blessings they enjoy, and the comforts of their happy destiny; and she earnestly pleads the cause of all who perish for want, be it of physical sustenance or mental instruction. She points out their bounden duties, and justly reproves their neglect or careless and irregular performance of them. Indeed, we are inclined to think that more misery exists from the ignorance of the rightly disposed how best to apply the remedy, than from an unwillingness on their part to help their fellow-creatures; much is given to charity in our land, but much is wasted, and much uncalled-for in consequence of inability to seek out the proper objects and know how to serve them.

"Were you ever thirsty," said a deplorable wretch to a kind-hearted individual who was aiming at his solace;—"were you ever thirsty and without a drop of any thing to drink?"

"No!"

"Were you ever hungry and without a morsel of food to eat?"

"Never!"

"Were you ever a-cold and without a particle of fuel to warm your starving limbs?"

"No, never!"

"Then what can you know of the sufferings of the poor? How can you relieve them?"

In truth, they must be closely inspected, or the worst ills will remain undiscovered, and the best of bounties be thrown away upon the undeserving.—But to return to Mrs. Norton.

Her poem is divided into the four seasons of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter; in each of which she takes desultory views of various descriptions of poverty, and from them warmly inculcates friendly and philanthropic principles to prompt the powerful in their exertions, and to encourage gratitude in the weak who experience the benefit. The first four stanzas of the opening will exhibit the poetical structure and merit of the composition:

"Of all the joys that brighten suffering earth,
What joy is welcomed like a new-born child?
What life so wretched, but that, at its birth,
Some heart rejoiced—some lip in gladness smiled?
The poorest cottager, by love beguiled,
Greets his new burden with a kindly eye;
He knows his son must toil as he hath toiled:
But cheerful Labour, standing patient by,
Laughs at the warning shade of meagre Poverty!

The pettiest squire who holds his bounded sway
In some far nook of England's fertile ground,
Keeps a high jubilee the happy day
Which bids the bonfires blaze, the joy-bells sound,
And the small tenantry come flocking round,
While the old steward triumphs to declare
The mother's suffering hour with safety crowned;
And then, with reverent eyes, and grey locks bare,
Falters—'God bless the boy!' his master's son and heir!

The youthful couple, whose sad marriage-vow
Received no sanction from a haughty sire,

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Feel, as they gaze upon their infant's brow,
Hope—the old friend whose strong wings never tire—
Once more their long-discouraged hearts inspire;
For sure, they deem, the smiles of that young face
Shall thaw the frost of his relentless ire:
The pathway of their home their thoughts retrace,
And weeping, yearn to meet his reconciled embrace!

Yea, for this cause even Shame will step aside,
And cease to bow the head and wring the heart;
For she that is a mother, but no bride,
Out of her lethargy of woe will start,
Pluck from her side that sorrow's barbèd dart,
And, now no longer faint and full of fears,
Plan how she best protection may impart
To the lone course of those forsaken years
Which dawn in Love's warm light, though doomed to set in tears!"

Our next selection is a picture of sadness:

"A feeble girl sits working all alone!
A ruined farmer's orphan, pale and weak;
Her early home to wealthier strangers gone;
No rural beauty lingers on her cheek;
Her woe-worn looks a woful heart bespeak;
Though in her dull and rarely lifted eye
(Whose glances nothing hope, and nothing seek,)
Those who have time for pity might descry
A thousand shattered gleams of merriment gone by!

Her window-sill some sickly plants adorn,
(Poor links to memories sweet of Nature's green!)
There to the city's smoke-polluted morn
The primrose lifts its leaves, with buds between,
'Minished and faint, as though their life had been
Nipped by long pining and obscure regret;
Torn from the sunny bank where erst were seen
Lovely and meek companions, thickly set,—
The cowslip, rich in scent, and humble violet!

Too fanciful! the plant but pines like her
For purer air, for sunbeams warm and kind;
Th' enlivening joy of nature's busy stir,
The rural freedom, long since left behind!
For the fresh woodlands,—for the summer wind,—
The open fields with perfumed clover spread;—
The hazel-copse, whose branches intertwined
Made natural bowers and arches overhead,
With many a narrow path, where only two could tread.

Never, oh! never more, shall these afford
Her stifled heart their innocent delight!
Never, oh! never more, the rich accord
Of feathered songsters make her morning bright!
Earning scant bread, that finds no appetite,
The sapless life she toils for lingers on;
And when at length it sinks in dreary night,
A shallow, careless grave is dug,—where none
Come round to bless her rest, whose ceaseless tasks are done!"

This, to our taste, is sweetly touching and unexaggerated; but a more piteous portrait follows:

"There the man hides, whose better days are dropped
Round his starvation, like a veil of shame;
Who, till the fluttering pulse of life hath stopped,
Suffers in silence, and conceals his name;—
There the lost victim, on whose tarnished fame
A double taint of death and sin must rest,
Dreams of her village-home and parents' blame,
And in her sleep, by pain and cold opprest,
Draws close her tattered shawl athwart her shivering breast.

Her history is written in her face:
The bloom hath left her cheek, but not from age;
Youth, without innocence, or love, or grace,
Blotted with tears, still lingers on that page!
Smooth brow, soft hair, dark eyelash, seem to wage
With furrowed lines a contradiction strong;
Till the wild witchcraft stories, which engage
Our childish thoughts, of magic change and wrong,
Seem realised in her—so old, and yet so young!

And many a wretch forlorn, and huddled group
Of strangers met in brotherhood of woe;
Heads that beneath their burden weakly stoop,—
Youth's tangled curls, and Age's locks of snow,—
Rest on those wooden pillows, till the glow
Of morning o'er the brightening earth shall pass,
And these depart, none asking where they go;
Lost in the world's confused and gathering mass,—
While a new slide fills up life's magic-lantern glass."

A more comprehensive glance draws an admirable and affecting moral from the well-trodden ground of Hyde Park—"My lady" enjoying her luxurious drive in that fashionable resort:

"Yet even with her we well might moralise;
(No place too gay, if so the heart incline!)
For dark the seal of death and judgment lies
Upon thy rippling waters, Serpentine!
Day after day, drawn up in linkèd line,
Your lounging beauties smile on idle men,
Where suicides have braved the will divine,
Watched the calm flood that lay beneath their ken,
Dashed into seeming peace, and never rose again.

There, on the pathway where the well-groomed steed
Restlessly paws the earth, alarmed and shy;
While his enamoured rider nought can heed
Save the soft glance of some love-lighted eye;
There they dragged out the wretch who came to die!
There was he laid—stiff, stark, and motionless,
And searched for written signs to notify
What pang had driven him to such sore excess,
And who should weep his loss, and pity his distress!

Cross from that death-pond to the farther side,
Where fewer loiterers wander to and fro,
There,—buried under London's modern pride,
And ranges of white buildings,—long ago
Stood Tyburn Gate and gallows! Scenes of woe,
Bitter, heart-rending, have been acted here;
While, as he swung in stifling horrid throe,
Hoarse echoes smote the dying felon's ear,
Of yells from fellow-men, triumphant in his fear!

* * * * * *

Betwixt the deathly stream and Tyburn Gate
Stand withered trees, whose sapless boughs have seen
Beauties whose memory now is out of date,
And lovers on whose graves the moss is green!
While Spring, for ever fresh, with smile serene,
Woke up grey Time, and drest his scythe with flowers,
And flashed sweet light the tender leaves between,
And bid the wild-bird carol in the bowers,
Year after year the same, with glad returning hours.

Oh, those old trees! what see they when the beam
Falls on blue waters from the bluer sky?
When young Hope whispers low, with smiles that seem
Too joyous to be answered with a sigh?
The scene is then of prosperous gaiety;
Thick-swarming crowds on summer pleasure bent,
And equipages formed for luxury;
While rosy children, young and innocent,
Dance in the onward path, and frolic with content.

But when the scattered leaves on those wan boughs
Quiver beneath the night wind's rustling breath;
When jocund merriment, and whispered vows,
And children's shouts, are hushed; and still as death
Lies all in heaven above and earth beneath;
When clear and distant shine the stedfast stars
O'er lake and river, mountain, brake, and heath,—
And smile, unconscious of the woe that mars
The beauty of earth's face, deformed by misery's scars;

What see the old trees then? Gaunt, pallid forms
Come, creeping sadly to their hollow hearts,
Seeking frail shelter from the winds and storms,
In broken rest, disturbed by fitful starts!
There, when the chill rain falls, or lightning darts,
Or balmy summer nights are stealing on,
Houseless they slumber, close to wealthy marts
And gilded homes:—there, where the morning sun
That tide of wasteful joy and splendour looked upon!"

In the Summer we have a striking account of a gipsy female perishing in gaol, and another of a felon on his trial; out of which the author deduces a forcible argument in favour of education. Ship-building and the wreck of a vessel are also subjects treated with great talent.

Autumn recals the wild beauties of Scotland to the heart of the writer, whose early memories are linked to that "land of the mountain and the flood." And she sings it charmingly:

"Brown Autumn cometh, with her liberal hand
Binding the harvest in a thousand sheaves:
A yellow glory brightens o'er the land,
Shines on thatched corners and low cottage-eaves,
And gilds with cheerful light the fading leaves:
Beautiful even here on hill and dale;
More lovely yet, where Scotland's soil receives
The varied rays her wooded mountains hail,
With hues to which our faint and soberer tints are pale.

For there the scarlet rowan seems to mock
The red sea-coral—berries, leaves, and all;
Light swinging from the moist green shining rock
Which beds the foaming torrent's turbid fall;
And there the purple cedar, grandly tall,
Lifts its crowned head and sun-illumed stem;
And larch (soft drooping like a maiden's pall)
Bends o'er the lake, that seems a sapphire gem
Dropt from the hoary hill's gigantic diadem.

And far and wide the glorious heather blooms,
Its regal mantle o'er the mountains spread;
Wooing the bee with honey-sweet perfumes,
By many a viewless wild flower richly shed;
Up-springing 'neath the glad exulting tread
Of eager climbers, light of heart and limb;
Or yielding, soft, a fresh elastic bed,
When evening shadows gather, faint and dim,
And sun-forsaken crags grow old, and gaunt, and grim.

O land! first seen when life lay all unknown,
Like an unvisited country o'er the wave,
Which now my travelled heart looks back upon,
Marking each sunny path, each gloomy cave,
With here a memory, and there a grave:
Land of romance and beauty; noble land
Of Bruce and Wallace; land where, vainly brave,
Ill-fated Stuart made his final stand,
Ere yet the shivered sword fell hopeless from his hand—

I love you! I remember you."

And here she laments and rebukes the religious feuds which have distracted and broken asunder the church:

"O Scotland, Scotland!—in these later days
How hath thy decent worship been disgraced!
Where, on your Sabbath hills, for prayer and praise,
Solemn the feet of reverend elders paced,
With what wild brawling, with what ruffian haste,
Gathering to brandish Discord's fatal torch,
Have men your sacred altar-grounds defaced;
Mocking with howling fury, at the porch,
The ever-listening God, in his own holy church!

The taught would choose their teacher: be it so!
Doubtless his lessons they will humbly learn,
Bowing the meek heart reverently low,
Who first claim right to choose him or to spurn;
Drop sentences of suffrage in the urn,
And ballot for that minister of God,
Whose sacred mission is to bid them turn
Obedient eyes toward the chastening rod,
And walk the narrow path by humbler Christians trod:

Choose,—since your forms permit that choice to be,—
But choose in brotherhood and pious love;
Assist at that selection solemnly,
As at a sacrifice to One above."

And,

"When that indulgence which the perfect grants,
By the imperfect also shall be granted;
When narrow light that falls in crooked slants,
Shines broad and bright where'er its glow is wanted;
When cherished errors humbly are recanted;
When there are none who set themselves apart,
To watch how prayers are prayed, and sweet hymns chanted,
With eyes severe, and criticising heart,—
As though some player flawed the acting of his part.

From saints on earth—defend us, saints in heaven!
By their *un*-likeness to the thing they ape;
Their cheerlessness where God such joy hath given
(Covering this fair world with a veil of crape),
Their lack of kindliness in any shape;
Their fierce, false judgments of another's sin;
And by the narrowness of mind they drape
With full-blown fantasies, and boasts to win
A better path to heaven than others wander in!"

Winter is rendered more drear by a version of the fatal retreat from Cabul; but there is also an excellent delineation of the opera dancing and dancers. The delusion and fall of one of these gay creatures are thus concluded:

"And thou, first flatterer of her early prime,
Ere praises grew familiar as the light,
And the young feet flew round in measured time
Amid a storm of clapping every night;
Thou, at whose glance the smile grew *really* bright
That decked her lips for tutored mirth before,—
Wilt thou deny her and forget her quite?
Thy idol, for whose sake the lavish store
In prodigal caprice thy hand was wont to pour?

* * * * * *

But Prudery,—with averted angry glance,—
Bars pleading, and proclaims the sentence just;
Life's gambler having lost her desperate chance,
Now let the scorned one grovel in the dust!
Now let the wanton share the beggar's crust!
Yet every wretch destroyed by passion's lure
Had a first love,—lost hope,—and broken trust:
And heaven shall judge whose thoughts and lives are pure:
Not always theirs worst sin, who worldly scorn endure."

And with this we close our pleasant task; offering to Mrs. Norton our sincere thanks for the pure spirit and proper tone in which she has undertaken so good a cause, and for the high talent she has displayed in this appeal to every just sentiment and Christian obligation.

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Caledonia Romana: *a descriptive Account of the Roman Antiquities of Scotland.* By Robert Stuart. 4to. Edinburgh, Bell and Bradfute; London, W. Pickering.

The well-illustrated volume before us is a useful contribution to our published stores of historical and antiquarian information. Although it is in part a compendium of what has already been collected and written by Camden, Horsley, Gordon, Roy, Chalmers, and other historians and topographers, the author has shewn himself to be not merely a closet-antiquary or one who follows servilely in the wake of others, but has tested the opinions and conclusions of those who have preceded him, by considerable personal investigation, and by patient and careful comparison. The details of discoveries, and that minute description of the various classes of ancient remains in Scotland, so necessery for the practised antiquary who forms his own inferences from given facts, are relieved, for the more general student and reader, by elaborate and well-written essays on the condition of North Britain at the period of the Roman invasion, and on the historical transactions of the Romans in the subjugated country.

The state of the inhabitants of North Britain, previous to and at the time of the Roman occupation, seems to have been little understood or much underrated by ancient writers, whose accounts are conflicting end often self-refuted. The poet Claudian may speak of the Caledonians as "horribiles et ultimosque Britannos;" historians may describe them as half-naked barbarians, roving, plundering, and existing in the lowest grade of savage life; but how shall we reconcile this miserable picture with their fighting in chariots, their expert use of arms, and their military discipline? The charlots and arms presume a knowledge of the working of metals, and an advance in mechanical science and mental improvement altogether incompatible with mere animal existence. The exact pages of Tacitus, indeed, give us ample proof that the Caledonian tribes, who, in their struggle for liberty end independence, could so steadily and systematically keep the experienced Roman troops in check, must have attained a tolerably exalted position in the scale of civilisation. Many of the weapons, ornaments, and implements which are discovered occasionally in Scotland certainly date anterior to the Roman conquest, and confirm this more reasonable view of the state of the early inhabitants; while there appear to be grounds for a further investigation of peculiar stone structures in various parts of the north of Scotland, with a view to ascertain whether they may not be appropriated to the Caledonien Britons, rather than to the Norwegians or Danes, to whom these buildings have by some been essigned.

In the absence of copious and direct historical evidence on the improvements and changes in the state of the country by the settlement of the Romans, the author's assumptions are advanced with propriety and sober reason. After a careful review of the celebrated invasion by Agricola, whose sudden recall by Domitian deprived the country of the benefit of a governor whose consummate military skill was the least of his qualifications for command, the next epoch in the bistory of Caledonia Romana is that of the important rule of Lollius Urbicus:

"The year 140, when Lollius Urbicus assumed the government of Britain, may apparently be regarded as the date of the complete subjugation and settlement of those districts which were afterwards included in the province of Valentia. Determined to establish his authority on a sure foundation, he seems to have lost no time after his arrival in compelling the Caledonians to retire beyond the Forth, and in again taking possession of the districts which Agricola had overrun. He even flattered himself, it would seem, with the hope of reducing the whole island to obedience; for there is no doubt but that he advanced with his forces along the valley of the Earn to Strathmore, and penetrated by the east coast as far as the Moray Firth. Experience, however, must soon have taught him that the interior of the mountain region on his left was destined to remain the unassailable stronghold of his 'barbarian' foes; and although, as is believed, he resolved to maintain possession of the country he had now traversed by establishing garrisons within it, still he seems to have very soon become sensible that the proper security of the province was only to be insured, by placing what he might consider an impassable barrier between its more fertile regions and the mountainous country of the unconquered tribes, who, from their inaccessible retreats among the defiles of the Grampians, bade a stern defiance to his ambitious designs. With this view he turned his eyes to the *prætenturæ* raised by Agricola across the narrowest part of the island; end satisfied with the favourable nature of that position, he set about enlarging and strengthening the forts which the troops of the former bad occupied—uniting them along the entire line by means of an earthen wall or curtain, and facing the whole by that immense ditch, which for so long a period arrested the plundering forays of the Caledonian warriors. When this great bulwark wes accomplished, and the southern districts placed, in consequence, in a state of safety, the proprætor of Antoninus may have had abundant leisure to direct his attention to the general improvement of the country. According to good authority he retained the government of Britain for about twenty years; and as it was the Roman policy to encourage the constant employment of its soldiery in order to prevent the evil consequences of idle habits, we may well believe thet, during the protracted command of a man the commencement of whose undertakings was a work so gigantic as the wall of Antoninus, the progress of Roman enterprise would not be slow. It was to Lollius Urbicus, therefore, that in ell probability the *Provincia Romana* of North Britain was indebted for those improvements which principally contributed to introduce within its limits the germs of civilised life. To the farthest extremity of his progress he carried forward those important adjuncts to all national improvement—the great military roads; which connecting, as it were, the valleys of Perthshire with the plains of Kent, consolidated the basis of his power, and spread to their farthest limits the much-vaunted glories of the Roman name. The stations of an army which remained for so long a period undisturbed possessors of the country must heve gradually emerged from the condition of mere defensive works, and have assumed the character of fortified hamlets, or, in some cases, of colonial towns. This can hardly be questioned; for we may rest assured that the influx of camp-followers, which could not fail to set in when the troope became definitely settled at any perticular spot, must very soon have collected an active population aronnd the quarters of the military; while the wants of such an assemblage, now domiciled amid the plains of the north, would rapidly lead both to the establishment of villages, and to the cultivation of the country in their immediate vicinity. Besides this, it may be reasonably inferred, that as that part of the natives which had succumbed to the force of circumstances became more accustomed to their new position, or more hopeless of e change, they would gradually come to associate with the Romans on friendly terms; until, at length, the necessity of their protection, or a preference for such a mode of life, would induce them to cluster around the precincts of the Roman stations. Such a change—necessarily the work of time—was by no means likely to have occurred during the brief occupation of Agricola; but may very possibly have been brought about while Lollius Urbicus commended in Britain. He must have had a large army quartered in Scotland, to overawe, so effectually as he seems to have done, the entire mass of the independent population, who were smarting under their wrongs in the very sigh, it may be said, of his outposts; as we do not learn of a single instance of their appearing in the field during the whole time of his government. The greatest numbers of his forces were quertered, it is probeble, along the line of the wall, and in the districts which he occupied beyond its range; but wherever garrisoned, whether in a position exposed to attack or not, the same system of improvement must have been, to a certainty, more or less pursued. The whole of Strathearn, for instance, has been traversed by durable roads, diverging generally from the grand trunk-line which led by Stirling and Ardoch to the Tay, and thence into Forfarshire. Here towns likewise rose; and in this territory, *extra murum*, were undoubtedly placed some of the most important military stations which were ever established in the country. The great majority of these can be attributed to no other than Urbicus; for when, at any former, or at any subsequent period, did the Romans occupy that part of the country for a length of time sufficient to accomplish such arduous undertakings? Never; in so far as any proof can be adduced from what we know of their occupation of Britain. With the continuance of a settled government, the formation of good roads, the establishment of peaceable communities, and the introduction of industrial pursuits, the numbers who followed, from inclination or the hope of gain, in the wake of the legions would gradually increase; and the influence of foreign habits must, in a corresponding degree, have spread throughout the land; and as the Romans generally completed the overthrow of a people's independence by the annihiletion of their national manners, no great lapse of time may have intervened ere the vanquished portion of our encient tribes had submitted to the chenge which was destined to undermine the warlike spirit of the Geel, and to leave him a feeble dependant on the arm of the stranger. We are only made aware of this effect in the records of long after-times, when the provincial Britons trembled at the thought of their being left single-handed to oppose the fierce inroads of the Picti; but undoubtedly the seeds of their weakness were sown at the period when the wall of Lollius Urbicus secured them from collision with the roving bands of their more independent countrymen."

The most important, however, as well as the larger portion of the volnme, is devoted to the vestiges still extant of the memorials of encient enterprise,—the remains of the highweys, towns, stations, camps, and other works connected with the military establishment of the Roman forces. In connexion with the several localities described, the author has placed the various inscriptions which from time to time have been brought to light. These monuments afford the most satisfactory evidence we possess of the transactions of the Romans in North Britain,

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and comprise, moreover, a vast mass of curious information on the habits and usages, both military and religious, of the Romano-Britons. They refer to the progress and completion of public works; the building, dedication, and restoration of temples; votive addresses, not only to the great deities of the Roman empire, but also to a host of local and obscure gods and goddesses, which the accommodating and tolerant mythology of the Romans allowed to be engrafted upon the national stock; monuments to the soldiers and their families, who, it appears, were often cut off in the very flower of life, most probably sacrificed to the inclemency of the northern climate. Many of these inscriptions must not be criticised too severely with reference to the grammatical construction of the Latin language. They often exhibit such blunders in orthography and ungrammatical sentences as might be expected from the artists of a provincial camp; the altars, tablets, and statues, although they do not exhibit high artistic skill, are yet generally chaste and elegant, and the first are invariably far superior in taste and propriety to those which at the present day crowd our churchyards and churches. Most of the inscriptions will be found to be already published; but the author has brought them together into one view, corrected and redrawn in a very creditable manner. One of those more recently discovered is dedicated to the Magusan Hercules, by Valerius Nigrinus, a "dupliearius"* in the Tungrian cavalry:

"HERCVLI
MAGVSAN
. SACAVM
VAL . NIGRI
NVS DVPLI
ALAE TVN
GRORVM."

It was discovered in 1841, about a mile to the south of Polmont. One to Apollo Granicus, which, like numerous others, has been neglected and lost, is peculiarly interesting, as having engaged the attention both of Queen Mary of Scotland and Queen Elizabeth of England, in days when national antiquities are not generally known to have gained the notice of royalty.

"According to Camden, Napier of Merchiston was the first to take any particular notice of this altar; and its discovery has, in consequence, been ascribed to the period when he wrote. But this is a mistake: as we find, by the following extract from her treasurer's accounts, that it had been found in the spring of 1565, and that Queen Mary of Scotland had apparently interested herself in the preservation of this, among other relics:—

"'April 1565.—Item to ane Boy passand of Edinburgh with ane charge of the Quenis Grace, direct to the Baillies of Mussilburgh, charging thame to tak diligent heid and attendance, that the Monument of Grit Antiquitie new fundin be nocht demolisit nor broken down; xiid.'

The remains of a Roman bath were laid open at the time the altar was discovered, and they are no doubt likewise referred to in the treasurer's mamorandum. In proof, however, that the inscription to Apollo formed a part of the 'monument' above mentioned, there is a letter in the State-paper Office, from Elizabeth's ambassador Randolphe to Sir William Cecil, dated 18th April, 1565, in which, turning for a moment from the graver affairs of state, he informs the minister, that 'The cave found bysyds Muskelbourge seemeth to be some monument of the Romaynes, by a stone that was found, wth these words greven upon hym. 'Appolini Granno Q. L. Sabinianus Proc. Aug.' [and] Dyvers short pillars sette upright upon the ground covered wth tyle stones, large and thyucke, torning into dyvers angles and certain places lyke unto chynes [chimneys?] to awoid smoke. Thys is all that I can gather tharof.'"

It is somewhat curious to find the youthful Queen of Scots and the intriguing emissary of Elizabeth equally bestowing their attention on a matter of this kind. The latter appears to have written as if in answer to some inquiry made by Cecil on the subject. What, it may be asked, could the impervious Burleigh have had to interest him in the discovery of such remains? Was *he* an antiquary at heart? and did he tear his thoughts at times from council and from court to steal into the solitude of such pursuits? Or was his eye already so intently fixed on all that took place beyond the border-marches, that it never closed, even to the most trifling occurrences of the passing day? Perhaps this is the most probable conjecture, and the notice which Randolph took of them may possibly have occurred in consequence of some visit paid by the Scottish queen to those antique remains.

In more modern times the antiquary has to record such wanton destruction of our national monuments by the thoughtless and selfish, and to witness such indifference towards them on the part of the government, that he is puzzled how to reconcile such barbarism with the vaunted intelligence of the times. Mr. Stuart's pages are replete with instances; from among which may be cited the destruction of that celebrated building called Arthur's Oon (Scotticè, *oven*), which appears to have been a *sacellum*, or minor temple of some kind or other. "It had stood," he remarks, "for fifteen centuries by the 'dark winding Carron,' facing unshaken the rude buffets of time, spared alike by Pict and Scot, by Saxon, Norman, and Dane; which, if what is writ be true, had beheld the passing legions of Severus, the gathering of Ossian's heroes, the adventurous march of Wallace, the flight of Bannockburn;—this venerable monument of departed ages fell in the year 1748, before the perhaps pardonable Vandalism of a Scottish proprietor, whose tastes, centred round a comparatively narrow point, could neither appreciate an interest in the past, nor make any allowance for what he regarded as the foibles of others. In his eyes the walls of the Roman chapel were vested with no peculiar interest; and at a time when such materials happened to be wanted, he caused the building to be pulled down, and its stones to be made use of for the construction of a river-dam. This, we are told, was afterwards swept away by the current; so that, in all probability, the last remains of Arthur's Oon lie at the present day buried amid the muddy shallows of the Carron!" In noticing the rapid disappearance of other remains, he concludes: "If there be one who would look upon the traces of the Roman amelioration of Scotland before they shall have ceased to exist, let him proceed, while it is yet time, to visit the remains of the ancient *viæ* still to be observed in the parishes of Lanark, Stonehouse, Strathaven, Jedburgh, and Gask; for assuredly the years of many of them are numbered, and the 'hold' of seventeen centuries is finally breaking away."

Without being hypercritical, we may remark, that the author might have increased and varied the interest of this useful volume by referring to numismatic evidence, which considerably enlightens our knowledge of Romano-British events. The Caledonians in the time of Hadrian destroyed some forts erected by Agricola. The emperor himself came to Britain with three legions, and speedily quelled the disturbances. Various coins commemorate his success. Some of Antoninus, Commodus, and Severus also relate to North Britain; but that specimen quoted in p. 164 does not particularly refer to this country, and was certainly not minted at York. Fig. 6, in pl. x., a Minerva armed with a *tilting-spear*, is not an antique; and fig. 4, pl. viii., BRVSC.F. is simply *Bruscus Fecit*. P. 265, *et seq*. The gold bracelets discovered in the stone coffins are probably Roman. Many instances may be cited of such ornaments being deposited in Roman burial places. On the contrary, weapons and armour are not usually found with Roman remains, but are rather indicative of Saxon or Danish interment. The correct appropriation of urns and other objects is a matter of considerable difficulty, depending chiefly upon collateral circumstances. Rude workmanship is not essentially indicative of a remotely early period.

The Spoon: with upwards of 100 Illustrations, Primitive, Egyptian, Roman, Mediæval, and Modern. By Habbakuk O. Westman, of the Globe Tavern, &c. 8vo, pp. 288. London, Wiley and Putnam.

This is a somewhat elaborated *jeu-d'esprit* (a long *game* to be sure), but containing a good deal of curious and entertaining matter, got together from many sources, on costume, ancient customs, &c., &c., and especially on the article of spoons. We can safely recommend it both to antiquarian and general readers as a miscellaneous collection which cannot fail to interest, inform, and amuse them on numerous subjects connected with the immediate and familiar business of social life throughout all countries and ages. We shall not need to give many examples, but a touch or two will serve to shew "how the cat jumps." Speaking of old dresses in England, Mr. Habbakuk observes:

"Norman fashions were succeeded in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries by the English gown, bibs, aprons, and corsets. Immense trains were attached to the skirts of gowns. Horned and also steeple caps for the head made their appearance, thus lengthening both extremities of the person to a monstrous extent. A lady, on a visit of ceremony, is said to have sometimes been in the centre of a drawing-room, while the tail of her dress was still in the street. Chaucer is severe on this and other parts of female dress. In the Parson's Tale, he rails at 'the superfluitee of the foresaide gounes, trailing in the dong, and in the myre, on hors, and eke on foot.' In Dunbar's Poems, they are represented as performing the part of a besom:

'Sic fartingaillis on flaggis als fatt as quhailis
Fattit lyk fulis with hattis that littel availis;
And sic fowill *tailis to swrip the calsay clene*.'"

To this ugly and inconvenient fashion we have returned in the present day; and it is pitiable to see our nice women so draggle-tailed as they sweep the streets with their long petticoats in the dirtiest weather. There they are, poor things! all who cannot coach it, and have occasion to go out—there they are, splashed with mud from heel to hip, their "fowill tailis" flapping up and down with the accumulated weight of nearly as much as would load a costermonger's donkey-cart, their shoes or boots converted into tripe, and their hose up to the knees and

* The word "duplicarius" refers to a class of the Roman soldiery who received double pay for meritorious service. The Tungrii were German auxiliaries from the neighbourhood of modern Liege.

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h to the skin intimately charged with kind of filth so abundantly compounded pavement of London. And our "myre" not improved since Chaucer's time, any than our "gounes." But we must afford tract to the main subject, Spoons, and ith leave all that is said of these useful nents to be consulted in the work itself.

a volume of ancient engravings now be-s, one, dated A.D. 1470, represents an nt charlatan, with his family and stock e. He is playing on bagpipes, and bears ildren in a basket strapped to his back. ife carries a young cherub and leads an den with panniers, out of which peep a of boys who have not learned to walk. ldest son, accompanied by the dog, goes with an owl on his shoulder. In the hat are stuck a couple of *spoons*. In ays of ecclesiastical rule, when monks monarchs and lay people could neither or drink but as the church pleased, a mer-chause was at length introduced into the respecting Lent, with the view of remov-very serious obstacle to the salvation of who lived upon alms — a pleasing proof anxiety of ghostly fathers to save (though at the last extremity) the ghastly sheep in flocks. It was to this effect:—'Beggars, ready to affamish for want, may eat in Lent what they can get.'"

multitude of spoon patterns in the litho-ic engravings are enough, of themselves, s the book into popular acceptation.

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scription, Historical and Topographical, of noa; with Remarks on the Climate, &c. By J. Bunnett, M.D. Pp. 68. London, R. Smith.

is a nice and agreeable little work, and be very serviceable in the guidance of in-. The author resided several years in a, of which his account is succinct, but ms to supply every class of readers with information they may seek respecting this resque and interesting city. We quote ample of immediate application:

"In the whole, the natural products of the of Genoa are obtained only by the force ant labour on the part of the peasantry, condition, it must be conceded, is not of much ease or comfort, though it cannot nied that they submit to it with the great-fulness and good humour. As to the hants and trading community of Genoa, is no nation under the sun more addicted love of gain than themselves; it is in-t in all ranks, and manifests itself through heir dealings. Indeed here, as well as here, self-interest is the ruling passion of asses, and intellectual attainments are but attended to. These blemishes are ascribed heir neglect of travel, and their want of ledge of the customs and institutions of countries. The lower classes of Genoa industrious, sober, and obliging, little ad-ed to disputes, and peaceable and orderly their transactions. The men are well comfortably clothed, and the women are and neat; they are fond of ornaments, are remarkable for their large gold earrings neck chains, which latter are often of con-table value, and to which is generally sus-ded an immense cross or medal, with some 's head attached to it; they wear their itiful black hair plainly divided in front, the back part braided and confined with ge gold pin; a similar one also fastens the ero, a scarf of white muslin attached to the of the head, and falling down on each side to the feet. This costume is the never-failing dress of the middle classes of the inhabitants. The peasantry, on the contrary, are accustomed to wear their mazero made of printed cotton, and of the brightest and most gaudy colours, representing animals, birds, trees, and houses, and which is evidently a relic of the Indian and Moorish customs. The younger women, also, usually ornament their hair with the flowers of the carnation and white jessamine, which give a gay and pleasing effect."

With this one extract we heartily commend the ancient history, state of the arts, and other topics (especially the sanitary statements) to the perusal of the intelligent reader.

Old Jolliffe: not a Goblin Story. By the Spirit of a Little Bell, awakened by "The Chimes." Pp. 56. London, W. N. Wright.

A TALE written to counteract the deleterious effects imputed by the author to Dickens' *Chimes;* of which he says: "This book disappoints me more than I can tell: I know that the intention is to do good, although the feelings expressed in it are much more likely to do harm; the poor, on whose account it seems written, will never benefit by being taught they are very wretched, and oppressed, and not cared for by the rich,—not a bit of it,—it will only serve to make them more miserable and unhappy, and damp all their efforts to make their conditions better. 'Now, here is an excellent observation; I wish all the book had been like it,' continues old Jolliffe, reading aloud: 'I know that we must trust and hope, and neither doubt ourselves, nor the good in one another.' It is a very true and beautiful remark, and if it had been followed up, we should have had a very different, and far happier work,—shewing us all how necessary it is to go manfully and steadily on, keeping a stout heart in all our troubles, and not doubting the good in our fellow-creatures, whatever their station. And that's what he means I'm sure, for his other works are very different to this. I've read them all, sir, and I don't remember an uncharitable line in any one of them:—but in this, he seems to give all his kindly feelings to the poor, and does not say one kindly word for the rich—and that's not charitable. He can't mean that all rich people are like those he describes, but he ought to have known the poor would think he meant so. It strikes me, sir, he has suffered a sad case that occurred the other day to take hold of his warm heart and lead him a trifle out of the right road this time. I read that case in the papers myself—and a sad cruel one it was—nobody can deny that. And there again, sir, said the old man, suddenly closing and laying down the book. The papers, I think, do a great deal of mischief, by the way in which they talk about the miseries of the lower orders, as they call them—no doubt there is a great deal of trouble in the world, 'man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards,' you know, sir, but all that grand writing won't mend it. * * *

In palaces, in cottages, there are equally warm hearts, ready to assist all who need help; —a true tale of sorrow gently told, and pity gently urged, speaks to the hearts of all, and will never go unheard nor unanswered. There is much grief in the world, much trouble; but it should be our endeavour to teach all who are suffering that it is good to be so afflicted, for such a thought will create a contented spirit, which will carry them through all their trials and pain. Let us throw away discontent as the philosopher did the shell, and shortly will be seen the good effects from such a deed; dismiss it when it creeps upon you, as you would a wicked thought; whenever it has laid hold of you, exorcise it as an evil spirit with the name of Jolliffe! and forthwith it will leave you unscathed and unharmed."

PRINCE A. LABANOFF. LETTRES DE MARIE STUART.

[Second notice.]

IN our last *Gazette* we made our readers acquainted with the general drift of this publication; and, from its great mass of valuable documents, culled a few which related to subjects of historical and popular interest. We there alluded to a remarkable letter from Mary to the Pope, dated Fotheringay, and shewing her entire devotedness to the Romish church, and promised to return to it this week; but, previous to so doing, we may quote a similar autograph epistle in the *Bibliothèque Barberini,* at Rome, of a date long anterior, and evincing her determination to extinguish the heresy which prevailed in Scotland, and troubled her whole reign as it did at the time she penned the following to the preceding pope, Pius IV. It is in French:—

"Edinb., Oct. 20, 1564.

"Very holy father,—Since the return of our uncle, Monsieur the Cardinal of Lorraine, from the holy council, held in the town of Trente, we have been informed by him of the holy statutes and decrees which were there made for the increase and integrity of the Catholic and Christian religion; and, subsequently, it has pleased your Holiness to send us a book of all that was transacted in that holy synod, which has given us singular satisfaction; and we have also perceived by your letters, the good remembrance and protection which you are pleased to have of us, in return for which we kiss with all humility the feet of your Holiness, supplicating you to hold us always in the number of your most holy and devoted daughters. We will study more and more for the increase and union of our mother holy church, and will cause it to be obeyed by all our subjects, if God, by his grace, should reduce and destroy the heresies (as I hope), along with the good order and reformation which your Holiness can give to them; and, on our part, we will spare no means in our power, as is commanded us by God, whom, in conclusion, we pray to give you a very long life in very prosperous health.

"Written at Edinburgh, the 20th day of October, 1564. Your Holiness's very humble and devout daughter, MARIE R.

"*Au dos:* A nostre Sainct Père, Le Pape Pie IVe."

The longer and more important letter to Sixtus V. is from the secret archives of the Vatican, and may be viewed as a death-bed revelation; for it is of the 23d November, 1586, after she had been doomed to die. It is headed

JEHSUS MARIA.

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and occupies seven pages of the book: like the other, in French, and beginning thus:—

"Holy Father,—Since so it is that it has pleased God, by his Divine Providence, to put order in his church, by which he has willed that, under his crucified son Jéhsus Christ, all those who shall believe in him and shall be baptised in the name of the holy Trinity, must recognise one universal and catholic church for mother, the commandments of which we must keep, with the ten of the law, under pain of damnation, it is requisite that every one who aspires to eternal life have his eye fixed there. Now I being born of kings and parents all baptised in this church, as well as myself, and what is more,

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from the breast, unworthy as I am, having been called to the royal dignity, anointed and consecrated by its ministers and authority, being nourished and bred under its wings, and instructed by it in the obedience due from all Christians to him whom it, guided by the Holy Spirit, has elected according to the ancient decrees and order of the primitive church to the holy apostolical see, as our head on earth, to whom Jéhsus Christ, in his last will, gave power, &c. . . . I appeal for testimony to my Saviour Jéhsus Christ, to the holy Trinity, to the glorious Virgin Mary, to all the angels and archangels, to St. Peter the shepherd, my particular intercessor and special advocate, St. Paul the Apostle of the Gentiles, St. Andrew and all the holy Apostles, St. George, and in general, all the saints of both sexes in Paradise, that I have always lived in this faith, which is that of the universal, catholic, apostolic, and Roman church, in which being regenerated, I have always had the intention of doing my duty towards the holy apostolical see. Of which, to my great regret, I have not been able to render due testimony to your Holiness on account of my detention in this captivity and my long illness; but now that it has pleased God, very holy father, to permit, for my sins and those of this unfortunate island, that I (the only remains of the blood of England and Scotland making profession of this faith) should be, after twenty years of captivity, shut up in a narrow prison, and, at length, condemned to death by the heretical parliament and assembly of this country, as it has been this day announced to me by the mouth of Lord Buckhurst, Amias Paulet, my keeper, one Drue Drury, a knight, and a secretary named Beale, in the name of their Queen, &c."

She goes on to recommend herself to the pope's prayers, asserting that she had "voluntarily offered her life in their heretical assembly in order to maintain her catholic religion, and to draw back the backsliders of this island. * * * For a witness of which (she continues) at my end I will not fail to prefer the public good to the particular interest of flesh and blood, which causes me to pray you, with a mortal regret for the perdition of my poor child, after having tried all means to regain him, having been a true father to him, as St. John the Evangelist was to the youth whom he withdrew from the company of robbers, to take at length all the authority over him which I can give you to constrain him, and, if it please you, to call the catholic king [of Spain] to assist you as far as concerns temporal affairs, and also to try to ally them by marriage; and if God for my sins permit him to be obstinate, knowing no Christian prince in our times who has laboured so much for the faith, or laboured in so many ways to aid in the reduction of this island, than the catholic king, to whom I owe much obligation, he being the only one who has aided me with his money and advice in my necessities, under your good pleasure, I leave to him all the right and interest which I have in the government of this kingdom [England], my son being obstinate out of the pale of the church."

In a letter written at the same time to Don Bernarde de Mendoça, she declares similarly that she has given up to the king of Spain all her rights to the English crown, and covertly invites him to assert and enforce them.

That the unfortunate Mary died stedfast in every particular of her faith is not only vividly painted in these letters, but she declares that she cedes the crown of Scotland also to the king of Spain if her son persists in his errors; which she deeply deplores. She earnestly entreats that prayers may be put up for her soul; and in case she should be denied confession and the sacrament of her own church at the scaffold, she begs the pope himself to extend to her his all-powerful religious succours.

There is another curious letter, from Bolton, of 30th Nov. 1568 (in Italian, to Pius V.), in which the queen exposes the perfidy of her enemies in endeavouring to get it believed that she was wavering in her catholicity. To afford a pretext for this calumny, she states, they had introduced into the place where she was straitly confined an Anglican priest, who took upon him to recite prayers in the vulgar tongue; to which she had only listened because she was deprived of all other religious exercise. If this be a sin, she adjures his Holiness to pardon it; and promises to submit to any penance which all the catholic princes, and above all the pope himself, may be pleased to impose upon her.

A letter from the pope's nuncio to Cosmo I. Grand Duke of Tuscany, relates the circumstances of the murder of Darnley (see p. 105, vol. vii.); and a yet more interesting paper on the same subject is a despatch of the commander Petrucci to the same prince (Paris, Feb. 1569), and now in the archives of the Medicis, at Florence. In this (in Italian) the writer describes the nullity of the accusations against Mary, and the breach of her word by Elizabeth in admitting Murray to her presence after she had pledged herself that she would not do so. He says that she not only did this, but took him under her especial protection; that Murray in return had engaged to put the Scotch into her hands, and form an everlasting league between the two kingdoms. That Mary had aught to do with the assassination of Darnley, he declares to be disproved by the defence of Lord Herries; and speaks of Elizabeth's rage and confusion in being thus foiled in fixing the guilt upon her cousin. He also mentions various plots by which the queen of England sought to accomplish the death of her rival; and her declaration in a high tone that Mary was of no religion, and only pretended to the catholic faith as a means of subverting England. He concludes with a hope that God. will confound Elizabeth and all other heretics.

The supplement of letters, found whilst the last volume was at press, is very interesting in a literary point of view, as well as in the national traits of manners and the condition of various parts of Scotland which it exhibits. Mary's Book of Hours is in the Imperial Library at Petersburgh, but some Goth has cut down the margins to gild it, and through many words written by the queen. There is still plainly decipherable:

"A moi, Marie, R."

and on the *recto* of the 13th page, distinctly—

"Ce livre est à moi. Marie, Royne, 1554."

These are the only words written by Mary during her residence in France. All the rest of the verses and signatures are of the date of her captivity in England. We quote a few examples:

"Qui jamais davantage eust contraire le sort;
Si la vie m'est moins utile que la mort!
Et plustost que cha[n]ger de mes maux l'adventure,
Chacun change pour moi d'humeur et de nature.
Marie, R."

"Les heures je guide, et le jour,
Par l'ordre exact de ma carrière,
Quittant mon triste séjour,
Pour icy croistre ma lumière."

"Un coeur que l'outrage martire
Par un mépris ou d'un refus,
A le pouvoir de faire dire:
Je ne suis plus ce que je fus.
Marie."

"Si nos pensers sont eslevés,
Ne l'estimés pas chose étrange;
Ils méritent être approuvés,
Ayant pour objet un bel ange."

"En feinte mes amis changent leur bienveillance.
Tout le bien qu'ils me font est désirer ma mort;
Et comme si, mourant, j'estois en deffaillance,
Dessus mes vestements ils ont jetté le sort"

"Bien plus utile est l'heure que non pas la fortune.
Puisqu'elle change autant qu'elle est opportune."

"La vieillesse est un mal qui ne se peut guérir,
Et la jeunesse un bien que pas un ne ménage,
Qui fait qu'aussitôt né l'homme est près de mourir,
Et qui l'on croit heureux travaille davantage."

With these extracts we take our leave of the very valuable addition to the history of a very extraordinary period, which must find a place in every good library both at home and abroad.

A brief Account of the Parish of Stowting, in the County of Kent, and of the Antiquities lately discovered there. By the Rev. Frederick Wrench, Rector of Stowting. 8vo, pp. 1[illegible] London, J. R. Smith.

This pamphlet, embellished with three folding coloured plates etched by the author, contains a history of the parish of Stowting, and an account of the very interesting Saxon remains—swords and knives, beads, rings, brooches, fibulæ, urns, coins, &c.,—recently brought to light in excavating in that parish. It is an agreeably drawn-up sketch, and deserves the more encouragement for the meritorious intention with which it is published, it being stated that "whatever profits may arise from the sale of this work are to be appropriated towards the restoration of an ancient stained glass window in the parish church, an account of which will appear in the second and concluding part.

The Works of Edmund Spenser. 8vo, pp. 542, double columns.

The Works of Philip Massinger; with Gifford's Notes, &c. 8vo, pp. 529, double columns. London, H. Washbourne.

If to these re-publications we add a fifth edition of Ellis's *Specimens of Early English Poetry* (3 vols. 12mo), also got up in popular form by the same publisher, we furnish a list of almost a poetical library, produced in a manner to merit extensive popular approbation. The flowing sweetness of Spenser, and his inexhaustible imagination, shine beautifully by the side of Massinger, one of the few worthy compeers of the Shaksperian age (with Gifford's acute critical notes); and the delightful varieties rescued by Ellis from the shades of antiquity are in themselves an endless collection for study and recreation.

The Works of G. P. R. James. Vol. IV. Smith, Elder, and Co.

"One in a Thousand, or the Days of Henry Quatre" is the romance which Mr. James has given the public as the fourth of this series. No English writer ever displayed so complete a knowledge of French history and French national manners at all recorded periods. Need we wonder, therefore, that this is one of the most accurately descriptive of the author's productions; and gives us most exact information respecting the political movements and social habits of the age of the brilliant Henry, "le premier de nos rois." The characteristic spirit and the striking incident of the tale are so happily commingled, that whilst they account for its past popularity, they will assuredly ad-

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vance it to still greater favour now that it appears in an amended edition and what economists love, a cheaper form.

The History of England, Reign of George III. By John Adolphus, Esq. Vol. VII. 8vo, pp. 769. London, J. Lee.

OUR veteran and able contemporary continues his labour with unabated vigour. The mighty and momentous period from 1795 to 1804 is fully discussed in this volume; and much of it may be read with increased interest at this moment from its enabling us to compare its statements with the contemporary views of M. Thiers. The narrative is, as hitherto, plain and straightforward, so that he who runs may read and understand; and the author's reflections throughout tempered with great moderation, and seasoned with excellent judgment.

Mrs. Delectable and her Pupils; or the Spirit of Young England "coming out." Pp. 152. London, H. Cunningham.

A PLEASANT enough satire upon the first class of boarding education for fashionable young ladies. The letters written under the eye of Mrs. Delectable and those written on the sly are of very different character; and the victualling department is laughably described:—'specially "Resurrection Pie," so called because the pupils hail in its anatomy the return of sundry dainty pieces they thought had long slumbered in oblivion. The smartness of this little volume, and its piquant *dénouement*, may well recommend it to the half hour its perusal will cost, and family circles may enjoy a few broad grins in the reading of its pages aloud.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

April 4th.—Mr. Solly "On the protective cases of the brain and spinal cord in man and the lower animals." After alluding to the interest manifested in the lectures on the physiology of the nervous system delivered on former occasions by himself, Mr. S. entered upon the description of the protective apparatus of the very important organs, the brain and spinal cord, the centres of the nervous system. The arch-like construction of the skull was pointed out, its thicker and stronger parts being at the sides and base, in the manner of abutments. The two tables of the skull, or the outer and fibrous layer, calculated to resist a blow, and the inner or porcelain layer, suited to resist the entrance of a point, were shewn. Next the hard and dense membrana immediately attached to the bone, the dura mater, with its processes, the great falx, preventing lateral shaking of the brain, and its tentorium, preventing vertical shaking, and protecting the little brain, were described. And then the delicate spider-web membrane, secreting its lubricating fluid, and covering the inner surface of the dura mater and the outer of the pia mater, or that membrane which immediately and accurately encloses the brain, and serves to retain its form and convey bloodvessels to its substance. The spinal column was described as a hollow, flexible tube, having different curvatures, and formed of 24 joints or vertebræ: the spinal marrow passes down this canal, not in contact with its sides, but protected by fluid and short processes of the dense dura mater, which here and there on each side are attached to the sheath of the cord and the sides of the canal, acting like stays, and called the ligamenta denticulata:—the fluid was proved by Majendie to fill the cavity of the canal completely, so that when the outer membrane was laid bare and punctured, it jetted out. This is a great source of protection. In the supply of blood to the brain, Mr. S. pointed out the curves of the carotid arteries (just as they enter the skull), which serve to retard the violent injection of the blood, and prevent injury. In ruminants a more complicated provision of this kind exists, many contortions being made so as to break the force of the current without diminishing the supply. It is considered that this is so formed to prevent the additional impetus which the blood acquires from the downward position of the head in grazing so constantly; and it is remarkable that in the giraffe it is not found, for this animal crops the branches of trees. The veins of the brain have no valves, and open into large sinuses which are always kept patent, and thus allow of a free exit of the effete blood. In speaking of organs for divertion, Mr. S. mentioned that M. Simon considers the thyroid gland to act in this way towards the brain; and it is curious that in the cretins or idiots of the Vallois we find this body almost always in a state of great enlargement. The lecturer then took a brief view of the spinal cord and its protective means in the lower animals. After mentioning the grand division made by comparative anatomists into vertebrate and invertebrate animals, he shewed that in the crustacea and insects the cord having no protecting case is placed on the ventral surface of the animal, thus having the whole thickness of the body above it for its protection. In the lamprey there is just a cartilaginous tube, a rudiment of the column which contains the cord. In the sturgeon there are small pieces of bone on each side of the vertebræ; and in the cod fish the vertebra is pretty well formed, having two spines and intervertebral substance. An interesting example of the use of anatomical knowledge to paleontologists was given. Dr. Buckland having observed that scales like those of the armadillo's armour were often found fossilised with the bones of the megatherium, concluded that this animal must have been like the armadillo; but Mr. Owen, knowing that the vertebræ of this little animal has three noral spines placed at angles, so as to take the great bearing which its armour can sustain, said that if the megatherium had been of the armadillo kind, its vertebræ would have had more than the one noral spine which they possess; it is therefore decided that these scales must belong to another animal. Mr. Solly takes the ganglionic view of the brain and cord; he considers both a collection of ganglia. His arguments in favour of this view with regard to the cord were founded on the fact of grey matter being found in the centre of the cord, and that in the whiting the cord consists of several ganglia joined together longitudinally. He is of opinion, too, that the brain cannot become intellectual if the skull do not expand. Another point interesting to anatomists, the communication or not of the fluid of the cord with that of the brain, and that of the ventricles of the brain with the fluid exterior, Mr. Solly said he did not consider there was any communication beyond that of endosmosis.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

March 3d.—The Rev. F. W. Hope, who has been elected president, in the chair. A remarkably fine specimen of amber or *Resin animé* was exhibited by Mr. Ingpen, containing a butterfly and numerous other insects. Extracts from a letter addressed by Captain Boys to the secretary were read, containing notices of the habits of the *Termites* and other insects of India. Also extracts from a letter from Dr. Templeton, detailing some cases in which the bite of the *Scolopendra*, in Ceylon, had proved injurious. Mr. Newport also stated that *Lithobius* was poisonous, although he had not discovered a poison-gland in it. A paper was read "On the sectional characters of the genus *Lucanus*," by Mr. J. O. Westwood, and the commencement of a memoir of the life of the celebrated Danish entomologist Fabricius, by the Rev. F. W. Hope. Mr. Doubleday also described a peculiar structure in the wings of a South American butterfly which Mr. Darwin had observed to make a distinct sound during flight.

April 7th.—The president in the chair. Mr. Westwood exhibited an extensive series of species and genera of *Paussidæ*, including several new ones, recently received by him from Capt. Boys; also the large globular ball of earth formed by the *Copres molossus*, and which, upon being opened, was found to enclose a mass of excrement and a young insect; also the singular pupa and pupa-case of *Simulium*, a small dipterous insect which is fixed on the under-leaves of water-cress, and which not being easily removable by washing the cress, is doubtless eaten in considerable numbers. A paper by Mr. White, "On some new crustacea;" another by Mr. Waterhouse, "On the character and geographical range of typical groups;" and another by Mr. Westwood, "On a new genus of *Lamellicorn* beetles," were read. An extended discussion on the geographical distribution of insects ensued.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, April 5, 1845.

Academy of Sciences: sitting of 31st March.—A favourable report on an improved pantograph, invented by M. Pauloniez, was read by M. Mathieu.

M. Don submitted tables of pluviometric observations made in Algiers during the years 1838 to 1844. It is generally admitted that the rainy season there comprises eight months, September to April. The result of these observations, however, is, that the period of dryness is only three months, June, July, and August. The letter of M. Don stated that the winter just passed was comparatively as severe in Algeria as in France. Snow remained on the ground forty-eight hours, a circumstance unknown in Algeria to the memory of man. However, the thermometer never fell to zero; its minimum having been +3. The quantity of rain, hail, and snow in January and February, 1845, exceeded the mean of preceding years. From the 20th February to the 5th March, the date of M. Don's letter, no rain had fallen in Algeria, and the mean temperature has been +14° at 7 A.M. and +15° at midday.

A memoir by M. Blondat at considerable length attempted to shew that the discovery of the means of instantaneously separating gases from the solid or liquid form would cause sooner or later in the art of locomotion a revolution not less important than the change from common roads to railroads. The author asked for a special grant to encourage the inquiry for motive power other than steam.

French Antiquarian Intelligence.—Among other continental instances of cathedrals rescued from the disastrous effects of whitewashing inside (that invariable practice in our English cathedrals, until within a very few years), we may mention those of Tournay and Autun. The latter adifice is about the size of one of our English cathedrals,—passing, therefore, for a moderate size in France,—and the total cost of

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getting all the whitewash off was 7500 francs, or 300*l.* At Tourney, the stone underneath the wash was found much damaged: new stone has been put in wherever practicable: and the effect of the whole is now much more harmonious than formerly.—The *Comité Historique* will shortly publish a volume of Instructions concerning civil architecture; and one upon the furniture of the middle ages and the *Renaissance*. The "Monumental Statistics of the Somme," published by the same body, is now nearly complete. The "Monumental Statistics of Paris" is at the 15th number, and will be completed in thirty numbers. The "Monography of the Cathedral of Chartres" is at only the 2d number. All these publications are allowed to be sold to the public at Messrs. Didot and Co.'s.—The bishops of Cambray and Agen have addressed circular letters to the clergy of their dioceses, enjoining upon them the importance and necessity of carefully studying, and of preserving by all means in their power, the national monuments of their districts. (We cannot recollect the name of the bishop in our own country, in England, who enjoined a similar duty upon his clergy in one of his late charges.) The bishop of Agen has also appended a *Questionary*, or set of archæological questions, to his letter. This is as it should be. —A fine work has been lately published at Poictiers, on the remains of the Roman amphitheatre and arena in that town. Archæological reviews are springing up in nearly all the departments of France.—The Abbé Bourassé is going on most successfully with his fine work, "The Cathedrals of France." It is in a 4to form, illustrated with admirable engravings. The Abbé is Professor of Christian Archæology at Tours.—M. Guénébault is publishing an "Iconographical Dictionary of Christian and Mediæval Antiquity." It is not a dear book, and is well spoken of.—The Minister of the Interior, anxious to preserve the Druidical or Celtic remains of Britany, has recently purchased for the state, as historical property, all the stones, cromlechs, &c. at Loc Maria Kar. (*Query*, to whom does Stonehenge belong?)

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, *April* 2.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. S. H. Russell, Rev. J. A. Hessey, fellows of St. John's College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. C. F. Wyatt, Rev. W. R. Eyton, Christ Church College, Rev. J. Tunnard, Exeter College, grand compounders; Rev. C. Cox, Rev. G. J. Ford, Exeter College; Rev. C. Moody, A. J. Ten-Brocke, Rev. J. Coventry, H. Gardiner, Rev. J. Smith, Magdalen Hall; Rev. J. G. Watts, Rev. J. P. Scott, G. H. Proctor, Balliol College; Rev. F. W. Ryle, fellow, Rev. H. Milne, Brasenose College: G. Buckle, fellow, G. J. Stone, Oriel College; Rev. R. C. Dickerson, Worcester College; H. G. J. Parsons, Rev. G. W. Paul, fellows, Rev. G. H. Fell, demy of Magdalene College.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. Hullah, Brasenose College; R. H. Hooper, Lincoln College; E. V. L. Houlton, fellow, S. Leigh, St. John's College.

THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.*

April 2d.—Mr. W. H. Gomonde in the chair. At the regular meeting of the society, a lengthened discussion took place on the unfortunate dissensions which, greatly to its detriment, at present agitate the parent association, and have caused a breach therein not likely, apparently, soon to be closed, and which, in fact, even threatens its very existence. The question properly before the meeting was, to which of the two sections, now claiming to be the *British Archæological Association*, the Cheltenham branch should declare its adherence? Whether to that supporting the views of Mr. Wright, who appears to have been the original founder of the association over which Lord Albert Conyngham presides, or that of Mr. Albert Way and his party, who claim to be the central committee, and under whose auspices the last number of the Journal has been just published? After as careful an examination into the merits of the case as the data before the meeting would admit of, and reviewing the circumstances connected with its own formation as a provincial society, the following resolution was unanimously passed:—"That this society having had no communication at any time with any other officer of the British Archæological Association than Mr. Wright, and, consequently, having no official knowledge of any other archæological society than that with which he is identified, this meeting feels called upon to express its conviction, that, while deeply and sincerely regretting the present divided state of the parent association, it is incumbent on the Gloucestershire branch to attach itself to that section of the central association with which Mr. Wright still continues to co-operate." A highly curious contemporary manuscript of Shakespeare's play of Henry IV. was exhibited by the Rev. L. Larking; by whom it had been discovered in the muniment-chest of Sir Edw. Dering, Bart., of Surrenden-Dering, in Kent; one of whose ancestors had interlined and altered the original copy in many places. This manuscript is, we believe, shortly about to be published by the Shakespeare Society of London.

* From the *Cheltenham Looker-On*: frequently mentioned by us as a very intelligent and agreeable provincial contemporary.—*Ed. L. G.*

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

April 5th.—Prof. Wilson in the chair. A root of an Indian plant was laid upon the table, believed to be a *Cardiospermon*; it was sent three months ago by General Cullen from Ooraghum, near Tritchoor, to Dr. Wight of Ootseamund; and was afterwards forwarded to the Asiatic Society. The plant possesses the peculiar property of being phosphorescent. The letter of General Cullen, which accompanied the specimen, stated that the plant had been recently discovered by a Tahsildar, who had accompanied Captain Bean on a journey; and who having been compelled by rain to take shelter at night under a mass of rock in the jungles, had been astonished at seeing a blaze of phosphoric light over all the grass in the vicinity. This man brought some specimens to Trivandrum; and one of those was that laid upon the table. General Cullen stated that the plant, though said to be only now discovered, was known to the Brahmans. He enclosed quotations—one from the Amera Koshe; a second from the Kumara Lambhava; and a third from the book of Magham, which mentioned it. In one of these quotations, the sun, called the "husband of light," is said, when he leaves the earth at night, to commit his wife to the care of these plants, that he may receive her again in the morning. In another, the plant is celebrated as affording light to the lovers wandering about the Himalaya mountains. In the Amera Kosha, the plant is mentioned by several names: among others, by that of *Jyotish Mati*, the shining plant: in Colebroke's edition, it is Englished by 'Heart-pea.' The root exhibited being quite dead, and perfectly dry, it was doubted whether it retained any phosphoric property; but a gentleman connected with the Asiatic Society, wrapped a small slice of the root in a wet cloth, in which he allowed it to remain about an hour; and he then had the pleasure of seeing it shine in the dark like a piece of phosphorus, or perhaps somewhat paler, more like dead fish, or rotten wood. The plant is stated by Dr. Wight to abound in the jungles near the foot of the hills in the Madura district; and it was found in Burmah by Dr. Wallich.

A reduced copy, made by the assistant-secretary, of the whole of the great Kapur-di-Ghari inscription, was laid upon the table. It could not be called a fac-simile of the impression brought to England by Mr. Masson; but was rather a collation of the different impressions with the eye-copy made by that gentleman. The tenor of the inscription, and the comparison of the impressions with the eye-copy, had satisfied Mr. Norris that the pieces of calico used in taking the impressions had been subsequently misplaced in sewing them together; and he had shifted their positions in several places. As the impressions were faint throughout, partly in consequence of the imperfect means at the disposal of Mr. Masson, and partly owing to the state of the rock itself; perhaps, also, from the fading of the colour after the lapse of above six years after they were made; Mr. Norris had carefully gone over the whole once more, after the completion of the reduced copy, rigorously re-examining every letter in the best light; and he had thereby succeeded in bringing out many that had escaped him at first: those he had inserted in the copy now produced; and he ventured to hope it was as fair as the materials placed in his hands would admit. It would at least be a good foundation for making one more perfect at any subsequent examination of the original rock.

The reading of a paper on the immense salt quarries of the Punjab, by Dr. Jamieson, was begun; and an account of it will be given when finished.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; United Service Institution, 9 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Syro-Egyptian, 7½ P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (soirée).

Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.

Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (discussion).

Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

ON Saturday, the 5th inst., the members of the Institute of the Fine Arts held their fifth evening for discussing the history and merits of the various schools of art in Europe. The subject of the evening was the early Italian art previous to Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo. Drawings and prints after Nicolo and Giovanni Pisanio, of the Greek artists from whom Cimabue received instructions, and a continuous series of the Pisa and Florence schools, led to an animated and interesting conversation on the productions of those republics. The simple refinement of Giotto, the powers of composition and character in Nicolo Pisanio, Orgagna, and Gozzoli, and the more matured productions of Ghiberti, Massaccio, and of Signiorelli, scarcely allowed any difference of opinion, though the feeble efforts and quaint fancies of some of those very early masters were commented on and allowed. As a chain of ideas and of consequences, the result was highly satisfactory; but, owing to the last annual *conversazione* at the Marquis of Northampton's, that of the artists at the Freemasons' Tavern, and the reception of pictures for the exhibition at the Royal Academy, and the water-colour societies,

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the attendance of members was less numerous than usual. The interest it excited will probably lead to a full muster on the 19th inst., when the second period, that of Michael Angelo and Raphael, will occupy the artists' consideration.

The Artists' General Benevolent Fund holds its annual festival next Saturday, with Mr. Labouchere as president. We rejoice to see by the printed accounts that, doing so much good, cheering the widow, aiding the orphan, and solacing the sick-bed of the aged and infirm, the fund is in a prosperous state, and will doubtless be rendered still more flourishing and effective by the proceedings of this day.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

SEQUEL TO THE NEW DODGE.

In replication to the forgery as exposed by Mr. Lover in the *Cork Examiner*, and copied into the *Lit. Gaz.* (No. 1471, p. 204), the party shewn up has published the following impertinent and personal letter:—

"*To the Editor of the Cork Examiner.*

"King Street, Cork, March 26, 1845.

"Sir—I have just seen in your columns a letter signed 'Samuel Lover,' disclaiming a pleasant little squib which the Editor of the *Shropshire Conservative* lately printed. I can only say, that I know the opinions of the Editor of that paper too well, to suppose he intended to use the name of that individual as a puff. The Samuel Lover whose name was attached to the rhyming review was an 'Esquire'—a title to which, I believe, strollers and singers have as yet no legitimate claim."

To which epistle Mr. L. has applied this cutting castigation:

"*To the Editor of the Cork Examiner.*

"17 Upper Baker Street, Portman Square.

"Sir—It was with some surprise I saw in your paper of last Wednesday a piece of ribald abuse directed against me for having exposed a disgraceful forgery. It is sufficiently evident, from that figment of filth, that its unscrupulous writer is himself the fabricator of the fustian in which he swathed his still-born literary bantling, is his own 'whitewasher' in his insolvent court of criticism. This is so apparent, that I regret a paper of the respectability of the *Cork Examiner* should have allowed its columns to be defiled with a piece of personal abuse of a man who claims no higher *rank* than that which an unblemished reputation bestows, and is therefore above the reach of the dirt which the malignity of exposed literary larceny seeks to fling. But as personality has been resorted to, and equality of weapons is conceded in all encounters, I claim, through the medium of your columns, to make known that I have inquired who the person is whose name *hangs* at the bottom of the flippant note in question, who can forge no name under the rank of 'Esquire,'* and who looks upon forgery in the light of a 'pleasant little squib.' I find there is a person so named residing in King Street, a retailer of coal, turf, whisky, and other fireworks for the million, that he 'owns' a hopeful son who wishes to figure as a literary Guy Faux, even at the expense of being blown up by his own *feu-d'artifice*.

"As he has already figured in courts of law,† I would seriously urge on parental attention the recent case of Tawell, whose career began by imposition and forgery.‡ Let him point to his unhappy boy that Quaker's gallows in the vista, and caution him to sin no more.—I have the honour to remain, sir, your obedient servant, SAMUEL LOVER."

* Our bear dances only to the genteelest tunes.—*Goldsmith*.

† Bull *versus* Kenealy (Cork), Chitty *versus* Kenealy (London).

‡ "A pleasant little squib" on the Uxbridge Bank.

The Governess's Benevolent Institution.—This excellent institution holds its anniversary on Wednesday, when, owing to the rapid progress it has made in public estimation and support, a distinguished meeting may be anticipated. There is no class in our wide community whose condition more touchingly appeals to sympathy and claims consideration than the important body to whom the dearest interests of families are so universally confided. Among them there is much of distress and much of desert, much exposure to wrong and much intelligence and virtue. Sex, accomplishments, an uncertain line of life, all recommend them to individual and national attention; and a well-administered society like this appears to be the best means through which what is due to their merits and their misfortunes can be supplied.

Garden Allotments.—We rejoice to observe that Mr. William Cowper's bill for field-garden allotments to the industrious labourer and mechanic went through a second reading on Wednesday in the House of Commons. Every little, says the proverb, makes a mickle; and though a variety of cavils may arise from a variety of quarters against pieces of ground, or penny-schools, or comfortable residences, or wash-houses, or baths, or sports and recreations, or other measures to lighten and alleviate the condition of the humbler orders—the objection often being that something else for their good is not done—there cannot be a doubt but that every one of these arrangements must contribute essentially to improve their condition, and render them more comfortable and contented.

THE CONTRAPUNTAL AND MUSICAL REVIEW.

On Church Psalmody.

The fourth evil of psalmody, to which we alluded in a late article on this subject (*L. G.* No. 1461), was "the puerile arrangements of the tunes." We will here explain what constitutes the legitimate choral style (or psalmody), and what ought to be avoided in this noble species of sacred music. John Sebastian Bach may with truth be considered the father of the sublime and pure choral style. So far superior are his choral writings to those of every other composer, that all the best musicians have taken him as their model; and, notwithstanding a century and a half has elapsed, no one up to this time has equalled, far less surpassed him. The combined efforts, then, of all musicians, and the clergy and the laity, should be to maintain the dignity to which Bach has raised this species of composition. But it is to be feared that very few English congregations, in these vitiated musical *Polka* days, are sufficiently grounded in classical music, or even so well instructed in psalmody, as to hear with pleasure the noble choral compositions of Bach. When we compare the common-place un-artistical harmonies adapted to meet the taste of the present age, we look upon it as certain that the inspired works of this lofty genius are not only unsought for, but even discarded by the Church of England, invaded as it has been by some of the most light tunes used by ranters and various dissenters. This fact appears the more startling, when we consider that the high-church party are no less friends to this low style of church-music.

There are two distinct styles of correct choral writing. The most ancient is that in which each voice of the harmony moves homœophonically (Ex. 1), and which before Bach's time was generally employed. The other, and more sublime, is that in which the voices move polyphonically (Ex. 2). Before music was understood as a science, neither order, connexion, nor rhythm were observed. The Jews have to this day an uncertain and vague method of connecting music with words. There can be no doubt that as poetry was, in the age to which we refer, little confined within the rules of prosody, musical rhythm was then almost disregarded. The English chant now in use is a relic of ancient singing; on this account each voice should move homœophonically, or the want of order in respect to the words would be so perceptible as to render them indistinct and almost unintelligible.

The most important epochs with regard to setting words to music appear to be as follows: 1st, melody alone, without either harmony or rhythm; 2d, melody with harmony, in which each voice moved homœophonically, and without regard to rhythm; 3d, melody with harmony, in which the voices moved polyphonically, and with due regard to order and rhythm. The voices in Bach's choral writings move polyphonically, and it is evident that this is the most refined and elevated style of psalmody, since it could not be employed with effect unless order and regularity were observed both in the words and in the music. Unity with variety is the grand object to which a choral writer should aspire, and it will be found that in Ex. 2 this important feature is gained; whereas the general effect of the harmony in Ex. 1 is too sudden and decided to produce unity with variety. The beauty of harmony consists in having a pleasing melody in each voice; and the more independently each moves together, the more interesting and grateful the combinations will be to the cultivated and refined ear.

Musicians are aware that there are three different dispersions of harmony, viz. close, wide, and dispersed (Exs. 3, 4). Chorales for four voices should be arranged in dispersed harmony, because not only are the voices more equally divided and produce a richer effect, but what is still more essential, it gives more scope for pure melody in each voice. Dr. Crotch, Mr. Horsley, Jacob, and many others, who have some reputation in the choral style in England, have, instead of treading in the footsteps of the greatest musicians of all countries, arranged their collections of psalmody in close harmony; thus copying self-taught amateurs in music, or some clergymen, who are too fond of dabbling in music, and arranging tunes for the church. For close harmony we have for example Crotch, Horsley, and Jacob; for dispersed harmony we have Bach, Rinck, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and in fact all the best composers of classical music for more than two centuries back. We have often with regret seen the following title-page: "Psalmody arranged for the Organ or Piano-forte." This is either a professional fraud, or a display of ignorance on the part of such collectors and arrangers of psalmody; for no man truly competent to give out a worthy selection of psalms can be ignorant of the difference in arranging for an organ and a piano-forte. We are bound to say, that it is unmusician-like and mercenary: unmusician-like, because it shews a want of knowledge between the two instruments; mercenary, because it must be done merely with an unbecoming desire to get money.

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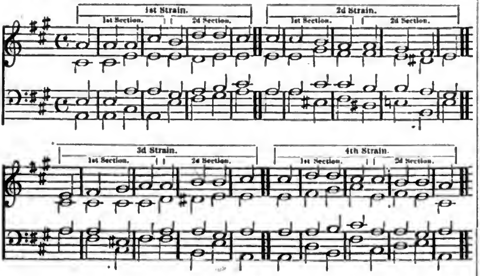
Metrical psalmody is usually divided into four musical phrases or strains (see Ex. 1). The best mode of singing them is, generally, to divide each phrase into two sections. Singers should accustom themselves to sing each section without taking breath, and to get breath at the commencement of every new section. By thus performing the psalm-tunes, the singers would preserve a smooth and solemn style — a thing much to be wished for in choral music. National-school children, who are taught to detach their notes, are sadly neglected and ill instructed, since the necessary connexion of each section and phrase is thereby interrupted, and the effect will, of course, be the very reverse of smooth and solemn. Great care should be taken to pronounce every word clearly, feelingly, and with a correct diction, otherwise the tones will be destroyed. To connect phrases together when the sense of the words demands a continuation to the following musical phrase, is also essential.

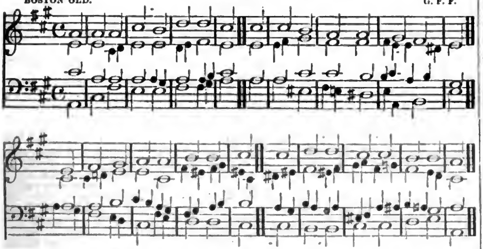
Example 1.

BOSTON OLD. G. French Flowers, Mus. Bac. Oxon.

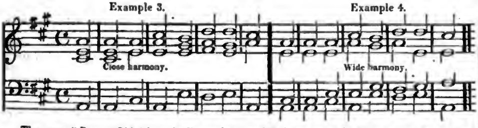


Example 2.

BOSTON OLD. G. P. F.



Example 3. Example 4.



The tune "Boston Old," both in Examples 1 and 2, is arranged in dispersed harmony; and from the short specimens of close and wide harmonies in Examples 3 and 4, it will be clearly seen that the melodies of the second and third voices are neither natural, flowing, nor easy to sing; and psalm-tunes arranged (or rather disarranged) in this style are nothing but clumsy attempts of unlettered musicians or amateurs, most unworthy of the slightest patronage, and quite out of all character for the organ. Lastly, those only are really competent to compose and arrange classical and pure choral music who are educated contrapuntists.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—The opera is fast rising to its highest pitch of excellence. On Tuesday the charming Grisi and magnificent Lablache made their first bow amid the welcoming plaudits of the most brilliant house hitherto assembled this season. Grisi sang in perhaps her most suitable character, *Norma*, in which her style is masterly and beautiful; she stands unrivalled in brilliant and sparkling execution. Lablache's performance needs no comment. Moriani took the part of *Pollione* for the first time; and in addition to his very manly tones, acted with a good and original notion of the proud Roman character. Madlle. Rosetti was promoted to the rank of second soprano on this occasion, and gave the well-known part of *Adalgisa* with great credit; her voice has good power and intonation, and with a little more attention to expression, both in voice and countenance, she will be a most useful singer. The gay *corps de ballet* of little *danseuses Viennoises* delighted the audience with their light and joyous evolutions, and were much applauded. On Thursday the famous Spanish dancer, La Nena, with M. Garcia, danced the *Bolero* in true national style; but there was so little of it that we can hardly offer an opinion. She appears to be very beautiful, though rather heavy; but we must see more of her before we can compare her rapid Spanish style with the sylph-like movements of France and Italy.

Drury Lane.—Duprez made his first appearance here for the season on Monday, in his character of *Arnold*, in *William Tell.* It is not a pleasing thing to hear a man of former greatness striving, with good intentions and right ideas, to create the great effects he once did; M. Duprez nevertheless contrives to elicit the praises of his audience. On the whole, the opera was not well done; the band is almost very bad; and even if better, an English theatre, devoted to opera and *ballet*, has but poor chance whilst the Italian stage is adorned by the utmost talent in both.

French Plays.—Her Majesty honoured these performances with her presence on Monday evening, when Casimir Delavigne's new comedy *L'Ecole des Vieillards* was repeated by desire, and was followed by *La Gageure imprévue*, a trifling but amusing little piece. Wednesday, Mdlle. Plessy appeared in *La Dame et la Demoiselle*, which had been announced for repetition on Monday, Plessy's representations attracting and delighting most fashionable and crowded audiences. Though her present engagement terminated this week, she is soon to return.

Concert in aid of King's College Hospital.—The respected Dean of the College opened his house for this purpose on Wednesday, in the most handsome and liberal manner; and a very fashionable company assembled to further the generous purpose. The music was of a very excellent kind, as we might expect from Mr. Neate's well-known taste and sound knowledge of the art. Madlle. Schloss and Mad. Dulcken's performances were particularly good: we trust sincerely that the charitable object will have been obtained, and that the hospital will benefit.

The Drury-Lane Theatrical Fund, under the presidency of the ever-benevolent Duke of Cambridge, held its anniversary on Wednesday at the Freemasons' Tavern, where about 200 gentlemen dined. Mr. Harley effectively pleaded the cause of the fund, and between 700*l.* and 800*l.* was subscribed in the hall, to which is to be added, a legacy of 500*l.* from the late Mr. Edward Walpole, throughout his life a great theatrical amateur.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO THE AUTUMN WIND.

Why leave the last leaf sighing
When all the loved are gone?
Set free the lorn and dying—
Thou, autumn wind, blow on!
Or hast thou in its grieving
Some triumph unexprest?
Like *his*, whose sighs deceiving,
Left desolate love's breast!

Say, hath the keen world taught thee
A lesson of its own?
When wounded hearts have sought thee,
To *leave them* sad and lone?
Less bitter is the wind, then,
That lays the poor leaf *low*;
Less cruel and unkind, then,
Than one false heart I know.

CHARLES SWAIN.

VARIETIES.

Royal Geographical Society.—On Wednesday, Mr. Murchison's third evening party assembled in Belgrave Square; and, as before, sweetened by the presence of ladies, passed off in a delightful manner. The last meeting takes place next month.

Royal Society.—The fourth and last evening meeting at the Marquis of Northampton's took place on Saturday, when the spacious suite of rooms was crowded to excess by a multitude of men of high rank and others distinguished in the sciences, fine arts, and literature. Many objects of great interest were disposed on the tables and walls; but it was no easy matter to approach and examine them. Several remarkable Etruscan vases (M. Auldjo's) attracted general notice; a beautiful ivory carving, a mechanical invention for dental surgery, engravings from various of the new methods recently introduced, and other curiosities, furnished topics for that agreeable and useful intercourse which these meetings so essentially promote; and when we also mention the courteous manners of the noble Marquis, diffusing a grace and genial feeling over the whole, we may take our leave of this season with thanking him cordially in the name of the hundreds who have been honoured by his kind and hospitable reception.

Neukomm's David.—This oratorio was performed on Thursday evening at Exeter Hall; but its effects did not rise above a rather monotonous level.

Mr. Charles Kemble's Readings of Shakspere have been gratifying the public at Crosby Hall in the city, and the Princess's Concert Room, Oxford-street. At the former place, *Richard the Third* was appropriately chosen for the opening; and thus where that monarch lived and sped on his daring career, was his memory revived in the vivid but prejudiced descriptions of the bard of Avon. Fancy could hardly conjure up an idea of the vast difference between the real and the represented: if London of the present day could see the London of then, it would indeed by a reading of incalculable wonder.

Interment in Towns.—Mr. Mackinnon has brought forward in the House of Commons his salutary measure to regulate, or rather to prevent, the interment of the dead in the midst of the dense population of towns; the principle of which was affirmed on a division. What obstacles stand in the way of so obviously wise and needful a course we are not exactly aware; but sure we are that either church interests or vested individual interest ought to yield to the paramount consideration of general health and moral feeling. Let the best possible compromise be made with those who are affected in purse; but do not let every object which advanced knowledge, altered circumstances and state of society, civilisation, and religion demand, be sacrificed to partial claims. You overthrow houses to make new streets, you run railroads through gardens and parks—surely, by similar legal steps, you may remove the greatest offence and nuisance that exists from the very heart of the metropolis and other populous cities! The public is deeply indebted to Mr. Mackinnon for the unremitting zeal and unwearied perseverance with which he has sought to obtain this national benefit.

New Trade with China.—We perceive, by recent New South Wales papers, that Mr. Benjamin Boyd is about to open up a new trade for the Australian colonies with China. The object of the voyage is for the purpose of endeavouring to introduce amongst the Chinese the staple commodity of the colony—wool, and opening a market with that great nation. Accounts from some of the northern parts of China, to which some time before Mr. Boyd sent samples of Australian wool, have prompted to this extended enterprise.—*Globe.**

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Orchidaceous Plants.—Messrs. Groombridge and Sons announce Mr. Henshall's Work on the Cultivation of Orchidaceous Plants.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Literature of Political Economy, by J. R. M'Culloch, Esq., 8vo, 14*s.*—The Power of the Soul over the Body, by G. Moore, M.D., post 8vo, 7*s.*—The Life and Travels of Thomas Simpson, by his Brother, Alexander Simpson, 8vo, 14*s.*—The Merits of Calvin, &c., with a Preface by the Rev. W. Pringle, 12mo, 2*s.*—The Hand-Book of Useful and Ornamental Amusements, &c., by a Lady, post 8vo, 8*s.*—Ode to the Queen, by Donald Bain, fcp. 8vo, 4*s.*—English Churchwomen of the Seventeenth Century, 12mo, 5*s.*—Englishman's Library, Vol. XXIX., The Martyr of Carthage, a Tale, by the Rev. E. Wilson, fcp. 4*s.* 6*d.*—Lost Happiness; or, the Effects of a Lie, by Lady Chatterton, 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Education the Birthright of every Human Being, &c., by the Rev. B. Parsons, 8vo, 3*s.*—Reynard the Fox, with Sixty Illustrations by Everdengen, 8vo, 35*s.*—Coghlan's Hand-Book of Central Europe, new edit., 12mo, 10*s.*—Sketches of Life and Character taken at Bow Street, by George Hodder, fcp. 7*s.* 6*d.*—Green's Second Book for Children, 12mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*—Commentary on the Apocalypse, by Moses Stuart, 2 vols. 8vo, 1*l.* 10*s.*—Sermons, chiefly practical, preached at Whitehall, 1843-45, by the Rev. James Hildyard, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—The Life of the Rev. Blanco White, edited by J. H. Thom, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 4*s.*—Life of Jean Paul F. Richter, 2 vols. 12mo, 7*s.* sewed.—System of Practical Arithmetic, by W. Lane, 12mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—The Spirit of the Polka, by Capt. Knox, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Probatio Clerica; or, Aids to Self-Examination, for Candidates for Holy Orders, by the Rev. W. E. Heygate, fcp. 3*s.* 6*d.*—Ellis' Specimens of Early English Poetry, 5th edit., 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 1*s.*—Female Characters of Holy Writ, by the Rev. Hugh Hughes, First Series, 12mo, 6*s.* 6*d.*—The Wandering Jew, by Eugene Sue, Vol. II., 8vo, 7*s.*—Manual of Prayers from the Liturgy, by the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, 12mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Life of General Lord Hill, by the Rev. E. Sidney, 8vo, 12*s.*—Leaves from a Journal, and other Poems, by Lord Robertson, 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Haweis' Communicant's Companion, with Preface by the Rev. B. Philpot, 32mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*—The Coming of the Lord to judge the Earth, by the Rev. E. Gibson, fcp. 2*s.* 6*d.*—Sermons, with Prayers at the end of each, by the Rev. R. Marks, 12mo, 5*s.*—Chronicles of Fashion, by Mrs. Stone, 2 vols. 8vo, 1*l.* 10*s.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We admire the feeling in E. C.'s Snowdrop; and in spite of some poetical defects, will find room for it if opportunity serves.

A number of *late* communications are, of necessity, reserved for leisure perusal.

* To this favourable prospect we may be allowed to add an individual testimony to the excellence of these Australian exports. We have upon our *Editorial* person at this moment a lower garment, indispensable but nameless, for which the sheep were reared, the wool shorn, and the web manufactured on Mr. Boyd's farm in Australia; and we can truly declare, that a more light, pleasant, neat not gaudy, and comfortable wear (all wool and no cotton mixture) does not appear either in the city or west-end of London. The mother-country as well as China might rejoice in the trade.—*Ed. L. G.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Nobility, Subscribers, and the Public, are respectfully informed that there will be an EXTRA NIGHT (not included in the Subscription,) on THURSDAY next, April 17th, when will be performed Rossini's Opera Seria, in Two Acts, entitled "Semiramide." Semiramide, Madame Grisi; Arsace, Mdlle. Brambilla (her first appearance this season); Assur, Sig. Fornasari; Idreno, Sig. Corelli; and Oroe, Sig. Lablache.

The Danseuses Viennoises will appear in some of their favourite Pas. With other entertainments; in which Made. Anaide Castellan, Made. Rita Borio, and Sig. Moriani, will appear. Also, a Divertissement, in which the celebrated Spanish dancer, Dona Manuela Perea, known as "La Nena," and the celebrated Bolero dancer, Don Felix Garcia, will appear, in various of the national Pas of Spain. With other entertainments; in which Mdlle. Lucile Grahn, M. Toussaint, M. Gosselin, and M. Perrot, will appear.

Applications for boxes, stalls, and tickets to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.

Doors open at Seven; the Opera to commence at half-past Seven.

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The Premiums, nevertheless, are on the most moderate scale; and only *One-half need be paid for the first Five Years*, where the Insurance is for life.

Every information will be afforded on application to the Resident Directors, Edward Boyd, Esq., and E. Lennox Boyd, Esq., at the temporary Offices during the alterations, No. 28 Regent Street, Waterloo Place, London.

LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Dividends on the Capital Stock of this Society for the Year 1844 are in the course of Payment, and can be received any day (Tuesday excepted) between the hours of 10 and 3 o'clock.

By order of the Directors.

April 10, 1845. GEORGE KIRKPATRICK, Actuary.

BETTS'S PATENT BRANDY.

Sir,—The sample of *Patent French Distilled Brandy* you sent me I have accurately examined; and having instituted a series of experiments on it and on the finest *French Brandy*, I have, in these comparative trials, been able to discover so little difference, either in their composition or effects, that they may be considered as identical; excepting that *your Brandy is free from uncombined acid and astringent matter*, which exists more or less in most of the Brandies imported from *France*.—I remain, sir, yours respectfully,

JOHN THOMAS COOPER,
Lecturer on Chemistry.

To Mr. Betts.

BETTS'S PATENT BRANDY is prescribed by the highest medical authorities in preference to French Brandy; and is exclusively used at *Guy's*, *St. George's*, *St. Thomas's*, the *Westminster*, and other *Hospitals*; and at the *Manchester*, *Bristol*, *Brighton*, and other Infirmaries.

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The SECOND ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place at the London Tavern, on WEDNESDAY, April 16, 1845.

The Right Hon. Viscount SANDON in the Chair.

His Grace the Duke of Rutland.	J. M. Elwes, Esq.
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Tickets, 21s., may be had from Mr. Charles W. Klugh, Assistant-Secretary, at the office of the Institution, 32 Sackville-street; and at the London Tavern.

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The ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL of this Charity will be held on FRIDAY, the 2d of May, 1845, at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street.

The Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR, President, in the Chair.

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Johnson, John, Esq., Ald.	
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N.B. Upon this occasion a Testimonial from a Subscription of the Governors will be presented to the Founder and Honorary Surgeon, Mr. Frederick Salmon, by Capt. Sir Edward Parry, R.N.

Tickets to be had of the Stewards; at the bar of the Tavern; or of Sam. B. Merriman, Esq., Honorary Secretary, 26 Austin Friars.

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Particulars, with the Declaration of the Nassau Government, shewing the impossibility of adulteration, or of a spurious article being substituted for the genuine, will be published as soon as the navigation of the Rhine is opened, and supplies received.

1 Wharf Road, City Road,
London, March 1845.

TO VISITORS to the CONTINENT.—

Messrs. J. and R. M'CRACKEN, Foreign Agents, and Agents to the Royal Academy, No. 7 Old Jewry, beg to remind the Nobility and Gentry that they continue to receive Consignments of Objects of Fine Arts, Baggage, &c. from all parts of the Continent for clearing through the Custom-House, &c.; and that they undertake the Shipment of Effects to all parts of the world.

Lists of their Correspondents abroad, and every information, may be had on application at their Office as above.

Extensive and Valuable Library of Books.

To be SOLD by AUCTION, by Mr. HANDS, on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY, the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th of APRIL, 1845, at the FESTIVAL CONCERT ROOM, in the City of YORK, at Eleven o'Clock each day,

THE Entire and Valuable LIBRARY of the

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The Collection contains nearly 5000 Volumes, and includes many scarce and valuable Works in History, Classics, and British and Modern European Literature.

The Books may be viewed on Monday the 14th of April. Catalogues may be had, on or after the 3d of April, at the Offices of Mr. C. Mitchell, Town and Country Advertising Agent, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London; the *Midland Counties Herald*, Birmingham; the *Yorkshireman* Newspaper, Parliament Street, York; and the Auctioneer, 85 Micklegate, York.

The Law Books will be sold on *Friday*, the 18th of April.

At the same time will be sold several Mahogany Bookcases, Library Table, &c.

GREAT RUSSIAN CHRONOMETRICAL EXPEDITION.

—E. J. DENT, 82 Strand, and 33 Cockspur Street, has the high and distinguished honour of stating, that his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia has recently condescended to confer on him "the appointment and title of Chronometer-Maker to his Imperial Majesty," as a reward for the unequalled performance of his Chronometers during the Expedition of 1844. In 1843, his Imperial Majesty the Emperor was pleased to reward the performance of Dent's Chronometers with a Gold Medal of the highest Order of Merit.

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Bokhara Victims. By Capt. Grover, Unatt., F.R.S. 8vo, pp. 307. London, Chapman and Hall.

This is a very fierce onslaught against Lord Aberdeen and the Foreign Office, Sir Robert Peel and House of Commons tactics, Lord Ellenborough and Indian despatches, and Col. Shiel and Mr. Bloomfield and Oriental diplomacy impersonated in the one, and ambassadorial manœuvring (at St. Petersburg) exemplified in the other.

Now we have gone cordially with the author in all his laudable and zealous exertions on behalf of the victims of Bokhara; and we conscientiously and warmly offer our tribute of applause to the excellence and humanity of his motives, and the devotedness of his indefatigable efforts—but we cannot brandish our pen to run a-muck like this along with him into every quarter where he has failed to carry the measures he proposed, and in his own way. It is, perhaps, too generally true that *Offices have no feelings;* but hardened as men in official life are apt to become to many sympathies cherished by others not so tried with the ways of the world, it would not be easy to induce us to believe that the Earl of Aberdeen connived at a murder, that Sir Robert Peel mystified and palliated it, and that other noblemen and gentlemen were accomplices before and accessaries after the act. Yet to this extent do Capt. Grover's charges go; and wherever he has been crossed, he boldly imputes the most corrupt motives and infamous conduct to all who have stood in his way. For his own object, we think, he blames too much. It creates a doubt and suspicion in our mind that his imagination has been too much excited to enable him to distinguish clearly; and sure we are that, on several of the most important points he urges, he does not deliberate calmly and justly. If one tithe he states were true and capable of proof, impeachments more tangible than that menaced by Mr. Ferrand might be rife and mortal. Tower Hill might again afford spectacles to an admiring populace, and the executions of Bokhara be rivalled and out-done in London!

It is far from an agreeable task to review this volume; but it must be done, and we will perform the duty as candidly as we can.

Capt. G. states that Col. Stoddart was sent by Sir John M'Neill in 1838 on a political mission from Persia to Bokhara, and was unfortunately exposed to insult and suspicion in consequence of the letters he carried being addressed to a late vizier who had meanwhile been disgraced and imprisoned. After monstrous sufferings, he made profession of the Mussulman faith to save his life; but was still confined in a horrid dungeon. In 1839 and 1840 he endured vicissitudes of imprisonment and royal favour; and reports were received that he had been murdered, but these were disproved by letters from him to Midsummer in 1841.

Now, says Capt. Grover, our government ought to have recognised him as a public servant, and sent out an order to vouch for him and procure his release. And here our author's rage breaks forth:

"Did such an order reach him? I say, no! Was it ever written? No copy of any such letter was to be found among the mass of documents which were submitted to me by the Earl of Aberdeen's direction; no document that could lead me to believe that any—the slightest—effort had been made by the British government in behalf of this faithful envoy. And why should there be? Who was Colonel Stoddart? Was he allied to the aristocracy? Had he parliamentary or other influence? Had he relations who were likely to raise a clamour if their relative had been abandoned? None of these. Colonel Stoddart was a mere soldier of fortune—a brave, honourable, honest man; and therefore not worth thinking about. Had he been even a regular bred diplomatist, there might have been some reason for exertion; but to make any stir concerning a man about whom it was not likely any one would care, unless to inquire about his arrears of pay or salary, really the idea must have appeared quite absurd to the diplomatic gentlemen in their comfortably warmed and carpeted rooms in Downing Street; and perhaps they may smile now while they contemplate the horrible sufferings of their victims, which a little exertion on their part might have averted."

This is not the tone which any person of moderate judgment or correct ideas can approve: on the contrary, it is harsh, vindictive, and incapable of humane or rational application. But the incensed Captain goes on:

"A government having extensive relations like the British, has frequently occasion to send intelligent men on important missions attended with great personal danger. The uninitiated reader would naturally think that one of the regular experienced diplomatists would be sent on these important occasions. By no means. These gentlemen never go where there is personal danger. They look out for a Colonel Stoddart. Should the mission succeed, the gentlemen in Downing Street take to themselves credit for their sagacity in sending him; should it fail, they call their envoy an 'innocent traveller,' and coolly say, 'Que diable allait il faire dans cette galère.' Count Woronzow, in presence of the British minister at St. Petersburg, when I was craving the Emperor's aid for Dr. Wolff,—Count Woronzow, I say, actually blamed Colonel Stoddart for not having abandoned his post when General Peroffsky had procured his liberation. I told the Count my friend had acted perfectly right in sacrificing his life rather than his honour. The gentlemen in Downing Street have adopted a mode of proceeding with these military diplomatists which must materially diminish their labour, and totally put an end to the necessity of even the appearance of anxiety. It is simply to say they are dead: 'The man's dead, and there's an end on't.' In the case of my unfortunate friend, no sooner did Saleh Mahommed's lying statement (the man is now a convicted scoundrel) reach Downing Street, when these gentlemen, without even taking the trouble to send to the Royal Geographical Society to inquire in what part of the world Bokhara was situated, officially announced that Colonel Stoddart had died at 'Bokhara in *Persia!*' I can assure the reader that I am not joking now; the above melancholy fact will be found in the *Monthly Army List* for March 1843. Fearing that this display of ignorance might be perpetuated in the *Annual Army List*, I wrote to the Secretary-at-war a letter, in which I expressed to him my desire to avert such a misfortune, and respectfully informed him that Bokhara was an independent nation, more than twice as big as England and Wales, and that it had no more to do with Persia than with Russia or China. I received in reply a letter of thanks, and an intimation that the word 'Persia,' would be left out in the *Annual Army List*. And so it was!"

That any piece of etiquette—whether poor Stoddart was to be officially viewed as "a diplomatic agent," or "an innocent traveller"—should have interfered with efforts for his rescue, is a melancholy question. Captain Grover contends for the former; and asserts, that being considered as the latter, both in correspondence with the Russian General Peroffsky, at Orenberg, and by Lord Ellenborough, in his letter to the Ameer of Bokhara, sealed the doom of his friend, and also of his unhappy companion Conolly; and thus he argues:

"One day an old French general asked me if any recent intelligence had been received from the Bokhara captives. I replied, 'that I believed not; that I was most anxious about Colonel Stoddart, who was my friend; that the only consolation I had was the certain conviction that every means was being employed by the British government for the relief of these unfortunate men.' The general gave me a peculiar look, and said, 'Did it never occur to you that these men were intentionally sacrificed by the British government?' I now laughed outright: 'No, no, general; whatever sins of commission or omission the government of '*perfide* Albion' may have to answer for, the accusation of abandoning her public servants is one at which you must allow me to laugh.' The general, however, looked very serious, and replied, in a tone so slow and solemn, that I no longer smiled: 'Had these brave officers been Frenchmen, they would not have been allowed to linger in a dungeon at Bokhara. You seem to attach but little importance to what I say; but from what I have seen of your zeal and enthusiasm here in unmasking imposture, I am quite sure that if you are the friend of either of these wretched men, you will at least make some inquiries on the subject.' The general was right."

By and by the writer concedes much more to the interest taken by Lord Aberden in Dr. Wolff's mission; but anon relapses into his former mood, and vituperates the noble secretary, and his Sub, Mr. Addington, in unmeasured terms.

"I must here state (he says), that his lordship's assistance surpassed his promises, and far exceeded our expectations; and any one who has read what I have published from time to time in the newspapers, will have observed that I have taken every opportunity of expressing publicly to his lordship the gratitude I

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sincerely felt for his lordship's kind assistance, as long as I was satisfied of his sincerity."

Why Lord Aberdeen should not have been sincere, but should have wished the destruction of Colonel Stoddart, is nowhere suggested, and would be impossible to surmise! At first, Capt. G. does not go the whole length of this incredible accusation. He writes:

"Without venturing absolutely to say that the government wished for the destruction of these brave but unfortunate envoys, I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that they wished to establish a belief of their death in the minds of the public; and, in my opinion, the one is quite as wicked as the other. This suppression of intelligence, by checking exertion, might absolutely occasion the destruction of which they wished to establish a belief." And "thus the reader will see that, by establishing an opinion of the death of these unfortunate men, the circulation of intelligence was prevented. Let us suppose for a moment an officer commanding an outpost at one of our frontier cantonments on the Sutledge. This gentleman is leisurely occupied discussing his tiffin; a sergeant enters, and informs him that a wretched man has arrived, who has not the least appearance of a European; he is covered with rags, filth, vermin, and sores, and yet says he is an English Colonel escaped from Bokhara, and that his name is Stoddart. Lieut. Easy (after a long yawn), 'Why, what the devil is all this nonsense you tell me about Col. Stoddart? This is indeed a capital joke! What an impudent impostor this rascal must be! Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly were both publicly executed some time ago. Hand me that 'Army List' in the red cover. Let me see! Ah, true enough;—here it is! Page 95. 'Deaths.—Lieut.-Colonel Stoddart, H.P. Royal Staff Corps, Bokhara, Persia. 17th June, 1842.' Well, there can be no mistake about that, although these officials are a little out in their geography, certainly. Bokhara in Persia! But, however, there can be no doubt that this Col. Stoddart is officially defunct; therefore, this fellow must be a spy. Let him have a 'cobbing' with a gun-sling, see him safe on the other side of the Sutledge, tell him to return from whence he came; and should he be found lurking about the cantonments, let him be hung without ceremony.' Such, seriously, might be the effect of giving credit to a report of a man's death. And this official announcement of the death of a brave officer was merely based upon a report — a report furnished by a regular scoundrel, as has been since proved, and for furnishing which this fellow received 3000 rupees. Now, really, for my part, I would rather lose my time in endeavouring to restore animation to a corpse than run the slightest risk of allowing the vital spark to expire for want of a little care and exertion. So do they not think in Downing Street."

Again we have to express our deep regret at the temper displayed in these remarks; but worse remains behind, and the most distinct charges of deliberate murder are plainly and unhesitatingly made!! There is a long discussion about a sum of 400*l.* generously paid by Capt. G. on behalf of Dr. Wolff, and much correspondence with the Foreign Office on the subject; but as this is a minor matter, we will leave it untouched. Captain G. writes very warmly—it might be said, were it in a bad cause, very insolently; and Lord A. has the best of it in temper, whatever he may have in argument.

"I will now (says the former) plainly tell your lordship that a Dr. Wolff might as easily have been found in 1840, 1841, or 1842, as in 1843; that Dr. Wolff's danger arose from his not having been furnished with authority to claim our envoys; and that, if your lordship had done your duty, those brave and faithful envoys would not have been allowed to linger during those years in captivity."

After much more of the same kind, his lordship invites to an interview, and endeavours to conciliate, his irrate correspondant; but Capt. G. indignantly refuses to withdraw his letters, and etiquette again arises to mar a reasonable course.

With regard to the life or death of our countrymen, it seems that even Dr. Wolff's journey has done nothing to satisfy Capt. Grover. In one place he tells us Dr. Wolff writes:

"Firstly, on the 29th of April, the king stated to me, by medium of the above-named Nayeb, and in the presence of Mullah Kasem, the king's mahram (private chamberlain), that he had put to death, in the month of Sarratan, 1259, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly."

And he adds, as a note:

"I have the highest authority in this country for stating, that the month of Sarratan, 1259, means July 1843."

Elsewhere July 1842 is the date assigned to the execution; but, strangest of all, in the conclusion, Capt. G. maintains that neither of the prisoners have been murdered at all, but are now living in confinement at Samarkand!! He also observes, generally:

"The reader will not be surprised at the woful ignorance of the British government of the affairs in Central Asia, when I inform him that, for some time past, we have had no resident at Meshad; and thus, for the sake of a paltry saving of eight tomans (4*l.*) per month, we remain in ignorance of the important events that are passing in Khorassaun. It was owing to this paltry saving of four pounds per month that a rascal like Mohamed Ali Saraaf, the worthy friend of Saleh Mohamed, was enabled to intercept the English letters on their way to Bokhara. As I purpose, on a future occasion, giving to the public some information on the state and nature of our diplomatic relations with Central Asia, I will merely say, that this false statement of the prime minister would lead the public naturally to imagine that the Russian representative had also sent a confirmatory statement. I think I have brought forward facts enough to shew the reader that the government has exhibited a most extraordinary anxiety to induce the nation to believe that these envoys have ceased to exist, and that the government has only published intelligence tending to confirm the opinion they were desirous should be adopted. The committee constantly received a journal of Dr. Wolff's proceedings, which the doctor will communicate to the public."

This by the way of literary news; and now we must draw to a conclusion. Captain G. appears to have tried to force government into national diplomacy, to which it was disinclined, for reasons of policy; and hence arose much of the angry and unsatisfactory disputes herein recorded. Himself earnestly occupied with a single object, and conversant with every minute detail, he has often a considerable advantage over antagonists occupied with important public business, for whom and for which he never thinks of making any allowance; but if he can get them into any mistake, he pins to them as a bull-dog would to an ox. The failure of his journey to Petersburg, and the refusal of an audience by the Emperor, he attributes to the intrigues of the British ministers; and in short, he concludes:—

"When I have reasoned with Russian officers against their opinion, that Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly were intended to be sacrificed by the British government, I have been met with the following questions, which I have been obliged to confess my inability to answer:—'1. Why were not efforts made to recover these officers when we were in possession of Cabul?—2. When Sir Richmond Shakespeare was at Khiva, was he instructed to attempt their release, or to gain information concerning them? and, if not, why not?—3. Why were they not claimed as *envoys* instead of '*innocent travellers*,' which was to declare them spies?—4. Why did the British government send these officers, and then disavow and abandon them?—5. Why did not the Queen of England answer the Ameer's letter, instead of directing the secretary of state so to do? as every one with the slightest acquaintance of Oriental affairs must be well aware that no attention whatever is given to the signature of any vizier or minister; and that such an answer would be received as an unpardonable insult.'"

Anne Hathaway; or, Shakspeare in Love. By Emma Severn. 3 vols. R. Bentley.

A VERY bold theme; in which not to have failed is a degree of triumph. We fancy this is the first essay of the fair author, to whose estimable brother we were, a few years ago, indebted for the discovery of relics concerning the immortal bard which had escaped all previous research. This may have turned her mind to the subject, and we have here her picture of the olden times, opening with the sweet Willie-O at the age of fifteen, and Anne Hathaway more mature in years, but equally in love with the enamoured boy; and extending to their marriage-day. On the canvass we have the woolstapler Shakspeare and his family; the yeoman Hathaway, his shrew wife, and domestic establishment; Gresham the London merchant, Sir Thomas Lucy, the fat woman of Arden, dwellings and costumes, and other personages, whose quaint language and doings Miss Severn has done her best to place vividly before her readers. A reputed witch and her monstrous offspring are prominent actors; and the trial and burning of the supposed sorceress, which is added to the tale, is the most striking account of such a catastrophe that we ever read. Merely as a specimen of the writing, we quote two passages. Dame Hathaway goes to consult the witch:

"After passing many a pleasant snug-looking hut with a hasty glance and impatient step, Jane Hathaway suddenly faltered to loiter before a broken gate which led to the dwelling she sought. It was one of singular and most unpromising aspect: the garden was a wilderness, the mud walls lat in the light, the roof was broken, and one corner of the poor building lay in ruins, storm-stricken by the same lightning which had smote an old oak-stump, and half-blasted sickly willow, that yet dipped one drooping and lanky branch into the stagnant waters of a green-mantled pond close by. Goody Hathaway's nerves were in a state of excitement; she painfully felt the full influence of this wretched scene, and her hand trembled as she stooped to unfasten the ruined gate. 'Ye come late, but ye come welcome,' said one in an impressive though harsh voice, throwing open the ricketty gate with the air of a prince's porter—'Enter!' 'Hob, poor Hob,' said the dame, slipping a silver penny into the distorted hand of a strange, whimsical figure, 'I would speak with your good mother.' 'Lia

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not, woman,' answered the crippled brother of Guy; 'my mother is not good. Forward, and do your errand! Think you to keep us watching throughout the hated day as well as the tiresome night?' With a malignant smile, the cripple curled himself up in the wretched porch, which seemed too small, frail, and decayed, to shelter a lame hound. The dame obeyed, and stepping over the broken doorway, stood in the presence of a miserable hag. Through patched and forlorn rags, the living form before her appeared like a skeleton, robed by the miserable fantasy of some horrid dream. The long, brown, bony arms were visible through the torn vestments she wore; the crooked and clawed fingers moved restlessly, as if to seek, by employment, some solace for the troubled mind, some relief for the pangs of mental or of bodily pain. Now the poor creature cast leaves on the smouldering fire with an uncertain aim, now plaited the miserable garments that hung on her attenuated limbs, and then, with feeble efforts and tottering steps, attempted to sort and dust the sordid rubbish within her wretched room. Dame Hathaway's impatient temper was hushed for a time into something like awe at the sight of what seemed the very depth of human misery. 'Well,' she said, 'I come to tell you Guy is a good boy.' The hag spat with an appearance of scorn and hatred. 'Think you to cheat me with a base lie?' she said; 'your errand was less idle.' 'But this was part of it,' urged the dame, without shewing any anger at the insult she had received; 'I am myself a mother, and 'twas my thought you would like to hear of your own first.' The hag started, her feeble muscles rose like the black and storm-tightened cordage of a wreck. 'A mother!' she hoarsely screamed; 'woman, you know not the tie.' Flinging back the torn cloak from her wasted form, she tossed her bony arms in wild triumph. 'I alone am a mother,' she shrieked; 'my twins were born under the gallows-tree; but for them I had died beneath the wavering shadow of him whom the human fiends hung there: all the dreary night they stole my anguish from the thoughts of the murdered man; I wept for my living babes, I fed them with hot tears—my life was wrapt in theirs. Time came, and shewed me that one was deprived of reason, the other lacked the goodly form and stature of manhood,—and then I was indeed a mother! Woman,' she said sternly, 'she who rears the helpless, blighted cripple — she who nurses wandering, unsettled idiotcy—alone can tell the utmost intensity of the strong love which humanity can prove to its offspring. The flesh is off my bones—the spirit hath forsaken my mind—my eyes are dim, and my blood stagnant; yet the smile of vacant idiotcy, the voice and sight of a wayward cripple, have potent charms to soothe a lot so awful, so desolate as mine own.' Dame Hathaway held down her head, and wept. ''Tis long,' said the hag, 'since they hung my broken-hearted man; were he but alive, dame, I could offer you comfort and cheer; but lo! the nettle, the hemlock, and the deadly nightshade, have sprung where the fruit and flowers he planted once throve. I also am changed—for my guests were not wont to be so sorrowful; the storm hath stripped my roof, the lightning blasted my home; but with a wilder storm and a fiercer bolt, heaven's vengeance hath shivered all that renders roof and home most dear; but what of that? I was a wife—I am a mother!'"

A bridal retreat is thus painted:

"The company began to disperse ere the shades of evening were closed in. With many a song, and many a rude blessing, the rustic bride had taken possession of her little hut. 'Twere long and tedious to tell of nuptial ceremonies which, though past for ages, are familiar to every lover of antiquity. The poor man had adorned his cottage with care and neatness for her who came so gladly to share his portion of humble happiness, to lighten and divide the load of evil which every child of humanity must needs bear. For her, the rough walls were hung with many a ballad and print, purchased at no small cost of the Autolycus of Stratford's many fairs: for whether prince or clown, it is not man's property to love and to be of sound mind. 'Twas an odd thing to behold that, in most of these rough specimens of art, there was comfort, religion, and philosophy, for the poor. One shewed the miser and the fool, in custody of a grim and ghastly skeleton; in another, death, grinning horribly, was robbing a dying usurer's money-bags. From a drawing by Goltzius, was a gay woodcut, shewing vanity in the person of a fine lady at a mirror, clad in silks, and decked with jewels, surprised by the grim tyrant's fatal dart. In all, there was a stern and mocking contempt of the adventitious circumstances of rank and wealth, which was a sight to behold, and a moral to feel. A beggar was strutting in a regal robe, which ill hid his maimed limbs and patched garb; a fool's motley was covered by the furred gown of the justice; with many more of the like description; proving that in no age the lash of satire spares the folly of pretension, or allows crime to escape unpunished; all teaching, however, a lesson cheering enough to man, as it demonstrates a strength in our moral nature, which must ever struggle with the unruly waves of ambitious, heartless pride, and bear up bravely against the pitiless oppression of mere worldly-mindedness."

The last half of the third volume contains three smaller pieces—Martin Luther, Sleepe End, and Sea Sympathy—which evince a variety of talent in Miss Severn, whose whole performance we recommend to the curious reader.

Impressions of Australia Felix, during Four Years' Residence; Notes of a Voyage Round the World; Australian Poems, &c. By Richard Howitt. 12mo, pp. 362. London: Longmans.

THE above title-page would prepare the reader for a miscellany, or as the Romans had it, an *omnium gatherum;* and such they will find it to be. Countries civilised and uncivilised, land and sea, prose and verse, intermingle in hues as varying as those of the dying dolphin; and though there is no very strong general impression, the details are amusing and intelligent, and we have, as it were, gossipped through the whole of nearly four hundred pages with the reverse of lassitude or discontent.

From such a production we do not think it necessary to cull many extracts; but a few are due to its deserts, and we begin with the last paragraph of the volume.

"Five years had elapsed, and we were again in London—and on the very day of the month and of the very month that we had left it for Australia. * * * And here I was again in England, where our forefathers, sleeping, generation after generation, in the bosom of their green and beautiful land, where they, age after age, not only fashioned for themselves, by their industry, comfortable homes of rural enjoyment and rest, but bequeathed it to their descendants, better cultivated, a more wealthy and habitable country. The labour, affection, and cares of its myriads of sleeping benefactors, who toiled, adorned, and fought for it, have made it what it is, conspicuously the glory of all nations, a paradise of love, and joy, and liberty. Not, alas! wholly exempt from crime, and woe, and want, and disease; but animated by a quick spirit of Christian philanthropy, every day rendering the sum of these less and less. Full of these sentiments, and strongly impressed by the sense of our national greatness, and unwearied activity in the diffusion of universal good, I blessed the land in my heart; and was satisfied that the most singularly earthly good fortune, the greatest honour that could fall to the lot of mortal man, was to have been born in England; and the truest earthly wisdom, to endeavour to live in it!"

Such was the result of Mr. Howitt's experiences; reminding us of honest Jack Fuller, who in parliament declared, "It is the finest country in the world! and he who does not like it, —— him, let him leave it!"

The author's voyage out, on doing so, is well journalised; *ex. gr.:*

"*October* 10.—Again very stormy. A large quantity of porpoises leaping and cutting through from wave to wave, round the prow of the vessel. A brig seen on the lee-bow. Very faint indication of there being such a thing as a sun; the captain not able to take an observation. A person observed to the chief mate that it was likely to blow a gale by-and-by. 'A gale!' said he, 'what is it now?' The uproarious jolly sport of the porpoises in the morning was prophetically malevolent, as though they enjoyed the coming of a storm for us. Lightning faintly seen in the distance towards night. * * * We are already past Portugal. Another vessel over the weather-bow. Furl our sails to come near her. She proves to be a French brig from the Mediterranean to Havre. Our cook, being a Frenchman, speaks her. She has few people on board, whilst we make a goodly show; all out, old and young, all eager for the sight. The ship's name is Charlotte Auguste. Perhaps our friends in England may now hear of us. Our captain sets the seafaring French people higher in our estimation for politeness and punctuality than they were before, and certainly we did not heretofore lightly esteem them. He says we may more certainly depend on their good offices than on those of our own nation; John Bull being too often careless, negligent, or forgetful. It is Sunday, and there has been service as before. The very ocean seems aware that it is a holy time, for although the morning was cloudy, the sun now shines upon us from the purest azure—a divine afternoon. The billows seem to have checked half their roughness—dancing and glittering in the sun. * * *

"Not a breath of air; we are becalmed; the sunset most gorgeous! pillars and domes of flame-coloured cloud, partly lost in blue, pale-blue fleecy masses, with a blending of all colours. I exclaimed with Wordsworth,

'Ah me! how quiet earth and ocean were;'

but could not continue his exclamation—

'As quiet all within me.'

These dead calms were to me the most awful and restless visitations possible. Not alone were they suspensions, sleeps of the elements; they were the embodiment of the universality of death. Time and eternity seemed blended into one; the very sun seemed to rest in the heavens; motion, if not space, was in its grave; it did not seem possible that there could have been, or be, such a thing as a wind. The land we had left, or for which we were bound, were the illusions of an idle faith; any other kind of enchantment seemed preferable. Still we

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have a kind of half-consciousness of some little change in the universe: the sun slides quietly down and dips leisurely into the ocean; and the moon and the stars come tranquilly out and gaze at themselves stedfastly, from the dark blue heavens, in the dark deep glassy sea. Progress there is in the planetary system, but none for us. * * *

"AN OLD-NEW SEA-BALLAD.

"We had not been at sea, at sea
Weeks but barely three,
When our steward said, with a very long face,
Not a bit of cheese had we.

The sago and the arrow-root
Were done about the Line;
And there were fears about the water,
And doubts about the wine.

To eat the salt-pork was sorry work—
We boiled it both and fried;
The beef it was rank, and the water stank,
And the pigs of the measles died.

We had not been at sea, at sea
Weeks but barely five,
When every biscuit in the ship
Began to be alive.

Some of them had been before
A voyage in the same ship,
And so they grew rebellious,
Not liking a second trip.

We stared on them you may be sure
With looks of sore dismay,
For some were blue, and some were green,
And some were hoary grey.

They once were baked it was supposed,
Although we couldn't tell when;
So, just to kill the living things,
We baked them o'er again.

If Rutherford in his old age
Should ask for parish relief,
God send he may eat his own biscuit,
And try to eat his own beef!

We had not been at sea, at sea
Weeks but barely six,
Before our tea was a black sea—
Black as the river Styx.

At sea, at sea we had not been
Weeks but scarcely seven,
When not a soul of our company whole
Thought biscuit was bread or chalk was coal,
Or that the sea was heaven!

We had not been, we had not been
At sea weeks barely nine,
When the sea-carrion creatures
Looked on and longed to dine.

The hungry shark, he sought our barque,
And he was nothing coy,
He opened his mouth and wagged his tail
As a dog might do for joy.

But this we must say, as well we may,
And say it with right good-will,
That Captain Kay, in a pleasant way,
Shared both our good and ill.

Then health, then health to Captain Kay,
Whilst in this world is he;
May pleasure greet him on every shore,
And happy success at sea!"

From naval versification we go to colonial observation:

"What a lesson (says Mr. H. after considerable experience) has avarice been taught by Australia Felix! The usurious, many from a distance, looked upon colonial interest as the fruit of a flourishing and goodly tree—the tree of life—productive abundantly. It has not, however, proved a Eucalyptus-tree, dropping manna. Capitalists, who lent money at an enormous rate of interest in prosperous days, still cling to it tenaciously; like the vampire, a death avarice, adding, by inordinate and unnatural slakings of an unwise thirst, the living to the dead. A colony tests strongly human nature; develops fully the real character of man. At home, old opinions, old habits, manners, and the hereditary customs of society, shackle, sustain, and continue, as he was, the creature of circumstances. The appearances of things are the pillars of his probity, the dome of his respectability. In a colony, a new arena, he is another being. The elements of society are oddly mingled around him. Ennobling example is solitary, and thence weak. He begins to suspect his own nature; finds that he is dependent on himself individually. The old world, its restrictions, its supports, have passed away, and there is a new order of things. In penal colonies and their neighbourhoods, the air of the one mingles with the other; the moral atmosphere is vitiated; not alone by a convict population, though that will do much; by the genera of our species most prone to emigrate: the active, the energetic, the shrewd, the uncompromising stick-at-nothings. The observation is common, that such a person was very different at home,—home, the general term abroad for one's native land. It may be true that he appeared such. All great changes act upon character. For of all changes, all revolutions, the greatest and the most striking—yet, to the philosophical observer, natural enough—is that of human character. In colonies, men cast off all disguise. Consequently every kind of monstrosity and villany display themselves in all their hideous nakedness colonially. Honour appears contemptible silliness; honesty, weakness and folly. So much so, that the terms Yankee, colonial, and sharper, have become synonymous. Much of this unmasked avarice, dishonesty, and mad recklessness of character, is attributable to home-return anxiety. The present time, and ourselves, are narrow motives for action; and this is another circumstance detrimental to colonial progress and prosperity. Of the migratory species, we build only for the summer, still thinking of autumnal departure. Our objects, our outlay, our efforts, and industry, are all circumscribed by the short time we intend, or have to remain in the colony. 'Plant fruit-trees!' 'They would not bear fruit whilst I am here.' This is the common suggestion and reply. 'Our dwelling, though a poor one, will do for a few years.' We do nothing without some reference to our return, without reference to a speedy return, of some kind. It seems that colonies, destitute of historical and industrial wealth in the past, are also to be destitute of them in the future. By this narrow policy, we neither do ourselves any good or the country of our adoption. The greatest blessings most assuredly are those, to themselves and the land, who come from the old country to the new, attended by friends and kindred; who have in reality exchanged one country for another; who ally themselves to the new region as to a bride, to abide with it for good and for evil; who think less of gold than of the necessaries and comforts of life; who look to labour for health and support, exclaiming with Timon, 'some roots, good earth;' although not, like him, casting away the glittering ore which presented itself instead. There was a time when in Australia such people and such industry were encouraged and rewarded by a paternal government with additional acres. That day is gone—the day wherein it was more blessed to give than to receive. The day of the rewarders is no more, and we have the receivers—the utilitarian day, in its stead. In this instance the change, as in many others, has been for the worse."

To these sensible and not unphilosophic remarks we add some of the author's sketches of the natives:

"Of the customs and superstitions of the natives of Port Philip, I shall only notice such as have for myself been fraught with interest, the result of my own observation, or that of my friends, but in no instance gleaned from books. Their legends and traditions I have received with some caution, knowing well in what kind of soil they have grown; often planted there by romancing shepherds, and afterwards adopted by the dark people as their own. The idea generally entertained by the blacks, that they at their decease go to Van Dieman's Land, and come back white fellows, originated, no doubt, in this way. Buckley, on his first appearance amongst them, the first European they had seen, was received amongst them as the reappearance of a native just dead, whom in every respect, except colour, he closely resembled: was fully believed to be the very man; was adopted by the dead man's friends and tribe, and called by his name. No doubt but the similarity, fortunately for Buckley, saved his life. Afterwards, when settlers streamed over from Van Dieman's Land, and the natives heard it mentioned almost only as the place whence the white people came, and probably seeing many others in person or feature resembling their dead relatives, that they should have such an idea is nothing singular or wonderful. Much more singular and curious ideas they have; strange indeed is their notion of death, or rather, that with the constant and palpable decay of the human frame before their eyes, they have no belief in death from natural causes. All deaths they consider to be the result of accident, malice, or magic. When a death occurs, they decide that the deceased person's kidney-fat has been stolen away in sleep by some enemy, aided by magic. The body is tied up immediately in a lump, tightly drawn together, body and limbs, by strips of bark or cords; and he and every kind of property belonging to him, scrupulously and superstitiously—war-implements, his *waller wallert*, or opossum-rug, guns, if he has any, even double-barrelled ones, although ever so highly valued—are broken; and these, with the white and black money, in spite of itching hands longing to take it—every thing, in fact, goes with him into his grave, religiously. Gravely also is it whispered into the ear of the dead man, that he may rest satisfied in his grave; that his black friends will, without fail, avenge his death. And in consideration of this arrangement, he is requested to refrain from terrifying his old friends and tribe; that he must not haunt them with alien voices, or the foot-marks of strange feet about their encampments. The mourners wear their white-paint mourning, never washing themselves, even if months should elapse before they have performed their vow to the deceased: when they have tasted the enemy's kidney-fat, the mourning ceases. This is a miserable superstition, and causes a great deal of bloodshed. To discover in what direction the enemy of the dead is to be found, they take an insect, and observe in what direction it crawls; and that is an infallible indication. In that quarter they go, no matter how far, the first native crossing their path is the murderer of the dead, and in his turn becomes the murdered. One death, even a natural death, thus becomes, through ignorance and superstitious custom, the cause of many unnatural deaths. Another of their inhuman and inhospitable superstitions is that regarding strangers: how different from the Jewish or Christian code, by which strangers are privileged and sacred people, 'Thou shalt in no wise hurt the stranger in thy gate!' Immediately that a strange native is found by any tribe in their neighbourhood, all the people are in a state of tumult, yelling, and getting ready their weapons of war for his instant destruction; for their belief is, that if they do not kill him, they will themselves generally, and most fatally, be visited with dysentery. * * *

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Of their traditions the most novel is their creation. First, say they, a young man, along with others, 'quamby along a beek,' sat down in the earth, when it was 'plenty dark.' There they were, not merely two, but many people, lying or sitting unfinished and half torpid in the ground. This reminds us of Milton's Limbo. But Karackarock, daughter of the god Pungil, a kindly divinity, had condescended to 'yannina warreet,' walk a long way to look out for them, to clothe them comfortably with good opossum-rugs, of which, no doubt, she had great store. The 'Old Man,' so they call Pungil their god, not unlike the Hebrew term, 'Ancient of Days,' now held out his hand to 'Gerer,' the sun, and made him warm. When the sun warmed the earth, it opened like a door; and then plenty of black fellows came up out of the earth. Then the black fellows 'plenty sing,' like it white fellows 'big one Sunday;' which means, that a day is kept sacred, like our Sabbath, in commemoration of the creation; the dance on that day being of a peculiar kind, called 'gaygip;' at which time they corrobory before images carved curiously in bark. For a long time after the creation, in the winter they were very cold, for they had no fire; their condition as it regarded their food was not better than their dogs, for they were compelled to eat the kangaroo raw; and to add to their misery, the whole land was full of deadly snakes and guanos; but good Karackarock, their truly womanly divinity, did not forget or forsake them. Pungil, her father, like a true natives' god, was too much of a 'big one gentleman' to do any thing but carry his war-weapons; whilst Karackarock, a native divinity of the true feminine sort, a worker, came a long way, armed with a long staff—native women carry such—and with this she went over the whole land killing the reptiles; but just before she had killed them all the staff broke, and the kind did not all perish. Misery there was in the breaking of that weapon, but there was also mercy, for Karackarock had so warmed it, as well as herself, with such a great slaughter, that when the staff snapped there came out of it fire. Fire they now had to warm themselves, and to cook with. Their condition was much improved, but did not long continue so, for 'Wang,' the crow, a mysterious bird, regarded as superstitiously by them as the raven amongst Thor and Odin's worshippers, watched his opportunity and flew away with it. For a long time they were again in a most sad and fireless condition, until ever-kind Karackarock learned their state, supplied their wants, and they have never since lost it. Of a great flood they speak, that rose above the highest trees and hills; and how the natives were some drowned, and the rest, for a great wind blew, were caught up by a whirlwind to another similar country above them. When the flood subsided, there jumped up out of the earth trees, kangaroos, and opossums—every thing. The old race, the antediluvians, became stars. Amongst them were Pungil, their principal deity; Karackarock, their female Prometheus; Teert and Teerer, sons of Pungil; Berwool and Bobinger, son and daughter of Pungil, the first pair who dwelt on the earth after the flood, and from whom the present race of natives are sprung. Wang, the crow, also became a star."

To this curious theogony we add but one passage on behalf of the aborigines of all countries:

"To look at our own concerns, to consider our own immediate interests only, and to be wrapped thoroughly up in them, regardless how they may affect injuriously others, is, if not very just, very comfortable. The New Zealanders complained thus:—'Your horses damage our potatoes.' The settlers replied, briefly, 'Fence your potatoes in.' Said the New Zealanders, more justly, 'Our potatoes do not come to your horses to do them injury: fence in your horses.' So it was in Australia Felix. The new settlers found the country very much to their liking. There was abundance of not entirely unoccupied, but of the smoothest, park-like country, thinly sprinkled over with the most beautiful trees; water, often good and abundant, and often otherwise. The country, moreover, was thinly occupied by dusky natives, and plentifully stocked with wild animals, their food. Here the new settlers made themselves quite at home. All that they wanted was the land entirely to themselves—room; and that they found, for cattle and sheep to range over almost illimitably; to see their flocks and herds grazing in quiet; to be themselves, with their sheep and cattle, at ease; in the midst of plenty; satisfied with the present, and looking on cheerfully to the future. But there were the natives; and they, also, wanted something: principally to range the country in the old hereditary manner; to find game where they had always found it; to kill it where and when it suited them; in short, like the new race of people, to have the country wholly to themselves. The settlers were not always unjust, or inhuman; but they were attended by servants, as stockmen, shepherds, hutkeepers, &c.; men frequently of the most reckless, debased, and desperate character; and these became the pioneers of—not civilisation—but of strife, jealousy, conflict, and depopulation. Most of these men were convicts, assigned servants; others were ticket-of-leave men; and the rest emancipated convicts—wretches who had been expelled from their own country for the worst of crimes. And these were our representatives of European civilisation, on whom it devolved to impress upon the Australian aboriginal people our character, manners, customs, and religion. It is easy to imagine the fatal results of convict and native intercourse: lust and reckless cruelty on the one hand, and recrimination and deadly revenge on the other."

History of the War in France and Belgium in 1815, &c. By Captain W. Siborne. 2 vols. 8vo. T. and W. Boone.

Among the Sights of London there is not one more interesting or attractive than the Model of Waterloo, exhibited by Capt. Siborne, and described in the *Literary Gazette* when first opened to the public. But even what is there presented to the eye, giving the spectator a very perfect idea of the battle, is nothing (except as an admirable adjunct and a most helpful illustration) when compared with the clear and minute details of the entire campaign, and especially of the fields of Quatre-Bras, Ligny, and Waterloo, which these volumes contain. Whilst we read them we are no longer in the mob-*mêlée* and confusion of indistinguishable struggle; not only does the general outline stand out distinctly, but the many groups which form the whole are separable into their constituent parts; and even single combats, individual acts of heroism and valour, and accidents and sufferings of isolated beings, are brought into the tempestuous mass, and we are enabled to comprehend the vast operations in all the particulars of their relative action.

With this deserved character, we will not so late in the day attempt a regular analysis of Captain Siborne's valuable national labours; but by a few selections pointed to matters of interest, exemplify the author's powers in appreciating and describing the events of that extraordinary epoch. At Quatre-Bras, the advance of D'Erlon's force was at first supposed to be that of an enemy, for "the direction taken by the column, as seen in the distance, was well calculated to alarm the troops of the French extreme left; as also to excite surprise in the mind of Napoleon, who, having formed no expectation of the arrival of any French troops in the field by any other direction than that from Gosselies upon St. Amand, or perhaps from Quatre-Bras upon Bry, also participated in the opinion that the column in question, under its attendant circumstances and general disposition, could be no other than that of an enemy. As D'Erlon debouched from Villers-Perruin, and advanced upon the prescribed point, St. Amand, he threw out his cavalry (Jaquinot's) to his left, for the protection of this flank; and it was before this cavalry that the Prussian brigade, under Colonel von Marwitz, retired in the manner already explained, a movement which fully restored confidence to Girard's division. All at once this column was observed to halt, to indicate an indecision in its intentions, and finally to withdraw from the field. D'Erlon had in fact just received from Ney a peremptory order to join him without delay, with which he resolved to comply, probably concluding that he was bound to do so from the circumstance of his having been in the first instance placed under the Marshal's immediate command; having ascertained also from the Emperor's aide-de-camp that he was not the bearer of any instructions whatever from Napoleon as to his future movements, and that the appearance of his corps upon that part of the field of battle had been quite unexpected."

The battle raged on, on the side of the French greatly aided by this reinforcement; and "Blücher himself, seeing that the fate of the day depended solely on the chance of the cavalry at hand succeeding, while there was yet light, in hurling back the French columns into the valley which they had so suddenly and so resolutely crossed, rallied his routed horsemen, and placing himself at their head, charged, in his old hussar style, with the full determination of restoring, if possible, that equal footing with the enemy which had hitherto been so gallantly maintained. The French firmly stood their ground, and the charge proved ineffectual. As Blücher and his followers retired to rally, they were rapidly pursued by the French cuirassiers. At this moment the prince's fine gray charger—a present from the Prince Regent of England—was mortally wounded by a shot, in its left side, near the saddle-girth. On experiencing a check to his speed, Blücher spurred, when the animal, still obedient to the impulse of its gallant master, made a few convulsive plunges forward; but on feeling that his steed was rapidly losing strength, and perceiving at the same time the near approach of the cuirassiers, he cried out to his aide-de-camp: 'Nostitz, now I am lost!' At that moment the horse fell from exhaustion, rolling upon its right side, and half-burying its rider under its weight. Count Nostitz immediately sprang from his saddle, and holding his bridle with his left hand—for his horse had not been dangerously wounded—he drew his sword, firmly resolved to shed, if necessary, the last drop of his blood in defending the precious life of his revered general. Scarcely had he done so when he saw the cuirassiers rushing forward at the charge. To attract as little as possible their attention, he remained motionless. Most fortunately, the rapidity with which the cuirassiers advanced amidst the twilight, already

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sensibly obscured by the falling rain, precluded them from recognising, or even particularly remarking, the group, although they swept so closely by that one of them rather roughly brushed against the aide-de-camp's horse. Shortly afterwards, the Prussian cavalry having rallied and re-formed, in their turn began to drive back the French. Again the thunder of their hoofs approached, and again the flying host whirled past the marshal and his anxious friend; whereupon the latter, eagerly watching his opportunity as the pursuers came on, darted forward, and seizing the bridle of a non-commissioned officer of the 6th uhlans, named Schneider, ordered him and some files immediately following to dismount and assist in saving the prince. Five or six powerful men now raised the heavy dead charger, while others extricated the fallen hero, senseless and almost immovable. In this state they placed him on the non-commissioned officer's horse. Just as they moved off, the enemy was again pressing forward with renewed speed, and Nostitz had barely time to lead the marshal, whose senses were gradually returning, to the nearest infantry, which gladly received the party, and, retiring in perfect order, bade defiance to the attacks of its pursuers."

We are finally informed that "the possession of the field of battle, and the capture of 21 pieces of cannon, were the only advantages of which the French could boast as the immediate result of so severe a struggle. With these, however, it would seem that their Emperor was fully satisfied: if he had entertained any idea of pursuit, it was now abandoned; he took no measures for watching the movements and prying into the designs of his adversary; but left his troops resting in their bivouacs, offering no molestation whatever to the Prussians, whilst he in person returned to Fleurus, where he passed the night. The contrast between the circumstances of the two armies during the night was very striking; for whilst the victors were indulging in perfect repose, the vanquished were completely on the alert, seizing every possible advantage which the extraordinary quietude of their enemies afforded during the precious hours of darkness; and never, perhaps, did a defeated army extricate itself from its difficulties with so much adroitness and order, or retire from a hard-fought field with so little diminution of its moral force."

To Buonaparte's inactivity after the battle,—losing six or seven hours, instead of hotly pursuing the retreating Prussians,—Capt. S. attributes much of the disastrous consequences which filled up the sequel at Waterloo.

"Grouchy, who commanded the right wing of the French army in Napoleon's absence, repaired early in the morning to the Emperor's quarters, at Fleurus, for instructions, according to an order he had received to that effect on the previous evening. He was desired to wait and accompany the Emperor, who was going to visit the field of battle. The latter, however, did not start from Fleurus until between eight and nine o'clock, and on reaching St. Amand, he examined the approaches by which this village had been attacked the day before; then he rode about the field, gave directions for the care of the wounded: and, as he passed in front of different regiments that were falling in without arms, on the ground where they were bivouacked, he was received with loud cheers. He addressed himself to nearly all the corps, and assured them of the lively satisfaction he had felt on witnessing their conduct in the battle. Having dismounted, he conversed freely, and at great length, with Grouchy and Gerard, on the state of public opinion in Paris, the different political parties, and on various other subjects quite unconnected with those military operations upon the successful issue of which depended the stability of his present power. That Napoleon should have neglected to follow up the advantages which fortune had thrown in his way on the morning of the 17th of June, is quite incomprehensible. With the exception of a Prussian picquet at Gentinnes, his whole front, as far as Gembloux, was perfectly clear of an enemy. Wellington was still in position at Quatre-Bras, where his left had become exposed by the retreat of the Prussians, and in rear of which point was the defile of Genappe. There was nothing to prevent Napoleon from marching directly upon that defile, and supporting, by a vigorous attack upon the Anglo-allied left and rear, a simultaneous movement against the front by the force under Ney. Whither had fled the mighty spirit which had shone forth with such dazzling brilliancy in former wars, and which had never displayed the energy of its powers of combination, and activity in following up successes, more eminently than in the campaign of the previous year? When before did it omit pressing every advantage to the utmost, or neglect to seize that moment of time, in which, having defeated one portion of his enemies, he was enabled to fall with combined force upon another? His army was not more fatigued than was that of Wellington, which had arrived at Quatre-Bras by forced marches. The troops which he subsequently did lead upon that point, when it was too late, consisting chiefly of the imperial guard and the 6th corps, were comparatively fresh. The former had not been engaged at Ligny until towards the termination of the action, when they suffered scarcely any loss: the latter, which arrived later, had remained intact. The idea of forming a junction with Ney, with a view of attacking Wellington, was certainly entertained; but its execution was most unaccountably and unnecessarily delayed until its intended effect could not but fall powerless upon a vigilant enemy, fully prepared, by having improved the precious moments of time, thus lost, to detect the purpose of the movement, and to ward off the intended blow. With an army greatly inferior in numbers to the united forces of his adversaries, Napoleon's prospects of success rested exclusively upon his utmost skill and address, not only in preventing that union of force, but also in so planning, arranging, and executing his combinations, that having succeeded in defeating one opponent with a superior mass, he might then precipitate himself in like manner upon another, at the very moment when the latter might be occupied or engaged with one of his marshals. This would have exacted of him the most untiring energy, the application of all his great resources in strategical science, a lightning-swift decision, and a daring resolution both in adopting and in executing all his movements. It was by the exercise of such powerful mental resources as these, that, unaided by a sufficiently corresponding amount of physical force, he had conducted the campaign of 1814; but the spirit by which they were conceived, and the genius which instinctively seized the means of their execution, seemed to have abandoned him in this, his last campaign: a faint gleam of the old spirit was visible in its opening movements, but it was now rather a wildfire, dazzling him for a moment, on the downward path to his destiny, than the star which had so often led him to victory. The last flash of his genius was brief, and on the memorable plains of Fleurus seemed to disappear, and leave him in utter darkness."

The movements of Grouchy and the division of the Prussian army left to divert him, whilst the faithful warrior Blücher hastened on to the preconcerted junction with Wellington, are described, and Capt. S. observes that he (Grouchy) "might have so far realised the anxious expectation of Napoleon as to have fallen upon Bülow *flagrante delicto*, and have materially procrastinated the co-operation of Blucher with Wellington on the 18th of June; a co-operation which a contrary proceeding, originating in fatal tardiness of movement, and exhibiting useless manœuvring in a false direction, could not fail to render easy in execution, and successful in result. But beyond such procrastination of the meditated junction of Blucher's and Wellington's forces, Grouchy could have effected nothing. The junction itself could not have been prevented. The tendency of Grouchy's movements had been too narrowly watched; the country between the Dyle and the Charleroi road to Brussels had been too vigilantly explored, and the movements, in succession, of the different Prussian corps had been too nicely calculated and determined, to admit of the possibility of a failure, as regarded the arrival of a considerable portion of the Prussian forces on the left of the Anglo-allied army. Blucher had made so admirable a disposition of his four *corps d'armée* that two of them could at any time have combined, and therefore have presented a superior force to Grouchy, at any point between Wavre and Planchenoit, whilst the remainder of the army might have continued its march to the field of Waterloo."

To that field we shell turn our readers' attention in a future *Gazette*.

BOOKS OF A RELIGIOUS NATURE.

(Second notice.)

Six Thousand Years ago; or, the Works of Creation illustrated. By Mrs. Best. Pp. 168. Bath, Binns and Goodwin; London, Simpkin and Marshall.—Mrs. Best differs a good deal from the author of the "*Vestiges;*" but which of them knows most about the Creation it is impossible for us to determine. They go upon opposite tacks. Mrs. Best tells us at starting: "You need not fear my indulging you with a long wearisome lecture which would put both you and myself to sleep, but I hope deeply to engage your interest, and while we take the Bible for our text-book, to enter into the field of science, and the depths of history. * * * In Otaheite, the natives consider that darkness was the origin of all things. But when Jehovah determined for his own glory to perform the stupendous work of creation, we read that 'the Spirit of God moved' or brooded 'upon the face of the waters;' and thus, at the very opening of the Bible, we are introduced to the divine Trinity, each Person equally employed in the extraordinary work."

This is surely beginning with the beginning: and we forbear from comment, to pass on to other matters, as authoritatively announced as if the excellent writer had been an eye-witness.

"No sooner was light obedient to the creative word than it underwent the scrutiny of Omnipotence: 'God saw the light, that it was good.' And truly, the divine wisdom and providence appear peculiarly remarkable in its formation. Were it not for the extreme subtlety of its particles it could not pervade the pores of bodies: but now it can render glass, air, water, and ice, transparent, which otherwise would only have exhibited their surfaces to our view. The luxury derived from the light shin-

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ing into our rooms, while the cold air is excluded by means of the glass, would never have been known could it not have penetrated that beautiful substance."

That the window-tax should interfere with this providential kindness, alas! But we go on for farther intelligence on the progress of creation. "When the light was ready to answer the end of its creation, the order so beautifully observed was to be still more striking in its effects. The different successions of day and night were to commence, and begin that diurnal course which has never ceased."

Were we gravely discussing this point, we should ask the sticklers for the literal interpretation of the Mosaic record, how they reconcile their *twenty-four hours* of alternate day and night with the polar division into *months?* The same reasoning cannot apply all over the earth; and yet we do not remember to have seen this argument used by any writer on the much-vexed question. But we must stick a little more to the explanations of Mrs. Best.

"When the darkness disappeared, what did the light reveal?—a mass enveloped in its watery covering. But the time was arrived for this to be set in order; for there to be a firmament or atmosphere surrounding the globe, dividing the waters from the waters, and 'submitting this most vital part of the earth's system to those laws which have ever since continued in action.'" And "the air that surrounds the whole earth as a light thin coating, extending to a considerable height above its surface, is composed of several gases, quite different in their properties." And "without the atmosphere, neither animal or vegetable could continue to exist. But it is not my intention to enter into a long discourse upon these deep subjects, as my wish is to amuse and interest, not fatigue, my readers: but surely it is not uninteresting to know that those waters which are above the firmament are all produced by moisture imbibed by the atmosphere, drawn up by the power of the sun from the liquid portions of the earth's surface, in order to descend in refreshing rains, in gentle dews, the severer hail, and fertilising snow, all of which in their turn conspire to render its productions more abundant. Thus the almighty Creator completed the second day of his labours, reserving the third for the grand division of those waters which were under the arch of heaven. Many of you have visited the shores of the sea, but did you ever consider its vastness, and the interest it contains? Did you ever reflect upon the bed that must have been marked out by the divine Producer of these wonders? How it was formed is known only to him who prepared it for the ocean, and appointed his decree, 'that the waters should not pass his commandment,' *Prov.* viii. 29. How often, when standing upon the beach, I have watched with delight the immense world of waters at my feet—its waves in constant motion, sparkling in the sunbeams, dashing onwards with impetuosity towards the shore, threatening destruction to the shrinking earth, yet when actually arrived, merely little ripples to be seen; and then, as though repenting of their first intent, slowly retiring from the land. Nor is the continual motion to which I have alluded without its peculiar use; were it not for that, the sea would be a reservoir for putrescence. I recollect long since reading of a vessel becalmed on the vast Pacific; under a burning sun, the passengers and crew lay panting for breath; the sails flapped heavily against the masts, but not a breeze cooled the voyagers, or even ruffled the waves. After thus continuing, I think, for three weeks, a dark green slime was observed stealing over the surface of the waters; this gradually increased, until at length the vessel was surrounded by living monsters of the serpent tribe, started into life in consequence of the quiescent state of the sea. Of the nature of the bed of the ocean we can of necessity know but little."

With this extract we conclude, and only ask, for the memory of Coleridge and the voyage of his Auncient Mariner, that they should not be considered an actual navigator in a blue jacket and the description of the genuine Pacific. With regard to the rest, whether Mrs. Best's sciences or the sciences of the author of the *Vestiges* shew the greatest incompetency, we leave to the decision of those who are really versed in them. And this consideration brings us to

"*Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation;*" *its Argument examined and exposed.* By S. R. Bosanquet, Esq. Pp. 56. London, Hatchard and Son.—Mr. Bosanquet undoubtedly fixes the author to whom he is opposed on the horns of several scientific dilemmas, and exposes some of his errors in the walks of science (to which we alluded in our review of the *Vestiges, Lit. Gaz.* No. 1460); but on his own side he is not strong, for he assumes nearly the whole question where there is any dispute either in fact or in argument. Whether omnipotence and omniscience are depreciated or magnified by one or other theory is hardly to be resolved by his powers of reasoning. If the Creator by one great original Will perfected the system and appointed successive causes to operate in producing the predestined results; or, if the Almighty was pleased to form only a part at first, and execute the rest by special interventions at every stage of development; it does seem to us that his power and his glory would be equally manifested in either case. Yet this is the mighty knot in the contest, and he who ventures to uphold the former position is accused of infidelity and atheism. Mr. B. treats his opponent as a Romancist of philosophy: and thus, in a tone not to be commended in discussions of the sort, speaks of his work:

"We readily attribute to it all the graces of the accomplished harlot. Her song is like the syren for its melody and attractive sweetness; she is clothed in scarlet, and every kind of fancy-work of dress and ornament; her step is grace, and lightness, and life; her laughter light, her very motion musical. But she is a foul and filthy thing, whose touch is taint; whose breath is contamination; whose look, and words, and thoughts, will turn the spring of purity to a pest, of truth to lies, of life to death, of love to loathing. Such is philosophy without the maiden gem of truth and singleness of purpose; divorced from the sacred and ennobling rule and discipline of faith. Without this, philosophy is a wanton and deformed adultress. * * The design of the work is to shew that there has been no such thing as creation, in the sense in which we receive it from the Mosaic history and revelation; that there is no such thing as a special providence, that the very notion of it 'is ridiculous.'"

Animadverting on the later edition (the third), he says, he has "taken out the very key-stone of his argument, without which the whole connexion is broken and falls to pieces: as will be noticed at the proper place. Independently of this, by the loose and facile shifting of his ground, and the adoption of new positions, upon matters which he had so repeatedly asserted to be proved and demonstrated, the author has deposed himself from the class of laborious philosophers to that of every-day writers."

Having deposed the author from the chair of philosophy, Mr. B. sets to work to confute his statements in a manner of which the subjoined are examples:

"The usual observation is made, that God's ways are not as our ways; and that Moses must have meant that a thousand years were as one day, in relating the six days of creation; for though the confutation of scripture history and doctrine is evidently the intention and object of the present work, yet, with the invariable inconsistency of all such philosophers, our author seeks to disarm or lull the kindlings of faith by some feeble reconcilements, or rather to shew the flourish of candour and indifference, by a generous exercise of philosophical ingenuity on what some little minds may hold sacred and dear to them. We are concerned only, in reference to this argument, to shew that Moses really intended what his readers of old, and for more than forty centuries, believed him to have written and intended; that he must either be believed or denied by those who weigh his evidence against the lights of philosophy; and that there is no such easy and ambiguous way of getting over the inspired text. * * * How if God worked only in the beginning of all, is be consistent with Moses, who says that he worked six days and then rested? or how, if in concurrence with his philosophy, did not Moses write, that God rested on the first day, and not on the seventh? Our author attributes no work to God, since the very beginning, which he is not equally performing at this present period." [This is by no means the worst argument.] * * * It is asserted that it is a mean view of the Deity to consider that he 'works hitherto,' and is engaged continually or from time to time in the creation and disposal of particular beings and events; that it attributes to him a littleness and weakness, a paltry pursuit and object, such as assimilates him with weak and frail men; that it anthropomorphises him; that an eternal repose and inaction, and contemplation of his own works, from the beginning, the results of his one primeval fiat, is more noble and dignified, more worthy of the great ruler, the great governor, the great functionary of the social order of the universe. It is more dignified, to the human ruler and governor, so to enjoy seasons of repose and remission from business; to have so disposed and ordered every department of his office, that the course of it may proceed, while he himself retires for relaxation and enjoyment; because rest, and remission from the necessity of labour, is the desire and ambition of man, and of all men: and this, because of his infirmity and weakness. It would be the triumph of a machinist to invent a perpetual machine; because it would increase his powers, and give him the opportunity of repose and inaction, or of some more agreeable occupation or labour, while his once accomplished work would continually supply him with bread. But to a finite being alone, who is capable of fatigue, and can do but one thing well at once, can remission from work be an object, or choice or change of occupation. To attribute any desire to God for repose, is to attribute human parts and conditions and feelings to him. This is to anthropomorphise him." [Surely not more than by asserting that he must continue to work.] But Mr. Bosanquet asks: "What is worthier the omnipotent God, than to work continually, in all time, and in all places, every where? He is almighty: it is

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no toil to him to frame the leviathan, and the thunder, and the whirlwind. He is all-bountiful; and he can fashion the feeble insect for beauty and enjoyment, the animalcules and the infusoria. He is omniscient; and he can without effort observe and number every hair, and name every star, and examine every word and thought, and every place for a new plant, or insect, or angel in his universe. He is omnipresent; and he can do all these things every where and at once, at one moment of time, and in every place in his creation." [Does not this lower the Divinity, and refute all Mr. Bosanquet's argument? It lowers the Divinity, by supposing his work imperfect, and to require patching and jobbing from time to time to make it complete. And what is any portion of our measure of time to the immeasurable eternity? whilst the author concedes that all these things, i. e. *Creation*, might be done every where and at once, at one moment of time, and in every place! Why, this is the very essence of the theory for broaching which he charges the *Vestiges* with blasphemy.]

With this we gladly leave the controversy; merely quoting

Indications of the Creator. By W. Whewell, D.D., &c. Pp. 171. J. W. Parker.—Which volume consists of extracts from the author's great work on the Inductive Sciences, which bear in a much more commanding and decisive range against many of the scientifically unfounded or mistaken views in the *Vestiges*. Dr. Whewell shews that "Morphology is not necessarily inconsistent with Teleology," and otherwise illustrates the subject with the comprehension of a man who has thoroughly investigated and well understands it.

Physiology of the Fœtus, &c., with Observations on the Membrana and Rete Vasculare, newly-discovered structures existing in the Fœtus and Young of Man and Animals. By Benjamin Ridge, M.D., &c. &c. 8vo, pp. 91. J. Churchill.

The author takes a view of the blood, &c., and its application in the organisms of the human fœtus, which, though of much medical interest, is not fit for discussion in our popular page. The duties of the fœtus itself he holds to be intermediary and complex; and believes that the meconium of infants is contained in a membranous sac, which secures and envelopes it, and between which and the true mucous membrane is a network of the most delicate blood-vessels, held together by a parenchymatous structure even more delicate. To these structures he gives the appropriate name of *membrana meconii* and *rete vasculare*; and he conceives their use to be, to prevent the chylification or absorption of the meconium after birth; at which period the meconium and its enveloping membrane play an important part in the new chemical changes which are first brought into action; and so important does the author consider the meconic membrane and its vascular plexus to be at this momentous epoch, that he deduces, as a practical inference, that they anticipate all necessity for other food than air; and that a child will always thrive better the first few days in the entire absence of its natural food. This is a very curious subject of inquiry, and the author deserves every credit for his investigations, which appear to stand the chance of the test of time and experience better than the mapping out of the tongue, or the substitution of mucous for gustatory follicles. Upon this subject we observe that Dr. Ridge intends publishing a new theory of the practice of medicine, founded on his system of glossology; and after the present evidences of ability for scientific research, we shall wait in greater hopes of philosophic evidence in his favour than we avow we had hitherto entertained.

Chronicles of Fashion, from the time of Elizabeth to the early part of the Nineteenth Century, in Manners, Amusements, Banquets, Costume, &c. By Mrs. Stone, author of the "Art of Needlework," "The Cotton Lord," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, Bentley.

This title-page indicates a compilation of a kind that never can fail to be attractive. A smart introduction ushers in the variegated pattern derived from a hundred sources, and illustrated with numerous portraits—some of them certainly not of the highest class, nor quite so captivating as the showy pink binding, with its gold star, more brilliant than any belonging to the gartered knights within. But for desultory reading, for the parlour-window, for the drawing-room, and, by-and-by, for the seaside (should the weather ever be warm and summery again?), Mrs. Stone's two volumes will serve; and whilst they entertain, instruct us how our forefathers and foremothers eat, dressed, talked, and acted, under every circumstance of their social life. The book is just a pleasant one, and fit for recreation; neither deep nor dry.

Lost Happiness: or, the Effects of a Lie: a Tale. By Lady Chatterton. Pp. 88. J. Burns.

A moral forcibly told, to exhibit the misery which may flow through and poison life, otherwise offering every enjoyment, in consequence of one wicked lie, committed even at an early age. There is, in our opinion, as a lesson for youth, a shade thrown over what ought to be perfectly clear and unmistakeable, in eliminating the guilt, to a certain degree, from a desire for parental and family approbation, which is a good motive; and great care should be taken that such nice distinctions should not be raised to perplex the value and impression of a wholesome truth.

The Freaks of Cupid: a Novel. By an Irish Bachelor. 3 vols. London, T. C. Newby.

A fair mixture of the grave and gay, the Irish Bachelor displays considerable talent in these volumes; though more in their sketchiness than in the invention and development of the whole plan. Some of his characters are cleverly drawn; the humorous rather superior to the more serious or pathetic. The same may be said of his scenes separately; yet one or two, of deathbeds, and other afflicting events, possess much feeling and force. The *Freaks of Cupid* may accordingly divert a leisure hour as effectually as most of its compeers.

The Zoology of the Voyage of H.M.S. Sulphur; under Capt. Belcher, &c. Edited by Surgeon R. B. Hinds. No. IX. Ichthyology, Part II. By Dr. J. Richardson. London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

Continues this valuable publication with every scientific and pictorial merit. Wonderful indeed, as it is truly expressed in common parlance, are the works of nature; and some of the fishes here figured are among her extraordinary forms. The grim-looking hypoglopus dentex, the curiously spotted murœna isingleena, the winged pegasus, and the amply finned centridermichthys, strike us among their companions by their singular adaptations to the modes and purposes of their creation. All together are most worthy of the memory of the naturalist, and enlarge the bounds of that science.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.

In our No. of the 5th inst. we mentioned a few of the splendid appearances of the heavens viewed with Lord Rosse's gigantic telescope. The extraordinary powers of this instrument were described in the *Times* of Wednesday last, by Sir James South, one of the observers. The following are extracts from his account:—

"The night of the 5th of March was, I think, the finest I ever saw in Ireland. Many nebulæ were observed by Lord Rosse, Dr. Robinson, and myself. Most of them were, for the first time since their creation, seen by us as groups or clusters of stars; whilst some, at least to my eyes, shewed no such resolution. Never, however, in my life did I see such glorious sidereal pictures as this instrument afforded us. Most of the nebulæ we saw I certainly have observed with my own large achromatic; but although that instrument, as far as relates to magnifying power, is probably inferior to no one in existence, yet to compare these nebulæ, as seen with it and the six-feet telescope, is like comparing, as seen with the naked eye, the dinginess of the planet Saturn to the brilliancy of Venus. The most popularly known nebulæ observed this night were the ring-nebulæ in the Canes Venatici, or the 51st of Messier's catalogue, which was resolved into stars with a magnifying power of 548; and the 94th of Messier, which is in the same constellation, and which was resolved into a large globular cluster of stars, not much unlike the well-known cluster in Hercules, called also 13th Messier. Perfection of figure, however, of a telescope must be tested, not by nebulæ, but by its performance on a star of the first magnitude. If it will, under high power, shew the star round and free from optical appendages, we may safely enough take it for granted it will not only shew nebulæ well, but any other celestial object as it ought. Regulus on the 11th being near the meridian, I placed the 6-feet telescope on it, and with the entire aperture and a magnifying power of 800 I saw, with inexpressible delight, the star free from wings, tails, or optical appendages; not, indeed, like a planetary disk, as in my large achromatic, but as a round image resembling voltaic light between charcoal points; and so little aberrations had this brilliant image, that I could have measured its distance from, and position with, any of the stars in the field with a spider's line micrometer, and a power of 1000, without the slightest difficulty; for not only was the large star round, but the telescope, although in the open air and the wind blowing rather fresh, was as steady as a rock.

"On subsequent nights, observations of other nebulæ, amounting to some 30 or more, removed most of them from the list of nebulæ, where they had long figured, to that of clusters; whilst some of these latter, but more especially 5 Messier, exhibited a sidereal picture in the telescope, such as man before had never seen, and which, for its magnificence, baffles all description. Several double stars were seen with various apertures of the telescope, and with powers between 360 and 800. The only double stars of the first class which the weather permitted us to examine with it were ξ Ursæ Majoris and γ Virginis; those I could have measured with the greatest confidence; whether, however, it would have separated some of the closest or of the most difficult double stars, I cannot say. * * * D'Arrest's comet we observed on the 12th of March, with a power of 400, but nothing worthy of notice was detected.

"Of the moon, a few words must suffice. Its appearance in my large achromatic, of 12 inches

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aperture, is known to hundreds; let them then imagine that with it they look *at* the moon, whilst with Lord Rosse's 6-feet, they look *into* it, and they will not form a very erroneous opinion of the performance of the leviathan. Thus, then, the difficulty of constructing a Newtonian telescope of dimensions never before contemplated is completely overcome."

It is intended, however, to convert it into a Lemairean telescope, that is, by a slight inclination of the large speculum to throw the image near to one side of the tube, to be viewed through an eye-glass magnifying it, and thus saving the light lost in the Newtonian by the second reflection. Sir J. South says:

"That we might have a practical proof of the advantages of the light of the Lemairean construction, the 3-feet Newtonian of 27 feet focus, which stands in the demesne by the side of the leviathan, was temporarily fitted up as a Lemairean. Stars of the first magnitude were seen, not well defined, as in the Newtonian form of the instrument; but the superiority of the Lemairean, where a large quantity of light was required, was most decided. The small pole-star was as bright as a star of the fourth magnitude when seen in a 5-feet achromatic of 3½ inches aperture. The dumb-bell nebula, or 27 of Messier, was resolved into clusters of stars in a manner never before seen with it. The annular nebula of Lyra, brilliant beyond what it had ever yet appeared, was surrounded by stars too bright to escape immediate notice, although neither the dumb-bell nebula nor the annular nebula had more than 15 degrees of altitude when I placed the telescope on them.

"The Lemairean of 3 feet is equal to a Newtonian of 43 inches; and the Lemairean of 6 feet is equal to a Newtonian of 86 inches. By substituting, then, the Lemairean form for the Newtonian, the present 3-feet Newtonian will be made as effective as if it were 43 inches diameter, and the 6-feet as if it were 86 inches in diameter; or the quantity of light in each telescope, after the alteration, will be, to its present light, as 7 to 5 nearly, or almost half as much again as it now has.]

"Seeing, then, that the change from the Newtonian to the Lemairean construction will be attended with such an accession of light, Lord Rosse, having determined geometrically the form of the curve requisite to produce with it a definition of objects equal to that which each of the telescopes at present gives, is devising mechanical means for producing it; but as he is in about a fortnight coming over to England to attend his Parliamentary duties, it is probable that this important desideratum will scarcely be effected till autumn comes upon us. What will be the power of this telescope when it has its Lemairean form it is not easy to divine;—what nebulæ will it resolve into stars;—in what nebulæ will it not find stars;—how many satellites of Saturn will it shew us;—how many will it indicate as appertaining to Uranus;—how many nebulæ never yet seen by mortal eye will it present to us;—what spots will it shew us on the various planets," &c. &c.

These and numerous other interesting questions will doubtless be answered, and "that, too, very shortly."

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

April 14th.—Sir J. Rennie, V. P., in the chair. Three honorary and four ordinary members were elected, and seven gentlemen proposed for election.

The first paper read was an account, by Mr. E. J. Eyre, of his exploration of that portion of the lower course of the Darling river, Australia, which had never yet been examined. On the 4th December, 1843, Mr. Eyre left Morunde, accompanied by Mr. Scott, one policeman, and a native of Morunde, each mounted, and a pack-horse carrying provisions. Proceeding up the right bank of the Murray, the party arrived at the Rufus on the 8th December, from whence they struck across through the scrub to the Darling, crossing a large ana-branch* of that river, running through the scrub half-way between Lake Victoria and the Darling, with a course of full 60 miles nearly parallel with the river. On the 12th December, Mr. Eyre struck the Darling at a point 70 miles above its junction with the Murray. There was less water in the Darling than might have been anticipated from the length of its course; its banks were lined with beautiful gum-trees. Fifty miles further up they came to another considerable ana-branch of the Darling, but having much water only in times of flood. Proceeding four miles further, they had a fine view of the ranges laid down by Major Mitchell, to the west of the Darling; the intervening country seemed low and subject to inundation. At this place indisposition compelled Mr. Eyre to return. Proceeding down the Darling, Mr. Eyre and his party passed over all that part of the river's course left unvisited by Major Mitchell, and thus connected the two lines of that traveller, only on the opposite side of the river to his track. From the natives Mr. Eyre learnt that the Laidley Ponds are a chain of sheets of water, connected by a running stream, and falling into the Darling at a place called Wēēl-yŭ-rārăh; they said it came from the hills, and that water was to be found all the way from the Darling to Mount Bryan under these hills, by which route the natives frequently crossed backward and forwards, though chiefly, Mr. Eyre supposes, in the winter season. In the course of this excursion the traveller had occasion to notice the very beneficial influence exercised among the natives by the government establishment at Morunde, and which, in a greater or less degree, extends to the furthest point reached in this journey, or 330 miles from Morunde. The many natives they met with on their route behaved in so friendly a manner, that they found it unnecessary to keep watch at night. Having thus explored the road, the fact of so small a party as Mr. Eyre's having passed in perfect safety among such numerous tribes of the Darling, once so hostile, warrants the conclusion that a safe and practicable way is now opened for further future expeditions.

The second paper read was, "Notes of an excursion from Batúm to Artoin," by Mr. Vice-Consul Guarracino. The traveller's route lay along the left or western bank of Jurúk in a northerly direction: he accordingly first went round from Batúm to Kizil Toprak, crossing the river in a ferry-boat. The Jurúk at this place was only 30 yards broad, and 7 or 8 feet deep; but from May to the middle of September its width is from 200 to 300 yards. Passing through forests and over undulated ground, the traveller reached the village of Omboli, of 30 well-built houses, contiguous to a large forest of oak, chestnut, and alder-trees. Some way further on, the Adjarah Sú comes in from the east. Passing the village and stream of Miruvet, Mr. Guarracino came to the large village of Maradeet, with a bazaar of 70 shops, supplied in small quantities with every kind of European manufacture. Another ravine being crossed, Kadapha was reached, containing upwards of 200 houses. The natives here, who are Musselmans, and very civil, collect a little wax and honey, and grow a little barley. Leaving this place, and passing first along through narrow fields, between the Jurúk and the foot of the mountains, and then ascending the heights, the traveller reached Botchka, of about 90 houses, several of which are of stone, and built in contact with each other. The natives here make bricks and earthen jars, with which they supply the whole coast between Rizeh and the Jurúk Sú. They are also the boatmen of the river, on which there are about 80 boats. After quitting Botchka, passed an old fort, said to be Genoese; and crossed by a stone bridge, the Itchaleh Sú coming in from the west. The next place reached was Ziruret, where large quantities of tiles are made. A mile beyond this place the Murghur Sú was crossed, a western affluent of the Jurúk, forming the boundary between the provinces of Lazistan and Sivaneh; and after passing Dampal and Omana Khan and the ravine of Halit Derah Sú, the traveller arrived at Artoin, the whole distance being about 60 miles. Artoin has the appearance of a large village; the houses are built of wood, and separated by gardens planted with mulberry and olive-trees. The population is reckoned at about 5500, Catholics being more numerous than Turks. The industry of the town, the manners and customs of the inhabitants, the principal buildings (some being of stone), the trade, &c., of Artoin were described in the paper, which concluded with a general review of the neigbouring pashaliks.

* Term now used to designate an anastomosing branch, *i. e.*, a branch which, after leaving a stream, falls into it again, forming what is termed in physical geography, a branch island.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

April 16th.—Annual Election: The following is a list of the principal officers elected for the ensuing year:—

President: H. R. H. Prince Albert, K.G., &c. &c. *Honorary Vice-Presidents:* The Dukes of Northumberland, Sutherland, Buccleuch, Norfolk, and Portland; the Marquises of Northampton, Lansdowne, and Bristol; the Earls of Radnor, Clarendon, Dartmouth, Harrowby, Lonsdale, Romney, Stanhope, and W. Tooke, Esq. *Acting Vice-Presidents:* B. Rotch, J. Hume, M.P., B. B. Cabbell, W. H. Hughes, W. Pole, D. Pollock, W. H. Bodkin, M.P., J. A. Yates, and G. Moore, Esqrs., Dr. Roget, Sir J. John Guest, Bart., M.P., and Sir I. L. Goldsmid, Bart. *Secretary:* Francis Whishaw, Esq.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, *April* 10.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. H. P. Guillemard, fellow of Trinity College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. M. Holland, fellow of New College; Rev. G. Shand, Queen's College; Rev. J. T. F. Aldred, Lincoln College; Rev. F. H. Deane, fellow of Magdalene College; Rev. C. M. Skottowe, fellow of Jesus College; H. Parsons, Balliol College; Rev. W. Robins, Worcester College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Arrowsmith, St. Edmund Hall; H. W. West, Christ Church College; G. S. Master, G. H. Phillips, Brasenose College.

April 11.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Civil Law.—The Ven. W. B. Stonehouse, Brasenose College, Archdeacon of Stowe, grand compounder.

Bachelor of Arts.—S. E. Lyon, Wadham College.

CAMBRIDGE, *April* 9.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Honorary Masters of Arts.—Hon. F. S. Grimston, Hon. C. C. Neville, Magdalene College.

Masters of Arts.—W. B. Hewson, W. A. Mackinnon, St. John's College; J. Griffith, Christ's College; J. D. Raven, Magdalene College.

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Bachelors of Arts.—R. S. C. A. Alexander, F. B. B. Arthur, J. H. Knight, W. F. Northey, T. L. Williams Trinity College; J. Coleridge, C. D. Crofts, D. F. Jarman, G. H. Spurrier, St. John's College; I. Parruddock, St. Peter's College; W. A. Lewis, Caius College; H. T. Frere, Corpus Christi Coll.; W. Davies, Queen's College; J. W. Berryman, J. Godson, J. R. Pine, Catherine Hall; T. Brailsford, Christ's College; J. L. Wiglesworth, Magdalene College; F. Bourdillon, Emmanuel College.

Ad eundem M.A.—F. Balston, M.A., Christ Church, Oxford; F. Webb, M.A., Trinity College, Dublin.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

At the meeting on Thursday, the 10th,—Dr. Spry in the chair,—a paper by Mr. Cullimore was read, the purport of which was to identify the destruction of Sodom, and the seven years of plenty in Egypt, with some remarkable events in the Egyptian annals. In this dissertation the writer displayed that thorough acquaintance with the details of ancient chronology, for which his researches are so distinguished in the various societies to which his labours are contributed.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL AND ANARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATIONS!!

In order to secure a distinction between the two Associations into which the Archæological Association has split, the above title has been agreed upon and generally adopted. The *Anarchæologists*, with their lone Secretary at their head, are, we understand, making their *Way* with the general body by the same means as they employed for breaking up the general committee, *i.e.* by an active and persevering personal canvass. The other party, as if already feeling their strength, have settled to work, and are maturing their plans for publications and meetings. It is not our province to pronounce upon the open doings of either side; but we must say that we hear of practices among the Anarchæologists to which we could hardly have supposed any gentlemen could stoop. Anonymous letters have been sent in various quarter to detach members from the opposite committee (some of them disgracefully endeavouring to embroil official men with their superiors); and threats and entreaties have also been unscrupulously used to attain the same end. Surely proceedings of this kind cannot be sanctioned by or for any cause; and are most damaging to every individual in the lists of those from whom they emanate, even though many may be ignorant of, and would in a moment repudiate, such disreputable expedients.

As far as we hear, both parties are preparing for a meeting at Winchester; and it seems to be almost a matter of Town and Gown. The *Anarchæologists*, who stigmatised the Canterbury meeting as one of *Mountebanks*, and ridiculed those who opened barrows by the title of *Resurrectionists*, have been busily seeking to play the same parts, and deserve the same appellation themselves, at Winchester. This is a strange whim; but the barrows about Winchester are situated, we are told, on the land of a staunch Archæologist; and all the answer they can get to their request for leave to dig into them is, "Keep *A-Way* from my graves!"

But let things go as they may, We think it but fair on a public question to hear what can be said mediatorially from a quarter not immediately mixed up in the fray, and even though the views and opinions of a journalist should, in some points, be at variance with those of his correspondent. We therefore admit the following letter from One for whose intelligence and sentiments on all subjects connected with literature and the arts we entertain the highest respect.*

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Although very unwilling to trespass upon your kindness for space in your valuable columns, and by no means desirous of sacrificing the room intended for more useful matter to the follies of controversy, I know that you take such a warm personal interest in the great objects for which the British Archæological Association was instituted, that perhaps you will allow one of its earliest members to bring forward a proposal for stopping the schism in its ranks, and for putting an end to the anomalous spectacle of two rival and mutually-excommunicating committees. I feel the greater confidence in saying anything upon this subject as being an old and mutual friend of the rival members, Mr. Way and Mr. Wright, having a sincere regard for both, and not being in the least mixed up in the present differences. At the same time, I may lay claim to some impartiality in the affair, for I am disposed to find fault with the proceedings of both the committees; and were it worth while, in a matter where the *real* cause of dispute is so trifling,* could point out many things that I think might be amended.

The idea of forming an Archæological Association is by no means a new one. Mr. Wright, Mr. Way, and myself, used to chat about it in Paris, separately or jointly, years ago; so, no doubt, have several of your friends and other members of the Association: it was a good idea, sure to be brought into effect in favourable times.† All reasonable men, therefore, rejoiced when the movement, originating this time with Mr. Wright and Mr. R. Smith, drew them into a happy vortex of Archæological enthusiasm; and our confidence in the stability and utility of the Association was greatly increased when we found on the list of the committee the name of Mr. Way,—decidedly one of the most learned and accomplished antiquarians of the present day. It is therefore a matter of the deeper disappointment to us to find that the central committee,—which we have been looking forward to, and entreating to act, as an effectual bond of union—a point of central action for all local and provincial associations,—has in itself been held together by no firm spirit of co-operation; but that an unfortunate side-wind should have nearly overset the goodly vessel. The task, sir, of combating Vandalism and ignorance is in itself quite hard enough, without any division in the ranks of those who ought to form the van, or rather the staff, of this truly conservative army. I am persuaded, indeed, that a majority of the members of the Association feel, like myself, deep disappointment at this momentary check to our hopes; and that they would gladly coalesce in measures that should tend to keep the right hand and the left hand of the body at harmony with each other. It is of no use, dear Mr. Editor, for any large number of useful hard-working Archæologists to be kept apart from others like themselves merely on account of petty disputes such as the present one. Excuse a pun in so light a matter, only you yourself have set the example; but we should all like to go on in the *Wright-Way* upon the present occasion. The wrong-way is to quarrel with, to separate from, and to counteract each other; whereas the united efforts of all—the long pull, the strong pull, and the pull all together—are not a whit too much to counteract the anti-archæological tendencies of our utilitarian age. Quarrels of this nature ought not to disturb the peace of the antiquarian world: we have enough to do with old controversies without being troubled by new ones. We may go on very well with the majority of the Association, as they assume themselves to be, with the principal officers of the old Association, and with that most liberal and courteous nobleman, Lord Albert Conyngham, at their head; but still I cannot consider it any other than a fatal division which should deprive us of the valuable assistance of Mr. Way, Mr. Stapleton, Sir R. Westmacott, &c.

Sterne's remark, Sir, is true at the present day—"They manage these things better in France;" for there, in the bosom of the *Comité Historique des Arts et Monuments* (of which I have the honour to be an old member), you may find quite as many zealous, and certainly not fewer fiery, spirits pent up as in our own body; yet are they all kept in proper order by the stern energy of the secretary, and the superintending control of the Minister of Public Instruction. Any member there, Sir, that should shew symptoms of making himself "obstropolous," would speedily receive orders to make himself scarce. And indeed, upon due consideration, Mr. Editor, I do not see any very probable termination for our present difficulties except in a measure which, in my humble opinion, ought to have preceded the formation of the society itself; I mean a direct and urgent appeal to government, or to the Crown, to take this Association under its immediate superintendence and control. Our rulers have long enough stood aloof from the protection of art, and are now at length trying to make up for their lee-way, and to wipe off the disgrace of being the least enlightened, in this respect, of all European governments. But Archæology, unless I am much deceived, is one of the main adjuncts of art; and indeed I do not know how the study of one can be profitably pursued without a knowledge of the other. Surely, then, when we have near the throne a Prince of enlightened taste, skilled to no small extent in our own Archæological craft—when we have for our prime minister a gentleman whose good-will towards all that is venerable and estimable in England, and whose knowledge as a connoisseur, are indisputable—when we have an active and enlightened Commission of the Fine Arts—and when we see upon our own lists the name of a cabinet minister, a nobleman of the most critical taste and acumen, together with those of several of our learned prelates,—when we think of these circumstances, we may be encouraged to hope that an appeal to the government would be graciously received, and that the Association, from a private, might be transformed into a public body. In France, Sir, our Comité is a legally recognised body; and we can interfere with the strong arm of the law to stop all acts of Vandalism; but, although our excellent (?) constitution in England will not admit of such a stretch of good taste, much might be done if we had the government on our side. The crown is owner of many a glorious castle and weather-worn Druidic monument—the cathedrals are public edifices—so are our churches—our old abbeys all belong to the gentry and aristocracy of the country; why

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* A letter from Mr. Parker of Oxford, on the subject of the Archæological dispute, though written last week, only reached us yesterday, and too late for our present No. Mr. P. may believe that our only objects are truth and justice to all.

* The *real* cause of dispute either is or is not the publication of the *Album* by Mr. Wright. If that be the real cause, the quarrel is paltry and unworthy beyond credibility. If it be not, why do not the party acting with Mr. Way put forward the real grounds; why leave it to our correspondent to impute it to the yet more disgraceful source of "*personal jealousies?*"—*Ed. L. G.*

† *Par parenthèse*, dear Mr. Editor, when are we going to have a Literary Association? Please to remember that you had an idea of this kind long, long ago. But no quarrelling when we get it.—S. V. P.

A true hint; but very considerable expense did not enable us to surmount the early difficulties which beset the undertaking; and, though nobly and liberally supported, it was found to be impossible at the time to construct and establish the machinery required for the *magnum opus*. Under more favourable auspices and a happier moment it may, like many other good intents, be revived, and prosper.—*Ed. L. G.*

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should not all these buildings be declared worthy of preservation in the name of the state — in the name of good taste and good feeling — in the name of all that is honourable and respectable in England — in the name of the whole nation? The sanction of government is a tower of strength in these cases; and I would most strongly urge the advisability of going at once to her Majesty's ministers, and demanding a charter of incorporation — a grant of money — and a public constitution for our future regulation.

Not that, by obtaining a charter, I should ever wish to see the British Association interfering with the privileges of a certain venerable and national society, which, if its name were duly understood, ought to have anticipated the necessity of such a body being formed, but that I should hope we should be able to act with greater authority — with greater efficacy — and, above all, with greater unanimity. Your influence, Sir, and advice might effect much towards so desirable an end; and I beg leave strongly to urge upon you the necessity of taking some step of this nature.

For myself, I shall feel it my duty—unless Messrs. Wright and Way will agree to be reconciled, and to work together as good Archæologists—I shall feel it my duty, I say, to report them to M. de Salvandy, minister of public instruction — for we are all three members of the Comité Historique; and no doubt, when they next visit Paris,—for they are not unknown in the ministerial salons of the Rue de l'Université, —his Excellency will commit them to La Force, for forgetting and acting against their commissions as sworn brethren of the glorious confraternity of Archæologists.—I have the honour to be, dear Mr. Editor, your most obedient humble servant, ARCHÆOLOGUS.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

April 15th.—Dr. Sharpe in the chair. The honorary secretary, Mr. Yates, read a learned paper, from Professor Grotefend of Hanover, on the arrow-headed inscriptions lately found at Khorsabad, near Nineveh. It contained an elaborate and critical analysis of the subject, and a commentary on certain fundamental principles in the art of deciphering the cuneatic or wedge-shaped characters of the Assyrian writings. The opinions of the Professor were supported by those of Lieut. Von Mühlbach, an officer in the Russian service, who having lately returned from Mosul, has favoured the society (through Professor Grotefend) with the result of his investigations. On the conclusion of this paper, Mr. Massabini gave a sketch of the history of these inscriptions, and explained by what means he thought a clue might eventually be found to their meaning. He stated that there are five different classes of these characters, resembling each other only in being all wedge-shaped. One only has yet been interpreted, and it contains chiefly the names of the Babylonian, Persian, and Assyrian kings, as Darius, Xerxes, Artaxerxes, &c. Observations were also made by Mr. Johnston, Dr. Platé, &c.

Mr. T. Wright then read the introductory portion of an essay "On the history of Christianity in Arabia, previous to the establishment of Mohammedanism." The part now read treated of the geography and ethnography of the kingdom of Hamyar, or Arabia Felix, in ancient times, from the early Greek writers and the Arabian authorities, and a sketch of the genealogical history of the Arabian kings of the fabulous or semi-fabulous ages, according to the Arabian traditions. It was followed by an interesting discussion, chiefly on the value of the Arabian authorities for the earlier periods of the history of their country, and on the problematical state of civilisation or barbarism of southern Arabia, before Muhammed, in which Dr. Sharpe, Messrs. Johnston and Massabini, Dr. Platé, &c. took a part. Dr. Platé took the opportunity of exhibiting a drawing of a map of Hadramaut, the first correct map of that district which has been made, and which is being engraved.

Dr. Yates, in announcing the first anniversary meeting next week, gave a very encouraging picture of the flourishing condition and favourable prospects of the society; and stated that the number of *original* members now only wanted four of completion, after which new members would have to pay double the original subscription.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Statistical, 8 P.M.; Chemical, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts (anniversary meeting), 8 P.M.; Syro-Egyptian (anniversary meeting), 7½ P.M.; Antiquaries (anniversary meeting), 2 P.M.; Microscopical, 8 P.M.; Pharmaceutical, 9 P.M.; Ethnological, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (lecture).

Thursday.—Royal Society of Literature (anniversary meeting), 3 P.M.; London Institution (anniversary meeting), 12 A.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.

Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Philological, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (conversazione).

Saturday.—Royal Botanic, 4 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

NEW SOCIETY OF WATER-COLOURS.

A TRANSIENT glance previous to the private view to-day affords us the pleasure of saying that we consider this year's exhibition to be a manifest improvement on all that have preceded. And if the contents are superior, the gallery in which they appear has been reconstructed in such a manner as to display them to much greater advantage. The apartments have been converted into one handsome saloon, excellently lighted throughout; and, with the exception of a small movable and intervening screen, which is of service to the general effect, the whole number of 317 works, many of them very brilliant and all of them pleasing, are seen at a single view, and make a delightful impression on the eye and mind. As yet it would be invidious to particularise; but we may notice No. 81, "Ferdinand visiting Rubens at Antwerp," as a dazzling performance, by Haghe, and that Warren, Duncan, Fahey, Howse (officers of the society), and Riviere, Rochard, Taylor, &c., &c., have contributed in a style becoming their talents and reputation to an exhibition which does honour to our native arts.

BIOGRAPHY.

Lady Stepney.—On the 14th, at her residence in Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, died this literary lady, the widow of the late Sir Thomas Stepney, Bart. Pretty, accomplished, and fashionable, her ladyship, in her younger years, mixed much in the higher circles of society; and during the later period of her life she assiduously cultivated an intimacy with the world of literature, and made her handsome mansion the agreeable and hospitable rendezvous of most of the authors and artists, &c., who were distinguished by their works. She published "The New Road to Ruin," and one or two other novels, with considerable success; and we have to regret in her the loss of an individual under whose roof-tree, and in whose company, we have passed many pleasant hours.

REGINA MARIA ROCHE.

AT Waterford, aged 81, the Irish newspapers, a month ago, made us acquainted with the death of Mrs. Roche, the accomplished author of "The Children of the Abbey," and other interesting novels, which delighted our elders half a century ago. And this is fame! We really did not know that this distinguished writer still visited the glimpses of the moon till we read her obituary. She had retired from the world, and the world had forgotten her. But many young hearts, now old, must remember the effect upon them of her graceful and touching compositions; and imaginations once excited by her skill will yet acknowledge her loss with a melancholy feeling of regret, that the bright should thus have faded in the overwhelming darkness of fast-flitting years. In their time were nothing more popular nor more justly prized than the works of Regina Maria Roche — where are her successors, the cycles of many-coloured novelists since? We may hear of them when they die!!!

"The Children of the Abbey," 4 vols., on which Mrs. Roche's fame chiefly rests, was published so long ago as 1798, and "Clermont," also a 4 vol. tale, in the same year. But five years previous to this, in 1793, she had imped her wing with "The Vicar of Lansdowne," a novel, and "The Maid of the Hamlet," a tale, we think in two volumes. In 1800 succeeded "The Nocturnal Visit," 4 vols., for the standard had not then been fixed at three; and in 1806, "The Discarded Son," which extended to five. During the next twelve or fourteen years, "The Houses of Osma and Almeria," 3 vols., 1810; "The Monastery of St. Colombe," 5 vols., 1812; "Trecothick Bower," 3 vols., 1813; "London Tales," 2 vols., 1814; "The Munster Cottage-Boy, 4 vols., 1819; and perhaps other later fictions, flowed from her prolific pen. She was, as will be seen from this list, contemporary with Mrs. Isabella Kelly (afterwards Hedgeland), the mother of the present eminent counsel and M.P., Mr. Fitzroy Kelly. Mrs. Kelly began her career in the same line with "The Abbey of St. Asaph," in 1795, 3 vols.; and afterwards wrote "The Ruins of Avondale Priory," "Joscelina," "Madeline," "Eva," "Ruthenglenne," "Modern Incidents," "The Secret," and "Jane de Dunstanville," in all 28 volumes of novels, besides "The Baron's Daughter," a Gothic romance, 4 vols., "The Child's French Grammar," "Literary Information, Anecdotes," &c. 4 vols., and "Poems." These were the novelists of their day; and Ann Radcliffe's famous Romance, "The Mysteries of Udolpho," issued from the press in 1794; "The Italian," in 1797; and "The Romance of the Forest," soon after.

Mr. John Henderson Grieve, the distinguished theatrical scene-painter, and the father of two sons (one recently dead) highly eminent in the same line of art, met with a melancholy death on last Saturday night. He was found by a policeman lying on his back on the foot-pavement in the Old Kent Road, his way to his home at Peckham, and, as is rather usual with these conservators of the public peace, carried to the Park-lane station-house as *drunk* and incapable, and scandalously plunged into a noisome cell, after 32*l.* 10*s.* had been secured from his person. Here the old gentleman, aged 75, was left, whilst the policeman went again upon his beat, where he found inquiries being made respecting his prisoner, and conducted the inquirer, Mr. Grieve's son-in-law, to the station-house, who immediately recognised his unfortunate relative. Mr. Thomas Grieve, his son, was immediately sent for; but it was not till

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near five o'clock of Sunday morning, five hours after his fall in a fit of *apoplexy*, that he found his parent stretched on a wooden bench in one of these vile cells, with froth and saliva running from his mouth, and apparently in a dying condition. He was taken to a room with a fire, and surgical aid applied, but all too late. He was removed to his residence, and expired at one o'clock on Monday morning. The evidence of the police-sergeant on duty when Mr. Grieve was committed, exposes a system of the most reprehensible kind, viz. that whenever one of the police choose to consider a person to be intoxicated, their duty it is to throw him into a cold stone dungeon, and refuse even to send for bail to release him from a condition so dangerous to life under any circumstances, and in this case attended by a fatal issue. We consider it very little short of murder; for our ancient friend was not of intemperate habits, and had spent that very evening at his son's, and drank only half a glass of wholesome whisky.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE GOVERNESSES' BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

THE second anniversary at the London Tavern on Wednesday, Lord Sandon in the chair, was as we, last Saturday, presumed it would be, a very gratifying meeting to the friends and supporters of this much-wanted institution. The company were addressed in able and persuasive speeches, by the noble chairman, Lord Ingestre, Mr. Mackinnon, the Hon. G. R. Trevor, Sir John Paull, Mr. R. Vaughan Richards, and the honorary secretary, the Rev. Mr. David Laing; and an announcement was made of a subscription amounting to no less than 1550*l.*! Whether the excellent fare provided by the proprietors of the tavern contributed, as well as the touching appeals of the speakers, to this result, it is impossible to tell; but certainly if there be any truth in the saying, that one road to the heart is by the stomach, the manner in which they manage these numerous entertainments must go some considerable way towards producing or augmenting very charitable feelings. The account given by Mr. Laing of the flourishing condition of the charity was most satisfactory. Not only has the branch, which may be called that of pure charity, been enabled to rescue many deserving and unfortunate females from the lowest depths of poverty and suffering, and lead those who had seen better days, at least to exchange utter wretchedness for comparative comfort; but the other important branch, which depends on self-sustenance—the laying by, while the power exists, a something against the time when old age or infirmity shall put an end to useful toil and mental exertion—has in one year risen in substance from 700*l.* or 800*l.* to 10,000*l.*!! This sum, gradually increasing, and safely and judiciously managed, must become a sure anchor to many a shattered vessel which must otherwise have been wrecked; and, together with the more eleemosynary division of the plan, it does the utmost credit to its humane and active directors. The relief of governesses in temporary difficulties (for whom, in certain cases, a *Home* is supplied)—the grant of immediate annuities to others the most helpless and forlorn—and the securing of deferred annuities to others upon their own savings-payments—are all elements in this excellent design; and we know no one of all our benevolent and Christian institutions which better deserves the sympathy and liberal patronage of the public.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—Thursday, a most attractive bill announced *Semiramide*, the last act of *Lucia*, with Moriani as *Edgardo*; *La Nina*, Lucile Grahn in *Eoline*, and a new *ballet* called *Kaya*, with the *danseuses Viennoises*. Of all the operas so well performed and put on the stage at this tasteful theatre, perhaps none is altogether so complete as the *Semiramide* of Rossini; difficult to sing beyond most operas, it is nevertheless executed in a very perfect and imposing manner, highly creditable to every one concerned. Madlle. Brambilla, the contralto, made her first appearance as *Arsace*: her talents are well known. She has been unrivalled, and we doubt whether any one could be found now who could sing and act the part of *Arsace* better throughout; Grisi sang admirably, and we listened to the entire work with great interest, although so often heard before. The new *ballet* is an exceedingly graceful and pretty performance; the scene is very cleverly painted, and the silent expression of Lucille Grahn, and the little Cupid *fraulein*, most elegant and poetic. The *ballet* of acting was ended by the joyous and picturesque romps of the little *Viennoises* as *Moissonneuses*. The house was very crowded, and all were well satisfied with their amusement.

Drury Lane.—On Monday *Lucia di Lammermoor* presented us with Duprez, the original *Edgar* when the opera was produced at the theatre of San Carlos; and Madame Eugene Garcia as *Lucy*. Duprez' style was effective in several pieces, and the whole went well, though not so fervently applauded as was the *William Tell*.

Princess's.—A new comic opera, composed by Auber, and called the *Duc D'Olonne*, was performed for the first time here on Monday last. The music is a fair specimen of the composer's pleasing style, without any very evident marks of study and original ideas; some of the accompaniments and symphonies are very pretty. The singing, by Allen, Walton, and Miss Condelle, was of good mediocre character, and the whole performance was successful. The scenery by Mr. Beverly is exceedingly good. And *à propos*, this very same opera has, we are told, been performed in a very popular style for several months past at the *Grecian Saloon*: so much for French novelties.

Sadler's Wells has closed a very prosperous season of the legitimate drama; for which the public owe their thanks to the good sense, taste, and enterprise, of Mr. Greenwood. It is a great satisfaction to us to have, throughout these bad dramatic times, undeniable existing proofs that English audiences will patronise Shakspere and all who worthily have followed in his train, when and wherever they are properly represented.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

COTTAGE-IMPROVEMENT.

IN England's dewy meads and sunny plains
And fertile fields, where smiling plenty reigns;
Where many tranquil, happy homes are found,
With blessings of abundance strewn around,—
Oh! let not those, o'er whose serene abode
These benefits more richly are bestow'd,
Forget the poor man in his humble cot,
Nor heedlessly despise his lowly lot.

When winter's frosty breath the earth benumbs,
And on the howling blast the snow-storm comes;
When piercing cold invades the home of those
Upon whose hearth a cheering blaze still glows,—
What must you trembling cottage-inmates feel,
Who crowd around to share their scanty meal,
And o'er the half-expiring embers bend,
If haply may some genial warmth ascend!
And will it not enhance the donor's bliss
To pour relief upon a scene like this,
Whose willing heart and helping hands are made
The channels to impart consoling aid?

How beautiful, at close of summer-day,
When in the west the sunbeams fade away,
To mark the bounteous crops the furrows yield
In some extensive and productive field;
In scatter'd groups the occupants to trace,
Each working in his own allotted space!
How pleasing to reflect, with grateful joy:
The products of these lands, that now employ
The peasant's vacant evening hours to tend,
In comforts will upon his home descend,—
The dreary night of penury illume,
And help to cheer stern winter's chilling gloom!

Oh! may such benefits as these are found
With joyful hope each cottage-home surround!
Still may contented industry increase,
The peasant crown with happiness and peace!
And more than all, may grace divine impart
Religion's sacred influence to his heart,
And teach his soul in Christian faith to soar,
The Source of all these mercies to adore!
This only can the poor man's lot improve—
His poverty and misery remove;
'Tis this alone that can exalt a state,
And make a nation prosperous and great.

ROSA.

THE DEPARTURE.

Founded on an Incident in the Life of a Clerical Friend.

A PRAYER for thee ere evening's shadows close
O'er the far waters where thy watch is kept;
One thought, one passing thought of lost repose,—
My eyes shall then forget that they have wept.

Well thou rememberest—for I know full well
Thy heart for weal or woe is link'd to mine—
How from my lips the sacred accents fell
When first I met thee at that lowly shrine;

How in our mutual heart the fervour glow'd
With rapt Isaiah's pure seraphic flame,
And how the tears of holy anguish flow'd
At the sad record of Judæa's shame.

No longer I regard the grace I teach—
I languish o'er the oracles divine;
How care I e'en the holiest truths to preach
To others' ears, since never more to thine!

Oh, wakeful anguish of the hallow'd past!
Oh, memorable present, fraught with tears!
Oh, hopeless future, what a lot to cast
On the dark waters of thy coming years!

Couldst thou, fond object of my soul's desires,
But see the heart thy lightning-love has riven!
Ah! now too late to call its winged fires
Back to thy peaceful breast, their native heaven.

Is thy heart peaceful? Yes, I see thee stand
(This is no dream, like that of boutless love!)
With hosts of holy angels, hand in hand,
Treading with them the courts of light above.

There, on the amaranthine plains of heaven,
Sole place to commune with a heart like thine,
My spirit too might hope to be forgiven
This guilt and madness of its first decline.

Come back! come back! this earth must be thy home,
Till both our hearts with one sad anguish break;
Thou mayst not enter where *I* cannot come:
E'en heaven shall not be thine till I partake.

Come, with thy quiet majesty of love,
Direct the guilty heart that thou enthrall'st;
Call by thy prayers such mercy from above
As only can be granted when *thou* call'st:

Walk with me through this daily walk of life,
As one to whom a guardian power is given,
To still the longings of unholy strife,
And hallow, whilst thou lead'st, the way to heaven.

T. F. TRIEBNER.

VARIETIES.

Mathias Von Holst, the well-known composer of much popular music, died suddenly at his daughter's house, Hampstead Road, on Friday the 11th, in the 86th year of his age.

Barrows in Berkshire.—Some barrows have recently been opened near Aston, Berks, but without discovering aught remarkable. Where skeletons were found, it was ascertained that they had been buried in the position of north and south, the head being to the north. The metallic remains of fibulæ or buckles, vestiges of pottery, and some coins of Constantius Pius, were among the *débris*; but all much wasted in consequence of the wetness of the soil.

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Copyrights.—The French Chamber of Deputies has unanimously adopted the bill for securing the copyright in France to the authors of literary and artistical works and dramatical productions published in Sardinia, agreeably to the treaty signed between that country and France on the 28th of August, 1843.

Another New Comet.—The *Journal des Débats* publishes the following from a letter dated Cayenne, Jan. 18: "We have seen here, during several evenings past, a superb comet. The size of its tail is not equal to that of the comet observed here in February and March 1844, but the nucleus is more apparent, and diffuses much light."

Rapid Conveyance.—The *Mechanic's Magazine*, No. 1131, describes a project by Mr. W. H. James, for conveying letters and small parcels at the rate of three hundred miles an hour!! It is nearly on the principle announced by Mr. Vallance some twenty years ago, who, our readers may remember, proposed to travel through a tube from Brighton to London in so many minutes. The agent in both cases is atmospheric pressure; and the means employed the exhaustion of the air from the tubes through which the matter sent is to pass. At one end, the recipient would be the exhausting machine, and the other would be air-tight till the article was inserted for transmission.

Jerusalem.—According to the report of Mr. Asher Sampson, recently returned from Jerusalem (*Voice of Jacob* of the 11th), the number of Jewish inhabitants in the holy city is estimated at 15,000 Sephardim, 600 Perushim, and 300 Chazidim. They are represented to be in great distress, and the English mission "a thorn in their sides."

Correction of the Press.—A provincial journal last week, copying an antiquarian notice from Wright's *Album*, and not understanding very well what a Roman *Thurible* was, corrected this Barrow curiosity into the still more rare one of a *Roman Thimble!*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A Visit to Borneo in H.M.S. the Dido, Capt. the Hon. Henry Keppel, with an Account of the Interior of the Island, by James Brooke, Esq., now ruler, under the sultan, of a native province, is announced for speedy publication.

We are happy to see announced for publication, under the highest royal and Indian auspices, the Fauna Antiqua Sivalensis; or, Fossil Zoology of the Sewalik Hills, by Dr. Hugh Falconer, whose discoveries in that region have, even when partially made known at the Royal Asiatic Society and the British Association, excited so much astonishment and applause. Capt. P. T. Cautley is worthily joined in this great and interesting undertaking.—*Ed. L. G.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lady's Country Companion, or how to enjoy Country Life rationally, by Mrs. Loudon, 12mo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—History of Fiction, by J. Dunlop, 3d edit., 1 vol. medium 8vo, 15*s.*—The Practical Miner's Guide, by J. Budge, 2d edit. enlarged, 8vo, 12*s.*—Scriptural Conversations between Charles and his Mother, by Lady C. Fitzroy, fcp. 4*s* 6*d.*—Origin and Ramifications of the English Language, by H. Welsford, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Review of the principal Facts connected with the recent State Prosecutions in Ireland, by a Barrister, 8vo, 12*s.*—Five Discourses on Subjects contained in the Book of Genesis, by the Rev. I. J. White Jervis, post 8vo, 7*s* 6*d.*—Italy, a Poem, by J. Edmund Reade, new edit., 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Dr. James Thomson's Euclid's Elements, 3d edit., 12mo, Part II., 2*s.* 6*d.*; two parts in one, 5*s.*—Morning and Evening Meditations for Every Day in a Month, 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—American Factories and their Female Operatives, by the Rev. W. Scoresby, D.D., 12mo, 1*s.* 6*d.* sewed.—Historical Illustrations of the Chateau d'Eu, by J. Skelton, Part II., 10*s.*—Private and Family Prayers, by the Rev. J. Wenham, 12mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Anniversary Sermons before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, 8vo, 5*s.*—Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, edited by the Rev. A. Dyce, Vol. VIII., 8vo, 12*s.*—Captain Grover's Bokhara Victims, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Peninsular Sketches by Actors on the Scenes, edited by W. H. Maxwell, 2 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 1*s.*—Lands Classical and Sacred, by Lord Nugent, 2 vols. post 8vo, 18*s.*—Self, by the Author of "Cecil," 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Manual of Family Prayers and Meditations, selected by the Rev. L. J. Bernays, 32mo, 2*s.* cloth.—Devotional Exercises for the Closet for Every Day in the Year, 8vo, 5*s.*—Signs of the Times in the East, by the Rev. E. Bickersteth, fcp. 6*s.*—Brief Records of Meditative Hours, 2d edit., fcap. 3*s.* 6*d.*—History of the Irish Rebellion in 1798, by W. H. Maxwell, 8vo, 16*s.*—The Gardener's Receipt-Book, by W. Jones, 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—The Three-Leaved Manual of Family Prayer, royal 8vo, 2*s.*—Adventures in New Zealand from 1839 to 1844, by E. J. Wakefield, 2 vols. 8vo, 1*l.* 8*s.*—Philosophy of the Water-Cure, by J. Balbirnie, M.D., 12mo, 5*s.*—Life and Correspondence, of Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, by F. B. Tupper, 12mo, 6*s.*—Voice of the Church, in Reply to Dr. D. F. Strauss, by the Rev. J. R. Beard, D.D., 8vo, 12*s.*—British Moths and their Transformations, by Humphreys and Westwood, Vol. II., 4to, 3*l.*—Manual of Gothic Mouldings, by F. A. Paley, M.A., 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

This Evening (SATURDAY), April 19, will be performed Rossini's opera, entitled "Semiramide." Semiramide, Madame Grisi; Arsace, Mdlle. Brambilla; Assur, signor Fornasari; Idreno, Signor Corelli; and Oroe, Signor Lablache.

Between the acts of the opera a Divertissement, in which the Spanish danseuse, Dona Manuela Perea, known as La Nena, and the Spanish Bolero dancer, Don Felix Garcia, will appear in the Spanish national dance Les Mollares di Surgia; and the Danseuses Viennoises, under the direction of Madame Josephine Weiss, will dance the Pas des Fleurs, and, in the ballet divertissement, Kaya, the celebrated Pas des Moissonneurs.

To conclude with the highly successful ballet divertissement, entitled "Kaya; ou, L'Amour Voyageur." The music composed and arranged by Signor Pugni, and comprising themes from the Norwegian melodies. The principal dances composed and arranged by M. Perrot; those of the Danseuses Viennoises by Madame Josephine Weiss. Kaya, Mdlle. Lucile Grahn; L'Amour, Fraulein Fanny Pragher; Hermann, M. Di Mattia; and Knud, M. Perrot.

In the course of the divertissement the following dances:—La Norweigienne, original Pas de Caractere, by Mdlle Lucile Grahn; Pas Scenic, Mdlle. Lucile Grahn and Fraulein Fanny Pragher; Valse Galop, Pas de Six, Mdlle. Grahn and M. Perrot, supported by Mdlles. Ferdinand, Cassan, Demelisse, and Moncelet; and, first time, Pas des Moissonneurs, by the Danseuses Viennoises.

Doors open at seven; the opera will commence at half-past seven o'clock.

Applications for boxes, stalls, and tickets to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

It is respectfully announced, that the celebrated Symphonic Ode of the DESERT, with the original melodies, choruses, and grand orchestral accompaniments, by Felicien David, will be repeated on MONDAY next, April 21st, 1845, preceded by a grand miscellaneous Vocal, Orchestral, and Choral Selection, from the most classical Composers, including Mozart, Weber, Mendelssohn, Gluck, Beethoven, &c., and supported by nearly all the distinguished artistes of the establishment. The orchestra and chorus will include upwards of 200 performers. The whole under the direction of Sig. Costa.

PART I.

Sinfonia in C minor . . .	. . . . .	Beethoven.
Aria, Che faro . . .	Mdlle. Brambilla . .	Gluck.
Aria, Les Hirondelles . .	Sig. Moriani . . .	David.
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Aria, Non sai dir . . .	Mdme. Anaide Castellan .	Mozart.
La Carita . . .	(Chorus)	Rossini.

Solo Parts

Soprani—Mmes. Castellan, Rosetti, and Rita Borio.

Contralto—Mdme. Brambilla.

Overture, Oberon . . . . Weber.

PART II.—THE DESERT.

The solo parts by Signor Moriani.

Programme of the Desert:—Part I.—Entrance to the Desert.

Glorification of Allah; Grand Chorus and Orchestra—Arrival of the Caravan—Departure of the Caravan—Tempest in the Desert—Return of the Calm—The Caravan resumes its march.

Part II.—Night.

Evening Star—Halt of the Caravan—Hymn to the Night; Air sung by Sig. Moriani—Arabian Fantasia—The Dance of the Almés—The Liberty of the Desert; Grand Chorus with Orchestra—Evening Reverie; Melody sung by Sig. Moriani, with Chorus and Grand Orchestral Accompaniment—Sleep.

Part III.—Sunrise.

Call of the Muezzin—The Caravan starts once more on its journey—The Caravan gradually disappears, and is lost in the distance; Grand Chorus and Orchestra—Silence in the Desert—The Song of Thanksgiving—Allah. Grand Chorus final.

Boxes, Two, Three, and Four Guineas each, may be had on application at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.

Doors open at half-past seven, and commence at eight o'clock.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Nobility, Subscribers, and the Public, are respectfully informed that there will be an EXTRA NIGHT (not included in the Subscription) on THURSDAY next, April 24th, when will be performed Rossini's opera, "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." Rosina, Madame Grisi; Bertha, Mdlle. Bellini; Il Conte d'Almaviva, Signor Mario; Bartolo, Sig. Lablache; Basilio, Sig. F. Lablache; and Figaro, Sig. Fornasari.

The Danseuses Viennoises will appear in some of their favourite Pas. With other entertainments; in which the most distinguished artistes of the establishment will appear.

In the course of the evening, the celebrated Spanish dancer, Dona Manuela Perea, known as La Nena, and the Bolero dancer, Don Felix Garcia, will appear in various of the national Pas of Spain.

With the new ballet divertissement, entitled "Kaya; ou, L'Amour Voyageur." Kaya, Mdlle. Lucile Grahn; L'Amour, Fraulein Fanny Pragher; Hermann, M. Di Mattia; and Knud, M. Perrot.

In the course of the divertissement the following dances:—La Norwegienne, original Pas de Caractere, Mdlle. Lucile Grahn; Pas des Cinq Sens, Mdlle. Lucile Grahn and Fraulein Fanny Pragher; Valse Galop, Pas de Six, Mdlle. Lucile Grahn and M. Perrot, supported by Mdlles. Ferdinand, Cassan, Demelisse, and Moncelet; and the Pas des Moissonneurs, by the Danseuses Viennoises. With other entertainments; in which will appear all the artistes of the ballet, including Mdlle. Grahn, Mdme. Fraulein Pragher, M. Perrot, M. Di Mattia, M. Toussaint, M. Gosselin, and the Danseuses Viennoises.

Applications for boxes, stalls, and tickets to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.

Doors open at Seven; the Opera to commence at half-past Seven.

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The List of Stewards will be advertised in a few days.

OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Sec.

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The GENERAL ANNIVERSARY MEETING of the Society for the Election of the President, Vice-Presidents, Council, and Officers, for the ensuing Year, and for other Business, will be held on THURSDAY, the 24th instant, at the Society's House, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square.

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April 16th, 1845.

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"In my opinion, these, the great teachers of the age, covered it with still greater glory than it drew from the statesmen and the warriors who ruled its affairs. It was necessary to enter much more into detail here than in the former branch of this work, because a mere general description of scientific or of literary merit is of exceedingly little value, conveying no distinct or precise idea of the subject sought to be explained. It appeared the more necessary to discuss these matters minutely, because upon some of them much prejudice prevailed, and no attempt had hitherto been made to examine them completely, or even impartially. Of this a remarkable example is afforded by the want of any thing that deserves the name of a Life of Voltaire, and by the great prejudices, both favourable and unfavourable to him, which, among different classes, exist on the subject. But it must also be observed, that Dr. Black's discoveries have been far from attaining the reputation which they so well deserve as the foundation of modern chemistry; and justice to this illustrious philosopher required that the consequences arising from his modesty and his great indifference to fame should be counteracted by a full history of his scientific labours, comparing the state of the science as he found it with that in which he left it. My own personal acquaintance with some of the great men whose history I have ventured to write enabled me to throw additional light upon it; and respecting one, whom of course I could not have known, Mr. Hume, I have obtained information from good sources through the kindness of friends. The materials of his life are, however, chiefly to be sought in his writings, and especially in his letters. The same remark is applicable to the life of Voltaire. Those who have written it, like the Marquis de Condorcet, without ever referring to the fourteen large volumes (containing nine thousand closely-printed pages) of his correspondence, might just as well have undertaken to give a life of Rousseau without consulting his 'Confessions,' or of Hume without reading his 'Autobiography.'—I have, besides, had access to valuable original documents both of Voltaire, Robertson, and Cavendish; to some respecting Watt and Simson. The course of this work has kept me, for the most part, at a distance from questions touching political affairs, or the constitution and progress of society, but not always. The reader will find that no opportunity has been left unimproved, as far as I was capable of seizing it with any effect, for inculcating or illustrating the great doctrines of peace, freedom, and religious liberty. The observations on historical composition in the life of Robertson I especially consider as pointing to an improvement in that department of letters, highly important to the best interests of mankind, as well as to the character of historians. But although I have no political animosities to encounter, I fear my historical statements and my commentaries on some lives, as those of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Hume, may find enemies among the two great parties whose principles come in question. The free-thinkers will object to the blame which I have ventured to pronounce upon their favourite authors; the friends of the church may take exception to the praises which I have occasionally bestowed. It may, however, be expected from the justice of both these conflicting bodies, that they will read with attention and with calmness before they condemn. From the former class I can expect no favour beyond what every one has a right to claim from avowed adversaries; a fair hearing is all I desire. To the latter I would address a few words in the spirit of respectful kindness, as to those with whom I generally agree."

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His judgment on the former is drawn up with great acuteness and impartiality; but notwithstanding the appeal we have just quoted, we expect that some passages in it will give offence in certain quarters, and be severely criticised, as not enough denunciative of infidelity. Yet, speaking of the "Pucelle," his lordship remarks:

"The 'Pucelle' is one continued sneer at all that men do hold, and all that they ought to hold, sacred, from the highest to the least important subjects, in a moral view—from the greatest to the most indifferent, even in a critical view. Religion and its ministers and its professors—virtue, especially the virtues of a prudential cast—the feelings of humanity—the sense of beauty—the rules of poetical composition—the very walks of literature in which Voltaire had most striven to excel—are all made the constant subjects of sneering contempt, or of ribald laughter; sometimes by wit, sometimes by humour, not rarely by the broad grins of mere gross buffoonery. It is a sad thing to reflect that the three masterpieces of three such men as Voltaire, Rousseau, Byron, should all be the most immoral of their compositions. It seems as if their prurient nature had been affected by a bad but criminal excitement to make them exceed themselves. Assuredly if such was not Voltaire's case, he well merits the blame; for he scrupled not to read his 'Pucelle' to his niece, then a young woman. But here it would be unjust to forget that the same genius which underwent this unworthy prostitution, was also enlisted by its versatile possessor in the service of virtue and of moral truth. There may be some doubt if his moral essays, the 'Discours sur l'Homme,' may not be placed at the head of his serious poetry—none whatever that it is a performance of the highest merit. As the subject is didactic, his talents—turned towards grave reasoning and moral painting, adapted rather to satisfy the understanding than to touch the heart, and addressing themselves more to the learned and polite than to the bulk of mankind—occupied here their appointed province, and had their full scope. Pope's moral essays gave the first hint of these beautiful compositions; but there is nothing borrowed in them from that great moral poet, and there is no inferiority in the execution of the plan. A strict regard to modesty, with the exception of a line or two, reigns throughout, and the object is to inculcate the purest principles of humanity, of tolerance, and of virtue. None but a Romanist bigot could ever have discovered the lurking attack upon religion in the noble verses against substituting vain ceremonies for good works, and attempting to honour the Deity by ascetic abstinence from the enjoyments which he has kindly provided for our happiness. Nay, the finest panegyric on the ministry of Christ is to be found mingled with the same just reprehensions of those who pervert and degrade his doctrines (Disc. vii.), and even the optimism of which in his other works he has ridiculed the extravagant doctrines, is here preached with a pious approval of its moderate and rational faith (Disc. iii. v.). His ridicule of saints is confined to the fanatical devotees or hypocritical pretenders who degrade and desecrate the name. If he mentions any miracles with disrespect, it is their false ones, as in that fine passage, which yet gave offence, in the seventh Discourse—

'Les miracles sont bons; mais soulager son frère,
Mais tirer son ami du sein de la misère,
Mais à ses ennemis pardonner leur vertus,
C'est un plus grand miracle, et qui ne se fait plus.'"

Of his personal character it is stated:

"His journey to England had two important consequences. The money which he obtained, and which he afterwards increased by a lucky chance in the lottery, and by engaging in one or two successful mercantile speculations, yielded him an ample income for the rest of his life; so that he cared little for the profits of his works, and indeed gave many of them to the booksellers and the actors for nothing. Not only was he thus secured in the state of independence which is an author's best protection against crude and hasty composition, but he was able to follow the bent of his taste in choosing his subjects, and of his disposition both to encourage young authors of merit and to relieve the distresses of deserving persons. Proofs also remain which place beyond all doubt his kindness to several worthless men, who repaid it with the black ingratitude so commonly used as their current coin by the base and spiteful, who salve their own wounded pride by pouring venom on the hand that saved or served them. * * * He was fond of assisting persons in distress, but chiefly young persons of ability struggling with difficult circumstances: thus the niece of Corneille, left in a

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destitute condition, was invited, about the year 1760, to Ferney, where she remained for several years, and received her education. But, above all, he was the protector of the oppressed, whether by political or ecclesiastical tyranny. His fame rests on an imperishable foundation as a great writer—certainly the greatest of a highly polite and cultivated age; but these claims to our respect are mingled with sad regrets at the pernicious tendency of no small portion of his works. As the champion of injured virtue, the avenger of enormous public crimes, he claims a veneration which embalms his memory in the hearts of all good men; and this part of his character, untarnished by any stain, enfeebled by no failing, is justly to be set up against the charges to which other passages of his story are exposed, redeeming those passages from the dislike or the contempt which they are calculated to inspire towards their author."

Lord B. warmly and justly panegyrises Voltaire's "Essai sur les Mœurs des Nations;" and of "Candide" he says:

"It is indeed a most extraordinary performance; and while it has such a charm that its repeated perusal never wearies, we are left in doubt whether most to admire the plain, sound sense, above all cant, of some parts, or the rich fancy of others; the singular felicity of the design for the purposes it is intended to serve, or the natural yet striking graces of the execution. The lightness of the touch with which all the effects are produced—the constant affluence of the most playful wit—the humour wherever it is wanted, abundant, and never overdone—the truth and accuracy of each blow that falls, always on the head of the right nail—the quickness and yet the ease of the transitions—the lucid clearness of the language, pure, simple, entirely natural—the perfect conciseness of diction as well as brevity of composition, so that there is not a line, or even a word, that seems ever to be superfluous, and a point, a single phrase, sometimes a single word, produces the whole effect intended; these are qualities that we shall in vain look for in any other work of the same description, perhaps in any other work of fancy. That there is a caricature throughout, no one denies; but the design is to caricature, and the doctrines ridiculed are themselves a gross and intolerable exaggeration. That there occur here and there irreverent expressions is equally true; but that there is any thing irreligious in the ridicule of a doctrine which is in itself directly at variance with all religion, at least with all the hopes of a future state, the most valuable portion of every religious system, may most confidently be denied. We have already seen Voltaire's sober and enlightened view of this subject in his moral poems, and those views agree with the opinions of the most pious Christians, as well as the most enlightened philosophers, who, unable to doubt the existence of evil in this world, or to account for its inconsistency with the Divine goodness, await with patient resignation the light which will dawn upon them in another state of being, and by which all these difficulties will be explained."*

Of the irreligious tendency of his writings, Lord B. speaks thus:

"It is fit to remark, that the odium which has cast a shadow on a name that must otherwise have shone forth with pure and surpassing lustre, is partly at least owing to the little care taken to conceal his unpopular opinions, which is no sufficient ground of blame. But in part it is owing to that which is exceedingly blameable, the unsparing bitterness of his invective on all the honest prejudices (as even he must have deemed them) of believers, and the unceasing ribaldry of his attacks on those opinions which, whether he thought them true or not, had at any rate the sanction of ages, the support of established institutions, and the cordial assent of the vast majority of mankind. The last twenty years of his life were devoted to a constant warfare with these sentiments. Had he confined himself to discussion, had he only brought the resources of his universal learning and acute reasoning to bear upon the religious belief of his contemporaries, no one would have had a right to complain, and no rational Christian would ever have complained, if the twenty volumes which he thus wrote had been multiplied twenty-fold, or even so as 'that all the earth could not have held the books which should have been written.' But there is a perpetual appeal from the calm reason of the reflecting few to the laugh of the thoughtless many; a substitution often, generally an addition, of sneer, and gibe, and coarse ridicule, to argumentation; a determination to cry down and laugh down the dogmas which, with his learning and his reason, he was also assaulting in lawful combat. And the consequence has been, that although nothing can be more inaccurate than the notion that he never argues, never produces any proofs which make their appeal to the understanding, yet he passes with the bulk of mankind for a profane scoffer, and little more. The belief of D'Alembert was exactly the same with his own; he has left abundance of letters which shew that he had as much zeal against religion as his master, and entered with as much delight into all his endless ribaldry at the expense of the faith and the faithful; but because he never publicly joined in the assault, we find even those who most thoroughly knew his opinions, nay, bishops themselves, concurring in the chant of his praises, as the most inoffensive, and even moral of men! while Voltaire, who never said worse than D'Alembert freely but privately wrote, raises in their minds the idea of an emanation from the father of all evil. It may be hard to define the bounds which should contain the free discussion of sacred subjects. Those who are the most firmly convinced of religious truth are, generally speaking, the most careless to what extent the liberty of assailing it, in examining its grounds, shall be carried; but without attempting to lay down any such rule, we may safely admit that Voltaire offended, and offended grievously, by the manner in which he devoted himself to crying down the sacred things of his country, whether we regard the interests of society at large, or the interests of the particular system which he desired to establish. But though it would be exceedingly wrong to pass over this great and prevailing fault without severe reprobation, it would be equally unjust, nay, ungrateful, ever to forget the immense obligations under which Voltaire has laid mankind by his writings, the pleasure derived from his fancy and his wit, the amusement which his singular and original humour bestows, even the copious instruction with which his historical works are pregnant, and the vast improvement in the manner of writing history which we owe to him. Yet great as these services are—among the greatest that can be rendered by a man of letters—they are really of far inferior value to the benefits which have resulted from his long and arduous struggle against oppression, especially against tyranny in the worst form which it can assume, the persecution of opinion, the infraction of the sacred right to exercise the reason upon all subjects, unfettered by prejudice, uncontrolled by authority, whether of great names or of temporal power. That he combated many important truths which he found enveloped in a cloud of errors, and could not patiently sift, so as to separate the right from the wrong, is undeniably true; that he carried on his conflict, whether with error or with truth, in an offensive manner, and by the use of unlawful weapons, has been freely admitted. But we owe to him the habit of scrutinising, both in sacred matters and in profane, the merits of whatever is presented for our belief, of examining boldly the foundations of received opinions, of making probability a part of the consideration in all that is related, of calling in plain reason and common sense to assist in our councils when grave matters are under discussion; nor can any one since the days of Luther be named to whom the spirit of free inquiry, nay, the emancipation of the human mind from spiritual tyranny, owes a more lasting debt of gratitude. No one beyond the pale of the Romish church ever denies his obligation to the great reformer, whom he thanks and all but reveres for having broken the chains of her spiritual thraldom. All his coarseness, all his low ribaldry, all that makes the reading of his works in many places disgusting, in not a few offensive to common decency, and even to the decorum proper to the handling of pious topics, all his assaults upon things which should have been sacred from rude touch, as well as his adherence with unrestrained zeal to some of the most erroneous tenets of the Romish faith—all are forgiven, nay, forgotten, in contemplating the man of whom we can say, 'He broke our chains.'"

We have studiously abstained from offering any sentiments of our own upon the line of argument taken by Lord Brougham: in such cases, we would rather report, than review or criticise. Others, we doubt not, will accuse his lordship of having refined and extenuated too far on the infidelity of Voltaire's writings.

An appendix gives us a few unpublished letters from Voltaire to the Duchess Louisa of Saxe Gotha, in one of which it is stated that the greater part of La Beaumelle's publication of Madame Maintenon's letters had been proved to be a fabrication:

"A l'égard (he writes) des mémoires de La Beaumelle, c'est l'ouvrage d'un imposteur insensé, qui a quelque fois de l'esprit, mais qui en a toujours mal-à-propos; ses calomnies viennent de le faire enfermer à la Bastille pour la seconde fois: c'était un chien enragé qu'on ne pouvoit plus laisser dans les rues: c'est une étrange fatalité que ce soit un pareil homme qui ait été cause de ce qu'on appelle mon malheur à la cour de Berlin.".

We find also the following singular anecdote, which Lord B. adds "has never, it is understood, been made public, and it comes from a respectable quarter entitled to credit. Nothing can more strongly illustrate Voltaire's peculiar humour: the contrast between his habitual reverence for the Deity, and his habit of scoff-

* "He appears to have disavowed this admirable work even more carefully than any of his far more exceptionable productions. To his most familar friends we find him exceeding all the fair limits of denial within which authors writing anonymously should confine themselves. To M. Vernes, pastor at Geneva, with whom he was intimate, he writes, 'J'ai lu enfin 'Candide;' il faut avoir perdu le sens pour m'attribuer cette coïonnerie: j'ai, Dieu merci! de meilleurs occupations' (Cor. Gén. v. 229). To Thibouville he says, 'J'ai lu enfin ce 'Candide,' dont vous m'avez parlé; et plus il m'a fait rire, plus je suis fâché qu'on me l'attribue' (ib. 258). Even to his confidante and toot Theiriot he says—'Dieu me garde d'avoir eu la moindre part à cet ouvrage!' (ib. 258)."

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ing at the sacred things of religion, is here presented in a remarkable manner:—' Une matinée du mois de Mai, M. de Voltaire fait demander au jeune M. le Comte de Latour s'il veut être de sa promenade (3 heures du matin sonnaient). Etonné de cette fantasie, M. de L. croyait achever un rêve, quand un second message vint confirmer la vérité du premier. Il ne hésite pas à se rendre dans le cabinet du Patriarche, qui, vêtu de son habit de cérémonie, habit et veste mordorés, et culotte d'un petit gris tendre, se disposait à partir. 'Mon cher Comte,' lui dit-il, 'je sors pour voir un peu le lever du soleil; cette Profession de Foi d'un Vicaire Savoyard m'en a donné envie ... voyons si Rousseau a dit vrai.' Ils partent par le temps le plus noir; ils s'acheminent; un guide les éclairait avec sa lanterne, meuble assez singulier pour chercher le soleil! Enfin, après deux heures d'excursion fatigante, le jour commence à peindre. Voltaire frappe ses mains avec une véritable joie d'enfant. Ils étaient alors dans un creux. Ils grimpent assez péniblement vers les hauteurs: les 81 ans du philosophe pesant sur lui, on n'avançait guère, et la clarté arrivait vite; déjà quelques teintes vives et rougeâtres se projetait à l'horizon. Voltaire s'accroche au bras du guide, se soutient sur M. de Latour, et les contemplateurs s'arrêtent sur le sommet d'une petite montagne. De là le spectacle était magnifique! les roches pères du Jura, les sapins verts, se découpant sur le bleu du ciel dans les cimes, ou sur le jaune chaud et apre des terres; au loin des prairies, des ruisseaux; les milles accidents de ce sauve passage qui précède la Suisse, et l'annonce si bien, et enfin la vue se prolonge encore dans un horizon sans bornes, un immense cercle de feu empourprant tout le ciel. Devant cette sublimité de la nature, Voltaire est saisi de respect: il se découvre, se prosterne, et quand il peut parler ses paroles sont un hymne! 'Je crois, je crois en Toi;' s'écriat-il avec enthousiasme; puis décrivant, avec son génie de poète, et la force de son âme, le tableau que reveillait en lui tant d'émotions, au but de chacun des véritables strophes qu'il improvisait, 'Dieu puissant! je crois!' répétait-il encore. Mais tout-à-coup se relevant, il remit son chapeau, sécoua la poussièra de ses genoux, reprit sa figure plissée, et regardant le ciel comme il regardoit quelquefois le Marquis de Villette lorsque ce dernier disait une *naiveté*, il ajoute vivement, 'Quand à Monsieur le Fils, et à Madame sa Mère, c'est une autre affaire.'"

We rather think we have read this profane story before.

Of the miserable caitiff of genius Rousseau, Lord B. speaks with equal severity and justice. His life was one long offence against virtue and decency, and his writings were generally much over-praised. The details of his unfeeling enormities are sickening; and from his memoir we copy nothing but an epitaph he wrote on Voltaire:

> "Plus bel esprit que grand génie,
> Sans loi, sans mœurs, et sans vertu;
> Il est mort comme il a vécu,
> Couvert de gloire et d'infamie."

We may notice that Voltaire had in early life "at Brussels made the acquaintance of J. B. Rousseau, and laid the foundation of the unrelenting animosity with which that middling writer and irritable personage pursued him ever after. This he owed to a jest; having told him, on reading his 'Ode to Posterity,' 'that it would never reach its destination.' Rousseau, himself the author of many licentious epigrams against the clergy, hypocritically affected to take offence at the 'Epître à Uranie,' and at Voltaire's irreverent demeanour during mass. Had he but spared the truth which he spoke in jest on the bad ode, he might have scoffed with Lucian and blasphemed with Borgia."

We reserve our own eminent countrymen for another opportunity.

Self. By the Author of "Cecil." 3 vols. H. Colburn.

The noise made by *Cecil* in the novel-reading world was, we must confess, entirely unanticipated by us; though we could not help perceiving the uncommon degree of talent displayed in that performance. Like the *Vestiges of Creation*, its anonymous authorship has not yet been clearly affiliated; notwithstanding the bent of opinion and assertion assigns it to Mrs. Gore. The well-known abilities of that lady, no doubt, entitle her to the benefit of any supposition which assumes her capacity to produce a very clever work, full of character and acute observation; but, somehow or other, we cannot persuade ourselves that she is the writer of *Cecil* or of the whole of *Self*. Both possess qualities very different from those which mark her acknowledged publications, and it does seem to us that, especially in the present instance, two hands and two heads are manifest.

The first volume of *Self* is as unlike the third as can well be imagined; the one replete with spirit, and touches of a fine or feeling nature; and the other not a whit above the usual run of fashionable fictions, disfigured by personalities, and altogether trite, trivial, and uninteresting. In the first there is a most intimate acquaintance with the state of the high life and political society of London forty years ago; and in the last a sort of aping of that model, as if another party had set to work to complete the web according to the original pattern.* We do not think Mrs. Gore could have acquired the information necessary to develop the earlier scenes; and any body, with a quarter of her powers, might have done all the rest.

The gist of the story is to exhibit the heartless and joyless life of a selfish man, Philip Askham, the second son of a humdrum peer, Lord Edenbourne, with a rent-roll of 30,000*l*. a-year. His sisters make high alliances with men of various tastes and tempers; his elder brother, a *détenu* at Verdun, marries a vulgar French theatrical *soubrette*; and the younger branches of the family are disposed of in sundry ways; but the skein of the story is interwoven with his movements, and his loves, intrigues, and doings give the colours to the whole. But as we do not intend to follow out the incidents, we shall endeavour to afford our readers an insight into the merits of the portion to which we have referred, by selecting some of the most striking traits from vol. i.

It opens well:

"Alas! for the circulating libraries,—the day of the novelist is done!—Our locomotive age has outstripped his sedentary calling. Few have leisure to write,—few even leisure to read. Steam has realised the phrase of Corporal Trim, that—'we are here now and gone in a moment:'—and it is consequently as easy, and twice as edifying, to survey the romance of life with our simple optics, as through the reflecting glasses of the press. Thanks, moreover, to the march of civilisation, privacy has been exploded among us, and individuality effaced. People feel in thousands, and think in tens of thousands. No quiet nook of earth remaining, for the modern Cincinnatus to cultivate his own carrots and opinions;—where humour may expand into excrescence, or originality let grow its beard! Robinson Crusoe's island has been invaded by missionary societies, or colonisation committees;—and, even in our scarcely less barbarous midland counties, railroads are cutting their way into the heart of Harlowe Place, and puffing their desecrations into the venerable face of Grandison Hall. The word 'tender' has acquired, in modern parlance, a sense that would have distracted the chivalrous author of the 'Arcadia;' nor is there a vicarage in the land sufficiently remote from the shriek of the engine-driver to foster the ingenuousness of a Dr. Primrose. No matter! —Certain among us are old enough to remember those inartificial days of slow coaches and turnpike-gates, when country families wore their own unsophisticated hearts and minds, instead of having their sentiments down from town, every morning, ready frizzed, by the early train; and what writer in his senses would exchange a whole shire traversed by a railroad and its branches, for a homely parish, such as Edenbourne presented at the commencement of the present century, when its heavy wagon made a three days' journey from the metropolis, and even the great don at the castle was forced to sleep a night on the road."

Of this castle, its inmates, and neighbours, it is also related:—"Among the lesser gentry, according to whose code the Askhams could do no wrong (so completely had the rector of his lordship's nomination made it an article of religion with them to fear God, honour the king, and respect the Askhams!), much surprise was expressed that a young man having that noble domain at his disposal, and that stately roof over his head, should find *any* society preferable to his charming home circle. Even those on visiting terms at Eden castle, Mrs. Gwatkin, and her quizzical old brother, Sir Erasmus L'Estrange—even *they* who *were* occasionally admitted within that circle's icy precincts, where they could not but notice that Philip was the chartered drudge of the house, were puzzled to conceive what attraction could draw him, morning after morning, to the gate of a certain small tenement, called Eastfield, situated in the pleasantest suburb of Edenbourne, from which he was seldom seen to emerge before set of sun. Mrs. Gwatkin, indeed, who, as the mother of three pensive spinsters (one of whom, in so thin a neighbourhood, was obviously entitled to be fallen in love with by Philip Askham), was so anxious concerning his proceedings, that she did her utmost to engage Sir Erasmus in unravelling the mystery. But the old gentleman—a spare, arnotto-coloured bachelor of sixty-five, whose thin face was as much overgrown by his whisker as his obscure name by an alphabet of initials, indicating his fellowship with all the learned societies of Europe—(having been knighted by George III. in honour of six quartos of travels as dry as himself, written apparently to prove that he had traversed the four quarters of the globe without finding any thing worth mentioning)—the old gentleman was not to be moved by her innuendoes. He had seen without emotion the Pyramids, and temple of Juggernaut; and when assured that 'Mr. Philip Askham—poor infatuated young man—was wasting his life and credit with a lady living at Eastfield'—replied, in his favourite phrase, that 'he saw nothing in it.'"

Such sketches of character appear to us to

* There is also an extensive and classic intimacy with languages, and the works of all ages and countries, which we can hardly attribute to the lady. Greek, Latin, German, Italian, French, &c., are not quoted as from primers, but flow apparently from the studious reading of a literary life.—*Ed. L. G.*

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be truly piquant—they gleam through many a page; but there are also lesser graces of style and expression, *ex. gr.*:—

"He now took interest in those leading articles heretofore so loathingly rehearsed, and became a nightly attendant in the gallery of the House of Commons, to examine the portents of debate. No great sacrifice! There were giants on the earth in those nights, and gigantic cause of strife to animate their mighty energies. Old England in its buff waistcoat, legislating for the rights of nations, had a somewhat better claim to be listened to than Young England in its white, drivelling with boarding-school elocution over the Pharisaical dissidence of the Puseyites, or the perplexities of the Spanish succession! The re-rivetting of his own chains by the captivity of his brother had perhaps some share in creating this profound sympathy. Still, Philip had discernment enough to fear that a nature like that of Percy might degenerate during a long sojourn in France, where all his faults would pass for virtues; and that Verdun must prove a fatal school to the future lord of Eden castle. * * If the whole truth must be told, he was beginning to contemplate, without much disgust, the prospect of a return to Eden castle, whence he had departed in such dudgeon. The summer was come again. June had reappeared in the fields, with her brocaded robe of blossoms; and amid the suffocation of fashionable assemblies, and dusty monotony of Rotten Row, *who* could forbear to sigh after the cool greenery of Eden Chase, with its dotted thorns, doing penance in their white sheets, and its silvery birches bathing their drooping branch-tips in the brook?"

On revisiting the object of his flame, after a long and jealous absence, Philip finds his place with the lovely widow and her two children held by another occupant.

"To children, eighteen months constitute an eternity; and in reply to Philip's questions about their former pursuits,—the swing, the terrier, the fishing-tackle,—he heard of nothing but 'Sir Erasmus!' 'Sir Erasmus puts us in the swing every morning,' lisped the little fellow; 'and Skye is gone to live at his house; because there is a stable-yard, you know, at the Lodge; and terriers are only fit, mamma says, for a stable-yard.—As soon as I am able to ride, Sir Erasmus is going to get a Shetland pony for me,' added the child, warming in praise of his friend.—'Mamma took away the little fishing-rod *you* gave me, because when I went out with it alone, I nearly fell into the river.' Philip lent but a divided attention to the child's long explanations; as a punishment for which, he had further to learn that this untoward accident was the origin of the acquaintance between Eastfield and Edenbourne Lodge. As extremes meet, the venerable naturalist of sixty-four, while groping in the water-meadows after specimens for his herbary, had come to the aid of the little naturalist of four, minus the sixty; and the terrified mother, thankful that such a Triton should have been at hand among the minnows by which her darling had been betrayed into danger, could no longer close her gates."

A part of the ensuing conversation is no less skilfully given.

"'You perceive, Mr. Askham, that your long absence has caused *your* name to be excluded from our list,' said Mrs. Saville, in a conciliatory tone, as if shocked by the mutual ungraciousness of her visitors. 'I have indeed become a stranger here,' was the bitter retort of Philip; and though, during the remainder of the visit, his gentle hostess devoted herself to the task of soothing his evidently ruffled spirit, and though woman, like the viper, possesses in her own nature an antidote for every wound of her infliction, on the present occasion the venom had spread too widely. Philip Askham eventually took his departure from the cottage, writhing under as absurd a sense of ill-usage, as though the fair Evelyn had violated an engagement to preserve their acquaintanceship immaculate as the vows of affianced love!"

Of general remarks, the following may be cited as examples:—

"The literature of the country was just then at a discount. Prophets had appeared, indeed, but they prophesied in the wilderness. Those great writers, whose names are now inscribed on corner-stones of the temple of fame,—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey,—were damned by an epithet; while Moore, like a frisky lord in a police-office, was fain to shelter his irregularities under an assumed name. The uproar of war's alarms had somewhat deafened the ear of the public to the music of Apollo's flute. The fashionable world, accordingly, restricted its literary enjoyments to laughing at the waggeries of the Anti-Jacobin, or shrieking at the diabolisms of Monk Lewis;—dim foreshewings of the Romantic school, on the eve of its creation by Scott,—or gurglings of the vitriolic Hippocrene about to start from the earth on the stamping of the Pegasus of Byron. The *belles lettres*, which, for two centuries past, have received their impulsion from France, had undergone a staggering blow at the revolution, under the effects of which they still languished; and, behold, as in the case of other extenuated patients, hysteria supervened. Of such a state of things, irony is the natural offspring,—the false spirits arising from a disorganised constitution. '*A chaque époque donnée*,' says Hegel, '*il y a toujours correspondance parfaite entre l'état du monde à cette époque, et la philosophie qui en est la conscience et la pensée*;'—and as in France, melodrama with her matted locks and reeking poniard had sprung out of the excesses of the revolution (like one of the crime-engendered monsters described by Ariosto), in England, the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews were attempting to banter into a sense of its deficiencies that sullen public which refused to listen to the charming of a wiser charmer. * * *

"That airy nothing called the present is the subtle essence of human existence,—the thing that creates our reputation, and decides our fortunes.—The frescoes of some grand Italian cupola, viewed face to face, present a confusion of blurs and blotches; yet, at a distance, resolve themselves into a majestic design. So should the daily trivialities of life be studiously adjusted. * * *

"No greater mistake than to attribute a double charm to the recreations snatched in the intervals of a busy life. A school-boy alone is young enough to enjoy his vacation with a vague conviction that it is morrowless. On the mind of Sir James, the weighty duties of a responsible post cast their shadows before, even while presiding over his convivial board;—nay, the board itself had become *less* convivial. Topics once freely discussed there would have been out of place in presence of the law advisers of the Crown; and diatribes, regarded as an excellent joke by members of the opposition, had become sad earnest to government men. Often, when some literary guest, over whom the change of administration had exercised no positive influence, hazarded a fling at *la chose publique*, such as aforetime would have set the table in a roar, silence and consternation ensued. * *

"Why not add (as your friend Mr. Hardynge did the other day) that first love is the convulsion incident on our second teething?—Why not invent something pungent on the indelicacy of selecting a husband by the heart rather than the head?—Can you devise no striking epigram on the childishness of preferring a crust of bread and liberty to Hurstwood and the society of a man as companionable as the mastiff in his court-yard? * * *

"Few struggles, perhaps, are more painful to the human heart than the first perception of its inconstancy to the memory of the dead. When faithless to the living, excuses are usually to be found, in their own conduct, or some moral or physical change. We are always entitled to say, (as the song does,) concerning those to whom we have 'plighted an eternal vow,'

'So altered are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now!'

But there is no such pretext as regards those holy memories consecrated by the stillness of the tomb. The sweet face we beheld enshrouded for the grave cannot *since* have frowned upon us: the manly hand that wrung our own in its parting agony cannot *since* have pressed the hand of another. The change is in our infirmity of nature. We have violated a solemn pledge. We have transferred to flesh and blood the tenderness sacred to a shade! * *

"There is not (we repeat it, that our meaning may be unmistakeable) a greater blunder than to attribute hospitality to Great Britain; and it should be seen to in the next Useful Knowledge edition of the Vulgar Errors of Sir Thomas Brown. We may have been hospitable, perchance, in the days when we had only hips, haws, and acorns to set before our guests, and wolf-skins for their wedding-garments; for our wattled cabins possessed no door for the exclusion of strangers. But the moment the Angle became a cooking animal, and above all, from the moment the patrician Englishman became a French cooking animal, and knockers and street-doors intervened between private life and the public, our sense of hospitality was as that of an eagle in its eyry! Set not thine arms a-kembo, excellent public (*statua gentilissima!*), nor fling back the accusation in our teeth. We deny not that thou art a mighty giver of feasts,—that thy banquets, from lord mayor's day all the year round, are savoury to the palate and ponderous to the mahogany. For thou givest dinners to thy friends, as dismissal to thy servants, at a month's warning; and at Christmas time, or throughout the hunting season, as thy thousands per annum admit, fillest thy best beds with guests, and thy steward's room with the strange menials within thy gates. Thou settest thine ale abroach, taking care that thy county paper shall note the measure of its overflowing; and biddest to the rich viands of thy many courses, those who have rich viands to offer in return. But we say again, that, as regards the genial spirit of hospitality, thou art a very churl! Thy flesh-pots simmer only for those who are ready with an equivalent; and even they must feed at thy own time, and the suggestion of thy good pleasure, or seek elsewhere for entertainment! Let a guest but keep thy dinner waiting half an hour, and he will see! How much more, if he pretend to claim a meal, when thine ostentations are laid on the shelf! Thou offerest him turtle and venison in due season; but let him ask a slice of mutton of thee at his need! While affecting an openness of hospitality worthy the tents of Arabia, thou wouldst erase from thy list of friends a man capable of requesting a

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crust of bread and glass of Madeira, when luncheon time was past. * * *

"What woman would not rather be remembered with bitterness, than wholly dismissed from recollection?"

But another and larger picture of society in the upper ranks, viz. at Grandison House:

"Seldom had so attractive a circle enlivened the *pompes funèbres* of aristocratic life, as was collected round the handsome mother of Lady Anastasia. It could not boast of possessing, or rather it boasted of not possessing, those political Gogs and Magogs—those judicial *têtes à perruque* which imparted substance to the coterie at Eske Hill; but its surface was smooth as glass, and soft as satin. No importunate buffoons,—no sturdy citizens of the republic of letters. Its literature was written on curl-papers, its politics were steeped in rose-water. To Grandison House, in short, may be traced the germ of that refined but flimsy order of society, which expanded into full luxuriance under the regency, and died a natural death with George the Fourth. The Countess of Grandison was a woman belonging to a species which has happily no type in Great Britain. Many creeping things are indigenous among us; but such noxious insects as scorpions, tarantulas, moschetos, *cavaliere serventi*, *chevaliers d'industrie*, and *mamans galantes*, are the growth of Italy or France. A middle-aged matron so blinded by vanity as to overlook the grown-up daughter by her side, is in England a *rara avis!* But as when a white swallow or blue spoonbill is accidentally shot, the phenomenon is sure to be proclaimed to the public by the semi-scientific slipslop of some provincial paper, it behoved the Morning Post to announce in the spring of 1803, that an Englishwoman of high degree had returned from her travels, encrusted with gorgeous Parisianism, as a rusty key is converted into a golden one by the process of electrotypic gilding; the homely wife and mother being obliterated by the woman of fashion. Lady Grandison had completed her education in the finishing school of those recondite *salons* of the Faubourg St. Germain, where the *ancien régime* reconcentrated its *bon ton*, like crystallised odour of roses in a gilded flask, during the vulgarisms of the republic;—intent on proving that if its head had fortuitously escaped the guillotine, there was still, to borrow the expression of Sir Erasmus L'Estrange, 'nothing in it;' and pursuing its *victoires et conquêtes* with as little principle or compunction, as the omni-victorious emperor it took the impertinent liberty of despising. Emerging from such an academy, Lady Grandison's object, like theirs, was to come, see, and conquer. Somewhat late in life, indeed, to enter the field! But the Prince of Wales had brought full-blown beauty into fashion; and her ladyship, like the royal favourite, was 'fat, fair, and forty;' nay, very fair, very fat, and very forty,—for, to the knowledge of many, she had remained so for the last five years! Her merit consisted in good-nature and good-breeding—a somewhat aërial balance against recklessness, even to the breaking of the law! What better, however, was to be expected of a woman whose husband took less heed of her welfare, spiritual or temporal, than of the condition of the least promising of his colts entered for the Houghton or Leger? For Lord Grandison was as specifically English in his habits as his lady was inordinately foreign;—a man only to be met with in this our great hippodrome of the civilised earth!—Lord Grandison devoted twice as many thousands a-year as had ever been in his possession, to the improvement of the breed of horses in Great Britain;—such being, if acts of parliament are to be credited, the highly patriotic purpose of our great national institution—the turf! Yet no one would have inferred from the distinction of his air and address, that his birth as a peer of the realm had deprived the country of an experienced horse-dealer. The marriage of the Grandisons was a made-up match,—a take-in of the knowing ones. As the inmate of a ducal residence in Yorkshire during the Doncaster race-week, his lordship had been betting deep and drinking deep, though deep in no other particular;—when lo! one morning at breakfast, he was assailed on all sides with congratulations by the party staying in the house, on having been accepted, the preceding night, after his third bottle of claret, by the lovely Lady Anastasia Treby. Too gentlamanly a man and stanch a sportsman to appeal to Grandison sober from Grandison when in his claret-cups, the match came off; and Lord Grandison, who had remembered nothing of the proposal, soon seemed to remember as little of the marriage. The new countess took care not to remind him. It would really have been a shame. For so long as he remained oblivious, Lord Grandison was the happiest of (sporting) men,—at Melton all the winter,—at Epsom, Ascot, Egham, Doncaster, York, Tattersall's, Milton's, wherever men and horses are gathered together, throughout the remainder of the year: while his lady followed, in London or Brighton, Paris or Rome, the fashion and her own devices;—whereas, had the happy couple been compelled to run in harness together, an upset was inevitable. With the decent regularity of domestic life such a *ménage* must always be at issue; and Lady Grandison, who, like the other light substance called amber, had the faculty of attracting straws, lived surrounded by admirers; to whom the world, ever apter to conceive the existence of vice than folly, assigned a harsher name. But the world outshot its mark. Through life, her ladyship had been absorbed by a single and engrossing passion,—Lady Grandison alone having possession of the tender heart of Lady Grandison. Adoring her own sweet face and lovely form, she encouraged a crowd of fashionable fops, only as an attestation to the public that her attachment was not misplaced. It was a startling thing to a woman of this description, who had been pretty so long that she knew not how to leave it off, to find the little daughter, so long a plaything at her feet, shot up to the intrusive growth of seventeen years, and claiming her lawful share of admiration. Lady Grandison, who by her recent sojourn in France had grown fifteen years younger, could not stand the test of such a rivalship. Dear Stasy must be married off out of the way;—well, if possible, at all events married;—and her mother prepared for the achievement with the sort of fussiness certain to defeat its object. Nothing, however, could exceed her ladyship's surprise on finding, at the close of the third season, her daughter still established in permanent rivalry at her side! Nobody could guess why. It would have been difficult to point out a prettier or more pleasing person than Lady Anastasia; or, according to her insight into the duties of life, a more amiable. She was fondly attached to the countess, who, though desirous of her early establishment, was an indulgent mother and good-humoured companion; testifying her love for 'dear Stasy' at twenty, much as she had done for 'dear Stasy' at two, by gifts of toys and gewgaws, and bewildering her with a double allotment of the pastimes of life. But if Lady Grandison felt deeply mortified that her daughter should remain her satellite, instead of shining as the planet of another sphere,—society was the gainer. The flirting chaperon being determined to have her opera-box to herself, the fêtes of Grandison House became every day more brilliant; and the countess more eager for popularity and assiduous to please. It did not occur to her that she was too popular and pleasing for a mother-in-law; or that the young men of the day might be accustomed to hear her spoken of in terms fatal to the interests of her daughter."

With this we will conclude our notice, having endeavoured to look into the book, as the author—authors? smartly tell us of a boy so inveterately pugnosed that you looked aside lest by mistake you should see into his head; and merely observing, that many individuals (the Prince Regent, Lord Eldon, Sir Henry Halford, Sir W. Knighton, &c. &c. &c.) are mentioned by name, and many more so obviously portraits of living or lately deceased persons that they cannot be mistaken, we bid farewell to this very unequal, and, in the latter particulars, very objectionable, gallery.

The Life and Travels of Thomas Simpson, the Arctic Discoverer. By his Brother Alexander Simpson. 8vo, pp. 424. London, Bentley.

Many of the particulars which appear in this volume have been communicated to the public before, in numerous forms, and especially in the "Narrative" of Mr. Simpson's discoveries, from the same publisher, in 1843. We are not, however, indisposed to see them again in a more connected and complete shape; though we should have liked them better had they been less flowery and poetical, as being more suited to such subjects than the ornate and magniloquent.

Thomas Simpson was the son of a worthy schoolmaster, of Dingwall in Ross-shire, and finished his education at the college of Aberdeen, being intended for the kirk. But the family was related to Sir George Simpson, governor of the Hudson's Bay Company; and he induced his young kinsman to come out to him in America in 1829, and gave him employment in the company, whither also his brother and biographer, Alexander, followed him. Having served for several years as a clerk, he was in 1836 selected with Mr. P. W. Dease to proceed to the northern coast, from Atabasca Lake, and explore such portions of it as had been left unvisited by preceding travellers, such as Hearne, Mackenzie, Franklin, Back, &c. by land, and Parry, Ross, and others by sea. What he accomplished between the years 1836 and 1840, during an absence of three years and two months, "marked (as his brother says) by toils, perils, and privations, such as have seldom been endured," is well known; and the present work goes rather into his personal reasons for dissatisfaction than into any farther elucidation of the geographical portion of his discoveries. With regard to the latter the author remarks:

"The extent of discovery on the northern coast of America, previous to 1837, may be concisely recapitulated thus:—Point Barrow, the north-east cape of Behring's Straits, reached by the Blossom's barge from the Pacific, is in longitude 156° 20′ W. From the Atlantic, an advance had been made through Prince Regent's Inlet to longitude 92° W. The distance between these two points is (in round numbers) one thousand six hundred statute miles. The existence of two rivers falling into the Arctic Sea between those points, and flowing northward from countries compara-

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tively known, was proved by Hearne and Mackenzie. Following those rivers, two successive government expeditions traced the coast between their mouths; and also an extent of coast westward from Mackenzie's river, of three hundred and forty miles; and eastward from Coppermine River, of one hundred and eighty miles. The expedition of Captain Back proved that a river fell into the Arctic Ocean at a point nearly due south of Captain Ross's Peninsula of Boothia. Thus, then, it remained for the expedition to which my brother was appointed, first, to fill up the blank between the extreme west of Franklin's discoveries and Point Barrow, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles. But in order to attain this *terra incognita*, it was necessary to pass along a line of coast of three hundred and forty miles—the hard-won progress of Franklin during the summer of 1826. Second, to trace the arctic coast between Franklin's Eastern Extreme, and the gulf (Prince Regent's Inlet), to which entrances had been proved to exist from Baffin's Bay by Barrow's Straits, and from Hudson's Bay by the Straits of the Fury and Hecla—a distance of four hundred miles. To attain this wide field of exploration, it was necessary to pass along a line of coast of one hundred and eighty miles, the discovery of which was effected by Franklin's first and disastrous expedition. These objects were fully accomplished through the exertions and energies of my brother—exertions often impeded, energies repressed, by the unfortunate and ill-judged addition to the expedition, which he himself planned, of a senior officer."

The affirmative of the second of the foregoing propositions is not so distinctly made out; but we give the whole quotation as of peculiar interest at a moment when another naval expedition is about to leave our shores (*on the 8th of May*) to investigate the same problem.

Mr. Thomas Simpson's private correspondence with his brother, which is now produced and very much applauded, had, in our opinion, much better never have seen the light. It does not add to the high estimation in which we, and all the world, held his character; nor does it gild his services with a brighter hue. Indeed, there are parts of it which evince a spirit of discontent, jealousy, and detraction, altogether painful after a fatal tragedy had consigned the bold and enthusiastic image of our former ideal to an untimely grave. His brother's mistaken love has planted nettles and thorns, not flowers, upon that wild resting-place. The slighting manner in which Captain Back is spoken of, after acknowledging (p. 107) that "his discoveries were greater than any of them in the north expected," is one instance of this error; and his long complaints about Mr. Dease, and Governor Simpson, and, after all was over, his own and his brother's censures of the Hudson Bay Company and of ministers for not granting pensions, jar upon the mind, and disturb that admiration and respect heretofore generally conceded to the intrepidity and merit of Thomas Simpson. We copy some of his letters to illustrate these observations:

To Governor Simpson, dated Fort Norman, September 8th, 1837.

"I am proud of the interest felt by their honours (the directors of the Hudson's Bay Company) in our expedition: and hope that our present despatches will shew that your confidence in our zeal has not been misplaced. I do not know what pecuniary reward is attached by the king's orders in council to that portion of the arctic navigation completed by us this summer; but I trust that you will ascertain this point, and not allow our interests to be overlooked. Your were pleased to tell me that my services as your secretary at Red River had earned a chief-tradership; now, however, I have the *exclusive* honour of unfurling the company's flag on Point Barrow, and of thus uniting the Arctic to the Western Ocean,—which I humbly think entitles me to the second step. Consider, I beseech you, the importance of the geographical problem solved; the able officers whom it baffled; the rewards conferred upon them for what they effected; and do not reject my just claims, although I am one of your own relatives. I have always (*in despite of harsh treatment**) confided implicitly in your kind sentiments towards me, and feel that they will be fully displayed on the present occasion. Such preferment, instead of cooling my zeal, would animate and inflame it, and at the same time give me the standing requisite to the creditable production of our travels to the world. Mr. Dease is a good honourable man. I believe I have acquired his friendship, for in every thing, even to the plan of our little Fort Confidence, he has adopted my advice, and has left the direction of the march entirely to me; the result proves that it has not languished under my directions; *indeed, in such a service the surveyor must, of necessity, act as guide. While the whole onus of the duty thus rests on me, I cannot help feeling sore that you should have considered it necessary to entrust another with the command.*"

Jan. 29, 1838, he writes to his brother from Fort Confidence:

"My last to you was from Fort Norman in September, announcing our safe and early return from our first glorious campaign: I should say mine, for mine alone was the victory. * * Mr. Dease and I live together on the happiest footing; his old wife, a little grandchild, and a strapping wench, a daughter of his brother Charles, joining our mess. Dease is a worthy, indolent, illiterate soul, and moves just as I give the impulse. With respect to the dangers to be encountered, make yourself quite easy on my account. They are great, indeed, compared with those of civilised life, but really present nothing appalling to people who have traversed the interior of this wild country. Our plans, thanks to my own foresight, are all admirably laid, and can scarcely fail to maintain us in plenty, and to ensure success. I am no wild theorist, like Dr. King: all my proceedings are based on calculation and knowledge. On that foundation, and a humble reliance on a stronger arm than man's, do I build my hopes. * * * Why were we born poor and friendless, when many a dolt inherits a fair estate!"

In September of the same year he writes:

"Had I acted like Parry, and others similarly circumstanced, I might have converted the erroneous notions of my senior to my own future aggrandisement; instead of which, sacrificing interest to honesty, I have been urging him on to his own advantage, reserving only the labour to myself. * * *

"On the 29th at dusk, we rejoined Mr. Dease and our comrades at the boats. We had, on our return, found a great change in the state of the ice, which now only obstructed the shores, leaving every where a clear offing. Had I not been, like Sinbad the sailor, hampered with an old man on my back, I should have immediately turned eastward with both boats; but the apprehensions of my useless senior and of the crews overpowered my single voice. * * * For myself, I am still — and I glory in it — but a clerk in their honours' service, though I have won a distinguished place among Northern Discoverers. I hope it may be as you say, that a wider field will be opened to me; though I confess I apprehend some slippery trick on the part of the concern on which my discoveries throw lustre. They cannot, however, bar the foot of the throne against me. Back, it appears, got 'back' after doing nothing."

Now, whatever the truth may have been, it is unseemly and very disagreeable to hear an individual largely bepraising himself, whilst he is disparaging others. Alexander Simpson ought not to have printed these letters; but he is himself a disappointed man.

On the question of poor Thomas's death, he maintains that there was a plot of Bird's to destroy him for the sake of his papers, and that his butchery of that unfortunate person and Antoine Legros was an act of self-protection: and farther, that he was not insane and did not commit suicide, but was murdered by the party with whom they previously travelled and which was brought up to the scene of the catastrophe by Bruce and the younger Legros.

With respect to arctic discovering the author says:

"It will be observed by reference to my brother's letters, and to his last will, that he considered that, through his discoveries, the question of the existence of a north-west passage had been finally solved in the affirmative. It will also have been seen that the opinions of the English press were to the same effect: in fact, that thereon he founded his claim. Was this claim unfounded? Can any subsequent explorations deprive him of the merit of connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by an open sea-communication? To this point I have already adverted; and I should not have returned to the subject, had I not observed, while preparing the foregoing pages for the press, that it is in contemplation by the British government to send out another maritime expedition (how many have already failed!) for the discovery of a north-polar passage between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The connexion by my brother of the discovery on the polar coasts of Beechey, Franklin, and Back, forming a continuous line of arctic American sea-board of sixty-two degrees of longitude, is, of course, perfectly incontrovertible. The only possible point on which a doubt can be hung as to his having completed the junction of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, is, whether he reached the same sea which Sir John Ross sailed down in the Victory, passing through Barrow's Straits and Prince Regent's Inlet, and which Parry saw before him from the western extremity of the Straits of 'the Fury and Hecla.' His own opinion that he had reached this gulf is thus expressed:—'We could therefore hardly doubt being now arrived at that large gulf uniformly described by the Esquimaux as containing many islands, and with many indentations running down to the southward, till it approaches within forty miles of Repulse and Wager Bays.' The correctness of this opinion has not been questioned by those best acquainted with the subject, until a very recent period, when a conjecture has been hazarded, that 'North Somerset is a part of the main continent of America.'* This conjecture implies the existence of an isthmus connecting Boothia Felix with the continent. As I have already pointed out, such an isthmus was as-

* "The passages in italics are in the rough drafts, but scored out, as if not inserted in the fair copies. I retain them as expressions of my brother's feelings."

* "Dr. King in letters on Arctic Discovery, addressed to Sir J. Barrow."

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serted by Sir John Ross to exist. Back's voyage went far to disprove this assertion, and an inspection of the chart, as now all but filled up by my brother's discoveries, will, I am convinced, satisfactorily prove its incorrectness. It will be seen that, after passing through a narrow strait, in which there was a rapid rush of tide from the east,* my brother passed the estuary of Back's great Fish River, and proceeding some distance further, with a clear sea, reached lon. 94° 14′; and obtained a view of the coast for eight miles further. This was an advance to precisely the same parallel of longitude that had been reached by Sir John Ross in the Victory; and the distance between the two points attained in their sea-going craft, *i. e.* Felix Harbour (Ross), and River Castor and Pollux (Simpson), is less than one hundred miles in a line due north and south. Pedestrian excursions made from the Victory reduce this blank to less than sixty miles. There is nothing to induce a belief or supposition that there exists any obstructing land between these two points: on the contrary, there are the strongest reasons to conclude that there is an open sea-communication between them. With the plan of the maritime expedition to be sent by her majesty's government to the arctic regions, I am quite unacquainted: but taking naturally a deep interest in, and having long and attentively studied the subject, I cannot forbear making a few remarks in regard to it. My decided opinion is, that the most advisable channel for vessels to attempt the passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean is through Barrow's Straits, Prince Regent's Inlet, the Straits of Boothia, and thence along the arctic American coast to Behring's Straits: and I express a strong conviction, that notwithstanding the uncertainties of arctic navigation, a passage may be accomplished through this channel with only one winter's delay in the polar seas: nay, that by good fortune a passage from sea to sea might be accomplished the same season."

If Mr. Simpson had happened to read the *Literary Gazette* (No. 1466, February 22d), he would have seen that the expedition under Sir John Franklin and Captain Crozier is to proceed by Barrow's Strait; but, instead of entangling itself with the narrows of Prince Regent's Inlet and Straits of Boothia, is to take the course far more likely to be open between Cape Walker and Banks' Land, and touch the North American coast to the west of Wollaston Land, perhaps about Franklin Bay or Cape Bathurst, or even beyond the mouth of the Mackenzie River.

To relieve our review from the unpleasantness of censure, and the dryness of science, we will now add two or three miscellaneous matters, and conclude.

For what they call in Scotland "*a stickit parson*" (*i. e.* one intended for the ministry who does not reach the pulpit), the manners of the Hudson Bay employés seem to have sat easily on Thomas Simpson.

"A gay and a merry race they were, these Canadian voyageurs, even under this excessive toil. Wherever they went, they gaily sang their voyageur-songs. These have often mixed with the wild cries of the savages of Missouri and Ohio; the St. Lawrence, Ottawa, and each Canadian river, were, for many long years, navigated only by the happy race who carolled them forth: they lightened the labours of the adventurous rovers who first penetrated into the 'Indian Territory,' and pushed their way even to the Pacific Ocean and the Arctic Sea. The race is now all but extinct. Their songs, in a few years, will be forgotten; nor will I maintain that they were much worthy of preservation either for their music or their words. Yet many an hour have I listened to them with pleasure; and '*La belle Rose*,' yet, would sound sweeter to my ear,—albeit it were struck up by a rough voice, and responded to by a rougher chorus,—than the strains of Grisi,—nay, of the sweet singer of mine own north country, Wilson. * * * Every Englishman is supposed to be able to join in 'God save the Queen!' so every Canadian voyageur can swell, with his sweet voice, the chorus of '*La belle Rose*;' and, in consequence, it is generally selected to give *éclat* to the departure and arrival of the few bark canoes which still, once a-year, start from Canada for the North-west. 'La belle Rose' is a virtuous young lady, described by the voyaging troubadour as magnanimously declining naughty offers made to her, though they were backed by a settlement of '*six cens francs* par un,' expressing her rejection thus:

'Je ne couche point avec un homme
Hors qu'il m'épouse auparavant.'

Admirable, indeed, is the resolution declared by this damsel (would that all damsels would observe it); and, to respect such a resolution, every good and true voyageur was bound by a solemn oath, which he took on passing the Rubicon—the point any progress beyond which made him a true '*homme du nord*,' possessed of an indisputable right to look with contempt on '*les mangeurs de lard*' (pork-eaters) of his native parishes. This Rubicon, by-the-by, often shifted its position, at each change being placed farther from the voyageur's centre of civilisation—Montreal. It was at a little lake, named the 'Committee's punch-bowl,' situated at the summit of a pass in the Rocky Mountains, its waters running into the Arctic Sea from the eastern end, and into the Pacific Ocean from the western, that I took a solemn vow,—'*De ne jamais coucher avec la femme ou la fille d'un voyageur—sans qu'elle veut.*'"

So says Alexander; and thus wrote Thomas on setting out:

"Hurrah for a *Husky* wife! I have got the portrait of mine at full length in Captain Franklin's last voyage. Our worthy mother favoured me with some lengthy strictures respecting Indian connexions. What would she say to see me figuring by-and-by with a young Esquimaux wife, and a pair of urchins in her boots?"

Religious conversions appear to be on a par with the morality of these regions:

"A Wesleyan clergyman from Canada (we are told) passed the winter of 1838-39 at the western extremity of Lake Superior. The Indians were all but pagans: they had once seen and received baptism from a Catholic priest stationed about a hundred miles off. The Wesleyan laboured assiduously, and began to have a numerous congregation, whom he diligently instructed. The priest heard of this; he considered the poor natives as adherents of the pope, and he couldn't afford to lose them without a struggle. He would not venture among them himself, but he despatched one of his acolytes; and to ensure his success, furnished him with a fearful picture, representing the enemy of mankind (the bad Manitou) busily employed in forking Protestants into the burning pit. This piece of 'pictorial preaching' had such an effect, that the worthy Wesleyan could never afterwards muster another meeting; and loud were his subsequent denunciations of 'the woman of Babylon,' 'the scarlet lady,' 'Antichrist,' &c. A somewhat similar occurrence took place in 'Oregon.' The Protestants (American missionaries) had first occupied the field. French Canadian priests arrived a few years afterwards, and soon gained great ascendancy over the natives by the distribution of a 'biblical tree,' shewing, pictorially, many of the Old Testament events, the coming of our Lord Jesus, and the subsequent progress of his church until those pestilential heretics Luther and Calvin verged from the straight narrow way leading to salvation into a crooked road which (so the picture shadowed) led them and their followers to eternal fire. This had wonderful effect; and the Protestant brethren tried in vain to regain the lost ground by exhibiting an antagonist tree, shewing the gradual divergence of Rome from the right path. Truly it becomes every true Christian to pray that the time may speedily come when it will be felt by all, that religion

'Is not for sect and creed to fight,
To call our zeal the rule of right:
When what we wish is, at the best,
To see our church excel the rest.'"

Of our late friends the Ojibeways, Mr. S. says:

"The upper country of the Ottawa and the shores of Lake Huron have not yet been taken possession of by colonists; but even there, wood-hewers and other adventurers have penetrated, and the natives are rapidly decreasing in number. The fire-water works its usual effects among the men; while, to use the words of a late Canadian governor, whose romantic despatches occasionally frighted the colonial office from its propriety,—nay, even awakened Lord Glenelg from his apathetic slumbers,—'by some infernal powers the faces of the babies are becoming blanched!' From this region came the Ojibiway Indians lately exhibiting in London. I may remark regarding them, that to gull the English public—(gullible it was declared by Shakspeare to have been in his time, gullible it still is)—they were decked out in costumes which they neither saw nor wore in their own country. The leather dresses and ornaments were those appertaining to the prairie tribes, whose nearest haunt is distant at least one thousand miles from the Ojibiway country. Their war-dances, also, were merely antics carefully rehearsed for the occasion: of war they have no knowledge or experience, being a quiet demi-civilised race. With all the other Indian tribes of British America (the few scattered over New Brunswick and Nova Scotia excepted) the Hudson's Bay Company alone has communication."

Of the Indians, when driven to extremities by starvation, the account is horrible; for, like Saturn, they kill and devour their own children. Mr. S. says:

"Revolting and incredible as this may appear, it takes place occasionally among all the Indian tribes when starvation is imminent. My brother records thus: A valid reason for leaving home.—'In a conversation with the Dogribs we afterwards learned that these mountain Indians are cannibals, and immediately upon any scarcity arising, cast lots for victims. Their fierce manners have been circumstantially detailed by an old man, who, while yet a stripling, fled from the tribe, and joined himself to the

* "I find it recorded in my brother's notes (there is but one other case which has come under my notice in which his notes add to the distinctness of his despatches and narrative), that 'there are strong currents or little races among the islands in the Strait of Boothia, also in the estuary of the Great Fish River.' If the comparatively open sea, to which the Strait of Boothia led, were merely a *cul de sac*, as the junction of Boothia Felix to the continent would make it, how are we to account for these 'strong currents or little races?' Are they not indicatory of this being the open passage between two oceans?"

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Dogribs, in consequence of finding his mother, on his return from a successful day's hunting, employed in roasting the body of her own child, his youngest brother.' I may, in like manner, instance the following as a good reason for a separation.—'An Indian couple, finding their provisions quite exhausted, lengthened out their existence by eating their children. Plenty again reigned with them; but the thoughts of the cannibal father still revelled in the delights of human flesh. In the exuberance of these thoughts he unwittingly muttered in his wife's hearing, 'She is fat, and would be good to eat.' The hint was not lost on the woman. As soon as he slept, she firmly bound his arms and legs, and then set off with all speed for the nearest trading-station.—A strong incentive to industry.—An expert old hunter, accompanied by his wife and a young boy placed in their charge, went off in the autumn to their hunting-grounds. The old couple returned in the spring with an unusually large quantity of furs, and consequently had an extra allowance of grog. *In vino veritas.* In the talkativeness of intoxication the man declaimed thus: I'm a good hunter, a very good hunter; I have brought many skins to the fort; but if I had not killed the beavers they were on, my wife would have eaten me as she ate the boy.'"

Practical Observations on the efficacy of Medical Inhalations in the treatment of Pulmonary Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Chronic Cough, and other Diseases of the Respiratory Organs, and in Affections of the Heart. By Alfred B. Maddock, M.D. 2d Edition. 8vo, pp. 137. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

SECOND Edition saves us from an elaborate analysis of Dr. Maddock's treatment of diseases of the lungs and respiratory organs by medicated inhalations. It is impossible not to believe that, combined with other professional means, such a *modus medendi* is particularly applicable to the treatment of diseases of the respiratory organs, although very generally neglected by physicians. The introduction of tar by Sir A. Crichton in 1817 created at first a great sensation; but the anticipations held out by its use were not corroborated by experience. Creosote, introduced by Dr. Elliotson, was still more speedily discontinued. Dr. Hastings next introduced the pyro-acetic spirit, but with an equal want of success. Iodine was introduced in 1829, by Sir James Murray and Dr. Scudamore, and this powerful substance, combined with sedatives, is what Dr. Maddock uses; as also chlorine, which he speaks of as very nearly approaching a specific in pulmonary consumption. This is, strictly speaking, a professional question, and can only be decided by experience; but it is one which involves so many interests, dear, to us all, that we have deemed it a duty to notice and second any endeavours to extend our knowledge of the efficacy of medicated inhalations.

The Cock and Anchor, being a Chronicle of Old Dublin City. 3 vols. Dublin, W. Curry; London, Longmans; Edinb., Fraser and Co.

THE Cock and Anchor was an ancient hostel in Dublin, and events which happened in connexion with its picturesque premises a hundred and thirty years ago, receive their romance name from its sign-board. The tale is one of melancholy interest and fatal issue; told with considerable power, and cleverly descriptive of the men and manners of the times when Lord Wharton was lord-lieutenant. Gambling, hard-drinking, profligacy, robbery not sticking at murder, and every species of public and private turmoil which could spring from coarse and fierce passions, are delineated with skill and effect; and the course of true love, which would otherwise soften the aspect of the ruder and more savage scenes, runs, alas, even more turbulently and sadly than in the poet's song.

The characters are forcibly drawn—the villain contrasted with the virtuous, the harsh with the gentle, the treacherous with the faithful. The awful close of one life, and the mournful destiny of the heroine and hero; the fidelity of servants (with the humours of Trotty), and the clash of the whole social fabric, display graphic abilities which cannot fail to enlist the sympathies of novel-readers in the page of the author. But the incidents are founded on actual facts; to be found in the judicial records and other memorials of Dublin in 1710.

The Mesmerist. Pp. 140. London, H. Cunningham.

A SMART and cutting satire upon the follies and impostures of mesmerism. It is no discussion of the actual philosophy attached to the inquiry, but a just and humorous exposure of the frauds and falsehoods upon which the quacks, who have fastened on the mania, contrive to levy public contributions and live. Though put in amusing forms, with plenty of pleasant illustrations from poets and prose writers on other subjects, these latter are amusingly apposite, and the "cases in point" both caustic and convincing.

The Spirit of the Polka, &c. By Capt. Knox. Pp. 86. London, Ollivier.

A CLEVER *jeu d'esprit*, in which the Captain imitates his namesake, the famous John, in dealing hard blows at the Polka mania, but in a much more humorous tone than was used by the denouncer of popery. The Queen, it is said, has set her face and feet against the Polka, and the forthcoming court-ball is expected to try the fashionable fortunes of the Bohemian dance; and if her Majesty should follow Capt. Knox, its doom is sealed. It may still, indeed, be performed by the vulgar (whose ideas and imitations are already sufficiently ridiculous), but the *élite*, the real prancers of the world, must give it up. *Sotto voce*, we are whispered, they are almost ready to do so, because . . Partners, whilst stamping with their heels, have no opportunity of saying the soft and needful things which could be conveniently articulated in the slow, creeping quadrille.

Adventures in Georgia, Circassia, and Russia. By Lieut.-Col. G. P. Cameron. 2 vols. H. Colburn.

ENCOURAGED by the excellent advice of his enlightened friend, Major Shadwell Clerke, Col. Cameron has, by his writings, done much to abate, if not to cure us of, the furious Russia-mania which has pervaded our journals and other literature for some few years. The publisher of this work may well say, "our bane and antidote are before us;" for from his press has issued very violent tirades on the opposite side, and we hardly expected to see from the same repository the fairy story of *Beauty and the Beast* re-produced, and the Beast Nicolas transformed into an exceedingly handsome and captivating prince. The talents, activity, and hatred of Polish emigrants have a good deal to do with what we read about Russia in the usual channels of public intelligence, and also in small and great evils, pamphlets and big books, relating to that empire and its ruler. The application of English notions to either, is another source of considerable mistake; and altogether the external policy and internal government of that vast state are so confused and confounded by conflicting accounts, that we question if the Foreign Secretary of State himself can distinctly make out which is the right and which the wrong.

For ourselves, we are well pleased with Col. Cameron. His personal adventures and observations are interesting, and his good sense is so obvious, that we cannot but feel disposed to put faith in his impartiality.

The author reprobates the work of the Marquis de Custine, as not only personally ungrateful, but essentially untrue in its representations. But as the sentiments of both writers are already before the public for examination and decision, we will not descant farther on this collected edition of Col. Cameron than to state, that its details are entertaining, and exhibit the manners of the people among whom he travelled in a very light and agreeable style.

Lands Classical and Sacred. By Lord Nugent. 2 vols. C. Knight.

SIX months, from the beginning of December 1843 to the end of the following May, were wisely and profitably spent by Lord Nugent in a tour in Greece, Egypt, the Holy Land, and Syria; of which these two pleasant volumes are the fruit. From personal consideration of rank, and previous position in that quarter of the globe, his lordship's observations differ in some measure from those of other travellers; but still there are no new views of such importance as to impose upon us the task of a detailed analysis. Imbued with classical tastes, and with the sound education of an English gentleman, Lord Nugent's opinions upon every subject which attracted his notice are well worthy of attention. He has put them forward, too, in so unassuming a manner as to add greatly to the satisfaction with which we have perused his pages. But we have ourselves pored, and caused our readers to pore, so much within the last dozen years upon revelations from Greece, Egypt, the Holy Land, and Syria, that we have not the conscience to go over the ground again, even in the intelligent and social company of Lord Nugent. We can, however, truly and fairly say to those less conversant with the very interesting lands he has visited, and subjects he has discussed, that they can hardly spend a more useful and agreeable hour than in reading his book.

The Hand-book of Useful and Ornamental Amusements and Accomplishments. By a Lady. Pp. 315. London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

INSTRUCTIONS in fancy work of every description. We do not mean poetry or novel-writing; but artificial-flower making, drawing, modelling, carving, embroidering, knitting, netting, &c. &c.; and we are assured by a competent lady-judge, it is a very useful and agreeable volume.

The Parliaments of England from 1st George I. to the present time. By H. S. Smith. Vol. II. Pp. 208. Oxfordshire to Wales inclusive. London, Simpkin and Marshall.

THE conclusion of a useful parliamentary record, from a prefatory notice to which we are surprised to see that several parties from whom necessary information was sought had not even condescended to acknowledge the compiler's courteous request. Surely a little trouble might have been taken in order to contribute to the completeness of a public work! As it is, with a few blanks thus caused, Mr. S. has performed his task reputably, though some trifling errors occur, such as at p. 205, calling Sir Fletcher Norton *baronet* in 1770, and *knight* in 1774.

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ARTS AND SCIENCES.

NEW METHOD OF TANNING.

We have been favoured by Dr. Turnbull with his specification of a patent recently taken out by him for a new method of more speedily and effectually tanning hides and skins, and of extracting and separating the catechuic acid from the tannic acid in the catechu, or terra japonica, used in tanning. As the process involves facts of scientific interest as well as promises of manufacturing and social advantages, we have much pleasure in noticing the subject. The process of tanning consists in the combination of the gelatinous substance of which the skin is principally composed and tannic acid or tannin. The slowness of the process, and the imperfect manner in which it has hitherto been accomplished, arise from the difficulty in bringing the tannin or tannic acid into contact with the gelatinous tissue or fibre of the skin. The causes of this difficulty are several, but the principal are, the presence of lime, from steeping to remove the hair and epidermis; the extraction of catechuic acid from terra japonica; and the generation of gallic acid from the oak-bark. To prevent these causes operating, is the object of the Dr.'s improvements. He has devised the withdrawal of the lime from the impregnated hide; but we pass on to the avoidance altogether of the use of this material. He removes the hair from hides and skins: "first, by steeping them in a solution of sugar or other saccharine matter, whether obtained from honey, potatoes, beet-root, wood, or any other substances. Secondly, by steeping the hides and skins in a solution of muriate of soda. By the first method, the sugar or saccharine matter, which contains no nitrogen, is brought into contact side by side with the hides or skins, and an instantaneous, rapid, and regular action is thereby created and continued between the sugar and the hides or skins, which causes the gelatine or true skin to swell and expand, and without acting upon or causing any injury to the gelatinous fibre of the hides or skins, loosens the epidermis and renders the removal of the hair a matter easily effected. By the second method, the mixture of muriate of soda and water contracts the epidermis without acting upon the gelatine, and thus loosens and separates it from the true skin, by which means the hair is easily removed without injuring the gelatinous matter which forms the basis of the leather. The effect in both operations is the same; for as the saccharine matter, by force of its operation upon the nitrogenous substance in the skin, causes the gelatine or true skin to expand, and thus loosens the epidermis, while at the same time the fibre is preserved from putrefaction; so the solution of muriate of soda, whilst it contracts or destroys the epidermis and renders the removal of the hair easy, also tends greatly to preserve the fibre of the hide or skin from putrefaction. * * When the hair is removed by either of the means above mentioned, or when the lime has been extracted by the process before alluded to, the skins and hides will be found to be in a state to receive and imbibe the tannic acid much more rapidly and effectually than by any other means. Having thus removed one of the obstructions to tanning, the Dr. proposes to get rid of the other difficulties, by separating the japonic or catechuic acid, and other deleterious matter to be found in terra japonica, from the tannic acid, and also to prevent the formation or generation of gallic and ellagic acids, when oak-bark, divi divi, valonia, and other tanning materials are used. The first is accomplished by grinding catechues into fine powder, and then mixing the powder with either warm or cold water, in the proportion of two pounds of terra japonica to one gallon of water, until it is thoroughly dissolved, and when cold, pouring the liquid into a large cylinder or tank made of any material not injuriously acted upon by acids, with a bottom made of fine wire-gauze, calico, linen, or other porous material. By this means the catechuic acid, extractive, and other deleterious matter to be found in the catechues, are retained by reason of their being insoluble in cold water, and a pure tanning liquid, freed from these injurious ingredients, is obtained. The purified liquor thus obtained from terra japonica will be found much more effectual in preserving sails of vessels, and linen cloth exposed to the weather, than the terra japonica as now used. To prevent the formation of gallic and ellagic acids, which are generated in the tanning liquor when it is composed of oak-bark, divi divi, valonia, and other tanning materials, by the operation of the atmospheric air, it is proposed to grind the materials into fine powder, and to exclude the atmospheric air from operating upon it during the time the process of tanning is going on. The hides or skins being thus prepared, and being well washed and cleansed, they are to be tanned by two different modes. First, by the application of a new physical force, different from ordinary capillary attraction or hydrostatic pressure: and, secondly, in pits or tanks so constructed, by communicating with each other, as to keep up a general and constant agitation and circulation of the tanning liquid until the hides or skins are tanned."

These two modes are described at length; but we can only state here that the "physical force" applied is the law of currents known as endosmosis and exosmosis. The advantages to be derived from Dr. Turnbull's improvements are stated to be,—"1st, A great additional weight of leather, especially in calf-skins. 2d, Leather of a much better quality, soft, and not liable to crack or stain. 3d, A considerable diminution in the expense. And, 4th, The tanning is effected in one quarter of the time consumed in the present mode of tanning."

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

April 23d.—Mr. W. H. Bodkin, V. P. in the chair. Mr. C. Varley described a portable electrical machine, invented by his son, which consists of a glass tube, 20½ inches in length, fixed in a wooden handle, and of a second glass tube to hold a charge (as a Leyden jar), having an inner coating of tin-foil; a slip of tin-foil connects the inner coating of the smaller tube with a brass ring fixed at its lower end, which ring is used for the purpose of discharging the jar; a brass tube serves for the external coating, to which is attached a box containing the rubber; the inner coating of the tube is insulated from the outer by the unlined part of the glass on the inside, and by the uncoated portion on the outside. The long tube is passed through the rubber, and the shorter tube, which, being moved backward and forward through the cushion, causes the outer tube to become charged.

Mr. W. J. Hay's improved fighting lantern, as used in H.M. navy, was next brought forward. It is intended to supersede the ordinary horn lantern, lighted by a "purser's dip," which affords but little light; and in cases of night-engagements, when required to be darkened, is placed in a bucket, which is found to be much in the way of the men working the guns. Mr. Hay's lantern is constructed of copper, and is furnished with a wax candle, which will burn for about six hours, being pressed up by a spring similar to those used in carriage-lamps. Air is supplied by means of small perforations on the top and bottom of the lanterns, which preclude the possibility of the concussion of the gun forming a vortex, as in ordinary cases, and thereby extinguishing the light. A slide of telescopic construction is used for darkening the lantern when required.

Mr. W. V. Pickett read a paper, on constructing houses entirely of metal. The author proposes to construct the walls of cast-iron plates, leaving a space between such plates, and connecting them together by bolts and rivets, the ends of which project both within and without; the walls are to be ornamented with metallic scrolls, &c. In order to protect the metals from corrosion, a coating of carbonate of pyrites is to be applied; or the metals coated with zinc, &c. by the electro-process. Among the advantages to be derived from Mr. Pickett's plan of metallic building may be mentioned, durability, safety from fire, the absence of damp walls, the comparatively short time in which buildings may be erected, and the possibility of constructing buildings to a very great extent for exportation. The subject was illustrated by some beautifully finished models.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

On Thursday, the annual meeting for the election of the president and other officers of this Royal Society took place, at its house in St. Martin's Place, the Earl of Clare (one of the vice-presidents) in the chair. The secretary, the Rev. Mr. Cattermole, read the minutes of the last meeting, which were confirmed; and the report of the council, which was approved of. It briefly reviewed the proceedings of the past year, named the members who had been lost during its term, enumerated the donors of books and other presents, specified the papers which had been read, noticed the expected publication of the society's second volume of Biographia by Mr. Wright, before the end of the season; announced the retirement of the Earl of Ripon from the presidency (which his Lordship had held with so much advantage to the institution for eleven years), and the election of Mr. Hallam, the historian, as his successor, with the understanding that the office was to be held for two years.

Mr. W. R. Hamilton (hitherto one of the council and foreign secretary, but now a vice-president) then read an address, prepared by Mr. Cattermole and himself, in which the literary history and productions of the members who had died since the last anniversary were described with great simplicity and good feeling. Sir Gore Ousely, Granville Penn, and others, were characterised with liberal but just discrimination, and the nature of their works described in the same spirit of suavity and truth. Towards the conclusion, and more in the way of general literature, a tribute of respect was paid to a class of writings which has recently improved our historical data, such as the Wellesley Despatches, the Wellington Papers, Lord Malmesbury's Correspondence, Lord Eldon's Memoirs, Sir Robert Adair's Constantinopolitan Embassy,* &c. &c.; and from these a transition was made to Thiers' paltry History of the Consulate and Empire, which was castigated as it deserves, as a worthless contribution to the sterling facts or philosophical greatness of ("teaching") history.

* Which we have not seen: if published. Query about this.—*Ed. L. G.*

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The official elections for the ensuing year were then voted by ballot, when the following list was unanimously approved:—

President:—H. Hallam, Esq. (in the room of Lord Ripon, president since 1834.)

Vice-Presidents:—The Dukes of Rutland and Newcastle; the Earls of Clare and Ripon; Lords Bexley and Colborne; W. R. Hamilton, Esq. (from the council); W. M. Leake and L. Hayes Petit, Esqs.; the Rev. Dr. J. Hume Spry.

*Council:**—The Marquis of Northampton, P.R.S.; *Lord Kenyon; the Ven. Archdeacon Burney; Thomas Bigge, Esq.;* the Rev. R. Cattermole (*Secretary*); the Rev. H. Clissold, M.A.; Sir J. Doratt, M.D. (*Librarian and Foreign Secretary*); the Rev. T. Fuller, M.A.; *John Hogg; H. Holland;* W. Jerdan; W. Osburn; *D. Pollock;* C. A. Smith; W. Tooke (*Treasurer*); *Dawson Turner*, Esqs.

Auditors:—Newell Connop, Esq.; B. B. Cabbell, Esq.

Clerk and Collector:—Mr. Nathaniel Hill.

The scrutineers having declared the foregoing, Lord Colborne pronounced a brief but warm and cordial panegyric on the services rendered to the society by its late president, the Earl of Ripon; and feelingly regretted that occasional ill health, superadded to the fatigues of his lordship's official duties, had rendered it his wish to retire from the high honour, which he had considered it to be, of presiding over this institution. On the motion of his lordship, thanks were unanimously voted to Lord Ripon.

A vote of thanks was then given with like manifestations of respect to the Earl of Clare, for his presiding over the business of the day; in replying to which his lordship also took occasion to speak in terms of well-merited eulogy of the services rendered to the Society by Lord Ripon,—of his courtesy and zeal, wherever its affairs were concerned,—and of the pleasure it gave him to find that so eminent a person as Mr. Hallam, a man of the highest European literary fame, had been chosen to succeed; and, no doubt, to advance and distinguish the interests of the Royal Society of Literature.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

The first anniversary meeting of this society was held on Wednesday the 23d inst., Dr. J. Lee in the chair. Dr. Yates read the report of the council on the labours of the society during its first session, and which was of a highly favourable character. Communications had been read from most of the distinguished travellers who have explored those countries with which the society concerns itself; many learned communications had also been received from the society's foreign correspondents, and questions of interest in connexion with the languages and antiquities of the East, had claimed and received the attention of the society as a body. The communications made to the society had not only been extremely numerous, but, for a young institution, were also of great merit, and most of the contributors to its transactions were persons of established repute. Dr. Yates also alluded to the efforts which were making by the society's correspondents to preserve those monuments which had been given by the Viceroy of Egypt to England, and stated that inquiries were also making as to the feasibility of the removal of certain of these to this country.

The report of the auditors was equally favourable, and a balance upon the year's receipts and expenditure was declared in favour of the society. The number of resident and non-resident members now amounted to 100, exclusive of a large body of corresponding members. The adoption of the report was moved by Mr. Lloyd, and seconded by Mr. Calvert, and it was ordered to be printed upon the motion of Mr. Purland, seconded by the Rev. Mr. Badger. The Ven. Archdeacon Robinson was unanimously elected upon the council, which thus completed its legal number of twenty-one members. Votes of thanks were moved by Archdeacon Robinson to the chairman, Dr. Lee, and by Mr. Mussabini, which was very warmly seconded by all present, to Dr. Yates, who was requested to continue to act as honorary secretary. Similar votes were put and carried to the donors of books, maps, drawings, &c. to the society; also to the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, and that portion of the press which had recorded the society's proceedings; and a vote was moved and seconded from the body of the society, that thanks be given to the members of the council for their exertions.

* In Italics, new, in the room of councillors who go out by rotation, &c.; and the others re-elected.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Syro-Egyptian, 7½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological (anniversary meeting), 1 P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (soirée).

Thursday.—Royal Institution (anniversary meeting), 8½ P.M.; Horticultural (anniversary meeting), 1 P.M.; Zoological, 3 P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.

Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (discussion).

FINE ARTS.

NEW WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.

As we last week mentioned, the present exhibition is of a character to give great satisfaction to the admirers of this peculiarly English school of art, and to reflect great credit upon the artists who have contributed to the gallery. There is a good choice and variety of subjects, though landscape as usual prevails; and many of them are treated with originality of invention and skilfulness in execution.

No. 27. "The Judgment of Midas," by John Absolon, is a dramatic representation of that model of justices or police-magistrates; with laudable comic expression and very fair grouping, it may be taken as a sample of the artist's entertaining familiar style; which is fully borne out by his "Angler," "Scenes from Byron and Scott," "Cinderella," and other clever compositions. 227, from Walton's *Angler*, is Waltonish, but Maudlin's limbs are ill disposed.

No. 48. Of a more fashionable class, but dependant also in some measure on the careful painting of costume,—the silks and satins *à la Terburg*,—is this "very particular confidence," a pleasing specimen of the talents of Miss Fanny Corbaux. Her sister Miss Louisa, in Nos. 70 and 179, "Prayer," is another graceful addition to the list of lady proficients. And naming the sex brings us to the admirable fruit and flower pieces of Mrs. Margetts.

Nos. 58, "Flowers;" 77, "Grapes;" 86, "Still Life;" 173, 273, both "Japonicas;" 203, "Roses;"—cannot be surpassed for beauty, nature, and colour. The grapes may be tasted, the flowers smelled, and the still life is elegantly and exquisitely touched. They are all little gems of art.

No. 55. "The Crusader's first sight of Jerusalem." H. Warren.—A picture of high merit in conception, and noble in execution. The red-cross knight in the centre is the key to the whole; and his enthusiastic devotion is felt to pervade every other being around him, from the proud warrior to the expiring man borne on a bier but to see the holy city and die. The intensity of every soul, though marked by various degrees, is strikingly impressive; and in some instances the gorgeousness of the colouring is worthy of the oils of Giorgione. The kneeling ecclesiastic is the most obvious in this respect, and we could have wished that the splendours of his robe had not been surmounted by a head which belongs to the grotesque.

No. 18. "The Miller's Maid;" "103, "Gipsey;" 122, "Kenilworth;" 142, "Christ and the woman of Samaria," and others from the same prolific hand, also deserve our praise, though we must except the Christ in the last, and indeed the female figure also, though not so objectionable to our taste.

No. 61. "The Prisoner of Gisors. E. H. Wehnert.—A palpable hit, and assuredly one of the finest things in the exhibition. The wretched prisoner is forming his rude sculpture on the walls of his gloomy cell; his soul absorbed in the occupation, and such a tone of misery over the whole, that it seems as if the very stones, so carvéd, felt for their living companion. It will be long before the effect of this touching picture is forgotten by the lover of art.

No. 77 is also a pretty favourable fancy by the same. No. 100, from the "Taming of the Shrew," is rather clumsy in form; but the countenances tell the story aptly.

No. 66. "Light." J. J. Jenkins.—The draping of the figure is heavy lightness, but the distance is sweetly painted; and in 76, "Dejection," and several French scenes, Mr. Jenkins has displayed both characteristic ability and feeling. His best works, however, are 121, "The Vaunt," from Shakspere's Lover's Complaint, where he has the same female model as in "Light," but the face in better position, and where the attitude and contour of both the figures are excellent; and in 232, "Sunny Moment," a charming little group, with poor Tray and all, under the influence of the warm god of day.

No. 72. "View from the Drachenfels." J. Fahey.—A clear silvery landscape; from which others, by the same hand and in the same manner, may be estimated. See 106, "Near Exmouth;" 147, 156, 188, and 205, a sweet "View of Windsor," &c.

No. 81. "Ferdinand visiting Rubens at Antwerp." Louis Haghe.—So dazzling and brilliant in colour, that we could not pass it over even in our first brief notice. The only fault we could offer to find is in the head and countenance of the lady, which we do hope Mr. Haghe will retouch, and make his picture perfect. The dress of Ferdinand is the *ne plus ultra* of this branch of art.

No. 90. "The Mill-stream." F. W. Topham.—Mr. Topham is very prominent this year, and has taken a forward step in his profession. The "Mill-stream" is a charming piece of nature. 25, "The Cabin-door," a pleasing little affair; 41, "The Gipsey Tent," a good study; and, to pass over others, No. 191, "Pilgrims to the Holy Well," one of the most meritorious compositions in the room. The pilgrims are, in a lowly state, what Haghe's "Crusaders" are in a more poetical flight. There is the history of obscure devotion; and well has the artist told it, both in respect to their personal appearance, and to the scenery amid which they are engaged.

No. 112. "Saxon Youths exposed to sale at Rome" (from History of England). H. P. Riviere.—A fresco-like treatment of the well-known and frequently painted subject. Well

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balanced in composition, and with much of good drawing, tenderness, and beauty among the Saxon "angels."

No. 116. "In Cloisters, Windsor Castle." G. Howse.—We may compliment Mr. Howse, as we have complimented Mr. Topham, upon his appearance this season. Above twenty landscapes, river-scenes, streets, old gates, quays, &c., bear ample witness to the diversity of his talent, and its assiduous cultivation 195. "At Caub on the Rhine," is perhaps the most distinguished of his productions.

No. 146. "Maude Castle, Aberdeenshire." Aaron Penley.—A grand mountain landscape, with a glorious saffron-coloured atmosphere, filling the heavens over their tops, and to the earth down their sides. Among others, such as 80, "Black Lake;" 129, "Loch-in-gair;" 202, "Stonehenge;" and 243, "Malvern," Mr. Penley has farther demonstrated his great power with atmospheric effects, at different seasons of the year and day. They are fine poetic works.

No. 151. "Rouen Cathedral," &c. R. K. Penson.—Another numerous contributor, and one of the chief ornaments of the gallery. This is a very fine view of interesting architecture; and the artist has laid other picturesque continental towns, as well as some inviting scenes nearer home, under contribution to his accurate and pleasing pencil.

No. 194. "Shrimpers." E. Duncan.—Nothing sweeter in the exhibition. 212, "Sheep-washing," is more ambitious, and altogether a fine rural scene, painted with truth and effect. The subject is not an easy one, but the formality on the animal side is ably relieved by the washers in the transparent water, and the wood on the other side; 45, "A Gale," by the same, reminds us of Stanfield; there is no higher applause; and 251, "Winter," is a piece of equal merit.

No. 216. "Pauline." F. Rochard.—Exceedingly pretty, and an example of the Watteaulike execution of this most agreeable and piquant artist, whose peculiar talent is farther displayed in 44, "A little warm," 283, 313.

No. 244. From the "Wandering Jew, Eugene Sue." Edward Corbould.—A spirited and striking representation of the veteran soldier taking charge of the orphan sisters. The bronzed face and marshal bearing of the old Buonapartist is excellently portrayed, as he leads his horse exultingly along the road. The sisters mounted thereon are not so well done. They lack expression, and are namby-pambyish. But the whole picture is very attractive, and does honour to the artist.

No. 257. "John Knox exhorting Queen Mary." W. H. Kearney.—A clever composition, but not out of the common way, and therefore rather imitative than original.

Artists' General Benevolent Fund.—The anniverersary on Saturday went off most satisfactorily, though the attendance was not quite so numerous as we have seen it on former occasions. Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Jones Lloyd, Mr. Thomas Baring, Mr. Baring Wall, Mr. Etty, and Mr. Andrew Robertson (the latter in a most impressive manner), addressed the company; and the produce was announced by the valuable secretary, Mr. Cockerell, to amount to 473*l.*,—a very handsome addition to the fund, out of which many an act of true benevolence may be done. The grateful period of peace, and the efforts now making under the auspices of government to give a new impulse to our national school, were particularly dwelt upon; and the venerable artist whose name we have recorded, spoke of them with great enthusiasm, and invoked his hearers to take advantage of the tide. "Young men," he exclaimed, "the Commissioners of Fine Arts are doing their parts, do you do yours!"

The London Art-Union, under the auspices of H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, distributed its prizes at Drury Lane Theatre on Tuesday. Mr. George Godwin read the report, which shewed the rapid and great prosperity of the institution, the subscription to which this year had reached no less a sum than 15,400*l.* On the precious engraving from Stanfield's Castle of Ischia we have spoken before, and heartily congratulate the subscribers upon it: it will be delivered in May. They need hardly covet a higher prize.

Mr. Knott's Pictures, on sale to-day at Mr. Christie's, have afforded the friends and patrons of British art a high gratification on the days of view, when they have been visited and admired by hundreds. They comprise about sixty paintings by our own contemporaries, and have, we should think, all been exhibited. But it is when seen together in this manner,—choice, and not over-crowded,—that they shew us how much has been accomplished, as it were, under our own eyes, and how deservedly successful and eminent we ought to consider our living native school to be in the world of art. Here we observe some small bright crisp landscapes by Callow; "Robbers in a Cave," with all the force and spirit of Cattermole; "Scarborough" we remember as one of the foremost of Copley Fielding; a curious likeness of Walter Scott in his grey years, by Knight, R.A.; charming sketches, and some of his greatest oils, by Lee; Etty, "Fruit," and "Still Life," of magnificent colour, and the "Bather," than which he never produced any thing more captivating; Horsley's pretty picture of "Winning Gloves;" "Frankfort," by G. Jones; the touching family group of "Going to Service," by Redgrave; the "Tees," by Creswick; "Uncle Toby" and "Yorick," and delightful "Vicar of Wakefield," by Leslie; the "Frown," and the "Joke," admirable school-boy scenes, by Webster, and the "Impenitent," a sturdy sulk, equal to Mulready; of Collins there are several, in his earliest and most captivating manner; David Roberts's "Street in Cairo" is only inferior to his glorious "Baalbec," and delicious "Roslin;" Uwins has a charming "Neapolitan Girl;" Callcott, "Cologne," one of his finest productions; Stanfield's "Ischia," and other incomparable sea-pieces; Cooper's "Fight at Cropredy Bridge;" Chalon's "John Knox," and Mulready's "Widow"!! It was indeed a pleasure to see these; and their prices will, we doubt not, justify our hearty praise.

Panorama of Nankin.—Mr. Burford has almost excelled himself in interest of subject and the execution of this panorama. We had the pleasure of examining it in company with several officers who served at the surrender of Nankin, and they all agreed in the fidelity of the representation. Perhaps the mountains beyond the city are not far enough in perspective; but all around is a truthful picture of China, its watery ways and paddy-fields, its woods, and atmosphere, and sky. A group of the English ambassador, Sir H. Pottinger, accompanied by the brave Lord Saltoun and other officers, and the Chinese mandarins, Tartar general, and other authorities, gives great animation to the opposite side of the canvass. In short, the idea of the place and the circumstances is perfect.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre, April 22.—A very fashionable company assembled to hear Mad. Castellan again in the *Sonnambula.* This opera, so very often performed, continues nevertheless a great favourite; it contains all the elements of a good operatic composition as well as of popularity. The music is remarkable even amongst Bellini's works for the rich vein of melody running through it; the *arias* are all beautiful, and the choruses are in very pleasing movements. But our object now is to notice Castellan's performance: her voice is certainly a very bountiful gift, its compass is unusually great, and in power it is rather beyond the average. In the opening passages of the opera, her singing was hardly in tune—but the charming little *duo*, "Prendi l' anel," was very well sung with Mario. In the last scene of the last act, her singing was particularly fine—the prayer was sung in a most chaste and perfect manner; and when she awakes with the loud and startling sounds of the chorus, we were captivated with her acting, and the joyous way in which she sang the delightful "Ah, non giunge"—indeed, her performance of this elegant canzonet was very excellent: it was vociferously encored, and in the second singing she added a good deal of embellishment, to exhibit the compass and powers of her voice; this was not prudent, although it shewed much originality and extensive capabilities. With study and more attention to the art of expression by the voice, Mad. Castellan will certainly become a first-rate vocalist.

Haymarket.—On Wednesday, in honour of the anniversary of the birth of Shakspere, a *tableau vivant* of all the leading characters in his plays followed the *Golden Fleece.* The attitudes and grouping were exceedingly good and very effective. It is invidious to select, but we must instance the *Lear* and *Cordelia* of Mr. Stuart and Mrs. E. Yarnold. A general encore, unexpected, for the positions were scarcely retaken when the curtain rose, bespoke the gratification of the audience.

Lyceum.—On Tuesday another novelty was produced here by the ever-active management. It is by Mr. T. Morton, and entitled *The Drunkard's Glass;* being a move in favour of temperance and the Temperance Society. Three bricklayers, Meadows, Emery, and Diddear, are the exponents of this moral. The latter, like all renegades, is anxious to plunge his fellows into the same pit with himself, and succeeds in making the other two very drunk. Their different characters are ludicrously brought out under these circumstances; and the humorous acting of Meadows in a queer caricature part, and also the talent of Emery similarly exerted in another variety of the absurd, create continual laughter, and carry the farce to a successful issue.

VARIETIES.

Thomas Phillips, Esq., R.A., F.R.S.—This highly distinguished artist and most estimable man, after a long illness, died at his residence in George Street, Hanover Square, on Sunday last. He was in his seventy-fifth year. His contributions in portraiture to the R. A., for a length of time, classed him among the foremost in his art, and the likeness of many of the most distinguished men of his age will be transmitted to posterity from his pencil. He was the professor of painting; and a perfect gentleman in feelings and manners.

John Walker, Esq., M.A., died on the 25th of March, at Ilchester, in the county of Somerset, only son of Dr. John Walker, senior fellow of

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Trinity College, Dublin, and founder of a sect that bears his name. Having manifested shining abilities, and being elected to a scholarship on the foundation, he was naturally looked to as one of the pillars of learning, on which the fame of his college was subsequently to rest. But the destiny of genius is ever wayward, and, after having sustained the many privations of a literary life—the desertion of early and high-born friends—the unnatural abandonment of an eccentric parent, he retired to the secluded village where he closed his career of broken hopes. Called from the midst of those who were deriving benefits from his literary attainments, he has passed away, respected, to the shelter of a calmer world. Mr. Walker's literary productions include some of the most valuable editions of the ancient classics.

H. B.—A cockney punster distinguished himself a little while ago, by declaring that he did not wonder at the success of this anonymous artist, since his very initials proved him to be a man of *HaBility*; and five new caricatures this week bear testimony to the truth of this very witty *mot*. Of Nos. 830, 1, 2, 3, 4, the most remarkable as a production of art is Substance and Shadow, Sir R. Peel as the former, and Mr. Disraeli as the latter. It is a very happy thought, and very cleverly executed. Sir Robert on an easy bed, the "Income Tax," yet looking sickly and careworn, whilst the whig ex-chancellor and Lord John envy his rosy repose, is another excellent hit: and Valentine and Orson, Peel and O'Connell, is a capital piece of the drama politic, as is a scene full of figures from *Catherine and Petruchio*.

Mr. Barry, the architect of the new Houses of Parliament, and of other admirable designs, has just received from the Emperor of Russia, through the hands of his worthy representative at our court, the Baron Brunow, a very splendid snuff-box, beautifully executed as a production of art, and richly embellished with diamonds. We hardly know whether this compliment is more honourable to the giver or the receiver!

Puckler Muscau.—The newspapers state that this author has sold his property, which carries the title of Prince with it, away from him, to Count, now Prince, E. H. Weisweiler, for 1,708,150 dollars.

M. de Saussure, the celebrated naturalist and author on natural history, died at Geneva on the 17th, at the age of seventy-seven.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Zumpt's Latin Grammar, translated from the 9th edit., and adapted to the use of English Students, by L. Schmitz, 8vo, 14*s.*—Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland; the Origin and Uses of the Round Towers of Ireland, by G. Petrie, Vol. I. 4to. 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*—Memoir of Power Le Poer French, last Archbishop of Tuam, by Rev. J. D'Arcy Sirr, D.D., 8vo, 1*l.* 1*s.*—Modern Cookery in all its branches, by Eliza Acton, 2d. edit., 12mo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Memoir of the Rev. John Watson, by W. L. Alexander, 12mo, bds., 3*s.* 6*d.*—Entropii Historiæ Romanæ Breviarium, illustravit G. M. Gibson, fcp. 2*s.* 6*d.*—Reflections for Leisure Hours, by C. J. Yorke, fcp. 5*s.*—Dr. T. Arnold's Sermons at Rugby School, new edit., 12mo, 5*s.*—Lectures on the Pentateuch, by the Rev. T. T. Penrose, 12mo, 5*s.*—Thiers' History of the Consulate and Empire, translated by Campbell, 8vo, 5*s.* sewed.—Perceval's Plain Lectures on St. Matthew, Vol II., 12mo, 5*s.* 6*d.*—Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Physic, by T. Watson, M.D. 2d edit. 2 vols., 8vo, 1*l.* 14*s.*—Fire-Side Philosophy, or Home Science, 16mo, 4*s.* 6*d.*—Bible Picture-Book, 4to, 5*s.*—Family Sermons, Short, Plain, and Practical, by the Rev. E. G. Boys, 12mo, 7*s.*—Hand-Book for Italy, by F. Coglan, 12mo, 10*s.*—Sixty Illustrations to Reynard the Fox, by Everdingen, post 8vo, 15*s.*—Mary Acton, or the Events of a Year, post 8vo, 6*s.*—Lives of Men of Letters and Science who flourished during the Reign of George 3d, by Lord Brougham, royal 8vo, with Portraits, 1*l.* 1*s.*—Glossary of Architecture, 4th edit. 2 vols., 8vo, 1*l.* 12*s.*—Illustrations to Adventures in New Zealand, by E. J. Wakefield, folio, 3*l.* 3*s.*, or coloured, 4*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*—The Principles of Practical Gardening, by G. W. Johnson, fcp. 6*s.*—Personal Adventures and Excursions in Georgia, Russia, &c., by G. P. Cameron, 2 vols., post 8vo, 21*s.*—Jonathan Sharp; or the Adventures of a Kentuckian, 3 vols., post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Vanherman's every Man his own House-Painter and Colourman, new edit., 12mo, 5*s.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Having received a second note from Mr. Parker of Oxford, relating to the Archæological fracas, and not having time to give the whole matter the consideration we wish before "rushing into print," we are induced to postpone for a week the insertion promised in our last.

We will attend to Mr. Kenealy's communication; but we cannot, at the moment, promise it publicity.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SALES BY AUCTION.

A Portion of the Surplus Estates of the Grand Surrey Canal Company.

MESSRS. SHUTTLEWORTH and SONS beg leave to announce that they have received instructions from the Board of Directors to make arrangements for the immediate SALE by AUCTION of a PORTION of the SURPLUS ESTATES of the GRAND SURREY CANAL COMPANY, which will consist of numerous well-secured Ground-Rents, valuable Plots of Building-Land, Reversionary Interests, and other Properties in the Parishes of Deptford, Camberwell, and Lambeth, in the Counties of Kent and Surrey.

Further particulars will be shortly announced.

28 Poultry, April 23, 1845.

Periodical Sale, established in 1803.—Valuable Absolute Reversion in £5000 East India Stock.

MESSRS. SHUTTLEWORTH and SONS are instructed to include in the MONTHLY SALE of REVERSIONARY INTERESTS, &c. appointed to take place at the Mart on FRIDAY, May 2, at Twelve, the Absolute Reversion to One Seventh Share of and in the Sum of £5000 East India Stock, to which the Purchaser will be entitled upon the decease of a Lady, aged 66.

Particulars may be had at the Mart, and of Messrs. Shuttleworth and Sons, 28 Poultry.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
The Nobility, Subscribers, and the Public, are respectfully informed that there will be an EXTRA NIGHT (not included in the Subscription) on THURSDAY next, May 1st, when will be performed Bellini's opera, "I Puritani." Elvira, Madame Grisi; Henrietta, Madame Bellini; Arturo, Sig. Mario; Riccardo, Sig. Fornasari; Walton, Sig. A. Giubilei; Bruno, Sig. Galli; and Giorgio, Sig. Lablache.

The Danseuses Viennoises will appear in some of their favourite Pas. With other entertainments; in which Madlle. Amalie Castellan, Madlle. Rita Bario, and Sig. Moriani will appear.

In the course of the evening, the celebrated Spanish dancer, Dona Manuela Perea, known as La Nena, and the Spanish Bolero dancer, Don Felix Garcia, will appear in some of the national Pas of Spain. With various novelties in the Ballet department, and uniting the talents of Mdlle. Grahn, M. Perrot, M. St. Leon, and Mdlle. Cerito, together with the Danseuses Viennoises.

Applications for boxes, pit-stalls, and tickets to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.

Doors open at Seven; the Opera to commence at half-past Seven.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
THE DESERT, by FELICIEN DAVID.
It is respectfully announced, that the last representation of this celebrated work will take place on MONDAY MORNING, May 5, preceded by a grand miscellaneous selection of Orchestral, Choral, and Vocal Music, from the most classical authors, and executed by the distinguished Artistes of this establishment. The grand orchestra and chorus will include upwards of 300 performers. The whole under the direction of Signor Costa. Full particulars will be duly announced.

GREAT RUSSIAN CHRONOMETRICAL EXPEDITION.—E. J. DENT, 82 Strand, and 33 Cockspur Street, has the high and distinguished honour of stating, that his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia has recently condescended to confer on him "the appointment and title of Chronometer-Maker to his Imperial Majesty," as a reward for the unequalled performance of his Chronometers during the Expedition of 1844. In 1843, his Imperial Majesty the Emperor was pleased to reward the performance of Dent's Chronometers with a Gold Medal of the highest Order of Merit.

Dent's Patent Watches, Chronometers, and Clocks.

BETTS'S PATENT BRANDY.

SIR,—The sample of *Patent French Distilled Brandy* you sent me I have accurately examined; and having instituted a series of experiments on it and on the finest *French Brandy*, I have, in these comparative trials, been able to discover so little difference, either in their composition or effects, that they may be considered as identical; excepting that *your Brandy is free from uncombined acid and astringent matter*, which exists more or less in most of the Brandies imported from France.—I remain, sir, yours respectfully,

JOHN THOMAS COOPER,
Lecturer on Chemistry.

To Mr. Betts.

BETTS'S PATENT BRANDY is prescribed by the highest medical authorities in preference to French Brandy; and is exclusively used at *Guy's, St. George's, St. Thomas's*, the *Westminster*, and other *Hospitals*; and at the *Manchester, Bristol, Brighton*, and other Infirmaries.

Quantities of not less than Two Gallons, supplied at the Distillery, in Stone Jars, at 18*s.* per Gallon, exclusive of the Jar; and in Capsuled Bottles at 20*s.* per Gallon, Bottles and Case included, and not returnable.

J. T. Betts, Jun. and Co., 7 Smithfield Bars, London.

LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,
Fleet Street, next St. Dunstan's Church.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Dividends on the Capital Stock of this Society for the Year 1844 are in the course of Payment, and can be received any day (Tuesday excepted) between the hours of 10 and 3 o'clock.

By order of the Directors.

April 10, 1845. GEORGE KIRKPATRICK, Actuary.

BIRKBECK TESTIMONIAL.—At a Meeting of the Subscribers to the Birkbeck Testimonial Fund, duly convened by Circular, and held at 12 Bedford Square, April 12, 1845,

VALENTINE KNIGHT, Esq., Treasurer, in the Chair,

Letters were read from the Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl Fitzwilliam, the Earl of Radnor, and the Bishop of Durham, approving of the recommendation of the Committee.

Resolved, That the scheme proposed by the Committee be adopted, viz. that the Committee shall pay over to University College the sum of 500*l.*, provided that the interest of that sum shall be applied, and the interest of a similar sum of 500*l.* shall be annually contributed by the College, for the endowment of a scholarship in mathematics and natural philosophy, to be called the Birkbeck Scholarship, which shall be held for two or three years by students of the College.

Resolved, That the Committee be instructed to take sufficient legal precautions to insure the perpetual devotion of the Fund by the College to the object in view, and upon the conditions above mentioned.

Resolved, That in the deed granting the Fund to the College, power be given to the Trustees, with the consent of the College, to apply the Scholarship to forward the study of Natural Philosophy applied to the Arts, provided a chair relating to that study be founded in the College.

Resolved, That William Lloyd Birkbeck, Thomas Coates, and Valentine Knight, Esqrs., be appointed Trustees for the same Fund.

VALENTINE KNIGHT, Chairman.

TO VISITORS to the CONTINENT.—Messrs. J. and R. M'CRACKEN, Foreign Agents, and Agents to the Royal Academy, No. 7 Old Jewry, beg to remind the Nobility and Gentry that they continue to receive Consignments of Objects of Fine Arts, Baggage, &c. from all parts of the Continent for clearing through the Custom-House, &c.; and that they undertake the Shipment of Effects to all parts of the world.

Lists of their Correspondents abroad, and every information, may be had on application at their Office as above.

THE BEDFORD HOTEL, BRIGHTON.—MR. JOSEPH ELLIS, Jun., hitherto associated with his Father at the Star and Garter, Richmond Hill, has the honour to notify that he has taken the above-named Hotel. During the last two months he has devoted himself to the regulation of the Hotel with the design of realising the capabilities for comfort afforded by its superior architectural arrangement, and he respectfully solicits patronage. A new coffee-room, with six windows to the sea, is open.

April 19.

FENDERS, STOVES, and FIRE-IRONS.—The largest Assortment of STOVES and FENDERS, as well as GENERAL IRONMONGERY in the World, is now on SALE at RIPPON and BURTON's extensive Warehouses, 39 Oxford Street, corner of Newman Street (just removed from Wells Street). Bright Steel Fenders, to 4 feet, from 35*s.* each; ditto ditto, with ormolu ornaments, from 60*s.*; rich bronzed scroll ditto, with steel bar, 10*s.* 6*d.*; iron fenders, 3 feet, 4*s.* 6*d.*; 4 feet, 6*s.*; ditto bronzed, and fitted with standards, 3 feet, 9*s.*; 4 feet, 11*s.*; wrought iron Kitchen Fenders, 3 feet, 1*s.* 6*d.*; 4 feet, 6*s.*; bright Register-stoves, with bronzed ornaments and two sets of bars, from 5 guineas; ditto ditto, with ormolu ornaments, from 9*l.* 10*s.*; black dining-room Register-stoves, 2 feet, 20*s.*; 3 feet, 30*s.*; bed-room Register-stoves, 2 feet, 16*s.*; 3 feet, 24*s.* The new economical Thermio Stove, with fender and radiating hearthplate, from 8*l.* 5*s.*; Fire-irons for chambers, 1*s.* 6*d.* per set; handsome ditto, with cut heads, 6*s.* 6*d.*; newest pattern, with elegant bronzed heads, 11*s.* A variety of Fire-irons, with ormolu and richly cut heads, at proportionate prices. Any article in Furnishing Ironmongery 30 per cent under any other house, while the extent and variety of the stock is without any equal. The money returned for every article not approved of.—Detailed Catalogues, with engravings, sent (per post) free. Established (in Wells Street) 1820.

MEEN FUN, the celebrated CHINESE COSMETIQUE.—Patronised by Her Majesty and the Royal Family.—The great value of this Cosmetique is, that the ingredients being solely herbaceous, the most delicate complexion can apply it without injury, while rough, red, and moist skins speedily experience beneficial results. Another most important feature is, that of repressing, without detriment to the sanatory condition of the user, the truly unpleasant sensation accompanying too copious perspiration. Travellers and residents in warm climates, subject to the enervating influence of tropical heat, will, when the skin becomes moist and heated, experience inconceivable comfort by resorting to this Cosmetique, as it will both allay and avert discolouration and coarseness. The sole proprietors are FABIAN and CO. (late Watson, Fabian, and Co.), 21 Mark Lane, London, without whose signature on the labels none are genuine.—To be had wholesale of them, and retail of all respectable chemists and perfumers in town and country.

In boxes, price 3*s.* 6*d.* and 7*s.* 6*d.* each. Country agents appointed.

R. HENDRIE,
Perfumer to Her Majesty, 12 Tichborne Street, London.

HENDRIE'S OLD BROWN WINDSOR SOAP, so long celebrated for improvement, retains its superiority as a perfectly mild emollient Soap, highly salutary to the skin, possessing an aromatic and lasting perfume: each Packet is labelled with Perkins's steel plate of Windsor Castle.

A variety of highly perfumed Soap Tablets, Sand Balls, &c., prepared without angular corners.

HENDRIE'S PRESERVATIVE TOOTH-POWDER, an effectual preparation for beautifying the Teeth, and preserving them in a sound and healthy condition, is exceedingly agreeable to the mouth, and divesting the Teeth of every impurity, increases the beauty of the enamel in polish and colour.

HENDRIE'S MOELLINE is the most beneficial extract of oleaginous substances for maintaining the beauty and luxuriance of the Hair, having also a delightful perfume.

His Germinative Liquid is a certain specific for producing a new growth where the Hair is failing.

HENDRIE'S COLD CREAM OF ROSES, prepared in great perfection.

IMPROVED SCOURING DROPS, for removing greasy spots from silks.

INDELIBLE MARKING INK, for Linen, to be used without preparation, 1*s.* a bottle.

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CLERICAL, MEDICAL, and GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

In addition to Assurances on Healthy Lives, this Society continues to grant Policies on the Lives of Persons subject to *Gout, Asthma, Rupture*, and OTHER DISEASES, by their paying a premium in proportion to the increased risk. The plan of granting Assurances on *Unhealthy Lives originated* with this Office in the early part of 1821.

Every description of Assurance may be effected with this Society, and Policies are granted on the Lives of persons of *all ages*.

Table of Premiums for Assuring £100 *on a Healthy Life.*

Age.	For One Year only.			For 7 Years at an Annual Payment of			For 14 Years at an Annual Payment of		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
25	1	1	0	1	2	2	1	3	8
30	1	2	1	1	4	1	1	6	1
35	1	5	2	1	7	2	1	9	3
40	1	8	9	1	10	4	1	13	6
45	1	12	3	1	14	8	2	1	8
50	1	16	11	2	3	10	2	13	11

The rates for Life Policies are also lower than those of most other Offices.

The sum accumulated and invested for the security and benefit of the Assured (exclusive of the proprietors' paid-up Capital) already exceeds *Half a Million Sterling*; and the Income, which is steadily increasing, is now £101,500 per annum.

The two first Divisions averaged £22 per cent on the Premiums paid. The THIRD Bonus, declared in January 1842, averaged £25 per cent; and the future Bonuses are expected to EXCEED that Amount.

The Balance Sheets of this Society are at all times open to the inspection of any of the Assured.

Farther information may be obtained of

GEO. H. PINCKARD, Actuary,
No. 78 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, London.

Or of any of the Society's Agents.

NATIONAL LOAN FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, 26 Cornhill, London.

Capital, 500,000*l*.—Empowered by Act of Parliament.

This Institution offers many important and substantial advantages with respect to both Life Assurances and Deferred Annuities. The assured has, on all occasions, the power to borrow, without expense or forfeiture of the Policy, two-thirds of the Premiums paid (see table); also the option of selecting benefits, and the conversion of his interests to meet other conveniences or necessity. Assurances for terms of years are granted on the lowest possible rates.

DIVISION OF PROFITS:—

The steady success and increasing prosperity of the Society has enabled the Directors, at the last annual investigation, to declare a second Bonus, averaging 60 per cent on the amounts invested on each Policy effected on the Profit scale.

EXAMPLES:

AGE, 60; SUM, £1000.

Premium.			Year.	Bonus added.			Bonus in Cash.			Permanent reduction of Premium.			Sum the Assured may borrow on Policy.		
£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
			1837	170	9	3	77	5	1	12	3	9	344	2	3
71	3	4	1838	144	3	2	64	5	6	9	16	4	296	13	4
			1839	116	16	8	51	5	11	7	11	9	247	4	5

THE DIVISION OF PROFITS IS ANNUAL.

F. FERGUSON CAMROUX, Secretary.

LITERATURE AND ART.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—

The GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS is open daily from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE NEW SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.

—The Eleventh Annual Exhibition is NOW OPEN at their Gallery, FIFTY-THREE PALL MALL.

JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

ROYAL COMMISSION OF FINE ARTS.

Whitehall, 21st April, 1845.

1. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that WORKS of ART intended for EXHIBITION, according to the notices issued by order of the Commissioners in July and March last, are to be sent to Westminster Hall between the hours of Ten and Five on any day, Sunday excepted, during the first week in June next, when agents will be in attendance to receive them; but no work will be received after Saturday, the 7th of June.

2. Each Exhibitor is required to send, together with his work, a letter containing his name and address, with such title or quotation descriptive of his work as may be intended for publication, subject to the approval of the Commissioners. The name of the Exhibitor is also to be written on each specimen sent by him.

3. The Artists or their agents may attend to examine the works sent by them, and to restretch such Drawings or Paintings as may have been detached from their stretching-frames and rolled for the convenience of carriage.

4. No work will be allowed to be retouched after having been received, except to repair an injury occasioned by accident, and then only by the Artist himself.

5. Every possible care will be taken of the works sent; but in case of injury or loss the Commissioners will not be responsible.

6. Catalogues of the Exhibition will be published.

By command of the Commissioners,

C. L. EASTLAKE, Secretary.

ROYAL CORPORATION of the LITERARY FUND.

—Instituted 1790, and Incorporated 1818.

Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty THE QUEEN.
President—The Marquis of LANSDOWNE, K.G.

The ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the LITERARY FUND will be celebrated in FREEMASONS' HALL, on WEDNESDAY, the 14th of May, the Right Hon. the Earl of ELLENBOROUGH, G.C.B., in the Chair.

The List of Stewards will be advertised in a few days.

OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Sec.

SOCIETY for the ENCOURAGEMENT of ARTS, MANUFACTURES, and COMMERCE.

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The White Hoods, an Historical Romance. By Mrs. Bray; being the first volume of a new and illustrated edition of her Novels and Romances, uniform with the Standard Novels. Pp. 392. London, Longman and Co.

We take some credit to ourselves for this series of Mrs. Bray's works of fiction; inasmuch as we concluded our remarks (when reviewing her chivalrous romance of *Henry de Pomeroy*) with the suggestion of how desirable it would be that such an edition of this lady's novels should be given to the public "as, by their cheapness in price, would render them accessible to all classes of readers."* And here, at length, is the first volume, containing one entire novel, of such an edition, laid before us; with the promise that another and another shall issue monthly from the press, till the whole ten volumes, containing as many novels, be completed. The series begins with Mrs. Bray's celebrated romance of *The White Hoods*, preceded by a general preface, and illustrated by a charming appropriate portrait of the authoress after Patten; with a pleasing vignette of her refined and hospitable residence at the vicarage of Tavistock in Devonshire.

Before we proceed to comment on all this, we must first congratulate Mrs. Bray, and all such of her friends and readers as have taken a lively interest in her writings, on what we cannot but consider to be a triumph of principle most manifestly achieved in this reprint of her works. Though it is, perhaps, somewhat ungallant in us, when reviewing the volumes of a lady, to talk of years, yet the very cause of our congratulation is so intimately connected with the progress of time, that we cannot do aught else in the present instance. It is, then, between nineteen and twenty years since Mrs. Bray (previously and advantageously known to the public by her *Letters from Normandy and Brittany*) commenced her career as a novelist. Her first work in this line of writing, *De Foix*, was published in a very quiet, unpretending manner: it was neither puffed, nor pushed, nor patronised; consequently, at that time, the authoress made her way but slowly into general notice. Yet, from the first, *De Foix* met with very high commendation, not only from ourselves, but from more than one literary character of eminence, whose praises were distinction as well as encouragement. They had their due effect on Mrs. Bray; and, in about two years after, she again appeared before the public in her romance of *The White Hoods*, which, though brought out in the same unpretending manner as the former, added much to her fame and the circle of her readers. As she had treated the subject in a style the most dramatic, Mr. Planché (so we learn from the preface) forthwith commenced adapting it for one of the theatres, when he was induced to discontinue the task, by finding that a friend in the literary world had completed a tragedy on the same subject, which he destined likewise for the stage. As so many years have elapsed, and that friend's tragedy has never been represented, we hope Mr. Planché will no longer withhold his own drama of *The White Hoods*, which, grounded on Mrs. Bray's romance, would make a very effective piece, and afford every scope for scenery and theatrical representation that the manager or the public could desire. Indeed, as much may be said of *De Foix*, and of many of her other novels, which seem to us peculiarly fitted for scenic adaptation, as her plots, characters, and dialogues, are frequently of the highest order of dramatic composition. But to return to our subject.

We spoke but now of the triumph of principle exemplified in the progress made by the writings of Mrs. Bray, which, though slow at first, have ultimately attained for her a standard reputation both at home and abroad. Whence is this? We think the whole may be very easily understood. Whilst most of those works of fiction (which we have so often condemned), as being penned to win a temporary popularity by flattering the follies or the vices of the day, have sunk to rise no more, the works of our authoress, written to serve no temporary purpose, and to gain no evanescent glory, but founded on the solid basis of *moral truth* and *Christian principles*, have risen slowly, steadily, effectually, till they have gained that place in the temple of fame, which reflects honour not only on herself, but on her sex and her country. As she is an Englishwoman, we are proud of Mrs. Bray, and gratified with seeing the estimation in which she is held in foreign countries, by the repeated translations that have been made of her works.

We shall here say little about her individual romances, either of *The White Hoods* or *De Foix*, having given both those admirable compositions our almost unqualified applause when they first appeared. We shall rather confine our comments to those general characteristics which are displayed by Mrs. Bray as a writer of fiction. It has been observed by many foreign as well as English critics, that this lady is distinguished almost beyond any other female novelist for the wonderful versatility of her genius; for there is scarcely a species of fictitious composition which she has left unattempted, and she has succeeded in them all. In the very commencement of her career she aimed at a high standard in historical romance, and her subjects of this description were treated with the best judgment and taste. She never committed the offence of violating the truth of history in any important point, so that there was no danger of the young being misled by her pictures. To this was added the charm of ideal characters and events, which, being faithful transcripts of general nature, harmonised perfectly with those founded on history. In bringing into action the personages of Froissart, she not only painted them as acting under the suggestions of those passions and affections common to their nature as men; but as they were influenced or called forth by the spirit and the circumstances of the times in which they lived; whilst the play of her fancy, her strong bent for humour, and her comic sketches, gave a relief, by a judicious introduction of such scenes, to the more serious parts of her narratives; so that the reader was not wearied by an unbroken continuation of what was sad or painful in the story. Her fund of historical and antiquarian knowledge, and the graceful facility with which she brings these matters into play, as illustrative of the brilliant scenes of her imagination, render her works valuable also to that more grave class of readers who are intent on gaining solid information from whatever they read. Her *White Hoods*, *De Foix*, *The Protestant*, and *The Talba*, are each of this class. In *The Talba*, the melancholy story of Ines dé Castro forms the principal feature. This, perhaps, is the most epic of all her works of fiction; and it was of this that our lamented poetess L. E. L. (who always delighted to pay the tribute of deserved praise to one of her own sex) said, that *The Talba* contained some of the most powerful scenes she had ever read in any work of imagination.

Those who fancied it was alone in historical romance that Mrs. Bray could achieve excellence, were not a little surprised when, on the appearance of *Fitz of Fitz-ford*, she came forward in an entirely new line of fictitious composition; when they found that by the versatility of her powers, even as did the great magician of the north, she seized upon the fragments of the legends and traditions of the west, and made them her own, in a manner which bore so striking a resemblance to Sir Walter Scott, that it at once arrested the attention of critics and readers both at home and abroad. Her intimate acquaintance with the land of her adoption, its natural peculiarities, its antiquities, its wild scenes of grandeur and beauty, its fairy lore of poetic superstitions, customs and romance, all combined to make Devon and Cornwall the very counties wherein the genius of Mrs. Bray found the largest scope; and she availed herself of it with zeal and enthusiasm. The universal commendation with which her *Fitz of Fitz-ford* was received, induced her to continue her labours in the west; and *Warleigh, or the Fatal Oak*, a second romance of Devon, soon after appeared. Of the fragments of tradition on which this work was built, Mrs. Bray gives a very curious account in her preface; and we are surprised to see on what slight grounds she has wrought out a story of such interest, including so many characters and such a variety of scenes and incidents; so true is it, that genius needs but a hint for the work of imagination. The same may be said of her *Trélawny of Trelawne*. In this romance, she displays her skill in picturing domestic life in a very admirable manner; and here, as in her *Trials of the Heart*, her power of pathos is brought into effect with great force. *Trelawny* is founded on a family tradition respecting the loves of a Harry and Letætia Trelawny; the latter a child of the celebrated bishop of Bristol, who was one of the seven bishops committed to the Tower for opposing the arbitrary power of James the Second. This story, wrought in a series of letters, was so perfect in its *vraisemblance*, that on the appearance of the novel, they were, we have reason to believe, by some mistaken for a collection of real family correspondence. Could a higher praise be given to any work of the kind? But Mrs. Bray's power of pathos is, perhaps, even yet more strikingly displayed in her *Trials of the Heart*,

* See *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1307, Feb. 5, 1842.

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a work which attracted much notice on its publication, and was of a very popular form; as it consisted of a series of domestic tales, principally drawn from the facts and characters of real life. Notwithstanding the feeling for the pathetic with which these tales abound, there is, in many of them, an agreeable mixture of the comic with the serious, the gay with the grave. Indeed, the story called *The Little Doctor* is rich in humour and feeling; and contrasts admirably with the heart-searching scenes in the stories called *Vicissitudes* and *The Adopted*. In truth, most of the characters in *Trials of the Heart* we now find by the preface were drawn from living models; no wonder, therefore, that when treated by so competent a hand, they should, for force, feeling, and strict adherence to nature, deserve to be ranked with the most able productions of her own or any other pen.

Henry de Pomeroy was her next West-of-England romance. This was grounded on a tradition still told beneath the mouldering remains of Berry Pomeroy Castle in Devon; the circumstances of which are said to have occurred in the reign of Richard the First. In this romance all the variety of Mrs. Bray's powers seemed to be called into action. Her intimate acquaintance with antiquity, the men and manners of other times, her enthusiastic feeling for the wild majestic scenes of Cornwall and Devon, the playfulness of her fancy, and her highly impassioned power in character and dialogue, are all called forth in a manner the most striking; whilst the grand catastrophe, founded on the tradition, leaves the reader at once surprised and deeply interested by so awful and even appalling a close. By some, her last-published romance, *Courtenay of Walreddon*, has been considered her *chef-d'œuvre*. For ourselves, much as we admire it, we apprehend that the taste of the individual reader (as one may prefer the historic, and another the legendary or the domestic tale) will invariably influence him in his estimation of what he may deem the foremost in rank of this or any other novelist. *Courtenay of Walreddon* is certainly a very powerful production; it is of the domestic class, though a good deal of heroism is mingled with the story throughout. It is remarkable for two things—the intense interest which it gains and keeps over the mind of the reader, till it becomes absolutely painful towards the close; and the utter impossibility of guessing the conclusion of the tale, or of penetrating the mystery the author has so ingeniously thrown over it, till she is herself pleased to lift the veil at the end. In this, as in all her works, one of the principal merits consists in the strength and delicacy with which Mrs. Bray depicts the feelings of the human heart; the result of her habitual study of human nature.

We conclude our remarks with saying, that we heartily wish success, for it deserves it, to this series of Mrs. Bray's novels and romances. Each volume contains one entire work (originally published in three), handsomely got up, at a very low price, illustrated with a frontispiece and vignettes, after the beautiful drawings of the late Mr. Charles Stothard, the celebrated artist and antiquary. To sum up our opinion of this lady's writings in a few words, we may with truth say, that in these novels of Mrs. Bray, genius, judgment, and sound principles, are combined to delight the understanding and to "mend the heart."

In justice to the general preface, which contains a slight but interesting biographical sketch, and also the reasons, grounds, and anecdotes on which Mrs. Bray's publications were founded, we must add a sample of this very acceptable introduction:—

"The romance next published, in 1834, was 'Warleigh, or the Fatal Oak; a Legend of Devon.' The first name was adopted from the noble and ancient mansion in which the scene of the story is principally laid. The second title refers to an aged oak, to which both history and tradition have annexed a tale. 'Warleigh' (now the property of the Reverend Walter Radclyffe) is situated not very far from the village of Tamerton Foliott, a few miles distant from Plymouth, in Devon. Near Tamerton church stands the very aged tree, alluded to above, which, to this day, is called the 'Copplestone Oak.' The few but fearful circumstances connected with it, said to have occurred in the reign of Elizabeth, I have chosen as the foundation whereon to raise a superstructure of romance. An account of these circumstances I found briefly stated in that most valuable work, Prince's 'Worthies of Devon.' The biographer gives the name of the elder person (John Copplestone) who was so deeply implicated in the tragedy to which the oak is said to have been a witness; but he does not state the name of the young man who was the godson of Copplestone, and so great a sufferer in that scene. I ventured, therefore, to call him Amias Radclyffe, in compliment to the family who are the present proprietors of Warleigh; but I think it right here to say that I have no authority whatever for doing so, except my own fancy. Respecting the godfather (Copplestone), who in the days of Elizabeth was the proprietor of Warleigh, and of another mansion, called 'Copplestone,' Prince describes him as one of 'extravagancies in his conversation,' and of a 'malicious and revengeful mind.' He then proceeds to relate the circumstances of the murder, to which those passions hurried on the wretched man who committed it. Not that he relates them (to use his own words) because he takes delight in 'repeating the infirmities of men, but because he would make them as landmarks to posterity, that all may beware how they give themselves up to the transports of a bloody malice and revenge; which, in the end, will hurry them to the bottomless gulf of woe and misery.' Having set up this landmark by telling the tale, our biographer adds, that after Copplestone had committed the murder, he fled; that his friends made interest at court to sue out his pardon; and, at length, to procure it, cost him no less than thirteen manors of land in the county of Cornwall.* He then proceeds to remark—'However, this gentleman escaped the just penalties due to so vile a crime from the laws of man, he did not, it seems, escape the revengeful hand of Providence, which was pleased, either in his son's or his grandson's days (who is said to have been a hopeful young gentleman), to blot his name quite out of that place (Warleigh); and at the other place (Copplestone), to leave nothing remaining but the name. For this estate came to two daughters and heirs; the eldest was married to — Elford, Esq., and the youngest unto Sir John Bamfield of Poltimore, Baronet. Thus, then, it appears, if Prince be correct (and his accuracy has never been questioned), that no individual now living and bearing the name of 'Copplestone' can be an immediate descendant *in the male line* from the man so justly set up 'as the landmark to posterity.' I am the more particular in stating this, because I have been assured (though I hope erroneously) that an individual of eminence, in character, learning, and station, had fallen into the mistake of fancying that I had, as a novelist, made an ancestor of his family a murderer; probably not knowing, or at least not recollecting, what Prince has stated respecting John Copplestone the murderer, on the total extinction of his immediate descendants in *the male line*.* Although the circumstances on which I founded my tale are stated by Prince to have occurred in the reign of Elizabeth, I took the liberty to change the period to that of Charles the First. As those circumstances were entirely of a domestic nature, it was of no moment in whose reign they were made subservient to the purposes of romance. I had already, in 'Fitz of Fitz-Ford,' written a work relative to the days of the maiden queen; and moreover, the time of Charles the First, I felt, would afford me the opportunity of introducing characters, scenes, and events connected with a period of deep public and domestic interest in the West, as there was scarcely a family of any note throughout these counties, but their ancestors had severely suffered, in one way or the other, during the civil wars. Concerning the characters and events which in this novel are wholly fictitious, I shall say nothing; and a very few notes will be necessary to point out the personages mentioned either by history or tradition, who, more or less, are introduced as actors in my scene. Captain John Burley, a native of Devon, was, in 1647, tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of high treason, by the parliament, for causing a drum to be beat in the streets of Newport, in the Isle of Wight, for 'God and King Charles,' intending to gather a force sufficient, if possible, to set the king at liberty, as he was at that time a prisoner in Carisbrook Castle. The same judge and jury, and at the same assize at Winchester, who thus condemned and executed Burley for his loyalty and sympathy with the sufferings of the king, actually acquitted a man named Osborn, who was tried on a charge proved against him—that of a design to assassinate the unfortunate sovereign in his prison. Prince truly designates Burley as a 'loyal martyr to his country and his king.' This gentleman, a native of Devon, a brave officer and devoted royalist, I introduce in my work, as a principal leader, in connexion with the counties of the West, in their movements and secret

* "This very pardon, Prince says, still remained, in his day, in the custody of the possessor of Warleigh House. Prince published the work from which these extracts are made in the year 1701."

* "It is not, however, wonderful that an error of this sort should occur; as, till within a very few years since, Prince's admirable work was so little known, that the following very amusing incident occurred; which, though it created a smile, was a most harmless mistake, and no disparagement to the noble individual who made it. I copy it from a manuscript note in my husband's hand, in his copy of the 'Worthies of Devon.' He writes: 'The original of this work was published in 1701. When the present edition, which was published in 1810, was advertised, Lord —— addressed a letter to the Rev. John Prince, Berry Pomeroy, intimating that there was a mistake in the description of his family crest, which he begged might be corrected. The crest, as described in the original, is, 'an arm armed cope B. Hand, Or, holding fast a purse, *shut*.' This, his lordship stated, should be open. Mr. L——, who, as surrogate, attended the visitation at Tavistock, instead of the archdeacon, on the 27th of May, 1819, and who served Berry Pomeroy, asserted it to be really a fact; and that he himself took the letter to the publishers at Plymouth, upon a former visitation, and recommended them to answer the letter in the name of the deceased author, with an apology for his not being able to write quite so well as his lordship (who is not himself remarkable for his caligraphy), as he was then 109 years older than when he published his first edition. His lordship, however, was spared the mortification, as well as that of being informed that the alteration in the crest was a witty revenge on the part of Prince upon one of his ancestors, for not having subscribed to his work!'"

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plans (so often and so fruitlessly made) for the deliverance and restoration of King Charles. Elford, another royalist of Devon, is said, by tradition, to have been concealed in a narrow cell formed by nature amidst the wildest rocks on the rugged height of Sheep's Tor; and that he lay there concealed during many weeks, whilst a hot pursuit was made after him, with a view to deprive him of life, by the Parliamentarians. Elford is also said to have amused himself by painting the sides of his rocky prison, during his retreat. Many years ago, Mr. Bray visited the spot, and discovered within the narrow cell in question some remains or rather indications of these paintings.* At a later period I also attempted to reach the cave, if such it can be called; but found that to climb the steep ascent of the Tor, amidst deep hollows and immense masses of rock, was so difficult and hazardous, I was obliged to give it over, and could only look on the spot, pointed out to me by my husband (with wonder how a human being could have contrived to live there during so many weeks), from far below its lofty site. The unhappy Ralaigh, whose widow and fatherless child are characters in my novel, was a nephew of the famous admiral, Sir Walter Raleigh. He was a young clergyman of the most remarkable learning and ability. The cruel manner of his death in prison, to which allusion is made in the narrative, is stated by Walker in the lives of the suffering clergy who were ejected from their livings in the times of Charles I. by the parliamentary committees. The character of Sir Hugh Piper, another royalist, was suggested by reading his epitaph, in Launceston church. It gives a curious statement of his several services, and the gallant actions wherein he was engaged during the civil wars. The dream by which, in the romance, he is induced to go to Lidford, at the time of Elford's trial, where his evidence becomes of so much importance on that occasion, was suggested by a circumstance in real life, that occurred some years ago in Cornwall. I was assured by my informant, a gentleman not likely to be credulous, that it was a well-known fact. It appeared by his account, that the life of an accused person had been saved in consequence of the principal witness, who proved an alibi, by which the prisoner was acquitted of the charge of murder, having been warned in a dream, to go to a certain town in Cornwall, where the assizes were held, on the very day of the trial."

We need not go further into the details; but merely say that the other subjects are similarly explained and illustrated.

Jonathan Sharp; or, the Adventures of a Kentuckian. Written by Himself. 3 vols. London, H. Colburn.

NEITHER the title nor the preface to this work are sustained by its contents. They are fictions. The author pretends to be a far-west American, and to publish his severe opinions of his countrymen anonymously and in England, for dread of their revenge:

"Look," he says, "at our truly eloquent novelist, Fenimore Cooper. Read his 'Homeward Bound,' and his 'Eve Effingham'—so true, so well calculated to produce a salutary impression among a civilised people. Yet, for these two works, public opinion in America has branded him as a renegade; and, on more than one occasion, I doubt not, his determination and energy alone have saved him from brutal and cowardly attacks, if not from assassination. Writing at home, therefore, in the spirit in which I desire to write, is unsafe. Then, wherefore should I write? Wherefore! because, in spite of all, I love my country. It is a noble, a grand, a sublime country. It seems to have been made for a race of giants. In its creation, Nature employed her largest scale, as if the destinies of the whole world were to be, one day, concentrated within the range of its lofty mountains and majestic streams. I love America; and, above all, the 'Far West.' With it are connected the happiest recollections of my life. I love our dark and eternal forests—our rich, undulating prairies. I admire the energy and activity of our roving population, ever fluctuating to and fro, as the waves of the sea or of our immense lakes. I feel proud in reflecting upon that gigantic spirit of enterprise, which distinguishes our fearless pioneers, and our more respectable merchants—I mean, those of New England. In fact, I am a patriot—an enthusiast—and I dote upon the land of my birth and early impressions. Thus, loving my country, I have thought (I was wrong, perhaps, yet I thought, and I still think) that a minute exposure of our vices, in their most apparent shape, if constantly repeated, would, some day, force our conceited but misinformed masses to reflect, and at least to dare to condemn openly the barbarous exhibitions and savage abuses that daily disgrace our soil. When the more respectable inhabitants shall be tired of hearing the politer nations of Europe taunting them with the frequent murders, or attempts to murder, in the Union; when the deadly bowie-knife, and the cowardly 'Colt's six-barrel-self-revolving pistol,' shall have given to America the name of a nation of assassins, stern and violent measures will undoubtedly be taken to put an end to manners so detestable and deeds so revolting. At home, we have affected to laugh at our defaulters—the terms of thief and swindler have never been applied to them—nay, when the crime has attained to a certain degree of magnitude, it has been looked upon by the mass as a bold and grand speculation. Speaking, one day, of these plague-spots of our society, a member of congress said to me, 'Well, what of that? the men are clever, and the few millions which they have taken will increase a hundred-fold in their hands. Society will become richer, consequently more refined. New enterprises will be started—thousands will be bettered—a few hundreds only will have suffered—and that, too, but for the moment. Look at Buffalo, our Queen-city of the lakes. Eighteen years ago, it was but a miserable village, half French, half American. It had but two or three wretched boats. And now see what it is. A populous, rich, and large city—the emporium of western commerce, through which the wealth of the west pours into the east. Its steam-vessels are ploughing the waters in every direction; its docks are the scene of perpetual bustle and activity; and all this is due to a man whom you would call a swindler. To be sure, he committed forgery to the amount of nine or ten millions of dollars; but what of that? he did it for the general welfare. He succeeded. He gave to his country a start which will still be felt in after-years, when the old, honest, and forgery-punishing institutions of Europe have crumbled to dust. And now, can such a man be stamped with the stigma of infamy? Can his name be branded with shame and execration? No! it would be ingratitude—injustice—or worse! The statue of such a man ought to be cast in gold, and placed in the Capitol, between those of Washington and Franklin!' When such ideas prevail in the higher class of a nation, no wonder if the pernicious example be followed by thousands of *respectable* people."

From this the reader would anticipate another Marryat, Dickens, or Featherstonhaugh; but there is no such thing. The first volume is filled with romantic rambles, in company with a young Irishman named O'Neil, in Havanna, Cuba, Mexico, and among the Indian tribes; and we hear nothing of America or American character, excepting the description of the writer's father, who is made a vile Yankee portrait. He writes:—

"My early history will clearly shew that transcendent superiority is a consequence of our soil, our morals, and our laws: for American boys are more cunning than European ones, just in the same ratio that their parents are *smarter* than any other men in the world. My father, who was a Vermonter, had originally been bred to the law: he had even practised for a short time in some city of Indiana; but there, unfortunately, all the settlers were themselves either lawyers or Scotchmen; so that he had a great deal of trouble, and a very small chance of being paid for it. Being one day pressed too hard by his unfeeling creditors, my father borrowed a horse and a twenty-dollar note, and crossed over into Kentucky, to try his luck; for there, daily quarrels and weekly murders seemed to promise a good harvest in the shape of fees and bribes. Fortune, however, under the shape of a buxom widow, smiled upon my father, who, having one day put up at the 'Franklin's Head' (at that time the best inn of Louisville), learned that its owner had lately been shot through the head, leaving his house, his wife, and his barmaid, exposed to the wickedness of the world. My father, during a part of the night, pondered how he might get hold of such a comfortable inheritance. During the evening he was afforded an opportunity, by himself, of ascertaining that the bar was well stocked, the maid uncommonly pretty, and the widow still very comely, not being a bit the worse for wear. As chance would have it, he was aroused from his musing by the cry of 'Fire!' Such an accident was just the thing. My worthy parent having been always renowned for his rapid conception, and still more rapid execution, in less than no time he rushed into the bedroom of the frightened widow, and carried her, in her night-clothes, into one of the negroes' cabins, at the bottom of the premises. The fire was soon extinguished, order restored, and the lady regained her apartment, blushing, and shocked at the idea of having been thus handled, *en déshabillé*, by such a strong and clever man. This nocturnal adventure got wind by some means or other; and the next day the widow received visits from all the Louisville matrons, who wanted to know if she had really been carried from her bed by a stranger. It was truly shocking—not one of them but would have been roasted alive sooner than have submitted to such an affront. So much ado about nothing shewed plainly to the good landlady the inconvenience of remaining single and unprotected among the busy prying people of Louisville; and, as she was a woman of good sense, she made over to my lucky father, house, barmaid, negroes, horses, cattle, and her own dear affectionate self. Such a union, contracted under so very singular circumstances, could not fail of creating great scandal among the moral people of the town; but the newly-married couple, who were amazingly knowing in

* "An account of Mr. Bray's visit to the retreat of Elford is given in the Letters to Mr. Southey, published originally by Mr. Murray under the title of the 'Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy.'"

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their own way, gave a great dinner, to which the loudest speakers being invited, these drowned their '*sentiment des convenances*' in a barrel of port-wine sangaree, prepared for the occasion by the blooming lady herself. Besides, Louisville was at that time pretty much what it is now, a city full of odd incidents, each bringing its own share of scandal; and the trial of a methodist parson, convicted of murder and bigamy, soon engrossed all the vituperative faculties of the good folks. My honoured parent had, therefore, nothing to do but bless his stars and his smartness for his unexpected good fortune. The Franklin's Head went on very well, daily acquiring wealth and renown. My father was a bold and energetic speaker, and, moreover, very liberal with his 'Wabash water.'* His bar became a political club, where the 'great ones' would come to drink and talk every evening upon the grand prospects of the republic, and the future annihilation of the British commerce and power, by Uncle Sam's honest and industrious, although warlike subjects. In the mean while, I was born, seemingly to inherit my mother's wealth and my father's glorious name of Sharp. I was petted and caressed by every body; all was sunshine, except the barmaid, who viewed me not with favour, but constantly kicked, scratched, and pinched me, whenever I came in her way. In due time I was sent to school, where I learned to chew tobacco, whittle, drink whisky, and swear like an Irish sailor. I soon became strong enough to return with interest the cuffs of the barmaid, at which my father got angry. He was beginning to have an eye to her; indeed, it was whispered all over town; and, now that I recollect it, I do not wonder, as my mother had grown peevish and devout, frequenting all the Methodist camp-meetings, where she unfortunately contracted a habit of hiccupping in a dreadful manner. As it was, my father despatched me to Lexington College, to learn wit and manners: that is so say, to cheat honestly in a bargain, and run into debt at all the bars in the town. A short time after, my mother died—an ugly death, to be sure! It was rumoured that, suspecting something wrong on the part of the barmaid, she one evening crossed over the premises, in order to spy into the privacy of her bedroom; but having, on account of the heat, indulged rather freely in her favourite mixture, iced sangaree, she mistook her way, and fell, from a considerable height, on a heap of stones, where she fractured her skull. This was an unfortunate event, and from that day my father's good luck began to desert him. A Virginia man, of different political principles, set up a tavern just opposite ours, and a Washington's head hanging at its door seemed constantly to threaten poor Franklin's. '*Un malheur ne vient jamais seul*,' as the French have it, and my father was destined to lose his comfort by the same means by which he had acquired it. One Christmas evening, a great fire raged over a part of the city: our house and stores were burnt to the ground, and, on settling his accounts on the New Year's day, my father found himself owing twenty thousand dollars (the results of unlucky speculations), with nothing to meet this heavy demand but two swampy town-lots, three worn-out negroes, his barmaid, and myself, already grown and formed, a lad of fourteen years of age, with all the propensities befitting a gentleman of the West, and an unfathomable fund of resources (as usual among my countrymen) in case of need. I have said already that my parent was a man of prompt resolution. His energies did not fail him in the present emergency. He packed a scanty wardrobe in a small portmanteau, took me with him on board a steamboat going down to New Orleans, and thus got rid at once of all his difficulties. We had a very cold passage down the Ohio, being, at every moment, stopped by immense masses of ice: nor did the temperature change, until we had reached the southern borders of Arkansas, at that time a wild territory, full of game, and not yet rendered illustrious by the bowie-knife murders, at every session of legislature. Till then my father had been silent and gloomy; not that he desponded, but because it required a violent struggle to break off, all of a sudden, his old comfortable habits contracted at the Franklin's Head. As soon, however, as he felt the genial rays of the sun of Louisiana, his spirits recovered their wonted elasticity, and he immediately set his mind to work. The very same evening he sat down to the gambling-table, from which he had hitherto kept aloof, in spite of the entreaties of our fellow-passengers; and, after a two hours' sitting, retired to his state-room, the winner of two hundred dollars. 'Well, lad,' said he to me, as soon as he had retired to his berth above mine, 'things, after all, are not so bad as I had expected. I reckon I will cut a figure here somewhere in the south, and marry some broker's or planter's widow. Now, mark me, Jonathan; we are in a fair way to fortune, if we do not interfere with each other. Once in New Orleans, I will devise some plan to push thee on, and put thee on a good scent, while I hunt myself upon another. Dost take me—eh, boy?'"

* Whisky.

This sketch is about the best thing in the book: but we make a few other selections from the small portion of it which is applicable to the pretended purpose.

"In the States, especially in the new States, towns have risen, and do even now rise every year, just as mushrooms do, for a season. The whole mercantile world knows the story of 'Cairo,' the city of palaces, built at the confluence of the Ohio and the Mississipi. There it is, half-built, and uninhabited. It had a bank and a jail before it contained a single inhabitant. I think it never had any. It was constructed with money borrowed from England; and, to-day, the brokers of Cornhill and Throgmorton Street would be but too happy to recover a few cents on their dollars; but these are gone for ever, sunk deep in the mud of the mighty stream, among the ruins of what would have been the queen-city of the valley of the Mississipi, had she but been able to carry her lofty domes and spires above the level of the waters and the difficulties of the times."

Advice: "My dear fellow, that trip of yours has been a capital start in life. You have gallantly gone through it, thanks to your Kentuckian education. Now, I would advise you just to pick up a profession, that you may become acquainted with the world at home as well as abroad. In these days of political contention, nothing can be better than a preacher or an abolitionist. You are still too young for either character, but you can easily become head-waiter in a prime hotel of the opposition, and it will do beautiful. In your leisure hours, you can write in the newspapers, so as to be known; then you can enter the bar for a season, or turn doctor, only to kill time, till you run for the legislature, marry, and get settled in the world. That's the true life, I mean the life of a man of progress, a man belonging to his age, and daring to lead society. * * *

"Every hotel or tavern in New York is a political club, in which the question of the day is discussed over the whisky-decanter; the oyster-houses are dedicated to corruption and vice; the stage-performances are ever attended with uproar and quarrels; the stillness of night is constantly broken by the noise of fighting in the streets or of the fire-engines. * * *

"To the man of business, to the foreign merchant, New York will give a noble and sublime idea of our resources and activity; yet I like it not. There is a want of harmony in the whole, which seems to me discordant, although, perhaps, it is the great characteristic of the country. Besides, New York can scarcely be called an American town. Except in exaggerated politics and hourly quarrels, it displays no nationality of feature. French is as much spoken as English; German, Spanish, and Italian, resound in every street, and almost in every place of resort—the English and Spanish travellers standing apart, cold, unsocial, and solemn; the Frenchman sporting his ridiculous and newly-imported foppery; the Yankee dandies aping the French; the German and Italian aping the Yankee. Finally, I do not like New York. One day I met with a celebrated public character, a friend of poor O'Neil's, with whom I was on the best terms possible. Although gifted with a clear and sound judgment, he was so patriotic as to be quite blind to the most glaring faults and vices of our state of society. The conversation happened to fall upon the wandering spirit of the mass, and the progress of civilisation in the 'Far West.' 'This subject,' I observed, 'is the one upon which I am most fond of speaking. None more than I can admire the fearlessness of our hardy pioneers; still, I must confess that, with the spreading of our population, the most sacred ties of society are becoming loosened every day. Although colonisation is fast gaining ground, civilisation and refinement are also quickly receding from us.' 'We want none of your refinements,' answered my friend; 'they are the perdition of a nation. They belong to a mean-spirited race of slaves. Who will bow lower, and speak with a more cunning tongue, than these wandering Italians, who come here to exercise their despicable industry? What a flood of adjectives and epithets! 'Noble excellenza!' 'padrone!' Why, that is the very language of our negroes, when addressing their cowhide-armed and bellowing overseers. Refinement and politeness are the offspring of base fear. Think of Rome, Naples, Florence, Turin! These places are full of polite refinement—nothing but refinement. For my part, I would rather kick a man fifty times than call him once, Vostra signoria!'"

The Texans, or, rather, the Yankee prowlers in Texas, are drawn as greater scum and scoundrelism than even the worst of other Americans; but we need not follow the writer through his second and third volumes into that region.

"Alas (he exclaims) for the valorous Texians! They have already organised bands of mounted thieves, who plunder the plantations east of the Sabine and on the borders of the Arkansas. They are the men of progress. Time is all to them. They have not leisure to rear cattle or beasts of burden—they steal them: it is more convenient, and cheaper. Faugh! the base and vile must prosper in our days. It is the time of reaction. We have had our few years of stern virtue and untarnished faith. Now, we shall have a long era of vice and crime to wash out the memory of former days. The thought is sickening; it weighs upon me like a nightmare. Awake, awake, Jonathan! * * *

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"Among the strangers so much disliked by the 'Native Americans,' the Irish stand foremost; probably on account of their honesty and perseverance. The term of 'Irisher' is become the expression of bitter hatred in every western district enjoying a certain degree of prosperity. Yet, for the most part, these districts have been at first settled by Irish emigrants. On the shores of the Maecoti in Ioway, I once knew of a beautiful little settlement, formed by thirty or forty Connaught families. They went thither when not one American had yet dared to trust his precious self in the territory. The settlement became wealthy. It exported wool, corn, lead, and timber. As it increased in prosperity, a crowd of Americans came to try their luck in the little colony. A few years passed, and, all at once, the 'Native American Society' preached a '*levée en masse*' against the 'beggarly lazy Irishers.' To work went the honest and patriotic natives: they succeeded: they stole, they slaughtered the cattle and horses of the settlers; they murdered them when they could do it without danger to themselves; until at last the colonists, wearied and disgusted, yielded to oppression, and retired a few hundred miles further to the north. They had inhabited Ioway fifteen years; the native Americans only two years. So much, again, for liberty and equality! I repeat it, that the Irish had better remain at home, where, even in their misery, they have some occasional glimpses of happiness."

There is a good deal about the Mormons; but we have copied enough to exhibit the character of the work where it really speaks of America, and conclude with an anecdote of General Houston:

"The motto on the seal of General Houston is, 'Try me.' The origin of these two words deserves notice. It will illustrate the character of the man better than any description of his life. He was one day grossly insulted by a low ruffian of the Arkansas, whom he horsewhipped on the spot. A week afterwards his exasperated antagonist sent him a challenge in a public room, which General Houston was in the habit of frequenting. The general, however, openly refused to grant the satisfaction required, under the plea, that the man whom he had punished was below his notice, and that he could not meet him without degradation. Among the persons present was a government officer, a duellist by profession, whose constant boast was, that 'he had done the business of twenty-nine fools.' He often repeated that he would give half his fortune to complete the thirtieth. When he heard the answer of Houston, he made several coarse remarks, adding, that he wondered if the general would have dared to give him such an answer. 'Try me,' said Houston. The trial was made the next morning, and the duellist was shot through the brain."

Travels among the Lepans, Comanches, &c., fill up the measure of three volumes.

Practical Observations on the Diseases most fatal to Children; with reference to the propriety of treating them as proceeding from Irritation and not from Inflammation. By P. Hood, General Practitioner. 8vo, pp. 231. London, J. Churchill.

THIS is a sound professional work, containing much that is new, and still more that is suggestive. The aim of the author, as expressed in the title-page, is to shew that most of the fatal diseases of children proceed from irritation, considered in a general sense, as distinct from inflammation, and indicating an opposite mode of treatment; especially contra-indicating that abuse of bleeding, and the indiscriminate administration of active antiphlogistic medicine, which—alas, shade of Cabanis! such is still the certitude of medicine as a science—are said to "speedily cause death."

The subject of irritation, notwithstanding the labours of Mr. Travers, Dr. Marshall Hall, Dr. Williams, and others, by no means obtains that attention from the general practitioner which its importance demands. The word itself is often vaguely employed; and as it is no where of so much importance as in the treatment of infantine disorders, it is sincerely to be hoped that Mr. Hood's work will have the effect of rendering a thorough understanding of its pathological relations more necessitous and imperious. As Mr. Hood follows, in what he says concerning irritation itself, Dr. Copland's article upon this subject in his admirable *Dictionary of Practical Medicine*, it will be unnecessary to revert here to "principles" which ought to be familiar to every professional man; but we shall extract two anecdotes illustrating the possible irritating effects on the sensitive system of little children of even external impressions.

"A nobleman of the highest rank, after anxiously waiting many years for a son and heir, had at length his wishes gratified. The christening was to be celebrated with great pomp; and to make it more imposing, it was determined that it should be performed at night. The apartments were lighted with the utmost brilliancy; the company were all assembled, and the infant duke was brought into the drawing-room. The sudden glare of light caused almost instantaneous convulsions, from which the child never recovered.

"Dr. Gartshore's son married a lady very highly connected; and her son—provided she had one—was to inherit a large estate. Consequently, when her first son was born, there were great rejoicings at his christening; and a bishop, who was related to the mother, was invited to perform the ceremony. When he arrived, the servants knocked so loudly at the door that the child was frightened into convulsions, from which it never recovered, but died soon after."

In carrying out the principle of irritation as contradistinguished from inflammation in children, Mr. Hood remarks upon the well-known symptoms produced by the presence of worms in the intestinal canal, upon spasmodic croup having its origin from acidity and flatulence, and palpitation of the heart from deranged stomach. He particularly dwells upon the necessity of warm clothing, as a preventative of those constant irritations of the air-passages and lungs to which infants are liable. At no time is this more imperiously necessary than when the child is teething. During this process, the irritation which it produces in the system seems to deprive the air-passages and lungs of their previous power of resisting the effects of cold. The effect of irritation at this period upon the brain, and the relief obtained by lancing the gums, is pretty well known to practitioners. Mr. Hood also remarks upon the irritation of the brain produced by increased nervous excitement at a more advanced age, more particularly by the strong desire manifested by many parents to make their children *clever*. He also remarks that the confined air of the bed-chamber predisposes to irritation of the lungs. Well-ventilated rooms, he says, are of the highest importance for children to sleep in, especially during dentition. On a practical point also in connexion with inflammation Mr. Hood further observes, that the latter, when it occurs in mucose membranes, is more easily relieved by remedies which soothe than by those which lower. The opposite occurs in inflammation of serous membranes; but it is rare to find these affected in children. The plumpness of children has led to the error that fulness of blood is a peculiarity of their constitution; whereas experience proves that they can very ill sustain the loss of the vital fluid. The blood of children is also deficient in fibrine; and no person in whom the blood is deficient of that principle can bear its loss with impunity. Mr. Hood also argues, that the prevalent opinion that the progress of inflammation in children is so very rapid that there is but little time for the operation of lenient remedies for its removal, is an error which often produces great mischief. The susceptibility to receive impressions of an irritating nature is much more acute in the sanguine and nervous than in the bilious and phlegmatic. The effects of medicines on the two are also very different.

After discussing with considerable tact and discrimination the peculiar aspects of disease in infants, Mr. Hood proceeds to apply his principles of irritation, as opposed to inflammation, to the treatment of the disorders during teething, in bronchitis, hooping-cough, croup, measles, scarlet fever, small pox, convulsions, scrofula, &c. &c. It is impossible for us to detail the manner in which the principles of treatment above announced are applied by their author to all these various diseases. In many, undoubtedly, they do not present much difference to what an improved practice is rendering daily more generally accepted; but still there is sufficient that is new and judicious to recommend the work to very extensive perusal, more especially with the profession.

Shakespeare's Play of King Henry the Fourth, printed from a contemporary Manuscript. Edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq. 8vo, pp. 121.

THIS publication of the Shakespeare Society, noticed in the report of its annual meeting in an after page, is indeed one of extreme curiosity in itself, and a hopeful example that similar treasures may be discovered in other repositories. In his well-written introduction, Mr. Halliwell observes:

"Our object is merely to preserve a faithful copy of what is, as far as is at present known, an unique authority with respect to the plays of Shakespeare. No early manuscript of any of the plays of Shakespeare has ever been used, or mentioned, by his editors or commentators; nor is there any reason to believe that the existence of a document of the kind was known to them. A manuscript copy of the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' written during the time of the Commonwealth, is in the possession of the editor of this volume, and had been for some time considered the earliest in existence. Our public libraries may be searched in vain for any MSS. of Shakespeare, although copies of the plays of most of the other principal dramatists of his time are known to be preserved. Is it, then, surprising, that those who attach importance to every early illustration of his writings should consider the discovery of a manuscript, having high claims to be considered a copy of one of his best dramas, made in the author's own life-time, to be a genuine subject of congratulation and delight?"

He then gives an account of the discovery of this MS. in the library of Surrenden, the whole of which is now presented to the reader in the volume before us; on which the editor offers the following instructive observations:

"It is scarcely necessary to remark, that

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very few early manuscripts have attached to them the exact dates at which they were transcribed; it was not, in fact, the general practice for scribes to insert such memoranda in the works they thus preserved. It is evident, therefore, that, in many cases where there is a necessity for ascertaining points of this description, recourse must be had to other criteria. Such criteria exist in the form of the characters, in the paper, in the spelling, and even in the colour of the ink. The watermarks in the paper of the Deryng MS. belong to the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, and the other criteria to the first half of the reign of her successor. The MS. has been shewn to several eminent palæographists, who have assigned its latest date to that period; and the fac-simile from the first page of the manuscript will, I feel convinced, bear out this opinion. Absolute evidence is difficult in such cases to be produced. All we can do in this instance is to prove that the MS. was transcribed before 1644; expressing our hope, at the same time, that few will require positive testimony that it was written many years earlier. The body of the MS. is evidently the work of a person not very conversant with the subject-matter of his labours; the absurd punctuation and many errors are sufficient to shew this, and that in all probability he was a mere copyist from some printed book or MS. placed before him. This copy has been corrected in many places by a later hand, which has been distinctly ascertained, by careful comparison made by Mr. Larking, to have been the work of Sir Edward Deryng, the first baronet, who died in 1644; and in further proof of this we give facsimiles of Sir E. Deryng's handwriting, both from this MS. and from an independent document still preserved in the archives of the family. We believe these will be considered good evidence of the identity. The corrections made by Sir E. Deryng are for the most part restorations to the printed text as it is found in the editions of his day, and in one place he has added a marginal note, 'vide printed booke,' clearly shewing that he had collated parts of the MS. with a printed copy then in his hands. In other places he has either added to or erased parts of the original: and his alterations, if they prove nothing else, establish his own claim to a correct poetical taste, however alarmed we may be in these days at any thing that approaches an adaptation of Shakespeare's work. We shall see perhaps that some object was to be gained by all this. The MS. does not contain the whole of Shakespeare's 'Henry IV.' but the two parts condensed into one, and, as we may presume, for the purpose of representation. In some instances also, the number of the *dramatis personæ* is ingeniously diminished, so as to suit a smaller corps of performers. The name of the person who was engaged in this adaptation will perhaps remain a mystery, but the transformation is managed with sufficient dexterity to warrant the conjecture that it was the work of a hand not altogether inexperienced in such matters. The facts above stated leave little room for supposition that it was Sir E. Deryng himself; and indeed the variations, in almost every respect, are so numerous, that we can hardly believe the MS. was transcribed from any corrected printed edition. At all events, we cannot discover any which contains them. If the adapter was a player, there seems to be no preponderating reason why the MS. should not originally have been the property of one of the metropolitan theatres, and have been prepared for the use of such an establishment. It is well known that the practice of altering plays in all imaginable ways was of common occurrence in Shakespeare's time. In Henslowe's Diary, we read of dramatic authors being paid for 'mending' the works of their contemporaries, and this may be one of the few specimens that have been preserved of their powers of emendation. If it should be asked, how it happened that Sir Edward Deryng, who took so distinguished a part in the public affairs of his time, should have been at the pains to collate this copy of 'Henry IV.' with the printed edition, we must beg part of the inquiry by stating the probability that such an occupation could only have engaged his attention at an earlier period of his career. We have, however, a complete answer in the fact that private theatricals flourished at Surrenden. On a slip of paper, in the MS. of 'Henry IV.,' is the following list of *dramatis personæ* in the 'Spanish Curate,' with the caste of characters by gentlemen well known as belonging to families of distinction in Kent:—

Leandro . . .	Sr Tho. Wotton
Octanio . . .	Sr Warrhm St Leger
Bartolvs . . .	Sr Edw: Dering
James	Robt. Heywood
Henriqve . . .	Edw: Dering
Lopez	Tho: Slender
Deigo	Mr Donne
Assistent . . .	Jhon Dering
——— . . .	Mr Kemp.

This is in Sir E. Deryng's handwriting, and in another column he has written another list for the same characters in the following order:—'Frances Monouch, Thom: Slender, Mr. Kemp, Mr. Donne, Jhon Deryng, Jhon Carlile, Thom: Deryng, Jacke of ye buttery, Anthoy Deryng, Georg Perd.' This list must have been written between the year 1626, when Deryng was created a baronet, and 1630, the year of Wotton's decease. About that period, therefore, it is probable that Deryng procured the MS. of 'Henry IV.,' and from the trouble he has bestowed upon it, we may be allowed to conclude that he intended it for private representation. It will be observed that it contains nearly the whole of the first, and a small portion of the second part, the arrangement of the acts and scenes being made to suit the adaptation."

Here follows the arrangement for the Surrenden private theatricals, and it is further stated:

"In some places, additional sentences and several lines are found, not belonging to any known edition of Shakespeare's play. We are not, however, to conclude that these additions proceeded from Shakespeare's pen. If they did not, and if the critical value of the MS. is disputed, it still is unquestionably a volume of great curiosity, in the absence of any other relic of a similar kind.

Act I. Sc. 1. (Part 1.)

No more the thirsty *entrance* of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood.

For *entrance* some of the editors would read *Erinnys*. Shakespeare here uses the term for *mouth*. The MS. has *bosom*, and reads the lines very differently. See p. 3. There seems to be no necessity for any alteration; but the reading of the MS. is curious, and worthy of consideration.

Act I. Sc. 1. (Part 1.)

Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb
To chase these pagans *in* those holy fields.

The MS. reads '*from* those holy fields.' The object of the crusaders was to gain possession of the Holy Land, to chase the pagans *from*, not *in*, the 'holy fields.'

Act I. Sc. 3. (Part 1.)

And hid his *crisp* head in the hollow bank.

The MS. reads *crispy*, which sounds less harsh, though not so strictly metrical. The word is here used in the sense of *wavy*, not exactly *curled*. See Holme's 'Academy of Armory,' 1688, ii. 463; a '*curled* hair is when a lock of hair turns round and round in itself; a *crisped* hair is when it lyeth in a kind of wave.' Compare the 'Merchant of Venice,' iii. 2, 'crisped, snaky, golden locks.'

Act II. Sc. 4. (Part 1.)

Fals. The same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—What, a plague, call you him?
Poins. O, Glendower.
Fal. Owen, Owen; the same.

The MS. makes Poins answer, '*Owen* Glendower;' and it is easy to see this must be the correct reading, from Falstaff's answer. The error is one easily made, initials being constantly written for Christian names. Besides, an exclamation from Poins would be out of place. All modern editors read, '*That* same mad fellow,' but are supported by no early authority.

Act III. Sc. 2. (Part 1.)

The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and *rash bavin* wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt.

The editors tell us that *bavin* is brushwood, and the word, though a strange one to be thus introduced, may be warranted by the next line; but perhaps some may prefer the reading of our MS., 'rash-brain'd wits.'

Act III. Sc. 1. (Part 2.)

——Then, happy, low lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

This is the arrangement of these lines in the MS., and appears preferable to 'low-lie-down,' as sometimes printed, or, 'happy low, lie down,' the meaning of which is not very intelligible. The passage is not more obscure than many in Shakespeare. In prose it might be interpreted, 'Then lie down low, being happy, for uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.'"

Upon an account so clear and interesting as this we need offer no comment. Every lover of Shakespeare—that is, every lover of superhuman genius—must rejoice in the resurrection of so precious a memorial of that immortal bard.

Adventure in New Zealand from 1839 to 1844, &c. By E. Jerningham Wakefield, Esq. 2 vols. J. Murray.

Deeply embarked in the colonisation of this fine country, and having very minute experience of all its circumstances, *quorum pars fuit*, Mr. Wakefield must be looked to as a prime authority in regard to its detailed history and recent condition. But it must also be held in mind that he is a warm partisan of the company in whose service he and others of his name and family have been prominently engaged; and that, therefore, his statements must be received as their case, and his allegations about mis-government and many errors, wrongs, and disputes, as the justification of his side, and the charges against their opponents.

Thus guarded, these volumes will be found to contain a multitude of curious accounts of native treaties, missionary interference, imputed jobs, mismanaged affairs, casualties, rencontres, massacres, modes of life, &c. &c., all the strange features of a newly occupied territory, and the conjunction of civilised with savage man. From the whole, a mass of valuable information may be obtained; though at the expense of reading all over again another version of the quarrels and disunions which have been so largely debated in the House of Commons.

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ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

April 25th.—Mr. Faraday on "Anastatic printing."—We gave a brief account of this ingenious method of reproducing printed copies of letter-press or line-engraving, woodcuts, lithographs, &c. in our number of the 25th January last; and as we cannot convey to our readers the pleasing manner of Mr. Faraday's illustration, or introduce to them, as he did to his crowding audience, the practical process, we have but little to add to our former remarks. What we have to communicate has chiefly reference to the principles of the art. The plate to which the printing is transferred, it will be remembered, is polished zinc. Metallic surfaces are readily wetted, if it may be so called, with oil, whilst water rolls over them in globules like quicksilver, or like morning dew on a cabbage-leaf. Gum, however, dissolved in water, causes it quickly to adhere to metal; and this adhesion is improved both in facility and permanency by the addition of phosphatic acid. Hence, after the letter-press, prepared with nitric acid to loosen the ink, and to slightly bite in the parts of the plate unprotected by the letters, has been transferred to the zinc by great pressure, this mixture of gum-water and phosphatic acid is used. Spread over the plate, and rejected by the oil of the printer's ink, it seizes on the metal of the spaces and protects them from every application of oily matter. Thus, then, the principle of the process, like that of lithography, is the antagonistic properties of oil and water. The printer's ink, oil and lampblack, adheres to and renews the oily letters set in by transfer, or incorporated as it were with the metal, but leaves the parts of which the water is in possession untouched and clean. This principle is also ingeniously employed before the transfer of very old printing, where the ink has become hard and dry, is attempted. The paper is prepared with a watery solution of the bitartrate of potash, and the ink-roller passing over it re-inks the letters without in the least degree soiling the paper. A farther elucidation of the principles of the art was promised by Mr. Faraday for illustration before the close of the season.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

April 2d.—The president, Mr. Horner, in the chair. A paper was read by Mr. Austen, "On an ærolite said to have fallen near Lymington, Hants."—A paper was also read by Captain Bayfield, R.N., on the junction of the transition and primary rocks of Canada and Labrador.

16th.—The president, Mr. Horner, in the chair. A paper was read by Mr. Macintosh, "On the supposed evidence of the former existence of glaciers in North Wales." Mr. Macintosh combated the opinion of Dr. Buckland as to the origin of scratches and grooves on various rocks, referring these appearances, in many cases, to structural phenomena.

30th.—Dr. Buckland in the chair. A paper was read by Mr. Murchison, "On the palæozoic deposits of Scandinavia and the Baltic provinces of Russia, and their relations to azoic or more ancient crystalline rocks, with an account of some great features of dislocation and metamorphism along their northern frontiers." In this paper Mr. Murchison gave a general outline of the result of his recent examination of northern Europe, and the conclusions to which he has arrived chiefly with reference to the classification of a large tract of country, before undescribed, on a large and comprehensive scale.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

The Lords of the Admiralty, and other persons distinguished in Polar Expeditions, &c., visited the Erebus and Terror last week at Woolwich. They first (as we see from the newspapers) inspected the new testing room for anchors, and then the Rattler steam-vessel, fitted with a screw-propeller. Their lordships witnessed the manner in which the screw was shipped and unshipped by tackle and chains suspended over the starboard side of the vessel, and then proceeded on board the Erebus to witness the manner in which the propeller could be taken on deck and replaced in its proper position, by letting it down through a well formed in the stern of the vessel. The principle is so simple and easy of accomplishment, that any vessel in her Majesty's navy may by its aid be fitted in the same manner, the objection and difficulty of shipping and unshipping it on the outside being completely obviated. Their lordships went below and witnessed the construction of the tubular boiler and steam-forming apparatus, which occupies but a very small space in the vessel, and by the aid of a large pipe, about one foot in diameter, conveys hot water under the deck to warm the men's berths, and all other parts. The funnel of the furnace is near the side of the vessel under the rigging, and is only about 9 feet high. The pipe for blowing off the steam is not three feet high above deck, and is near the centre and over the boiler. Several other ingenious contrivances have been adopted to render the whole as simple and perfect as possible. The decks of the Erebus and Terror are constructed on the diagonal principle, and about 20 feet on each side of the bows have been cased with strong sheet-iron. There is not any copper sheathing on either, as no danger is to be apprehended from the attacks of shell-fish or barnacles, the ice soon clearing them from incumbrances of that description. A large quantity of tea and other stores are already on board, and a transport-vessel will precede them to the Orkney Islands with a large supply of necessaries to be taken on board at the latest period, as the consumption is provided for a prolonged expedition.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, *April 24.*—The Rev. B. Phipps, M.A., St. John's College, Cambridge, was admitted *ad eundem*, and the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law.—E. David, St. Mary Hall, grand compounder.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. R. Owen, scholar of Jesus College; J. F. Maitland, St. Mary Hall; M. J. T. Boys, R. Roupe, Wadham College; P. Le Maistre, Pembroke College; A. Barrett, Worcester College.

Bachelors of Arts.—H. T. Glyn, W. M. Williams, G. R. Howard, New Inn Hall; J. Hardie, F. Burridge, St. Mary Hall; J. E. Gladstone, R. Wilson, Magdalen Hall; C. Travers, Queen's College; F. Wickes, St. Alban Hall; E. Whately, Christ Church College; M. H. N. Storey, J. W. Marshe, E. B. Venables, R. W. Simcoe, Wadham College; C. St. Barbe Sydenham, R. Bartholomew, C. Garvey, Exeter College; W. P. Williams, J. Walcot, Lincoln College; J. P. Harris, Brasenose College; J. R. Davison, Corpus Christi College; D. Mapleton, St. John's College; A. G. I. Bishop, H. R. Young, Trinity College; J. Simpson, W. M. Honyman, E. Muckleston, Worcester College.

Cambridge, *April 25.*—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—R. L. Allnutt (grand compounder), St. Peter's College; E. O. Morgan, G. B. Alleo, Trinity College; H. C. Rothery, R. Inchbald, St. John's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—H. J. Sheldon, H. J. Wilkinson, Trinity College; J. Brame, E. Huxtable, St. John's College; E. J. Nixon, St. Peter's College; A. Atkinson, G. Copeman, Clare Hall; S. C. Mason, Catherine Hall; H. J. Huntington, Christ's College; W. H. Faulkner, Sidney Sussex College.

Travelling Bachelorship.—Joseph Kay, B.A. of Trinity College, has been nominated to the vacant travelling bachelorship, lately held by Mr. Penrose, of Magdalene College, and is to be sent out to inspect the state of peasant education in France, Holland, Prussia, and Switzerland.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

[Dispute having ever been incongenial to the spirit in which the *Literary Gazette* has for twenty-seven years been conducted, we have found ourselves inadvertently and reluctantly plunged into the thick of the controversy referred to in what follows: but in order that there may be no need of rejoinders and replications, we have felt at liberty to lay before Mr. Wright the copy of Mr. Parker's statements, and request of him, if he had any answer or observations to offer, to communicate them to us to be printed contemporaneously with the opposite statements.—*Ed. L. G.*]

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

London, April 21, 1845.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I thank you for allowing me to see Mr. Parker's letter in answer to the one which you did me the favour to insert in the *Literary Gazette*; and I take the liberty of accompanying it with one or two remarks, which will perhaps go best in the form of notes. I will only observe, that I cannot think that Mr. Parker has attentively read my letter, when he says that there is nothing in it that would require an answer.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Oxford, April 10, 1845.

Sir,—It is with great reluctance that I ask for a small part of your valuable columns, but as I am compelled to do so, I trust to your sense of justice not to refuse it. Mr. Wright's letter which you inserted last week would not require any answer if he had not so publicly called on me by name, inasmuch as it leaves entirely untouched the substance of the Narrative to which it is intended for a reply. Every thing which he has contradicted might be expunged from the Narrative, and yet every material point be left undisputed.

It is very excusable for any person writing from memory only, after the lapse of several months, to mistake on what particular day the circumstance occurred, or which of the secretaries was acting on the occasion;[1] and as most people will suppose that the one was perfectly conversant of all that was done by the other, it is a very immaterial circumstance, by which the veracity of the narrator cannot be seriously impeached. Mr. Wright does not deny that the facts stated in the Narrative did take place, nor that he was aware of them;[2] whether he was the immediate agent or not is therefore of very little moment. Mr. Wright cannot deny—

1. That Mr. Fairholt's drawings were withheld from the "Illustrated London News," on the ground that he was "the authorised draughtsman to the Association."[3]

[1] This (says Mr. Wright) is a mere evasion: Mr. Parker does not mistake the particular day, and *neither* of the secretaries were acting, or took any part in the occurrences which are asserted to have taken place; I have stated in my former letter that Mr. Roach Smith was with me at Heppington.

[2] I must refer Mr. Parker as well as your readers to my former letter, in which I think the terms of denial are strong enough.

[3] I deny that *any such thing* took place. Mr. Fairholt never made any drawings for the *Illustrated London News*, and therefore none of his drawings could have been withheld from it. I am now further able to state, that there never was any question concerning Mr. Fairholt's drawings for that journal at the meeting at Canterbury. The placard put out by the *Illustrated London News* stated that Mr. Fairholt was to give them a *report* of the meeting, and Mr. Croker has most fortunately preserved the paper which was read by Archdeacon Burney, and which is in the following words:—"Mr. Fairholt, hon. draughtsman of this society, requests me to state that the public announcement, that he is to furnish a report of the proceedings, &c. of the British Archæological Association, for the *London Illustrated News*, is unauthorised by him." Mr. Croker, who *was* present at the meeting in which this occurred, and handed the paper in question to Archdeacon Burney, assures me that he feels confi-

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2. That a promise was given that an authorised report should be published.[4]

3. That the only report which *had the appearance of being* the authorised one is the one which came out in his Album.[5]

Mr. Wright, however, denies that he ever applied to me for payment for his labours as editor of the Journal. I can only say that I understood at the time his letter of September 23 to be an application to me as the publisher of the Journal for payment in future, and I understand it so now, with the letter before me, after reading it again carefully. I considered the request a fair one, and agreed to it, after the first year, and in his letter of September 26, he says, "I am quite agreeable to all you propose about the Journal; we will leave it till the completion of the year."[6] I considered the business virtually settled and the terms agreed on, subject to the ratification of the committee. In both these letters also mention is made of the plan of printing the heavier articles in the *Archæologia;* whether it was mentioned at Canterbury or a week or two afterwards is very immaterial. I believe it was mentioned to me at Canterbury, but as this does not admit of proof,[7] it is not worth disputing; for the same reason I have not disputed other points.

After all, the most material question is, whether Mr. Wright was justified in continuing to act as editor of the *Archæological Journal*, and at the same time setting up a rival work.[8] The fairest thing you can do towards your readers is to reprint the "Narrative of Facts" entire, with such corrections as Mr. Wright has made, and let them see how far the substance of it is thereby affected. I enclose you a corrected copy for that purpose, and remain, sir, your very obedient servant, J. W. Parker.

Before leaving the subject, I beg to say a few words more relating to this Narrative, the writer of which, in his eagerness to bring against me a charge of doing I hardly know what, to provoke the attack in the committee, has, without the shadow of a foundation, made against me a direct charge of fraudulently depriving the *Illustrated London News* of the drawings made for it, and against Mr. Fairholt of having broken his engagement to that journal. Surely Mr. Parker does not consider this a thing "of no moment." In the first edition of this "Narrative" it is stated, that Mr. Wright "peremptorily forbade" the publication of Mr. Fairholt's *drawings* in that journal; that Mr. Wright "succeeded in persuading" Mr. Parker not to publish a report; that Mr. Wright "promised" Mr. Parker this thing and the other; and that no explanation of all this appeared "until the month of December, when the prospectus of Mr. Wright's *Archæological Album* was issued, purporting to contain, in the first number, a full report of the Canterbury meeting by Mr. Wright, with *the* drawings by Mr. Fairholt, 'the authorised draughtsman to the Association,' *which had been stopped from the Illustrated London News.*" This is a grave accusation, and the narrator, finding himself so thoroughly detected in the previous articles of his charge, has slyly dropped the latter part, for fear his veracity may be again called in question, and the Album is now only "with drawings by Mr. Fairholt." In fact, Mr. Parker could have informed the narrator that he knew perfectly well that Mr. Fairholt and Mr. Wright visited Canterbury together in the month of November to make the drawings for the *Archæological Album.* In the "corrected" (?) edition of the "Narrative," we learn that *it* was stated publicly "that Mr. Fairholt's drawings would not be allowed to be given to the *Illustrated London News;*" that "*it* was publicly promised," &c.; that Mr. Parker "was persuaded," &c.; and some other *its*, until at last we come to the old story of no explanation appearing until December, when "*Mr. Wright's* Archæological Album," &c. So that in fact the only correction made is that of putting the unfortunate "Mr. Wright" in the *neuter gender!!*

With regard to my capability of denial, it is rather large in the present case, and I stated in my former letter that I deny the whole "Narrative." I can hardly fix on a point in it which gives me the slightest difficulty; but I set too little importance on the matter to wish to trespass any further on your space. I cannot, however, help complaining, before I leave the subject, that one or two of these anonymous assailants are not content with speaking their own sentiments, but they take upon themselves to answer for me also. The narrator, in the present instance, says, "It is manifest to any one who has looked at the Album, that there is no single article in it that might not have appeared with equal propriety in the Journal, or *vice versa.*" I do not for a moment dispute that the articles in the Album might be acceptable to the present *Archæological Journal*, but I take the liberty of objecting to the *vice versa.* I remain, &c. Thomas Wright.

Oxford, April 22, 1845.

Sir,—As my letter of the 10th inst. has not yet appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, and you lead me to expect it next Saturday, I will thank you to add the following postcript:—Since this letter was written, I have received letters from several persons who were present at Canterbury confirming the general accuracy of the statement of what took place there.[1] Among them is one from Archdeacon Burney, in which he says that, although he cannot recollect precisely all that occurred, "he remembers well that a paper was read by him from the chair discountenancing the proposed publication by the editors of the *Illustrated London News*, and mentioning Mr Fairholt as the authorised artist;" another from Dr Bromet, stating that "Mr. Wright's assertion that the association was formed before Mr. Way joined it is not correct. It was at Dr. Bromet's house, present Mr. Way, Mr. Smith, Mr. Wright, and himself, that the discussion took place as to what the proposed association should be called; that the programme was then drawn up, Mr. Way being the scribe, and a proof thereof ordered to be printed.[2] Mr. Way was mainly instrumental,

dence in saying, that no person made any public observation or remark whatever at the meeting when this paper was read. What therefore becomes of the statement in the "Narrative of Facts," concerning which Mr. Parker here asserts, that "which of the secretaries was acting on the occasion" is an immaterial circumstance, "by which the veracity of the narrator cannot be *seriously impeached!*"

[4] I cannot answer such a question, put in general terms, without knowing who is pretended to have given such a promise, and to whom it was given. I know nothing of such a promise. But this I deny, that Mr. Parker had any especial right to ask, receive, or expect such a promise.

[5] I deny that there is a single word in the account of the Canterbury meeting, given in the Archæological Album, which could lead any person endowed with a moderate degree of common sense to take it as an *authorised report.* I would gladly know in what manner this *appearance* is shewn.

[6] I cannot undertake to account for Mr. Parker's impressions, and he would have done better to send an extract of a letter in which *I asked him to pay me* the remuneration in question, than an extract which did not altogether refer to this point. I have kept no copy of the letter in question, and cannot now recollect the terms in which it was worded. But I recollect perfectly well that I stated to him in it, that if I took any remuneration from the committee for my labour, there were two ways in which the payment might be made,—1. it might be made as a part of the expenses of the Journal, previously to the division of the profits between the publisher and the committee;—2. that it might be paid by the committee itself out of its share of the profits after the division had taken place; and that I was rather of opinion that the first of these would be the most fair towards the committee. This was a mere question of mine, put in order that I might be prepared for any discussion which might arise in the committee on the question; because the suggestion which had been made to me was, that I should be paid from the funds of the committee. Mr. Parker replied, that he thought with me the first of these plans would be the fairest, suggesting at the same time that I had better continue my "labour of love" till the end of the year, as he feared that on the first year there would be no profits for the committee to dispose of. It was to this that I, in my letter of Sept. 26, was "quite agreeable." And it seems to me clear from this, that Mr. Parker could then have no impression that I was applying to him for remuneration. I looked upon the Journal as the property of the Association: I was to "leave till the completion of the year" my proposed application to the committee. It was the discovery that Mr. Parker seemed to look upon it as his Journal which made me drop the matter altogether, and wish to retire.

[7] It admits of very easy proof. In the letter of Sept. 23, to the best of my remembrance, I informed Mr. Parker that a suggestion had then just been made to give a part of our articles to the Archæologia, which would relieve the Journal from some of the heavier ones, and that I was inclined to approve of the measure. Mr. Parker, with my letter before him, must be aware of this. The following is a verbatim extract from the minute-book of the central committee, of the date of Sept. 25, 1844:—"Mr. Pettigrew then informed the Committee that Mr. Hudson Gurney had suggested for the consideration of the Committee, the propriety of presenting to the Society of Antiquaries, for publication, such papers as had been read at Canterbury which the Committee might find too expensive to print in the Journal, or in a separate volume. Mr. Pettigrew added, that there was every wish on the part of the officers of the Society of Antiquaries to aid the Association. It would therefore be for the Committee to decide, either upon publishing a separate volume of the proceedings of the General Meeting, or to transfer the more important papers to the Archæologia." This is sufficient at once to prove, that all the charge brought against me in the "Narrative," of having at Canterbury hindered the publication of the Report of the Proceedings by the Association, is without any foundation, as up to this date the publication of the papers and proceedings by the committee was a subject of deliberation.

[8] I will only observe on the pertinacity with which this epithet is bestowed on the unfortunate Album, that, in the meeting of Sub-committee, on the 28th of December, I put a pointed question to the three gentlemen who issued the circular, "On what grounds do you accuse the Album of rivalry?" They replied distinctly, "No one pretends that the Album is a rival publication." I thereupon asked, "Why, then, do you oppose it?" One of the three, acting as spokesman, answered, "Because the Journal is bought by many as a pretty book, and the Album promises to be a pretty book, and some persons will, perhaps, buy your pretty book instead of ours!"

[1] It ought to be stated what these letters confirm. The letter of Archdeacon Burney confirms my statement, and not that of the narrative.

[2] The first meeting, entered in the minute-book of the central committee, was held at my house on the 5th of December, 1843, present, Mr. Smith, myself, and Dr. Bromet, and one of the resolutions then passed was—"That we form ourselves into a perpetual committee, with power to add to our numbers such gentlemen as it may appear desirable." At this meeting I proposed Mr. Way as a member of the committee; and on the following Thursday I spoke of our proceedings to him at the Society of Antiquaries, and he entered into our plans, observing to me that he should always be glad to follow in archæology where I was taking the lead, with some other things equally flattering. At the meeting of December 5, all the articles of the programme were stated by Mr. Smith and myself; but Dr. Bromet, who had been brought in to make up the number three, pressed upon us so many utterly impracticable proposals, that we could come to no very clear result, and we separated with the understanding that I was to bring a written programme to the next meeting, which was to be held at Dr. Bromet's. Mr. Smith and myself had in the mean time resolved to propose for our title *the Archæological Association.* At the second meeting, Wednesday, December 13, Mr. Way being present, I brought the written programme, and each paragraph was separately discussed, the alterations being almost entirely verbal. I read the programme; and as each paragraph was agreed to, Mr. Way, as "scribe," wrote

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also, in the introduction of nearly all the earliest and best[3] members of the committee, and generally in the formation of the association."—I remain, sir, your very obedient servant,

J. W. Parker.

THE SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY

Held its fourth annual meeting on Saturday last in the great room of the Royal Society of Literature, obligingly placed at their service for the occasion. A letter from the president, the Marquis of Conyngham, apologised for his unavoidable absence, in consequence of illness in his family; and the chair was taken by the director, Mr. J. Payne Collier.

The report of the council was read, congratulating the society on its continued success, and recapitulating the titles of the works issued in the course of the past year. Three extremely rare plays have been printed, affording considerable illustration of the drama of the period, and more particularly of the question of Shakspeare's obligation to his predecessors. The first volume of a miscellaneous collection had also been issued, which it was hoped would be received as initiative of a series that must prove very interesting and instructive, could members of the society and the possessors of rare documents be induced to contribute to it. To aid in the continuance of this work, contributions from the members generally were solicited. One of the main purposes of the society, as stated in its original prospectus, and ever since kept closely in view, was to induce persons possessing old family papers to examine them, in the hope of finding something, if not directly elucidatory of Shakspeare, illustrative at least of our early drama and stage. This object had already in part been accomplished by the means thus begun, and by the printing of one of our great dramatist's most popular historical plays, from a contemporary manuscript possibly anterior to the earliest of the printed editions. It had been preserved for ages among the domestic records of Sir Edward Dering, of Surrenden, Kent; and the liberality of the possessor, in allowing it to be printed, could not be too highly estimated, nor too often mentioned, as an example and an incentive to others, who, thus encouraged, might unexpectedly discover that they have long had documents of a similar character in their care and custody. The following volumes were printed and distributed during the year which closed 31st December 1844:—1. "Tarlton's Jests," from the edition of 1611; and "Tarlton's Newes out of Purgatory," by Mr. J. O. Halliwell. 2. "The True Tragedie of Richard the Third," which preceded Shakspeare's play. From a *unique* copy printed in 1594, 4to, in the library of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire. Edited by Mr. Barron Field. 3. "The Ghost of Richard the Third," &c. By C. B., 4to, 1614. With introduction and notes by Mr. J. Payne Collier. 4. "Sir Thomas More," an unprinted historical play. From the original ms. Edited by the Rev. A. Dyce. 5. Vol. I. of "The Shakspeare Society's Papers." The miscellaneous contributions already alluded to, and illustrative of the drama and literature of the Shakspearean era. To be continued as contributions are received. 6. "The Taming of a Shrew," which preceded Shakspeare's comedy. From the *unique* copies of 1594 and 1596, 4to, in the collections of the Duke of Devonshire and Lord F. Egerton. Edited by Mr. T. Amyot. Since the commencement of the present year, there had appeared, "Illustrations of the Fairy Mythology of Shakspeare," and "Shakspeare's Play of King Henry the Fourth," printed from a contemporary manuscript; both edited by Mr. J. O. Halliwell. Several interesting works were announced to follow these suitable publications. The report of the auditors shewed receipts to the amount of *558l. 10s. 2d.*, and expenditure *486l. 10s. 7d.* Balance in hand, *301l. 3s. 1d.*

The report was adopted, with thanks to the council and auditors; and the thanks of the society were given to Sir E. Dering, the Marquis of Conyngham, the editors of the various books issued for the past year, &c.

THE PERCY SOCIETY.

On Thursday the annual meeting of this society was held at the same place (again liberally granted by the Royal Society of Literature), the president, Lord Braybrooke, in the chair. The report of its proceedings during the fifth year, just passed, was equally satisfactory, though it had in the previous year exceeded its means by the extent of its publications in volumes for every month. The statement shewed how well matters had been restored to a right footing; auspicious to the permanency and future prosperity of the society, both in its funds and the value of its publications. The report noticed these circumstances as follows:—"At the close of the fourth year the society had been run in arrears, chiefly arising from the publication during that year of a quantity of matter considerably beyond that which its funds could consistently bear. It will be observed by the last report, that while in each of the first years between 1000 and 1100 pages only were printed, and in the second year 1359 pages, in the fourth year no less than 1550 pages were printed. It has been thought necessary to make this statement, in order to explain why the quantity of matter given to the members during the present year has been so much less than that given in the year preceding. The council elected for the management of the affairs of the society during the fifth year have considered it a first duty to relieve the society from debt by a strict attention to economy, and they rejoice in the success with which their endeavours have been crowned. They are able to state, at the same time, that during the last year the members have been rapidly increasing, and that the number of complete sets of the society's publications which have been taken by new members has materially aided them in placing the society in its present position, while they are encouraged by the prospect of a continuance of the increase during the year which is now commencing. There are now only two or three sets of the publications of the first year remaining on hand, and when those are taken, complete sets of the publications of the Percy Society will become rare and additionally valuable. The council may be allowed to repeat the invitation made in its former reports, to members of the society and others, to suggest new works for consideration. The society is obliged to all gentlemen who may contribute rare tracts or ballads from private collections; as well as to the different editors, by whose zeal and gratuitous labours they may be ushered into the world. The thanks of the society are especially due to the University of Cambridge, for the kindness with which the ms. of the *Seven Sages* was placed at the disposal of the editor of the text published during the present year, and for the permission to print from it."

The twelve publications of the last year were: 'The Keen of the South of Ireland,' collected by Mr. T. Crofton Croker; 'The Poems of John Audelay,' a specimen of the Shropshire dialect in the fifteenth century, edited by Mr. J. O. Halliwell; 'St. Brandan, a Medieval Legend of the Sea,' in English verse and prose, edited by Mr. T. Wright; 'The Romance of the Emperor Octavian,' now first published from mss. at Lincoln and Cambridge, edited by Mr. Halliwell; 'Six Ballads, with Burdens,' from mss. in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, edited by James Goodwin, B.D.; 'Lyrical Poems, selected from Musical Publications between the years 1589 and 1600,' edited by Mr. J. Payne Collier; 'Friar Bakon's Prophesie,' a satire on the degeneracy of the times, A.D. 1604, edited by Mr. Halliwell; 'The Seven Sages,' in English verse, edited by Mr. Wright; 'Popular Songs, illustrative of the French Invasions of Ireland, Part I.' edited by Mr Croker; 'Poetical Miscellanies,' from a manuscript collection of the time of James the First, edited by Mr. Halliwell; 'The Crown Garland of Golden Roses, Part II.' from the edition of 1659; 'Barnfield's Affectionate Shepherd,' reprinted from the almost unique copy in Sion College Library, by Mr. Halliwell.

The report of the auditors shewed receipts to the amount of *379l. 10s. 6d.*, and expenditure, *355l. 13s. 2d.*; balance in hand, *23l. 17s. 4d.*

The Council of the last year was re-elected, with the difference of three members in the room of those who retire in consequence of non-attendance. *President*, Lord Braybrooke. Messrs. Amyot, W. H. Black, W. Chappell, J. P. Collier, P. Cunningham, J. H. Dixon, W. Jardan, Capt. Johns, R.M., T. J. Pettigrew, W. Sandys, W. J. Thoms, T. Wright (*Secretary and Treasurer*). The retiring members were, Messrs. C. Purton Cooper, L. Pocock, and Sir Cuthbert Sharp; and their successors, Messrs. Bolton Corney, F. W. Fairholt, and J. O. Halliwell. *Auditors*, Messrs. W. H. Ainsworth, and J. Prior.

The usual resolutions and thanks were voted, and the meeting broke up.

THE CAMDEN SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this society was held yesterday at the Freemasons' Tavern. The report was satisfactory. The following are the council and officers for the ensuing year:—

President:—Lord Braybrooke.

Council:—Sirs H. Ellis, F. Madden, and H. Verney; the Rev. Joseph Hunter, F.S.A.; Messrs. T. Amyot, *Director*; J. P. Collier, *Treasurer*; C. P. Cooper; B. Corney; T. C. Croker; P. Levesque; T. J. Pettigrew; T. Stapleton; W. J. Thoms, *Secretary*; A. Way; T. Wright.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Entomological, 8 P.M.; British Architects (anniversary meeting), 8 P.M.; United Service Institute, 9 P.M.; Chemical, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (lecture).

Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; R. S. of Literature, 4 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.

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it down as corrected, and Mr. Way's copy was sent to the printer. So far was this from being the first establishment of the association, that we had received several country members during the previous week, and a communication on some paintings in a church in the isle of Wight, which was read at the meeting when Mr. Way was introduced.

[3] This is a matter of taste, which I leave to Dr. Bromet. Comparisons are always invidious. At the same time it is rather remarkable, that the members who never assisted us, and who took the lead in the late disturbances, were almost all proposed by Mr. Way at this early period of our existence as a society, while those who have been the most zealous labourers were proposed by Mr. Smith and others.

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Friday.—Astronomical, 8 P.M.; Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Philological, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (conversazione).
Saturday.—Royal Botanic, 4 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

WATER-COLOUR GALLERY, PALL MALL EAST. FORTY-FIRST EXHIBITION.

On Saturday the private view was crowded from early in the afternoon till the light began to fade. The collection is altogether a delightful one, without any very striking feature, but fully equal to the best of preceding seasons.

We have frequently had occasion to remark on the great change which has taken place in so-called water-colour paintings, but which, in fact, belong to another and different style of art. This was never more obvious than in both the exhibitions now open. The majority of the pictures have no resemblance to those of the pristine school, when Girtin, Sandby, Nicholson, and other masters, flourished. Their medium was water-colours; whereas the generality of the present day are as like crayons—crayons moistened, and incorporated in the manner of body colours. In this way richer effects, and effects more nearly approaching to oil, are mingled with the simple and exquisite transparency of the original practice; and it may be asked, if we are to have productions possessing the qualities of oils, why not have oil and everlasting board, metal, or canvass, rather than perishable and evanescent paper? It is, however, our duty to look at the thing as we find it; and hypercritical to a degree must he be who could travel round this room without deriving infinite pleasure from contemplating the merits of the artists who have chiefly contributed to its adornment.

First on the list, as president, and if not first, at least second to none, is Copley Fielding, whose numerous works are extremely various and very beautiful. They caught our eye on the walls wherever we walked. After very many Highland and north-country landscapes, all very picturesque and charmingly executed, we were especially stopped by Nos. 92 and 151, on "The South Downs," as true bits of nature, and as high efforts of painter's taste and skill in that line as ever were done. Subjects common to every day, without a distinguishing mark, are expressed with such sweetness and reality, that we exclaim with the poet, *the Downs* are indeed

"To advantage drest;
What oft's been felt, but ne'er so well exprest.

No 106. "Greenwich from Blackwall," is another of Mr. Fielding's triumphs, but of a different character. Father Thames and his banks, made picturesque, may well be proud of their likeness; 133, "An Indiaman in distress," and 137, "Bolton Abbey," are but other gems in different styles; and 297, "Brougham Castle," a small variety, fit companion for all the rest. We do not admire his principal sea-piece so much as some of the others; but that might arise from our unbounded admiration of

No. 46. "Wreck on the rocks of Elizabeth Castle, Jersey." C. Bentley.—A subject which we instance alone in proof of this artist's extraordinary talents. There is no part of it which is not fine. The outline and composition are masterly; the wreck magnificent, and the dashing of the waters over it, in heavy waves or vapoury spray, painted with freedom and force not to be excelled. The opposition of light and shadow is also fine. The whole an artistical *chef-d'œuvre*. Others of Mr. Bentley's are honourable to his pencil, but none to come near this specimen of what he can do.

We missed George Cattermole in his accustomed central place; but were not long in discovering him on the screens.

No. 330. "The Visit to the Monastery," is one of his most captivating performances, painted as if by a hundred loose magic touches, and rich in tone as a Rembrandt. The chivalrous procession of the cavalcade towards the sacred pile, and their reception on the bridge by the costly-robed abbot and his attendant monks and servitors, form groups of incomparable spirit, and the landscape around is in perfect keeping with the living scene. From the same inventive and ever popular hand we have 263, a sweet morsel, "On the Yarrow;" 282, a characteristic "Scene from the Monastery," and 294, "Ride," which we would advise our readers when they go, and particularly some lover of the art, to make into *Ride and Tie*. 300. "B. Cellini defending the Castle of St. Angelo," is also a capital piece, and full of interest and action.

S. Prout again, in full health and vigour, enriches the gallery with a number of his own peculiar gifts. No 22, "Street-view at Nuremberg," is a fair sample of the whole, and an imposing view of very picturesque architecture. Rouen, 30 and 231; St. Quentin, 67; "On the Moselle," 71; "Ancient Tombs of Verona, 136, a fine study; Dresden, 145; Prague, 181; Church at Antwerp, 189; Venice, Blois, &c. &c., all furnish matter for his prolific easel, and all are finished in his accurate and effective style.

No. 26. "Berne, Morning-Sunrise," J. D. Harding, is an exceedingly splendid painting. Nothing can be more gorgeous than the sun breaking through the clouds and throwing a flood of light upon the pinnacled mountain-tops. It is a large and grand composition. No. 9, "On the Moselle," by the same, is a delicious view; but he has expended his greatest powers, most successfully, on the former elevated effort.

No. 13. "Eagle's Nest, Glengariff," W. A. Nesfield, is also an ambitious and powerfully as well as naturally painted representation of that glorious mixture of mountain and flood. We observe nothing else of Nesfield's, but this is quite enough for his fame.

No. 4. "Stacking Hay." P. De Wint.—One of his estimable transcripts of simple nature; as are 29, 50, 82, 88, 100, 124, 160, 213, &c., each a rural or rustic theme, treated with the truth which the artist never fails to impart. 242, "A Fair," is more out of his way, and very cleverly painted.

No. 34. We select this, "The Rosary," from the productions of Mr. Alfred Fripp, to direct notice to the able manner in which he has managed his lights—an accomplishment also visible in some other of his works. His scenes of humble life, otherwise skilfully delineated, receive an additional beauty from this (we ought not to term it) trick, but charm of art.

No 86. "The Afternoon's Nap." J. M. Wright.—Mr. Wright's compositions this year take a foremost rank in the gallery. They are full of character and incident. In this the sleeping dominie is the perfection of drowsiness; and it need not be said his every charge in the perpetration of one mischief or another. What will become of them when he wakes up? 249, "What you will," is in the artist's best manner, symmetrically composed, yet easy and free in its grouping. 178, "Weary Travellers," an excellent scene in a hostelry, with some of the figures in most original and admirable postures, especially a boy in the centre. The subjects are chosen with much judgment, and finished with high pictorial beauty. They tell their stories without stint of invention or character; and in some cases remind us strongly of the performances of Stothard, with a pencilling not unworthy of Watteau.

William Hunt has, as usual, a multitude of his genuine and admired impersonations, from No. 10, a gratifying expression in a lad of "Romish Devotion," through pigeons, rabbits, interiors, sea-views, stable-boys, and stables; 266, "The Mishap," a clumsy fellow with his plate thrown into his lap; "Writing," with effects of lamp and paper-lights, fruits, bird-nests, &c. &c., in the manner which has secured him so much public applause and popularity.

For the present we will conclude with two names not as yet ranked among the magnates, but if not already deserving of that distinction, certain with perseverance very speedily to attain it.

The first is S. Rayner, whose No. 39, "West Door, Jedburgh Abbey;" 91, "Lannercost Priory;" 128, "Haddon Hall;" 175, "The Chapel, Naworth;" 195, "Retainers' Gallery, Knowle;" and 216, "Church Interior, Caen;" place him among the first in this class of art. Take the last two, and compare them with 225, "Parlour, Crew Hall," by the justly celebrated Joseph Nash,* and though comparisons are odious, we trust that neither artist would feel an envy at the close approximation between them.

The second individual to whom we have alluded is W. Callow, whose "Cochem, on the Moselle," 16; "Lake of Geneva," 24; and several continental houses and streets, display a versatility and clever handling, which approve at once his taste in selection and his ability in copying objects with their accessories of figures, atmosphere, &c. &c., so as to afford much gratification to the connoisseur.

ENGLISH SCHOOL OF ART.

We were not mistaken last week in anticipating (see page 267), with our "hearty praises," such prices for Mr. Knott's collection of pictures by British artists as would justify and confirm the high estimation in which their works are held throughout the world. There is no better investment of money than in well-chosen productions such as these; and from the time of Lord de Tabley's sale to the present, nothing has been more satisfactorily established, than that by the possession of our own contemporary performances, we can not only enjoy whilst we live a great intellectual gratification, but leave behind us an improved property, if the nature of our circumstances requires its disposal. The following are specimens:—

Leslie.—Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman, 136*l.* 10*s.*; Yorick recovering his lost MS., 262*l.* 10*s.*; Scene from the Vicar of Wakefield, 682*l.* 10*s.*

Webster.—The Frown and the Joke, 370 guineas; The Impenitent (boy), 157*l.* 10*s.*

Collins.—Happy as a King, 241*l.* 10*s.*; The Peacemaker, 273*l.*; Two Disciples at Emmaus, 154*l.* 5*s.*; Sunday Morning, 294*l.*

Etty.—Diana and Endymion, 222*l.* 10*s.*; Andromeda, 183*l.* 15*s.*; The Bather, 236*l.* 5*s.*; The Dance, 210*l.*

Roberts.—Street in Cairo, 175 guineas; Baalbec, 378*l.*; Entrance to Roslyn Chapel, 126*l.*

Uwins.—Neapolitan Girl and Tambourine, 162*l.* 15*s.*

Lee.—The Coalburners (landscape), 162*l.* 15*s.*

* Mr. Nash has other charming pieces in the Exhibition; witness 253, "Gatehouse, Kenilworth;" 289, "Hall in Milton Abbey;" 311, "Hall in Cheshire," &c.

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Cooper.—The fight at Copredy Bridge, 101*l.* 17*s.*

Chalons.—John Knox and Queen Mary (group), 115*l.* 10*s.*

Mulready.—The Widow, 210*l.*

Stanfield.—Mazorbo in the Gulf of Venice, 425*l.* 5*s.*; Ischia, 714*l.*

Callcott.—Cologne, 273*l.*; English Landscape, 997*l.* 10*s.*

The total proceeds of the 71 lots, 9031*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE BOKHARA MISSION.

On Wednesday Exeter Hall was crowded to hail the safe return of Dr. Wolff, and hear from his own lips the account of his late mission to Bokhara. Sir E. Codrington took the chair, and after a Report of the Committee and a few brief remarks from Capt. Grover, the traveller was introduced to the platform, and received with loud applause. He spoke for nearly two hours and a half, giving step by step the history of his journey and his dangerous stay in Bokhara. He spoke warmly of the assistance he had received from Lord Aberdeen, Sir Stratford Canning, Col. Shiel, and all other British authorities; and also from the Sultan of Turkey, and Shah of Persia—the timely interference of the latter probably saving his life. There was great simplicity, and a sort of apostolic language and force, in this narrative, which were extremely interesting; and the effect was augmented by the Doctors imitating the ugly gesticulations of the tyrant Ameer of Bokhara, and the action of various other persons with whom he had intercourse.

When he had finished, the Rev. Mr. Stoddart, the only remaining brother of the Colonel, addressed the meeting, and in unmeasured terms reproved the statements of Capt. Grover in his work (reviewed in the *Literary Gazette*, No. 1474*), and defended the foreign secretary, ministers generally, and the families of Stoddart and Conolly, from the assertions therein hazarded.

Capt. Grover expressed his astonishment at such a charge being brought against him, where he expected gratitude for his exertions; and a considerable altercation ensued, in which Dr. Wolff displayed rather an unseemly violence of temper, the more to be regretted when the name of Jesus was so profusely appealed to. Mr. Stoddard refused to retract or apologise, and the peace of the meeting was only healed by Mr. Pownall, who eloquently reclaimed it to the business in hand, and welcome and thanks were voted to the parties concerned in this humane undertaking.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre, April 28th.—*L'Elisir d'Amore* was played for the first time, in which Madame Castellan sang the part of *Adina* also for the first time, at this theatre. Nothing can be more suited to this part than Castellan's appearance and manner; and she expresses the character of the mischievous coquetting girl with great *naïveté*. Her singing throughout the opera was very charming, especially in the duet with Lablache, "La ricetta è il mio visino," which was encored. Corelli filled Mario's place, and sang very creditably: in "Una furtiva" he was encored. The Venetian dancing corps are becoming prodigious favourites; and certainly their performance is very pleasing and picturesque—to grace and sentiment they do not aspire.

* By reference to this it will be seen that we considered the seat of Capt. Grover to have betrayed him into intemperance. The continual harping on one string is but too likely to pervert the judgment and inflate the mind.—*Ed. L. G.*

Haymarket.—Douglas Jerrold's five-act comedy, called *Time works Wonders*, was produced at the "little theatre" on Saturday last before a crowded audience, which, if it contained a sprinkling of the friends and admirers of the author, predetermined to applaud, also contained a large preponderance of judicious and intelligent supporters of the legitimate drama, and the judgment pronounced by these, in a tumult of applause at the fall of the curtain, was most favourable to the play. It is now almost a *lusus naturæ* to see a *bona fide* comedy produced, consequently Mr. Jerrold's, acted in the admirable, almost perfect, manner that it is here, is one of the most welcome theatrical repasts which even the able and enterprising caterer of the Haymarket is in the habit of providing. It is smartly and forcibly written, put upon the stage in excellent style, and acted as we have said in a most masterly manner, the principal parts being supported by Farren, Stuart, Strickland, Charles Mathews, Holl, and Buckstone, Madame Vestris, Miss Fortescue, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. W. Clifford, and Mrs. Humby. Where all are so good it may seem invidious to select, but we cannot avoid one extra word of commendation to Miss Fortescue and Mr. Stuart; both lady and gentleman have raised their reputations materially by their acting in *Time works Wonders.* We have received the published play, and consequently abridged our theatrical notice, intending to resume the matter next Saturday.

Soirées Mystérieuse.—Under this curiosity-attracting title, on Tuesday and Thursday this week, have been given by Mr. Phillippe a species of entertainments, somewhat similar to those of M. Dobler, which were so popular last season, but far exceeding them in the extraordinary nature of some of the deceptions. They are indeed most astonishing and inexplicable, performed with the utmost neatness, and must be witnessed to have their possibility credited. The firing of guns with handkerchiefs, rings, &c. we need not dilate upon; nor endeavour to describe the amusing and clever puppets, the Cosack and the confectioner, &c., and other things executed by means of admirable mechanism. From the tiny confectioner, *bon-bons* and showers of excellent sweets are showered over every part of the theatre, from stalls to gallery; and endless *bouquets* are rained in the same manner. There is excellent coffee made by a process no less marvellous, and handed round in cups. One hat appears to contain stores of any kind which would fill an ordinary shop. Out of one, feathers enough are thrown to make a bed; from another, a warehouse of cups, toys, &c. The infernal kitchen is a wonderful trick; and the whole is crowned by the basins of Neptune and the grand menagerie. In this the artist, raised upon a thin deal table, distinctly unconnected with the floor and uncovered, by merely casting a large shawl about his person produces three glass basins, in which golden fish are swimming, and live ducks, geese, turkeys, and fowls. The dexterity with which this is done, and the accidental theatrical co-operation of the animals when let loose on the stage, make a finish of these entertainments, which are altogether the most astonishing that "ever were seen." Young and old seemed to enjoy them to the utmost, and the catching of flowers and sugar-plums, so bountifully poured out of nothing, gave a zest to the whole, by making almost every one of the audience a performer.

Mrs. Alfred Shaw's Concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms, afforded a delightful evening's entertainment to a very fashionable company. The music was directed by the two great pianists, Moschelles and Benedict, and was, of course, of a superior character. The vocal pieces were *well* chosen, and performed exceedingly *well*. Mad. Caradori and Mrs. Shaw especially charmed the audience, and gave us less cause to regret the absence of Miss Rainforth, who, it was announced, was prevented from attending by indisposition. Mad. Baes Meertl exhibited considerable knowledge of the art of singing, but yet there is something wanting in her tone. Staudigl sang admirably; he quite carried the audience away with his enthusiastic expression. The pianoforte playing was superb; and we must not forget to mention Mr. Blses' performance on the clarionet, which was of the most delicate and delicious kind. The success of the evening's performance was well merited by the lady whose superior public talent and private respect have justly won her golden opinions wherever she is heard or known.

Mr. Fitzwilliam, whose comic songs, accompanied by what in theatrical phrase is called *patter* (*i. e.* ludicrous prose descriptions, dialogues, or imitations), have so often set the table, and the theatre too, in a roar, announces, we see, his "*farewell benefit*" at Drury Lane on Monday. So great and deserving a public favourite for so many years, we trust it will be such a *benefit*—an acknowledgment and recompense for the pleasure he has afforded—as will much increase the means to make him in after-life *fare well!*

*** Novelties, on Thursday evening, at the Princess's Theatre, a five-act play by Kenny, and at the Lyceum by Mr. S. Brooks, are reserved for our next sheet.

VARIETIES.

The Maynooth Grant.—The author of sundry works, which have more amused than informed the world, has at last, by a strange *coup*, reached the climax of an English, or Scotch, author's fame. He has been quoted and commented upon in the House of Commons, and instead of the Great Metropolis, is now mentioned as the Greater Maynooth Grant.

Artists' Benevolent Fund.—The committee of this fund have presented its late secretary, and for many years zealous friend, Mr. John Martin, with a handsome silver inkstand, in token of their high estimation of his valuable services.

Monument to Southey in Crossthwaite Church, Keswick.—Lough's beautiful design for this monument—a recumbent figure of the laureate on a mediæval shrine—has excited such high admiration, that the committee (though holding a subscription sufficient to complete the work as originally proposed in Caen stone) are now anxious that it should have the finish and perfection of marble. To enable them to accomplish this desirable object—desirable both for the arts and for the memory of so great an author—they have appealed to the friends and admirers of Southey for farther aid to the amount of 400*l.*, which the sculptor, with a liberality worthy of kindred genius, has offered to receive as the outlay for that costly material.

Turkish Parliament.—Among the new phases of political society, one not of the least remarkable has been the calling together of a parliament of the Turkish empire, at Constantinople; by the Sultan. There are to be representatives from every province, to bring forward their respective wants and grievances; and their object is to ascertain what is best to be done to remove the former and redress the latter.

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Mrs. Gilbert, the widow of the late Davies Gilbert, died at Eastbourne on Saturday last, aged 69. Mrs. Gilbert deserves an honourable record, and her memory to be ever held in grateful respect, for her unwearied efforts in establishing schools for the education of the humbler classes, where her influence existed, and no less laudable devotedness to the cause of ground-allotments to improve their condition and increase their comforts. Her writings on behalf of both these most righteous arrangements place her high among Christian philanthropists.

The late Sir Augustus Callcott's Pictures have, during the week, been exhibited at his residence, Kensington Gravel-pits, previous to their sale. There are eighty of his own works. Throughout the country are many more, and a collection of them will, we believe, be exhibited at the summer opening of the British Gallery.

The Hungerford Suspension Bridge was opened on Thursday.

Lake Mœris—The Pasha of Egypt, it is reported, entertains a desire to restore this ancient lake.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Richard the Third, a Poem, by Sharon Turner, fcp., 7*s.* 6*d.*—Lectures on Clinical Medicine, comprising Diseases of the Heart, by P. M. Latham, M.D., Vol. I., 12mo, 8*s.*—Treatise on the Knowledge necessary to Amateurs in Pictures, translated and abridged from De Burtin, by R. White, 8vo, 12*s.*—Novels and Romances of Anne E. Bray (10 vols.), Vol. I., The White Hoods, fcp., 6*s.*—Parkhurst's Greek and English Lexicon to the New Testament, with Additions by Rose, new edition, by Dr. Major, 8vo, 24*s.*—The Present State and Future Prospects of Ireland, by Camille De Cavour, translated from the French, 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*—Physiology of the Human Voice, by F. Romer, fcp., 3*s.* 6*d.*—The Dissenters' Plea for Nonconformity, by W. Jones, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—The Christian Class-Book, 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Skin, by C. M. Gibert, 2d edition, translated by E. Sheppard, 12mo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Distinction, a Tale, by the Author of "The Baroness," 2 vols., post 8vo, 16*s.*—Grammar of the German Language, by C. A. Felling, 12mo, 5*s.*—Miss Martineau's Popular Tales, Vol. I., 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Rural Architecture, a New Series of Designs, by J. White, 4to, 2*l.* 8*s.*—History of the Church of Scotland, by T. Stephen, Vol. IV. (completion), 8vo, 13*s.*—Evidences of Christianity, by Professor William Smyth, fcp., 5*s.*—Poems, by Sir H. Wotton, Sir W. Raleigh, &c., edited by the Rev. J. Hannah, fcp., 5*s.*—An Exposition of Vulgar and Common Errors, fcp., 3*s.*, 6*d.*—Scenes and Adventures in Spain, during the Years 1835-40, 2 vols., 8vo, 28*s.*—The Fortunes of Roger de Flor, or the Almugavars, 3 vols., post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—W. Howitt's Popular History of Priestcraft, 7th edition, 12mo, 6*s.*—Rev. H. Melvill's Sermons on Scripture Facts, Vol. II., 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Talfourd's Vacation Rambles, new edition, 1 vol., post 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*—Lectures on Baptism, by the late W. Shirreff, 12mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Christian Philosophy, or Materials for Thought, post 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*—Hansard's Pocket Peerage for 1845, 18mo, 5*s.*—The Breach of Promise, a Novel, 3 vols., post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Ireland and its Rulers since 1829, 3d edition, 3 vols., post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—History of Margaret Catchpole, 2d edition, 2 vols., 12mo, 12*s.*—Warburton's Crescent and the Cross, 2d edition, 2 vols., post 8vo, 21*s.*—Stage Coach, and other Tales, 18mo; Father and Son, and other Tales, 18mo; Father and Daughter, a Tale, 18mo, by Mrs. Opie, each 2*s.* cloth.—Ten Thousand a-Year, new edition, Vol. III., 12mo, 6*s.*—The Life of Mansie Wauch, 12mo, 2*s.* 6*d.* sewed, 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—Illuminated Prayer Book, Part I., 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Dr. Arnold's Fragment on the Church, 2d edition, with Appendices, 8vo, 6*s.* 6*d.*—Feasts and Fasts, by E. V. Neale, Esq., 12mo, 9*s.* 6*d.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Institute of Fine Arts in our next.

Lover v. Kinealy.—In justice to Mr. Kinealy, it is right to state, that when Mr. Chitty sued him for apprentice-fees, the case was styled Carlon *v.* Kinealy (Exch. Nov. 22, 1843). It would also seem that Mr. K. senior does not *now* retail whisky. But we have before us a letter from George Davies, postmaster at Llangollen, flatly denying the existence of any S. Lover, LL.B. in his district. We have no farther remark to make; nor can we insert letters addressed to us but published in other journals.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
This Evening (SATURDAY), May 3, will be performed Bellini's opera, "I Puritani." Elvira, Madame Grisi; Arturo, Sig. Mario; Riccardo, Sig. Fornasari; and Giorgio, Sig. Lablache.

The Danseuses Viennoises, under the direction of Madame Weiss, will appear in some of their favourite Pas. After the first act of the opera, L'Allemande by the Danseuses Viennoises; and in the course of the evening the Pas des Miroirs and La Tyrolienne. After the second act of the opera, the new divertissement, in which will be presented a new pas d'action dansante, entitled "La Bacchante." Mdlle. Lucile Grahn, Mdlle. Moncelet, Mdlle. Cassan, and M. Perrot.

To be followed by the Pas des Miroirs, by the Danseuses Viennoises.

To conclude with the admired divertissement, by Mdlle. Cerito, entitled "La Vivandière." The music arranged and composed by Sig. Pugni. La Vivandiere, Mdlle. Cerito; Le Postillon, M. St. Leon; introducing Pas de la Vivandiere, by Mdlle. Cerito; and the celebrated Pas de Quatre, from Le Lac des Fees, by Mdlle. Cerito, Mdlle. Ferdinand, Mdlle. Moncelet, and M. St Leon, supported by eight ladies of the corps de ballet; and La Redowa Polka, the original dance of Bohemia, by M. St. Leon and Mdlle. Cerito. And La Tyrolienne, by the Danseuses Viennoises.

Applications for boxes, stalls, and tickets, to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.—Doors open at seven; and the performance will commence at half-past seven o'clock.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
It is respectfully announced that the Last Representation of the celebrated Symphonic Ode of the DESERT, with the original melodies, choruses, and grand orchestral accompaniments, by Felicien David, will be repeated on MONDAY Morning, May 5, preceded by a grand miscellaneous Vocal, Orchestral, and Choral Selection, from the most classical Composers, including Mozart, Weber, Beethoven, Haydn, Rossini, David, Marcello, Cherubini, and Handel, and supported by the distinguished artistes of the establishment. The orchestra and chorus will include upwards of 200 performers. The whole under the direction of Sig. Costa.

Programme:—Part I.—Pastoral Symphony, Beethoven; Chorus, I cieli immensi narrano, Marcello, solo parts by Mesds. Castellan, Brambilla, Rosetti, and Rita Borio, Sigri. Moriani, Corelli, F. Lablache, Botelli, and Lablache; Les Hirondelles, Sig. Moriani, David; Trio, Sei tu ho nume il tutto impiora, Haydn, Madame Rita Borio, Sigs. Corelli and Lablache; Duo, Crudel perche fin' ora, Mozart, Mdlle. Rosetti and Sig. F. Lablache; Air, Let the bright Seraphim, Handel, Made. Castellan, trumpet obligato, Mr. Harper; La Carita, grand Chorus, Rossini, with solo parts by Mesds. Castellan, Rosetti, Brambilla, and Rita Borio; Overture, Anacreon, Cherubini.

Part II.—The Desert. The solo parts by Sig. Moriani.

Boxes, Two, Three, and Four Guineas each, may be had on application at the Box office, Opera Colonnade.

Doors open at half-past twelve; commence at one o'clock.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
The Nobility, Subscribers, and the Public, are respectfully informed that there will be an EXTRA NIGHT (not included in the Subscription) on THURSDAY next, May 8th, when will be presented Mozart's opera, "Don Giovanni." Donna Anna, Made Grisi; Donna Elvira, Made. Rita Borio; and Zerlina, Made. Anaida Castellan; Don Giovanni, Sig. Fornasari; Don Ottavio, Sig. Mario; Il Commandatore, Sig. Botelli; Masetto, Sig. F. Lablache; and Leporello, Sig. Lablache.

Between the acts of the opera, a Fantasia, sur les Motifs de Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," Cavallini, Sig. Cavallini (first clarinette at the Theatre Imperial La Scala).

The Danseuses Viennoises, under the direction of Madame Josephine Weiss, will appear in some of their favourite Pas.

In the course of the evening, the celebrated Spanish Dancer, Dona Manuela Perea, known as La Nena, and of the Spanish Bolero Dancer, Don Felix Garcia, will appear in some of the National Pas of Spain.

Various novelties in the Ballet, comprising the talents of Madlle. Cerito, Madlles. Ferdinand, Moncelet, Cassan, and Demelisse, Madlle. Lucile Grahn, M. St. Leon, M. di Mattia, M. Gosselin, and M. Perrot.

Applications for boxes, pit-stalls, and tickets to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.

Doors open at seven; the opera to commence at half-past seven.

MR. LOVER'S IRISH EVENINGS,
HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—On MONDAY, May 5th, at Eight o'Clock, Mr. LOVER will give his Entertainment entitled, "PADDY'S PORTFOLIO," FOR THE LAST TIME. Songs: "The Waiters," "Sally," "Mary Machree," "Dermot O'Dowd," "Kitty Creagh," "The Road of Life," "The Beggar," &c.; with his original Story of "New Potatoes."

Tickets and Programmes to be had at the principal Music Shops, and Libraries.

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GREAT RUSSIAN CHRONOMETRICAL EXPEDITION.—E. J. DENT, 82 Strand, and 33 Cockspur Street, has the high and distinguished honour of stating, that his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia has recently condescended to confer on him "the appointment and title of Chronometer-Maker to his Imperial Majesty," as a reward for the unequalled performance of his Chronometers during the Expedition of 1844. In 1843, his Imperial Majesty the Emperor was pleased to reward the performance of Dent's Chronometers with a Gold Medal of the highest Order of Merit.

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LITERATURE AND ART.

Closing of the present Exhibition.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.— The GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS is open daily from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening; and will be closed on Saturday, May 17.

Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

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THE NEW SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—The Eleventh Annual Exhibition is NOW OPEN at their Gallery, Fifty-three Pall Mall.

JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

ROYAL ACADEMY of ARTS, Trafalgar Square.—Notice is hereby given, that the EXHIBITION will OPEN on MONDAY next, the 5th instant, at Twelve o'Clock.

Admission One Shilling. Catalogue One Shilling.

HENRY HOWARD, R.A., Sec.

Exhibitors and Students may receive their Tickets and Catalogues by applying at the Academy on Monday after Twelve.

THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.— The REPORT of the Proceedings of the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING held on the 26th instant can now be had (gratis) by application to the Agent, Mr. Rodd, No. 9 Great Newport Street, Long Acre, who will afford every information as to Admission to the Society. The Subscription is 1*l.* per annum, entitling the subscriber to all the Books issued by the society in the year subscribed for.

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THE LITERARY GAZETTE

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Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1477. LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1845. PRICE 8*d.* *Stamped Edition, 9d.*

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Richard the Third: a Poem. By Sharon Turner, F.A.S. and R.A.S.L. 12mo, pp. 278. London, Longman and Co.

To beguile the time with recreation suited to a long literary life, Mr. Sharon Turner, at the advanced age of three-score and ten, has been revising and putting into shape this poetical exercise of his earlier years. It is a rhymed biography and history of Richard the Third, following pretty closely the Shaksperian and Tudor portraiture, but excusing the "crook-backed tyrant" from some of the aggravated enormities laid to his charge, and endeavouring to suggest natural and political reasons for other acts of criminality. "My object (he informs us), and all that could be done now by any one, has been to endeavour to delineate how such a prince, of such ancestry and natural or acquired disposition, with such an active and vigorous mind, as he unquestionably had, under the circumstances and in the advancing day during which he lived and operated, and by which he was necessarily so much affected, is likely to have been led or induced to perpetrate, at last, the criminal actions by which he has made his memory so degradingly notorious."

Mr. Turner defends himself from the charge of being an apologist for Richard, but we think unnecessarily; for his leaning is evidently the other way, and he accepts, as fully proven, accounts which later researches have shewn to be at least very dubious. In short, he adheres to the dicta of his own history in the *Narrative of the Middle Ages of England*; wherein, as herein, he truly says of himself, "in justice to the dead, and for the due information of the living, I have studied every where to be impartial, and never to judge any one by his defects, errors, and bad actions only; but to shew him as he really was in the whole of his life and character, as far as his reality can be now traced. Unless this be conscientiously done, the history of him will be an unfaithful representation. By this too-prevalent obliquity, we are frequently misjudging and depreciating each other."

On the poem itself we need not dilate. Mr. T. states that he has taken the ease and melody of Goldsmith's versification for his model; and the following selection will shew how far he has succeeded in his imitation. We take the passage after the execution of Hastings, and Buckingham's speech at the Guildhall, calling on the citizens to adopt Richard for the throne, as the rightful heir and representative of the house of York.

"Delighted with his sunny prospects there,
He wished his wife his joyous mood to share.
Her amiabilities had won his youth,
And still engrossed and blessed his nuptial truth;
She was the dearest object of his sight,
Her mien and features yet his love excite;
There were sweet charms of goodness in her mind,
Her voice, and actions, which his spirit bind.
It was a pleasure to obtain her smile;
And gay he sought her, hoping to beguile
Her natural sense of what was good and right:
Yet royal greatness, could it but delight?
'Well, Anne! suppose upon that pretty face
A queen's grand circle I, ere long, should place;
Would you not cheer me with your loveliest smile,
And gladly hail me king of this proud isle?'
'Most eagerly my heart will greet its lord,
Whatever blessings should your life reward:
I know your zeal to spread your country's fame,
But how can we the regal summit claim?'
'By courage, skill, and resolution now,
While feuds thus rage, the crown may grace my brow;
The boy is far too feeble for the day,
A manlier arm the factious peers must sway.
Some wish me on the throne for their own end,
Others from dread of civil war befriend.
The people will applaud, for well they know
England to greatness in my reign would grow.'
'Oh, do not crush your nephew's right and hope!
Guide him—assist him how to shape his scope.
I would not rob the poorest of his due;
Do not, my Richard, cloud our Edward's view.'
''Tis not my choice if violence have power,
It is my fate to live in such an hour;
When others weave their plots of evil hue,
I must arrest the mischiefs they pursue.
Great nobles urge me to become their king,
To shield their safety from the serpent's sting.'
'Oh! I would rather brave whate'er may spite
Than stain my soul with treachery and blight.'
'Let not vague rules or superstitions sway;
I am involved in danger and dismay.
'Tis prudence—'tis necessity constrains:
The throne and life; without it, death or chains!
If, then, my safety to your heart be dear,
Rise to the greatness, nor be cowed by fear.'
'You are my earthly joy, my only pride;
My heart delighted to become your bride,
And still regards you with a woman's love,
And values yours all other boons above.
But 'tis yourself I'll cherish, not your throne;
My happiness will flow from you alone.
Then do not plunge in stormy waves of wrong;
Peace will forsake us—woes with crime will throng.
Oh, do not, then, abuse your guardian trust—
Heaven blesses and supports the good and just;
Be sure His providence will be your friend
If to be right on that you will depend.
Oh, let us dread the dire remorse and shame
Which ill deeds, cureless, bring with endless blame!'
'I cannot listen to your pleading voice;
Again I say, my path is not my choice:
They drive me to it, and I must subdue
The hostile machinations some pursue.
Prepare, then, to assume the regal state,
Since, though averse, 'tis made my binding fate.'
He left her as he spoke, displeased to find
He could not alter her unselfish mind:
In this he had no sympathy, though still
His young affections softened his stern will.
She was the only being he could love,
But proud ambition swelled all ties above.
Yet he revered the feelings she displayed:
'So should the woman and the wife be made.
She merits all my confidence and care;
She is no statesman, but most good and fair;
She shall have every comfort I can bring,
But cannot be my counsellor or king.'"

This is a fair specimen of the whole; and were we to quote fifty pages, we could not better display the style and spirit in which it is written. The concluding note is, however, so much to our mind, that we cannot resist the wish to present it to our readers:

"The prince died in April, 1484. His mother, Queen Anne, followed him to the grave in the following March; and on the 22d of August, in the same year, 1485, Richard himself fell in the battle of Bosworth Field against Henry, the Earl of Richmond, two years and a few weeks after his coronation. Thus all his policy, schemes, and crimes, had only procured him this short interval of the greatness for which he had so struggled, and cut off his line for ever—a memorable instance of moral and personal retribution. That the author has not overstated Richard's agitations and sufferings from the illness and death of his child, may be inferred from the strong expression of the Monk of Croyland, living at the time—'pene insanire'—'almost drove him mad.' Buckingham concerted and attempted a dangerous insurrection against him; but an unusual fall of rain causing the Severn to overflow, which he had to cross, stopped for the time his immediate progress, and his followers, disheartened, broke up and deserted him. He fled for refuge to an old follower whom he had much benefited; the man betrayed him; and Richard ordered him to be brought to Salisbury, where he was, but refused to see him, and ordered him to be beheaded on September 2. Thus the duke's guilty co-operation was punished by the man whose criminal usurpation he had, for his own selfish purposes, so wilfully promoted. Hastings had co-operated with Richard and Buckingham to destroy the queen's relations, and perished himself, from the jealousy and apprehension of his two confederates. Buckingham, in his revenge, finding he could not safely reach the crown for himself, devised and suggested the plan of inviting over the exiled and persecuted Earl of Richmond, to make that expedition in concurrence with his own revolt, from which Richard fell at Bosworth Field. Thus each of the three greatest criminals in these transactions became the destroyers of each other. The retributions which follow from the moral government of our world are variously applied, but always take place, publicly or privately, in some shape or other; frequently delayed, and yet often administered in personal suffering, without others perceiving it; immediate, visible, and striking, in many instances, in all ages and countries. 'Thou shalt do no murder.' 'Whosoever sheds man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' 'Vengeance is mine. I will repay, saith the Lord.' These are the divine principles of our moral system, and are always in action, in the form deemed most expedient by our divine Ruler. As to Richard's personal appearance, Horace Walpole mentions in his 'Historic Doubts,' that the old Countess of Desmond, in an after-reign, declared that she had danced with him, and that he was the handsomest man in the room except his brother. Polydore Virgil, who lived under Henry VII., described his face as like his father's, short and compact, without the fulness of his brother's. As I have just received, through another channel, a traditional statement of what the Countess of Desmond mentioned on this subject, I will subjoin it, and the series of authorities for it. Mr. Paynter, the magistrate, hearing of the announcement of the preceding poem, related to my son, the Rev. Sydney Turner, the following particulars:—When a boy, about the year 1810, he heard the old Lord Glastonbury, then at least ninety years of age, declare, that when he was a young lad he saw, and was often with, the Countess of Desmond, then living, an aged woman. She told him that when she was a girl she had known familiarly, and frequently seen, an old lady who had been brought up by the former Countess of Desmond, who became noted for her remarkable longevity, as she lived to be above one hundred and twenty years of age. This lady mentioned that this aged Countess of Desmond had declared that she had been at a court-banquet where Richard was present, and that he was in no way personally

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deformed or crooked. Edward IV. was deemed, in his day, the handsomest man of his court. It is a fair inference, from her impression, that his personal appearance could not be such as the Tudor partisans and our Shakspeare have described it; and it is an instance how much they have misrepresented him, in order to depreciate him, and to make him an object of popular abhorrence. As the countenances of many men, once handsome, change into the contrary from sorrow, care, anxiety, vexation, and disease, or internal sufferings, Richard, after his usurpation, and the murder of his nephews, and finding, to his own disappointment, that their death only lessened instead of augmenting his security, may, from his avowed agitations and fears, have contracted in the last few months a different expression of features; or, as his body was very much bruised and ill-treated on the field of Bosworth after his fall, the popular account may be a wilful, but colourable, exaggeration of what his face, then distorted by wounds and pain, may have been at that time found to be. We cannot, therefore, fairly credit all the misconceptions or mis-statements of those who were so interested to make his memory odious."

In all this volume, we must observe, the public will see cause to cherish that feeling with which it has ever deservedly looked upon Sharon Turner and his works. It is a sincere delight to contemplate the literary veteran, the septuagenarian, the cheerful old man, shewing to us how the intellectual pleasures of youth and the cultivation of taste and knowledge are calculated to become the pastime and comfort of age. That the *Love of Letters*, next to the consolations of religion, is the fittest and happiest pursuit for man; for it can charm all our life, be the accomplisher of our childhood, the fine ambition of our first intercourse with the world, the most graceful companion of our prime, and the congenial solace of our decline. Long may our model, the worthy and esteemed Sharon Turner, continue to taste this felicity!

Practical Geology and Ancient Architecture of Ireland. By George Wilkinson, Architect, R.I.A., &c. Large 8vo, pp. circ. 370. Lond. J. Murray; Dublin, W. Curry, jun. and Co.

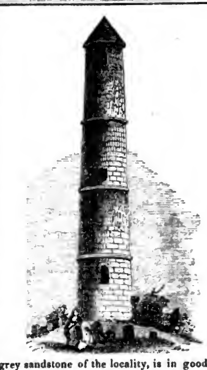
It is rather an unusual union — geology and architecture; but our author appears to be equally at home in both. So ought his reviewer to be; yet we shall not exhibit the powers, if we possess them. For on the subject of Irish geology we have had many occasions to explain and demonstrate, till our readers may know nearly as much about it as Mr. Griffiths or Mr. Wilkinson, whose distinct and practical observations are well worthy of attention.

But the architectural portion of his work presents greater novelty and attraction for us; and in the few remarks we propose to offer upon it, we shall confine ourselves to that division of the subject; and even then to the descriptions of ancient art, and the opinions or theories of the author thereon.

"The noble monuments of the past ages (as he justly says), which in all parts of the country meet our view, are in every way matters of the greatest interest, and engage both the antiquary and historian; for it is necessary to pursue our inquiry into their respective ages, as well as the objects of their erection: the first, with reference to the study of the purpose for which they were designed and constructed; and the next, the length of time they have been exposed to the abrading influences of atmospheric action, and the cause of any decay or dilapidation in which they are found." Pursuing this investigation, he observes: "The early architecture of Ireland, prior to the ordinary structures in the Norman and pointed style of architecture, is, doubtless, that of the cromlechs, the monolithal structures, circular enclosures, and sepulchral monuments, and the round towers; and in these works may be seen most of the rocks of the country, used under most favourable circumstances for testing their durability." And he continues: "The architecture of the country, prior to the introduction of Christianity, is that of the large pillar-stones, circles, cromlechs, groves, cairns, and moats,—buildings erected without mortar, and doubtless of great antiquity; the materials employed, as shewn by the present remains, are almost universally those of the locality, and are the loose detached masses of primary or crystalline sedimentary rocks, being those which have resisted the violence they have been exposed to in the convulsions which disturbed them from their native bed, most of them being as durable at the present time as at any past period of their use. These peculiar and very interesting monuments of a remote age have the periods of their creation involved in much obscurity. From the great similarity they, many of them, bear to the kind of structures common in England, Scotland, and other neighbouring countries, they are most probably erected by a class of people of the same common origin. In their general features some of them bear a resemblance bordering so closely on those which are described as occurring in the East, that it is difficult to avoid a conclusion that they have originated from that source; they certainly afford an extensive and interesting field for the researches of those who are anxious to discover monuments of a Phœnician or Eastern origin; and the investigation of their origin would, doubtless, terminate much more successfully than that which ascribes the erection of the round towers of Ireland to the remote period of the worshippers of Baal."

We pass over the primeval remains, pillar-stones, cromlechs, cairns, &c., including some sepulchral monuments of great magnitude, and also raths for the protection of cattle, mounds, and forts, &c., and come at once to the interesting discussions of the composition, and engraved representation as well as written particulars, of the debateable round towers, respecting the antiquity of which Mr. Wilkinson is a sceptic. These towers generally, "when perfect, vary in height from about 70 to 100 feet, some being nearly to 120 feet; the average height, however, is that between 70 and 100 feet. The circumference of the towers at their base is generally from about 50 to 60 feet, and their diameter at the level of the doorway from 8 to 9 feet internally. The walls are commonly 4 feet thick. The door is generally from 8 to 12 feet above the surface of the ground."

To enable ourselves to afford clear ideas of these remarkable edifices, we have procured means to quote their pictorial appearance as well as their descriptive text. The first is the tower of Ardmore, in the county of Waterford, which is "nearly perfect; conical top; form diminished considerably, having three sets-off externally with projecting weathered string courses, and sets-off internally; door circular-headed, about 13 feet from ground, with a 3 in. torus round it at angle of jamb; door diminishes in height and width internally." And it should be added, that several features in the architecture are in common with the adjoining ecclesiastical ruins. With regard to the construction and materials used, Mr. Wilkinson briefly states: "Walling in squared coursed work of reddish-



grey sandstone of the locality, is in good preservation; the upper portion having lost mortar from the joints has the exposed edges of the stone worn, the stone is of very hard quality; courses of masonry vary in thickness from 6 to 10 inches, the inner face of the work is ordinary rubble walling." This is in good preservation, and not very different in form from Devenish in Fermanagh; but Keneith, Cork, our next selection, offers considerable variety. Of it

Mr. W. writes: "Top wanting; is of peculiar external form, having hexagonal base up to the height of the door; the door is of usual height; there is one opening of about one foot square, and above the door; internally there are several sets-off." It is, he adds, "constructed with the slate-rock of the locality; the foundations rest immediately on an elevated solid rock levelled for the base of the tower; the walling of foundations consists of large rough stones; the materials are in good preservation. The upper portion of the tower is dilapidated, and some portion of the stones in the upper part

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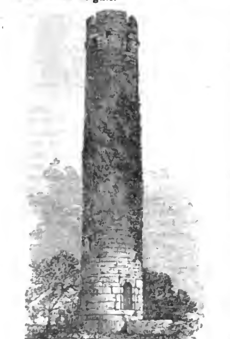
are in a falling state; the lower portion had stones much displaced by the roots of ivy: the stones vary in length from 1 to 5 feet, and in thickness from 3 to 12 inches, arranged without vertical joints, but close bedded, and very well worked on edges of the external face of the tower. A floor of the tower still remains on the level with door, and is peculiarly constructed with slate flags, having a well-hole in the centre, which a flag covered, and formed into a chamber below the level of the door."

We should like to know if the hexagonal base appears to be contemporary with the tower; or may have been laid on at a later date. It is curious: and so is Kilree, Kilkenny: "Above the usual height; the top has a parapet and projecting gutter-stones; door about 5 ft. from the surface, circular-headed, the upper opening square-headed; there are two pointed windows at intermediate heights."



The author enumerates thirty-six in all; some of which were evidently never finished, but only carried up to a certain height and left. And he adds:

"At Killossey, in Kildare, is one of peculiar form, having a larger base, and is of less than usual height. At Kilmacduagh, in the county of Galway, is one of usual height, having a considerable inclination from the perpendicular. At Ram's Island, on Lough Neagh, and at Tory Island, on the western coast of Donegal, are round towers. With regard to the constructive peculiarities of the round towers, it is first intended to shew that they possess features decidedly in common with the architecture of the Normans, under which designation is embraced the architecture of the Lombards and Normans before remarked on; it is more particularly entitled to the name of Norman from their occupying the country nearest to the British isles, which was the high road from Rome; and it was chiefly through that source that our architecture has been derived, although the priests may have migrated from the eastern or western empire. * * * In remarking on the features of these round towers, the doorway, which is common to all, first demands attention. By the table (which is given by the author) it will be seen that the circular arch of the doorway is by far the most prevalent; and that the masonry in several of the structures is of the exact character peculiar to Norman buildings. A more conclusive argument, and one that is more evident to the general reader, is, however, the elaborated execution of the masonry in some of the doorways, displaying some of the finest examples of Norman architecture and construction, and of a character exactly similar to that of doors of later churches in the localities of those buildings, whose construction in the style of Norman architecture, I presume, is not to be disputed."

Other resemblances to Norman edifices are pointed out and insisted upon,—such as bands and tori round the doors, the shapes of the windows similar to early continental structures, &c.; and from the premises the author concludes:—

"To those who are unwilling to admit that the construction of the round towers is the work of the ninth and tenth centuries, and that they are also the erection of the early pilgrims or missionaries from the continent, a considerable difficulty is presented, viz. how to account for the architectural features in these towers being common with those of all continental buildings which are the erection both of a prior and similar age. It certainly cannot be contended that the round towers supplied to Rome, or Byzantium, to Italy, Germany, or France, the models for their buildings, which, though they contain features and arrangement of structure similar to these of the round towers, are in extent so vastly beyond the former, and shew so gradual a change from the ancient and perfect architecture of Rome, that such an assertion would be preposterous. If these doorways and other features of the round towers are then admitted to be after the models supplied by these buildings, how is any other conclusion to be arrived at than that which is advanced with regard to their origin and period of construction? It may, however, be asserted, and I believe it is considered by many, that these peculiar features of the round towers, which are in common with the architecture of the continent, and, moreover, in common with the style of architecture in those early churches which by gradual change succeeded the round towers, are architectural features resulting from later causes, viz. the appropriation of these peculiar buildings to Christian purposes, and the insertion of doors and other features before remarked on in a style of architecture different from that originally belonging to them. It is, however, considered that such cannot be the case. For first, the masonry around the doors shews no sign of disturbance; and reasoning is altogether against these features having been altered; and doubtless, the masonry of these towers is as originally constructed, except in some of the tops, which, from decay or otherwise, required renovation."

The existence of similar features in Pembroke Castle, South Wales, is adduced in confirmation of Mr. Wilkinson's hypothesis; and he asserts that it "presents so close a resemblance to the round towers of Ireland, that it shews undeniably the identity of origin; and but that it is in accordance with the character of the buildings which were numerous after the decline of the Roman empire, and in accordance with other and so much earlier erections, one would imagine it to be a copy of one of the round towers of Ireland, so completely does it establish their common origin."

We will, however, now bid adieu to these structures, to select some interesting specimens of what succeeded them in the order of time, whether they possessed the greater antiquity usually assigned to them, or belong to the later period, so strongly contended for by our author.

"In England, towers or spires were very common to the early parochial churches, and beautiful examples abound throughout the country. Not so, however, in Ireland; and no remains of an ancient spire is at the present time known to exist, and very few churches are found of a size equal to the large parochial churches of England. On the change from the circular arches of the Norman architecture to the pointed style which succeeded it, the best examples are found on the eastern coast, which shew its introduction after the Anglo-Norman invasion; being a style which doubtless originated on the continent, occurring, as it does, so suddenly and perfect in the ancient cathedral structures of that country. In the small churches the pointed style of architecture became common, and all traces of the features peculiar to the round towers, or Norman style, gradually cease, except in the regard paid to security; and in the towers of the larger buildings, in which several features in common with the round towers prevail, the architecture, however partaking of the pointed style, is in accordance with the edifice of which it forms a part."

Near Cahirciveen a very primitive church, in which the pointed arch was first introduced, illustrates this transition; but previous to concluding with it, we offer the following as a more

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picturesque, though not a more interesting example. It "represents another of these early structures, the interesting and very peculiar building known as King Cormac's Chapel: in which a richness of interior execution shews the advancing skill and taste of the age, the interior having the face of the walls ornamented with columns and circular ribs under the circular arch; the chancel end is also groined, and the doorways present very fine examples of elaborate Norman architecture."

We now return to the illustration of the mountain-church near Cahirciveen:

"From its retired position, it appears to have

undergone very little change, and is doubtless the type of many: the remains which abound throughout the country, and more or less perfect, are in accordance with it. A custom of making the old churchyards the burial-place of the parishes, remains to this day in most parts of Ireland. The very primitive and peculiar class of tombs in this locality, the construction of which is still continued, gives to the ruin in question a very considerable interest. Tombs of this kind are very common in Kerry; but in most parts they have lost their primitive simplicity of construction, and are made most shapeless and unsightly heaps of cut stone." Some of them are "double, having two floors; the doors, or openings, are formed with stone flags. The coffins are deposited on floors level with the doors or openings, and in accordance with a very ancient practice, the screws or nails of the lids are always removed when the interment takes place."

Body-snatching for anatomical purposes was not so much feared as the thievery of a handful of nails! No wonder ghosts were so common in Ireland; they had nothing to keep them from walking to revisit the glimpses of the moon.

But we will not extend our extracts or remarks; for the volume being utterly unreviewable without its views, we have exceeded our convenient space, in order to illustrate it by the representations of these interesting structures.

We are sure the public will feel much gratitude to Mr. Wilkinson for the treat he has thus laid before it. His book deserves to be *shelved*... in every good library.*

* Mr. Petrie's learned work on Round Towers has also just seen the light.

Memoirs of Prince Charles Stuart, commonly called the Young Pretender. With Notices of the Rebellion in 1745. By C. L. Klose, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. H. Colburn.

For our part, we could have been contented with Mrs. Thomson's historical novel (see *Lit. Gaz.*, No. 1455), for in truth we find little additional information respecting the career of Charles Stuart in these volumes. His life at Florence is still undeveloped, and perhaps had better continue so to the end of time; and we can hardly look for anything new of him, his father, and their adherents in England as well as Scotland, till the day arrives when permission shall be given to some competent individual to investigate thoroughly and carefully the Stuart Papers, hitherto only very partially examined, and still locked up in the royal closet of St. James's.

All that M. Klose has done or could do, was to consult the best authorities among preceding writers, and compile their intelligence into a plain and candid narrative. He begins with a brief glance at the hapless race of Stuart, records the abdication of James II., and then goes into the family concerns of his successors, and their fruitless attempts in the Fifteen and Forty-five.

With his opinions on many interesting points it is impossible for us to coincide. We will cite one instance: speaking of Prince James, the son of James II., and styled "the old Pretender," to contradistinguish him from his son: 'He had (says M. Klose) grown up at St. Germain, surrounded by all the external parade of royalty. He had seen his father surrounded by men who affected to form a privy council, and who bore the titles of ministers. The old doctrine of the imprescriptible rights of royalty had been one of the earliest principles impressed upon his mind. What he stood most in need of—an intelligent and well-informed tutor, capable of distinguishing between the externals and the essentials of royalty, capable of estimating the true responsibility of a sovereign, of pointing out the errors of James's predecessors, and of indicating the means which alone would lead to the recovery of the lost throne—such a tutor the young prince had never known. The example of the father, as long as the exiled monarch continued to occupy himself with public affairs, could not but exercise a pernicious influence on the mind of the son: while the confidential advisers of the old king—Middleton, the Duke of Melfort, the Duke of Perth, and Lord Waldegrave—though sufficiently qualified to convey, through their own conduct, a just impression of all the conventional frivolities of a court, had no more the ability than the disposition to teach their young prince how he might best profit by the lessons of the school of adversity. Their own selfish interests were the main object of all their designs for the restoration of James, as of all their uninterrupted correspondence with the Jacobites at home, and with the men of most influence on the continent; and the st[eps] to which they urged the court of St. Ge[rmain] were invariably those that best harmonised w[ith] their personal antipathies and partialities.'

We would fain ask, if this is a faithful de[-]scription of men who had sacrificed their a[ll] for the sake of their royal masters?—who, fr[om] personal attachment and patriotic love of coun[-]try, had enthusiastically given up property a[nd] home, risked liberty and life, and become p[oor] wanderers in a foreign land—only attached [to] one great and heartfelt cause? We think M. Klose may impeach their understandings [as] he pleases; but he has no grounds on which [to] libel their generous feelings and devoted se[r-]vices.

His account of the infancy of Prince Charles at Rome brings before us a particular wort[hy] perhaps of being selected from the more com[-]monly known incidents:—

"Clementine (his mother, he records) wa[s] interred with royal pomp in St. Peter's church by the side of Queen Christina of Sweden and the Italian Matilda; and Pope Benedict XI[V] had a splendid monument erected to the me[-]mory of the deceased. It was not merely [in] her health, however, that the princess had suf[-]fered before she was snatched away in the prime of life. On the 20th of March, 1[725] she presented her husband with a second [son] Henry Benedict Edward Alfred Louis Thomas, who was created Duke of York and St. Albans by his father; but, even before the birth of [the] second son, serious differences had arisen [be-]tween the parents, partly from the horror [with] which Clementine, a devout Catholic, saw her son's education entrusted to the hands of [Pro-]testants, more particularly of the Earl [and] Countess of Inverness, and afterwards of [the] brother of the latter, Lord Murray. This [was] not all, however. The countess, who had [acted] as nurse to the chevalier's children, [afforded] only too sufficient grounds for the jealousy [of] Clementine."

To this the following note is added:—

"Baron von Pöllnitz, in his 'Mémoires,' (T. ii. p. 291), expresses himself ambig[uously] on the subject, when, speaking of James, [he] says: 'La *médisance* dit que Madame [de] on Inverness, a eu pendant quelque tems l'[hon-]neur de lui plaire;' but a little way further he says, speaking of the same prince, 'Il [aime] les plaisirs, et il serait même galant, s'il [n'était] pas autant observé par les prêtres.' There [are] many grounds, however, for believing that [Cle-]mentine had abundant reasons to complain [of] her husband's infidelity. On this subject [we] may refer to a letter from Queen Elizabeth [of] Spain to Clementine, dated 29th Dec. 1[7..] and to a second letter from Clementine to [her] father, written on the 15th Nov. of the [same] year. See G. A. Stenzel, Beiträge zur [Ge-]schichte Polens und der Familie Sobieski, [aus] handschriftlichen Quellen (F. C. Schlosser [and] G. A. Bercht, Archiv. für Geschichte und Lit[e-]ratur, fünfter Band. Frankf. A.M. 183[.] [pp.] 349—362). At all events, Lord Mahon [is] guilty of a strange mistake when he says (vol. ii. p. 136), 'Nor, in fact, do Clementina's own letters seem to speak of jealousy,' for [in] these letters the Countess of Inverness [is] spoken of as 'the king's mistress,' without the slightest reserve."

His portraiture of the prince in his ad[ven-]turous Scottish struggle appears to us to be just as it is favourable. His manners [must] have been most fascinating, and his sentim[ents] noble; as his conduct was brave and chival[rous,] his constancy most enduring. How he wa[s] thwarted and over-ruled need not again be told

—the retreat from Derby was fatal: nothing after that could retrieve his fortunes or afford him a chance.

But we need not farther insist on this thrice-told tale; and conclude with stating that the work is a plain and well-composed account of events of as much romantic as historical interest.

Scenes and Adventures in Spain, from 1835 *to* 1840. By Poco Mas. 2 vols. 8vo. London, R. Bentley.

It is no matter how we review this book. Wherever we dip into its desultory page, we find some matter of local character, or some personal description, or some tale of adventure, or some anecdote of Spanish celebrities, to engage our notice and amuse us. It is as if the author had covered the country all over with patches, and it is of little or no consequence upon which patch we happen to strike. We might copy out a quarter of the work, and still the other three quarters would be unillustrated. What, then, shall we do? Open Sesame! Here is the sample:

"The place we are now starting from is the small town of Carinena; the approach to which from the Zaragoza side is over an extensive plain, now gilded with ripening corn. The surrounding hills were cultivated to their summits. The district of Carinena is celebrated for the rich wine produced therein. This town was formerly surrounded by a strong wall, flanked with towers and bastions; but as it had fallen into ruins in various parts, the spaces had been filled up with a thinner one, pierced with a great number of loop-holes for musketry. The church was also fortified. A ditch had been dug at the foot of the walls, and the gates were surmounted with battlements; so that the town was capable of a stout defence even with a small garrison. When the army was absent, however, bands of plunderers appeared very close to the place, carrying off whatever they could lay hands on, and keeping the town for the moment completely blockaded. These fellows called themselves Carlists; but they were neither more nor less than robbers, who would adopt any banner that would afford them license to commit crime with impunity. People whose property lay at a distance from the fortified towns, were obliged to let it run to waste because they could not go to look after it; for travelling without a strong escort was quite out of the question. There was a ruffian who had assumed the appropriate title of La Fiéra—the Wild-Beast—who lurked about watching the arrival and departure of the Queen's forces, and was then in the habit of pouncing upon the unprotected inhabitants of open towns and villages, plundering and insulting them, frequently seizing upon some of the principal people, and retaining them in his den until ransomed by their relatives. This Fiéra, who a very short time before was a common muleteer, had a hundred desperadoes with him. The greater part of the able-bodied men having been drawn for soldiers, the villages were left without defenders; and in this helpless state the Wild-Beast and his howling troop would enter: if they met any women in the street, they clawed the handkerchiefs from their necks and heads, and snatched away any trifling ornaments they might be wearing. Then the main body were drawn up in the street, and pillaging parties let loose to ransack from house to house, forcing the poor people to give up their all, who were happy if, by so doing, they could save themselves from outrage, or perhaps death. The inhabitants of these parts were in a continual state of alarm for their lives and properties; this I learnt during my stay from a variety of persons, and in every direction. Many unfortunate families have detailed to me, with bitter agony, the cruelties they had endured: often and often, when about to depart, have father, mother, and children almost clung to me for protection; though they knew full well I could not afford it to them, inasmuch as their persecutions could only commence when I should necessarily be too far off to hear their cries, or to raise a hand to help them. But they saw that I felt for them; they had poured forth their sorrows into a sympathising heart, and they felt attached to me. Such are the inevitable miseries attendant on civil war; and I can safely say that, in those parts of the country which I visited, the only desire of the really respectable Spaniards in the middle and laborious classes—forming the majority of the nation—was to be allowed to pursue their legitimate avocations in peace, and to be protected against the violent and the lawless; for which protection they were prepared to pay cheerfully their contributions to the state."

Encore! The author is with the Queen's forces in the war against the Carlists, and we are told:

"A body of four hundred Carlist cavalry had been very nearly surprised by the general, whose division I was accompanying, at Monreal del Campo. They were warned, however, of our proceedings, and left the town precipitately at midnight, only two hours before we reached it, and went to a large village, where they quartered themselves for four-and-twenty hours. The Queen's division entered the village on the following day, and a commissary belonging to the regular Carlist army was taken prisoner. He had been the bearer of two *oficios*, or requisitions, for rations to be sent at a certain hour, *on pain of death*, to Pancrudo, where, or at Camarillas, Don Carlos himself was supposed to be. This, by the by, was a demand from the commissary of what was called the regular Carlist force, subjecting the authorities to the fatal penalty, in case of non-compliance, even should it arise from inability. At this village I was lodged in the house of the alcalde, a man past the middle age of life, and most respectable in his appearance and demeanour; but his countenance was careworn and anxious. I only saw him for a few minutes on my arrival, as he was obliged to attend to the duties of his office; to go hither and thither superintending the arrangements incidental to the arrival of a large body of troops. The fact was, that when the Queen's division arrived, the rations of bread demanded by the Carlist commissary were actually being baked, and of course they were secured for the Queen's forces. We remained a day and a half at this place, and I had several interesting conversations with the alcalde. His position was really painful, for he was at the mercy of marauders, who might enter the village within a very short time after our departure. The only consolation I could offer him, was the hope that the war might soon be terminated. I was sitting in the morning in the room appropriated to my use, when the alcalde's daughter, a young woman of about five-and-twenty, with a most good-natured face, rushed in. In her apron were twenty or thirty very small loaves of bread just baked, which as soon as she entered the room she threw down, and then ran out again, returning in two or three minutes with a large basket. She then requested that I would assist her in picking up the loaves, and placing them in concealment under my bedstead, which was in an alcove or recess. I, of course, assisted the alcalde's fair daughter with alacrity. When all was arranged, she told me that she had contrived to abstract this small portion of the produce of the flour supplied by her father as a provision for the consumption of the family, and that she felt certain of its safe keeping in my room. Towards evening she came again, and took the well-filled basket from under the bed. It being heavy, I offered to assist her, which she willingly permitted me to do. So we each raised one side of the basket, and proceeded with our burden across a darkish passage to a still darker chamber. The basket was set down, and I lost sight of the alcalde's daughter for a few minutes. Suddenly a ray of light gleamed across the dark room, and I saw the figure of my fair companion, or rather part of it, opposite to an aperture whence the light proceeded; she was soon by my side. 'Come,' she said, again taking hold of the basket. I obeyed, and we approached the light. Bending very low, she passed through the open space, and then turned round and took hold of the basket; I followed, of course, stooping so as to escape knocking my head against the entrance. As soon as we had set down the basket, the alcalde's daughter began to laugh. '*Qué le parece á usted, Senor Yngles?* What do you think of this, Senor Yngles?' I looked round, and perceived that I was in a square room, lighted I could never imagine how, for I do not remember to have seen a window. Clean sheets, and linen of various descriptions, were lying about in confusion; also two or three trunks, and a variety of articles of domestic property. I made the best answer I could, for really I did not know what to think. '*Mire usted*, you see,' said the damsel, 'this is an *escondrijo*, a biding-place, where we keep what we have been able to save from plunder; and hither I have asked you to help me to carry the bread to sustain us when you are gone.' 'Thank you for the confidence you have reposed in me, it shall not be abused,' replied I; and in recording this incident, after so many years, I feel that I am not committing a breach of faith; on the contrary, that it is but an act of justice to demonstrate the confidingness of the Spaniards in those who they imagine are deserving of it. This true anecdote affords a proof of the contrivances they were obliged to resort to, in order to insure the very necessaries of life during the late deplorable civil war. So we crept out of the *escondrijo*, and thus ends my adventure with the alcalde's daughter. Around my room were several roughly painted portraits of saints, and engravings of a similar nature; this was the case in most of the houses, however miserable, in the parts of Spain I visited. By the bed-side, too, in the humblest dwellings, there was generally a little glass or earthen receptacle for holy water, perhaps dry and overspread with a cobweb, being a melancholy proof that a long time had elapsed since the bed had been occupied by its pious owner. Frequently, too, was to be seen affixed to the wall a papal bull, all yellow with age and speckled by fly-marks, granting permission to eat meat and *lacticinios*, or milk-diet, during Lent, to Senor or Senora So-and-So, who had paid four or five reales for such permission; and on condition that he or she should recite a certain number of prayers at stated times and places. The *arca*, or huge wooden chest, is a piece of furniture rarely absent from the most humble dwellings. It answers the purpose of a chest of drawers, and whatever linen the owners

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have is there deposited, as well as other things to which value is attached. The *arca* is generally oblong and deep, it usually stands upon feet, and is often more than two yards in length and three or four feet wide; sometimes it is strengthened by brass or iron clamps at the corners. Its place is along the side of the wall. There are several Spanish proverbs or sayings in which the *arca* figures, such as—*En arca de avariento el diablo yáce dentro*, the devil lies in a covetous man's chest."

These two specimens are as sufficient to exhibit the nature of the work as if we gave fifty; and with them, therefore, we take our leave of a production of great variety of incident and exemplification of manners.

LORD BROUGHAM'S MEN OF LETTERS, &c.
(Second notice: David Hume.)

LORD BROUGHAM analyses and criticises Hume's writings, religious, political, and historical; awarding different degrees of censure and praise to each. He notices the remarkable fact, that up to the middle of the last century Britain possessed no native historian; Rapin being the only author in that line who could be read. David Hume was, therefore, the first national leader in so important a branch of letters—and applied to a country which had produced in philosophy and science, Bacon, Newton, Locke, and Napier; in poetry, Milton, Shakspere, and Buchanan—Dryden, Swift, Bolingbroke, and many others distinguished in every varied walk of literature.

Of Hume we think his lordship's estimate is impartial and just. His scepticism he condemns, and says:

"While no objection could be taken to his holding that a miracle is, *prima facie*, to be regarded incredible, because it is much more likely, and much more according to the laws of nature, that human testimony should deceive us, even that men's senses should delude them, than that those laws should be suddenly and violently suspended; yet he will not be satisfied unless we go a great step farther, and admit not merely the improbability but the impossibility of miracles; as if the weight of testimony never could be so accumulated as to make it more unlikely, more a miracle, that it should be false, than that the alleged deviation from the laws of nature should have taken place. Indeed, had he lived to see the late discoveries in fossil osteology, he would have been placed in a complete dilemma; for these plainly shew, that at one remote period in the history of the globe there was such an interposition of creative power as could alone form man and other animals not previously existing; and thus he must either have distrusted the evidence of thousands now alive, and even of his own senses, the phenomenon being visible daily, or he must have admitted the miracle of creation; that is, the interposition of a being powerful to suspend the existing order of things, and make a new one."

This shews that Lord Brougham differs entirely from the author of *Vestiges of Creation*; but we leave the polemic for a brief extract relating to the *Political Discourses*. Of them Lord B. remarks:

"They combine almost every excellence which can belong to such a performance. The reasoning is clear, and unincumbered with more words or more illustrations than are necessary for bringing out the doctrine. The learning is extensive, accurate, and profound, not only as to systems of philosophy, but as to history, whether modern or ancient. The subjects are most happily chosen; the language is elegant, precise, and vigorous; and so admirably are the topics selected, that there is as little of dryness in these fine essays as if the subject were not scientific; and we rise from their perusal scarce able to believe that it is a work of philosophy we have been reading, having all the while thought it a book of curiosity and entertainment. The great merit, however, of these discourses is their originality, and the new system of politics and political economy which they unfold. Mr. Hume is, beyond all doubt, the author of the modern doctrines which now rule the world of science, which are to a great extent the guide of practical statesmen, and are only prevented from being applied in their fullest extent to the affairs of nations, by the clashing interests and the ignorant prejudices of certain powerful classes; for no one deserving the name of legislator pretends to doubt the soundness of the theory, although many hold that the errors of our predecessors require a slow recourse to right principle in conducting the practical business of the world."

The originality of Hume's opinions are truly stated to be wholly undeniable, for they were published full fourteen years before Dr. Adam Smith's celebrated *Wealth of Nations*.

With regard to Hume's partialities for the House of Stuart, and in particular for the unfortunate Mary, his lordship does not appear to us to be so correct. Had Prince Labanoff's work been published (see *Literary Gazettes*, Nos. 1472 and 1473) sooner, his lordship could not have penned the following:

"He [Hume] had, of course, far too much sense and too penetrating a sagacity to doubt the guilt of Queen Mary during the Scottish portion of her life, admitted as the greater part of the charges against her were, by her own conduct in the open profligacy of her connexion with her husband's murderer; and the prejudice which this unavoidable conviction raised in his mind extended itself to the more doubtful question of her accession to Babington's conspiracy; a question which he appears to have examined with much less patience of research, though it belonged to his own subject, than he had applied to the Scottish transactions of the queen, which, in their detail at least, had far less connexion with his work."

We take not only every favourable assumption of Hume on behalf of the persecuted Scottish queen to be fully corroborated; but infinitely beyond that, the concessions of her guilt in respect to Darnley's murder, and the marriage with Bothwell, to be completely disproved by this invaluable collection of contemporary correspondence. The fair fame of that hapless princess, and the villanies practised against her by her implacable enemies, are at last brought to light; and Chalmers might rise rejoicing from his grave, to see more than all he asserted of her innocence irrefragably established. But we leave disputed points—now no longer to be disputed — to quote Lord Brougham's description of Hume's style: itself no bad example of an admirable manner:

"If (he says) from the cardinal virtues of fidelity, research, and accuracy, we turn to the great but secondary accomplishments of the historian, we can scarcely find expressions too strong to delineate the merit of Mr. Hume. His style is altogether to be admired. It is not surpassed by Livy himself. There is no pedantry or affectation, nothing forced or far-fetched. It flows smoothly and rapidly, according to the maxim of the critic, 'Currere debet et ferri.' It seems to have the 'lactea ubertas' of Livy, with the 'immortalis velocitas' of Sallust. Nothing can be more narrative; the story is unbroken, it is clear, all its parts distinct, and all succeeding in natural order; nor is any reflection omitted where it should occur, or introduced where it would encumber or interrupt. In both his narrative and his descriptions there is nothing petty, or detailed more than is fit or needful: there is nothing of what painters call spotty — all is breadth and bold relief. His persons are finely grouped, and his subjects boldly massed. His story is no more like a chronicle, or his views like a catalogue of particulars, than a fine picture is like a map of the country or a copy of the subject. His language is more beautiful and powerful than correct. He has no little tendency to Gallicisms. He has many very inaccurate, some ungrammatical phrases. In this respect he is far behind Robertson. The general effect, however, of his diction is unequalled. He cannot be said to write idiomatic English, being indeed a foreigner in that sense; but his language is often, nay generally, racy, and he avails himself of the expressions, both the terms and the phrases, which he finds in older writers, transferring them to his own page. In this he enjoys a great advantage over Robertson, who, resorting necessarily to Latin, or to foreign or provincial authors, could not manage such transfers, and was obliged to make all undergo the digestive and assimilating process, converting the whole into his own beautiful, correct, and uniform style. Another reach of art Hume has attained, and better than any writer in our language: he has given either a new sense to expressions, or revived an old, so as never to offend us by the neology of the one process or by the archaism of the other. With this style, sustained by his profound philosophy, there can be nothing more beautiful than some of his descriptions of personal character, or of public feeling, or of manners, or of individual suffering; and, like all great masters of composition, he produces his effect suddenly, and, as it were, with a single blow."

The philosophy of his last illness and death is ably painted, but we abstain from meddling with the picture, to cite one passage from a hitherto unpublished letter of Hume to Col. Edmonstone, which is a strong declaration of his most dubious principles; and to conclude with an extract of literary interest. The first runs as follows:—

"'What—do you know that Lord Bute is again all-powerful?—or rather, that he was always so, but is now acknowledged for such by all the world? Let this be a new motive for Mr. V. to adhere to the ecclesiastical profession, in which he may have so good a patron; for civil employments for men of letters can scarcely be found. All is occupied by men of business, or by parliamentary interest. It is putting too great a respect on the vulgar, and on their superstitions, to pique oneself on sincerity with regard to them. Did ever one make it a point of honour to speak truth to children or madmen? If the thing were worthy being treated gravely, I should tell him that the Pythian oracle, with the approbation of Xenophon, advised every one to worship the gods νόμῳ πόλεως. I wish it were still in my power to be a hypocrite in this particular. The common duties of society usually require it; and the ecclesiastical profession only adds a little more to an innocent dissimulation, or rather simulation, without which it is impossible to pass through the world. Am I a liar because I order my servant to say I am not at home when I do not desire to see company?'"

Our last quotation: "It is necessary to cor-

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rect a very gross misstatement into which some idle or ill-intentioned person has betrayed an ingenious and learned critic respecting the papers of Mr. Hume still remaining and in Edinburgh. 'Those who have examined the Hume papers, which we know only from report, speak highly of their interest, but add, that they furnish painful disclosures concerning the opinions then prevailing among the clergy of the northern metropolis; distinguished ministers of the Gospel encouraging the scoffs of their familiar friend, the author of the 'Essay on Miracles,' and echoing the blasphemies of their associate, the author of the 'Essay on Suicide.'' These Edinburgh clergymen are then called 'betrayers of their Lord;' and much more is added of a like kind. Now, this heavy charge against some of the most pious and most virtuous men who ever adorned any church, Dr. Robertson, Dr. Blair, Dr. Jardine, Dr. Drysdale, and others, seemed eminently unlikely to be well founded. I have caused minute search to be made; and on fully examining all that collection, the result is to give the most unqualified and peremptory contradiction to this scandalous report. It is inconceivable how such a rumour should have arisen in any quarter. A severe, and we may well be permitted to add, a singularly absurd observation of Archbishop Magee is cited in the same criticism. His grace describes Hume's heterodox writings as 'standing memorials of a heart as wicked and a head as weak as ever pretended to the character of philosopher and moralist.' Now I have no right to complain of the most reverend prelate for forming so low an estimate of Mr. Hume's understanding, and entertaining so bad an opinion of his heart; an estimate and an opinion not confined by his grace to one class of his writings, though undeserved by any. Yet it does appear somewhat strange, that merely because one of the most able men that ever lived, and one of the most virtuous, unhappily entertained religious opinions very different from those of the archbishop, therefore he must be proclaimed both a dunce and a knave. It may also be permitted us to wish that the disciples of the religion in which 'the greatest of these things is charity,' and in which erring mortals are forbidden 'to judge lest they be judged,' should emulate the candour and the charity of unbelievers; for, assuredly, if Mr. Hume had lived to read the archbishop's work on the 'Atonement,' though he might not have been converted by it, he would freely have confessed the great talents and the unspotted virtue of its author."

The Fortunes of Roger de Flor; or, the Almugavars. 3 vols. R. Bentley.

In these volumes will be found the strange eventful history of an episode belonging to the iron ages of almost universal war, with which readers are the less acquainted, as they intervene between the attractions of classic Greek and Roman events (so admirably told by earlier historians) and the later era in which the actors are more like ourselves, and the actions in which they appeared mingle with and affect our living destinies. The period is the beginning of the fourteenth century, and the scene the struggle between the Greek emperor and the Turks, on the Bosphorus and in Constantinople. To the aid of the Greeks went from Sicily the hero, Roger de Flor, with a force of Almugavars, fierce, plundering, cruel, and mercenary soldiers, whom political circumstances had thrown out of immediate employment; and the conduct of these bands and their leaders, the battles, surprises, slaughters, conspiracies, intrigues, &c. &c., wherein their various objects and passions are displayed, form the substance of this eventful narrative. It is chiefly drawn from the old Spanish chronicle of Moncada, and only one fictitious personage of any prominency is introduced. Gibbon's mention of the ferocious Almugavars will be in the general remembrance; but Moncada is fully detailed, very graphic, and very interesting as a picture of these remarkable affairs, on which hung the fate of empires, and in which such strange beings—equally heroic and barbarous—were so strikingly engaged.

In this point of view, as well as for a stirring story, we would recommend the work: it will repay the reading by its sketches of manners and feelings, by its rapid incidents, and especially by conveying to the mind an accurate idea of a remarkable and little studied historical epoch, in which Asiatics and Europeans, Spaniards, Genoese, Greeks, Khoords, Turcomans, and others of unknown origin, flourished and perished in an extraordinary *mêlée*.

The Blacksmith's Daughter; a Historical Novel. By the Author of "Walter Clayton." 3 vols. Newby.

Three centuries ago the citizens of Ghent rebelled against the Emperor Charles V., murdered some of their aristocrats, and enacted for a while scenes of anarchy and bloodshed, which in the end brought down terrible retribution on the principal leaders of the revolt. This period and scene the author has chosen for his imitation of Mr. James's popular historical models: and carries his readers through murders, tortures, executions, frays, flights, sieges, &c., with an unsparing profusion. The blacksmith is a prominent character in these merciless turmoils, and his daughter, the heroine of the tale, as superior to others of her class as a heroine ought to be.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Notwithstanding all the "usual severity" of the beginning of an English summer, we braved the climate this week to take a farewell look at our dear old friends the Erebus and Terror, now leaving the shores of Britain for the Arctic Seas. They move from Woolwich on Monday, for Greenhithe, where the service of swinging them will be performed; and before *our next sheets* meet the public eye (probably on Thursday) *theirs* will be flowing to speed them on their interesting voyage. It rejoices us to say that they seem well prepared, as far as human providence and experience, backed by a liberal government, may assure us, against every contingency that can arise to impede a successful survey, a comfortable ark, and a safe and happy return. The vessels have an ample supply of provisions for two years; and they are accompanied to a high latitude by a transport laden with more; so that when they reach the entrance (as it were) of their undertaking, they will, from her stores, replenish all they have expended, and more,—for the tanks for the water consumed in their voyage so far will afford them room to stow away a larger quantity than when they sailed from the Thames. We need not tell our readers that there is snow enough in the polar regions to serve for water!

We have mentioned this circumstance because the space occupied by the new engineering apparatus, used now for the first time in such an expedition, has led many to fancy that might interfere with the carriage of sufficient stores. This is not the case; and the sacrifice, though great, will, we trust, be amply repaid by the facilities and power derived from the propelling screws. A trial was made by Mr. Field, of Maudsley's house, a few days ago, and the vessel, with 80 revolutions a minute, went at the rate of 3·6 knots an hour; with a greater force of steam put on, she made 4 knots, as was agreed by approximation,—a fouling of the log-line having prevented an exact ascertainment of the speed. Now this is a great advantage to gain, and, as we have said, it must be worthy the sacrifice of nine feet athwart the middle and best part of the ship, and the rest which is occupied in carrying the machinery aft to the propeller in the stern; where it is placed just before the rudder. The well in which it acts appeared to us to be very deep: in the Erebus, we were told, 16 feet. When in motion, what will the whales think of it?

With the exception of the arrangement for this new power, the tough old ships are exactly as we saw them before they ventured on the Antarctic Ocean, where they had infinitely greater perils to encounter than any dangers that can beset them in the more limited Arctic Seas. The chief difficulties of the latter have always arisen from the impossibility of working to windward among the tortuous floes and breaks in the ice through which it was desirable to penetrate. But the propeller will enable the ships to take advantage of every opening to pursue their course; and in the same hour they may be going east, west, north, and south, regardless of the breeze. This, we understand, is most important; for with westerly winds the weather is most clear and the ice broken up, and the voyagers have often seen open water beyond a certain barrier, through the channels of which if they could have sailed, the rest seemed to be easy and unimpeded. This will no longer be dependent on the weather. The vessels have fuel for twelve days, which, at the rate we have mentioned, would carry them eight or nine hundred miles! but with the addition of blubber, old casks, and other lumber, they might be able to double this quantum; and it is unnecessary to remark what a power of progress over even one hundred miles is in an enterprise of this kind, and in the midst of the usual obstacles which are opposed to its advance.

Having described the equipment of the ships and the happy prospect it holds out, we have farther to state that the complement of each is —the Erebus, Captain Sir John Franklin, *sixty-eight;* and the Terror, Captain Crozier, sixty-seven, including engineers. Of these officers it would be folly to say a word in the way of panegyric. They are both tried in both hemispheres, and laudation and honours have followed their exertions wherever they have been. They are fit leaders for such an enterprise—of the noble class of the most quiet, cool, determined, frank, gallant, experienced, considerate, and undaunted officers of the British navy—let the world match such characters if it can! With Sir John Franklin the commander, in the Erebus, are:

Commander Fitzgerald.

Lieutenants Gore,* Le Vicount, and Fairholm.

Surgeon Stanley, and Assistant-Surgeon Goodsir.†

Purser Osmer.

* By descent a true companion; for his grandfather was with Cook, and his father distinguished in similar services.

† The readers of the *Gazette* must be familiar with the name of this gentleman as one of our best naturalists. *See almost every report of the British Association.*

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Three mates, Devereux and two others; a Second Master, and Ice-master Reid.*

Under Capt. Crozier, in the Terror, are:—

Lieutenants Little, Hodson, and Irving.

Mates Hornby, Thomas.

Surgeon Peddie,† and Assistant-Surgeon Macdonald.

Second Master M'Bean, and Ice-master Blankey.‡

It is curious to remark that none of the officers of the Antarctic Expedition accompany this. The lieutenants, being promoted, were not eligible for the service; and of their juniors, we were informed, nearly every one was scattered over the Continent, or engaged or travelling far from home. We know, when they did return, how desirous they were for another "trip."

Among the things we saw on our visit, the marvellously clever and conjuror-like mode of packing a thousand necessary articles in the smallest conceivable compass, we were amused with the cooking-apparatus. The contrivance for turning the snow into a constant supply of water is almost worthy of the inventor of the steam-engine; but the tubes or pipes for heating the lower decks—and, indeed, all the conveniences for sleeping, eating, and clothing—are cheering to behold. There is a snugness about the whole which seems to bid defiance to the darkness of the longest night and the fierceness of the worst of weather. For the observations of science, like pains have been taken: and we feel assured not only that every meteorological phenomenon will be accurately ascertained, but that even if a Red Lion should cross the paths of our naturalists, we shall have a good account of it.

* The ice-master has a very important trust. He is the Pilot for all the difficulties and dangers of that navigation.

† Mr. Peddie is well known to the scientific world for his collection of Falkland Island Ornithology, and other interesting contributions.

‡ Mentioned to us as an exceedingly skilful hand; no matter what threatened. Nor in speaking of the officers would we forget the men. Nothing of human patience and calm encounter of the most appalling horrors, making life not worth a pin's fee, could excel their conduct in the Antarctic expedition.

§ On Wednesday the estimable president gave his last *soirée* for the season, which closed the series with brilliancy and interest.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

April 28th.—Mr. R. I. Murchison, president, in the chair.§—Six ordinary and one foreign corresponding member were elected. The paper read was a notice of Peel's river, an affluent of Mackenzie's river, in North America, by Mr. A. Isbister, of the Hudson's Bay Company's Service. This gentleman was commissioned to establish a trade with the Indians on Peel's river, so named by Sir John Franklin; and which had been examined by Mr. Bell, also of the Hudson's Bay Company's Service, in 1839. On the 25th of May, 1840, Mr. Isbister left Fort Simpson with the intention of joining Mr. Bell at Fort Good Hope, on the Mackenzie, where he found every thing in readiness on his arrival. The party consisted of twelve men, including Mr. Bell and Mr. Isbister, and four Indians, with their families; the remainder being Orkney and Canadian labourers. Mr. Isbister was in possession of a few good instruments, which greatly assisted him in his exploration. They had abundance of goods for barter, provisions, and building-materials. Leaving Fort Good Hope on the 3d of June, in two boats, they reached the mouth of Peel's river on the 6th, where they met a party of friendly Indians, and immediately began the ascent of the stream. On the second day they passed the Rat river, coming in from the west, and at ten miles higher up met another party of friendly Indians. This was the spot fixed upon for constructing a fort, which labour was immediately commenced, and considerably advanced by the 20th of August, when Mr. Isbister had to return to Fort Good Hope with the furs he had by this time procured, and bring back provisions for the winter. In this trip, the traveller tested the accuracy of his instruments, and was quite satisfied with them. After his return from Good Hope, Mr. Isbister was constantly on snow-shoes, visiting different stations along the river, and seeking for lakes, for the sake of the fish. From one of these lakes the traveller made various trips to different parts of the river; and connecting these points, by means of the dead-reckoning which Mr. Bell had kept during his ascent and descent of the river the year before, and with the aid of two very good compasses, he has been enabled to lay down the course of the river with great precision. It has its rise at about 64° N. and 130° E., and flows along the precipitous eastern foot of a range of the Rocky Mountains, till joined by a bifurcation of the Rat river from the left, where the united streams empty themselves into the Mackenzie. In ascending the river, its banks are at first low and alluvial, the *Alnus glutinosa*, and *Hippuris vulgaris*, being the principal, if not the entire, vegetation. At thirty miles from the mouth of the river, its character is entirely changed; the banks, though still low and alluvial, are clothed with a dense vegetation of pines, poplars, and thick underwood of different kinds of willows. The aspect was that of luxuriance, and the trees bore evident marks of the recent floods. The first rapid on the river is formed about thirty miles above the newly-constructed fort: it is caused by a contraction of the river's bed, which here begins to flow over a hard pebbly bottom. At this place the natives had constructed a weir for catching fish; it was ingenious, but the description was too long for insertion here. This spot is also the rendezvous of the infirm members of the tribe, and such of their women and families as do not accompany their husbands on their hunting excursions. After passing the first rapid, the current, hemmed in by mountains, becomes very rapid, and the ascent by towing very tedious and fatiguing. The stream now flowed through romantic defiles, so steep and lofty as to hide the midday sun from the view of the travellers. After a while it became impossible to proceed further with the boat, and recourse was had to a light Indian canoe, which in time was also abandoned. Simpson's and M'Pherson's rivers, coming in from the right, were next passed. The party suffered much from wading in water whose temperature was scarcely above the freezing point. Finally, the head of Peel's river was reached, which ramified into a number of small streamlets, seldom exceeding fifteen or twenty yards in breadth. The bifurcation of Rat river has been mentioned; it is a curious geographical feature. While the main stream flows on northward to the sea, a branch strikes off to the right, through the mountains, and joins the Peel. This branch has a very tortuous course and slow current, and carries the water of the Rat river into the Peel, or that of the Peel river into the Rat, according as the one or other of these rivers happens to be highest. The paper concluded with a description of the natural history and geology of the region.

MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.

April 23d.—Mr. J. Birkett in the chair. A paper, by Mr. J. S. Bowerbank, entitled, "Description of a new genus of calcareous sponge," was read. The subject of this paper was found attached to the stem of a new species of corallina received by the author from Mr. George Dunsterville, surgeon, of Port Elizabeth, Algoa Bay, after whom it has been named. It was found on the beach at Cape Receif, about ten miles from the town. Its description is as follows:—*Dunstervillia.* Generic character: sponge calcareous; outer surface arranged in polygonal plates, or compartments; body composed of simple straight angulated canals, radiating from the central axis of the sponge. *D. elegans;* sponge sessile, sacculate, compressed ventral; orifice single, terminal, surrounded by a single or a double fringe of erect simple asbestiform spicula; external oscula indistinct; spicula of the body simple, double-pointed, triradiate. Although closely approximating to the genus *Grantia* of Dr. Fleming, its structure is so peculiar as to justify the author (in his opinion) in making it the type of a new family; and the more so as, although he is acquainted with no recent analogue, yet there is a fossil to which it appears to be very closely allied. The fossil alluded to is the *Sphæronites tessalatus*, the outer surface of which presents a tessalated structure closely resembling this sponge. It must, however, be remarked, that there exists much doubt as to the real nature of this fossil; but, as the external appearance of the plates or compartments in it is precisely like that of the recent sponge, and as certain peculiarities of the internal structure are apparently to be met with in both, and also, as the microscopical examination of the outer and inner surfaces of the fossil present appearances which strongly favour the idea of its spongeous origin, Mr. Bowerbank does not hesitate in referring both to one and the same genus.

A second paper by Mr. Bowerbank, "On a new genus of fresh-water sponge," was also read. This singular and highly-interesting sponge was found at Tenby, South Wales, by a poor man who collects fresh-water shells to sell to the visitors. It occurs in a large muddy ditch in the vicinity of Tenby, which, although very near the sea, has no communication with it. To this sponge Mr. Bowerbank gives the name of *Somatispongia;* and its generic and specific descriptions are:—sponge, with a central, round, or oval coriaceous body, surrounded by three winged keratose fibres, which spring from its surface. *S. pulchella:*—sponge free; body covered with reticulations, the areas of which are depressed, furnished with two mammæ opposed to each other either in the long or short axis, in the latter case with a deep sinus intervening; fibre flexible; reticulations polygonal, without interstitial fleshy matter or spicula. This beautiful little sponge is more or less of an oval form; it rarely exceeds half an inch in length from one extremity of the fibre to the other, and the central body is about four lines in length; the fibres are of a greenish amber colour, the body partaking of the same hue, but much deepened by its greater degree of density. When denuded of its surrounding fibres, the body appears to be divided into numerous nearly equal-sided polygonal areas, which are most frequently five or six-sided. From the angles of these reticulations the fibrous structure springs, preserving the same form of reticulation as that of the parent surface. Its internal structure also presents many interesting peculiarities, which were fully detailed in the paper.

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ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

April 23d.—Admiral Sir C. Malcolm, president, in the chair.—Dr. King read a paper, "On the human mouth," by Mr. Nasmyth. "Was mankind originally of a low or of an elevated degree of development?" inquires Mr. Nasmyth. He answers: The development compatible with the due fulfilment of the exactions required from such a being as man must have been perfect. No feature bears so instructively on the solution of the various difficult problems involved in the study of ethnology, as the form of the mouth and the development of the teeth. In the lower animals, the mouth is peculiarly and beautifully adapted to their exigencies; but in that of man exists a medium type, fitted to every peculiarity of terrestrial existence. No other conformation than that given to him can at once admit of perfect articulation and mastication of his varied food. Moreover, it may be regarded as fulfilling a most essential part in his intellectual life; for it is the organ of intellectual expression—a grand agent in the communion of social life. Deviations in the character of the mouth, Mr. Nasmyth contends, are simply the effects of deviations in the habits of individuals composing races. When these deviations are partial, they are shewn in individuals; when general, they amount to a national or tribe characteristic; and when continued from generation to generation, they become hereditary. The natural action of the lower jaw upon the upper is to push out, avert, or expand the arch of the upper jaw; while, on the other hand, it is impossible, by any habit, to bring in or to contract that arch, so as to produce out of the advanced jaw of the negro the vertical jaw of the Caucasian and other well-developed races. A vertical is said to be the original development of the infant negro; the advanced mouth of the adult negro is therefore not congenital, but factitious. The negro of the southern provinces of the United States, owing to the different circumstances in which he is placed, has not the advanced mouth of his progenitors of Africa after the second or third generations. Mr. Nasmyth then proceeded to shew most ably, that the plasticity of the mouth in infancy was such as to admit of the factitious development pointed out. The ordinary duties required of the mouth in civilised life are a moderate exercise of power for division, tearing, and comminution or grinding; whilst in uncivilised life there exists much more powerful exactions, which have a great controlling influence over the development of the parts. Man in the uncivilised state has but few instruments or tools to assist him in operations of any kind, and his teeth are ready substitutes for those which on all occasions, from infancy to old age, he most unscrupulously resorts to. He attacks the roughest materials of all kinds with his teeth; he uses them to form and to fashion those materials in all sorts of ways; and thus he converts the dental organ into a prehensile one. He also uses his teeth as instruments for punishing his enemies, seizing his prey, and separating the assimilative portions of his food from those which are not, which, with the little assistance he derives from cooking, tend most decidedly to evert both the upper and the under jaw. Mr. Nasmyth explained at length various modifications of the face, arising out of the eversion of the upper jaw, so common in uncivilised life; whilst in the civilised, a perfect organisation of the mouth was pretty generally accompanied by a well-developed brain, a regularity of feature, great energy of character, and corresponding physical power and activity. After the reading of this paper, which was as elaborate as it was important, as affecting materially the existing classifications of mankind, Dr. Wolff addressed the society on the Asiatic tribes of his acquaintance, the Turkomans holding a prominent place.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

April 21st.—Col. Sykes, vice-president, in the chair. The first paper read was "On the means of forming and maintaining troops in health," by assistant-surgeon Edward Balfour, Madras army. The inhabitants of towns are the individuals whose position most closely approximates with that in which troops are placed; and the mortality among the inhabitants of towns, in the prime of life, is nearly one-third greater than among the rural population. In comparing, therefore, the mortality of military with that of civil life, it becomes necessary to take for your standard the average of those towns in which the troops are generally quartered. The deaths among the foot-guards amount to 21·16 per thousand annually, and 16 per thousand may be fairly received as the average of the civil inhabitants of Britain. We thus obtain a standard by which to contrast the loss of life in Britain with that to which our armies are subject when serving in foreign countries. The following is the result of Mr. Balfour's researches:

Country.	Ann. Mort. per 1000.	Country.	Ann. Mort. per 1000.
New South Wales	14·1	Tennasserim Provinces	50
Cape of Good Hope	15·5	Madras Presidency	52
Nova Scotia and New Brunswick	18	Bombay do.	55
Malta	18·7	Ceylon	57·2
Canada, Upper and Lower	20	Bengal Presidency	63
Gibraltar	22·1	Windward and Leeward Command	85
Ionian Islands	28·3	Jamaica	143
Mauritius	30·5	Bahamas	200
Bermudas	32·3	Sierra Leone	483
St. Helena	35		

A paper by Mr. W. A. Graham was then read, "On the adaptation of official railway-returns of railway-traffic to the general purposes of statistical inquiry;" the paper was illustrated by a series of six tables compiled from the returns obtained by the board of trade. The first table gave the per centage proportions of receipts for passengers and goods on 66 railways, the actual receipts for each, and the totals; the second table, the numbers of passengers of each class, the average distances travelled by each, and the rate of fare per mile; the rest, similar results for horses and carriages, live-stock of three kinds, and coals. A point strongly insisted upon was the utility of the numbers in the tables as indexes of variation when carried over a series of years, and the author referred to various peculiarities in the tables. A comparison of two years ending 30th June, 1843, shewed an increase during the latter, in the third-class passengers carried on the London and Birmingham, Great Western, and South Western lines, of 15, 39, and 49, per cent respectively. A point noticed among the indications of the tables of live-stock was the distribution throughout the manufacturing districts of the Irish pigs landed at Liverpool.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, *May 2.*—The Rev. C. Hall, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, was admitted *ad eundem;* and the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—E. Peel, grand compounder; G. Meynell, Brasenose College; Rev. J. Wallas, Rev. J. Merry, Queen's College; Rev. P. C. Kidd, Christ Church College; W. L. Bevan, Magdalen Hall; J. Bateman, Magdalen College; Rev. J. P. Tweed, fellow, Rev. J. F. Kitson, Exeter College; M. J. Routh, scholar of Pembroke College; Rev. E. H. Burnett, Merton College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. J. Evelyn, Balliol College; E. M. Evans, University College, grand compounders; J. Barmby, University College; J. Riddell, Balliol College; C. Spackman, New Inn Hall; R. Hake, T. Hanbury, St. Edmund Hall; S. T. Brandram, Wadham College; W. de Lacy West, H. J. Ball, St. John's College; G. J. Blomfield, Exeter College; J. H. Brookes, J. W. Barton, E. Swetenham, R. S. W. Sitwell, A. Pownall, Brasenose College.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

April 29th.—Dr. J. Lee in the chair.—Various donations were announced, among which were fourteen Babylonian cylinders, and a string of Egyptian antiquities, besides various scarabæi, signets, seals, and masonic emblems, by Mr. Floyd, late of the Euphrates expedition. A plan of Abyssinia by Mr. Johnston; books by Mr. Newby, &c. Dr. Lee communicated inscriptions sent to this country by Mr. Harris, and copied from the tombs of early Christians, now being exposed by the repairs which are making in the walls of Alexandria, and from which Mr. Bonomi also lately presented copies of inscriptions. Dr. Lee gave the following interpretation of three of these inscriptions: "Remember, O Lord, the sleep and the rest of thy handmaid (who has died a happy death, or who has fallen asleep in the faith) Zoe, who fell asleep on the 13th of the month of Choeah." "Remember, O Lord, the sleep and rest of thy servant Anastasius, fallen asleep in the faith. He fell asleep on the 11th (or 14th) of Choeah." "Remember, O God, the sleep and the rest of thy servant Joak the Great, and Asynoritus, and Sophia, and Timothy, and Philadelphus, of the excellent faith (or peace). All ye who read this, pray (or supplicate) for them, that they may pray for us."

Mr. Keate, who had arrived lately from Egypt, gave some additional account of these tombs, and exhibited drawings of several of them, which were highly ornamental. In answer to a question put to Mr. Keate by Dr. Yates, the hon. secretary, that gentleman said that the report of the prostrate needle of Cleopatra, which belongs to Great Britain, being broken in two, is unfounded; but that every day chips and fragments are being broken off this unfortunate monument.

Mr. Wright then read the continuation of his memoir on Early Christianity in Arabia, which portion devoted itself chiefly to the wars and relations of the Abyssinians and Arabs of the southern part of the peninsula; and afterwards to the consideration of the Christian kings of Hira, and the Gassanite dynasty. Remarks illustrative of this interesting portion of Arabian history were made by Messrs. Cullimore, Johnson, Mussabini, and Ainsworth.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISPUTE.

THE following letter from Mr. Parker explains itself. We are most willing to break through our resolution not to be engaged any farther in this (which had become a personal) affair, in order to allow him to have the last word.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Oxford, May 7th, 1845.

SIR,—I must beg to remonstrate against the unfairness of your conduct, in submitting my letters to Mr. Wright previously to publication, only allowing your readers to see them accompanied by his comments, and not allowing them to see the Narrative entire, by which alone they would be enabled to judge fairly between the two parties. Mr. Wright has admitted quite enough to justify the issuing of Mr. Way's circular, which is the only point of any importance; and although I still believe

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every fact stated in the Narrative to be substantially true, yet as it is evident that you are not able to fulfil your professions of impartiality, it is useless to send you any further communication on the subject.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant, J. H. Parker.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Syro Egyptian, 7½ P.M.; Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; Graphic, 8 P.M.; Pharmaceutical, 9 P.M.
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (discussion), 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Asiatic (anniversary meeting), 2 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY,

On the first Monday in the month of May, opened as usual to the public. With many first-rate pictures, and great general merit, we certainly miss some prominent features in this year's display. There are very few works belonging to the highest classes of art, and several of our most popular painters are either very limited contributors or altogether absent. Some have been removed from the scene of competition by death; others find, in laborious occupations, that time occupied which they would otherwise have devoted to their professions; and various causes seem to have contributed to a diminution of those sources of pleasure from which we have been annually accustomed to reap so much enjoyment. But while we regret the *non apparentibus*, we must not be insensible to the excellences which are really before us.

Sir Martin Shee, whose health has caused so much concern to all the admirers of worth and talent, shews, we are happy to say, no falling off in his art. On the contrary, his portraits, 59, 71, 72, 213, and 214, are as good specimens of his ability as the best he has ever painted in his earlier career. The first, Mr. Austin, and the last, Sir W. Inglehy, are firm, solid, and well-coloured works.

In the same line Mr. Pickersgill contributes seven likenesses. In No. 60, Mrs. Crellin, he has been more fortunate than he always is with female subjects. His masculine force is here softened into the finer lineaments of the gentler sex; and without sacrificing truth or vigour, he has produced one of his best lady-portraits. As much may be said of No. 116, Mrs. P. Arkwright; whilst No. 206 is a spirited and admirable resemblance of Professor Owen, the Cuvier of England, which will, we trust, soon pass into the hands of the engraver. 234, Portrait of George Stevenson, is a fit companion for it; and two other ladies and one gentleman fill up the measure of the artist's high deserts in this year's gallery.

Looking round the eastern, and always expected to be the most favoured room, we are struck with the even more than usual predominancy of portrait. Among the chief contributors to which we shall only this week name two other artists. First,

Mr. Frank Grant, whose dashing and fertile pencil has sent in six prominent pictures. Of these, 140, the Marquis of Londonderry, a whole-length, with his horse standing by, is perhaps the most ambitious; and is truly a great performance. But for our entire admiration, commend us to No. 228, Mrs. Singleton, which for beauty of attitude, charm of colour, and execution in every respect, uniting taste, brilliancy, and richness, both in the subject and the background, is one of the most charming portraits we have seen for many a long day. 400, the Earl of Powis, is another easy, natural, and characteristic work; 436, Master Frazer and his pony, a Highland gem; and 286, two sisters, Mrs. Cochrane and Miss Drummond, two small whole-lengths, possessed of every grace of art.

Mr. Watson Gordon is the next on our list. He has introduced to us, in their habits as they live, some of the distinguished personages of the northern Athens. No. 51, the Rev. Dr. Brunton, is a capital likeness, and reminds us of Raeburn's happiest efforts; 78, the Rev. E. Ramsey, is not so praiseworthy; but 413, the portrait of the renowned Thomas de Quincy, the "English Opium-Eater," is in the very first style, replete with character, and marked by all the valued qualities of natural and sober art.

Gallantry forbids our leaving this part of our duty without naming Mrs. W. Carpenter, whose three female portraits in this room, and one, No. 79, of Mr. P. Fraser Tytler, do honour to her acknowledged superiority as a lady-artist.

Etty, distasteful to the Court, is more prolific than he has been for some seasons, and looks as if stimulated to the full display of his genius. No. 12, "Aurora and Zephyr," is a gorgeous thing. The boy, in his proportions, having a little too much of the Rubens rotundity; but the Aurora and Zephyr, the loveliest of forms, and the perfection of flesh-colouring. Then there are the wings, and flowers, and atmosphere, dazzling with all the hues of Turner, employed in a different way, and on appropriate objects. This is a poem. 97, "An Indian alarmed," is a powerful academical study; and by it, No. 98, the head of a boy, in a blue vest, and the richest glow of contrasted tints. 109, "Cupid interceding with his Mother for Psyche," is another masterpiece, and with more of expression than is common to the artist. 185, "A Flower-Girl kneeling," is a voluptuous revel; and, 186, another, in the dark Egyptian and shadowy tone, which contrasts so finely with the rich carnations of his other nude forms. 259, "A Nymph," &c. has a little clumsiness about the limbs, which, in our eye, detracts somewhat from its marvellous beauty in colour, in which all these productions are pre-eminent.

No. 11. "The Governess," R. Redgrave, A., is a sad representative of a class whose condition has of late attracted so much sympathy. The subject appeals to the feelings, but not so strongly as the Sempstress of last year. Habited in black, there is a sweetness, a resignation, in the governess, which is affecting enough; but we cannot say much for the pupils, particularly the two in the background, who, from the absence of chiaro-scuro, are more like pictures than living beings. The one in front has more of character; but the whole is rather feeble.

D. Roberts has but two contributions; but they are exhibitions in themselves. No. 34, "Ruins of the Great Temple of Karnak, in Upper Egypt," under which lie the remains of all that were kings of Thebes. Into this illustrious piece of architecture the artist has introduced a feeling, poetry, and effect, which are among the highest attributes of genius. And yet every figure and feature of the scene are studied with the most perfect accuracy. The sun sets on the Libyan hills, and, on the lower grounds, tinging them with a pervading glow of ruddy light, which is marvellously beautiful; and on the left is a sheet of water, deliciously reflecting the cool against the warm colour, and hemmed in by straight lines, so as also to be as fine a contrast to the rugged and irregular shapes of the mountains. It is a splendid work. No. 405, "Jerusalem from the south-east—the Mount of Olives." A grand view: a panorama of the holy city and its picturesque environs, whose scale seems to be vast and barren. On the artist's powers over such subjects we need offer no word—the civilised world is full of their eulogy.

Nos. 24, 42, 233, 345, and 569, are all landscapes, by F. R. Lee, R.A.; and though displaying varying characteristics of water, wood, rural implements, figures, and other accessaries, every one of them worthy of his reputation; they are truthful transcripts of English nature, and very skilfully treated, whether we have the wild and rugged, or the soft and cultivated, chosen for the bold or gentle touch of the pencil.

In going round the gallery we were ever and anon struck by a picture of surpassing merit. We need hardly look into the catalogue; it was a Stanfield. 65, "The Mole at Ancona." That is not painting; it is limpid water running over the sands. That is the sea, and that building is Trajan's Arch, and that overhanging sky is the sky of Italy. Can any thing be more bright, more clear, more translucent? 205, "Dutch Boats running into Saardam." Here again, the boats are realities, and their navigation perfect. Amsterdam in the distance, a noble and effective background. No. 254, "Action and Capture of a Spanish Frigate." We want terms to express our admiration of this piece. We shall only say that it is one of the best and most picturesque that ever the artist produced. 356, an inland Tyrol scene, shews him master also in that class; and, 490, "Dodrecht," is equally worthy of his fame, not excelled in his own charming province by any painter of ancient or modern times.

No. 141. The only work of Edwin Landseer, a shepherd adoring the figure of a crucifixion, and his flock scattered all around and to the utmost distance. For the artist it is a novel experiment in art, and evinces his great feeling and skill in the choice and management of subject. The distribution of colour and light is at once suitable and most artistic. The grey and blue of the cross and its worshipper give a sombre and sacred tone to the religious act, whilst animated nature smiles upon the animal creation. The sheep are richly embrowned, or diverging into lighter tints, and disposed in every imaginable attitude: some of their gambols on the left, in front of the cross, being, perhaps, rather uncongenial, though perfectly true. The general effect is of a high order.

No. 222. Another single picture, from Milton's *Comus*, by C. L. Eastlake, R.A., is, to our judgment, rather uniform in its forms and tone of colour. The female figures are beautiful; but the children's heads and countenances are too refined, which deprives them of that lifefulness which even in poesy is to be desired. For classic grace, softness, and purity, Mr. Eastlake maintains his right to challenge competition.

THE INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS

Held its fifth monthly meeting on Saturday week, at which Lord Palmerston presided. His lordship expressed very great satisfaction at what he was pleased to call the honour conferred on him, and evidently took a lively interest in the proceedings of the evening. He stated, that after spending the week in important but far less agreeable political discussions, it was delightful to meet with men who cultivated intellectual pursuits, and helped to raise the standard of civilisation and national respectability; that artists were amongst those promoters of a nation's improvement, and the

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records of history would prove that the fine arts always flourished in proportion to the freedom, and kept pace with the intelligence, of a community. It therefore required not only great acquirements in our artists, but also a cultivated taste among the employers of artists, to enable them to promote the arts as they deserve. Whatever a government may do, it is chiefly to a well-informed public that artists must look for extensive and lasting encouragement; and it is of essential importance that the promoters of art be well-informed on the subject; otherwise, instead of doing good, they might produce evil, by promoting that which does not deserve to be fostered. The institute was peculiarly calculated, by extending knowledge and good taste among the public, to be extensively useful; and certainly meetings like that, where artists of every kind and department, and their friends, met to improve each other, must lead to happy results. He congratulated them on the appointment of a royal commission for the decoration of the new parliament houses, presided over by a prince who, as the first individual next the throne, and possessing practical talent in the arts, was especially calculated to exercise judgment in their favour, and to excite a fondness for them in others. He also hoped that a long continuance of peace would enable us to maintain our intercourse of emulous improvement with the Continent.

Mr. Mitchell then read a paper on the "Cultivation and encouragement of the fine arts in France." It contained a detailed and explicit account of the schools both private and under government authority in Paris; it distinguished the mutual-improvement ateliers from those under the care of the most eminent artists, with their various opportunities and advantages and expense; also the opportunities in the government or academy schools, with their various prizes and regulations for competition; besides a statement of the vast facilities afforded to students in the public galleries, and the numerous libraries and museums in that capital of professional talent and influence. The second portion of the paper contained a very full account of the three great engines of public encouragement; that of the king out of the civil list, that of government by the prefectures under parliamentary grants, and that of the municipal councils. The amount expended annually by these three authorities in Paris alone exceeds 100,000*l.* sterling per annum; and it was stated that, however important, however calculated to transmit the name of Louis Philippe with deserved approbation to posterity, the extensive and really national works he has caused to be executed at Versailles and elsewhere, the encouragement given by the town council of Paris is considered most entitled to approbation, from the judgment, impartiality, and good feeling that has prevailed in its commissions. A long statement of the prices paid for principal works was read, from which it appeared the highest sum earned by any artist had been about 1000*l.* a-year for public works, whilst among the leading members of the institute 400*l.* was the usual amount of earnings in that way; and many instances occur of historical compositions, fifteen feet by twelve, being accomplished by men of first eminence for sums varying from 80*l.* sterling to 130*l.* Stone statues have also been done for about the same prices. Mr. Mitchell observed that these sums must appear low, but it should be considered that those works were commissions, and the certainty of remuneration was perhaps more desirable, even at such prices, than the chance of a large picture being left on the painter's hands, perhaps to remain rolled up a lasting encumbrance to the artist. This paper, though of unusual length, was received with marked attention, and elicited the greatest applause.

Mr. Foggo, in proposing that the subject of Mr. Mitchell's paper be referred to the council, in order that it be considered with a view to preparing a plan for the encouragement of the fine arts suited to this free country, observed, that having been educated amidst the institutions described in Mr. Mitchell's paper, he could speak to its correctness and comprehensive acuteness. The vast sums expended on the arts in France, and their importance in society in that country, were indeed in striking contrast to what they had till lately been among us; but the circumstances of the two nations were widely different. We have not, nor did he wish to see in England, that aristocracy of professions which opened wide the doors of the highest circles to artists of even mean abilities, whilst they were closed against more intelligent and better-educated men engaged in mechanical pursuits, such as mathematical-instrument makers, &c. We should never forget what his lordship had said, that talent in the fine arts was always in proportion to the amount of freedom in a community; and if, occasionally, there appeared an exception, we might rest assured that some restriction prevented the general principle of freedom from extending to those arts. We should also remember what Mr. Wyse had told us on a late occasion, that we should first acquire extensive knowledge of all the circumstances in the history of the arts, and then become instructors of mankind. Unless we did so, as his lordship had well observed, the encouragement afforded by ignorance might be injurious, and not beneficial. But he had also declared that such meetings as the present were well calculated to impart knowledge; and the same might be said especially of our conversational meetings every alternate Saturday evening. Having acquired knowledge, we might safely claim that position and respect that properly belonged to an intellectual pursuit; and if we claimed no more than we were duly entitled to, it would surely be granted by an enlightened community. Mr. Templeton seconded the proposition, which was carried unanimously.

The secretary then read a memorial to Sir Robert Peel, prepared by a committee appointed, at the suggestion of a previous meeting, to carry out the object of a paper by Mr. James Foggo, for establishing a public exhibition of engravings at the British Museum or the National Gallery. This memorial set forth the merits of engraving, its capabilities of spreading taste and knowledge by the illustration of science and the wide dissemination of transcripts of the finest works of art; it recapitulated the sudden rise and excellence of our engravers during the last century, and the subsequent decline of the art, as compared with other countries, consequent on a false notion of its merits as an art; it declared that the same fine natural perceptions that are essential to a man of taste, are equally so, with yet more of cultivation, to an engraver, who must feel, in order to transcribe, the sentiment of a beautiful picture, &c. The memorial was warmly received by the meeting, and confirmed unanimously. Lord Palmerston, in putting it from the chair, took the opportunity of complimenting Mr. Mitchell on the industry, intelligence, and good feeling that pervaded his paper; with nice discernment pointed out its best features: in respect to one passage, in reference to the want of patriotism in some of our own corporations, especially the city of London, who, unlike the municipality of Paris in their employment of (not exclusively) native talent, had on a late occasion bestowed their patronage entirely on foreigners, not in competition, but without even inquiring whether Englishmen were competent to the task,—he was afraid such a case might give rise to feelings very unlike the generous spirit which pervaded Mr. Mitchell's paper; for he could well imagine the disappointment of our artists, who, after undergoing all the drudgery of previous study, saw a mistaken preference to foreigners, of very doubtful superiority, deprive them of hope and employment; and he did think, that in all public works the illustration of our national greatness, and the honour of native genius, required a decided preference to be given to our own artists. Not that he would object to an individual occasionally importing a fine foreign picture: that would be an incentive to a generous and active emulation among our artists, of great advantage to them; and he was quite sure that, instead of exciting their jealousy, it would meet with commendation and respect, and he was sure they possess talent equal to any thing that may be required.

Mr. Britton, having been invited to take the chair, proposed a vote of thanks to his lordship for his kind, courteous, and efficient deportment on the occasion. Lord Palmerston returned thanks, assuring the meeting that he was the obliged party: that the company of artists was always interesting, often instructive. That evening was far from an exception, for he had derived much pleasure and information from the paper that had been read, and from the observations it had given rise to; and he hoped to be able, on future occasions, to renew his acquaintance with a society so likely to effect a large amount of good in the way of civilising and improving mankind. He retired amidst every demonstration of respect and satisfaction.

The announcement of the due election of ten new members concluded this very interesting meeting.

Finden's Beauties of the Poets: Moore. Part I. London, Chapman and Hall.

THE beginning of a charming publication. The portfolio redolent of beauty; and every single picture so bewitching that it deserves a frame, and the whole series to adorn a gallery. A portrait of Moore, after Lawrence, is set in a border of exquisite grace; English and appropriate, and without a borrowed touch from the German school. It is of the utmost elegance. Then follow the subjects: "Black and Blue Eyes," W. Frith—the former, according to the song, wounding without caring for the consequences, but the latter better pleased to heal the wounds they have inflicted—is delightfully embodied in two lovely girls, with expression suited to the words. "St. Jerome's Love," H. O'Neil, is a single female form of touching pathos: and "Young Kitty," J. Wright, with her face reflected from a mirror, a pleasing fancy. The last, "Laughing Eyes," another by W. Frith, is perfectly delicious; and the whole are engraved, the first by W. Edwards and the rest by E. Finden, in a style of great excellence. They are quite poetical—transparent, with tender yet effective shadows; and the accessaries, whether we refer to costume or the frame-work around, at the same time finely correct and profusely rich. A neat and interesting letter-press exposition accompanies each picture. The work is one of the fairest

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promise; and in these days of admiration for the really superior productions of art, must be a very popular public favourite.

No. 1. *The Gallery of Exotic Flowers.* By H. N. Humphreys. London, Owen Jones.

EXECUTED by the art of Chromolithography by Mr. Jones, these flower-pictures cannot be described by the pen. The most beautiful plants are selected, four in each number, of which this is the first of ten, and the splendid manner in which they are represented, every colour as brilliant as nature, and the whole encircled in a golden arabesque border, of an exceedingly tasteful form, must be seen to be justly appreciated. The artist, after what he has done in this line, appears to conquer impossibilities by producing novelty after novelty, each surpassing its predecessor. Here the *Narcissus Tazetta* from the Levant, the *Mimulus Maclaiana* from California, the *Marica Cœrulea* from Brazil, and the *Oncidium Papilio* from Trinidad, need no stove to force them, have no garden in which to wither, but are made to bloom for ever in the boudoir, the study, the library, or the drawing-room.

COLOSSEUM.

FITTED up in a new style, this splendid building has been re-opened with a great variety of attractions. There is a museum of sculpture, most of which has been before the public in exhibitions, but are here displayed with great effect. There are classic ruins of great interest; an admirable imitation of a stalactytic cavern; a fine aviary, and beautiful collection of flowers and shrubs; conservatories executed in a style of oriental elegance and luxury; and beyond all, perhaps, stupendous picturesque representations of Swiss scenery. We have not mentioned Parris's unmatched panorama of London, repainted, and wonderful as before. At present we have not leisure for observation. The number and different nature of the sights must please every taste; and it is to be hoped that the enormous expenditure bestowed on the Colosseum (above 40,000*l.* it is said) will be repaid, and the public gratified at the same time.

Talbotypes.—We have recently seen, at M. Claudet's studio, an union of solar drawing and miniature painting, which renders the talbotype not only the most pleasing photographic picture, but a highly-finished work of art. M. Claudet's recent discovery that the visual focus is not the photogenic focus of the camera has greatly aided this. The limbs of the sitter are now always with unerring certainty represented in good drawing, instead of disproportioned, as almost invariably hitherto. But the principal aid to the fine general effect, the chief object of this brief notice, is the pencil of M. Mansion, who finishes the photograph, following nature in her lights and shades, artistically heightening both.

BIOGRAPHY.

THOMAS HOOD

DIED on Saturday morning. A spirit of true philanthropy has departed from its earthly tenement; the light of a curious and peculiar wit has been extinguished; the feeling and pathos of a natural poet have descended into the grave; and left those who knew, admired, and loved these qualities to feel and deplore the loss of him in whom they were so pre-eminently united.

Yet we can hardly say that we lament his death. Poor Hood! his sportive humour, like the rays from a crackling fire in a dilapidated building, had long played among the fractures of a ruined constitution, and flashed upon the world through the flaws and rents of a shattered wreck. Yet infirm as was the fabric, the equal mind was never disturbed to the last. He contemplated the approach of death with a composed philosophy and a resigned soul. It had no terrors for him. A short while ago we sat for hours by his bed-side in general and cheerful conversation, as when in social and healthful intercourse. Then he spoke of the certain and unavoidable event about to take place with perfect unreserve, unruffled calmness; and the lesson and example *how to die* was never given in a more impressive and consolatory manner than by Thomas Hood. His bodily sufferings had made no change in his mental character. He was the same as in his publications—at times lively and jocular, at times serious and affecting; and upon the one great subject of a death-bed hope, he declared himself, as throughout life, opposed to canters and hypocrites,—a class he had always detested and written against; while he set the highest price upon sincere Christianity, whose works of charity and mercy bore witness to the integrity and purity of the faith professed. "Our common friend," he said, "Mrs. E——, I love; for she is a truly *religious*, and not a *pious*, woman." He seemed anxious that his sentiments on the momentous question should not be misrepresented; and that his animosity against the pretended should not be misconstrued into a want of just estimation for the real.

Another subject upon which he dwelt with much earnestness and gratitude, was the grant of a pension of 100*l.* a year to his wife. "There is, after all," he observed, "much of good to counterbalance the bad in this world. I have now a better opinion of it than I once had, when pressed by wrongs and injuries" [of these he spoke, but they are not for public notice]. Two autograph letters from Sir Robert Peel relating to this pension gave him intense gratification, and were indeed most honourable to the heart of the writer, whose warmth in the expression of personal solicitude for himself and his family, and of admiration for his productions (with which Sir Robert seemed to be well acquainted), we firmly believe imparted more delight to the dying man than even the prospect that those so dear to him would not be left destitute. In his answer to the minister's first communication he had alluded to the tendency of his writings ever being on the side of humanity and order, and not of the modern school to separate society into two classes, the rich and poor, and to inflame hatred on one side, and fear on the other. This avowal appeared, from the reply, which acknowledged its truth, to have been very acceptable to the premier, from whom the gift had emanated.

We have thought that these particulars might possess an interest for our readers, and that, at least at the present period, a list and notice of Hood's works, so well and so generally known, would not be expected. As they have issued from the press we have always found a pleasure in pointing out their various merits and beauties, the idiosyncracy of their humorous features, the touching tenderness of their more natural effusions. The smile and the sigh were ever blended together; the laugh at the grotesque idea and whimsical imagination (rarely seeing objects as other people saw them), and the tear which must flow over such pathetic narratives as *Eugene Aram* or the *Old Elm-Coffin*. Without a parallel and original as Hood was in the ludicrous, his more enduring fame will rest on the exquisitely humane and simply compassionate. There was no force or affectation in his efforts to serve his fellow-creatures—they were spontaneous and passionate; and all the art of picturesque and descriptive power bestowed upon them was but appropriate and congenial ornament, neither covering nor concealing the rich stream of benevolence which flowed in the depths below. His most cynical sparklings emanated from a kind heart; they were fireworks which revolved in many a quaint and brilliant device, but burnt or injured none. He could not help the droll conceit and dazzling sally; but the love of kind predominated throughout and over all.

Mr. Hood was the son of the respectable publisher and bookseller of that name, long a partner in the firm of Vernor and Hood, Poultry, which is seen inscribed on many a title-page, some forty and fifty years ago. He has left a widow and two children, a son and a daughter, both inheriting much of his talent; and likely, we trust, to be more prosperous in the world than all his genius could make their parent.

Mr. Hood's funeral is appointed to take place at noon to-day, in Kensal Green Cemetery; and a number of his friends will assemble there to witness the last deposit of his remains in the grave.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

CHARTER-HOUSE INFIRMARY.

THE anniversary dinner at the London Tavern on Saturday last was made unusually interesting by the presentation of the handsome service of plate which had been subscribed for in acknowledgment of the skilful and benevolent services of its founder and unwearied professional director and zealous promoter, Mr. Frederick Salmon. The Lord-mayor presided, and above two hundred gentlemen assembled on the occasion, among whom were Lord Dudley Stuart, Messrs. Masterman and Kemble, M.P.'s, Sir E. Parry, Sir S. Lushington, Drs. Russell and Vivian, D.D., Mr. Pownall, Sir John Pirie, and several other aldermen and city dignitaries, and a number of eminent merchants, bankers, and persons distinguished in other walks of life. If the value of the compliment and the merits of the charity are to be tested by the numbers and respectability of the meeting (and the criterion seems a fair one), a higher tribute could hardly be paid to the deservings of any individual in a good and humane cause. The speeches made, and especially by Mr. Kemble, Mr. Pownall, and Sir Edward Parry, on behalf of the institution, were marked with great feeling and eloquence; and the latter, in proposing the toast of the evening, "Health and prosperity to Mr. Salmon," described his generous course and exertions, through every obstacle to ultimate success, till he had firmly established his cherished object, in the most impressive terms. His address was much applauded, and called forth a grateful acknowledgment from Mr. Salmon. A screen behind the table was then withdrawn, and the rich and beautifully executed service of plate, consisting of an epergne, side-dishes, candelabra, &c., &c., exposed to view. What added to the interest of the scene was the gallery filled with ladies; to which we may add the music by Messrs. Hobbs, C. Taylor, &c., and one of those sumptuous dinners which the proprietors of this tavern are accustomed to provide, with wines to match, and which raise the reputation of such entertainments almost above the *gourmetism* of wealthy private feasts. Nor, amidst these

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matters, were the charity and the poor and suffering who benefit by it, forgotten. The speakers, including Mr. Salmon, warmly pleaded its claims, and some 600*l.* were added to its invaluable funds.

ORTHOPÆDIC HOSPITAL.

We have above given a brief account of a very interesting meeting to extend the sphere of influence of one truly excellent charity; and we would here take the opportunity to recommend another, whose anniversary is appointed for the same place on Friday next. The Orthopædic Hospital has this year had the good fortune to have Prince Albert placed at its head as its Patron; and the friends of the institution have judiciously availed themselves of the favourable occurrence to make a strenuous call upon the public for support. No doubt it will be liberally answered; and, with the blessing of Providence, a remodelled head-quarters be more efficiently established, by means of which much painful distortion and deformity will be relieved and removed. Every separate design of this kind, for the treatment of a distinct class of disease, must be considered as a boon to humanity; for it must lead to an improved practice, be an excellent school, and, above all, a place to which the poor can resort for succour when their infirmities call for sympathy and aid.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ODE.—WELCOME TO SPRING.

[*From "Songs of Spring."*]

Raise, vocal lyre, the song of pleasure,—
Her light, enlivening, airy measure;
For see, o'er all the smiling land,
Spring blithely waves her hawthorn wand,
And pours her bloomy treasure!
Forests ope their leafy arms
To embrace her budding charms;
Grateful flowerets kiss her feet,
Jocund airs enamoured greet
The bright enchantress who all hearts can cheer,
Soft Spring—the sweetest season of the year!

With brow of sunshine, breath of balm,
She dances o'er the hills, and drops
A shower of blossoms on the fruit-tree tops,
A gush of green on mead and woody copse.
The birds sing, 'mid the entrancing calm,
"Hail, thou who dost a likeness bear
To all that's young, and fresh, and fair!
Around thee frolic Hope and Joy,
And he, the roguish archer-boy,
Who shoots in *every* month, but ne'er so well
As from a vernal violet-purpled dell!

What though thine early flowers soon flee?
Others arise with equal sweets imbued;
Nature hath realised in thee
The fabled fount of youth, each year renewed!"
Thus chant they in their artless glee;
And cannot *we* from the wise warblers learn
Repining discontent to spurn?
What though *one* bliss may fade away?
Let's seize another and be gay;
Cull from the thorniest brier its fragrant rose,
Then shall we quaff delight whose *spring* exhaustless flows!

ELEANOR DARBY.

THE DRAMA.

Princess's.—*Infatuation* appears to have been too sombre for great success, notwithstanding the efforts of Miss Cushman, Messrs. J. and H. Wallack, Mr. Murray, and the other performers. The plot is not a pleasant one, the lady being involved in marriage with her father's murderer, and in love with a faithless man who is attached to another. The disastrous termination adds to the heaviness and distress of the drama; and, in spite of the skill and ability of the author, we cannot say that he has made a hit with *Infatuation.*

Murray's Concert, on Saturday last, at the Hanover-Square Rooms, was one of those entertainments which the real lovers of music enjoy—admirable selection with good execution, and a judicious sprinkling of novelty: nothing to fatigue, every thing to please.

VARIETIES.

The British Association.—The mayor read a communication from Mr. W. G. Ashton, to the town council of Cambridge at its last meeting, on behalf of the sub-committee for arranging about public buildings during the visit of the British Association, requesting the use of the Town Hall and Corn Exchange from the 18th to the 25th of June, with the exception of Saturday so far as regarded the Corn Exchange. On the motion of Mr. Ekin, seconded by Mr. Asby, the use of the buildings was granted. Mr. H. Smith spoke of the disgraceful state of the Town Hall and the staircase leading thereto, and a committee consisting of Alderman Favell, and Councillors Asby, Matthew, Rowe, and Smith, was appointed to consider what could be done to improve it before the visit of the association.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

The Pomfret Marbles, at the same place, are now being removed into the University galleries appointed for their reception.

The New Drama.—Covent Garden Theatre has been fitted up for a free-trade bazaar (but that is not altogether new), and the *Merchant of Venice* has been superseded by dealers in every possible sort of wares. The appearance is that of an illuminated Gothic ball, broader across the stage than over the pit, the floor of which has been levelled with the rest. The *ensemble* is gay and imposing.

Relievo Map of Palestine, or the Holy Land (London: Dobbs, Bailey, and Co.).—This is a beautiful and most instructive companion to the Relief Map of Arabia Petræa, which we noticed with complete approbation when given to the world by the same publishers. A greater and more solemn interest attaches, from its nature, to the present work, which is executed in the same distinct and admirable manner. Recent travels have much increased our knowledge of Palestine, and the topography of Jerusalem. The geography of the country, and the accurate observation of its chief localities—the Dead Sea, the Jordan, &c. &c., are all ably represented in this miniature model. The best authorities have been followed, and the performance altogether, with Jerusalem and its environs appropriately introduced, is not only an excellent exposition of its subjects, but really an ornament as handsome as a picture for the library or study.

A. William Von Schlegel.—We regret to hear that this eminent author, at the advanced age of 78, is threatened with immediate danger from aneurism of the heart.

Mr. Kirk, the sculptor, who, some years ago, was well known in the London circle of the fine arts, but had retired from active life for some time, died last week at Dublin.

Thomas Duncan, A.R.A., and the painter of some excellent Highland historical subjects, especially the admired *Entrance of Prince Charles into Edinburgh* (exhibited at the R. A. exhibition, and just published in an engraving), died last week in that city at the premature age of 39. Mr. Duncan has left a widow, and infant family of six children, without having been enabled to make a provision for their support.

Covent Garden Fund.—At the anniversary on Wednesday, the ever-kind and benevolent Duke of Cambridge presided over a humane and social meeting in Freemasons' Hall. Mr. Meadows, the secretary, represented the state of the fund, and the claims upon it, in an appropriate address; and a subscription of 578*l.* was announced. Miss P. Horton, and other *artistes* connected with the stage, delighted the company with their vocal contributions: and the evening passed in a very gratifying manner.

Callcott's Drawings.—A long series of drawings by the late Sir A. Callcott has been on view during the week at Messrs. Christie's, and attracted much attention. Such examples of spirit and industry, of taste in the selection of subjects, and carefulness in the execution of all passages which were to be the pattern for future oils (whilst the rest are as free and sketchy as can be imagined), not only afford a high idea of the artist's talents, but shew how such talents ought to be cultivated in order to produce mastery in the arts.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Falls, Lakes, and Mountains of North Wales, by Louisa S. Costello, with illustrations, square 8vo, 14*s.*—German University Education; or, the Professors and Students of Germany, by Dr. W. C. Perry, post 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*—Seven Lectures on Somnambulism, by Dr. A. Weinholt, translated by J. C. Colquhoun, 12mo, 4*s.*—Hippopathology: Part 2, Vol. III., Glanders and Farcy in the Horse, by William Percivall, 8vo, 8*s.*—The Physiological Anatomy and Physiology of Man, by R. B. Todd, M.D. and W. Bowman, Vol. I., 8vo, 15*s.*—Village Discourses, by the Rev. T. R. Birks, 12mo, 4*s.*—Aquinas Catena Aurea: Vol. IV. Part 2, St. John, 8vo, 7*s.*—The Poets of Yorkshire, 12mo, 5*s.*—A Posy of Stray Wildings, by E. Dodimeade, 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Library of Travel: Vol. II., Egypt and Nubia, by J. A. St. John, 8vo, 9*s.*—Influence, a Tale, by C. Anley, 4th edit., fcp., 6*s.*—Expository Lectures on the Colossians, by Daniel, Bishop of Calcutta, 8vo, 12*s.*—The Conquest of Scinde, by Major-Gen. W. Napier, Part 2, 8vo, 12*s.*—History of the Church of England in the Colonies, by the Rev. J. S. M. Anderson, Vol. I., 8vo, 14*s.*—Rev. I. Williams's Gospel Narrative of the Resurrection Harmonised, fcp., 8*s.*—The Old Testament History, by a Country Clergyman, Parts 1 and 2, square 16mo, 4*s.*—Memoirs of Prince Charles Stuart, the Young Pretender, by C. L. Klose, 2 vols. 8vo, 24*s.*—The Typology of Scripture, by the Rev. P. Fairbairn, 12mo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Peace for the Dying Christian: Extracts selected by H. Drummond, 1st series, 12mo, 5*s.* 6*d.*—A Voice from the Sanctuary on the Missionary Enterprise, 8vo, 8*s.* 6*d.*—Sibyl, by B. Disraeli, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Elements of Morality, including Polity, by W. Whewell, D.D., 2 vols. 8vo, 24*s.*—The Hope of the Apostolic Church: Lent Lectures at St. George's, Bloomsbury, 1845, 12mo, 5*s.*—The Bride, by A. Freeling, 32mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—The Smuggler, a Tale, by G. P. R. James, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—The Sportsman in Canada, by F. Tolfrey, 2 vols. post 8vo, 21*s.*—Bible Reader's Hand-Book, by the Rev. I. Cobbin, royal 32mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—G. W. Kendall's Narrative of an Expedition across the South-Western Prairies, new edit., 2 vols. 12mo, 12*s.*—The Scottish Tourist, 9th edit., edited by W. Rhind, 12mo, 8*s.* 6*d.*—Physiological Essay on the Thymus Gland, by J. Simon, 4to, 21*s.*—Congregational Lectures, 11th series: Dr. G. Payne on Original Sin, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Cox's Companion to the Sea Medicine-Chest, 20th edit., by R. Davis, 18mo, 2*s.*—Practical Facts in Chemistry, new edit., 18mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Family Medicine-Chest Directory, by C. Dinneford, 12mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Views of the Voluntary Principle, by E. Miall, 18mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—The Seeress of Prevorst, from the German of J. Kerner, by Mrs. Crowe, fcp., 6*s.*—The German Delectus, by E. Albrecht and J. C. Moore, 12mo, 5*s.*, or with Lexicon, 6*s.*—Bp. Sumner's Exposition of the 2d of Corinthians, &c., 1 vol. 8vo, or 2 vols. 12mo, 9*s.*—Insect Life, by David Badham, M.D., fcp., 4*s.* 6*d.*—On the Union of the Holy Spirit and the Church, by the Rev. T. W. Jenkyn, D.D., 2d edit., fcp., 6*s.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Sir,—I think it will strike you that in King Henry IV., part 1, act 3, scene 2, (*Lit. Gaz.* of this week, p. 278, 3d col.) *barin* is a misprint for *brain*, in the original "copy," which has thus been nearly the same as in the Dering MS., the subject of Mr. Halliwell's comment, and of your review. The line will certainly need further emendation ere it run metrically; perhaps Shakspeare may have writ "rash-brained wits."—Most obediently yours.

P. S. May not the original expression have been
"rash-brained wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt," &c.?

We have been disappointed in two or three engravings of the Round Towers; but their omission does not affect our review, and we were not inclined to delay its insertion any longer.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

By Desire.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. This Evening (SATURDAY), May 10, will be performed Rossini's opera, entitled "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." Rosina, Madame Grisi; Bertha, Mdlle. Bellini; Il Conte d'Almaviva, Sig. Mario; Bartolo, Sig. Lablache; Basilio, Sig. F. Lablache; and Figaro, Sig. Fornasari.

The Danseuses Viennoises, under the direction of Madame Weiss, will appear in some of their favourite Pas; including L'Allemande, the Mazurka, and the Pas des Moissonneurs.

To conclude with the new ballet divertissement, entitled "Kaya; ou, l'Amour Voyageur." The music composed and arranged by Sig. Pugni, and comprising themes from the Norwegian Melodies. The principal dances composed and arranged by M. Perrot. Those of the Danseuses Viennoises by Madame Josephine Weiss. Kaya, Mdlle. Lucile Grahn; L'Amour, Fraulein Fanny Pragher; Hermann, M. di Mattia; and Knud, M. Perrot.—In the course of the divertissement, the following dances:—La Norweigienne, original pas de caractere, Mdlle. Lucile Grahn; Pas Scenic des Cinq Sens, Mdlle. Lucile Grahn and Fraulein Fanny Pragher; Valse Galop, Pas des Six, Mdlle. Lucile Grahn and M. Perrot, supported by Mdlles. Ferdinand, Cassan, Demelisse, and Moncelet; and the Pas des Moissonneurs, by the Danseuses Viennoises.

Mozart's opera of "Don Giovanni" will be repeated forthwith.

Applications for boxes, stalls, and tickets, to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.—Doors open at seven; and the performance will commence at half-past seven o'clock.

For the Benefit of Mdlle. Lucile Grahn.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. Mdlle. LUCILE GRAHN respectfully informs the Nobility, Subscribers to the Opera, and the Public, that her BENEFIT will take place on THURSDAY NEXT, May 15, when will be performed (first time this season) Rossini's Opera, "La Gazza Ladra." Ninetta, Made. Grisi; Lucia, Made. Bellini; and Pippo, Mdlle. Brambilla; Gianetto, Sig. Mario; Podesta, Sig. Lablache; Isaac, Sig. Dai Fiori; Fabrizi Vingradito, Sig. A. Giubilei; and Fernando Villabelo, Sig. Fornasari.

The Danseuses Viennoises, under the direction of Madame Josephine Weiss, will dance some of their most favourite Pas.

After which, the divertissement of "Un Bal sous Louis XIV.;" in which Mdlle. Lucile Grahn will appear as a cavalier of the court of Louis XIV., and will dance, with Mdlle. Cerito, in costume of the same court, the celebrated Minuet de la Cour and Gavotte; and in the course of the evening will appear in various dances and pas de caractere.

With other Entertainments, in which Made. Anaide Castellan and Sig. Moriani will appear.

In the course of the evening, the celebrated Spanish Dancer, Dona Manuela Perea, known as La Nena, and the Spanish Bolero Dancer, Don Felix Garcia, will appear in some of the National Pas of Spain.

La Cracovienne (pas de caractere), by Mdlle. Lucile Grahn.

The Entertainments will likewise comprise the Pas de Six from the ballet divertissement of "Kaya; ou, L'Amour Voyageur." And likewise include a selection from the ballet of "Eoline," comprising the celebrated Mazourka d'Extase, by Mdlle. Lucile Grahn and M. Perrot; and a selection from the ballet of "Ondine," including the celebrated Pas de l'Ombre, by Mdlle. Cerito.

Applications for boxes, pit-stalls, and tickets to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.

Doors open at seven; the opera to commence at half-past seven.

FENDERS, STOVES, and FIRE-IRONS.—The largest Assortment of STOVES and FENDERS, as well as GENERAL IRONMONGERY in the World, is now on SALE at RIPPON and BURTON's extensive Warehouses, 39 Oxford Street, corner of Newman street (just removed from Wells Street). Bright steel Fenders, to 4 feet, from 30s. each; ditto ditto, with ormolu ornaments, from 60s.; rich bronzed scroll ditto, with steel bar, 10s. 6d.; iron fenders, 3 feet, 4s. 6d.; 4 feet, 6s.; ditto bronzed, and fitted with standards, 3 feet, 9s.; 4 feet, 11s.; wrought iron Kitchen Fenders, 3 feet, 4s. 6d.; 4 feet, 6s.; bright Register-stoves, with bronzed ornaments and two sets of bars, from 5 guineas; ditto ditto, with ormolu ornaments, from 9l. 10s.; black dining-room Register-stoves, 2 feet, 20s.; 3 feet, 30s.; bed-room Register-stoves, 2 feet, 16s.; 3 feet, 24s. The new economical Thermic Stove, with fender and radiating hearthplate, from 8l. 8s.; Fire-irons for chambers, 1s. 6d. per set; handsome ditto, with cut heads, 6s. 6d.; newest pattern, with elegant bronzed heads, 11s. A variety of Fire-irons, with ormolu and richly cut heads, at proportionate prices. Any article in Furnishing Ironmongery 30 per cent under any other house, while the extent and variety of the Stock is without any equal. The money returned for every article not approved of.—Detailed Catalogues, with engravings, sent (per post) free. Established (in Wells Street) 1820.

GREAT RUSSIAN CHRONOMETRICAL EXPEDITION.—E. J. DENT, 82 Strand, and 33 Cockspur Street, has the high and distinguished honour of stating, that his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia has recently condescended to confer on him "the appointment and title of Chronometer-Maker to his Imperial Majesty," as a reward for the unequalled performance of his Chronometers during the Expedition of 1844. In 1843, his Imperial Majesty the Emperor was pleased to reward the performance of Dent's Chronometers with a Gold Medal of the highest Order of Merit.

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TO VISITORS to the CONTINENT.—Messrs. J. and R. M'CRACKEN, Foreign Agents, and Agents to the Royal Academy, No. 7 Old Jewry, beg to remind the Nobility and Gentry that they continue to receive Consignments of Objects of Fine Arts, Baggage, &c. from all parts of the Continent for clearing through the Custom-House, &c.; and that they undertake the Shipment of Effects to all parts of the world.

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The FIFTEENTH MEETING of the BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT of SCIENCE will commence in CAMBRIDGE, on Thursday Morning, the 19th of June 1845.

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His Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT, the President, has been graciously pleased to signify his intention of presiding at the ANNUAL DISTRIBUTION of the SOCIETY'S REWARDS on MONDAY, June 2d, at Twelve o'Clock.

Members whose Subscriptions are not in arrear may obtain their Tickets of admission at the Society's House up to 31st May inclusive, between the hours of Nine and Three.

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'They takes their pot of half-and-half by turns, and if their name is called, the link what they subscribe for to pay, sings out 'here;' and that's the way their guvners is done.' 'I think I should like to be a link, Jim,' said the young one. 'I wish you may get it,' was the response: 'it's the next best thing to a crossing: it's what every one looks to when he enters public life, but he soon finds 'taint to be done without a deal of interest. They keeps it to themselves, and never lets any one in unless he makes himself very troublesome, and gets up a party agin 'em.' 'I wonder what the nobs has for supper,' said the young one, pensively; 'lots of kidneys, I dare say.' 'Oh! no; sweets is the time of day in these here blow-outs: syllabubs like blazes, and snap-dragon as makes the flunkies quite pale.' 'I would thank you, sir, not to tread upon this child,' said a widow. She had three others with her, slumbering around, and this was the youngest, wrapt in her only shawl. 'Madam,' replied the person whom she addressed, in tolerable English, but with a marked accent, 'I have bivouacked in many lands, but never with so young a comrade: I beg you a thousand pardons.' 'Sir, you are very polite. These warm nights are a great blessing, but I am sure I know not what we shall do in the fall of the leaf.' 'Take no thought of the morrow,' said the foreigner, who was a Pole; had served as a boy beneath the suns of the Peninsula under Soult, and fought against Diebitsch on the banks of the icy Vistula: 'it brings many changes.' And arranging the cloak which he had taken that day out of pawn around him, he delivered himself up to sleep with that facility which is not uncommon among soldiers. Here broke out a brawl: two girls began fighting and blaspheming; a man immediately came up, chastised and separated them. 'I am the Lord Mayor of the night,' he said, 'and I will have no row here. 'Tis the like of you that makes the beaks threaten to expel us from our lodgings.' His authority seemed generally recognised, the girls were quiet, but they had disturbed a sleeping man, who roused himself, looked around him, and said with a scared look, 'Where am I? What's all this?' 'Oh! it's nothin',' said the elder of the two lads we first noticed, 'only a couple of unfortinate gals who've prigged a watch from a cove what was lushy, and fell asleep under the trees between this and Kinsington.' 'I wish they had not waked me,' said the man; 'I walked as far as from Stokenchurch, and that's a matter of forty miles; this morning, to see if I could get some work, and went to bed here without any supper. I'm blessed if I worn't dreaming of a roast leg of pork.' 'It has not been a lucky day for me,' rejoined the lad; 'I could not find a single gentleman's horse to hold, so help me, except one what was at the House of Commons, and he kept me there two mortal hours, and said, when he came out, that he would remember me next time. I ain't tasted no wittals to-day, except some cat's-meat and a cold potato what was given me by a cabman; but I have got a quid here, and if you are very low, I'll give you half.' In the mean time, Lord Valentine and the Princess Stephanie of Eurasberg, with some companions worthy of such a pair, were dancing a new mazurka before the admiring assembly at Deloraine House. The ball was in the statue-gallery, illumined on this night in the Russian fashion, which, while it diffused a brilliant light throughout the beautiful chamber, was peculiarly adapted to develop the contour of the marble forms of grace and loveliness that were ranged around. 'Where is Arabella?' inquired Lord Marney of his mother; 'I went to present young Huntingford to her. He can be of great use to me, but he bores me so, I cannot talk to him. I want to present him to Arabella.' 'Arabella is in the blue drawing-room. I saw her just now with Mr. Jermyn and Charles. Count Soudriaffsky is teaching them some Russian tricks.' 'What are Russian tricks to me? she must talk to young Huntingford; every thing depends on his working with me against the Cut-and-Come-again branch-line; they have refused me my compensation, and I am not going to have my estate cut up into ribbons without compensation.' 'My dear Lady Deloraine,' said Lady de Mowbray, 'how beautiful your gallery looks to-night! Certainly there is nothing in London that lights up so well.' 'Its greatest ornaments are its guests. I am charmed to see Lady Joan looking so well.' 'You think so?' 'Indeed.' 'I wish——' and here Lady de Mowbray gave a smiling sigh.

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'What do you think of Mr. Mountchesney?' 'He is universally admired.' 'So every one says, and yet—' 'Well, what do you think of the Dashville, Fitz?' said Mr. Berners to Lord Fitzheron, 'I saw you dancing with her.' 'I can't bear her; she sets up to be natural and is only rude; mistakes insolence for innocence; says every thing which comes first to her lips, and thinks she is gay when she is only giddy.' 'Tis brilliant,' said Lady Joan to Mr. Mountchesney. 'When you are here,' he murmured. 'And yet a ball in a gallery of art is not in my opinion in good taste. The associations which are suggested by sculpture are not festive. Repose is the characteristic of sculpture. Do not you think so?' 'Decidedly,' said Mr. Mountchesney; 'we danced in the gallery at Matfield this Christmas, and I thought all the time that a gallery is not the place for a ball; it is too long and too narrow.' Lady Joan looked at him, and her lip rather curled. 'I wonder if Valentine has sold that bay cob of his,' said Lord Milford to Lord Eugene de Vere. 'I wonder,' said Lord Eugene. 'I wish you would ask him, Eugene,' said Lord Milford; 'you understand, I don't want him to know I want it.' 'Tis such a bore to ask questions,' said Lord Eugene. 'Shall we carry Chichester?' asked Lady Firebrace of Lady St. Julians. 'Oh! do not speak to me ever again of the House of Commons,' she replied in a tone of affected despair; 'what use is winning our way by units? It may take years. Lord Protocol says that 'one is enough.' That Jamaica affair has really ended by greatly strengthening them.' 'I do not despair,' said Lady Firebrace; 'the unequivocal adhesion of the Duke of Fitz-Aquitaine is a great thing. It gives us the northern division at a dissolution.' 'That is to say in five years, my dear Lady Firebrace. The country will be ruined before that.' 'We shall see. Is it a settled thing between Lady Joan and Mr. Mountchesney?' 'Not the slightest foundation. Lady Joan is a most sensible girl, as well as a most charming person and my dear friend. She is not in a hurry to marry, and quite right. If indeed Frederick were a little more steady—but nothing shall ever induce me to consent to his marrying her, unless I thought he was worthy of her.' 'You are such a good mother,' exclaimed Lady Firebrace, 'and such a good friend! I am glad to hear it is not true about Mr. Mountchesney.' 'If you could only help me, my dear Lady Firebrace, to put an end to that affair between Frederick and Lady Wallington. It is so silly, and getting talked about; and in his heart too he really loves Lady Joan; only he is scarcely aware of it himself.' 'We must manage it,' said Lady Firebrace, with a look of encouraging mystery. 'Do, my dear creature; speak to him: he is very much guided by your opinion. Tell him every body is laughing at him, and any other little thing that occurs to you.' 'I will come directly,' said Lady Marney to her husband, 'only let me see this.' 'Well, I will bring Huntingford here. Mind you speak to him a great deal; take his arm, and go down to supper with him if you can. He is a very nice sensible young fellow, and you will like him very much I am sure; a little shy at first, but he only wants bringing out.' A dexterous description of one of the most unlicked and unlickable cubs that ever entered society with forty thousand a year; courted by all, and with just that degree of cunning that made him suspicious of every attention. 'This dreadful Lord Huntingford!' said Lady Marney. 'Jermyn and I will interfere,' said Egremont, 'and help you.' 'No, no,' said Lady Marney, shaking her head; 'I must do it.'"

The dangers of Sibyl, alluded to in this quotation, are imaginary perils in getting out of a hired cab somewhere about the Seven Dials, whither she has gone to warn her father, Gerard, a chartist delegate, conspiring a revolution with his colleagues, and who is the glorified representative of the The Poor Nation,—being besides the noble descendant of an illustrious Saxon race, defrauded of his inheritance by a rascally lawyer and an upstart peer.

With the personalities of *Coningsby*, this is a much duller book; and Tadpole and Taper again, as well as some of the other characters, are tedious. Mr. D., however, "thinks it due to himself to state, that he believes there is not a trait in this work for which he has not the authority of his own observation, or the authentic evidence which has been received by Royal Commissions and Parliamentary Committees. But while he hopes he has alleged nothing which is not true, he has found the absolute necessity of suppressing much that is genuine. For so little do we know of the state of our own country, that the air of improbability that the whole truth would inevitably throw over these pages, might deter many from their perusal." "That" "that" is not very elegant style, and reminds us "that that that that noble lord said is not that that he ought to have said." But slight matters may be left, to afford some notion of the more leading features of *Sibyl*. As Judaism was exalted in his preceding three volumes, so is it here, but through another church and religion. The affairs of Puseyism introduce the subject.

"'The Church [*i.e.* of England] convened to its solemnities, under its splendid and almost celestial roofs, amid the finest monuments of art that human hands have raised, the whole Christian population; for there, in the presence of God, all were brethren. It shared equally among all its prayer, its incense, and its music; its sacred instructions, and the highest enjoyments that the arts could afford.' 'You believe, then, in the efficacy of forms and ceremonies?' 'What you call forms and ceremonies represent the divinest instincts of our nature. Push your aversion to forms and ceremonies to a legitimate conclusion, and you would prefer kneeling in a barn rather than in a cathedral. Your tenets would strike at the very existence of all art, which is essentially spiritual.' 'I am not speaking abstractedly,' said Egremont, 'but rather with reference to the indirect connexion of these forms and ceremonies with another church. The people of this country associate them with an enthralling superstition and a foreign dominion.' 'With Rome,' said Mr. St. Lys; 'yet forms and ceremonies existed before Rome.' 'But practically,' said Egremont, 'has not their revival in our service at the present day a tendency to restore the Romish system in this country?' 'It is difficult to ascertain what may be the practical effect of certain circumstances among the uninformed,' said Mr. St. Lys. 'The Church of Rome is to be respected as the only Hebræo-Christian church extant; all other churches established by the Hebrew apostles have disappeared, but Rome remains; and we must never permit the exaggerated position which it assumed in the middle centuries to make us forget its early and apostolical character, when it was fresh from Palestine, and as it were fragrant from Paradise. The Church of Rome is sustained by apostolical succession; but apostolical succession is not an institution complete in itself; it is a part of a whole; if it be not part of a whole it has no foundation. The apostles succeeded the prophets. Our Master announced himself as the last of the prophets. They in their turn were the heirs of the patriarchs: men who were in direct communication with the Most High. To men not less favoured than the apostles, the revelation of the priestly character was made, and those forms and ceremonies ordained, which the Church of Rome has never relinquished. But Rome did not invent them: upon their practice, the duty of all congregations, we cannot consent to her founding a claim to supremacy. For would you maintain, then, that the Church did not exist in the time of the prophets? Was Moses, then, not a churchman? And Aaron, was he not a high priest? Ay! greater than any pope or prelate, whether he be at Rome or at Lambeth. In all these church-discussions we are apt to forget that the second Testament is avowedly only a supplement. Jehovah-Jesus came to complete the 'law and the prophets.' Christianity is completed Judaism, or it is nothing. Christianity is incomprehensible without Judaism, as Judaism is incomplete without Christianity. What has Rome to do with its completion; what with its commencement? The law was not thundered forth from the Capitolian mount; the divine atonement was not fulfilled upon Mons Sacer. No; the order of our priesthood comes directly from Jehovah; and the forms and ceremonies of his Church are the regulations of his supreme intelligence. Rome, indeed, boasts that the authenticity of the second Testament depends upon the recognition of her infallibility. The authenticity of the second Testament depends upon its congruity with the first. Did Rome preserve that? I recognise in the Church an institution thoroughly, sincerely catholic: adapted to all climes and to all ages. I do not bow to the necessity of a visible head in a defined locality; but were I to seek for such, it would not be at Rome. I cannot discover in its history, however memorable, any testimony of a mission so sublime. When Omnipotence deigned to be incarnate, the Ineffable Word did not select a Roman frame. The prophets were not Romans; the apostles were not Romans; she who was blessed above all women, I never heard she was a Roman maiden. No, I should look to a land more distant than Italy, to a city more sacred even than Rome.'"

All the nobility painted in these pages are base Venetian strugglers for higher rank, for office, or for power and influence; and the revolution of 1830 is thus characterised:—

"The Reform Act has not placed the administration of our affairs in abler hands than conducted them previously to the passing of the measure; for the most efficient members of the present cabinet, with some very few exceptions, and those attended by peculiar circumstances, were ministers before the Reform Act was contemplated. Nor has that memorable statute created a parliament of a higher reputation for public qualities—such as politic ability, and popular eloquence, and national consideration—than was furnished by the old scheme. On the contrary; one house of parliament has been irremediably degraded into the decaying position of a mere court of registry, possessing great privileges on condition that it never exercises them; while the other chamber—that, at the first blush, and to the superficial, exhibits symptoms of almost unnatural vitality, engrossing in its orbit all the business of the country—assumes, on a more studious inspection, somewhat of the character of a select vestry, fulfilling municipal rather than imperial offices, and beleaguered by critical and clamorous millions, who cannot comprehend why a privileged and exclusive senate

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is required to perform functions which immediately concern all, which most personally comprehend, and which many in their civic spheres believe they could accomplish in a manner not less satisfactory, though certainly less ostentatious. But if it have not furnished us with abler administraters or a more illustrious senate, the Reform Act may have exercised on the country at large a beneficial influence. Has it? Has it elevated the tone of the public mind? Has it cultured the popular sensibilities to noble and ennobling ends? Has it proposed to the people of England a higher test of national respect and confidence than the debasing qualification universally prevalent in this country since the fatal introduction of the system of Dutch finance? Who will pretend it? If a spirit of rapacious covetousness, desecrating all the humanities of life, has been the besetting sin of England for the last century and a half, since the passing of the Reform Act the altar of Mammon has blazed with triple worship. To acquire, to accumulate, to plunder each other by virtue of philosophic phrases, to propose an Utopia to consist only of wealth and toil—this has been the breathless business of enfranchised England for the last twelve years, until we are startled from our voracious strife by the wail of intolerable serfage."

Of a dissolution of parliament we read:—

"Now is the time for the men to come forward who have claims; claims for spending their money, which nobody asked them to do, but which of course they only did for the sake of the party. They never wrote for their party, or spoke for their party, or gave their party any other vote than their own; but they urge their claims,—to something; a commissionership of any thing, or a consulship any where; if no place to be had, they are ready to take it out in dignities. They once looked to the privy council, but would now be content with an hereditary honour; if they can have neither, they will take a clerkship in the Treasury for a younger son. Perhaps they may get that in time; at present they go away growling with a gaugership; or having, with desperate dexterity, at length contrived to transform a tidewaiter into a landwaiter. But there is nothing like asking—except refusing."

East India nabobs are treated even more disrespectfully and abusively than peers; and the whole class of baronets, with their pretensions to *noblesse*, are held up to unsparing ridicule.

Mr. D. runs through the grievances and miseries of agricultural labourers, with wages insufficient to sustain nature. He next exhibits the factory workers in as deplorable a condition, victims of the truck-system, and mercenary oppressive task-masters. He then shews that the mining districts are under a still more barbarous tyranny: in short, that the land is overspread with starvation, cruelty, and slow murder, whilst a few revel in unbounded luxuries. The rural country with a lovely landscape is:

"Beautiful illusion! For behind that laughing landscape, penury and disease fed upon the vitals of a miserable population! The contrast between the interior of the town and its external aspect was as striking as it was full of pain. With the exception of the dull high street, which had the usual characteristics of a small agricultural market-town, some sombre mansions, a dingy inn, and a petty bourse, Marney mainly consisted of a variety of narrow and crowded lanes formed by cottages built of rubble, or unhewn stones without cement, and, from age or badness of the material, looking as if they could scarcely hold together. The gaping chinks admitted every blast; the leaning chimneys had lost half their original height; the rotten rafters were evidently misplaced; while in many instances the thatch, yawning in some parts to admit the wind and wet, and in all utterly unfit for its original purpose of giving protection from the weather, looked more like the top of a dunghill than a cottage. Before the doors of these dwellings, and often surrounding them, ran open drains full of animal and vegetable refuse, decomposing into disease, or sometimes in their imperfect course filling foul pits or spreading into stagnant pools, while a concentrated solution of every species of dissolving filth was allowed to soak through and thoroughly impregnate the walls and ground adjoining. These wretched tenements seldom consisted of more than two rooms, in one of which the whole family, however numerous, were obliged to sleep, without distinction of age, or sex, or suffering. With the water streaming down the walls, the light distinguished through the roof, with no hearth even in winter, the virtuous mother, in the sacred pangs of child-birth, gives forth another victim to our thoughtless civilisation, surrounded by three generations, whose inevitable presence is more painful than her sufferings in that hour of travail; while the father of her coming child, in another corner of the sordid chamber, lies stricken by that typhus which his contaminating dwelling has breathed into his veins, and for whose next prey is perhaps destined his new-born child. These swarming walls had neither windows nor doors sufficient to keep out the weather, or admit the sun or supply the means of ventilation; the humid and putrid roof of thatch exhaling malaria like all other decaying vegetable matter. The dwelling-rooms were neither boarded nor paved; and whether it were that some were situate in low and damp places, occasionally flooded by the river, and usually much below the level of the road,—or that the springs, as was often the case, would burst through the mud floor,—the ground was at no time better than so much clay; while sometimes you might see little channels cut from the centre under the doorways to carry off the water, the door itself removed from its hinges: a resting place for infancy in its deluged home. These hovels were in many instances not provided with the commonest conveniences of the rudest police; contiguous to every door might be observed the dung-heap on which every kind of filth was accumulated, for the purpose of being disposed of for manure; so that, when the poor man opened his narrow habitation, in the hope of refreshing it with the breeze of summer, he was met with a mixture of gases from reeking dunghills. * * *

"To that home—over which malaria hovered, and round whose shivering hearth were clustered other guests besides the exhausted family of toil, fever in every form, pale consumption, exhausting synochus, and trembling ague—returned, after cultivating the broad fields of merry England, the bold British peasant; returned to encounter the worst of diseases, with a frame the least qualified to oppose them —a frame that, subdued by toil, was never sustained by animal food; drenched by the tempest, could not change its dripping rags; and was indebted for its scanty fuel to the windfalls of the woods. The eyes of this unhappy race might have been raised to the solitary spire that sprang up in the midst of them, the bearer of present consolation, the harbinger of future equality; but Holy Church at Marney had forgotten her sacred mission."

The manufacturers are just as bad. A hero of Manchester, *soubriquetted* for his virtues Devilsdust, is thus depicted:

"This was the familiar appellation of a young gentleman, who really had no other, baptismal or patrimonial. About a fortnight after his mother had introduced him into the world, she returned to her factory and put her infant out to nurse; that is to say, paid threepence a week to an old woman who takes charge of these new-born babes for the day, and gives them back at night to their mothers as they hurriedly return from the scene of their labour to the dungeon or the den which is still by courtesy called 'home.' The expense is not great: laudanum and treacle, administered in the shape of some popular elixir, affords these innocents a brief taste of the sweets of existence, and keeping them quiet, prepares them for the silence of their impending grave. Infanticide is practised as extensively and as legally in England as it is on the banks of the Ganges; a circumstance which apparently has not yet engaged the attention of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. But the vital principle is an impulse from an immortal artist, and sometimes baffles, even in its tenderest phasis, the machinations of society for its extinction. There are infants that will defy even starvation and poison, unnatural mothers and demon nurses. Such was the nameless one of whom we speak. We cannot say he thrived; but he would not die. So at two years of age, his mother being lost sight of, and the weekly payment having ceased, he was sent out in the street to 'play,' in order to be run over. Even this expedient failed. The youngest and the feeblest of the band of victims, Juggernaut spared him to Moloch. All his companions were disposed of. Three months' 'play' in the streets got rid of this tender company,—shoeless, half-naked, and uncombed,—whose age varied from two to five years. Some were crushed, some were lost, some caught cold and fevers, crept back to their garret or their cellars, were dosed with Godfrey's cordial, and died in peace. The nameless one would not disappear. He always got out of the way of the carts and horses, and never lost his own. They gave him no food; he foraged for himself, and shared with the dogs the garbage of the streets. But still he lived; stunted and pale, he defied even the fatal fever, which was the only habitant of his cellar that never quitted it. And slumbering at night on a bed of mouldering straw, his only protection against the plashy surface of his den, with a dungheap at his head and a cesspool at his feet, he still clung to the only roof which shielded him from the tempest. At length, when the nameless one had completed his fifth year, the pest which never quitted the nest of cellars of which he was a citizen, raged in the quarter with such intensity, that the extinction of its swarming population was menaced. The haunt of this child was peculiarly visited. All the children gradually sickened except himself; and one night when he returned home, he found the old woman herself dead, and surrounded only by corpses. The child before this had slept on the same bed of straw with a corpse, but then there were also breathing beings for his companions. A night passed only with corpses seemed to him in itself a kind of death. He stole out of the cellar, quitted the quarter of pestilence, and after much wandering laid down near the door of a factory. Fortune had guided him. Soon after break of day, he was woke by the sound of the factory-bell, and found assembled a crowd of

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men, women, and children. The door opened, they entered, the child accompanied them. The roll was called; his unauthorised appearance noticed; he was questioned; his acuteness excited attention. A child was wanted in the Wadding Hole, a place for the manufacture of waste and damaged cotton, the refuse of the mills, which is here worked up into counterpanes and coverlids. The nameless one was preferred to the vacant post, received even a salary—more than that, a name; for as he had none, he was christened on the spot—DEVILS-DUST."

This hero, with another about the same age, 16 or 17, become leaders of mob-meetings at midnight moor-associations. "So young and yet so wise!"

We will not trouble our readers with the mining or metal-working division of this calamitous national Disraeli state of things, nor with the diatribes against game-laws and *battues*. Nor with the tiresome details of House-of-Commons tactics—more lively in Lady Emmeline S. Wortley's comedy—nor with the plots of trades' unions, the five points of the charter, nor the dark conspiracies of traitorous incendiaries. The author appears to be at home about them, whether in a rising for six weeks holyday in Lancashire, and burning ricks and sacking noble residences, or in secret conclaves in Westminster, and cellar-haunts in St. Giles. The accounts may be founded on accurate information; but they are evidently over-coloured, or probably imagined from such occurrences as the Cato-Street conspiracy.

On the whole, the book has much disappointed us, even for the talent and ability we expected; and as for its tendency, we think it of the worst among the worst. There is one comfort; it is not calculated to make such an impression upon the poorer classes as other productions of the same genus; but we are the less obliged to a member of the British senate for this, as it is the attempt and not the will which has confounded him.

The Falls, Lakes, and Mountains of North Wales. By L. Stuart Costello, author of "A Summer among the Bocages," &c. &c. Pp. 321. Longmans.

JUST such a pretty, picturesque, and flowery book, as so inviting, varied, and sweet a subject demands. Miss Costello's pen, accompanied by Mr. M'Kewan's pencil, has traversed Wales, and selected its beauties for congenial description and illustration. Its charming landscapes, its ruins, and its legends, warm the fancy of the writer, and invite the graphic skill of the painter. For a proof of the talent with which the former at least is executed, we quote a portion of the chapter on Dolgelley:

"Dolgelleu, or Dolgelley, the Vale of the Hazel, is the chief town of Merionethshire; and, hearing that fact, the stranger is not a little astonished, on crossing the bridge and driving into the rugged streets of a wretched village, to find that he is arrived at his destination. We looked round us in amazement when we stept forth from the large ugly inn, and found ourselves in this shabbiest of Welsh towns, where we could not conjecture how it was possible that assizes and markets of importance in the principality could be held. Most of the towns in Wales are mean in the extreme; but Dolgelley certainly is the very Priam of British cities for 'sovereign desolation.' It had looked so bright and gay and pleasant a mile off, and the situation is so exquisite, that we began to believe ourselves under the influence of a spell, or just awaking from one, to find our fairy palaces changed into hovels: this had so often happened to us in France, that we were less excusable in having raised our expectations so highly. We were not, however, allowed long to look upon the little stone caves in this hazel bower, for the usual hospitality of the country was again extended to us, and we took up our abode during our stay at the seat of a gentleman in the vicinity. From thence we had many opportunities of visiting the charming spots with which this part of the country abounds. Not that a traveller is ill-accommodated, even in this ill-built and unprepossessing place, where very neat clean lodgings can be had, and where the inn is sufficiently commodious and good; but there is not a street in which a prospect of anything in the slightest degree alluring can be obtained, although the whole country round is a paradise. It is recorded that a native of Dolgelley, on being asked to describe the town, threw a cork and a handful of nutshells on a table, and letting the one represent the church, and the others the plan of the buildings, gave as good an idea as could possibly be conveyed of the style of architecture and form of the streets. The church is not old or picturesque, either within or without; one monument alone of any interest remains hidden in a corner: it is of an early date, and has the effigy of a knight in full armour, bearing the inscription; —"Hic jacet Mauric, filius Ynyr Vychan." The family of Vaughan, or Vychan, were long the lords of this part of Wales, and are still the chief personages, although the death of the well-known Sir Robert Vaughan of Nannau Park, has made a void in the society which can never be replaced. There are no pews in the church, instead of which there are open benches; a custom which allows of a great deal of space: decorated coffin-plates are hung in remarkable profusion over the pillars of the church, and convey an idea of the votive offerings to saints in Catholic places of worship; this is a usual practice here; the plates are taken from a coffin when a person is buried, and hung up there: this is, no doubt, a relic of some Catholic superstition, and it has a most singular effect. • • A few rugged stones, in a dirty corner, is all that remains of the Parliament House where Owen Glendwr held meetings with his friends; but though probably many of the houses are built on the site of convents, nothing is left to indicate such an origin, or to redeem the town from ugliness, or render it a fitting abode for animals of a higher species than the huge hogs which, as is usual in Welsh towns, make the streets their favourite resort. • • •

"Owen Glendwr, although he is much vaunted by his countrymen, always appears to me to have been selfish, unfeeling, boastful, and treacherous; to have sacrificed his friends to his interests, and to have sought his own safety at their expense. The popular story connected with this tree is not calculated to raise his character. Nannau was formerly possessed by a Welsh knight named Howell Sele, who, refusing to take part with Owen Glendwr when he rose to assert his rights against Henry the Fourth, incurred the enmity of the aspirant to the sovereignty of Wales. Glendwr, whose residence was not far from this part of the country, and to whom, indeed, much of the valley which extends from Dolgelley to Llangollen, and is called Glendwrdwy, belonged, on one occasion resolved to take

'His pleasure in the woods'

of Howell Sele; and, without seeking permission or caring for opposition, set out accompanied by his friend Madog, and made the glades of Nannau re-echo to the sound of their horns. The unaccustomed blast was heard by Howell, and his anger arose: he armed himself, seized his sword, and hurrying forth, placed himself in a spot where he knew the intruders must pass. It was not long before the proud Owen and his companion came in sight; and there, beneath an oak of gigantic size, and already hollow with age, although green and flourishing, they saw the frowning chieftain, who asked in a loud and severe voice how Glendwr, a rebel to his king, a disturber of the peace of his country, presumed to enter his grounds and hunt without his leave. A fierce answer was of course returned, and the quarrel which both sought was soon too deadly to be decided by any other means than the sword. They fought long and furiously, with none to witness the affray but Madog, who stood by. The advantage was with Glendwr, and Howell Sele was slain. A fearful pause ensued. The master killed in his own woods; his known enemy having been seen on his way to the fatal hunting scene: these facts were too glaring to be concealed—Glendwr's conscience told him he had done amiss, and he dared not stand the brunt of an inquiry. Aided by his friend he took his measures accordingly, and they both rode as swiftly as they could from the scene. All was desolate in the halls of Nannau; the master had disappeared and was no where to be found; the country had been searched far and near, but no trace of him was discovered. An infant heir was shewn by the weeping mother to his dejected followers; and Howell Sele was mourned for several years, and his fate unaccounted for. The great attempt of Owen Glendwr had failed. Hotspur had fallen at the battle of Shrewsbury; while the chief who was his ally had looked on in safety on the other side of the river. Henry the Fourth and his victorious son were crowned with conquest, and the Welsh prince had found an obscure grave. The lady of Nannau still wept her lord; but still, with the tenacity of affection, she trusted that he might yet return; and her vows at the altar of St. Mary were, that she might yet behold him once more. One dark November night, when the wind howled fearfully amongst the pine-woods, which waved gloomily round the deserted mansion, and all the household were preparing for repose, a knight urged his steed up the steep mountain-road that leads from the brawling torrent of the Mawddach to the heights now enveloped in mist, and pausing at the portal, sounded the horn which hung at the castle-gate. He demanded to see the lady of Nannau on pressing business which would brook no delay, and was conducted to her presence. The stranger paused a moment at the threshold, and then said, 'Summon all your household, lady, and let them be witnesses of the words I have to utter. I am Madog, the friend of the unfortunate Prince Owen Glendwr, who slew your husband.' He then went on to relate the circumstances of Howell Sele's death, and bade them search in the hollow of the oak for the body. No time was lost; all hurried to the spot, and there, enclosed in the huge trunk of the tree, was found the skeleton of their master with his armour on, and the sword still grasped in his bony hand. A magnificent tomb was erected for Howell Sele in the abbey of Kymmer, in the vale below, and perpetual masses instituted for the repose of his soul; but from that time the oak of Nannau, which was standing thirty years since, was well known to be haunted with the evil spirits which that bad deed of Glendwr's had attracted."

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Near at hand "is just such a calm, secret, unexpected lake as might be the scene of a fairy tradition related of one of these charming sheets of water in Caermarthenshire, South Wales. I see no reason why the same circumstances should not be attached to this, for it is as much

'A mirror and a bath'

for fairies, as any lake one could find. A young man who was remarkable for his good looks, and who was employed by a farmer, had been sent to a town near his residence to the fair, to purchase some lambs. Having succeeded to his wish, he led the lambs to graze close to Llyn-y-Van-Vach, on the Black Mountains. Whenever he visited his charge, as he sat by the side of the lake, he used to see three lovely female figures hovering about on its borders; he perceived them distinctly, but their movements were as rapid as those of birds or butterflies, and they almost dazzled his eyes by the quickness of their motions as they skimmed along the waters, their little feet just touching the surface, and then darting off to another part of the lake. The young man was so fascinated with their appearance, that he loved to sit whole days in the sun watching them, and at last his desire became extreme to catch and look at them nearer. Accordingly, the next time they appeared, he started up and pursued them round the lake, till he was almost exhausted with his vain efforts; for every time he thought them within his reach, they would flit off to a distance, and he heard a low silver laugh, and caught the taunting words,

'Cras dy fara
Anhawdd dy ddala,'

which signifies, 'For him who eateth baked bread, it is difficult to catch us.' This almost dispirited the young shepherd: but one day, as he was leaning his cheek on his hand, wishing he could hit on some expedient to secure the volatile beauties, he observed some substance like bread floating on the waters. He put forth his crook and drew it to land; it looked like the finest wheaten bread, and it had round it a golden-coloured border, as if it was made of the yellow flour which is sprinkled in the heart of a water-lily: he tasted it, and thought he had never eaten any thing so delicious: he therefore finished it with great avidity and satisfaction. That day the lovely ladies did not appear, and it was with some apprehension of having offended them that he came the next morning to the lake: to his great joy, however, he saw the three beauties again, and commenced his chase after them as usual. This time he was successful, and caught them all three in his arms, as they stood on the points of some flags at the water's edge. 'Now then,' exclaimed he, 'since I have you, beautiful creatures, you shall not go again till one of you promises to be my wife.' 'We are willing,' they replied, smiling; 'choose the one of us you prefer, and then let us go. She shall be your wife, if, when we all three return to-morrow, you can distinguish her from the other two.' This was agreed—he found it somewhat difficult to choose, for each was as perfect in beauty as her sister; but he thought one looked upon him with greater tenderness. This one, he observed, had the clasp of the shining sandal that bound her small foot rather differently arranged from those of the others; and as they were about to depart, he entreated her in a whisper to tell him how he should know her again. 'I will,' said the fair being, 'stand between my sisters, and turn my right foot a little to the right.' The next morning the shepherd was made happy, for the fairies came, and he claimed the one who was to be his bride. She left the lake, and her sisters disappeared. As soon as she stood on the ground, she made a signal with her hand, and from the waters came seven cows, one bull, and two oxen. 'This is my dower,' said she; 'I will be your wife, and live with you, till you strike me three times; but if that ever happens, I must leave you instantly.' They lived in their farm most happily for several years, and the lovely lady brought him three sons—the celebrated Meddygon Myddvai, great physicians and learned men; but while they were yet children, the shepherd was one day preparing to attend a fair in the neighbourhood, and told his wife to go to a field and fetch his horse. She said she would; but, being rather dilatory, he playfully reproached her, saying, 'Dôs, dôs, dôs,' or Go, go, go; and as he did so, he tapped her three times unwittingly with the glove he held in his hand. She fled instantly, and he heard her voice summoning her cattle to follow her. The oxen were then ploughing the field, but they obeyed her call, and carried off the plough with them. The furrow from the field in which they were ploughing extends to the margin of the lake, and may be traced there at the present day. After her departure she met her three sons in a cwm (hollow), and delivered to each of them a bag containing something very mysterious, but the use of which she taught them. This it was that gave them the power of healing all diseases, and which made them afterwards so famous in their day."

Could a tourist have a more pleasant guide in a ramble over Wales? Only the good fortune of meeting the accomplished author!

German University Education; or, the Professors and Students of Germany. By Walter C. Perry, Phil. Dr. of the University of Gottingen. 12mo. Longmans.

This is a very nice 'hand-book' of information relating to the condition and system of the German Universities, and will be of interest at the present moment, when the subject of national education is attracting so large a share of public attention in England, and the state of our own universities is becoming every day more and more an object of consideration. We owe its publication to the well-known zeal in educational and university reform of Mr. James Heywood, at whose expense it has been written and printed, as we gather from the preface. The generality of Englishmen are at present almost totally ignorant of the scholastic establishments of Germany, and, without entering further into the book than to give an extract or two, we cordially recommend this little volume as calculated to make them better known, and as containing information which may be depended upon for its accuracy. Although there are some characteristics of the German university-life which we should hardly wish to see imparted to our educational establishments, still there is much in it to admire and imitate. The following is the "career of a German professor:"—

"Whoever wishes to become a privatim docens must obtain leave of the minister of instruction to announce himself for 'habilitation' (formal admission) into the faculty to which he desires to attach himself. This permission he cannot obtain until three years after he has completed his studies at the university. He must also have taken his degree as doctor. If he is in a condition to answer these requirements, and no objection on political or other grounds be made to him on the part of the curator, he signifies his desire to join a faculty in a Latin epistle to the dean, accompanied by a 'curriculum vitæ,' and a Latin or German treatise on some point connected with the subjects on which he proposes to lecture in the university. The members of the faculty then choose by ballot two commissioners, whose duty it is to subject the testimonials and treatise of the candidate to a rigid examination, and to give a written opinion of his merits. The abovementioned documents, together with the judgment of the commissioners, are then sent round to each member of the faculty; and the admission or exclusion of the candidate is decided at their next meeting by simple majority. Should the result be favourable to his wishes, the dean directs him to prepare, within four weeks, and deliver a lecture on some appropriate subject chosen by the dean; after which the assembled members of the faculty hold a 'colloquium' with him on the points which he has treated of in his lecture. It is then decided by simple majority whether he shall be admitted as privatim docens or not. The privatim docens may be raised by the minister of instruction to the rank of professor extraordinary at any time after his 'habilitation;' but he can make no claim to such advancement until he has lectured in the university for three years. He is then entitled to apply, through his faculty, for promotion. The answer to this application may be a simple negative, as the minister is not bound to take a teacher's length of standing into consideration, but only his abilities and services. The academical teacher having attained the position of a professor extraordinary, has the full opportunity of proving his ability, and displaying the stores of his mind before his university and his country. In his capacity as a teacher, he is placed in all respects on an equal footing with the most distinguished and highly salaried of the professors in ordinary; and his exclusion from the business of the senate, and the laborious and anxious honours of the rectorship and deanship, must be reckoned rather as an advantage at the beginning of his career. His future fate is in his own hands. To secure advancement, he has to distinguish himself not only as an able and learned teacher, but as a zealous and ever-progressing student, of his science. Talent alone may fail before so learned a tribunal; and industry without talent will not suffice; but where the two are united in the same individual, it is scarcely possible even for ministerial influence to keep him from ultimately obtaining the natural fruits of his exertions. The professorial chairs of the whole of Germany, and even those of many other countries, are open to his ambition; and the friendly but ever-active rivalry which exists among the universities of the different states ensures to the man of genius and learning a fitting and honourable sphere of exertion."*

The professor's position in society is thus described:

"The professor of a German university holds perhaps the proudest and most independent position in which a German can be placed. He enjoys a degree of freedom of speech which is allowed to no other subject, be his rank or station what it may; a freedom which increases in exact proportion to his abilities and fame. Hence it has been said, that 'in England men say what they like in newspapers, but that in Germany they say what they like in lectures.' Yet we must not mistake the very peculiar and anomalous position of the German professor, by supposing that his freedom rests on the same foundation as that of the subject of a free

* "In England, as has well been said, 'science, like virtue, is its own reward.'"

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state. He only enjoys a *permitted* liberty; he has, properly speaking, no *rights;* he is an officer of government, and the same hand which placed him in his chair can remove him from it on the slightest and most unfounded pretext. According to the 'Decrees of Carlsbad,' 'every professor who misuses his legitimate influence over the minds of his pupils for the spreading of doctrines inimical to the public peace and order, and calculated to subvert the existing institutions of the state, shall, *notwithstanding any obstacle*, be removed from his post, and be incapable of holding any academical office *in Germany*.' It is unnecessary to add, that in the majority of German states the sovereign and his ministers are the sole, irresponsible judges of what *is* inimical to public peace and order. Whence, then, we may ask, the striking difference between the position of the professor and the other officials of government?—since they are both creatures and dependents of an irresponsible power—and why is the former treated with so much more tenderness and consideration than the latter? The advantages and superiority which the professor enjoys arise principally from two sources—the natural scarcity of great men, and the active rivalry which exists among the universities of the different German states. The professor is not ex-officio a free man, any more than any other officer of government. If he be of a servile disposition, and seeks by pliancy that advancement which he cannot *command* by merit, he has every opportunity of manifesting his mean propensities. But the man of genius is naturally free, and can only work in a state of freedom; the attempt to control him only renders him useless as well as unhappy. And the fact that he is an object of competition to the universities of the different states, whose prosperity often depends on the presence of one distinguished man, secures him that freedom. A great man cannot be 'made *to order*' even for a king; he must be taken on his own terms, and allowed to say many things which may not be very agreeable to royal and ministerial ears. Thus the distinguished men win freedom for their inferior brethren, by stepping giant-like over the boundaries which confine the many. The truth of these remarks has been a thousand times exemplified, and never more strikingly than in the case of Göttingen and the present King of Hanover. The richest jewel in his crown was the 'Georgia Augusta' University. The most distinguished men in Germany were ranked among its professors, who had been invariably treated with the greatest respect and liberality by the English sovereigns of Hanover and their vice-regents. But when King Ernest ascended the throne, he attempted to treat them like spiritless slaves; they protested, and he banished them. What was the consequence? Göttingen, once the pride and boast of Germany—the first of continental universities—is seldom mentioned now without a sigh over its fallen state; but the patriotic 'seven' have been received with welcome and honour in almost every part of Germany; and the wiser governors of Prussia and Wirtemberg adorn their colleges with the genius and learning which Göttingen has lost for ever. Dahlmann, at once the framer and chief defender of the constitution of Hanover, so far from having been crushed, either in his fortunes or his free spirit, by the tyranny of King Ernest, is now lecturing at Bonn with increased popularity and success, and, we need hardly add, with equal freedom."

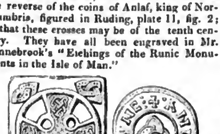
This state of things is illustrated by an interesting and somewhat detailed narrative of the famous struggle between the King of Hanover and the seven professors of Göttingen. The latter portion of the volume contains a mass of statistical information relating to the German Universities, which cannot fail to be duly prized, but which we cannot transfer to our pages. Dr. Perry's book is at once concise and complete.

The Journal of the British Archæological Association. No. I. London, G. Bohn.

FROM the spirit and information displayed in every page of this Journal, and particularly from the value of the recorded transactions of the Central Committee, we can readily recognise the legitimate succession to the earlier publications of the Archæological Association. From the latter division, leaving the other very interesting papers to speak for themselves to the subscribers and the public, we copy two notices of considerable antiquarian curiosity, which we have also the pleasure to illustrate by the woodcuts.

"Mr. Smith stated that the list of reverses of the coins presented only one new variety. It is the coin of Allectus: Obv. IMP . C. ALLECTVS . P. AVG . radiated head to the right. Rev. . ICTORI . GER . *Victoria Germanica.* In the exergue C . in the field S . P. A trophy, on each side of which is a seated captive bound, which, although common to coins of the period, has not before been noticed on those of this usurper. Doubts have been cast upon the historical importance of some of the coins of Carausius and Allectus, on the grounds of their seeming to be imitations of the types of the money of their predecessors; but many are altogether novel and appropriate, and there is every probability that the type now first published may have been struck to record an advantage gained over some of the German or Saxon pirates who at that period began to infest the British coast."

"It has been since remarked that a peculiar trefoil ornament, on the upper part of the cross at Kirk Michael, is identical with that on the reverse of the coins of Anlaf, king of Northumbria, figured in Ruding, plate 11, fig. 2; so that these crosses may be of the tenth century. They have all been engraved in Mr. Kinnebrook's "Etchings of the Runic Monuments in the Isle of Man."



The Refuge of Lies. Pp. 20. London, J. Ollivier.

A BITTER pamphlet against the Romish Church, and written in the strongest language. It calls the declaration that the Bishop of Rome is a successor of St. Peter, "a sordid lie;" and from this the spirit and style of the rest may be surmised. The world gets enlightened, at least so the world says of itself, and the schoolmaster has been abroad now some dozen or twenty years; and yet polemic disputes rage as rancorously as they did in the dark ages—only abating the gallows and the faggot.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

May 2d.—Mr. Napier, "On the practice of electro-metallurgy," described the processes of electro-plating and electro-gilding, conducted in the manufactory. The principal points of practical novelty were the materials employed to obtain models and moulds for the deposition of the metal. Glue and treacle, in the proportion of twelve parts to three, are melted together and poured upon the original, however much undercut. When cold, the flexibility of this compound is such as to enable it to be taken off without the slightest injury, and with a perfect reverse copy of the model. Into or on this is poured a mixture of tallow, wax, and resin, in the proportions of 3, 1, and ·05, which melts at a low temperature with the addition of half an ounce of a solution of phosphorus and sulphuret of carbon. This fac-simile of the original, impregnated with the sulphuret of carbon and phosphorus, readily reduces silver from the nitrate of silver, and on being dipped into a solution of the latter salt, receives upon it a film of the metal. Upon this coating copper is thrown down; the tallow, &c., is melted out, and the copper protected, silver, by the battery-action, is deposited to the required thickness. The copper is then removed by perchloride of iron, and the pure solid silver remains. For covering delicate vegetable structures, the use of the solution of the sulphuret of carbon and phosphorus, and immersion in weak nitrate of silver, is greatly advantageous.—Mr. Napier also stated that he had discovered a method of reducing copper direct from the ores by electricity, and that the operation seemed to subvert the received opinion of equivalent action, 12 and even 16 equivalents of copper being reduced to one of zinc consumed in the battery. Amongst several specimens of practical electro-metallurgy, Mr. Napier exhibited a new material for roofing, covering railroad-carriages, &c.,—leather coated with copper, and therefore water-proof and fire-proof.

May 9th.—Mr. Cooper, "On the manufacture of wire-rope," introduced the subject to the meeting by some illustrations of the *twists* employed in the construction of hempen ropes, previously and subsequently to the improved method of Capt. Huddard. The durability of ropes in general, whether hempen or iron, was stated to depend upon the power of the manufacturer to construct them with little or no twist, as by the twist the seeds of destruction are sown. This is well known with respect to iron-wire, the readiest way of breaking it being to twist it. Mr. Cooper assured his audience that the wire-rope was constructed without any twist being given to either of the wires composing the rope. This he endeavoured to prove, but to us, at least, we must confess that he did not clearly or satisfactorily do so; for having stated, in illustration of the superiority of the wire over the hempen rope, that the loss sustained in the length after construction was only 5 per cent (whereas the loss in the hempen rope was 30 per cent), he only proved that the wire-rope was, by so much, better than the hempen rope, but not the absence of all twist in the wire-rope. The use of wire-rope was introduced to this country in 1840 by a Mr. Smith; it had been used in the mines in Germany for some years,

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but it was of very imperfect construction. Mr. Smith has, by some very ingenious machinery, succeeded in producing it in its now more perfect form. There are, at present, more than forty miles of wire-rope in use in the county of Durham alone. The longest single rope being 3½ miles on the Blackwall railway, in regard to which Mr. Cooper stated, upon the authority of a letter from one of the directors, that although the original cost was greater, the saving in the wear and tear was so considerable that it more than compensated for the greater expense in the original outlay.

IMPERISHABLE WOVEN FABRICS.

The concluding sentence of the first of the above notices reminds us of improvements, to a similar end, in the manufacture of "imperishable cloth," patented by Capt. Cotter, who exhibited to us specimens of the cloth, and politely explained the mode of the preparation of the tissues, the condition of weaving, &c. The captain also obligingly took to pieces, for our instruction, a model of his exceedingly ingenious life-boat, portable and elastic, to be covered with the waterproof cloth. We, for the present, however, pass over the safety-boat with the comment only that nothing seems to have escaped the experience of the inventor, and that his various arrangements appear admirably adapted to the end in view. The patent cloth is made of hemp and wool, the warp of one and the waft of the other, or of similarly mixed materials, flax and cotton, flax and silk, &c.; but the principle of the invention is the saturation of the tissues previously to weaving, and the conditions of weaving. The fibres or threads are saturated with a compound of boiling linseed oil, raw white lead, powdered charcoal, litharge, and common salt, and are then worked in this saturated state at an uniform temperature of from 60 to 80 degrees Fahr.; the fabric is then passed through rollers for the purpose of hardening and flattening the surface of the coarser kinds, and afterwards dried in the open air. Specimens of the latter we examined, and were at once struck with its advantages over the ordinary tarpauling in all its varied uses. Of the properties of this cloth it was stated that it is not liable to injury from heat, rot, or mildew, and is capable of being made air-tight; it is exceedingly durable, resisting effectually the action of snow, sea-water, and every deleterious substance that affects the textures of other cloths or leather. The following are a few of its proposed appliances in the naval and merchant services, in military uses, and in the use of common life:—Covering life-boats, punts, and yachts, and sheathing of ships, coverings for the straps of blocks and eyes of rigging, for mast and rudder coats, water wash-deck buckets, and fire-buckets, aprons for great and small guns, and caps for the muzzles, instead of the common tompion; for hammock-cloths, covering shot-holes and plugs in action, boats stove-in, leaks, &c., in place of lead; for sailors and fishermen's boots and shoes; for ship and harbour buoys, and marking sunken rocks. Saturating sail-cloth and fishing nets, as a substitute for paint, for coating on both the inside and the outside of vessels of all sorts, especially iron steamers, as it never blisters. Pontoons, and soldiers' boots, shoes, gaiters, and knapsacks. For the hose of fire-engines and breweries, diving apparatus, canopies for tumbrils, carts, and waggons, coal-sacks, rick-cloths, verandahs, awnings, trunks, and trunk-covers; for hammer-cloths, horse-covers, girths and traces, farmers' and sportsmen's shoes and leggings, belts in the working of mill and other machinery, &c. &c. This cloth is made of many different degrees of strength and thickness, the strongest cloth prepared for buffers of railway carriages, also for their coverings, especially those of the second and third classes.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

April 30th.—Sir I. L. Goldsmid, Bart., vice-president, in the chair. Mr. D. Davies's improved railway-carriage break, was the first subject brought before the meeting. It consists of a series of levers placed horizontally beneath the carriage, whose fulcra are attached to the framing; a shaft carrying a quick-threaded screw, and working in fixed bearings, furnished with a level wheel, connects it with a vertical shaft or handle; a nut travels on the screw, and is attached by connecting rods to two curved levers working diagonally upon the break-levers. There are two mortices in each of the diagonal or cross levers, through which the break-levers pass, and which are connected by a pin fixed at the extremity of one of each pair; the pin slides in a slit cut in an iron plate fixed at the extremity of the lever which is opposed to it, so that any motion communicated to the one is immediately transferred to the other. Springs fixed under the carriage keep the breaks from the wheels until required to be put into action. —A drain-tile, submitted to the society by Mr. W. Moffat, was next described. The transverse section of this tile is nearly in the form of the letter H: the lower half being left open forms a channel for the water, while the upper half, whose sides are perforated, is filled with broken stone or burnt clay. The length of the tile is 14 inches, and the depth 8½ inches, the water-channel being 3 inches square.—The secretary read a paper by Mrs. T. Allom, "On the introduction of bees to New Zealand." The attention of the author of this paper was first drawn to the subject by hearing from her son of the high price of butter in that colony, for which article she conceived honey would form an excellent substitute. The danger of the bees being neglected on the voyage was urged by many of her friends as a reason why she should abandon her project. The opposition, however, with which she met rendered this lady more determined to endeavour to carry out a plan which appeared to her calculated to be of great service to the settlers. Accordingly she set to work to contrive a method of safely transporting her "tiny colony" to New Zealand. The construction of the hive was described. During the voyage the bees were taken care of by the Rev. Mr. Saxton and his family. After passing the Bay of Biscay, the bees were fed twice a week with two-thirds of honey and one-third of water. The whole arrived safely in the colony, and wax, the first produce of bees in New Zealand, has been presented by Mrs. Allom to the society.—Mr. Rotch, vice-president, described his collateral box-hive, the principal object of which is to secure the apiarian from the attacks of the bee.

May 7th.—Mr. G. Moore, V.P., in the chair. Mr. J. S. Russell described an upright drill, the invention of Mr. J. MacDowall, the novelty and advantage of which consist in the application of the power employed being in the direction of the axis of the drill, instead of at right angles, as in the ordinary drill.—Mr. Boulier described his improved compensation pendulum-spring, whereby he is enabled to regulate the pendulum without altering the adjustment, and *vice versâ.* The pendulum is attached to a rod (of white deal) by means of a pivot passing through two small steel plates let into the rod.—The secretary read a paper, by Mr. Dicksee, on the manufacture of his pressed glass mosaics, applicable alike for pavements, mural decorations, and furniture, several specimens of which were laid on the table. The mosaics may be produced of any colour. They may also be moulded into any required shape, while the glass is in a fused state, by means of a double-action screw-press. In order to prevent the surface of the mosaic being bloated and uneven, it is necessary that the pressure should be continued on a sufficient time, in order that the glass may harden before being removed from the mould.

Dr. Jarvis of Connecticut, U. S., explained to the meeting his "surgical adjuster;" the objects of which are, to reduce dislocations, to adjust all fractures, and preserve the fractured extremities in apposition during the process of reunion. This instrument affords the surgeon the power of twelve men, and is as perfectly at his command in performing any surgical operation for which it is intended, as are the movements of his own limbs; moreover, he can apply any amount of power that may be desirable, either rapidly or slowly, or relax instantly or gradually, as may be desirable; he can also perform his own extension and counter-extension on the limb which he reduces or adjusts, without the aid of an assistant, while at the same time he is enabled to *feel* the amount of power he is applying to the injured limb. The above are a few of the advantages of this humane machine, to the value of which Mr. B. Cooper and others bore testimony.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

May 12th.—Mr. R. I. Murchison, president, in the chair. Extracts were read from a paper by Mr. E. Masters, with remarks on the navigation of the Gulf of Mexico, with notes on Tampico, Tuspan, Vera Cruz, Anton Lizardo, Tabasco, &c., but which being chiefly filled with nautical details, does not admit of abridgment. A notice was then read on Grand Canary Island, from the pen of the eminent geologist, Baron Leopold von Buch, to illustrate a beautiful new map of Grand Canary, compiled by his countryman, Berghaus, from the copious materials furnished by M. von Buch during his former surveys of that island. According to M. von Buch, who was present, "Great Canary Island is of the greatest interest for the theory of volcanos, as few islands exhibit so distinctly the conformity between the shape of the coast and the central crater of elevation. This conformity, it is evident, is wholly opposed to the idea of the island being a fragment of the supposed submerged Atlantis. The whole is clearly an independent mass, raised up as we see it from the bed of the ocean. The central crater is not a crater of eruption, for in its interior there is neither scoria nor rapilli, nor lava currents; it is a crater of elevation of the most decided character, and which has never given rise to any volcanic phenomena, properly so called. The eruptions and lava-currents are found only on the north-east side of the island, and on the isoleta, which is almost wholly formed of the latter. Thus, Great Canary Island should be considered as a dependance of the great volcanic canal, which communicates with the atmosphere by the Peak of Teneriffe, the central volcano of the whole group of the Canaries." In commenting upon and explaining the great value of this and numerous previous communications of the author in establishing the intimate connexion that exists between geography and geology, the president, after a well-merited eulogy on the great services

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rendered by M. L. von Buch to both sciences, congratulated the society on his reappearance in England after an absence of 36 years, and admitted him as one of its most distinguished foreign members, amid the warm greetings of all present.

On the table were laid some very curious specimens of Indian cloth manufactures, lately brought home from Timor, Celebes, &c., by Mr. Windsor Earl, who considered the state of the cloth manufactures in the different islands as a fair sample of the comparative civilisation of the people.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

May 14th.—Mr. Hutton in the chair. An extract was read from a letter by Dr. A. Gesner, concerning the red sandstone of Nova Scotia. A communication was read from Mr. Austin, "On the coal-beds of Lower Normandy." Mr. Austin considered that the small basin of Le Plessis, and others in the district, were rather of the permian than the true carboniferous period. Dr. Mantell then communicated some "Notes of a microscopical examination of the chalk and flint of the south-east of England, with remarks on the animalcules of certain tertiary and modern deposits." In the course of this paper the author offered some remarks: 1. On the organic composition of white chalk, and the infusoria contained in that bed; 2. On the organic structure and minute fossil bodies of chalk-flints, chiefly with reference to the so-called *Xanthidiæ*, which are said not to be referable, as Ehrenberg supposes, to the recent Xanthidium; 3. On the animalcules of the tertiary strata of England, and the occurrence of living species of infusoria in the British seas identical with the miocene deposits of Virginia. The author concluded by suggesting that a much larger proportion of the sedimentary strata than has been generally supposed may have had an organic origin. A paper was read by Mr. Bowerbank, "On some specimens of pterodactyl recently found in the lower chalk of Kent."

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

May 5th. — The Rev. F. W. Hope, president, in the chair. A collection of insects from Naples, and a framed portrait of Linnæus, were presented by the president, who also exhibited a large ant-lion from the plains of Marathon. Captain Parry exhibited some new and curious exotic insects from New Holland and Brazil. Mr. S. Stevens described a new plan of setting the wings of moths for the cabinet: and Mr. Lamb presented a large and singular locust from New Zealand. There were read:—"An account of some experiments made upon insects with reference to their want of pain," by Mr. Boreham; and "Observations on the genus *Holoparamecus*, Curtis (*Calyptobium*, Villa)," by Mr. J. O. Westwood.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, *May* 10.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law.—T. Spinks, St. John's College.

Masters of Arts.—W. Milton, Exeter College; O. Crewe, Merton College; F. W. Garnett, Balliol College.

Bachelors of Arts.—C. W. C. Bentinck, J. Willington, New Inn Hall; J. Milner, J. Tombs, H. Jacobs, Michel exhibitioner, W. E. Batty, A. Taylor, J. C. Lowe, E. Green, scholar, G. W. Dixon, Queen's College; G. R. H. Somerset, T. Kekewich, H. M. Austen, D. Robertson, Christ Church College; E. A. Freeman, scholar of Trinity College; C. G. Merewether, W. W. How, E. P. Eddrup, Wadham College; T. Naish, Lincoln College; G. Smith, demy of Magdalene College; H. Pakenham, W. S. Hoole, Brasenose College; T. C. Layton, F. G. Ede, Pembroke College; J. M. Eld, fellow, C. Hartley, St. John's College; J. Henley, J. R. Major, A. H. Estcourt, Exeter College; F. C. Walsh, W. Haydon, G. W. Winter, University College; Hon. S. W. Lawley, M. F. F. Osborn, H. D. Des Voeux, Balliol College; G. R. Mackarness, E. S. James, postmasters of Merton College; J. B. Hayley, A. Hinckley, Worcester College.

CAMBRIDGE, *May* 9.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor of Divinity.—J. R. Hutchinson, St. John's College.

Masters of Arts.—The Hon. G. Denman, H. Mansfield, W. W. Newbould, Trinity College; W. B. Brett, E. W. Montagu, Caius College; J. Fenwick, R. Surtees, Corpus Christi College; T. Bennett, Queen's College; J. M. Ridley, Jesus College.

Bachelor of Laws.—J. Blencowe, Christ's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—C. B. Ewart, Trinity College; M. Manley, H. T. Veness, Queen's College; J. B. Vale, Emmanuel College.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

MR. HALLAM, president, in the chair. On Thursday week Mr. Hamilton, V. P., read several letters from Mr. Moore, English consul at Beyrout, describing some very interesting Syrian antiquities recently discovered near Sidon, and now fortunately on their way to the British Museum. The first object particularised is a fine marble sarcophagus, on which is represented a combat with the Amazons, in very bold relief,—so bold that many of the figures are almost statues. It is remarked of this ancient production, that the right breasts of the Amazons are fully developed, and the left breasts depressed; contrary to the received tradition that they burnt or cut off the former. The weapons of the war are javelins and battle-axes; and the male combatants are partly naked and partly garbed. Centaurs and a date-tree are in the field, and also many animals, such as wolves, boars, &c. Mr. Moore states, that this sarcophagus belongs to the best period of Grecian art; that the heads are evidently portraits, with broader nostrils of Scythian character; and he mentions two figures in attitudes which seem to resemble the funereal allegory on the Portland vase. The Amazons wear caps like the Phrygian—are cruelly vanquished, and lying about in every position of killed and wounded. In the background are Nubian slaves holding horses.

Mr. M. thinks it probable that the battle is that in which the Athenians pursued and routed the Amazons; but is quite at a loss how to account for the transport of a work, which must have been wrought at an enormous expense, from Greece to Syria, or who could have been its owner. That it was brought from Greece is evident, from its being of Parian marble, and there being none of the kind in the country. The sarcophagus was surrounded by a strong brick wall; and there were three common tombs near it. It is, both from its execution and locality, a very remarkable antiquity.

A Phœnician seal, bought at Tyre, appeared, from the description of it, to be another very curious relic. It is of agate, and bears the legend—"*Baalzitheno viro divino, viro (dedito) Melcartho Byretensi.*"

A lynx couchant in black granite, and another white-marble sarcophagus, found at Beyrout, finished the list of these rare and novel acquisitions.

Mr. Hamilton then read the following paper on the ancient remains in Asia Minor, communicated by Mr. Jerdan:—

Travels in Asia Minor. By M. Philip Le Bas.

M. Philip Le Bas, a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, was sent by M. Villemain, the minister of public instruction, on a scientific mission into Greece; but political events caused him to direct his researches to the western provinces of Lesser Asia; and aware how much had been lost, by the system hitherto too generally pursued by travellers, of hastening over large tracts of country, only stopping at the more celebrated sites, he wisely confined his explorations to a limited space, including more particularly Abrettena in Mysia; Phrygia Epictetos in Phrygia; and Meonia, the Katacecaumene, and the valley of Sardis in Phrygia.

The first report of the results of these researches having appeared in No. I. of the *Revue de Philologie, de Littérature et d'Histoire Anciennes*, I have thought it might be acceptable to present to the R.S.L. a brief notice of their character and scope. M. Le Bas passed by the steamboat from Constantinople to Güm-lik, whence he proceeded at once to Brusa. At this celebrated city he was fortunate enough to obtain nineteen inscriptions, of which he says only two were known, and these had not been correctly transcribed. This he says on the authority of Boeckh, who has published five inscriptions derived from the same place by previous travellers; and Mr. W. J. Hamilton's *Researches*, which have been published since, do not contain any copies of inscriptions from this place.

The first inscription described as known and published by Boeckh, after Turner, as No. 3716, is thus given by M. Le Bas:

ΟΔΗΜΟΣ
ΔΙΟΝΤΣΙΟΝΒΑΣΙΛΙΔΟΤ
ΚΑΙΤΙΤΘΑΝΑΡΧΕΛΑΟΤ
ΚΑΙΘΕΟΓΕΝΗΝΔΙΟΝΤΣΙΟΤ

'Ο δῆμος Διονύσιον Βασιλίδου καὶ Τίτθαν 'Αρχελάου καὶ Θεογένην Διονυσίου.

The differences between this reading and that given by Mr. Turner, M. Le Bas attributes to the difficulty of deciphering an inscription which is at a height of about 11 feet, and turned upside-down.

The second inscription is also to be found in the Corpus, as No. 3717, on the authority of Sestini and of Turner. M. Le Bas gives the following as the correct reading:

ΟΔ . . . .
ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΝΤΕΙΜΟΘ . . . . .
ΠΟΝΤΑΚΑΙΠΡΑΞΑΝΤΑΡΙΣΤΑ

'Ο δ[ῆμος] 'Αθήναιον Τειμοθ[έου πάντα εἰ]πόντα καὶ πράξαντα ἄριστα.

M. Le Bas remarks upon both these inscriptions as attesting the democratic character of the constitution at Brusa; for if (he says) that constitution had been modelled upon that of Rome or of the generality of Grecian cities, the decisions which confer honours on certain citizens would have emanated from the senate and then from the people, and instead of Ο ΔΗΜΟΣ we should have ΗΒΟΤΛΗΚΑΙΟΔΗΜΟΣ.

The report does not contain copies of the other seventeen inscriptions. One of them is said to make known the existence of an Antonine tribe in the time of the emperors; the distinguished names of Licinius Pollion, of Veturius, and of Capiton, are met with on others. Another refers to the mysteries of Deus Lunus, and another appears to have covered the tomb of several martyrs. One of the inscriptions was found on a milliary column belonging to the time of Gordian, and which is said to occupy its original position, at Tapahjik, a Greek village five miles (M P?) northwest of Brusa. Two out of the seventeen were Latin inscriptions.

Cius.—From Brusa M. Le Bas returned to Güm-lik, which he identifies with Cius ad Mare; but of the twenty inscriptions recorded in the Corpus as belonging to that place, M. Le Bas

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only found three, being Nos. 3741, 3737, and 3738, at Güm-lík. He was, however, happy in finding twenty-seven new ones, of which two contain the name of the Cianiens.

One of these inscriptions attested to the relations existing between Cius and Athens at the time of the supremacy of the latter. From another, M. Le Bas deduces that the custom of having busts or statues sculptured in honour of citizens who had distinguished themselves by a just administration, became an abuse; for it would appear that one magistrate received as many as four statues and three busts, besides a marble medallion. Another inscription notices a magistrate having the title of Bithyniarch. Others of the inscriptions are funerary; but they present (says M. Le Bas) a certain philological interest, inasmuch as they add to the proofs already existing, that the pronunciation of the Greeks during the first three ages of our era was precisely the same as it is in the present day.

Among these twenty-seven new inscriptions there occur three metrical ones, which M. Le Bas declares worthy of being added to the Greek anthology. The following epitaph is given as an example:

ΕΠΩΚΥΜΟΡΩ Ι ΟΠΟΝΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΟΔΟΤΟΥ
ΠΑΤΗΡΝΟΗΤΟΣΧΩΣΕΝΕΥΕΡΚΗΤΑΦΟΝ
ΚΑΙΞΕΣΤΟΝΟΙΚΤΡ . ΥΠΑΙΔΟΣΑΝΩΣΗΜΑΤΙ
ΕΘΗΚΕΒΩΜΟΝΠΕΝΤΑΕΤΟΥΤΕΕΙΚΩΤΕΚΝΟΥ
ΚΕΝΗΝΟΝΗΣΙΝΟΜΜΑΤΩΝΧΑΡΑΞΑΤΟ
ΤΗΝΠΑΣΑΝΕΙΣΓΗΝΕΛΠΙΔΩΝΚΡΥΨΑΣΧΑΡΑΝ
ΜΗΤΗΡΔΕΕΝΟΙΚΟΙΣΑΤΑΛΑΙΝΑΟΔΥΡΕΤΑΙ
ΝΙΚΩΣΑΘΡΗΝΟΙΣΠΕΝΘΙΜΗΝΑΗΔΟΝΑ

Ἐπ' ὠκυμόρῳ [φ]ό[ν]ον Ἀσκληπιοδότου·
Πατὴρ Νόητος χῶσεν εὐέρκη τάφον,
καὶ ξεστὸν οἰκτρ[ο]ῦ παιδὸς ἄνω σήματι
ἔθηκε βωμὸν, πενταέτους τ' εἰκῶ τέκνου,
κενὴν ὄνησιν ὀμμάτων, χαράξατο,
τὴν πᾶσαν εἰς γῆν ἐλπίδων κρύψας χαράν.
Μήτηρ δ' ἐν οἴκοις, ἁ τάλαινα, ὀδύρεται
νικῶσα θρήνοις πενθίμην ἀηδόνα.*

The use of the Dorian dialect in the second word of the title and in the sixth verse of this epitaph is calculated, says M. Le Bas, to excite surprise. The name of Asclepiodotes, which is also met with on other inscriptions at Cius, confirms the fact already revealed by numismatists, of the worship of Esculapius in this city. The name of his father, Νόητος, is not without example, as in Nos. 1241 and 1249 of the Corpus. M. Le Bas makes no mention from these inscriptions of the various etymologies of Cius, which was called Κίον by Zosimus (i. cap. xxxv.), and Cion by Mela and Pliny, and which appears also to have been the Prusias or Prusiensium ad Mare, as distinguished from Prusa ad Olympum (Brusa), and Prusa ad Hypium ('Uskúb). It is to be observed, that Mr. W. J. Hamilton suggested the identity of Cius and of a place now called Siyi or Cii, a Greek village westward of Múdányah.

Múdániyah.—From Güm-lík M. Le Bas repaired to Múdániyah, the site of ancient Myrlea, afterwards the Bithynian Apamea. Of the six inscriptions contained in the Corpus, M. Le Bas only found one, No. 3714. He discovered, however, sixteen new ones, but almost all funerary, and five of them in the Latin language. Mr. W. J. Hamilton does not record any inscriptions from this site, which he visited on two different occasions.

Church of St. Constantine.—On the road from Múdániyah to Múhalitsh, M. Le Bas traversed the Rhyndacus not far from the ruins of a stone bridge of which Anna Comnena makes mention (vol. i. p. 321, ed. Bonn); and upon which M. le Bas says there existed a church dedicated to St. Constantine erected by (Saint) Helena, and which bore the name of both mother and son. It is to be observed, however, that the existence of a church upon a bridge appears to be a very doubtful version. Mr. W. J. Hamilton reads Anna Comnena as saying that the Turks had taken possession of the mouth of the river and of the bridge near a church built by the Empress Helena (*Hist. of Alexius*, lib. vi. c. 12, quoted by him, vol. ii. p. 91). And he identifies the church in question with the ruins called Kíz Khan, or the maiden caravanserai, which is situate not far from the exit of the Rhyndacus out of the lake of Apollonia.

Múhalitsh.—Arrived at Múhalitsh, M. Le Bas says, Does this place occupy the site of an ancient town? and if so, what was the name of this town? Here are two questions which, as far as I know, have not been hitherto examined. Certain it is that Mr. W. J. Hamilton's researches in this quarter did not go further than to establish that Múhalitsh was not, as supposed by Pococke, the site of Apollonia ad Rhyndacum; and this was effecting an important step. M. Le Bas goes further, and identifies Múhalitsh with the site of Ancyra Abasitidis, from a passage in Strabo (p. 429, ed. Coray, xii. p. 395), in which the Amasiyan geographer alludes to the position of that city near the confluence of the Macestus with the Ryndacus. (See also Cellarius, p. 48.)

M. Le Bas, by this identification, not only distinguishes the Ancyra of Abasitidis from the Ancyra of Phrygia, with which it had been confounded by M. Hoffmann in his *Griechenland und die Griecher in Alterthum*, and by M. Pape in his *Wörterbuch der griechischen Eigennamen*, (and also by Cellarius in his *Notitiæ Orbis Antiqui*, p. 146),—but he is further induced to believe that the medals hitherto attributed to the Phrygian Ancyra belong to Ancyra Abasitidis.

M. Le Bas obtained eight inscriptions at this spot. One relates to a vow made to Bacchus, whose name is accompanied by an epithet which he believes to be derived from Ἄττης (the etymology used by Hesychius for the Phrygian Atys). This inscription occurs on a bas-relief which represents a procession of four persons, accompanied by a child and a young slave, leading a lamb to the altar; close by which is a figure larger than nature, in the attitude of a sacrificer.

Another inscription was found beneath a bas-relief which represented to the right a statue of Jupiter, the sceptre in his right hand, the thunder in his left, and the eagle at his feet; to the left is a Hermes, with his back turned, probably that of Μην Deus Lunus; and beneath these figures is a fire-altar, and figure in the act of supplication. Below the whole is the following inscription:

ΤΙΒΕΡΙΟϹΚΛΑΥΔΙΟϹ
ϹΥΝΤΡΟΦΟϹΔΙΙ
ΥΨΙϹΤΩΚΑΤΕΠΙΤΑ
ΓΗΝΕΚΤΩΙΔΙ
ΩΑΝΕΘΗΚΕΝ
ΒΡΟΝΤΑΙΩ

Τιβέριος Κλαύδιος Σύντροφος Διὶ ὑψίστῳ κατ' ἐπιταγὴν ἐκ τῷ ἰδίῳ ἀνέθηκεν Βρονταίῳ.

M. Le Bas remarks, that the image of Μην has been before found by Keppel in Mæonia, associated with that of Jupiter; and the worship of this divinity at Ancyra Abasitidis is attested by medals and by this inscription:

ΜΗΝΟΑΠΡΟΥ
ΜΕΙΔΙΟΥΧΑΙΡΕ

Ulubad.—From Múhalitsh, M. Le Bas directed his steps to Lopadium, at the exit of the Rhyndacus from the lake of Apollonia. He calls the modern site Loupad; Mr. W. J. Hamilton writes it Ulubad, which is more consonant with the genius of the Turkish language. The antiquities of this place having been described by Tournefort, M. Le Bas passes them over briefly, adding that he copied more carefully than had been heretofore done the three inscriptions already described, without finding any new ones. Mr. W. J. Hamilton made a fruitless search after these inscriptions; but that traveller identifies a deep stream which flows past the southern walls of the fortress into the Rhyndacus with the river of Coryceus, on the banks of which the Emperor Alexius encamped after crossing the bridge of Lopadion.

Abullionte.—From Lopadium, M. Le Bas took a boat across the lake to the town of Abullionte, situated on an island, which is connected with the mainland by a wooden bridge of simple and light construction, and carried in a winding direction. M. Le Bas discusses at length the identity of this site with that of Apollonia supra Rhyndacum; but this was scarcely necessary, as it not only resulted from the inscription found there by Sestini (No. 3705 of the Corpus); but it had also been satisfactorily established by Mr. W. J. Hamilton (*Res.* vol. ii. p. 87, *et seq.*).

M. Le Bas recognised in the construction of the walls the three distinct eras of the Greeks, Romans, and Byzantines. He attributes to the latter epoch the square tower which Mr. W. J. Hamilton describes as belonging to the *modern* fortifications, and in which several blocks of marble fragments of the entablature or architrave of an ancient edifice, and containing an inscription, have been regularly inserted. Mr. W. J. Hamilton copied this inscription as follows:

. ΙΣΑΡΤΡΑΙΑΝΟ . ΑΥ . ΣΤΟΣΘΕΟΣ ΣΘΕΟΥΝΕ .
ΤΗΠ ΑΕΙΚΑ

M. le Bas thus distinguishes it:

1. ΙΣΑΡΤΡΑΙ
2. ΑΝΟΣ . ΑΥ
3. ΣΤΟΣΘΕΟΥ
4. ΟΣΘΕΟΥΝΕ
5. ΤΗΠΟΛΕΙΚΑ

And he restores the whole inscription as follows:

[Π.ΑΙΛΙΟΣΚΑ]ΙΣΑΡΤΡΑΙ[ΑΝΟΣΑΔΡΙ]ΑΝΟΣΑΥ[ΤΟΚΡΑΤΩΡΣΕΒΑ]ΣΤΟΣΘΕΟΥ[ΤΡΑΙΑΝΟΥΙ]ΟΣΘΕΟΥΝΕ [ΡΟΥΑΥΙΩΝΟΣΤΗΝΣΤΟΑΝΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΑΤΩΝ]ΤΗΠΟΛΕΙΚΑ[ΤΕΣΚΕΥΑΣΕΝ]

[Π. Αἴλιος Κα]ῖσαρ Τραϊ[ανὸς Ἀδρι]ανὸς, Αὐ[τοκράτωρ, Σεβα]στὸς, θεοῦ [Τραϊανοῦ υἱ]ὸς, θεοῦ Νε[ρούα υἱωνὸς τὴν στοὰν Ἀπολλωνιατῶν] τῇ πόλει κα]τεσκεύασεν].

M. Le Bas deduces from the inscription thus restored, that it belonged to a rectangular portico, erected by the emperor Hadrian, after the fashion of that of Philip at Delos; and he notices in corroboration of this, that he found an inscription in the yard of a Turk's house, referring to a statue which had been raised, by a decision of the people, to a person whose name is effaced, but who is qualified as Cæsar, son of Augustus, and who therefore was most probably Celius Verus.

* Which may be thus translated:
"*On the violent death of Asclepiodotes, too early snatched away.*
"His Father Noetus raised this well-secured tomb, and placed a carved monument over the sepulchre of his lamented boy, with a statue of the five-year old child,—a poor gratification to his (father's) eyes!—he was pierced to the quick, having buried in the earth the whole joy of his hopes. But his Mother—she, the wretched, weeps at home, in her lamentations outdoing the lugubrious nightingale."

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M. Le Bas also notices at Apollonia the site of a theatre, indicated by a few steps and the circular disposition of the soil, and of a stadium. He also discovered in the yard of a Greek's house, Kyriako Papadapoulo by name, a fragment of sculpture which represented a head of Apollo radiated above an *εγχαρτον*. In the same yard he found an altar with the following inscription:

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΠΟΛΥ
ΚΑΡΠΙΑΤΟΙΣ
ΠΑΙΑΓΟΥΣΙ
ΧΑΙΡΕΙΝ

Ἰουλία Πολυκαρπία τοῖς παιάγουσι χαίρειν.

The verb *παιάγω*, he remarks, is wanting in the lexicons. Perhaps, he says, *παιανάγουσι* was intended. However this may be, M. Le Bas deduces from the altar and inscription, that the temple of Apollo occupied the site of the house and garden of Kyriako. He does not notice the other inscriptions obtained by Mr. W. J. Hamilton, the one from the wall of a vineyard among the ruins on the mainland, and the other from the garden of the church.

M. Le Bas notices the ruins on the little island of Kizádá or " of the maiden," and which have been previously described by Mr. Hamilton, as the most remarkable monument at or near Apollonia. His description is like that of the English traveller, of a wall of very ancient masonry, built of large blocks of marble, and topped with a large projecting coping-stone. Both travellers agree in considering it to be a terrace on which stood a temple " of Hellenic," says Mr. W. J. Hamilton, " rather than Roman origin;" but while the latter supposes it to have been dedicated to Apollo, M. Le Bas considers it as the site of a temple to the Sun, from the circumstance that he found the rings, previously noticed by Mr. W. J. Hamilton, and to which the boats or galleys were moored, to be distributed at three different elevations, one of which corresponds, even in the present day, to the lowest level of the lake, and the upper row to the highest level; indicating that the festivals held at this temple were reproduced at different periods of the year, and corresponded probably to the two solstices.

M. Le Bas also found upon the north wall of the ruin the name, as he supposes, of the architect or founder:

ΜΕΙΔΙΟΥΒΟΚΕΔΟΥC

Μειδίου Βοκέδους.

And he is led to deduce from the form of the letters in this inscription, that the monument does not date beyond the first years of the third age of our era; but this deduction is so much opposed to the general character of the monument, and its particular architecture, consisting of large blocks laid perfectly horizontal, with somewhat irregular joints, occasionally pointed and dovetailed together, that it would appear almost doubtful if this may not be an inscription posterior to the foundation of a temple dedicated to a worship which most probably anteceded that of Apollo, and gave to this site its sanctity in after-times.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

On Tuesday, Archdeacon Robinson in the chair, —Dr. Yates, the hon. secretary, read a letter from Major Rawlinson, British Consul at Bagdad, signifying his wish to join the society as a non-resident member and correspondent, and informing the society of his progress towards the interpretation of the cuneiform characters. —Mr. T. Wright then read the concluding portion of his paper on the history of Christianity among the Arabs before the days of Mohammed. This portion treated of the progress of Christianity among the Arabs of Ghassen and Hirah, of the transactions between the Romans and the Southern Arabs and Ethiopians, and of the religious dissensions which led to the final estrangement of the Arabs from the Romans, and paved the way for the establishment of Mohammedanism. The dissensions between the two sects of the Monophysites or Eutychians and the Melchites held a prominent place in this part of the history. The reading of the paper was followed by interesting observations from Archdeacon Robinson, and Messrs. Sharpe, Johnston, Plate, &c. Mr. Johnston described the two religious parties as still existing in Abyssinia, one or the other gaining the upper hand of its opponent, according to the opinions of the monarch who happens to be reigning at the time.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Statistical, 8 P.M.; United Service Institute, 9 P.M.; Chemical, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (soirée), 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Pharmaceutical (anniversary meeting), 11 A.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Microscopical, 8 P.M.; Ethnological, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (lecture), 8 P.M.

Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; R. S. of Literature, 4 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.

Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Philological (anniversary meeting), 7 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (conversazione), 8 P.M.

Saturday.—Royal Botanic, 4 P.M.; Linnæan (anniversary meeting), 1 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 15. " River Scene." J. J. Chalon, R.A.—Is a Vanderneer-looking picture, very softly and sweetly coloured; and 196, another landscape by the same, and both good specimens of his pencil.

Nos. 50 and 77. " Whalers." J. B. W. Turner, R.A.—For whom, see also 117, 162, 396, 422, four Venetian scenes from a MS. entitled " Fallacies of Hope." It is whispered that Mr. Turner does not mean to exhibit any of his productions after this season; a resolution which, if persevered in, will make a great blank on these walls, and prove another of the " Fallacies of Hope," which we presume is a poem by the hand of the painter. To discuss this artist's style again, would be absurd in our pages, which have so often treated of his powers and his peculiarities, his wonderful execution and his extraordinary extravagance. His scale of colour has never, as far as we know, been approached by any other man; and however wild it may be, it must still be felt that it is a development of elements essential in nature, though it is an attempt to represent nature carried far above her usual aspects. We do not think any one but himself could have painted that phantom-ship, which, in compliment to an enormous fish (which might have entombed Jonah in a high-vaulted interior), he has called a " Whaler." It is a vision and unreality; but the handling of the tints, and their harmony, allowing for the exalted pitch of their prismatic brightness, are astonishing. Splintered rainbows thrown against the canvass is a better comparison than the deteriorating one of lobster-sauce, which some crusty critic has applied as an accompaniment to the Leviathan. There are atmospheric effects of magical talent; but after all, we would rather possess one of Mr. Turner's earlier works, when he did not think of subliming truth, than three of the most brilliant of these imaginations, created with all his mastery of art.

No. 16. " The Parting of Sir Thomas More from his Daughter." S. A. Hart, R.A.—This is a fine picture, but not a great one. There is a feebleness in the character of the doomed Ex-chancellor, which should have contrasted more decidedly with the feminine delicacy and feeling of his afflicted child. The guards, &c., are well grouped and discriminated, their various emotions being skilfully portrayed. In 167, an Italian offering to the Virgin, 197, a church interior, and 355, one of the Propaganda, Mr. Hart has displayed variety of talent; but his most original and chief effort is No. 46, " Simcheth Torah, the festival of the law." It is a Jewish ceremony, in which the Pentateuch is read. Here the tabernacle, the richly decorated MSS., and the rabbis engaged in chanting the worship of the day, are disposed in a very able manner, the countenances forcibly expressed, and the general tone of the composition pleasing to the eye. The subject also is at once curious and pictorial, and the skill of the artist has made it a standard performance of its class.

No. 87. " Peter the Great teaching his subjects the art of ship-building." Sir W. Allan, R.A.—This is not one of Sir William's happiest essays, nor indeed his happiest year. There is nothing striking in the treatment of this imperial lesson; and of the figures we could only point at one or two as displaying the acknowledged powers of the painter. No. 304, " Nelson boarding the San Nicolas at the battle of St. Vincent," is a gigantic attempt to pair the land-victory of last exhibition by a glorious naval exploit. It is not in the artist's usual style —the style in which none can excel him; and he certainly does not shew himself master either of the ocean or of the vessels upon its breast. There is no motion. The ships seem to be studied from dock-yards or engravings; the sea to be unliquefied. In other respects, in the figures and many of the groups there are some admirable passages which prove what Sir W. can accomplish with subjects suited to his taste and genius.

No. 92. " Peasants bringing fruit to Naples." T. Uwins, R.A.—Charmingly costumed, beautifully grouped, and glowing with colour, this is one of the sweetest things Mr. Uwins has exhibited for years; in his very best manner, and as pleasing a theme as could furnish matter for the painter. We are sorry it is his only specimen.

No. 131. " The Heiress." C. R. Leslie, R.A. —Finished with the utmost care of a cabinet-picture, the Heiress is a perfect example of the artist. There is a good deal of Hogarth in his style; and No. 149, a scene from Molière, reminds us still more strongly of that eminent painter.

No. 126. " Undercliffe, Isle of Wight." W. Collins, R. A.—A sweet landscape, executed with much freedom, and its prominent features touched with equal firmness and delicacy. 188, " Cromer Sands," of a different kind, but not less truthfully copied. 200, " Fetching the Doctor," is an exceedingly clever and amusing piece. The messenger and the drowsy and deaf practitioner are full of whimsical character; and the hurried accessories belonging to the one are well contrasted with the residence and the repose (thus broken in upon) which ought to belong to the other. It will be a capital engraving. 246, " Prawn-Fishing," and 344, " Antonio," are other agreeable instances of Mr. Collins' abilities; and we are not sorry that he has, in some degree, returned more to his own delightful manner than was apparent after Italy had exercised its influence on his eye and mind,

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Nos. 194, 239. Two portraits by Comte D'Orsay.— Extremely good likenesses, and painted with more of professional than amateur skill. There is a taste and feeling in Comte D'Orsay's pallet which are evident in all he does. Ease is the consequence of the one, and concord in colour, and natural expression, of the other. There is no constraint; but the individuals look as they look in life.

No. 179, from Anne of Geierstein; 219, from Thalaba. H. Howard, R.A.—Mr. Howard has chosen poetical incidents for his pencil this year; these people view with different ideas.

No. 128. "The Favour." J. W. Wright.—Ladies are decorating their knights for a tournament, and Mr. Wright has thrown great spirit into the act. As a painting, the "Favour" might take its place among some of the foremost and most careful of the Dutch or Flemish school.

No. 272. "The Wood-Nymph's Hymn to the Rising Sun." F. Danby.—One of the artist's choice subjects, in which the dark-brown sombre foreground leads the sight to the distant sky, with its broad horizontal streaks of purple, ruby, azure, and light. There is much grandeur in these representations, and a depth of tone which indicates a depth of feeling for these impressive appearances. The solemnity of the whole fixes one in reflection or meditation before the canvass.

No. 275. "The Eve of the Battle of Edgehill." C. Landseer, R.A. elect.—One of the few contributions to the gallery of a superior historical order, and one also of the best of the artist's works in this honourable line of art. The most prominent group consists of King Charles, Prince Rupert, the Earl of Lindessy, and other distinguished officers, who are consulting with his Majesty on the approaching fight. They are excellently disposed, and traditional resemblances; and the picturesque and artistical is superadded by the introduction of the royal standard; whilst the young princes on the left give a different interest to the sterner scene of preparation for unnatural civil war. 130 and 150 are very clever bits of still life, richly painted by the same; and 144, "A Greek Girl," another agreeable subject—all doing credit to the recent election of the artist.

No. 199. "Highland Courtship." A. Cooper.—Master Cooper, the Scotch lasses do not go quite so naked as that; and you should not play Etty among them. Nevertheless, this is a nice picture. The flesh-colour unexceptionable, and the attitudes, expression, and surrounding objects, all of a consistency. 201, a scene in Belgium, by the same, is finely animated, and a capital composition. 241, an old Hunter, is a perfect portrait; and 444, Little Wonder winning the Derby, an exact transcript of the event of that famous race. Unfortunates who may be unable to visit the Downs on the 28th, may console themselves by paying a shilling here, and witnessing the former contest, the stand, and the crowd, realised by Mr. Cooper.

No. 456. Dogs, &c., by E. Verbockhoven, a Brussels artist, and as far as we can judge of his performance, hung close to the ceiling, worthy—not simply out of courtesy to a foreigner, but out of justice to what he has done—of a much better place in the exhibition. To us it appears as if there was much of the merit of Snyders in the animals here depictured; and we are sorry to see them where they are, and (excuse the bull) cannot be seen.

Scenery and Reminiscences of Ceylon. By L. Deschamps, Esq. London, Ackerman & Co.

This work gives the liveliest possible idea of all the characteristics of the fine and interesting island to the illustration of which it is devoted. We have the natural scenery of every kind, the natives in their various costumes, the remains of ancient and the forms of modern edifices, the intermixture of Europeans, and, in short, the country represented in a strikingly correct and artistical manner. M. Deschamps, as an artillery-officer, during a nine-year's service, had plentiful opportunities to make his drawings and write his descriptive notes, and he has availed himself of them to produce a very instructive and pleasing volume. The history of Ceylon, or Taprobane, is concisely given, from days of yore when Alexander the Great flourished, to the final conquest by Britain in 1815-7, when the sons of heroes, who were then barbarians unknown to the rest of the world, lived in caves and dens. This is followed by twelve views, the local history of which leads to farther accounts of existing circumstances worthy of general notice. Well may the author designate this magnificent island as "lovely," for his lithographs amply bear out the encomium; and as we look upon its diversified natural features of mountain and plain, and land and water, and its picturesque dress and oriental temples and palaces, we acknowledge the full force and justice of the term.

The fort of Colombo is the first plate, and other fortifications are also pictured. Adam's famous Peak affords several striking landscapes; and the cultivation of rice and cinnamon is not only shewn in practice, but explained with much practical intelligence in the letter-press. The Ferry House at Pantura is particularly an aboriginal scene—it looks as if the East never changed; but the catching of elephants and other representations of "things as they are," shew that a mighty change has taken place, that greater changes are rapidly in progress, and that Europe will soon be transferred to Asia—by and by to Africa.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF *TALE*-BEARING!

A Recollection of Thomas Hood.

The sad reminiscences which mingle with the memory of Thomas Hood seem to us to belong to and form a portion of his living nature; there is a dash of whim mingled with even the most serious reflections and melancholy regrets.

In our last *Literary Gazette* we alluded to what he said in explaining his religious sentiments, and relating to a mutual friend, Mrs. E——. In the residence of that lady, whose husband was one of Hood's warmest friends, he was frequently domiciled; and, as was the usual consequence of his pleasantries, the especial favourite of the juvenile branches of the family; with whom something very like the following story occurred.

Hood was sitting at the back parlour-window on a fine autumnal evening, looking out upon the grounds, consisting of shrubbery, paddock, and meadow beyond. He was surrounded and climbed over by his young playmates, who were clamorous for "another tale!" "Well," said Hood, "what shall it be about?" "Why, about the cow;" replied one of his auditors, seeing that useful animal by the gate, looking wistfully into the inner paddock. "Very well, the cow be it," answered Hood; and the tale, invented on the spur of the moment, ran somewhat thus:

Once upon a time, do you observe, the cow got tired of being alone in the meadow, though the grass was fresh and sweet, and she had nothing to do but to feed and ruminate in a happy peaceful manner; and to yield, which was a great relief and pleasure to her, a pail of milk every night and morning for the children's suppers and breakfasts—and a little cream skimmed off for mamma's tea. But she was not, as I have informed you, quite contented with her lot; for she longed to have a run in master's own little paddock, which was closer mown and nearer the house, almost in company with the family. So she watched her opportunity, just as Crummy is doing now (look at her!); and when there was a breeze of wind, which shook the latch, she pushed the gate open with her head, and marched in. But, alas, she was not quick enough; and just as she was scudding through, the wind blew the gate to with a bang, caught the poor cow's tail, and fairly knocked it off by the very root. "Oh," cried the cow, "this is getting into master's pretty paddock indeed; how can I shew myself—what can I do? I am desperately ashamed to be seen anywhere, but particularly in the master's nice paddock, without a tail." So she gazed about and about in great perplexity; till at last she noticed the pump and water-trough in the corner yonder. "Ah," said she, "I think I can manage it—this will do!" So she went and broke off the pump-handle, and stuck it on behind her for a tail; after which she set to looking at herself in the trough (the water being as clear as a glass, and never muddied nor splashed about by the children), to observe how it fitted her. Now, whilst she was absorbed in this contemplation, Betty, the housemaid, who was scouring the steps and stone area, walked up to the pump to draw some water, and being heedless, or thinking perhaps of something else (for there was a blackbird, or a thrush, or she could not tell what, stirring in the hedge), she caught hold of the pump-handle and began pumping away with all her might. You may readily suppose that this action was extremely disagreeable to the cow; and she immediately resented the assault by kicking up her heels much higher than her horns, and galloping off like mad—leaving Betty with the handle in her hand, her pail upset, and herself screaming with the fright, from which it was a good while before she recovered.

In the mean time, the cow came to a stand-still, and began ruminating again what she should do for a tail. All at once she beheld, at the area-door, the broom with which Betty had been scrubbing the stone. "Aha!" said she, "this is the very thing. There is a fine whisk for the flies; and won't I look like Jupiter or Europa, when I have got such a handsome new broom for a tail?" So she snatched it up, and fastened it on. But at that exact moment, Betty returned from the pump in a terrible pet at having been served as she had been by the fling of the cow; and when she saw that the creature had made free with her besom too, she fell into a desperate passion, and tore it from her flank, to lay it about her back and shoulders without mercy. The poor cow was again obliged to take to flight, and ran away from the broomstick as fast as her legs would carry her. "Upon my word," she said, "this getting up a tail is not so easy a job. I wonder what I shall do next to be able to appear respectably and genteelly in my master's best paddock?" Well, it so happened that her master just then returned from a day's shooting, with a leash of partridges, a hare, two rabbits, a snipe, and a land-rail in his game-bag. He threw them

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down proudly enough, for it was seldom he killed half so many, and set his gun up in the corner for John to carry away and clean. "Now," thought the cow, "if I could but stick on that beautiful gun for a tail, wouldn't it astonish the natives! Look at all that shining steel, and brass, and silver; at that polished stock for a sweep at the end, and at those pretty little ornaments at the bottom of the barrel. Ah! that would set the fashion, or nothing would." So she took advantage of John's back being turned for an instant to pick up the bag; and, hastily snapping up the piece, she stuck it on behind, and rushed into the shrubbery, on her road into the paddock again. Vain as a peacock, she swung her tail from side to side, and gave a moo of unlimited satisfaction. But woe's me! there is no finery in this world which does not bring some care with it, especially if we are very vain of it. As the gun took a swing on one side, it struck into one of the prickly shrubs (which Georgy would not touch, though it were full of gooseberries), and a branch unfortunately caught and pulled the trigger! Bang went the gun, and sent every drop of the shot, and the burning powder with it, into the poor cow's buttock. And then, what did she do or say? "By Jove!" roared out the cow; "but I have peppered my steak at last."

☞ [Such was the playful invention of Thomas Hood, and the good humour with which he enjoyed the effects of his moving tale on his young auditory. We would be bound to assert, that their applause gave him as much pleasure as the panegyrics upon his happiest efforts by all the critics in the empire. At any rate, we have repeated the story to the best of our abilities; and have only to point its moral against the *dangerous consequences of tale-bearing*. The indomitable pleasantry, reminding us of Sir Thomas More, which remained with our friend to the last, was marked, alas! in the last letter we received from him. We had written of a severe illness; and the answer was, "I am sorry to hear of your dangerous attack, and rejoice that it is passed: as for me, I have been *so near Death's door*, since I saw you, that *I heard the creaking of the hinges*." W. Jerdan.]

VAUXHALL GARDENS

Renewed their existence on Monday evening, with a profusion of lights, and the orchestra reconstructed in a suitable and showy style. The night was rather raw, and the company, though tolerably numerous, very far from select. Indeed, the mixture in the crowds where there were sights-seeing exhibited not a few of the class from whose contact or neighbourhood the best maxim to steer by is, "Keep at a distance." Independently of this, which may readily be remedied by a less promiscuous admission, there was another nuisance, not so likely to be abated, and which must banish all respectable persons, and especially females, from the gardens. Four out of every five "snobs" in the grounds kept continually smoking cigars and pipes, most of them of the vilest effluvia. Turn where you would, these gentry vomited the offence in your face with all the intenseness of English vulgarity and disregard of others, accompanying the act with a spitting, rather dexterously performed *when* the saliva did not alight on some dress or another. The long petticoats, now carried to an extreme of fashion by the lower orders, seemed to be peculiarly adapted for spittoons, and were no doubt found, on home-examination, to have been extensively used. A printed placard, on several walls, appealed to "the gallantry of gentlemen" not to indulge in this filthy practice in a place of resort set apart for fresco entertainments, mostly in the open air; but either the managers paid no farther heed to the matter, or there were *no gentlemen* there to take the hint; and so the whole space attained the pleasing atmosphere of a divan or pot-house. We are certain, if this annoyance is not put down, Vauxhall need never expect aught of decent society to invade its precincts. This, too, may be a pity; for the proprietors appear to have been anxious to produce what might be an occasional and amusing lounge. A clever clown in a ballet, a Chinese temple, an Italian villa and volcanic eruption, the instrumental and vocal music, and the fire-works, are all commendable efforts in their way; and if visitors of a better order were not contaminated and poisoned off in the manner we have mentioned, success might enable the lessee to improve upon all his entertainments and attractions, and prosper accordingly.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—On Tuesday the opera of *Il Pirata* was produced the first time these six years. This work, one of the earliest of Bellini's efforts, although it contains here and there some graceful and pleasing melody, is nevertheless uneven as a whole; the general quality of composition throughout is not superior, neither is it at all to be compared with the author's late operas. As a melodrama it is also rather indistinct in the making out of the incidents, though on this occasion Grisi, Mario, and Fornasari exerted themselves much to make it more successful than usual, both as to music and acting. Indeed, we can perceive that Mario is paying greater attention to expression and feeling, which will render his performance far more interesting: "Tu vedrai," the song in which Rubini delighted the audience, went off tamely, though well sung; we thought the interpretation of it by Mario was not quite in the best manner.

Drury Lane.—Balfe's opera, *the Enchantress*, was performed for the first time on Wednesday evening, after being announced for the previous Monday. If we say that this new work is an average specimen of the composer's pleasing music, and of the manager's experienced putting on the stage, it gives a general idea of it. The *libretto* is a joint production of M. St. George and Mr. Bunn, and is not more remarkable than others from the same source for poetry and rhythm. To make the plot intelligible would occupy too much of our columns. *Sylvio*, the infant heir to the throne of Sicily, is smuggled away, at the order of the Regent, to be murdered; but instead of this, he is preserved by an old doctor in the Abruzzi mountains. Here the *Enchantress*, Thillon, who is in a somewhat similar position with a band of pirates, falls in love with him. She contrives to persuade him that she can accomplish whatever he wishes; and having enticed him into a grotto, is supposed to entrance his senses. Knowing the secret of his birth, she shews him a crown, and tells him he will one day wear one. By her wealth he is advanced and promoted in the army; and at length the Regent also, enchanted by her beauty, solicits an interview, to which she accedes, knowing that *Sylvio* will be entrapped by the Regent to be assassinated: but having persuaded the latter to take off his collar of state, *Sylvio* enters the apartment, the assassins rush in, and seize him that has no order on his breast, the *Enchantress* having at the same time denounced the Regent for his treachery; and placing the collar on the neck of *Sylvio*, proclaims him the rightful heir. Various difficulties then arise, from *Stella* being also in love with her, which afford Borrani an opportunity for some very good bass singing.

The music of this opera bears few marks of originality; almost every strain being familiar to the ear, though so varied in treatment that one is constantly perplexed to think where it was heard before. The singing and fascinating manner of Thillon contributed mainly to the success of the opera. Her great rapidity of execution is remarkable, and astonished the audience: in the cavatina, *A youthful Knight*, she was encored three times. The solo by Borrani, in the last scene, and the ending trio with Harrison and Thillon, is perhaps the best musical composition of the work, and was very well executed. It drew an encore.

There are two grand faults in this opera—deficiency in recitative, with a redundance of speaking, and by far too great a display of stage-effect, with its necessary accompaniment of crashing and braying of brass instruments.

Lyceum.—Whit-Monday was ushered in at the Lyceum with a burlesque worthy of the holyday-folks, who assembled in great crowds to get some teaching of a very original kind from *Our New Governess*, who, notwithstanding that she is discharged without a character every evening, is likely to keep her situation for a long time to come. Indeed, this little comedy, to which we ought to have paid earlier attention, has now taken so strong and attractive a hold upon the public, that we only refer to it in order not to remain silent on a play that has more than the usual merits, both in writing and acting, and which has been produced in a manner so creditable to the management. Of the burlesque also a few words will be sufficient. It is founded on the inexhaustible *Cinderella*, and is one of the cleverest that has yet emanated from those "arcades," Messrs. T. Taylor and Albert Smith. Brimful of puns and points, good, bad, and indifferent, which keep the house in one continual state of laughter; put upon the stage with the utmost attention to scenery, dresses, and decorations,—it would have had admirers enough; but acted as it is, it must be placed as *the* Whitsuntide entertainment, even if it do not "run" till Christmas. The highest praise is due to all concerned in its enactment, and this comprises Keeley and his wife, Misses Fairbrother and Villars, Messrs. Frank Matthews, A. Wigan, Collier, &c., besides a heap of pupils of Mr. Frampton, who execute a variety of *pas* with almost as much grace and precision as the *Viennoises* at the Opera House. Altogether *Cinderella*, in its new form, is a capital merry and diverting burlesque.

Mr. H. Phillips.—We see by the *Boston Daily Atlas* of the 24th ult., that Mr. H. Phillips, on homeward path from the American provinces, has given his musical entertainments with great applause to the people of Boston. "The Bear-Hunt," "The Sea-fight," "The Niagara," "The pleasant Ohio," and "The Bells of New York," his own compositions, are especially mentioned as deservedly favourite American graphic musical sketches.

VARIETIES.

The Cambridge Camden Society, at its sixth anniversary meeting (held in the Town-hall on Thursday week), put the question of dissolution or non-dissolution to the vote, when the numbers were declared to be—

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For dissolving the society	109
Against it	271
Majority for continuing	162

Propositions having been made to appoint a committee, and to revise and remodel the constitution, a very stormy debate arose, in which the president, Archdeacon Thorp, and Professor Sedgwick took conspicuous parts. The majority carried all their points, and the society is likely to proceed in nearly the same course and under the same auspices as before, when its publications and proceedings caused some of the highest names to be withdrawn.

The Distressed Needlewomen's Society.—An entertainment for that excellent institution, the Distressed Needlewomen's Society, is announced at the St. James's Theatre for Monday afternoon, under the especial patronage of the Queen Dowager. It is to consist in the performance of *Charles the Second*, *The Spitalfields Weaver*, and *Bombastes Furioso*, with *entre actes* of singing, &c.; the whole by amateurs, whose legitimate end, in our opinion, ought ever to be thus to apply the exhibition of their talents to enlarge the means of charitable and useful purposes.

The School of Design.—We have long heard of the dissensions which have, unfortunately, broken out in the School of Design; but refrained from noticing them in the hope that they might be satisfactorily settled. In that hope we still remain; and having had no opportunity of hearing the particulars from authorities on all sides, upon which we could rely as unpassionate and authentic, we can only now express our regret at such an interruption having been given to the progress of so desirable a national institution.—Since writing the above we have received "Letters and Depositions of the Students;" but too late for notice this week.

The Literary Fund Anniversary took place on Wednesday, under the auspices of Lord Ellenborough, who was surrounded by several persons of distinction: the Archbishop of Dublin, the Prussian Minister, Lord Brougham, Lord Mahon, Lord Colchester, General Pasley, Baron L. Von Buch, Mr. M. Milnes, Mr. Murchison, Mr. James, Mr. Walter, Sergeant Talfourd, &c. The toasts called up all the parties we have named, who addressed the company (nearly a hundred in number) in appropriate speeches; and a tolerable subscription was announced, though nothing equal to what an institution of this kind, and well conducted, should deserve from a public friendly to literature.

The Free Hospital, whose anniversary is appointed for next Wednesday, has, since it enlarged its sphere of charity and usefulness, met with that increased share of public sympathy which its truly Samaritan character so eminently merits. Yet, bountiful as has been the support given to it, we cannot look around on the multitude of destitute objects, to whose relief its funds are applied, without earnestly wishing that they were augmented tenfold! The altogether forlorn and unfriended have the right to shelter there,—the hungry to be fed, the naked to be clothed, the sick to be healed. There is no influence nor any recommendations needed to enforce their claims: it is enough that they are in distress, in an abyss of human misery; and through this wretchedness alone they become free denizens of the Free Hospital. We trust the ensuing week will therefore add greatly to its means.

Institute of British Architects.—The *conversazione* on Friday evening, last week, in the noble mansion of the president, the Earl de Grey, in St. James's Square, was thronged by a brilliant assemblage of rank, of both sexes, and of persons noted in the literary and scientific circles. Objects of fine art and interest were disposed on various tables; but the pressure of numbers made the meeting one less of observation of such matters than of social intercourse and conversation. The admirable collection of paintings on the walls, the effect of the lights, and the generally handsome costume of the animated multitude, rendered the scene altogether very splendid.

King Charles's Statue, Charing Cross.—At a recent meeting of the Central Committee of the British Archæological Association, Lord Albert Conyngham, the president, in the chair, the following communication was received; and thence, through Mr. Crofton Croker, one of the honorary secretaries, officially laid before the Commissioners of Woods and Forests:—

"The beautiful equestrian figure of Charles I. at Charing Cross, of which we have no memorial, but a very inferior engraving that by no means does justice to this *chef-d'œuvre* of Le Seur, has lately been despoiled of its sword and the *porte-épée* which held it. To my knowledge this depredation has been committed within the last twelve months, and the time most probably was when her Majesty went to open the new Exchange. Either it must have been unhooked and taken down to secure it from being stolen, when the scaffolding was raised around the figure, or advantage was taken of the easy access to purloin it. The sword was one of the period, but the *porte-épée* and sheath were of bronze."

John Britton.—Whilst every year removes from amongst us individuals whose literary labours have won for them a name in society, and a fame which will long outlast their mortal career, it affords us a sincere pleasure to find that the friends and admirers of the veteran John Britton have determined to offer to him, living, a tribute of the esteem in which they hold him, and not delay the testimonial, as is too generally done, till it can have nothing to soothe the dull cold ear of death. That Mr. Britton is most deserving of this honour will be confessed by all who have seen only a tithe of his works, and deemed a grateful duty by those who are acquainted with their extent and value, and know the history, and have witnessed the conduct throughout his whole course, of this worthy and remarkable individual. He began the world in a very lowly station, and has wrought his way to high eminence as a literary antiquary and writer upon various subjects. A classified list of his works is now before us, from which it appears that he has published, been the sole author, the joint author, the projector and owner, or the editor, of 66 volumes, besides essays, extending to the amount of above 15,000 pages; that the books have been illustrated by nearly 1900 engravings; and that more than 50,000*l.* have been expended on these productions. The *Cathedral Antiquities of England* alone entitle him to be classed with eminent men; and we trust the distinction now about to be presented to him (of whatever nature it may be) will be suited to his merits, as it is sure to be a heart-felt gratification to himself, and most agreeable to every one in a position to take part in the act of recognising them.

Patent Podimechan.—Under this denomination we have seen a very ingenious carriage (exhibited for a while in Regent Street), in which the rider propels the vehicle with great ease to himself, and at a rate reaching to six or eight miles an hour. Instead of the *treadles*, like a weaver's loom, hitherto employed to work the motive power, it is done by simply pressing the feet on the movable foot-board on which they naturally rest. This simple process works the machinery, and the usual handle turns and directs the carriage. The invention seems admirably adapted for cripples, or invalids, for park-exercise, and for recreation generally. It is stated that the mechanism is equally applicable to boats.

The British Museum.—The total receipts during the year 1844 amounted to the sum of 40,430*l.*; and the estimated expenditure to 40,889*l.*; whilst the actual expenditure has been 37,449*l.*; leaving a balance in hand on the 31st of December last of 2981*l.* Of the sum of 37,449*l.* thus expended, 18,664*l.* was appropriated to salaries; 1481*l.* to household expenses; 11,706*l.* to purchases and acquisitions; 4563*l.* to bookbinding, cabinets, &c., for preserving collections; 962*l.* for the cost of printing catalogues, and making casts; and 69*l.* 17*s.* for law-expenses. There were 1626*l.* for MSS.; 4421*l.* for printed books; 739*l.* for fossils and minerals; 1135*l.* for zoological specimens; 100*l.* for botanical specimens; 1539*l.* for coins and numismatic antiquities; 204*l.* for casts from Athens; and 903*l.* for prints and engravings.

Earthquake.—On the 7th of last month the severe shock of an earthquake did considerable damage to the city of Mexico.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Bridal of Salerno, a Romance, in six cantos, with other Poems, and notes, by J. L. Ellerton, M.A., 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Church Missions in Western Africa, by the Rev. S. A. Walker, 8vo, 12*s.*—Black's Picturesque Tourist of Scotland, 4th edit., fcp. 8vo, 8*s.* 6*d.*—Guide to Penzance and its Neighbourhood, by J. S. Courtney, 12mo, 7*s.*—Observations on the Fauna of Norfolk, by the Rev. R. Lubbock, 8vo, 6*s.*—Contributions to the Medical History and Treatment of Sexual Diseases, by J. K. Robertson, M.D., 8vo, 4*s.*—Practical Remarks on the Book of Leviticus, adapted for Family Worship, 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Treatise on the Pronunciation of the Ancient Romans, by the Rev. C. Dressner, fcp. 2*s.*—Sidereal Tables for the year 1845, by C. Thompson, 18mo, 2*s.*—Letters of the Earl of Chesterfield, edited by Lord Mahon, 4 vols. 8vo, 2*l.* 16*s.*—Farmers' Medical Dictionary for the Diseases of Animals, by C. W. Johnson, fcp., 6*s.*—Juvenile Englishman's Library, Vol. VII.: Early Friendship, or the two Catechumens, 18mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*—Ditto, ditto, Vol. VIII.: The Swedish Brothers, 18mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*—Tales from the Eastern Land, being a Second Series of Eastern Romance, fcp., 6*s.*—Voices from the Early Church, a Series of Poems, by the Rev. R. C. Clarke, fcp., 7*s.*—Thiodolf the Icelander, from the German of De la Motte Fouqué, fcp., 7*s.*—Scripture Reading-Lessons for Little Children, edited by S. Wilberforce, 1st series, square, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Tales from the Phantasus, &c., of L. Tieck, fcp., 4*s.* 6*d.*—Sacred Verses, with Pictures, edited by Rev. I. Williams, Part I, 3*s.*—Treatise on the Law of Evidence in the Court of Chancery, by J. Tamlyn, 12mo, 12*s.*—Charlie's Discoveries, new edit., square, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Natural Philosophy for Beginners, 2d edit., 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—The Cultivation of Orchidaceous Plants, by J. Henshall, 8vo, 11*s.*—Sermons, by the Rev. C. H. Monsell, 12mo, 6*s.*—Discourses for Parents and Guardians of Youth, from the German of Reinhard, post 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Manual of Agricultural Analysis, by J. Mitchell, royal 18mo, 4*s.*—Letters of Mary Stuart, selected, 1 vol. 8vo, 14*s.*—The Beggar's Coin, or Love in Italy, by J. R. Beste, 18mo, 4*s.*—Mede's Apostacy of the Latter Times, 18mo, 3*s.*—Robinson Crusoe, new edit., unabridged, with six illustrations by Stothard, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Books of the Twelve Minor Prophets, a new translation, with a Commentary, by E. Henderson, D.D., 8vo, 16*s.*—Strickland's Lives of the Queens of England, Vol. VIII., post 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Having pre-occupied much of our space with the notice of other works of fiction, which had reached us before, we are obliged to defer our review of Mr. James' new tale, "The Smugglers," till next Saturday.

ERRATA.—In our notice of the Arctic Expedition last week, p. 295, some of the names of the officers of the Erebus were given inaccurately: *for* Fitzgerald *read* Fitzjames; *for* Le Vicount *read* Le Viscomt; *for* Fairholm *read* Fanholme; *for* Devereux *read* Des Voeux.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

This Evening (SATURDAY), May 17, will be performed (for the first time these two years) Donizetti's opera, entitled "Linda di Chamouni." Linda, Madle. Castellan (her first appearance in that character); Maddalena, Madle. Bellini; and Pierotto, Mdlle. Brambilla; Antonio, Sig. Fornasari; Il Prefetto del Villaggio, Sig. Lablache; Il Marchese di Boisfleury, Sig. F. Lablache; L'Intendente del Feudo, Sig. Dai Fiori; and Carlo, Visconte di Sirval, Sig. Mariani.

The Danseuses Viennoises, under the direction of Madle. Josephine Weiss, will appear in some of their favourite Pas.

Between the acts, the highly successful scene and Pas des Amours, and in the course of the evening L'Hongroise and the highly successful Pas Rococo, by the Danseuses Viennoises.

To conclude with the divertissement of "Un Bal sous Louis XIV.;" in which Mdlle. Lucile Grahn will appear as a cavalier of the court of Louis XIV., and will dance, with Mdlle. Cerito, in costume of the same court, the celebrated Minuet de la Cour and Gavotte.

The Pas Rococo by the Danseuses Viennoises. The Pas de Six, from the admired ballet divertissement of Kaya, ou L'Amour Voyageur, by Mdlle. L. Grahn and M. Perrot, supported by Mdlles. Ferdinand Cassan, Moncelet, and Demelisse. The Cotillion by Eight Coryphees of the corps de ballet. La Cracovienne by Mdlle. L. Grahn; and the celebrated Pas de Quatre, from Le Lac des Fees, by Mdlles. Cerito, Ferdinand, Moncelet, and M. St. Leon.

Applications for boxes, pit-stalls, and tickets to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.

Doors open at seven; the opera to commence at half-past seven o'clock.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Nobility, Subscribers, and the Public are respectfully informed that there will be an Extra Night (not included in the subscription) on THURSDAY next, May 22, when will be performed Mozart's opera, "Don Giovanni." Donna Anna, Madle. Grisi; Donna Elvira, Madle. Rita Borio; Zerlina, Madle. Anaide Castellan; Don Giovanni, Signor Fornasari; Don Ottavio, Signor Mario; Il Commendatore, Signor Botelli; Masetto, Signor F. Lablache; and Leporello, Signor Lablache.

The Danseuses Viennoises, under the direction of Madame Josephine Weiss, will appear in some of their favourite Pas.

To be followed by a variety of attractive entertainments, in which will appear Mdlle. Carlotta Grisi, Mdlles. Ferdinand, Moncelet, Cassan, Demelisse, Mdlle. Cerito, and Mdlle. L. Grahn; M. St. Leon, M. Di Mattia, M. Gosselin, and M. Perrot.

To conclude with the highly successful ballet, by M. Perrot, entitled "La Esmeralda." La Esmeralda, Mdlle. Carlotta Grisi; Phoebus de Chateaupers, M. St. Leon; Pierre Gringoire, M. Perrot.

Applications for boxes, pit-stalls, and tickets, to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.—Doors open at seven; and the performance will commence at half-past seven o'clock.

PANORAMA of NANKING.—Just opened, at the PANORAMA ROYAL, Leicester Square, a VIEW of the CITY of NANKING, the ancient Capital of the Celestial Empire, with its unrivalled porcelain towers; comprising also the Yang-tse-Keang River, and the heights and scenery adjacent, with Portraits of Sir H. Pottinger, Sir H. Gough, Lord Saltoun, and other officers, in friendly communication with Eleppo, Ke-Ling, and Nieu-Kien, the three Chinese Commissioners, and various Native Groups around them. The View of Naples by Moonlight is now open, and Baden-Baden still continues on view.

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The Committee have the gratification to announce, that the amount now subscribed is sufficient for the completion of the work as proposed in their former notice—namely, a recumbent figure of Dr. Southey on a mediaeval Shrine in Caen Stone, after a design by J. G. Lawton, Esq. The model of the figure, however, as now completed by Mr. Lough, having excited much admiration on account of the faithful likeness of Dr. Southey, and the beautiful expression of the whole as a work of art, a strong desire is entertained that the figure should be wrought in marble, it being impossible to give in stone that delicate finish which is essential to the perfection of works of this nature.

Mr. Lough, from a high value for the memory of Dr. Southey, and a warm interest in the work, has made liberal proposals to the Committee; but an additional sum of 120l. is required to enable him to execute the figure in marble.

It having been represented to the Committee that many of Dr. Southey's friends, who originally subscribed towards a simple medallion, may now be disposed to add to their subscriptions; and that others may be induced to enrol their names as Subscribers, some having withheld their support from the feeling that the tribute of respect, as at first proposed, was not of sufficient value; they beg leave to request that those who are interested in this work will express their wishes upon the subject without delay to the Treasurer, James Stanger, Esq., Lairthwaite, Keswick.

The admirers of the late Poet Laureate, as well as of works of art, are informed that the Model is submitted for public inspection at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, Trafalgar Square.

Subscriptions may be remitted to the Treasurer by Post-office order or paid to his credit with the Cumberland Union Bank, Keswick, at Messrs. Barclay and Co.'s, Bankers, 54 Lombard Street, London.

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ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—The ANNUAL MEETING for the ELECTION of OFFICERS will be held on MONDAY, the 26th inst., at 3 WATERLOO PLACE, at One o'Clock, when the Society's Gold Medals, awarded to Prof. Carl Ritter and Dr. C. T. Beke, will be delivered, the former being received for Prof. Ritter by his distinguished countryman, the Baron Leopold von Buch.

The President will then deliver his Anniversary Address.

In the Evening the Members will dine together at Seven precisely, Mr. Murchison in the Chair, at the New Thatched House Tavern, St. James's Street, where Tickets may be had.

His Excellency the Chevalier Bunsen, Baron Leopold von Buch, Lord Colchester, and other persons of rank and distinction, have expressed their intention of being present at the dinner.

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No. 1479. LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1845. PRICE 8d. Stamped Edition, 9d.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Smuggler: a Tale. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Much as we have relished a sojourn in the fine English county of Kent heretofore,—and many a pleasant day have we spent in it,—we shall henceforth, with Heaven's blessing, enjoy it more and more. Mr. James's minute picture of what it was about a century ago, outraged by smugglers, robbers, and murderers, with squires to connive at their doings, if not to act as their accomplices, must give a fresh zest to its now peaceful glades and bosky woods, its rustic population and honourable squirearchy. Of the story itself the author tells us:

"All the more wild, stirring, and what may be called romantic parts of the tale are not alone founded upon fact, but are facts; and the narrative owes me nothing more than a gown owes to a sempstress—namely, the mere sewing of it together with a very common-place needle and thread. In short, a few characters thrown in for relief, a little love, a good deal of landscape, and a few tiresome reflections, are all that I have added to a simple relation of transactions well known to many in this part of the country, as having actually happened, a generation or two ago."

How Mr. James is likely to treat such subjects we need not hint. His verisimilitude, and accurate delineation of landscape scenery, as well as the popular manners of the times he undertakes to illustrate, combining the minuteness of Denner with the breadth of Giorgione, are fully displayed in these volumes. Contrasting these days with ours, he generally observes:

"After all, society is but a clock, a very complicated piece of mechanism; and it, too, has undergone, in many countries, the same improvements that have taken place in the little ticking machines that we put in our pockets, or those greater indicators of our progress towards eternity that we hang upon our walls. From the wooden clock, with its weight and catgut, to the exquisite chronometer which varies only by a second or two in the course of the year, what a vast advance! and between even a period which many still living can remember, and that in which I now write, what a change has taken place in the machinery and organisation of the land in which we dwell! * * *

"One of the parts in which rudeness of construction and coarseness of material were most apparent was, in the customs system of the country, and in the impediments which it met with. The escapement was any thing but fine. Now-a-days we do things delicately. If we wish to cheat the government, we forge exchequer-bills, or bribe landing-waiters and supervisors, or courteously insinuate to a superior officer that a thousand pounds is not too great a mark of gratitude for enabling us to pocket twenty thousand at the expense of the customs. If we wish to cheat the public, there is chalk for our milk, grains of paradise for our beer, sago and old rags for our sugar, lime for our linen, and devil's dust to cover our backs. Chemistry and electricity, steam and galvanism, all lend their excellent aid to the cheat, the swindler, and the thief; and if a man is inclined to keep himself within respectable limits, and deceive himself and others at the same time, with perfect good faith and due decorum, are there not homœopathy, hydropathy, and mesmerism? In the days I speak of it was not so. There was a grander roughness and daringness about both our rogues and our theorists. None but a small villain would consent to be a swindler. We had more robbers than cheats; and if a man chose to be an impostor, it was with all the dignity and decision of a Psalmanazor, or a bottle conjuror. Gunpowder and lead were the only chemical agents employed; a bludgeon was the animal magnetism most in vogue, and your senses and your person were attacked and knocked down upon the open road without having the heels of either delicately tripped up by some one you did not see."

Our desire never to interfere with a well-constructed plot has always been sorely against our reviews of really excellent and enduring novels; and here the particulars are so interwoven, with a Daniel-de-Foe-like individuality and reality, that we can hardly separate a patch from the tissue without injuring the web and frustrating our principle. The characters are strikingly drawn, and several of them, such as Mr. Warde and Mr. Croyland, very original, with shades of eccentricity to remove them a degree from the rest, however true all are to nature. As for the women, we suppose Mr. James must adore the sex, for he rarely draws a female without endowing her with noble qualities or delighting virtues. Both the Croyland sisters are worthy to be heroines, and even poor Kate Clare and her widowed mother are examples to the humbler class which can boast them for its own. The dare-devil brigands and all their connexions are as fierce and lawless as their desperado system demanded, and the lovers are what such heroines as we have alluded to deserve; whilst the control a terrible secret gives a villain over a weaker minded man adds deeply to the interest of the tale. But we must endeavour to select an example or two, which will speak its merits more distinctly than our words. The following is a trait of the whimsical Mr. Croyland, the younger brother of the baronet:

"'As to what I am called, I could give you half a dozen names. Some people call me the Bear, some people the Nabob, some the Misanthrope; but my real name—that which I am known by at the post-office—is Mr. Zachary Croyland, brother of the man who has Harbourne House: a younger brother too, by God's blessing—and a great blessing it is.' 'It is lucky when every man is pleased with his situation,' answered his young acquaintance; 'most elder brothers thank God for making them such, and I have often had cause to do the same.' 'It's the greatest misfortune that can happen to a man,' exclaimed the old gentleman, eagerly; 'what are elder brothers, but people who are placed by fate in the most desperate and difficult circumstances? Spoilt and indulged in their infancy, taught to be vain and idle and conceited from the cradle, deprived of every inducement to the exertion of mind, corrupted by having always their own way, sheltered from all the friendly buffets of the world, and left, like a pond in a gravel-pit, to stagnate or evaporate without stirring. Nine times out of ten, from mere inanition they fall into every sort of vice; forget that they have duties as well as privileges, think that the slice of the world that has been given to them is entirely at their own pleasure and disposal, spend their fortunes, encumber their estates, bully their wives and their servants, indulge their eldest son till he is just such a piece of unkneaded dough as themselves, kick out their younger sons into the world without a farthing, and break their daughters' hearts by forcing them to marry men they hate. That's what elder brothers are made for; and to be one, I say again, is the greatest curse that can fall upon a man. But come, now I have told you my name, tell me yours. That's but a fair exchange, you know, and no robbery, and I hate going on calling people 'sir' for ever.'"

Another touch of the same character:

"I had (he says) forgotten that I had told him, four or five days ago, my hatred for all cities, and especially for that great mound of greedy emmets which, unfortunately, is the capital of this country. I declare I never go into that vast den of iniquity, and mingle with the stream of wretched-looking things that call themselves human, which all its doors are hourly vomiting forth, but they put me in mind of the white ants in India, just the same squalid-looking, active, and voracious vermin as themselves, running over every thing that obstructs them, intruding themselves every where, destroying every thing that comes in their way, and acting as an incessant torment to every one within reach. Certainly, the white ants are the less venomous of the two races, and somewhat prettier to look at; but still there's a wonderful resemblance."

We now pitch upon a piece of the author himself, in his reflective mood:

"There is (he observes in opening a chapter) a strange similarity—I had nearly called it an affinity—between the climate of any country and the general character of its population; and there is a still stronger and more commonly remarked resemblance between the changes of the weather and the usual course of human life. From the atmosphere around us, and from the alterations which affect it, poets and moralists both have borrowed a large store of figures; and the words, clouds, and sunshine, light breezes, and terrible storms, are terms as often used to express the variations in man's condition as to convey the ideas to which they were originally applied. But it is the affinity between the climate and the people of which I wish to speak. The sunny lightness of the air of France, the burning heat of Italy and Spain, the cold dulness of the skies of Holland, contrast as strongly with the climate in which we live as the characters of the several nations amongst themselves; and the fiercer tempests of the south, the more foggy and heavy atmosphere of the north, may well be taken as some compensation for the continual mutability of the

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weather in our own most changeable air. The differences are not so great here as in other lands. We escape, in general, the tornado and the hurricane, we know little of the burning heat of summer, or the intense cold of winter, as they are experienced in other parts of the world; but at all events, the changes are much more frequent; and we seldom have either a long lapse of sunny days, or a long continued season of frost, without interruption. So it is, too, with the people. Movable and fluctuating as they always are, seeking novelty, disgusted even with all that is good as soon as they discover that it is old, our laws, our institutions, our very manners are continually undergoing some change, though rarely, very rarely indeed, is it brought about violently and without due preparation. Sometimes it will occur, indeed, both morally and physically, that a great and sudden alteration takes place, and a rash and vehement proceeding will disturb the whole country, and seem to shake the very foundations of society. In the atmosphere, too, clouds and storms will gather in a few hours, and darken the whole heaven."

But these isolated passages can furnish but a poor idea of the work, and we take the opening of the second volume (in which the interest becomes more intense) as a better, though still very incompetent, sample of the whole:

"What a varying thing is the stream of life! How it sparkles and glitters! Now it bounds along its pebbly bed, sometimes in sunshine, and sometimes in shade; sometimes sporting round all things, as if its essence were merriment and brightness; sometimes flowing solemnly on, as if it were derived from Lethe itself. Now it runs like a liquid diamond along the meadow; now it plunges in fume and fury over the rock; now it is clear and limpid, as youth and innocence can make it; now it is heavy and turbid, with the varying streams of thought and memory that are ever flowing into it, each bringing its store of dulness and pollution as it tends towards the end. Its voice, too, varies as it goes; now it sings lightly as it dances on; now it roars amidst the obstacles that oppose its way; and now it has no tone but the dull low murmur of exhausted energy. Such is the stream of life! yet perhaps few of us would wish to change our portion of it for the calm regularity of a canal—even if one could be constructed without locks and floodgates upon it to hold in the pent-up waters of the heart till they are ready to burst through the banks. Life was in its sparkling aspect with Zara Croyland and Sir Edward Digby, when they set out on horseback for the house of old Mr. Croyland, cantering easily along the roads of that part of the country, which, in the days I speak of, were soft and somewhat sandy. Two servants followed behind at a discreet distance; and lightly passing over hill and dale, with all the loveliness of a very bright portion of our fair land stretched out around them, the young lady and her companion drew in, through the eyes, fresh sensations of happiness from all the lovely things of nature. The yellow woods warmed their hearts; the blue heaven raised their thoughts; the soft air refreshed and cheered all their feelings; and, when a passing cloud swept over the sky, it only gave that slight shadowy tone to the mind, which wakens within us the deep, innate, and elevating movements of the spirit, that seem to connect the aspect of God's visible creation with a higher and a purer state of being. Each had some spring of happiness in the heart fresh opened; for, to the fair girl who went bounding along through that gay world, the thought that she was conveying to a dear sister tidings of hope was in itself a joy; and to her companion a new subject of contemplation was presenting itself, in the very being who accompanied him on the way — a subject quite untouched and novel, and, to a man of his character and disposition, a most interesting one. Sir Edward Digby had mingled much with the world; he had seen many scenes of different kinds; he had visited various countries, the most opposite to each other; he had frequented courts, and camps, and cities; and he had known and seen a good deal of woman, and of woman's heart; but he had never yet met any one like Zara Croyland. The woman of fashion and of rank in all the few modifications of character that her circumstances admit—for rank and fashion are sadly like the famous bed of the robber of Attica, on which all men are cut down or stretched out to a certain size,—was well known to him, and looked upon much in the light of an exotic plant, kept in an artificial state of existence, with many beauties and excellences, perhaps, mingling with many deformities and faults, but still weakened and deprived of individuality by long drilling in a round of conventionalities. He had seen, too, the wild Indian, in the midst of her native woods, and might have sometimes admired the free grace and wild energy of uncultivated and unperverted nature; but he was not very fond of barbarism, and though he might admit the existence of fine qualities even in a savage, yet he had not been filled with any great enthusiasm in favour of Indian life from what he had seen in Canada. The truth is, he had never been a very dissolute, or, as it is termed, a very gay man—he was not sated and surfeited with the vices of civilisation, and consequently was not inclined to seek for new excitement in the very opposite extreme of primeval rudeness. Most of the gradations between the two he had seen at different periods and in different lands; but yet in her who now rode along beside him there was something different from any. It was not a want, but a combination of the qualities he had remarked in others. There was the polish and the cultivation of high class and finished training, with a slight touch of the wildness and the originality of the fresh unsophisticated heart. There was the grace of education, and the grace of nature; and there seemed to be high natural powers of intellect, uncurbed by artificial rules, but supplied with materials by instruction. All this was apparent; but the question with him was, as to the heart beneath, and its emotions. He gazed upon her as they went on—when she was not looking that way—he watched her countenance, the habitual expression of the features, and the varying expression which every motion produced. Her face seemed like a bright looking-glass, which a breath will dim, and a touch will brighten; but there is so much deceit in the world, and every man who has mingled with that world must have seen so much of it, and every man, also, has within himself such internal and convincing proofs of our human nature's fondness for seeming, that we are all inclined—except in very early youth—to doubt the first impression, to inquire beyond the external appearance, and to inquire if the heart of the fruit corresponds with the beauty of the outside. He asked himself, what was she really? —what was true, and what was false, in that bright and sparkling creature? Whether was the gaiety or the sadness the real character of the mind within? or whether the frequent variation from the one to the other — ay, and from energy to lightness, from softness to firmness, from gentleness to vigour—were not all the indications of a character as various as the moods which it assumed? Sir Edward Digby was resolved not to fall in love, which is the most dangerous resolution that a man can take; for it is seldom, if ever, taken except in a case of great necessity — one of those hasty outworks thrown up against a powerful enemy, which are generally taken in a moment, and the cannon therein turned against ourselves."

We like this sort of philosophical analysis of human nature, and exhibition of its slightest fibres, as if an anatomist were demonstrating the nerves and the brain; but we leave these for a sage and teaching extract on a subject of infinite importance to our age and country, and one which the author has deeply penetrated and considered.

"There are certainly infinite varieties of human character; and I admit that the mind of man is not the blank sheet of paper on which we can write what we please, as has been vainly represented. Or if it be, the experience of every man must have shewn him that that paper is of every different kind and quality—some that will retain the finest line; some that will scarce receive the broadest trace. But still, education has immense power for good or evil. By education I do not mean teaching. I mean, that great and wonderful process by which, commencing at the earliest period of infancy — ay, at the mother's breast —the raw material of the mind is manufactured into all the varieties that we see. I mean, the sum of every line with which the paper is written as it passes from hand to hand. That is education; and most careful should we be that, at an early period, nought should be written but good; for every word once impressed is well nigh indelible. Now what education had that poor boy received? The people of the neighbouring village would have said, a very good one; for there was what is called a charity-school in the neighbourhood, where he had been taught to read, and write, and cast accounts. But this was *teaching*—not *education*. Oh, fatal mistake! when will Englishmen learn to discriminate between the two! His education had been at home—in that miserable hut —by that wretched woman—by her companions in vice and crime! What had all the *teaching* he had received at the school done for him, but placed weapons in the hand of wickedness? Had education formed any part of the system of the school where he was instructed; had he been taught how best to use the gifts that were imparted; had he been inured to regulate the mind that was stored; had he been habituated to draw just conclusions from all he read, instead of merely being taught to read, — that would have been, in some degree, education; and it might have corrected, to a certain point, the darker schooling he received at home. Well might the great philosopher, who in some things most grossly misused the knowledge he himself possessed, pronounce that 'knowledge is power;' but, alas, he forgot to add that it is power *for good or evil!* That poor child had been taught that which to him might have been either a blessing or a bane: but all his real education had been for evil; and there he stood, corrupted to the heart's core."

With this we conclude. We have left all the love and all the involution of the drama untouched — for we wish every reader to enjoy them as we have done; and, to finish our critique, copy one of the snatches of song with which these pages are brightened:—

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"*The Officer's Song.*

A star is still beaming
Beyond the grey cloud;
Its light rays are streaming,
With nothing to shroud;
And the star shall be there
When the clouds pass away;
Its lustre unchanging—
Immortal its ray.

'Tis the guide of the true heart,
In field, or on sea;
'Tis the hope of the slave,—
And the trust of the free;
The light of the lover,
Whatever assail;
The strength of the honest,
That never can fail.

Waft, waft, thou light wind,
From the peace-giving ray
The vapours of sorrow
That over it stray;
And let it pour forth
All unshrouded and bright,
That those who now mourn
May rejoice in its light."

The Letters of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. Edited, with Notes, by Lord Mahon. 4 vols. 8vo. London, R. Bentley.

The correspondence of Lord Chesterfield must for ever belong, in the highest sense of the phrase, though a foreign one, to the *Belles Lettres* of England. His varied accomplishments, his acuteness, so nearly approaching the shrewd (yet, owing to other qualities of his mind, so much mistaken for superficiality), and his knowledge of mankind, elicited by important political positions, and a widely extended intercourse with society, render his writings at once agreeably characteristic of the time in which he flourished, and full of lessons which may be usefully applied at any time to come.

A more complete edition of his letters, therefore, was a national desideratum, and its judicious superintendence could not have been entrusted to better hands than those of the nobleman of the same stock, whose congenial previous literary studies and labours have so peculiarly fitted him for the task. To us he appears to have exercised an excellent judgment in omitting that which could be omitted without public loss, in arranging all that was already in print with what was new, and in appending such brief notes to the whole as was required for the clear understanding of the original text, and its references to history and biography.

The preface repeats the sketch of Lord Chesterfield's life and character which was given in the third volume of Lord Mahon's *History of England*, published in 1838, from which we (on that account) copy very slightly. Of his subject he says:

"Nature had endowed him with a brilliant and ready wit, which was sometimes the delight, sometimes the scourge, but always the wonder, of his companions; and which shone alike in his most laboured writings and his least premeditated sallies. His own care had formed manners still proverbial for their excellence, and, in his own time, the model for the world of fashion; while attaining the highest degree of courtly polish, they had neither relaxed into insipidity, nor stiffened into superciliousness, but were animated and enlivened by a never-failing anxiety to please."

Such a model would not be amiss in our dandified and Exquisite days: but still, Lord M. adds:

"The defects of Chesterfield were neither slight nor few; and the more his contemporaries excused them,—lost as they were in the lustre of his fame,—the less should they be passed over by posterity. A want of generosity; dissimulation carried beyond justifiable bounds; a passion for deep play; and a contempt for abstract science, whenever of no practical or immediate use; may, I think, not unjustly be ranked amongst his errors. But, at the root of all, lay a looseness of religious principle. For without imputing to him any participation in the unbelief which his friend Bolingbroke professed, it is yet certain that points of faith had struck no deep root into his mind, and exercised no steady control upon his conduct. The maxims laid down in his familiar correspondence, even when right themselves, seldom rest on higher motives than expediency, reputation, or personal advantage. His own glory,—the false flame that flits over these low grounds,—however brilliant and dazzling from afar, will be found to lack both the genuine glow of patriotism, and the kindling warmth of private friendship. The country is to be served, not because it is our country, but inasmuch as our own welfare and reputation are involved in it: our friends are to be cherished, not as our inclination prompts, or their merits deserve, but according as they appear useful and conducive to the objects we pursue. '*Prodesse quam conspici*' was both the motto and the maxim of Somers; the very reverse, I fear, might sometimes be applied to Chesterfield."

That this is a very discriminating and just appreciation is shewn by every page of these volumes: there does not seem to be one great, sound, or generous principle in any one act, or reason for any one act, in the whole career of Lord Chesterfield. His human sympathies are below zero: he was a being for himself and his own little circle of connexions,—a poor example for a nobleman of rank, power, and influence, enough to spread blessings over a spacious circle around.

But to proceed to the literary matter: in 1774, Lord Chesterfield's famous Letters to his son appeared in two volumes 4to; and in 1777, his miscellaneous works in the same form, to which were prefixed a biographical memoir by Dr. Maty. A supplementary third volume was published in 1778, which has become extremely scarce. These are the foundation of the bulk of the present edition; to which Lord Mahon has the good fortune to add not only new letters to Mr. Dayrolles, but to make those entire which Dr. Maty, so near the period, could only give in a mutilated shape. Of this portion, his lordship truly observes:

"A still larger, and perhaps still more important, accession has been obtained in the original letters to Mr. Dayrolles. To none of his correspondents, scarcely excepting even his own son, did Lord Chesterfield write with such thorough unreserve." The omissions, he continues, "though most proper and discreet in 1777, are no longer necessary in 1845, and the entire letters, as originally written, may now be sent forth in print without either any breach of public confidence or any wound to private feelings."

Having thus shortly described the character and value of the present production, so well fitted to take its place in every library with the most interesting of its contemporary political, historical, and literary associates (the Walpole, Marchmont, Malmesbury, Bolingbroke, Pitt, and other memorable reminiscences), we do not consider it necessary to employ ourselves or our readers on what has long been open to notice, nor even on the curious additions* in the Dayrolles correspondence, but will direct attention to what is altogether novel, under which category comes a remarkable epistle to his godson and heir, hitherto unknown to the series, "On the art of pleasing." From it we select the following extract:

"My dear boy,—You will have received by my will solid proofs of my esteem and affection. This paper is not a will, and only conveys to you my most earnest requests, for your good alone, which requests, from your gratitude for my past care, from your good heart, and your good sense, I persuade myself you will observe as punctually as if you were obliged by law to do so. They are not the dictates of a peevish, sour old fellow, who affects to give good rules when he can no longer give bad examples, but the advice of an indulgent and tender friend (I had almost said parent), and the result of the long experience of one hackneyed in the ways of life, and calculated only to assist and guide your unexperienced youth. You will probably come to my title and estate too soon, and at an age at which you will be much less fit to conduct yourself with discretion than you were at ten years old. This I know is a very unwelcome truth to a sprightly young fellow, and will hardly be believed by him, but it is nevertheless a truth, and a truth which I most sincerely wish, though I cannot reasonably hope, that you may be firmly convinced of. At that critical period of life, the dangerous passions are busy, impetuous, and stifle all reflection, the spirits high, and examples in general bad. It is a state of continual ebriety for six or seven years at least, and frequently attended by fatal and permanent consequences, both to body and mind. Believe yourself then to be drunk; and as drunken men, when reeling, catch hold of the next thing in their way to support them, do you, my dear boy, hold by the rails of my experience. I hope they will hinder you from falling, though perhaps not from staggering a little sometimes. As to your religious and moral obligations I shall say nothing, because I know that you are thoroughly informed of them, and hope that you will scrupulously observe them, for if you do not you can neither be happy here nor hereafter. * * * Do not set up a tawdry, flaunting equipage, nor affect a grave one: let it be the equipage of a sensible young fellow, and not the gaudy one of a thoughtless young heir; a frivolous *éclat* and profusion will lower you in the opinion of the sober and sensible part of mankind. Never wear over-fine clothes; be as fine as your age and rank require, but do not distinguish yourself by any uncommon magnificence or singularity of dress. Follow the example of Martin, and equally avoid that of Peter or Jack. Do not think of shining by any one trifling circumstance, but shine in the aggregate, by the union of great and good qualities, joined to the amiable accomplishments of manners, air, and address. * * * Do not be seduced by the fashionable word *spirit*. A man of spirit, in the usual acceptation of that word, is, in truth, a creature of strong and warm animal life with a weak understanding; passionate, wrong-headed, captious, jealous of his mistaken honour, and suspecting unintended affronts, and, which is worse, willing to fight in support of his wrong head. Shun this kind of company, and content yourself with a cold, steady firmness and resolution. By the way, a woman of spirit is, *mutatis mutandis*, the duplicate of this man of spirit; a scold and a vixen. I shall say little to you against gaming, for my example cries aloud to you, Do not game. Gaming is rather a rage than a passion; it will break in upon all your rational pleasures, and perhaps with some stain upon your character, if you should happen to win; for whoever plays deep must

* These abound with good-humoured, playful, and entertaining passages, as well as with diplomatic points of considerable interest.—*Ed. L. G.*

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necessarily lose his money or his character. * * Do not be in haste to marry, but look about you first, for the affair is important. There are but two objects in marriage, love or money. If you marry for love, you will certainly have some very happy days, and probably many very uneasy ones; if for money, you will have no happy days, and probably no uneasy ones; in this latter case, let the woman at least be such a one that you can live decently and amicably with, otherwise it is a robbery; in either case let her be of an unblemished and unsuspected character, and of a rank not indecently below your own."

After these and other general maxims, advice is given for parliamentary conduct; *ex. gr.:*

"Where there is a certain fund of parts and knowledge, speaking is but a knack, which cannot fail of being acquired by frequent use. I must, however, add this caution, never write down your speeches beforehand; if you do, you may perhaps be a good declaimer, but will never be a debater. Prepare and digest your matter well in your own thoughts, and *Verba non invita sequuntur.* But if you can properly introduce into your speech a shining declamatory period or two, which the audience may carry home with them, like the favourite song of an opera, it will have a good effect. The late Lord Bolingbroke had accustomed himself so much to a florid eloquence even in his common conversation (which anybody with care may do) that his real extempore speeches seemed to be studied. Lord Mansfield was, in my opinion, the next to him in undeviating eloquence; but Mr. Pitt carried with him, unpremeditated, the strength of thunder, and the splendour of lightning. The best matter in the world, if ill-dressed and ungracefully spoken, can never please. Conviction or conversion are equally out of the question in both Houses, but he will come the nearest to them who pleases the most. In that, as in everything else, sacrifice to the Graces. Be very modest in your *exordium,* and as strong as you can be in your *peroratio.* * * *

"In business (the astute remarks go on) be as able as you can, but do not be cunning; cunning is the dark sanctuary of incapacity. Every man can be cunning if he pleases, by simulation, dissimulation, and, in short, by lying. But that character is universally despised and detested, and justly too; no truly great man was ever cunning. Preserve a dignity of character by your virtue and veracity. You are by no means obliged to tell all that you know and think, but you are obliged, by all the most sacred ties of morality and prudence, never to say any thing contrary to what you know or think to be true. Be master of your countenance, and let not every fool who runs read it. One of the fundamental rules, and almost the only honest one of Italian politics, is *Volto sciolto e pensieri stretti*—an open countenance and close thoughts. * * * Should you be unfortunate enough to have vices, you may, to a certain degree, even dignify them by a strict observance of decorum: at least they will lose something of their natural turpitude. * * * Never run in debt, for it is neither honest nor prudent; but on the contrary, live so far within your annual income as to leave yourself room sufficient for acts of generosity and charity. Give nobly to indigent merit, and do not refuse your charity even to those who have no merit but their misery. Voltaire expresses my thought much better than I can myself:

'Repandez vos bienfaits avec magnificence,
Même aux moins vertueux ne les refusez pas,
Ne vous informez pas de leur reconnoissance;
Il est grand, il est beau, de faire des ingrats.'

Such expense will do you more honour, and give you more pleasure, than the idle profusion of a modish and *erudite* luxury. These few sheets will be delivered to you by Dr. Dodd at your return from your travels, probably long after I shall be dead; read them with deliberation and reflection, as the tender and last testimonies of my affection for you. They are not the severe and discouraging dictates of an old parent, but the friendly and practicable advice of a sincere friend, who remembers that he has been young himself, and knows the indulgence that is due to youth and inexperience. Yes, I have been young, and a great deal too young. Idle dissipation and innumerable indiscretions, which I am now heartily ashamed and repent of, characterised my youth. But if my advice can make you wiser and better than I was at your age, I hope it may be some little atonement."

The name of the unhappy Dr. Dodd, as the bearer of this good advice, is startling to the ear: why had not he such a monitor, and a mind to listen to him?

To Lord Chesterfield's "Characters" we have for the first time the addition of fragments entitled, "The Mistresses of George the First," Lady Suffolk, and also a sketch of Dr. Arbuthnot, and another of the administration of Lord Bute. The subjoined will be perused with curiosity, as singular courtly and royal pictures of the times, though we have had them formerly painted by several able artists.

"The accession of King George the First to the throne caused a great revolution in the fashionable part of the kingdom. Queen Anne had always been devout, chaste, and formal. * * * But King George the First loved pleasures, and was not delicate in the choice of them. No woman came amiss to him, if she were but very willing and very fat. He brought over with him two considerable samples of his bad taste and good stomach, the Duchess of Kendall and the Countess of Darlington; leaving at Hanover, because she happened to be a papist, the Countess of Platen, whose weight and circumference was little inferior to theirs. These standards of his majesty's taste made all those ladies who aspired to his favour, and were near the statutable size, strain and swell themselves, like the frogs in the fable, to rival the bulk and dignity of the ox. Some succeeded, and others burst. The Prince and Princess of Wales, from different motives, equally encouraged and promoted pleasures; he from having a mind to share them, she from policy and a desire of popularity. It cannot be wondered at, then, that pleasures, pent up and in some measure incarcerated during two former reigns, should rush out with impetuosity in this; they did so *quà de la porta,* and every door was willingly open to them. Drawing-rooms every morning at the princess's, and twice a week at night; crowded assemblies every night at some house or other; balls, masquerades, and ridottos, not to mention plays and operas!"

Lady Suffolk's portrait follows:

"Mrs. Howard (afterwards Countess of Suffolk) was of a good family of the long robe, the Hobarts. Her figure was above the middle size and well shaped. Her face was not beautiful, but pleasing. Her hair was extremely fair, and remarkably fine. Her arms were square and lean, that is, ugly. Her countenance was an undecided one, and announced neither good nor ill nature, neither sense nor the want of it, neither vivacity nor dulness. She had good natural sense, and not without art, but in her conversation dwelt tediously upon details and *minutiae.* She had married herself very young, for love, to a most unamiable man, Mr. Howard, a younger brother of an Earl of Suffolk; he was sour, dull, and sullen. How she came to love him, or how he came to love anybody, is unaccountable, unless from a certain fatality which often makes hasty marriages soon attended by long repentance and aversion. Thus they loved, thus they married, and thus they hated each other for the rest of their lives. Their small fortunes were soon spent, and they retired to Hanover before that succession took place. There they were well received, of course, as English; and she, as a well-bred agreeable woman, was declared bed-chamber-woman to the princess, and attended the princess to England in that character, and was lodged at Court. * * * * * Mrs. Howard was now the unrivalled ostensible mistress. The prince passed some hours every day alone with her in her lodgings, and walked with her publicly *tête-à-tête* in the gardens of Richmond and St. James's. But I am persuaded that her private interviews with the prince were (for the reasons above mentioned) as innocent as to the main point as those between him and Mrs. Bellenden had been. * * * * Thus the affair went on without interruption a gentle travelling pace, till the prince came to the throne, and Mrs. Howard became Countess of Suffolk, by which titles I shall hereafter call them both. In the mean time the busy and speculative politicians of the antechambers, who know every thing, but know every thing wrong, naturally concluded that a lady with whom the king passed so many hours every day must necessarily have some interest with him, and consequently applied to her. Her lodgings grew more and more frequented by busy faces, both of men and women. Solicitations surrounded her, which she did not reject, knowing that the opinion of having power often procures power. Nor did she promise to support them, conscious that she had not the power to do it. But she hesitated inclinations to serve, the difficulties of doing it, and all that trite cant of those who with power will not, and of those who without power cannot, grant the requested favours. To my knowledge she sincerely tried to serve some, but without effect; she could not even procure a place of 200*l.* a year for John Gay, a very poor and honest man, and no bad poet, only because he was a poet, which the king considered as a mechanic. The queen had taken good care that Lady Suffolk's apartment should not lead to power and favour, and from time to time made her feel her inferiority by hindering the king from going to her room for three or four days, representing it as the seat of a political faction."

Of Arbuthnot Lord C. speaks in warm terms of eulogy:

"To great and various erudition he joined an infinite fund of wit and humour, to which his friends Pope and Swift were more obliged than they have acknowledged themselves to be. His imagination was almost inexhaustible, and whatever subject he treated, or was consulted upon, he immediately overflowed with all that it could possibly produce. It was at any body's service, for as soon as he was exonerated he did not care what became of it; insomuch that his sons, when young, have frequently made kites of his scattered papers of hints, which would have furnished good matter for folios. Not being in the least jealous of his fame as an author, he would neither take the time nor the trouble of separating the best from the worst; he worked out the whole mine, which afterwards, in the hands of skilful ra-

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finers, produced a rich vein of ore. * * * His good understanding could not get the better of some prejudices of his education and country. For he was convinced thet he had twice hed the second sight, which in Scotch signifies a degree of nocturnel inspiration, but in English only a dream. He was also a Jacobite by prejudice, and a republican by reflection and reasoning. He indulged his pelate to excess, I might have said to gluttony, which gave him e gross plethoric habit of body that was the cause of his death. He lived and died a devout and sincere Christian. Pope and I were with him the evening before he died, when he suffered recking pains from an inflammation in his bowels, but his head was clear to the last. He took leave of us with tenderness, without weakness, and told us that he died, not only with the comfort but even the devout assurance of a Christian. By all those who were not much ecquainted with him he was considered infinitely below his level; he put no price upon himself, and consequently went at an undervalue, for the world is complaisant or dupe enough to give every man the price he sets upon himself, provided it be not insolently and overbearingly demanded. It turns upon the manner of asking."

These traits are less piquant then some in the eccount of Lord Bute, which are witty and racy. For example:—

"The Earl of Bute was of an ancient family in Scotland. His name wes Stuart; he called himself a descendant of that royal house, and was humble enough to be proud of it. He wes, by his mother's side, nephew to John and Archibald, Dukes of Argyle. He merried the daughter of Wortley Montague, by Lady Mary Pierrepont, eminent for her parts and her vices. It was a runaway love-match; notwithstanding which, they lived very happily together. She proved a very good wife, and did in no way *matrizare*. He proved *a great husband*, and had thirteen or fourteen children successively by her, in as little time as was absolutely necessary for their being got and born, though he married her without a shilling, and without a reasonable probability of her ever having two; for she had a brother, who is still alive. She proved an immense fortune by the deeth of her father and mother, who, disinheriting their son, left her five or six hundred thousand pounds. Lord Bute and she had lived eight or nine years in a frugal and prudent manner in the island of Bute, which wes entirely his own property, and but a little south of Nova Zembla. There he applied himself to the study of egriculture, botany, and architecture—the employments rather of en industrious than of an elevated mind. From thence he came to town, five or six years before the death of the late Frederick Prince of Wales, to whom he wholly ettached himself. He soon got to be at the head of the pleasures of that little idle, frivolous, and dissipated court. He was the intendant of balls, the Coryphæus of plays, in which he acted himself, and so grew into a sort of a favourite of that merry prince. The Scandelous Chronicle says, that he wae still a greater favourite of the Princess of Walea: I will not, nor cannot, decide upon that fact. It is certain, on one hand, that there were many very strong indications of the tenderest connexion between them; but on the other hand, when one considers how deceitful appearances often are in those affairs, the capriciousness and inconsistency of women, which make them often be unjustly suspected, and the improbability of knowing exactly what passee in *têtes-à-têtes*, one is reduced to mere conjectures. Those who have been conversant in that sort of business will be sensible of the truth of this reflection. When Frederick Prince of Wales died, and the present King George the Third became immediate heir to the crown, Lord Bute very prudently attached himself wholly to him—not only with the approbation, but I believe at the request, of the Princess Dowager. In this he succeeded beyond his most sanguine wishes. He entirely engrossed not only the affections, but even the senses of the young prince, who seemed to heve made a total surrender of them all to Lord Bute."

The political sketch is too long for our page; but it is well worthy of the talent of the writer, and the consideretion of every reader.

The third volume is full of miscellaneous letters, chronologically disposed, and thus rendered more effective. Negotiations, personal concerns, applications for honours or favours, and friendly communications, afford them a most agreeable and instructive diversity. Of his Dutch treating et one time his lordship writes from the Hague:—"Arguments have little weight in the present anarchy, end, without returning eny, their answer is, they can't because they can't, or they won't because they won't."

Lord Chesterfield's lord-lieutenancy in Ireland is justly described by the editor as the most brilliant end important epoch in his life; and it is to be regretted that so little of his correspondence relating to it hae come to light. We can only transcribe one example from a privete letter to the Duke of Newcastle, the prime minister, March 11, 1746:

"The new barrack patent is a thing of absolute necessity for his majesty's military service here. I should be a great deal too tedious if I were to state to your grace a tenth part of that affair. I will therefore only say, that this new patent, together with some other regulations I am making here, is the only probable method of preventing for the future the enormous abuses of the Barrack Board. The Dublin Society is really a very useful establishment. It consists of many considerable people, and has beed kept up hitherto by voluntary subscriptions. They give premiums for the improvement of lands, for plantations, for manufactures. They furnish many materiale for those improvements in the poorer and less cultivated parts of this kingdom, end heve certeinly done a great deal of good. The bounty they apply for to his majesty is five hundred pounds a year, which, in my humble opinion, would be properly bestowed; but I entirely submit it. As to the applications of the Earls of Cavan* and Rosse,† and Lord Mayo,‡ all I can say for them is, that they have nothing of their own—that they are part of the furniture of this House of Lords, which, if his majesty thinks proper to put in a little better repair, he will at the same time do a real act of compassion. The few small pensions are too trifling to mention: they are the usual charities of the government, and at the same time lay some obligetions upon more considerable people who solicit them; and the establishment cen very well beer them."

The fourth volume is similar to the third; and we heertily recommend it for ite wit, intelligence, and information; being obliged, however, to content ourselves with a single quotation, which, though eddressed (through Mr. Dayrolles) to another class of people, may be edvantageously pondered over by critics.

"You fine gentlemen (says Lord C.), who have never committed the sin or the folly of scribbling, think that all those who have can do it again whenever they please, but you are much mistaken: the pen has not only its moments, but ite hours, ite daye of impotence, and is no more obedient to the will than other things heve been since the fall. Unsuccessful and ineffectual attempts are in both cases elike disagreeable and disgraceful."

* Ford Lambart, fifth Earl of Cavan.
† Richard Parsons, second Earl of Rosse.
‡ Theobald Bourke, seventh Viscount Mayo.

Petrie's Inquiry into the Origin and Uses of the Round Towers of Ireland, &c. &c. Dublin, Hodges and Smith.

This volume comee out in a double charecter: it appears as the 20th volume of the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*, and is elso published separately by Messrs. Hodges and Smith, of Dublin. It is admirably got up, being printed at the university press, and is a very creditable specimen of their typography. The wood-engravings, by Hanlon, are beautifully executed. Mr. Petrie, in his preface to the 20th volume of the *Transactions*,—for there is a different preface to the seperate publication,—says:

"The work of which the first volume is now submitted to the public was originally written for, and presented to, the Royal Irish Academy, as an essay on the origin and uses of the round towers of Ireland; and that essay was so fortunate as to obtain a gold medal end a prize of 50*l.* from the Academy in 1833 (17 Dec. 1832). It may, however, be proper to etate that, in its present form, the work contains not only an essay on the round towers, very much enlarged, but elso distinct essays on our encient stone churches and other ecclesiastical buildings of contemporaneous age with the round towers, now first submitted to the Academy, end for the epproval of which thet distinguished body is in no way committed."

The council of the Academy, on the 7th April, 1845, passed the following resolutions:

"That the volume which has been printed by Mr. Petrie, as the 20th volume of the *Transactions*, be received as such, and though it cannot be regarded as a complete work, that, nevertheless, the council recommend that it be taken as acquitting Mr. Petrie of his engagements to the Academy. It was also resolved, that with reference to Mr. Petrie's proposal to publish a second volume in continuation on the same terme, the council do not recommend its adoption."

On the 13th of April the Academy confirmed these resolutions; end this volume, although admitted to be an imperfect work, stands as the 20th volume of their *Transactions*, and that distinguished body has committed itself to it as far as it does to eny other essey; that is, they do not consider themselves answerable for "*any opinion, representation of facts, or train of reasoning therein;*" but it mey be a question "*pour les gens de la robe*," whether, if a libel be published therein, they would not be *liable to answer as publishers?*

Mr. Petrie in his preface seys, with complacency end self-approbation:

"For the object which this work is intended to effect, as well as the spirit in which it is conducted, I trust I may lay claim to some preise, the pursuit of truth being never lost sight of."—p. viii.

Premising thus much of its history, we must say we have seldom seen a work written in a spirit more discreditable and offensive. Mr. Petrie has reduced himself to a level with the old hedge-school, ill-educated, Irish philomeths, who consider abuse to be argument, and

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vulgar scurrility a strong and justifiable weapon. He is one who makes a personal quarrel with every man who ventures to express an opinion different from his own, even upon a question of Irish antiquities. And he runs his muck accordingly:—like his drunken countrymen in a faction-fight or fair, he hits all heads within his reach, and seems to fancy that a knock at others elevates himself. But lest we should be thought to exaggerate, we will allow him to speak for himself.

Of the late Rev. Charles O'Conor, D.D., brother to the late, and uncle to the present O'Conor Don, one of the most amiable and inoffensive as well as learned men of his day, he says: "That Dr. O'Conor himself knew he was attempting an imposition on his readers, by giving a different meaning of Colgan's words, would almost appear certain from our finding him elsewhere *actually falsifying the text of this very passage in Colgan to support his hypothesis.*" p. 56. He calls this combating Dr. O'Conor's opinions: "*I have combated* his opinions because the *sacred cause of truth* required the contest." p. 67.

Of another Rev. Doctor of Divinity—probably to shew his impartiality between the Roman Catholic O'Conor and the Protestant Ledwich—he declares:—"No one could have written this but a person desirous of supporting an erroneous hypothesis by *false assertions.*" p. 12. "Nothing but its artfulness can exceed the *audacious mendacity* of the foregoing passage." ibid.

Of General Vallancey he says:—"He has most shamefully *garbled and falsified* the text of that writer" (Cormac). p. 29. "The passages in Jurieu's 'Critical History of the Church,' on which this *mendacious statement* are founded, are given in Vallancey, in the fourth volume of the 'Collectanea,' *who enjoyed* a triumph in exposing the *dishonesty* of his former literary associate," "*Mr. Beauford, another English antiquary.*" p. 32.

Of Harris, the editor of Ware's *Antiquities:*—"In this place Harris has not dealt fairly with his readers. This he *must have known* to have been *contrary to the fact.*" p. 112.

Of Dr. Smith, the historian of Cork, Kerry, &c.:—"In the preceding passage" "there is but one assertion which *has any foundation in truth.*" p. 116.

The same temper pervades the whole volume, from which we might extract examples enow to fill pages. Whatever may have been the want of judgment, learning, or incapacity of these writers, they have hitherto been considered well-meaning, and actuated by a desire to ascertain the truth. Persons must have a great affection for falsehood who will lie for the purpose of establishing an abstract antiquarian proposition; and we must observe that these gentlemen were certainly above Mr. Petrie's standard in gentlemanly feeling, as well as rightmindedness.

But is Mr. Petrie's affection for the *sacred cause of truth* above suspicion? Is he careful to avoid making statements which, if not *egregious blunders*, must be *wilful misrepresentations* and *mendacious statements?* We were not a little startled at reading the following passages:—

"The only remaining hypothesis of those referring the round towers to a pagan use—namely, their having been *Phalli* or *Priapeia Templa*—is happily so absurd, and at the same time so utterly unsupported by authority or evidence worthy of reputation, that I gladly pass it by without further notice, *even though it has found a zealous supporter in the person of Sir William Betham* since these pages were originally written and read to the Academy, and who consequently was acquainted with their contents." p. 108.

Again:—"And lastly, that the evidences and arguments tendered in support of this theory by Vallancey and his followers—excepting those of the late Mr. O'Brien and Sir William Betham, which I have not thought worthy of notice—have been proved to be of no weight or importance." p. 356.

We recollected that Sir William Betham had devoted a chapter of his *Etruria Celtica* to the subject of the round towers; and our impression was, that he had considered them to be *sepulchral monuments*, and that he had treated Mr. O'Brien's work as the production of an unsound mind, and had charged Mr. O'Brien with total ignorance of the true character of Buddhism.* We were therefore the more startled at finding him charged with being *a zealous supporter of Mr. O'Brien's theory*, which we thought he had condemned in most unqualified terms. To satisfy ourselves on this point, we again referred to the second volume of the *Etruria Celtica*, where, in pages 31 and 192, we find the following passages:—

"O'Connor's Chronicles of Eri are a similar fraud; and yet from such a work, with Dr. Villanueva's Phœnician Ireland, and O'Brien's Round Towers, Dr. Gesenius judges of the pretensions of the Irish language to affinity with the Punic. Dr. Villanueva, from his ignorance of the Irish history and language, was involved in the most absurd blunders, and poor O'Brien was insane."—*Etruria Celtica*, ii. p. 31.

Again: "The opinion propounded in Mr. O'Brien's *abominable book*, as it is styled in the Quarterly Review, is entirely grounded on the solitary circumstance of the Irish word *bot*, signifying a phallus. His ignorance of the localities as well as the doctrines of Buddhism was extreme; he talks of Persian Buddhists, whereas it does not appear that the name of Buddh was even known in that country. Much allowance should, however, be made for that unfortunate young man, who undoubtedly laboured under aberration of mind, and died suddenly, it is believed, from a disordered brain. His book throughout exhibits evidence of a crazed intellect. Buddhism is not the worship of the phallus, or in any degree obscene."—*Etruria Celtica*, ii. p. 192.

Mr. Petrie has here made a *careless and unaccountable blunder* or a *wilful misrepresentation*, and he alone must decide which; in either case his assertions and affected anxiety for truth may be justly questioned. But he never suffers an opportunity to pass without making a fling or sneer at Sir William Betham; and we are sorry to say this ebullition of personal animosity has been allowed to disfigure, and we may add disgrace, the pages of two of our leading magazines, in articles of satirical abuse and vituperation against that gentleman. The cause of this animosity and injustice is easily accounted for. Sir William is a member of the Royal Irish Academy, and has been urging Mr. Petrie to publish in its transactions this essay on the *Round Towers*, and also an essay on *Military Architectural Antiquities in Ireland*, to which a similar reward was adjudged in 1834; and also an essay on *Ancient Irish Bells*, read about 1838; neither of the two last *have been yet published*, although they are *both often quoted in this volume*:—*Hinc illæ lachrymæ*. A controversy on this subject has been going on for many years in that learned body, and pamphlets have been printed on both sides and extensively distributed.

* See *Lit. Gazette* review *passim*.

We have felt it right to express our dissatisfaction and unqualified condemnation at the *animus* exhibited by the author. In our progress we shall have a more pleasing task, for we are free to admit that Mr. Petrie has brought to light a mass of most interesting facts illustrative of Irish history and antiquities, which we confess have surprised us, and added a dignity and character to the history of Ireland, which, although always claimed, the remains of works of art and architectural buildings on its surface have never before been so clearly made to appear and justify.

We now proceed to examine what he has done to settle this *quæstio vexata* of the origin and use of the round towers. The following will explain what he undertakes to establish:

"I. That the towers are of Christian and ecclesiastical origin, and were erected at various periods, between the 5th and 13th centuries. II. That they were designed to answer at least a twofold use; namely, to serve as belfries and as keeps, or places of strength, in which the sacred utensils, books, relics, and other valuables, were deposited, and into which the ecclesiastics, to whom they belonged, could retire for security, in cases of sudden predatory attack. III. That they were *probably* also used, when occasion required, as beacons, or watch-towers." pp. 4, 5.

For the first conclusion, that they are of Christian origin,—

"1. The towers are never found unconnected with ancient ecclesiastical foundations. 2. Their architectural styles exhibit no features or peculiarities not equally found in the *original* churches with which they are locally connected, where such remain. 3. On several of them Christian emblems are observable, and others display in the details a style of architecture universally acknowledged to be of Christian origin. 4. They possess invariably architectural features not found in any buildings in Ireland ascertained to be of pagan times.

"That they were intended to serve the double purpose of belfries and keeps, or castles. 1. Their architectural construction, as will appear, eminently favours this conclusion. 2. A variety of passages, extracted from our ancient annals, and other authentic documents, will prove that they were constantly applied to both these purposes.

"That they may have also been occasionally used as beacons and watch-towers. 1. There are some historical evidences which render such a hypothesis extremely probable. 2. The necessity which must have existed in early Christian times for such beacons and watch-towers, and the perfect fitness of the round towers to answer such purposes, will strongly support this conclusion."

Mr. Petrie then claims the uniform tradition of the country that they were Christian belfries, and, above all, by authentic evidences, which SHALL be adduced relative to the *erection of several of these towers, with the names and eras of their founders.* He then details the theories which have obtained respecting these towers:—1. That they were erected by the Danes. 2. That they were of Phœnician origin. 3. That they were fire-temples, 4. That they were places from which to proclaim Druidical festivals. 5. That they were gnomons, or astronomical observatories. 6. That they were phallic emblems, or Buddhist temples. 7. That they were anchorite towers, or stylite columns. 8. That they were penitential prisons. 9. That they were belfries. 10. That they were keeps, or monastic castles. 11. That they were beacons and watch-towers.

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Mr. Petrie adopts the last three, 9, 10, 11, as his own. He then examines the theories in regular order, and soon disposes of the notion that the Danes had any thing to do with their construction. He then attacks their Phœnician, Persian, and Indo-Scythian origin, as if these people were the same.

We shall not follow our author in his comments upon Vallancey, which we think he might have spared.

"*Dr. Lanigan, the able author of the 'Ecclesiastical History of Ireland,'* who was greatly superior to the old general in solid learning, *honesty*, and general acuteness." Next comes under consideration Miss Beaufort's "*elaborate and valuable essay*."

Mr. D'Alton passes in review, and is declared to have mistaken certain Cyclopean forts for round towers. "*As I have shewn* [?] *in my 'Essay* on Military Architecture in Ireland.'*" "So much for the confident assertions of Mr. D'Alton." Poor Mr. D'Alton!!!

The Rev. Dr. O'Conor is declared "the only formidable supporter of this hypothesis;" that is, that they were *fire-towers*. Mr. Petrie combats the learned and reverend doctor's reading of a word in a passage in the *Annals of the Four Masters*. O'Conor reads, *Turaghan* — Petrie, *Truaghan*. It may be admitted that the latter is the true reading. But it may also be questioned whether Mr. Petrie gives the correct reasons or cause for the reverend doctor's error; *t* with a *u* over it is the true contraction for *tru*, *t* with an *r* over it *tur*.

It is not necessary for us to follow Mr. Petrie into his pompous and laboured exhibition of learning, our business is with his own achievements: the question is, has *he* proved the three points he has adopted—were these towers belfries, keeps, and watch-towers? how has he redeemed his pledges? and what has he done to establish his positions?

It is singular that in the enumeration of the uses of these towers, he does not include *sepulchres*, and yet this idea is the first he combats. His first argument is, that "there were regal cemeteries in various parts of Ireland," and therefore these towers were not sepulchral! We are not aware that it has ever been asserted, that the skeletons found in the towers were those *of kings*, and therefore Mr. Petrie fights with a shadow of his own creation; and his long extract from the *Seneas na relic* just amounts to *nil*, and does not satisfy any "*rational inquirer*"—and the stuff about the Dagda proves nothing.

The assertion that *Dowth Knowth* and *New Grange* were the *tombs of the Tuathade Danan race!!!* is worth just as much; and "*we think*" he has adduced not only not sufficient evidence to satisfy the reader, but absolutely none whatever, to prove that the artificial mode of burial in the tower of Ardmore was accidental, or that the towers were not sepulchral.

We do not think it worth while to enter farther into his objections to the opinions of previous writers, which he evidently has failed to disprove. But we proceed to examine what he has himself done to establish the opinions he has adopted; but this must be reserved for a future *Gazette* or *Gazettes*.

* As this essay has not been published, can this then be the proper expression?

Human Magnetism; its Claims to dispassionate Inquiry: being an Attempt to shew the utility of its Application for the Relief of Human Suffering. By W. Newnham, Esq. 8vo, pp. 432. John Churchill.

MR. NEWNHAM is a new advocate for the existence of human magnetism, and a volunteer to the ranks of expounders of a subject of inquiry which has hitherto been lessened in estimation chiefly by its own followers. Contemned by men of science, phenomena of high interest have been handed over by tacit consent to ignorant empirics and traders in the mysterious—and the demand for such appears at the present moment to have grown up in an inverse ratio to the attention given to the subject by persons of philosophical habits. This state of things cannot last long; the time will come when the most skilful and intellectual research will be centred in eliminating the true from the false, and establishing, on the incontrovertible basis of observation and experience, the principles of those physiological phenomena, in which the relations of the senses, of the mind and body, and of one human being to another, are brought into such wonderful antagonism. Mr. Newnham belongs to a certain extent to this class of inquirers, although he does not advance beyond the mere threshold of the inquiry. He began, like most others, in being opposed to so-called mesmerism, and was asked by some friends to write a paper against it, in which *à priori* proceeding he was assisted by a person who furnished him with materials which proved incontestably, that under some circumstances the operator might be duped,—that hundreds of enlightened persons might equally be deceived; and certainly went far to shew that the pretended science was wholly a delusion; but the intellect of the author of the "Reciprocal Influence of Body and Mind" was so tempered by the investigation of abstract truths, that he felt at once that the facts so placed before him only led to the direct proof that certain phenomena might be counterfeited—and the existence of counterfeit coin is rather a proof that there is somewhere the genuine standard gold to be imitated. It is needless to say, that when he investigated the facts with such absence of all prejudice, he soon found amidst much fraud and jugglery, also many valuable truths; to expound which, and the causes why the subject has not been fairly investigated, and the reasons of the opposition and contempt which it has generally to put up with, is the object of the present work.

The sketch of Chardel's views, the considerations on the principle of energia—the actinism of Mr. Hunt—is a decided step in advance in establishing more intimate relations between the ascertained facts of scientific inquiry and the more mysterious phenomena of human magnetism. And Mr. Newnham is one of the best opponents that have yet appeared in the arena of discussion to those advocates of *cerebration*, and other material explanations of the phenomena of mind, which are as unnecessary to the pursuit of inquiries into the nature of human magnetism, as they are outrageously opposed to a true knowledge of the nature of man.

Letters of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland; selected from the Recueil, &c., by Prince Alexander Labanoff. Translated, with Notes and an Introduction, by W. Turnbull, Esq., Advocate, &c. Vol. I. 8vo, pp. 396. London, C. Dolman.

WE approve heartily of this design to give the cream of this important work to the general reader in a form intelligible to all; for though the learned must be more delighted with it in its original language, yet the antique and foreign obscurity of the greater portion of it necessarily excluded very many from its satisfactory perusal. From the date of the Introduction, "The Feast of the Ascension," we presume that the translator is inspired by a religious as well as a literary ardour in behalf of his theme, and therefore that the favourable view of the questions at issue has not lost force in his hands. But indeed, from what we have ourselves said of the publication, it seemed hardly possible to sustain any longer the cruel aspersions upon the character of Mary, or the infamous fabrications so skilfully and unscrupulously resorted to in order to gain them currency and credit. Every human heart must feel for the hapless queen, even when her guilt was partially believed; but when the proof of her innocence is accumulated and made far more credible than the charges against her, the commiseration for her fate is increased a hundredfold. Poor Mary! With barbarous subjects—a people distracted by feuds, rendered more furious by religious distraction—and relatives as merciless as they were subtle and ambitious,—hers was truly a helpless and miserable lot.

Mr. Turnbull, in his Introduction, has supplied a few particulars hitherto unprinted; and a burlesque caricature of Elizabeth dancing, and an engraving of a unique coin of Mary, are added to embellish the publication.

Scriptural Conversations between Charles and his Mother. By Lady Charles Fitzroy. 12mo, pp. 218. London, Longmans.

A PIOUS and well-meant essay to infuse religious instruction into the youthful mind. Some of the themes are, perhaps, rather subtle for juvenile comprehension or mamma-teaching; but out of the perverse wickedness of the prophet Balaam, and his punishment, her ladyship inculcates moral maxims and historical and geographical annotions from our old divines.

The Heroine of a Week. Pp. 123. London: Seeley, Burnside, and Seeley.

A FAMILIAR story, in which the application of sound and high principles to the common and daily business of life is enforced. It does not require great events to educe lessons of virtue; but the inmate of the humble dwelling may practise self-denial, the love of kind, and the golden rule, as effectually as monarchs on the throne or the most elevated of human kind.

Dawn Island. By Harriet Martineau. Pp. 94.

A TALE written for the National Anti-Corn-Law Bazaar; and perhaps under Mesmeric influence. It is an account of a savage island with savage customs; but a merchant-vessel comes, opens a free trade, and there is the finest prospect in the world that every thing will be altered for the better.

The Meteor. No. I. London, Westerton.

A ROMANCE according to the established practice—lots of puns under the title of Kitchen-correspondence, *alias* stuff—a pleasant historical ramble to Hever Castle—and other miscellaneous matters—appear in this new cheapness.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, May 17, 1845.

Academy of Sciences: Sittings of 5th and 12th May.—M. Pelouze announced that M. Redtenbacher, one of Liebig's pupils, had submitted taurine (the biliary asparagine of Gmelin) to a new analysis, and had found in this substance 26 per cent of sulphur. Hitherto chemists have had no idea that sulphur existed in taurine; they had stated its formula as C^4, H^7, Az. O^{10}.

M. Lund writes from Brazil that he has explored there 800 calcareous caverns with fossil bones, and that in six of them he met with

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human bones, the most part of which, judging from their external appearance, belonged to a very remote period. They were rarely combined with bones of animals to assist in regard to time. One cavern, however, presented an exception to this, and M. Lund says: "We found there, by the side of human bones, bones of animals belonging to different species either still existing or already extinct. Yet a geological indication, indispensable to fix the relative age of these remains, failed us, since the objects discovered were not found in their primitive bed." The examination of this cavern has led M. Lund to draw the following conclusions: 1st, The establishment of the human race in South America dates back not only beyond the epoch of the discovery of this part of the world, but very far into historic times, probably even into the geologic periods, since several species of animals seem to have disappeared from the ranks of creation after the appearance of man in this hemisphere. 2dly, The human race that lived in this part of the world in remotest time was, as to its general type, the same that inhabited it when it was discovered by Europeans. These views oppose the opinion that the "New World" was inhabited by races from the "Old World," and that the South Americans were a variety of the Mongolian race. M. Lund seems to consider America the older world, both in regard to geological time and human existence.

M. Lassaigne's researches on the saliva of mammifers, man and the horse, contradict the opinion of Miahle recently announced. They go to prove that saliva in the process of digestion plays no other part than the moistening of the food and the dissolution of some of its principles naturally soluble in water.

M. Deville submitted a note on the loss of density in rocks when they pass from the crystalline to the vitreous state. Several experiments on igneous rocks, and comparisons of their densities with those of the glass resulting from their fusion, give 0·04 as a mean loss of specific weight.

M. Gaffard presented a memoir on the means of rendering common clays refractory. Those earths which most resist the action of high temperatures consist of silica and alumina in a state of purity; the presence of the least quantities of certain bases—potash, soda, lime, magnesia, oxide of iron, manganese, &c.—renders them fusible. The problem then is, to deprive them of these bases; and the methods proposed by the author are:—1st, For earths containing besides silica and alumina, hydrates or carbonates of potash or soda, ordinary washing out; 2d, For those containing insoluble carbonates of lime, magnesia, iron, or hydrates of lime, and manganese, treatment with chlorohydric acid and heat, and then washing out the chlorides; 3d, Similar treatment of those containing perhydrates of iron or manganese, but using sulphuric acid, and separating the sulphates by repeated washings; and 4th, When more than one of these bases are in union with the silica and alumina, successive operations appropriate to each.

French Antiquarian Intelligence.—An interesting report was addressed not long since to the Comité Historique on the mediæval monuments of Burgundy. Among other points noticed was, the condition of the walls of Beaune, some of the most perfect remains of the middle ages in the east of France. The circuit of the walls round the town is nearly complete, and the effect of these venerable ramparts is exceedingly good; nevertheless the town-council of the place would willingly pull them all down, not because they are in the way, but merely because they do not consider them to be of any use; and were it not for the ditch of the town having been turned into gardens, and become the property of numerous individuals, who would be sufferers by the demolition, this work of Vandalism would have been long since accomplished. Not one, however, of the ancient gateways of the town has been left untouched. The gateway of the castle, built in 1502, by the father of Louis de la Tremoille, was pulled down in 1829, and replaced by a barrier in wood: another has also been lately destroyed. One of the curtains was recently threatened with demolition in order that a new gateway might be built, and the old one of St. Martin removed. The major part of the walls are of the 11th century, but they were much repaired, at the end of the 14th, by Philip the Bold. Two of the towers which still remain are of the 12th century. They are round, and have narrow loopholes, with conical roofs; two other towers large and round, five pentagonal bastions, and six spherical curtains, are of the time of Louis XII., built by La Tremoille, and having the stones of their faces cut into diamond-shaped projections. All the curtains of the castle are cut into diamond-shaped projections of the same kind, and the care which the engineers of that date took to ornament their military constructions is worthy of note. The fashion of so doing, as in the present instance, might have been introduced by La Tremoille from Italy, where he had conquered the Milanese. On the buttresses of the castle-gateway are still to be seen armorial bearings, such as the wheel of the Tremoilles; a porcupine crowned; and the escutcheon of France. The letter A, the monogram of Anne of Brittany, occurs between two ermine tails, and the letter L with a crown upon it, being the monogram of the king, her consort. On the outer side of the great gateway are three cordons in stone, placed above each other; the lower one bears 56 wheels of the Tremoilles, the middle one 29 porcupines, and the upper one 25 crowned L's. Various other bearings and enrichments occur at other spots.—In the arrondissement of Beaune, there still remain several old castles in good preservation; such as Châteauneuf built by Philippe Pot, speaker of the nobles in the states general of 1484; Chandenay; the Donjon of Cor-à-bœuf; together with the ruins of Marigny and Rochepot. Altogether this part of Burgundy is well worthy of a careful visit from the antiquary and the historian.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, *May* 14.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. J. Welldon, St. John's College (incorporated from St. John's College, Cambridge), Rev. J. U. Robson, Magdalen Hall, Rev. W. L. Collett, Queen's College, R. Blayney, Exeter College, Rev. J. H. Bushnell, Worcester College, grand compounders; Rev. T. H. Ravenhill, W. S. Vale, Worcester College; Rev. W. H. Jones, Queen's College; Rev. F. T. MacDougall, Rev. F. W. Vaux, Rev. T. Helmore, Magdalen Hall; Rev. W. B. Hole, Exeter College; Rev. R. Weatherell, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. S. W. Stevenson, St. Mary Hall; Rev. F. Kenney, Christ Church College; Rev. B. Belcher, Wadham College; Rev. W. Bushnell, University College; C. E. L. Wightman, Rev. W. Bousfield, fellow, Rev. G. M. Houghton, Lincoln College; H. Fort, Balliol College; Rev. P. S. Ashworth, St. Alban's Hall; C. G. Price, Jesus College; V. G. Driffield, scholar of Brasenose College; G. F. de Teissier, scholar of Corpus Christi College; Rev. H. E. Peltman, Trinity College; Rev. T. Pantin, Pembroke College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. J. Ebsworth, E. Bittlestone, J. L. Johnson, St. Edmund's Hall; J. J. G. Graham, Queen's College; E. B. Mynors, St. Mary Hall; J. H. Thompson, W. de Porre, Magdalen Hall; J. H. Bainbrigge, Wadham College; T. B. Ludlow, Christ Church College; H. A. Douglas, C. Tufnel, Balliol College; C. J. Stuart, A. W. Mountain, University College; G. Jebb, Lincoln College; H. Hayman, fellow of St. John's College; C. G. Gambier, T. A. Walker, G. Pardoe, St. John's College; A. W. Green, W. Browne, P. Smith, W. Johnston, Trinity College; T. Hughes, W. Buckle, Oriel College; F. W. Peel, Worcester College; D. Price, C. Chambers, Jesus College.

Cambridge, *May* 7.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—J. R. Hutchinson, M.A., fellow of St. John's College.

Masters of Arts.—Hon. G. Denman, H. Mansfield, fellows, W. W. Newbould, Trinity College; W. B. Brett, E. W. Montagu, Caius College; J. Fenwick, fellow, R. Surtees, Corpus Christi College; T. Bennett, Queen's College; J. M. Ridley, Jesus College.

Bachelor in the Civil Law.—J. Blencowe, Christ's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—C. B. Ewart, Trinity College; M. Manley, H. T. Veness, Queen's College; J. B. Vale, Emmanuel College.

M.A. ad eundem.—W. D. Jackson, M.A., St. John's College, Oxford; W. Scott, M.A., Queen's College, Oxford.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL RUPTURE.

We congratulate ourselves on having retreated somewhat timeously from this offensive dispute, into which so much of personality has at length made its way, or rather, been at last openly allowed to explode by the publication of several letters on one side, that the cause of literature and science is merged in the charge of pecuniary misappropriation and ungentlemanly conduct. The accusation amounts to this—that certain members who had subscribed to the Association before the rupture, wishing to adhere to the party of Mr. Way and the British Museum, had recalled the amounts of their subscriptions from the original fund, in order to transfer them to the side they had taken, and that their request had been refused by the Central Committee on the ground that, if granted, it would be a confession of their illegality, and stultify all their proceedings. To impute any personal motive or interest to the president or any members of that committee would be too gross to enter any mind, however base or suspicious; and the question therefore resolves itself into one of a general character: could, or ought, the requisitions referred to be complied with or not? were the committee at liberty to divert any portion of their trust to those whom they had repudiated as a faction, actively engaged in destroying every object and purpose of the Association? They must first consider the right or propriety of the individual subscriber to call upon them to commit themselves to a suicidal act declaratory of their illegitimacy, after a numerous meeting had confirmed them in the government; and hand over to a section—which, however respectable in private life, had yet assumed no public position—a division of the aggregate amount supplied before this unfortunate schism. They have determined, on broad principles, that it would be a misapplication of their duty to sanction such a measure. Mr. Hardwick's subscription of 5*l.* was sent, on the 3d of January, to the then and now treasurer: the General Meeting was held on the 5th of March. Mr. Hailstone (whose complaints are about as stormy as his name) is indignant at not being classed among the associates of 1845, his 5*l.* having been subscribed in 1844. The explanation of this afforded to us is, that he paid it to Mr. Way; but, owing to the absence or occupation of that gentleman, it was not paid in to the treasurer till the 8th of January, 1845, (together with the subscriptions of Sir J. Boileau and Dr. Jephson), and could hardly, therefore, appear in a list previously issued. The other seceder, the Rev. Mr. Freer, subscribed on the

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1st of January, 1845; and after perusing the Report of the General Meeting of March 5, together with a copy of the resolutions and the names and constitution of the Central Committee there elected, absolutely wrote to the treasurer to ascertain whether, on the payment of 5*l.* 10*s.* additional, he should become a Life-Associate; and upon being informed he might, he did so subscribe. It must surely have required more than their common industry and persuasion in the opposite party to have induced this gentleman not only to retire from those he had joined, but to lend himself to be one of their accusers.

After all, it seems to us that this *ruse*, though cunningly enough devised and got to be countenanced by such worthy names as Phillip Hardwick, &c., has been justly and judiciously defeated. At the next meeting, every item of account must be submitted to public scrutiny and close auditing; every farthing expended must have been disbursed for the advancement of the Association; and any insinuation in the mean while against the Central Committee they may well, as a body or individually, treat with sovereign contempt.

Since writing and printing the foregoing, we have received the communication which we annex. It strengthens us in the view we have taken, and, indeed, so nearly repeats our own statement and argument that it might be supposed to have been a common production. Not being so, and (besides stating other particulars of unanswerable bearing on the issue) putting, as we think, some of the points more forcibly than we have done, even at the risk of some repetition, we have deemed it expedient to insert it here. And lest our readers might suppose that we are, or have been, attaching too much consequence to this grievous quarrel, we ought to inform those unacquainted with the fact that the venom is spreading into other quarters, and that several of our national societies have already been turned from their literary and scientific pursuits, to become the fields for similar wrangling, disturbance, and individual hostilities. There is no saying where the evil is to stop. The Society of Antiquaries, and the Numismatic Society have caught the plague-spot, and are now bitterly agitated by the spreading contagion.

The following are the notes of our correspondent:

Mr. Philip Hardwick.—This gentleman gave as a donation 5*l.* to the British Archæological Association on the 3d of *January* 1845, and on the 17th of *March*, more than two months afterwards, applies to have it returned to him on the plea that Mr. Pettigrew has retired from the British Archæological Association, and endeavoured to form a new society. Now it must be obvious to the meanest capacity, that if the general meeting of the 5th of March was a valid meeting, Mr. Hardwick has no claim whatever, and that neither Mr. Pettigrew nor the central committee elected at that meeting could, without stultifying their own proceedings and betraying the trust reposed in them by the members who voted on that occasion, return money which had been subscribed not to this individual nor the other, but to a certain Association, to the account of which it had been carried more than two months previous to the division, in the common funds of which it had merged, and from the balance of which, upon the 17th of March, no man of business will pretend to say it could be extracted.

Mr. Hardwick certainly did not pay the money by mistake, for he paid it to the treasurer of the Association he wished to support in January 1845. "Mr. Pettigrew and his friends" do not "retain it in error," unless the general meeting of the 5th of March be invalid, a question upon which the opinion of even Mr. Hardwick himself can be considered decisive.

Mr. Hailstone.—This gentleman is placed in the same position, with this difference in favour of Mr. Pettigrew, that although Mr. Hailstone paid 5*l.* previous to October 1844, it was not paid to the account of the Association until the 8th of January, 1845. Were the writer of this notice capable of such conduct, this no doubt unintentional neglect of the gentleman who received that subscription might be made as strong a charge, until *it was explained*, as any which has yet been brought against his opponents.

Rev. Mr. Freer.—This gentleman subscribed 5*l.* to the B. A. A. Jan. 1, 1845. After the general meeting of the 5th of March, information of that meeting, and of the resolutions passed at it—containing, amongst others, the one reconstituting the committee—was forwarded to Mr. Freer in due course by the secretary, with a letter calling his attention to the subject, and requiring to know in what class he would wish his name to be inserted. To this letter Mr. Freer replied, requesting to know if the payment of an additional 5*l.* 10*s.* would enable him to be classed as a life-associate. He was answered in the affirmative; and on the 19th of March he sent his money. Can this gentleman now say he sent it by mistake? "*Hic jacet*" the Rev. Mr. Freer.

The Earl of Carnarvon.—It is perfectly true that this nobleman subscribed 10*l.* to the B. A. A. *immediately* before the outbreak of these unhappy dissensions; but what is equally true, though it has been carefully suppressed, is, that *after* that outbreak, Mr. Crofton Croker having, from circumstances not the most creditable to the other party, imagined that his lordship might have been misled, requested an interview with the earl, tendered him back the money in the name of the committee, and was most kindly and cordially desired by his lordship to retain it.

Other persons who have since been assiduously canvassed and won over to adhere to the seceders, were subscribers to the central committee after the separation was notorious, and some of them even after the general meeting. That meeting took place, and the new staff was elected, on the 5th of March; and it was on the 11th that Mr. Hartshorne, on the 14th that Dr. Morris, on the 19th that the Dean of Durham and Mr. Vincent, and on the 21st that Lord Adare, communicated with its treasurer or secretaries.

☞ With regard to the later proceedings of this Committee, to which, considering it to be the legal authority and most competent organ for the direction of the Association, we have subscribed as an Associate, we are gratified to announce that the annual meeting, which was appointed to take place at Winchester (as stated early in the year), is now fixed for the 4th of next August, to last for a week; and that all the previous preparations necessary to secure as successful a campaign as that at Canterbury are most complete, and promise very interesting archæological results. The papers and antiquities to be exhibited, most of them by the same members who contributed so much to the *éclat* of Canterbury, and to the value of past publications, are, we are assured, of sterling worth; and several antiquarian discoveries of importance are reserved for production on this occasion.—*Ed. L. G.*

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

May 17th.—Twenty-second anniversary-meeting. Sir H. Willock in the chair. The annual report began by a statement of elections, deaths, and retirements; and shewed an increase in the number of members. A succinct account of the late vice-president, Sir Gore Ouseley, was read, alluding to his eminence as an Oriental scholar and diplomatist, and lamenting his decease as an amiable and accomplished gentleman. It was also stated, that a memoir of his life and services was preparing for publication. This was followed by a notice of J. Guillemard, Esq., a gentleman of great literary and scientific attainments, and one of the earliest members of the society. The labours of Dr. Malcolmson, whose untimely death from jungle-fever in the north-west of India has been noticed in every publication devoted to science, were next reviewed, and a memoir of his life read. An interesting account followed of another martyr to science, Mr. Griffith, who died at a very early age in February last, devoting his last breath to the cause in which his life had been spent; this memoir was understood to be from the pen of the noble president of the society. A notice followed of the interesting additions made to our acquaintance with eastern palæography, by the transcription of the great inscription of Kapur-di-Ghari, which had been deciphered by Mr. Norris; and by the still more important translation of the Bihistian inscriptions, by Major Rawlinson, which had recently been received from Baghdad, and would be published in a future Journal. Another donation of 100*l.* to the funds of the society, by the late treasurer, was next adverted to, as well as the wish of that gentleman that one-half of that sum should be devoted to the purchase of books for extending the library. The report went on to mention some of the more interesting and valuable additions to the library that had been made since the last anniversary. The recommendation of the council, that Sir Edward Ryan should be elected to fill the vacancy in the vice-presidency occasioned by the death of the lamented Sir Gore Ouseley formed the next subject of the report. This was followed by the report of the Oriental Translation Committee, which began with lamenting the death of the chairman, Sir Gore Ouseley, and stated that they were about to publish an interesting work on Persian literary biography, which that distinguished Oriental scholar was actively employed in preparing for the press at the period of his decease. The works recently printed at the expense of the committee, and those preparing for publication, were then noticed. Among the latter is an extensive collection of biographies of Persian poets, by N. Bland, Esq., and a translation from the Arabic, by the Rev. W. Cureton, of "The Book of Religious and Philosophical Sects," by Sharastani, a Mahommedan writer of the twelfth century. It was remarked that this translation will form a fit companion to that curious and instructive book, the Dabistan, or "School of Sects," printed last year by the committee. A list of works in the course of publication by the Oriental Text Society was next given. It included the Makzan-al-Israr, edited by N. Bland, Esq.; the Yusuf and Zuleikha, of Firdusi, edited by W. Morley, Esq.; the Sharastani, edited by the Rev. W. Cureton; and the Dasa Kumara Charita, edited by Prof. Wilson.—The report of the auditors was then read, giving an account of the receipts and expenditure of the past year, and an estimate for the present year.

A ballot then took place for new members of council and officers of the society, and the

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result declared as follows:—Sir E. Ryan was elected a vice-president, the remaining officers were re-elected, and the following noblemen and gentlemen were elected into the council in lieu of those who go out by rotation, and to fill up the vacancy caused by the election of Sir. E. Ryan to the vice-presidentship:—The Earl of Powis; Lord Viscount Jocelyn; Lord Francis Egerton; Sir T. E. Colebrooke, Bart.; Gen. Briggs; Gen. Caulfeild; J. Fergusson, Esq.; Capt. W. J. Eastwick; and G. W. Anderson, Esq.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical (anniversary meeting), 1 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Syro-Egyptian, 7½ P.M.; Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; Pharmaceutical, 9 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (discussion), 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

THE GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

FROM the best information we can obtain relating to the insurrection in this national establishment, it appears to us that the refractory pupils have taken it into their heads that they ought to be masters, and (like the precocious child who wanted to teach its grandmother to suck eggs) that it is their proper task to instruct those who have been chosen to instruct them. With the appointment and retirement of Mr. Dyce, or with the election of Mr. Wilson, we shall not meddle; for the gist of the question does not lie with persons, but with the broad fact of the purposes for which the institution was formed. Was it projected to be an Industrial school? or a second Royal Academy of Fine Arts? Was it to cultivate Designing for the improvement of our manufactures, &c.? or was it to educate painters and sculptors? Of the latter we have too many already; of the former far too few; and thus it was felt that in many commercial products, notwithstanding our capital and enterprise, we were driven out of the market by foreign competition. As we understood the matter, it was to provide a remedy for this that Somerset House was appropriated, and a sum of money voted by the legislature. But the pupils think otherwise. It is much more agreeable to follow Mr. Herbert in drawings from the human figure and picture-painting, than to labour on arabesques and patterns. The former looks high and dignified; the latter low and mechanical! There are no M. Angelos or Raphaels in the sphere of carpets, cotton-goods, silks, or Sheffield-ware. But we are not going so far as to say that we would not applaud an ambition to be eminent in the superior departments of talent applied to beautify and exalt the useful. On the contrary, we do not forget that M. Angelo painted ceilings, and Raphael made cartoons for tapestry. But this is the end, and not the beginning. Look at the chasing and similar works of English hands, even the sign-posts, of from sixty to eighty years ago, and we can see examples of genius not indisposed to combine the ordinary demand for common articles with great efforts of the noblest class; but these very exceptions prove the rule, and the rule undeniably is, to train the students in the School of Design generally to become proficients in the arts of embellishment, invention, and combination for adding beauty and value to our domestic and mercantile products. Original genius for the fine arts (what is strictly understood by that name) may start out of the mass and shine in the other pursuit; but to entertain the idea of educating the whole body, as if to prepare them for that line, is most preposterous. More honour as well as more profit, they may rest assured, is before them in the less dazzling career.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 292. "A Scene in Lord Chesterfield's Ante-Room, in 1748." E. M. Ward.—This well-costumed and well-expressed picture might save a critic from the trouble of some observations on the new edition of Chesterfield, reviewed in a preceding page. It represents Dr. Johnson as a neglected hanger-on in the ante-room of the pseudo-patron, whom he held up to everlasting reproach in the dedication of his Dictionary. It represents the learned and worthy submitting in silent moodiness, whilst the frivolous and vain are rejoicing in the sunshine of smiles. His lordship, in the most fashionable attire, represents Mecænas exactly as he did in life. The group is highly dramatic, and the attitudes and countenances of the parties justly conceived and cleverly painted. Of its *genre* we deem this one of the most lasting attractions in the gallery.

No. 318. "A place to remember." T. Creswick, A.—With Nos. 61, 301, 254, and 585, all sweet specimens of the artist's feeling for the beauties of nature, this is the most striking of his productions in the present year. It is truly a landscape to remember, for its picturesque and poetical merits.

No. 325. "Sabina." W. E. Frost.—An exceedingly graceful performance, whose chief fault is, that it is too close an imitation of a justly celebrated contemporary artist.

No. 333. "Cologne from the South." E. W. Cooke.—Mr. Cooke has not studied Canaletti in vain. This comes as *near* him, nearly, as Guarda himself. No. 365, "Coblentz," &c., is another excellent performance. The objects are in the highest degree picturesque, and the transparency of the water and atmospheric effects touched with a masterly pencil.

No. 360. "A Dame's School." T. Webster, A.—No artist ever portrayed school-scenes and urchin-life in a manner superior to Mr. Webster. The unruly brats are here exhibited in every variety of characteristic mischief, with a salutary ingredient of characteristic chastisement. The dame and her pupils are alike perfect: the poet Shenstone is on the canvass, and enlarged and diversified by the talent of the painter. When we look at the prices paid for his former pictures of the same class at the recent sale at Messrs. Christie and Manson's, we may congratulate the connoisseur who is lucky enough to draw the present prize.

No. 361, "Le Bon Curé," F. Goodall, is another instance of excellence in this branch of art. Yet we do not think Mr. Goodall has advanced in the "Bon Curé," though there is much of truth in the figures and talent in the execution. Putting it, however, together with No. 553, "Conemara Market-girls bathing their Feet before entering the Town," a lively and thoroughly Irish group; we must suggest that something of the same national features pervades both, though the one is, or ought to be, French, and the other is Hibernian. Yet it is invidious to find a fault with two such engaging subjects. Of their kind, there are few of the present day to compare with the efforts of this young and very rising artist, who has only to paint up to himself to confirm a deservedly high reputation.

No. 394, "Study of a Head;" 605, "Uriel and Satan." B. R. Haydon.—The "Study of a Head" is in the grandest style, and worthy of the foremost name in the Roman school. On the larger design we might write a commentary as long as we can afford for the whole of our critique on the exhibition. As when we speak of Turner, we must speak of Haydon, as an artist by himself; cherishing great ideas, and regardless of opinion, as well knowing that the loudest of it proceeds from ignorance and presumption. Well, then, such a work as this is proclaimed to be extravagant; and the display of muscle and muscular action, no doubt, is more congenial to the French (David) style than to the softer and feebler practice more popular in England. But here we have a sublime impersonation of the sublime of Milton, such as we know not who, except the painter, could produce in our day. He grasps his giant subject with a giant hand; and displays an Angelesque power in the broad and unflinching treatment of a theme above that of earthly conventional forms. For such merits we could overlook fifty greater objections than we have heard urged to this noble composition.

No. 579. "The Origin of the Guelph and Ghibelline Faction in Florence." A. Elmore.—At once one of the most poetical and best historical works of the year. It is taken from Sismondi's version of the origin of this sanguinary quarrel, where the Guelph noble Buondalmonte is seduced from his pledge to a Ghibelline bride, to wed a daughter of the house of Donati, and a Guelph. Her mother is lifting her veil to shew him "the wife she has reserved for him," and her dazzling beauty and his enraptured gaze are admirably depicted. The mother's face and action are also exceedingly fine, and the attendant maidens ably contrasted and charmingly grouped, as secondaries in the interesting scene. The whole is warmly and brilliantly coloured, and the costume so judiciously studied as to throw an additional grace over the whole.

242. "The arrival of His Majesty the King of the French in Portsmouth Harbour, October 8th, 1844." J. C. Schetky.—A stirring picture. Men-of-war, French and English, steamers and sailors, together with a squadron of yachts. Shores crowded, flags flying, ships saluting, and "the city authorities of Portsmouth" boating it, "in their red robes," to present their address to the French King. A capital subject for an engraving. No one puts his vessels on the water better than H.M. Marine Painter in Ordinary, Schetky. We have heard that he is too much of the old man-of-war's man in taste to like steamers, but we congratulate him upon having overcome so much of his prejudice as to paint them admirably.

Greek Slave: Sculpture.—A very fine female figure under this title, executed by Powers, an American artist, at Florence, has for the last fortnight been exhibited at Messrs. Graves and Co. It is a charming work, and reflects high honour on the artist. The form is nude, as if exposed to view in the slave-market; and there is a sweet natural sense of shame both in the countenance and attitude. The head is altogether good, and well poised, with an averted look on the neck and chest. The bosom is youthful, but full, and the whole of the body and limbs admirably modelled. The back is particularly beautiful; but indeed there is hardly any point of vision where a defect or blemish of outline can be detected. Where the muscle above the mammæ retires, below the right shoulder, there is the slightest appear-

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ance which, we could hypercritically say, was not to our taste. We must, however, declare our decided objection to the chain between the manacled wrists. If a sculptor cannot express his idea or convey his meaning without an accessory of this kind, he fails in the highest elevation of his art: his design is imperfect. The chain is in itself contrary to historical truth, and ought assuredly to be taken away.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ON SEEING THE ADVERTISEMENT OF "INTELLECTUAL PAPER-HANGINGS."

I've frequently heard of a book, when defunct,
Becoming of service for lining a trunk;
But it seems now an author may find it his doom
To make himself useful in papering a room;
And perhaps the most singular feature of all
Is, that here 'tis the *strongest* that goes to the wall.
Suppose now you're going to furnish a dwelling,
What field there is left for your taste to excel in!
And first,—if we take the domain of the cook,
You might paper her walls with the cookery-book;
In the nursery next, some three feet from the ground,
Might the primitive stratum of "letters" be found;
While, the scale still ascending with each elevation,
Every step would display a superior formation.
Thus truly, with scarce any figure at all,
Would the young olive-branches be trained to the wall.
The drawing-room next should its beauties unfold,
In the style of the fashion—all nonsense and gold;
But as that is a good deal too flimsy to last,
With the annuals each season its coat it must cast;
And lastly, the bedrooms—that's easy enough—
There's no lack, as you know, sir, of somnolent stuff.
And now, Mr. Editor, you may, no doubt,
For an increase of critical labours look out,
For each lady-acquaintance—nor can you escape her—
Will claim your assistance in choosing her paper.

R. F.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—We have not had any novelties in music here during the past week, unless it be that *Don Giovanni*, the greatest opera of the great genius, has been done in a manner certainly never surpassed for excellence in the performance both of the music and the characters: her Majesty having commanded its performance on Tuesday, in place of *Linda di Chamouni*, which was announced, honoured the performance with her presence, and with her royal consort laughed most heartily at the inimitable drollery of Lablache's *Leporello*: in the last scene the awful and unearthly sounds of the music were given with a thrilling effect by the superb band, and Botelli sang the music very effectively. On Thursday the force of Carlotta Grisi was added to the *corps de ballet*, already so attractive, and truth to say, the legs (as generally on the race-course) have it all to nothing. Other species of dramatic entertainment are "slow" in comparison; and we have reason to be glad that comedy at the Haymarket, melodrama at the Adelphi, caricature and humour at the Lyceum, and the legitimate at Sadler's Wells, hold up their heads so well as they do.

Drury Lane has cut a sad figure this week. The *Enchantress* and Thillon having caught cold and sore throat, the theatre has been shut from night to night. This is a great derangement, and must be vexatious to the management, and misery to the poor performers.

Princess's Theatre.—A novelty entitled *The Chevalier St. George* has been produced here with success; and at

Sadler's Wells, to *Fi-Fi*, an amusing burlesque, has been added a regular five-act piece, called the *King's Friend*, embodying scenes from the life of Henri Quatre and his minister Sully. It is well put on the stage, and ably acted; and when a little curtailed, will most probably have a considerable run.

Concert for the Governesses' Benevolent Institution.—This charitable undertaking came off at the Hanover Square Rooms on the 16th ult. It was, we are happy to say, very well attended, and as regards the music, which was under the direction of Mr. Salaman, rather of a superior order. Madame Dorus Gras, having retired from the Académie Royale, was welcomed heartily on her appearance again before an English audience; she is a very finished *artiste*, and sang very delightfully. Staudigl also was very successful in all he performed.

Herr Pischek.—The well-known and respected Staudigl has now a rival in this very excellent singer, who *débuted* at the Philharmonic. His voice is a remarkable combination of the bass and baritone powers, with a very clear and accurate falsetto, which he renders very effective. He sings with very good expression; but whether he will supplant Staudigl in public estimation must remain somewhat doubtful: such a singer as Pischek is certainly a great acquisition to our musical staff now in town.

VARIETIES.

Mr. Banim's Widow.—The Irish newspapers state that Sir R. Peel has presented 50*l.*, from the fund at his disposal, to the widow of the late Mr. Banim; and at the same time intimated his intention, when the pension-list allows of it, to place her upon it permanently for a provision.

M. Luppino.—This veteran scene-painter, who for half a century was well known to the London stage and London society as the principal decorator of the Opera House, died on the 30th ult., at Hertford, aged 96.

The Orthopædic Anniversary on Friday was very numerously attended, and a large amount of subscriptions (no less than 997*l.*) received. The Duke of Cambridge presided during the early part of the evening; but being obliged to meet another engagement at nine o'clock, His Royal Highness was succeeded by Lord Abinger, who kept the business and pleasure of the day afloat with great tact and feeling till a late hour. Mr. Quarles Harris, Major Strausham, Mr. Buckingham, and others, addressed the company in able speeches; and the whole went off in a manner which must have been highly gratifying to the friends of the institution. In our previous notice we find we erred in saying that Prince Albert had joined it this year. The prince has long been its patron; and it was the presidency of the Duke of Cambridge which was new.

The Sibyl.—The inroads upon social intercourse, upon which we offered some not laudatory remarks in our last number, have been thus characterised in the *Times* of Monday:—"Sundry great personages appear upon the scene, after the manner of 'Coningsby.' *They are either directly named, or so strongly alluded to that there is no mistaking them*, and in reading the pages before us, if they do not detect their own likenesses, they will at least immediately detect each other's. Who, for instance, could hesitate for a moment in putting real names upon the imaginary Lady St. Julians, thinking to rule the empire through her brilliant parties,—or Alfred Mountchesney, the vapid, dissipated, but not altogether worthless fashionable? The delineation is to the life, and the exposure keen, searching, and *just*. *Mr. Disraeli's powers of dissection are very great*. As we have recently had occasion to remark, *when he takes a subject in hand he lays it open with astonishing dexterity*. The whole internal economy is given to view. Every pulsation, every muscle and nerve, is clearly seen." Thus it is to deserve being described as the anatomist of private life and the cutter-up of acquaintances and associates.

The Arctic Expedition sailed from Greenhythe on Monday. The newspapers mention that they took with them 200 tin canisters, to contain despatches written in six different languages, which will be cast into the sea occasionally, hermetically closed, in the hope that whenever any one is picked up, it may be forwarded to the Admiralty.

The Cambridge Camden Society.—Since the meeting described in our last number, every thing we hear from Cambridge on the subject indicates that the eruption in this society has become more and more a theological dispute, to which the improvement of Church-architecture is a mere stalking-horse.

Mr. Groom's Tulip-Show, Clapham Rise.—We were rather unlucky in our weather for a visit to this gay floral galaxy; but it was nevertheless very interesting, though the sun would not shine, and the rain would fall, and the summer cold of our variable climate would nip both fingers and flowers, noses as well as tulips. In the open air the latter were all in tears; and even under the shed they looked somewhat uncomfortable. The petals did not expand their cup-like forms so perfectly as usual, and the beautiful colours were consequently not seen to so much advantage. Several of the rose-tinted ware, however, charmingly marked; and among the Bizards, a new variety, called after the Earl of Lincoln, struck us as particularly rich and fine. Perhaps a dozen of other specimens might be marked from the bright bed (worth 1500*l.*) as distinguished from the rest by superior attractions; but the whole were exceedingly handsome, and on a more favourable day would no doubt shine to yet greater advantage. Beyond the show itself, we were much gratified and informed by the conversation of Mr. Groom, whose application of chemical science to the improvement of floriculture is extremely curious and valuable in its results, and whose frank disclosure of the means he employed gave us much information.

Royal Free Hospital.—The anniversary at the London Tavern produced a subscription of 947*l.*, besides a legacy of 1500*l.*; but as we propose making further observations on the subject of this most humane and prosperous charity, we for the present abstain from any details.

Baths and Wash-Houses.—At a forenoon meeting at Willis's Rooms on Thursday, the Duke of Cambridge presiding, the past labours of the committee for carrying this philanthropic object into effect were fully detailed, and an account given of the building about to be erected at Whitechapel. (See preceding *Lit. Gazettes.*) The wide extension of the charity (and no charity can be more applauded) was eloquently advocated; and a further subscription set on foot to complete the first establishment, and form a fund for others in different localities of the metropolis.

W. J. Huggins, the marine-painter, and especially patronised by the late King William IV., is in the obituary of the past week. He died at his residence in Leadenhall Street, in his 64th year.

Mrs. Kemble, the aged widow of the late Stephen Kemble, and long eminent on the stage as Mrs. Brereton, is also in the final list. After the death of her husband Mr. K. at Lausanne, she returned to England, and has since resided at Leamington in competent circumstances. She has left the bulk of her property to Mr. Charles Kemble and his family.

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William Griffiths, Esq., a botanist of high reputation in the East, and not long since superintendent of the Botanic Garden at Calcutta, died on the 9th of February at Malacca. His previous scientific travels in many parts of Asia, Tenasserim, Assam, Ava, Bootan, Affghanistan, Khorassan, &c. had undermined his constitution, and he only reached the 35th year of his age; thus early closing a useful and valuable life, esteemed by all who knew him.

Mr. Lupton Relfe.—In the obituary of the week we read the death of Mr. Relfe, at Camberwell, in the forty-ninth year of his age. Some few years ago his name was distinguished as a publisher of works of light literature, and those annual productions whose embellishments led the way to the popular union between arts and literature, which (under various changing aspects) has continued to be fashionable to the present day. His own literary tastes were also cultivated, and he enjoyed the friendly intercourse of many authors conspicuous in the world of letters.

Mr. Strickland.—We regret to have to announce the death of this deservedly popular comedian, on Sunday night, at his residence, Hercules Buildings, Lambeth. His illness was short but severe, and he was only forty-seven years of age. We are afraid that his constitution was undermined by intemperance. Mr. Strickland's line of parts followed that of Munden, and in many he was no unworthy successor to that incomparable actor.

Post-Map of Europe, &c., by James Wyld.—Ever employing his talents and skill in useful improvements, Mr. Wyld has here, in two sheets, given us a very complete map of Europe, on which are laid down all the posts, distances, roads, railroads, packet-routes, &c., by which the traveller can traverse England and the Continent. It need only be mentioned to recommend such a design, and so well-executed, to more than European favour.

Mr. Wilson.—We regret to notice that Mr. Wilson's promised *Nicht wi' Burns*, annonnced for last Monday, was obliged to be postponed, in consequence of a severe attack of influenza.

Mr. Lover is starring with great *éclat* in the provinces; so there is a (we trust only short) London eclipse of Scotch and Irish nationalities.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Benevolent Society.—We have read with pain Mr. West, the late Secretary's, accusations of the misapplication of this fund; but the law of libel is queer and uncertain, and we dare not incur the responsibility of mentioning the particulars.

We cordially thank F. C. H. for his communication of a Coin of Alectus; and we will ascertain before our next publication whether it is or is not rare or unique. He must have been very powerful for a time, as is testified by the many varieties and amounts of his coinage which have been found in Gaul and Britain.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SALES BY AUCTION.

NOTICE.—In the Month of JUNE Messrs. CHRISTIE and MANSON will bring forward in the following order—

The LIBRARY of the Right Hon. Lord DUDLEY STUART, MONDAY 2d, and nine following days;

The late THOMAS WRIGHT (of Upton Hall), CAPITAL PICTURES, SATURDAY 7th;

The COLLECTION of a Gentleman deceased, SATURDAY 14th.

The late Lady MARY BAGOT'S COLLECTION, WEDNESDAY 18th.

The Earl of GRANVILLE'S exquisite CABINET, SATURDAY 21st.

The NAPOLEON MUSEUM, MONDAY 23d, and following day.

The late Rev. CANON DIGBY, PICTURES, SATURDAY 28th.

PICTURES of a Collector from the Country, SATURDAY, July 5th.

FRASER'S SALE-ROOMS, 97 GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH.

Sale of the Library of the late J. A. Maconochie, Esq., Sheriff of Orkney and Zetland.

THE Subscriber begs to intimate that this valuable Collection, which includes a rare and complete set of the Variorum Classics, uniformly bound in vellum, and titled—original, scarce, and valuable Editions of the early English Dramatists—Books privately printed for the Bannatyne, Maitland, Abbotsford, and Spalding Clubs; and for the Camden, Shakspeare, and Percy Societies—Works illustrative of English, Scottish, and Scandinavian History and Antiquities—the Works of Voltaire, Buffon, Rousseau, Racine, Corneille, Moliere, Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, &c.—the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews—Howell's State Trials—a splendid copy of Bowyer's Folio Edition of Hume—Law Books—Journals of the House of Commons—Statutes of the Realm—Acts of the Parliament of Scotland, &c. &c. &c., will be Sold within his Sale-Rooms, 97 George Street, Edinburgh, upon SATURDAY, the 31st MAY, 1845, and *nine following lawful days*, commencing each day at One o'Clock P.M.

Catalogues to be had at the Subscriber's Sale-Rooms—of Messrs. W. S. Orr and Co., Amen Corner, Paternoster Row; and Mr. Thomas Hodgson, Aldine Chambers, Paternoster Row, London—and of Messrs. W. Curry, jun. and Co., Dublin.

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Commission and General Sale-Rooms,
97 George Street, Edinburgh, 20th May, 1845.

Eligible Leasehold Estates and Ground-Rents, Maida Hill; Park Lane and Park Street, Marylebone; and Alfred Place, Newington Causeway.

MESSRS. SHUTTLEWORTH and SONS have received instructions to SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, on FRIDAY, May 30, at Twelve, the following LEASEHOLD PROPERTY, highly eligible for investment, comprising a very convenient detached Residence, in perfect repair, with a four-roomed cottage, stabling, and good garden in the rear, desirably situate, No. 1 Maida Hill, West; let on lease, at an annual rent of 100*l.* Three Leasehold Ground-rents of 4*l.* 4*s.* each, secured upon three houses in Park Lane and Park Street, Marylebone. Five Leasehold Ground-rents, amounting together to 20*l.* 6*s.*, amply secured upon Nos. 8, 9, 11, 12, and 13 Alfred Place, Newington Causeway; and a Dwelling-house, No. 10 Alfred Place, let on lease at a low rent of 66*l.* 10*s.* per annum. The whole held for long terms unexpired, at low ground-rents.

May be viewed with leave of the tenants. Particulars may be had, fourteen days previous to the Sale, of Mr. Paine, Solicitor, 60 Lincoln's Inn Fields; at the Mart; and of Messrs. SHUTTLEWORTH and SONS, 28 Poultry.

Periodical Sale established in 1803. Reversions, Life Interests, Policies of Assurance, Shares in the Britannia Life Office, &c.

MESSRS. SHUTTLEWORTH and SONS are instructed to include in the MONTHLY SALE of REVERSIONARY INTERESTS, &c., appointed to take place at the Mart on FRIDAY, June 6, at Twelve.

The Life-Interest of a Gentleman aged 31 in 870*l.* 12*s.* Three per cent Consols; 100*l.* Three and a Quarter per cent Annuities, 100 sterling; the Reversion to One-tenth of 6725*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* Three and a Quarter per cent Reduced Annuities, Lives 65 and 58; the Reversionary Interest in One-eighth of 2723*l.* 9*s.* 11*d.* Three per cent Consolidated Bank Annuities and 1124*l.* 12*s.* 9*d.* Reduced Bank Annuities, Life 30 against 81 and 72; a ditto in the same sum, Life 31 against 81 and 72; a Reversionary Interest in Two-sevenths of 3407*l.* 5*s.* 1*d.* Three per cent Consols, Life, 60; a Policy for 500*l.* effected with the London Life Association, Life 31; a ditto for 500*l.* with Bonus thereon of 37*l.* 15*s.* 3*d.*, making together 537*l.* 15*s.* 3*d.*, effected with the Norwich Union Feb. 1823, Life 65; a ditto for 2500*l.*, with accumulations, making together 6812*l.* 10*s.*, effected with the Equitable June 1810, Life 45; a ditto for 1000*l.*, with Bonuses thereon, making together 1275*l.* effected with the Equitable June 1818, Life 35; a ditto for 1000*l.*, with Bonuses thereon, making together 1275*l.*, effected with the Equitable June 1818, Life 37; a ditto for 1000*l.*, with Bonuses thereon, making together 1[illegible]*l.*, effected with the Equitable July 1821; a ditto for 1500*l.*, with accumulations thereon, making together 1650*l.*, effected October 18[illegible], Life 45; a ditto for 1000*l.*, with accumulations thereon, making together 1100*l.*, effected with the Equitable October 1825, Life 43; a ditto for 2500*l.*, with Bonuses, making together 2562*l.* 10*s.*, effected with the Equitable October 1831, Life 20; a ditto for 2500*l.*, effected with the Guardian September 1823, Life 43; a ditto for 1500*l.*, effected with the Guardian June 1831, Life 45; Two Policies of 50*l.* each, effected with the Licensed Victuallers' Office, Life 30; and Two Hundred and Twenty-five Shares, of 100*l.* each, in the Britannia Life Assurance Company.

Particulars may be had at the Mart, and of Messrs. Shuttleworth and Sons, 28 Poultry.

Votes for Middlesex.—Small Freehold Investment, North End, Fulham.

MESSRS. SHUTTLEWORTH are instructed to SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, on FRIDAY, June 13, at 12, in two lots, TWO FREEHOLD DWELLING-HOUSES, each containing four rooms, with a yard behind, situate Nos. 15 and 16 Vine Place, the corner of Orchard Street, North End, Fulham; let to an old and respectable tenant, at a net annual rent of 12*l.*

May be viewed, with leave of the tenant, and particulars had, 10 days previous to the sale, of Messrs. Bray, Warren, and Harding, solicitors, 57 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury; at the Mart, and of Messrs. Shuttleworth and Sons, 28 Poultry.

Burwash Sussex.—Freehold Farm and Wood Lands, Sussex.

MESSRS. SHUTTLEWORTH and SONS are instructed by the Executors of John Parkinson, Esq., deceased, to SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, in the month of June, a FREEHOLD ESTATE, comprising Witherhurst Farm, in the parish of Burwash, four miles from Hurst Green, six from Ticehurst, and sixteen from Tunbridge Wells, in the county of Sussex, consisting of 120 acres of land, whereof about 81 are arable and pasture, and 40 acres timber and coppice. The open lands are in the occupation of Mr. W. Barrow, but the wood lands are in hand.

May be viewed, and particulars obtained in due time at the inns in the neighbouring towns; at the Mart; and of Messrs. Shuttleworth and Sons, 28 Poultry.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

This Evening (SATURDAY), May 24, will be performed (for the first time these two years) Donizetti's opera, entitled "Linda di Chamouni." Linda, Made. Castellan (her first appearance in that character); Maddalena, Made. Bellini; and Pierotto, Mdlle. Brambilla, Antonio, Sig. Fornasari; Il Prefetto del Villaggio, Sig. Lablache; Il Marchese di Boisfleury, Sig. F. Lablache; L'Intendente del Feudo, Sig. Dai Fiori; and Carlo, Visconte di Sirval, Sig. Moriani.

Between the acts the Danseuses Viennoises, under the direction of Made. Josephine Weiss, will appear in some of their favourite Pas.

To conclude with the highly successful ballet, by M. Perrot, entitled "La Esmeralda." La Esmeralda, Mdlle. Carlotta Grisi; Phœbus de Chateaupers, M. St. Léon; Pierre Gringoire, M. Perrot.

Applications for boxes, pit-stalls, and tickets, to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.—Doors open at seven; and the performance will commence at half-past seven o'clock.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Nobility, Subscribers, and the Public are respectfully informed that there will be an Extra Night (not included in the subscription) on THURSDAY next, May 29, when will be performed Donizetti's opera, "Don Pasquale." Norina, Made. Grisi; Dr. Malatesta, Sig. Fornasari; Ernesto, Sig. Mario; Notary, Sig. Dai Fiori; and Don Pasquale, Sig. Lablache.

The Danseuses Viennoises will appear in some of their favourite Pas; and in two new Pas, entitled the Pas Orientale and Le Polo (being their last appearance but three).

To be followed by the last Act of "Linda di Chamouni," in which Made. Castellan, Mdlle. Brambilla, and Signor Moriani will appear.

To be succeeded by various entertainments in the Ballet department, in which Mdlle. Carlotta Grisi, Mdlle. Lucille Grahn, and Mdlle. Cerito will appear.

To conclude with an entirely new grand ballet, in five tableaux, with new scenery, dresses, and decorations, entitled "Rosida; ou, les Mines de Syracuse." The ballet and mise en scene by M. St. Leon. The new scenery by Mr. Charles Marshall. The music composed by Sig. Pugni. Principal characters—Rosida, Mdlle. Cerito, Alman, M. St. Leon; the Queen of the Mine, Mdlle. Moncelet, Teeborn, M. Di Mattia.

Applications for boxes, pit-stalls, and tickets to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.

Doors open at seven; the opera will commence at half-past seven o'clock.

BENJAMIN EDGINGTON, No. 2 Duke Street, Southwark, London Bridge, respectfully informs the Nobility, Gentry, and Agriculturists, that he has on Sale RICK CLOTHS, with poles, pulleys, and lines complete, both new and second-hand, at a reasonable cost. Early application will ensure some really good second-hand Cloths, which are a decided bargain. Dressed Cloths and Tarpaulings for railroad trucks of superior quality, and of any size. Marquees, tents, sacks, waggon cloths, sack ties, &c. Address, per post, Benjamin Edgington, 2 Duke Street, Southwark. A Warehouse, 208 Piccadilly. Netting and bunting for fruit trees.

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ROYAL ORTHOPÆDIC HOSPITAL, for the Cure of Club Foot and other Contractions, Bloomsbury Square.—The Committees of Management and of Stewards gratefully ACKNOWLEDGE the following SUBSCRIPTIONS and DONATIONS, announced at the Fifth Anniversary Festival of this Charity, held at the London Tavern, on Friday last, the 16th inst., His Royal Highness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, the President, in the Chair:—

	£	s.
His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, President (2d don.)	£20	0
His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, President, to the Auxiliary Fund for providing the Supports necessary for poor destitute Patients when discharged cured (don.)	10	0
The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor (life)	10	10
The Right Hon. Lord Abinger, Chairman of the Committee of Management (don.)	15	0
The Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Lord Bishop of London, Trustees of the Cholmondeley Charities (2d don.)	50	0

	£	s.
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The Rev. John Wright, M.A., F.R.S.	21	0
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Baroness Lionel de Rothschild, life	10	10
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Sir J. Kirkland, Bart., life	10	10
Messrs. Hanburys, Taylor, and Lloyd, don.	10	10
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Miss Taylor, don.	10	10
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Resolved, That this Committee having duly considered the article headed "Archæological Association," published in the *Athenæum* of May 17, is unanimously of opinion that the gross misrepresentations contained therein, and the virulent spirit of personality in which it is written (which spirit the Committee regrets to remark has characterised every notice of the Association that has appeared in the *Athenæum*) have placed the anonymous author of it in a position in which the Committee is content to leave him, satisfied that such unscrupulous partisanship can only injure the cause it professes to advocate.

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"Here is a verie sufficiente and hable companie of saylers as eaver were seene, and bicause theire long jorneyes oute of all places of this realme and this bad seasone makes them unprovided of aparell, and suche necessaries, it were good for theire releife to peye them one monethes wages before hand. * * *

"I chanot tell whet to thynk of my browther Staffords advertysment, for yf it be trew that the King of Spaynse forses be disolved, I wold not wyshe the Queenes Majestie to be at this chergis that she is at, but yf it be but a devyse, knowing that a lyttell thynge makethe us to carlee, then I know not what mey coume of it, but thie I am seur of, yf heer Majestie wolde have spent but a 1000 crounes, to have hade some intelygence, it wold have saved her twenty tymes as muche. Assure your selfe he knowethe whet we dow heer, end yf the army be or dow disolve, it is the preperasion thet heer Majestie hath maed, that is the cause, for he chanot abyde thie heet, that is provyded for him. He did never thynke that we wold this have provyded for his comyng, but that the nomber of false alaromse thet he hath gyvne heer Majestie wold have maed heer to heve taken no alarome, and so to have had the vantage and the chopping up of hie frends heer. * * * Sir, yf your nexst advettysments dow assure the disolvyng of the army in Spayne, then it weer good we did so heer, yet yf the Duke of Parme contynew his, and that ther be any dowte of any thynge intended for Scotland, put but 3 or 4 shyps mor to them in the Narro Sees, and I dare assure you it shall beet any pour he shalbe able to make, and impeche him of any atempte in Scotland, and I wyll take epone me the sarvys my selfe, for I assur you it dowthe gryve me to see heer Majestie et mor chergis then ie nedful, and this charg wyll not be graet. I wold fayne kype the Nerro Sees 3 or 4 months. * * * I dow assur you, on my honor, it cost not the Queen's Majestie on halfpeny, nor shall not; when I make any such journy I wyll rather epend my selfe on hundred pounds, then to epand heer on peny. * * *

"I praie to God the Scotishe kinge doe deceave me, but I am afeard he will not. For my owne perte I heve made of the ffrenche kinge, the Scotishe kinge, and the kinge of Spaine, a trinitie that I meane neaver to truete to be saved by, and I wold others were in that of my opinione."

In February 1587-8, we find an inquest into the religious feith of some of the crews suspected of popery. In Lord Shefylde's ship, we beer, when the rumour erose, he "went presently abourd, with no small care to find out this parte (party), and I aseure you with much gryfe, that any suche thynge shulde happen in his shype; him selfe was to departe to London ther after non epon very erneet besines, wyche I gave him leve for, but he lefte suche a strayte comandyment with Mr. Ha. Shefylde, his lyvetenant, for the fyndiug out of the trothe of this, as he sayde to him, beinge hie kynsman, yf he hed care of his honor or well dowing he wold take paynse in it, and yet my Lorde him selfe, as graet hast as he hade, maad the Barber and 3 or 4 mor wyche he suspected to be sworne, and so they weer, and they outerly renounced the Pops atoryte: Mr. Shefylde after my Lord's departur toke graet paynse, and did exsamen the Barber, and founde that a 2 or 3 yerse a gonne he wos soumthynge inclyned to papystre, but being matched by his wyfe with a honest rase, as it semse, they convarted him; I have talked with the man my selfe; he offers to receve and to dow any thyng that a good Protestant shuld dow. Thie wae the cause I thynk that bred the dowte in him,—he had a bouke that wes donne by an Englyehe papyst beyond the sees, a bade bouke, but he browght it to the precher with dielyke of the bouk, and the precher is counted to be a most zelous man end very honeet. The barbar had many good boukse, as the New Testament, the Bouk of Comyne Prayer, the Boke of the Salmses, wyche he dayly sange with the company. The mane wase prest by the Company of Surgeuse, for he is a barbersurgen, and not by my Lord, and he hathe sarved often in Heer Majesties shyps, end acounted a very honest man; I thynke my Lord Shefylde wyll send you the parte, and I belyve you wyll not mislyke him. Mr. Ha. Shefylde, who is very ernast and zelous in relygyon, sware unto me that it maed him rejoyse at the harte to see how ernest my Lord Shefylde wes in it, and to heer him youse those wordse he did, wyche was most vemente agaynet pepystes, so by treytorynge them, sayng he that was in his shype that wold not be sworne agaynst the Pope, he wold tak him for a traytor, and so youse him, and this I dare assure you no man whosoever is redyer to comunycate then my Lord Shefyld ie, wyche I thank God for."

Returning to general affeirs in March, we read:

"Sir, I pray you leet me heer from you how the pece is lyke to goo on, for yf I mey heer in any tyme that it is not lyke to coume to pase, I wyll make sume provysion for the chokyng of Dounk(erke) havue, allthowgh it sarve but for a monthe, for from thense dow I feer most. They loke dayly at Dounkerke for 1200 maryners out of France, but yf I have knolege in any time, I hope to stope ther comyng out, and so the better able to loke eum other way. Sir, if heer Majestie thinke that heer pryncely preparesion of Sir Francis Drake'e flyte, and this that I have, should be a hyndrance to a pece, and that the King of Speyne should take it ill, why should not the King of Spayne thynke that heer Majestie hathe muche mor cause to thynk ill of his myghtie preparasions: it wyll peradventure be sayde he hathe many waye to imploy them and not to England: that is esely auncered, for it is soune knowne by the vetelyng, end he never preparse so many sogars for the Endias. Sir, I wyll for this tyme beed you farwell; from Marget Rode, the 11 of Marche. * * *

"Sir,—By your other letter I fynde heer Majestie chanot be browght to heve for heer surte to ly neer unto heer the 4000 footmen and the 1000 horse. I am sorry heer Majestie is so carles of this most dangerous tyme. I feer me much, and with grefe I thynke it, that heer Majestie relyethe a pone a hope that wyll deceve heer, and gretly indanger heer, and then wyll it not be heer money, nor heer juells, that wyll helpe, for es they wyll dow good in tyme, so wyll they helpe nothynge for the redemyng of tyme being lost. For the settyng out of the gally I thynke ther is no men of jugment but dowthe think it most meet for heer to be a brode now, being sommer; lord, when shuld she sarve yf not at such a tyme as thie ie; ether she is feet now to sarve, or feet for the fyer, and I wyll never herafter wyshe heer Majestie to be at the charge of the kepynge of heer, for I hope never in my tyme to se so great cause for heer to be yoused. I dare say heer Majesty wyll loke that

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men shuld fyghte for heer, and I know they wyll. At this time the King of Spayne dowthe not kype any shype at home, ether of his owne, or any other, that he chane by any meens get for monny: well I pray hartely for a pece, for I see that wyche shold be the grownd of a honorable war wyll never apeer, for Spanyng (Spain) and war hathe no affyntye to gether. Sir, towching the relesyng of the Scotyshe shypes, and the Frenche; in my openion it weer not a myse to have them stayed a whyll and better to have them stay ther, then for me to stay them, when they are com out, for I know for carten ther is non of the Scots nor Frenche, but they carry in ther shypes Englyshe men, and couller them for Scotse, but for the Scotse that are to goo into Scotland they may be sofered to departe, but for the Frenche I pray let us stay as well as the King of Spayne; he hathe stayed all, but without ther wyll, for I am sure a graet nomber of them went of pourpos I am a frayed we shall fynde them all false in France from the hyest."

In June:

"Ther is no questyon but the King of Spayne hathe ingaged his honor to the uttermost in this, for the overthro of heer Majestie and this relme, and douthe employ all the forses, not only of his owne, but also all that he chan geet of his frendse, for this exployte, and yf he be put bake from this this yeer, heer Majestie may have a good and honorable pece; yf not yet she shal be sure he shall not be able to trouble heer Majestie in many yers after. You see it is maed in the worlde graetly for his honor, that he is able to make such a poure, as that he wyll enterpryse to invade England. Thenks be to God the worlde shall also see that heer Majestie hathe provyded sufysent forses to beet him by see; so wold I wyshe that in time heer Majestie shuld gether sume graet forse together for heer defence on the lend, it wold be a graet surte, and to the worlde most honorable; for yf it come that heer Majestie shuld draw the forses together on the soden, it wyll breed a marvelous confusion, and all soden causes bredse many doutse in multytudse. I hope in God this manyfest discovery of ther determynasion, as it may well aper by that arche treytor Allen's boke, wyll a wayken all men: yf ther be that wyll not a wake with this, I wold to God, when they ar a slype, they myght never a wake. * *

"Sir, as I have ever founde you to be my most especiall good frend, and the man that for your honorable and faytfull dellyngse ever with me hathe maed me to thynke my selfe ever graetly beholdyng unto you, I therfor now dow most (hartely) pray you to stand my good frend as to move heer Majestie in this my absence, and request that yf it plaes God to calle me to him in this sarvis of heer Majestie, whyche I am most wyllyng to spend my lyfe in, that heer Majestie of heer goodnes wyll besto my boy apon my poure wyfe, and yf it plaes heer Majestie to let my poure wyfe have the kepyng ether of Hampton Court or Otlandse, I shall thynke my selfe most bound to heer Majestie; for I dow assur you, sir, I shall not leve heer so well or so good a wyfe dowthe desarve. This, sir, I have byne bold to trowble you, and chan ilde (yield) you no other requytall but my love and good wyll as long as I lyve, and so I recomend me most hartely unto you, and beed you farwell, from a bourd the Arke the 19 of June." * * *

"For the love of God let the narro sees be well strakened, and the shypes vyteled for sume good tyme. This on monthes vytels is very ill, and may bred danger, and no savyng to heer (Majestie), for they spend lyghtly 7 or 8 dayse in comyng to meet ther vyttell, and in takynge of it in, and yf the enymy dow know of that tyme, juge you what they may atempte. Graet hurte may come by it, but no good. Sir, I pray let heer Majestie be ernestly persweded with all to have sume forses of 10 or 12 thowsande sogers neer to heer, that may know on another, and ther leders. I had rather have 10 thowsand suche well trayned and kepte to gether then 40 thowsand that shalbe browght on the soden, halfe amased, as heer Majestie shalbe seur to fynd them. Heer Majestie must assure her selfe she is not now in pece, and therfor most prynslyst, seureat, and most to heer honor, to provyd as in warre. Sir, I pray you to present my most bound and humble duty to heer Majestie, so, God wyllyng, I wyll not trouble heer Majestie with my rewd wryghtynge tell the matter be somthynge worthe. God of his mercy bless heer Majestie with helthe, and to have honor over heer enymys."

Queen Bess seems very loath to part with her money, and the lord admiral pressed in vain. At last the urgency of the invasion plunged her into action; and we read:

"Though the lord-admiral ceased to write on this great occasion, there was one gentleman, however, in the fleet, of the name of Dodington, who writes to the privy council in great haste and alarm, as it would seem from the mistake he makes in the date.

'*Ed. Dodington to the Privy Council.*

'(1588), July 25th.

'RIGHT HO.,—Heare is a ffeete at this instant cominge in upon us, semid at north-west, by all likelywode it should be the enymy: hast makes me, I can write no more. I beseech your L. to pardon me, and so I referr all to your ho. most depyst considerationes. Your Ho. most humble to command,

ED. DODINGTON.

'ffrom the ffeete at Plymouth,
the 25 of Julie, 1587-8.'

"But the curious part of this despatch is the covering address.

For her Maties spetiall servise
To the Right honorable the
Lords of her Ma^ts most
ho. prevy cunsell
hast post hast
for lyffe hast
0 hast post hast
for lyffe.

The defeat of the famous Armada is detailed from preceding histories; and in addition, there is a very important corroboration of it in the translation of the Spanish version of it, apparently called for in answer to a remark in the *Edinburgh Review* on the *Life of Drake*. The remark and replication follow:

"'The Duke of Medina Sidonia (says the Spanish manuscript narrative of the invasion, which Mr. Barrow quotes in a provoking manner, not giving any satisfactory account of its authenticity, or informing us *what* or *where* it is) summoned to him,' &c.—*Edinburgh Review*, No. 162, p. 397.

"The gentlemen of the 'Edinburgh Review' may be well assured that the writers in that journal are the last to be treated 'in a provoking manner.' In the present case it was thought that the brief notice was sufficiently explicit as to the *authenticity*, the *what*, and the *where*; but *Diis aliter visum*: therefore the whole journal, as it is, shall be given in a true and faithful translation (*by H. F. Amedroz, Esq. of the Admiralty*), being a document more appropriately inserted here than in the 'Life of Drake.' It may be considered as an interesting historical record."

It is so; and readers will feel much satisfaction in its perusal, though it is too long for us to quote.

But the sufferings of our brave defenders, after crushing the power of Spain, offer a sad spectacle; and we cannot refrain from copying some of their horrors, now also first published from the Admiral's MSS. correspondence (August 8, 1588):

"I pray to God we may heer of vyttelse, for we ar generaly in graet want, and also that I may know how the coaste shypse of the west shalbe vyteled, and also that order be taken for the vyttelyng, and for monysion, for the shypse of London. I know not what you thynk of it at the courte, but I dow thynk, and so dowthe all heer, that ther chanot be to graet forses mayntayned yet for 5 or 6 wekse on the sees, for allthoughe we have put the Spanyshe flete past the Frythe, and I think past the Ilse, yet God knowethe whither they goo, ether to the Nase of Norway, or into Denmark or to the Ilse of Orkyne, to refreshe themselves, and so to retourne, for I thynk they dare not retourne with this dishonor, and shame, to ther king, and overtrow of ther Popse credit. * * * Sir, in your nexst letters to my browther Stafford, I prey wryght to him that he wyll let Mendosa know that heer Majesties retten shypse dare met with his masters sounde shypse, and in buselynge with them, thoughe they weer 3 graet shypse to one of us, yet we have shortened them 16 or 17, wherof ther is 3 of them afyshyng in the botome of the sees. God be thanked of all. * * *

"Ther is a nomber of pour men of the cost tounse, I meen the marynera, that kry owt for money, and they know not wher to be payed; I have giffene them my word and honor that ether the townse shuld pay them, or I wyll see them payed. Yf I had not done so they had rone away from Plymowthe by thowsandse. I hope ther wyl be care had of it. Sir, money had ned to come downe for our hole compaoy. Sir, I am goinge to Marget. In hast, far ye well. From Kanterbury, the 9th of August. * * *

"My Good Lord,—Sicknes and mortalitie begin wonderfullie to groe amongste us, and it is a most pitifull sighte to see here at Marget howe the men (having noe place to receave them into here) die in the streats. I am driven my self of force to com aland to see them bestowed in some logeings, and the beste I can get is barnes and suche oute houses, and the releefe is small that I can provide for them here. It wold greave anie mannes harte to see them that have served soe valiantlie to die soe miserablye. The Elizabeth Jonas, which hathe done as well as eaver anie ship did in anie service, hathe had a graete infectione in her from the beginninge, soe as of the 500 men which she caried oute, by the time we had bin in Plimouthe three weeks or a month there were deede of them 200 and above, soe as I was driven to set all the reste of her men ashore, to take oute her ballaste, and to make fires in her of wet brome 3 or 4 daies togeather, and soe hoped therbie to have clensed her of her infectione, and thereuppon got newe men, very tall and hable as eaver I sawe, and put them into her: nowe the infectione is broken oute in greater extremitie than eaver it did before, and (they) dye and sicken faster then eaver they did, soe as I am driven of force to send her to Chatham: we all thinke and judge that the infection remaineth in the pitche. Sir Roger Townsend, of all the men he broughte

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aute with him, hathe but one left alive; and my sonn Southwell likewise hath manie deade, it is like enoughe that the like Infectione will growe thorooughe oute the most parte of oure fleete; for they have bin soe longe at sea, and have so litle shifts of aparell, and soe fewe places to provide them of such wants, and noe money wherewith to buy it, for som have bin, yea the moste parte, theise 8 monethes at sea. My Lord, I wold thinke it a marvailouse good waie that there were a thousand pounds worthe or twoe thousand marks worthe of hose, doublets, shirts, shues, and such like sent downe. And I thinke your lordship mighte use therin the comtrouler of the navie and water, Mr. Hawkins his mann, whoe wold use all expeditione for the providinge and sendinge awaie of suche things, for elles in veria shorte time I looke to see most of the mariners goe naked. Good my lord, let maryners be preste and sent downe as sone as maie be, and money to discharge those that be sicke here; and soe in haste I bid your lordship farewell. From Marget the 10th of Auguste, 1588. * * *

"Maie it please youre lordships—Uppon my comminge hither to Dover the 21st of Auguste, about 3 of the clocke in the after none, I presentlye sent for the Lord Henrie Seymour, Sir William Winter, Sir ffrancis Drake, Sir John Hawkins, Sir Henry Palmer, and Mr. Thomas ffenner, to com unto me, to confer with them for the presente consideratione of her Majestie's service, whoe declared unto me the state of the ffleete, which with sorowe and greefe I muste deliver unto youre lordships. As I lefte som of the ships infected at my comminge up, soe I doe finde, by theire reportes that have looked deeplie into it, that the moste parte of the fleete is greavouslye infected, and die dailie, falinge sicke in the ships by numbers, and that the ships of themselves be soe infectiouse, and soe corrupted, as it is thoughte to be a verie plague; and we finde that the freshe men, that we drawe into oure ships, are infected one daie, and die the nexte, soe as manie of the ships have hardlie men inoughe to waie their ankers. For my Lord Thomas Howarde, my Lord Sheffeilde, and some 5 or 6 other ships, (beinge at Marget, and the winde ill for that roade) are soe weaklie manned by the reason of this sicknes and mortalltie, as they were not hable to waye their ankers to com, wheras we are nowe, my Lords, sithe the matter is of that momente for the service of her Majestie, and this realme, we have entered into consideratione wat is fitteste to be don, the extremitye beinge soe greate. The one touchinge the service of the realme, the other concerninge the mortalitie and sicknes, and therefore thoughte this course, which we here set downe to be fitteste to be don,—which is to divide oure fleete into twoe parts, the on to ride in the Downes, the other at Marget or Gorende; to bringe oure men, as manie as conveentlie we can, ashore, and there to releeve them with freshe victuales, and to suply suche other ther wants as we can, and uppon the hearinge or discoverie of the Spanish ffleete, we shalbe hable, with the help of souldyoures from the shore, for to be readie within a daie for the service; and therefore we are to praie your lordships that Mr. Quarles maie be sent downe with all speede unto us, with that moneye that shold have prepared the nexte victualinge therewith, to provide freshe victuales uppon the shore, for the releavinge of those men, and soe we will spare theire victuales which we have aborde. My lords, we doe not see amongste us all by what other meanes to contynewe this service, for the losse of maryners wilbe soe greate, as neather the realme shalbe hable to help it, and it wilbe greater offence unto us, then the enemy was hable to laie uppon us, and wilbe a verie shorte time answerable to theire losse, besides the unfurnishinge of the realme of such needfull and most necessarie men in a comon welthe. I know your lordships will acquainte her Majestie with this greate cause, which I leave unto your lordships' honorable wisdome to consider of."

Having already exceeded our limits, we shall only observe, that Sir John Hawkins takes a distinguished place among the foremost men of this great age and splendid service, and that four letters of Capt. Fenner are both new and curious.

To Mr. Barrow, for his labours in this line of literature, we think we may venture to tender the hearty acknowledgments of the British nation. They are worthy of him, of his parentage, and of his position in the world.

CENTO.

Sir Lancelot. By the Rev. F. W. Faber, M.A., Rector of Elton, Huntingdonshire. Pp. 542. London, Rivingtons.

THE first dedication is in prose and to Mr. J. Brande Morris, M.A., Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, and dated "*Elton Rectory, the Feast of St. James,* M.D.CCC.XLIV." This is followed by a second, in verse, called "the original," and dated "*Ambleside, in fest. Sti. Andreæ, die nativitatis tuæ,* M.D.CCC.XLII;" and, to crown this duplicate of saints'-days, we find at the end of the poem the date "*Elton Rectory, St. Peter's Day,* M.D.CCC.XLIV."

It need not be observed that this sort of inscription marks a clergyman professing to belong to, and living on the Church of England, but who has adopted the style in order to shew that he adheres to the sect or division best known by the name of Puseyites. With their conscientious convictions we have nothing to do; and if they like, instead of the usual Roman calendar, to affect the manner of the Romish Church, even in red letters, it is no business of ours. But when members of the Episcopalian Church have been converted to dissent, they have, we believe, uniformly borne testimony to the sincerity of their convictions by surrendering their ecclesiastical preferments; and we must say, that holding such opinions as this volume expresses, we are surprised to find it issued from Elton, or any other rectory. One of the ablest Roman Catholic magazines has hailed the Puseyites as "*Semi-Catholics,*" and they need not be ashamed of the Rev. Mr. Faber.

Sir Lancelot, we mistook, from the back and title-page, to be a romaunt of the olden times; and this demonstrates the truth, how erroneous it is to judge from outward appearances, and how dangerous to be led away by first impressions. On looking further we discovered that it was a poetical illustration of the ecclesiastical spirit of the thirteenth century, in which the adventures of a crusading Christian knight consist chiefly of his being badly wounded, and receiving the consolations of the Church, in confession, absolution, and communion. These are all exhibited in the warmest terms of approbation; but as we have often declared, we leave modes of faith for zealots to fight about, and never presume to offer our *ex-cathedra* thoughts on the subject. What we object to, and without hesitation, in a case like this, is to any man of honour and principle continuing to prey upon the revenues of one church and live in its service, whilst he not only prefers another, but publicly and in print abuses that which gives him his daily bread. We cite only one passage from *Sir Lancelot*, book x., "The Communion:"

"England! dear England! *island of the saints!*
From whose blithe champaign and sheep-spotted wolds
And rushy brooks, the earnest Saxon drove
The harsh base-blooded Briton, and himself
Received in turn high-hearted Norman lords,
May I not hope for thee, who hast outgrown
So many ills,—that early niggard church
Whose children we are not; the Tudor's lust;
The Stuarts' imbecility; and *now*
Seemest to be outgrowing that worse thing,
The inane self-praise, whose deep corroding lies
Have been like worms within thy very flesh
For generations,—self-complacence vile,
Engenderd of that dark and atheist creed
Which an apostate monk (Luther) *three ages back*
Begot through his lust-blinded intellect?
May I not hope for thee, my beautiful land!
If Saxon truth prevail o'er Norman pride,
And truth to earnest lowliness give birth,
And lowliness in time breed love, *and love*
Seek reconcilement with the offended church,
Abjuring hateful eulogies of self,
Minding that hour when Christendom arose
And shook thee from her as a leprous thing,
A miser dwelling by thine own sea-shores,
A churlish wordy boaster of thy wealth?
Ah, how I compass with affectionate thought
A thousand sweet localities, whereon
The light of our religious past is blent
With the dark presence of our modern sin!"

In which sin continueth to dwell the rector of Elton; gowned and surpliced like an ancient bawd, and railing against the vice on which she luxuriates.

The Rosary, and other Poems, by the same rev. gentleman (pp. 174, London, Tovey), is a bean of precisely the same colour. Be it observed that we offer no opinion upon doctrines: all that we say is, that we do not think the reviling of the Reformation and reformers, and panegyrics upon the Romish faith and its saints, come with a good grace from a well-endowed Protestant clergyman. The bitterest enemies of that Church may rejoice in the sight of its ordained and sworn ministers who are weak or unprincipled enough to be thus pulling the building which covers and shelters them down in ruins on their own heads.

Esther; a Sacred Drama. By the Rev. J. Sansom, B.A. Pp. 127. Hatchards.

THE rev. author has here attempted to imitate, or, as he states, embody, the sentiments and imagery of Old Testament poetic models; but we cannot truly say with much success. When the tables are turned by Esther upon Haman, and the furious king condemns the Amalekite, he piteously but in vain seeks mercy from the paramount Jewess; the following is a specimen of his apostrophe:

"Stout hearts may quail at death! 'Tis the pure soul,
Not lusty sinews, that can dare to die.
And welcome mortal strife! *These sturdy limbs*
(*He surveys his own person.*
Shall struggle hard life's precious gem to keep;
And then, all spent, shall yield their treasure up
In th' agony of dying! Oh, dear lady,
Awake! Awake, dear lady, or I perish!"

And so he is hanged, and his majesty bids a messenger—

"Go, Hatach, fetch me Mardocheus hither!
Bid his attendance in the bright apparel
That *garnished* him this morning."

True at Last: a Tragedy in Five Acts. Pp. 124. London, C. Mitchell.

AN odd mixture of the over-figurative and the too-familiar. Of the first, for instance:

"Your father wronged
This Gerald past all measure: from the wrong
Forth issues this adventure, *like a stream*
Of silvery waters that for many a day
Has travelled through the gloomy caves of earth
In darkness; till at length, some happy morn,
It leaps in gladness from its prison's breast,
And sparkles in the sun. You tremble, Agnes.

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Agnes.—With pleasure,—for a thought has flashed on me,
Whose rapture makes me tremble, *as the chords*
That quiver when the wildering breezes touch them.
I turn this peril to a good account:
My father's heart will open when he hears
The service he hath done me,—for 'tis Gerald;
Now that he's gone I recognise his voice;
His look—his face—all crowding come, *as though*
He leaped from darkness in a shower of light."

And of the last:

"*Gerald* (*vehemently*).—My father's name! I'll throttle you, else. Quick, the fires dance in my eyes! Be wise, and tell me; you are safe, then.

Ralph (*picking up the jewels*).—If he has these again, I'm not a gipsy! Hold him fast, while I administer the oath to him.

Gerald.—My father's name! I am growing desperate. (*After a pause.*) The old fool's dead! Good heaven, how soon he died!

[*Putting him down against a bank*

Ralph.—You've done it now, that's sure. We had better let our tongues rest, and take to our heels.

Gerald.—I meant it not,—an old obstinate brute! and I am still in the dark. Would he had lived to tell me that!

Ralph.—I hear voices. Let us make a quick march to our camp. We are all safe: I met no one on my way here. Quick, Gerald, quick!

Gerald (*stooping down to the body*).—Dead, quite dead! I meant it not. Well, 'tis all over now, and it was his own fault. [*Exeunt.*"

Studies in English Poetry, &c. By Joseph Payne. Pp. 467. London, Relfe and Fletcher.

A various, instructive, and pleasing collection of sacred and other poems belonging to every age of the English Helicon. It is in itself a little poetical library for youth.

Edric the Saxon: a Tragedy in Three Acts. Pp. 79. London, Pickering.

A introduction, referring to the immortal compositions of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, insists on three acts, instead of five, being the right measure for tragedy; and treats of several other minor points allied to the subject. We fear, however, that the author may be better able to judge of the made, than to execute the work. There is a plot and some action in this rather murderous drama, which is of the

"Die all, die nobly, die like demi-gods"

style; but for the rest, except a queer simile at page 26, we find nothing worthy of note. Here the villain of the play tells his honourable foe, that his real design in deluding his daughter was to obtain certain broad lands, and adds,

"I reck not of the means by which I won them.
Editha was my instrument,
And now she's served my turn, I throw her off,
Even as the soldier throws aside the engine
By which 'twas won, when he has scaled the breach."

Jam satis!!

Poems. By Robert Bloomfield. With 13 Illustrations by Sidney Cooper, J. C. Horsley, J. F. Taylor, and T. Webster, A.R.A. Engraved by Thurston Thompson. Large 8vo, and foolscap 8vo, pp. 269. London, Van Voorst.

A new and handsome edition of the *Farmer's Boy* and other poems by its author, is a welcome publication; and Mr. Van Voorst has certainly produced it in a style to render it still more welcome. A limited number of large-paper copies afford marginal effect for the display of the high talents employed on its embellishments; but the lesser impressions are so excellent, that we can hardly prefer the class of which artists are so fond. Altogether this is a beautiful volume; and the subjects, chiefly of rural life, are as sweet and pastoral as can be fancied. It does one good to look at them.

Luther's Hymns. Pp. 88. London, Nutt.

A new edition of these famous compositions in the German language, with a frontispiece of the Reformer engaged in writing them. The Lieder is nicely got up, and is a volume to be commended to German students.

Hebrew Dramas: Founded on Incidents of Bible History. By W. Tennant, Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of St. Andrew's. Pp. 330. Edinburgh, Menzies; London, Bogue.

We have no doubt Prof. Tennant is an erudite ancient and oriental scholar, but he is certainly a poor poet. The destruction of Sodom is one of his subjects, and Lot's family perplexities (for his wife and daughters seem to have been but a bad lot), mingled with the pagan and sensual revels of the Pentapolitan kings, priests, and people, are the leading themes. As a specimen, we may cite a portion of the scene where his majesty of Sodom bids the high priest go unto the shrine to ascertain if Baal-Peor approves of the celebration of a grand three-days' feast. He says:—

"Enter then,
Announce our purpose, and bring back the will
And *nod* of Sodom's deity."

This could not be the land of Nod? but a few lines of the king's continuation to the people, whilst the priest is executing this curious mission, will serve for any other illustration:

"Earth, *like a bride* new-trimm'd, doth seem on high
T' *up-shoot her blossom-tipt, sky-waving arms*
T' *enclasp the sun, her jolly-groom*, that comes
Forth of his chamber *prancing*.
'Tis a day *seemly-jocund* to begin
The circle of our *feast-jocundities*,
For Earth and Heaven *seem brush'd and burnish'd up*;
And man's desires, high-bounding in his breast,
Crave to be richly quench'd and gratified."

Amen.—*Ed. L. G.*

Festus: a Poem. By P. J. Bailey, Barrister-at-Law. 2d Edition. Pp. 397. London, Pickering.

We confess that to us there is something distressing in this poem. Colloquies between God and Lucifer—a commixture of things and persons divine, diabolical, and human, grate upon the mind and shock the sense. What there is of poetical imagination in it is of the wildest character, unrestrained by right feeling, and the whole appears to be the out-pouring of a religious frenzy. To the genius of Milton such theme were too dangerous; to the talent of Mr. Bailey it is dreadful.

Æra Astræa: or, the Age of Justice, &c. By Donald Bain. Pp. 224. Edinburgh, Menzies; London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

An ode to the Queen, and on the title-page the epigraph

"An ode such as the laureate should have sung."

The poetry is preceded by a long political "address" or treatise, in which the most important of our home and foreign relations are discussed; and, sooth to say, the verse is of the same strain, full of sensible remarks, but not poetical enough to call on us to criticise or quote it as poetry.

The Poetical Works of Gerald Griffin, Esq. Pp. 384. London, Simpkin and Marshall; Dublin, Cumming.

This volume forms the eighth of Griffin's life and works, but, comprehending his poetical effusions, stands also alone and single. We need but allude to the many beautiful things which adorn its pages, and tell the lovers of poetry of its existance for their gratification.

The Oratory. By W. Nind, M.A. Pp. 139. London, Rivingtons.

A collection of prayers and thoughts put into verse, smooth and pleasing, occasionally a little indistinct, so as not to impress the writer's opinions very forcibly on the reader's mind; but still a little consideration unfolds the meaning, and we find what at a first glance seemed to tend one way, in reality tends to the opposite. See, for example, the effusion on the worship of the Virgin Mary. The last two lines of a stanza from the lines on Miracles may be given as a specimen of well-worded doctrine, whilst the first two exemplify the obscurity to which we have alluded. Addressing the Almighty from the Church, Mr. Nind says:—

"But for herself, till fades her love,
She asks not doubting for a sign:
What can the *supernatural* prove
Where all the natural is thine?"

History of the Consulate and the Empire, &c. By M. Thiers. Vol. III. Colburn.

We must leave the partial and fallacious, anti-English and anti-truth history of M. Thiers to be expounded and pounded, as we daresay it will be, by some of our big contemporaries. This volume carries on the tale from the evacuation of Egypt to the consulate for life, which the author considers to be the culminating point of Bonaparte's moral power. The view of the family at this period, and also of some of his allies, may be quoted as the statement of a party well acquainted with their actual circumstances and objects.

"France experienced the most profound satisfaction. The family of the first consul had neither all their fears nor all their hopes realised; nevertheless, they participated in the general happiness. Madame Bonaparte began to be tranquillised, now that all thoughts of royalty had evaporated. This kind of hereditary succession, which devolved upon the chief of the state the duty of choosing his successor, was all she wished, as she had no child by General Bonaparte, but had one beloved daughter, married to Louis Bonaparte, who was about to become a mother. She wished for and counted upon having a grandson. She thought to see in him the heir to the sceptre of the world. Her husband shared in her anticipations. The brothers of Napoleon (we shall call him henceforth by this name) were not so well pleased; at least Lucien was not, whose perpetual recklessness of mind nothing could tranquillise. But an arrangement had been thought of with a view of pleasing them, and accordingly it had just been introduced amongst the organic articles. The law of the legion of honour enacted that the grand council of the legion should be composed of three consuls, and of a representative of each of the great bodies of the state. The council of state had appointed Joseph Bonaparte to fill this dignity; the tribunate had chosen Lucien. One article of the *senatus-consulta* provided that the members of the grand council of the legion of honour should be *ex-officio* senators. The two brothers of Napoleon were accordingly important personages in the noble institution upon which the duty of distributing rewards devolved; and they were, moreover, as members of the senate, called upon to exercise a considerable influence over that body. Joseph, moderate in his desires, seemed to wish for nothing beyond. Lucien was only half satisfied; it was not in his nature to be more so. The first consul, by making his colleagues, Cambacérès and Lebrun, consuls for life, sought thereby to place round his person colleagues who were pleased with his own elevation. He had succeeded. One personage alone of the time came out of this crisis, so favourable to the general advancement of every body else, rather ill-treated—this was M. Fouché, minister of police. Whether it was that his personal advice with regard to the family arrangements of the Bonapartes was seen

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h, or whether the efforts that were made udice him with his master succeeded, or, is most probable, that the first consul sirous of adding to all his recent acts of cy and conciliation a measure which have, more than any other, the appear- f confidence, and of total oblivion of the at any rate, the minister of police was t. This minister, as we have already sewhere, possessed an importance which er would have had under a regular régime, to the arbitrary power with which he vested, thanks to the funds which he dis- of without any control. Emigrants, either ed or about to return, Vendéans, repub- nonjuring priests,—all these trouble- gents were under his surveillance, and he ned his duty without any compunction.

" The summer was far advanced, as the August was now approaching. The first took possession of the château of St. , which he had at first declined when it fered him for a country residence. Hav- anged his mind upon this subject, he had d repairs which, although not very ex- e at first, had at length extended to the château. They were recently completed; st consul seized the opportunity of estab- himself in this beautiful mansion. He received, upon certain fixed days, high maries, great personages of all classes, ers, and ambassadors. On Sunday, mass lebrated in the chapel, and the opponents Concordat began to attend it, as formerly attended mass at Versailles. The first accompanied by his wife, heard a very mass, and afterwards conversed in the y of the château with the company who be present. The visitors, ranged in two waited for him, and listened to his words same say that the words of royalty or of are caught up. In this circle he was clusive object of observation and atten- No potentate on the earth has ever ob- or merited in the same degree, the pure e of which he was at that time the ob- oth on the part of France and of the world. It was already the imperial au- , which he afterwards assumed, but with iversal assent of the people, with forms gal, but more worthy of that dignity, as still remained a certain republican mo- which was extremely becoming in this thority, and which reminded the specta- Augustus retaining, amidst the supreme the exterior habits of the Roman citi-

last three years of Bonaparte's life were ly of prodigious moment—never were tupendous events crowded together into career of a single man. His eulogist him:—

l-powerful on the continent, having dis- d and driven from office the two minis- ho had abetted all the coalitions against I. de Thugut at Vienna, and Mr. Pitt in n, the first consul had raised the whole rope against England. Nelson, by the inflicted on the Danes at Copenhagen, e Russians by assassinating their em- had saved England from the disasters menaced her; but saved though she was these dangers, she had neither courage eans to prolong the war. The English , inspired alike with fear and admiration achievements of General Bonaparte, had gth consented to the peace of Amiens, the glorious and advantageous that France made. The temple of Janus was accor- y shut! • • • And yet (he adds) at this period he appeared so moderate after having been so victorious, he shewed himself so profound a legislator after having proved himself so great a commander, he evinced so much love for the arts of peace after having excelled in the arts of war, that well might he excite illusions in France and in the world. Only some few amongst the personages who were admitted to his councils, who were capable of judging of futurity by the present, were filled with as much anxiety as admiration, on witnessing the indefatigable activity of his mind and body, the energy of his will, and the impetuosity of his desires. They trembled at even seeing him do good in the way he did, so impatient was he to accomplish it quickly, and upon an immense scale. The sagacious Tronchet, who both admired and loved him, and looked upon him as the saviour of France, said, nevertheless, one day, in a tone of deep feeling, to Cambacérès, 'This young man begins like Cæsar; I fear that he will end like him.'"

PETRIE'S ROUND TOWERS.

[Second notice.]

In our last, whilst we reproved the temper in which this work was penned, we offered the tribute of our cordial approbation to the value of its antiquarian research, and the great beauty of its illustrations. This is what truth and justice demand from us; and we are anxious to declare it, because we are informed from Dublin that hot and personal feuds are there in full activity and vigour upon the subject; and we deem it necessary that the course of the *Literary Gazette* should be clearly understood—as blaming intemperate and unsustained censures, while it gave high praise to the really deserving parts of the publication. In this spirit we proceed with Mr. Petrie, who seems perfectly well pleased and complaisant with himself, and quite unconscious of having said any thing to which any one could object:

" In the preceding part of this inquiry, I have endeavoured (he states) to remove the too prevalent existing prejudices of my countrymen in favour of theories repecting the origin and uses of the round towers, which I deem erroneous, *by a dispassionate examination* of the evidences which have been adduced to support them; and to the calm inquirer after truth, I trust I have submitted such evidences as will prepare his mind for an unbiassed examination of the proofs I have now to tender in support of the conclusion which I hope to establish." p. 121.

He accordingly proceeds to exhibit the ancient, " *extreme antiquity* of the ecclesiastical architectural remains, still so abundant in Ireland," and " to go into an investigation of our ecclesiastical architecture generally." " It is true that these remains will be found to be of a very simple and inartificial character, and to exhibit nothing of that architectural splendour, so gratifying to the taste, which characterises the Christian edifices of Europe erected in the later days of ecclesiastical power; but if as the great sceptical poet Byron so truly says,

> ' Even the faintest relics of a shrine
> Of any worship wake some thoughts divine,'

these simple memorials of a Christian antiquity rarely to be found outside our own *insula sacra*, and which, in their grave simplicity, exhibit a characteristic absence of meretricious grandeur, typical of the primitive ages of the Christian church, can scarcely fail to excite a deep and reverential interest in the minds of Christians generally, and still more of those who may take a pride in such venerable remains of their past history."

We were not prepared for the rich and abundant collections of ancient architecture Mr. Petrie has amassed and exhibited in this volume, which clearly and satisfactorily refutes the assertion, that Ireland possessed no buildings of stone and mortar before the 12th century. He has, as he says, produced examples of " religious structures still remaining in sufficient preservation to shew us perfectly what they had been in their original state; I may point to the monastic establishment of St. Molaise, on Inismurry, in the Bay of Sligo, erected in the sixth century; to that of St. Brendem, on Inisglory, off the coast of Erris, in the county of Mayo, erected in the beginning of the same century; and also to that of St. Fechin, on Ard-Oilean, or High Island, off the coast of Connamara, in the county of Galway. In all these establishments, the churches alone, which are of the simplest construction, are built of lime-cement. The houses, or cells, erected for the use of the abbot and the monks, are of circular or oval form, having dome roofs, constructed, like the ancient Greek and Irish sepulchres, *without a knowledge of the principle of the arch*, and without the use of cement; and the whole are encompassed by a broad wall composed of stones of great size without cement of any kind." p. 127.

Similar to these was the establishment at Farne, in Northumberland, of St. Cuthbert, bishop of Lindisfarne, erected A.D. 684. Mr. Petrie gives admirable woodcut figures of several of these stone-roofed houses of Cyclopæan architecture. He has also collected monumental inscriptions, testifying the accuracy of Irish traditions, and the histories of the saints of Ireland, as of general history. These are figured in well-executed wood-engravings. St. Breccan died early in the 6th century, and his name appears on a flat stone cut within a cross enclosed in a circle, CI DNE CANI, found 6 feet under the surface of a circular enclosure, known by the name of St. Breccan's tomb; and under this stone another of black limestone with this inscription,

ŌR AR BRECAN NAILITHER,

which *Mr. Petrie* translates " *A prayer for Brecan the Pilgrim.*"

Passages in the lives of the saints assert that the Irish built their churches of stone and lime even as early as St. Patrick's time; and we think that fact has been fully established. A question arises, when did he go to Ireland? We confess, however, that we were surprised to meet with an assertion from Mr. Petrie, that the Irish did not know the use of lime-cement until *the introduction of Christianity*, when he himself quotes the passage from Tacitus that Ireland was *better known to merchants* than Britain. If so, why should it be supposed that the use of lime was unknown to Ireland when it was so well known and practised in Britain and the Continent? Is the answer, that it would *militate against Mr. Petrie*'s assertion, that the round towers could not be of pagan origin because they are built with lime-cement? Being convinced that the Irish knew the use of lime long before the introduction of Christianity from Mr. Petrie's own proofs, we shall set it down as proven.

Mr. Petrie's next section treats of the various ancient stone buildings extant in Ireland, which he thus classes:—1. Churches; 2. Oratories; 3. Belfries; 4. Houses; 5. Erdamhs; 6. Kitchens; 7. Castrels.

The old churches of Ireland, it appears, have rarely more than a single entrance, which is at the west end; and are imperfectly lighted with small windows splaying inwards, which do not

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appear to have been ever glazed. The chancel was generally better lighted than the nave, having in most cases two windows, which are frequently triangular-headed, but sometimes arched; but the door generally has a horizontal lintel of one large stone. "In all cases the sides of the doorways and windows incline like the doorways of the oldest remains of Cyclopæan buildings, *to which they bear a striking resemblance.*" The walls of these churches are always perpendicular, and generally formed of very large polygonal stones carefully adjusted to each other both on the inner and outer surfaces, while their interior is filled up with rubble and grouting. This doorway is at Gallines in Kerry.

The remains of the church of Templepatrick, on the island of Inibiquile, in Lough Corrib, in the county of Galway; that of Ratnp, in Kerry; our Lady's and St. Kevin's churches, at Glendalough; St. Fechin's, of Fore, in Westmeath; St. Colman's, at Kilmacdugh; St. Colman's, in the Isle of Aran, in Galway; are as perfect specimens of *Cyclopæan architecture* as can be produced amongst the Etruscan cities of Italy.

Then follows specimens of doorways having circular arches—that of *Inis mac Nepan*, or *Ireland's Eye*, near Howth; that of *Sheepstoun*, near Knocktopher, in the county of Kilkenny; of Killaspugbrone, in Sligo; which are all of Cyclopæan masonry, and may be said to be identical with the Etruscan. The doorway and wall of the old church of Britway, in the barony of Barrymore, in Cork, is a most interesting specimen of the Cyclopæan masonry, of large polygonal stones fitted into each other, all the stones of the jambs going through the thickness of the wall.

Then follows many figures of windows of perfect Cyclopæan architecture; and other specimens of what Mr. Petrie calls *triumphal arches!* i. e. the large arches between the body of the churches and the chancel; all of which are in perfect identity with the Etruscan Cyclopæan.

The specimens of ornamented doors and windows in the round towers of Timahoe and Kildern, in which the zigzag border and several cut friezes appear, are extremely interesting; but they rather prove the pattern to have been of greater antiquity than that the masonry is more modern. The zigzag border appears on several golden ornaments, and even on the sepulchral urns which have been found in the tumuli in Ireland, the very remote antiquity of which is not questioned.

The discovery of a few brontiate coins in the round tower of Kildern leads Mr. Petrie into a long discussion upon such coins, which we do not consider necessary to notice farther, as though it suggests explanations, it actually proves nothing. From what he says, they may have been dropped accidentally there.

The details of ornamental architecture, of Cormac's chapel at Cashel, and other buildings which are given, are beautifully executed, and are the valuable portion of the volume. Although the deductions Mr. Petrie draws from his copious materials, appear to us to be for the most part erroneous, still he has, by collecting them, thrown great light on the knowledge of ancient Irish history; and we give our own full assent to the following observations:—

"That enough has been adduced to prove that churches of stone and lime-cement were erected commonly in Ireland from a period coeval with the introduction of Christianity. That ornamental churches in the Romanesque, or, as it is usually called in England, the Norman style, were not uncommon (in Ireland) anterior to the English invasion. That much of this ornamental architecture is of an age anterior to the Norman conquest of England, and probably even to the Danish irruptions in Ireland." p. 317.

These propositions are fully established by the examples which Mr. Petrie has supplied. We also consider the introduction of Christianity into Ireland to have been earlier than the fifth century, and are satisfied that some of these buildings are previous even to Christianity itself.

We pass over the discussion upon *oratories*, or *deartheachs*, which, however, is not without interest; and come at length to the chief object of the inquiry—namely, *what was the original use of the round towers?* Mr. Petrie says they were belfries; and adds, complacently: "The inconclusiveness of the arguments which have been adduced to sustain the various theories assigning them to a pagan origin, have been amply discussed; and to those who have accompanied me through that investigation, *I can hardly imagine it necessary to occupy much space with evidence to prove either their Christian origin, or the use to which, by Christians, they were applied; I* at least *am persuaded*, that to any one having a tolerable acquaintance with medieval architecture, a sight of a few of these remains, or of accurate detailed drawings of them, would be alone sufficient to convince him, not only of their Christian date, *but of the primary purposes to which they were constructed.*" We confess ourselves of the number of those who have not been convinced by Mr. Petrie's arguments and conclusions, and dissent from his "having established" them; viz.:—

"1. That not even a shadow of an historical authority has been adduced to shew that the Irish *were acquainted with the art of constructing an arch, or with the use of lime-cement*, anterior to the introduction of Christianity into the country; and further, that though we have innumerable remains of buildings of ages antecedent to that period, in *no one of them* has *an arch or lime-cement* been found. 2. That in no one building in Ireland *assigned to pagan times*, either by historical evidence or popular tradition, have been found either the form or features usual in the round towers, or characteristics that would indicate the *possession of sufficient architectural skill* in their builders to construct such edifices. 3. That previously to General Vallancey—a writer remarkable for the daring rashness of his theories, for the looseness of his authorities, and for his want of acquaintance with medieval antiquities—*no writer had* ever attributed to the round towers any other than a Christian, or, at least, a medieval origin. 4. And lastly, that the evidence and arguments tendered in support of this theory by Vallancey and his followers, excepting those of the late Mr. O'Brien and Sir W. Betham, which I have not thought deserving of notice, have been proved to be of no weight or importance." p. 356.

To the first proposition we would repeat as an answer, that there is not any *historical evidence* either for or against the fact of the Irish being acquainted with the arch and of lime-cement previously to the introduction of Christianity; but as they were a commercial and navigating people when Tacitus wrote that Ireland was better known to merchants than even Britain, and there being abundance of Roman buildings in Britain in which the arch appears and the lime-cement was used, of which the remains still exist, there is the strongest *possible probability* that the Irish *were acquainted with* both. And farther, we consider that Mr. Petrie has supplied evidence himself, in the drawings of remains he has given in this volume, both of the arch and lime-cement, which we consider unquestionably *previous to the introduction of Christianity*, in the specimens of old buildings which he has called *old churches*, many of which to us exhibit a similarity, if not identity, with Etruscan masonry. That in this we are not singular appears by an authority Mr. Petrie will not be disposed to question. In the letter he has printed from the late Mr. William Morrison, "*the most accomplished and scientific architect this country has given birth to,*" is the following passage:—"The construction of the tower of Dysart is quite similar to Rattoo, only differing in the quality of the material, which is somewhat more massive; *it bears a strong resemblance to the Etruscan masonry of Italy.*" p. 368.

Our next authority is Mr. Petrie himself:—"An example of a horizontal-headed aperture I have given on the preceding page, an illustration of one of these in the round tower of Cashel; which will be further interesting as exhibiting the *curious Etruscan character of the masonry of this and so many of the other towers and churches, and which will be better shewn in the annexed specimen from its base.*" p. 411.

Here Mr. Petrie proves the *Etruscan character of the masonry* of "*so many of the round towers;*" and virtually himself negatives his own conclusions. Is not this strong testimony by Mr. Petrie, and much higher authority than Mr. Petrie, the late talented William Morrison, in favour of the theory that the Etruscans were Celts? His other propositions we must reserve for another day, and for the present say adieu to his important and interesting work.

A Treatise on Corns, Bunions, the Diseases of Nails, and the general management of the Feet. By Lewis Durlacher, Surgeon-Chiropodist to the Queen. 8vo, pp. 196. Simpkin and Marshall.

STRANGE it is that Majesty should be subjected to corns, and like inconveniences, scarce to be mentioned to ears polite, in common with the most humble of Majesty's subjects! but so it appears to be, as we have a chiropodist-royal and one who argues in fitting language for the importance of chiropedal operations, which, as is the fashion now-a-days, should in his opinion constitute a distinct branch of the profession,—"the royal college for the cure of corns and bunions," with what he terms a sub-diploma.

Corns have been looked upon as a kind of reproach in all times.

"Ah, ah, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty, she
I'll swear hath corns."

And with justice, as they result solely from wearing tight or ill-made shoes or boots; while the cure of such has been left as a kind of unenviable occupation to the empiric. We should indeed, as soon have expected to have met with a new work on the diseases of the teeth which did not finish by recommending a newly invented instrument of professional torture, or an imperial Red-Sea dentifrice, as a work on corns and bunions which did not conclude by announcing, that Mr. Tarsus was to be consulted daily from the hours of 5 A.M. to 11 P.M. at his house in Clipcorn Street.

Excepting, however, that Mr. Durlacher does announce that there is an individual travelling about the Continent assuming his name, address, and skill, the work which he here presents to the public is of a very different character to what we anticipated. It is seriously and positively a very able treatise on small bu

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often very painful affections, and written in a popular style by a person of the greatest experience. Although adapted, from these circumstances, to readers of all classes, it is a work worthy of the attention of every professional man, the subjects of which it treats being often little familiar to the surgeon, or even to the very general practitioner. There are forms of corns and bunions depicted here, as the neurovascular corn, the festered and ulcerated bunions, which make the very toes shudder. Yet there is not an empirical or unprofessional statement in the work. "Although," says the author, "I have devoted nearly thirty years' practical experience to the investigation, and have tried various chemical and other remedial agents, yet I have never been able to discover any certain cure for corns."

He—Mr. Durlacher, whose name upon such a subject is alone an authority—equally derides the existence of infallible nostra and the possibility of thorough eradication. His treatment is throughout surgical, and mainly palliative. Nitrate of silver, cold water, spirit-lotions, and soap plaster, are his favourite resources, except in peculiar cases, which require more complicated treatment.

It appears from what the author states, that the lower classes, and especially servants, suffer most severely from this class of diseases. We had always fancied it was the reverse; at all events, we are sure of this, that corns and ignorant meddling with the feet are far too universal among the educated classes not to render Mr. D.'s work a very acceptable volume; and to all such we can conscientiously recommend it, as containing nothing but sound and wholesome advice.

Sketches of Life and Character taken at the Police Court. By George Hodder, Reporter to the "Morning Herald." Pp. 308. London, Sherwood and Bowyer.

A FORMER publication of the same description laid before us a series of Bow-Street scenes which had amused the readers of the *Morning Herald* so much in the columns of that journal. The present is not so much "up to the mark;" but still discloses some of the curious scenes perpetually enacting at that seat of justice and others of a similar kind, where the peculiarities of parties and the characteristics of some of the magistrates furnish matter enough for fun to the reporter, and speculation to the public, to serve for an annual of this kind. There are some humorous illustrations in wood; and what with law, and what with slang, the picture of a class in society is droll enough.

The Bromley Magazine. Nos. I. and II. Bromley, S. Beckley.

A YOUTHFUL beginning, and, like all such, the object of which is to cultivate a literary taste, and practically to store the mind with useful information, deserving of every encouragement. Some one says, that the best way to learn is to try to teach; at any rate, we are sure that attempts of this sort tend greatly to give the mind a beneficial appetite towards pursuits which may alleviate many of the ills, and increase many of the enjoyments, of future life.

The Lady's Country Companion; or, How to enjoy a Country Life rationally. By Mrs. Loudon. Pp. 396. Longmans.

A MORE intelligent and pleasant country companion than Mrs. Loudon lives not even in these days of perpetual instruction and guides to every thing. For a stroll in the fields, for a walk in the garden, for managing dairy or poultry-yard, for raising the finest flowers and the best fruits, for rural amusements, and for all useful employments to occupy time and produce profitable results, we cordially recommend this volume to be taken as a constant "companion."

Past and Present Policy of England towards Ireland. Pp. 359. London, E. Moxon.

WRITTEN by a gentleman of education, station, and intelligence, this volume would, if any thing would, tempt us into a discussion of Irish affairs. But we are proof; and shall only observe, that it is all in favour of the Romish Church in Ireland as the religious establishment of the vast majority of the people, and warmly approves of Sir R. Peel's policy, as the wisest that could be adopted to conciliate and improve the country, and reconcile it to its English connexion.

Revealed Religion: its Evidences and Operations. By the Rev. G. G. Lynn, M.A., St. John's Church, Hampton-Wick. Pp. 221. London, Seeley, Burnside, and Co.

IF we do not live in a religious age, we assuredly live in one of religious publication. This is an able essay to render familiar to general understanding, by synoptical reasoning, the elaborate views of eminent divines on the evidences and obligations of revealed religion. The author, however, travels often, and a long way, out of their circle with his own illustrations, which *we* must leave to polemic casuists.

The Martyr of Carthage: a Tale. By Ed. Wilson, B.A., Rector of Topcroft. Pp. 310. London, J. Burns.

A STORY of very early Christian times, conversion, and persecution. The scene is laid chiefly in Carthage, and the martyrdom of Cyprian, though the highest, is not the only sacrifice of the kind which figures in the history. Caius, a noble Roman, is condemned to the arena and is slain, and slays a lion; the whole offering scope for descriptions of the people and age, and exalting the Christian cause, in its pristine forms and feelings (with a strong leaning towards those forms), above all other considerations.

Willy's Grammar, interspersed with Stories, for the use of Children. By Mrs. Marcet. Pp. 360. London, Longmans.

IN this little volume Mrs. Marcet has adapted her preceding publication of the same kind, called *Mary's Grammar*, and intended for the instruction of girls (we do not remember whether or not it came under our cognisance), to be applied in the grammatical grounding of boys; and we shall only say, that if the first is as good as the last, neither sex need seek for a better guide. The plan is excellent, and the execution not less so. The infant mind is judiciously stimulated to inquiry; that inquiry is rewarded by information; that information is reiterated in new but not tiresome forms; and the understanding of the whole is tested by question and answer. To these are added suitable stories, which at once illustrate and impress the lesson, and entertain and improve the learner. (P. 106, in the 3d question, "adjective" is misprinted for "adverb," and should be corrected.) From first to last, with the exception of the verbal error within this parenthesis, we have found nothing in the book but what we most cordially approve; and we can assure both teachers and pupils that a thorough knowledge of Mrs. Marcet's clear and well-put rules will leave little to be desired for all the ordinary purposes of writing grammatically and reading correctly.

The Tree-Rose. By A. H. B. Pp. 122.

A REPRINT from the *Gardener's Chronicle* with additions. Its purport is to give precise and sufficient instructions for the cultivation of the tree-rose, of which so many rich and beautiful varieties have, of late years, almost crowded into our flora.

The Accusations of History against the Church of Rome, &c. Pp. 456. W. H. Dalton, for the Protestant Association.

THE Rev. Mr. George Townsend's controversy with Mr. Charles Butler is here enlarged upon and noted by the Rev. Mr. J. E. Cox; and from historical data are collected many hundreds of the charges brought, generation after generation, against the Church of Rome. The volume may be considered an inexhaustible sheath for the polemics of the reformed Protestant Church to draw forth an endless variety of arrows to launch at their opponents.

The London Medical Directory, 1845. Pp. 180, Double Columns. J. Churchill.

THERE ought to be little disease and very few deaths in London, seeing what a vast number of physicians, surgeons, and general practitioners we have the immense good luck to possess. There seems to be one or other for about every twenty of the population. As a guide to the profession, we daresay it will be very useful; and more so when the deficiencies and errors inseparable from a first edition of such an undertaking are made up and corrected. For example, in glancing over it, we see Sir Mathew Tierney recorded as one whose return was received too late, as indeed it must have been as the worthy physician is in his grave. We notice Dr. James Copland without a mention of one of the greatest medical works of the age, his Dictionary. At p. 56, we observe names out of their alphabetical order: but these are, after all, very slight blemishes in a work otherwise full of useful information.

The Conchologist's Text-Book, &c. Pp. 232. Edinburgh, Dublin, and London, Fullerton and Co.

WITH twenty-one pages of engravings, this sixth edition, corrected and enlarged by Mr. Macgillivray, the professor of natural history in Marischal College, Aberdeen, is an excellent class-book, embracing the arrangements of Lamarck and Linnæus, and accompanied by a useful glossary of technical terms. We cordially recommend it to young conchologists, not only to guide their earlier steps, but to afford them full information as they proceed with this delightful pursuit.

The Templar: a Novel. By the Author of "Hymenæus." Pp. 144. Cunningham.

THE best praise we can bestow on this novel is, that it is in one volume (and that a very short one), and not in three as usual.

Mary Aston; or, the Events of a Year. Pp. 127. London, Saunders and Otley.

A NOVELETTE, if we may so call it, of a size seldom seen now-o'-days, but only in being a lesser evil differing from the three-volume class of fashionable trifling.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

May 23d.—Mr. Fownes, "On the present state and prospects of organic chemistry," observed that, as it would be impossible to review the whole science of organic chemistry for the purpose stated, the better method would be to take as samples of the rest, for the purpose of illustrating the progress made within the last few years, the history of two great groups of compounds, the "alcohols," and the "vegeto-alka-

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lis;" the first being non-azotised, and the second azotised substances. He first, however, considered the modes of investigation followed in cultivating this department of science: of the two methods of research, the analytical and the synthetic, often indifferently employed in the investigation of inorganic bodies, the former was alone available in organic chemistry, from the impossibility of producing organic substances at will, by causing their elements to combine, these bodies being only produced, in the first instance, under the influence of vegetable life. A short description was then given of the various successive steps by which the processes of ultimate analysis have reached their present perfection, which leaves little more to desire in this respect; and reference was more especially made to those originating in the school of Giessen, and now employed almost universally. Alcohol or wine-spirit, the type of a yet small but most important and interesting class of bodies, has been known from a very early period; it is produced by the metamorphosis of grape-sugar under the influence of a ferment, the sugar resolving itself into alcohol, carbonic acid, and water. The preparation of pure or absolute alcohol and its properties were then described. When alcohol is distilled with sulphuric acid, the principal product is a highly volatile liquid long known as ether: this differs from alcohol in composition by the element of water, and there are strong arguments in favour of the view that alcohol is actually a hydrate of this ether. The compound ethers—containing ether, or its elements, in union with those of an acid, and which possess so much the character of salts, being decomposed by alkalis, with separation of the acid, and production of alcohol by the union of the liberated ether with water—were next discussed; and afterwards the compound acids, formed on the type of sulphovinic acid ($C_4 H_5 O_1 2SO_3 + HO$), containing the *elements* of ether in union with those of a powerful acid, inorganic or organic. Lastly the oxidation of alcohol to acetic acid, by the substitution of two equivalents of oxygen for two equivalents of hydrogen removed, was described and illustrated by the aid of finely-divided platinum, which possesses the singular property of absorbing a large quantity of oxygen into its pores, which is readily given up to organic bodies in contact with it. The combustible liquid obtained in conjunction with acetic acid in the destructive distillation of non-resinous wood has been shewn, by the researches of Dumas and Péligot, to be a second alcohol, capable of furnishing a series of compounds as numerous as those derived from wine-spirit, and preserving the strictest parallelism with the latter, the analogy being extended even to the product of oxidation (formic acid). The third alcohol is found in the "fusel-oil" of potato and corn-brandy, which also gives rise to a corresponding series, the only important member yet missing being the ether, to the discovery of which the attention of chemists should be diligently directed. The product of oxidation in this case is the singular body *valerianic acid*. After some general remarks on the probability of other substances of the type of alcohol being discovered, Mr. Fownes proceeded to describe the chief peculiarities of the best-known alkaline bases, as those from opium and the cinchona barks, the attention being directed to a series of splendid illustrations kindly sent by Mr. Morson. The chief point of interest presented by this part of the subject was, the history given of some partial success in the attempt to prepare by artificial means bodies of this class. The first substance so produced was observed by MM. Dumas and Pelouze to result from the action of ammonia on the volatile oil of black-mustard; it has since been studied by Dr. Will, and its basic character clearly made out; it is called *Thiosinnamine*, and contains sulphur. Coal-oil also has been found to contain oily liquids having a basic character (kyanol and leukol). Mr. Fownes then stated that some months ago he received from Mr. Morson a quantity of a dark-coloured volatile oil, said to have been procured by the action of sulphuric acid upon bran. This substance was purified by distillation and examined; it turned out to be the body first noticed by Döbereiner, and afterwards examined by Dr. Stenhouse, a by-product in the ordinary process for preparing formic acid, containing $C_{15} H_6 O_6$, the oxygen and hydrogen being in the proportions to form water. Mr. Fownes proposed retaining for this substance the term "furfurol," from *furfur* bran, and *oleum*, being, he understood, the name conferred upon it by Mr. W. C. Jones, of Plymouth, who, several years ago, prepared it in considerable quantity. When this furfurol is put into caustic ammonia it forms a solid compound, $C_{15} H_6 NO_3$, which is insoluble in water, and instantly decomposed by acids into an ammonical salt and the original oil. When boiled with caustic potash, however, it evolves no ammonia, but undergoes an isomeric change, being converted into a true vegeto-alkali, containing $C_{30} H_{12} N_2 O_6$, strongly alkaline to test-paper, and forming distinct and crystallisable salts; from this substance furfurol cannot by any means be recovered. By a similar mode of treatment the *hydrobenzamide* of M. Laurent yielded a powerful organic base, capable of forming beautiful crystallisable salts, and also strongly alkaline. It was called *benzoline*, and was found to be isomeric with hydrobenzamide. It is converted by oxidation into benzoic acid and ammonia, and yields by destructive distillation, among other products, a beautiful crystalline substance called *pyrobenzoline*. Mr. Fownes concluded by expressing his hopes that this apparently new-field of investigation would be cultivated with diligence, with a view of throwing light on the history of the natural vegeto-alkalis, and the functions of vegetable life generally; as a more practical, although less important result, means might possibly be found to prepare artificially the now costly active principles of opium and the barks.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

May 26th.—This being the fifteenth anniversary, the members met for the election of officers to replace those going out by rotation, Mr. Murchison, president, in the chair. The official business being concluded, the president presented the royal medals awarded to Prof. Ritter and Dr. C. T. Beke, the former to Baron Leopold von Buch for his distinguished countryman, the latter to Dr. Beke in person. The president then delivered his annual address on the progress of geography during the past year. The following were then elected: Lord Colchester, president; Sir J. Barrow, Bart., Capt. W. H. Smyth, R.N., and R. I. Murchison, Esq., vice-presidents; Major Shadwell Clerke, the Lord Bishop of Norwich, Admiral Bowles, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Howard Douglas, Bart., S. Jones Lloyd, Esq., the Earl of Rosse, and Col. C. R. Fox, members of council. The thanks of the society to the retiring president was moved by the Bishop of Norwich, and seconded by the Marquis of Northampton.

In the evening, after the business of the anniversary had been so satisfactorily transacted, a party of nearly a hundred members sat down to an excellent dinner in the Thatched House, Mr. Murchison in the chair, with his successor, Lord Colchester, on his right hand, and Chev. Bunsen, Baron Leopold Von Buch, M. Hebeler, and other eminent foreigners, near; besides Sir George Back, Sir John Rennie, and many others of his own distinguished countrymen, not only on the *dais*, but all around the room. Nothing could excel the spirit with which the president supported the proceedings, calling up the individuals we have named, and many more, including Mr. Earle, Professor E. Forbes, Col. Jackson, Major S. Clarke, &c. &c., to speak on subjects of interest to the society and to science, which they did in various addresses, and ably filled up the time of a most agreeable and instructive "*réunion*." The services rendered to the institution by Mr. M. were warmly acknowledged on all hands; and indeed his zeal, liberality, and talent, cannot be overpraised. He has surrendered his much-improved trust to a nobleman who will, no doubt, follow in his footsteps; and he could not adopt a better model, nor one more calculated to promote and increase the prosperity of this important national association.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

May 28th.—The president, Mr. Horner, in the chair. A communication was read by Prof. E. Forbes, F.R.S., and Lieut. Spratt, R.N., "On the geology of Lycia." The authors stated that the rock forming the greater part of Lycia consists of the *Scaglia* or Apennine limestone —a series not very distinctly defined; and that near the river Xanthus another rock of greenish sandstone, whose age was not determined, rested conformably on the scaglia. In other places true tertiary beds, both marine and freshwater, overlie the scaglia, and of these the marine are the most ancient; and, from the fossils which occur in the different beds, they are found to be all of the same age. The authors then proceed to describe the different districts in which the tertiary marine beds appear, some of which are from 2000 to 3000 feet, and others at a still more considerable elevation, above the sea-level. The freshwater tertiaries of Lycia are much more extensive than the marine beds, and extend over the districts 200 or 300 feet above the plains, consisting of marls capped by flat tables of conglomerate limestone. The relative age of these tertiary beds is determined by the presence of both marine and freshwater strata in the two great valleys of the Xanthus, the former being identified with the Bourdeaux miocene, and the latter therefore being much newer than the eocene freshwater tertiaries of Smyrna. A considerable mass of travertine is found in the great plains of Pamphylia, and forms cliffs of considerable height, through which the rivers pour. Certain recent changes of level were also noticed, which have attracted the attention of Sir Charles Fellowes. In conclusion, the authors consider that the scaglia, the formation of most ancient date, was deposited as fine sediment in a deep sea, and was in progress during the whole of the secondary, including the cretaceous, epoch; the evidence of this consisting in the remarkable mixture of fossils observable in Mount Lebanon and elsewhere, and the great thickness, the extent, and the conformable superposition of the different beds. The sandy beds resting on the scaglia are not so easily identified, but seem to have been more recent than the miocene marine strata, the presence of which marks a great change in elevation. This change was more

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than paralleled by a converse one of depression, producing lakes in which the freshwater tertiary beds were deposited, and which have been since drained by changes in level still going on.

A short notice was read, being the translation of a memoir by the Baron Leopold Von Buch, "On a new family of crinoidal animals called Cystideæ." The stony cases of these animals differ from the encrinites chiefly in the absence of arms and the presence of ovarial openings in the plates. They are found abundantly in the lower beds of the silurian period, chiefly in Scandinavia.

A paper was also read, "On the relation of the new red sandstone to the carboniferous strata in Lancashire and Cheshire," by Mr. E. W. Binney. The author in this paper endeavoured to shew that the Lancashire coal-field, although of great thickness, does not exhibit a passage upwards into the new red sandstone, but that it is a more perfect series than that in the west of Yorkshire and Derbyshire. He also supposes that the coal-measures are generally thrown down by the various faults, the dislocation being of some extent, that these measures continue unaltered beneath the upper beds, and finally that the lower portions of the new red sandstone are but imperfectly exhibited in the coal-field in question.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.

May 27th.—Sir John Rennie, president, in the chair. The paper read was by the president, giving "An account of the ancient harbour of Ostia." From the concurrent testimonies of the classic writers, Ostia was originally founded anno 634 B.C., by Ancus Martius. It was situated at the mouth of the Tiber, about fourteen miles below Roma; and as the supplies for the capital arrived by the river, it was of importance to improve the navigation, and at the same time to provide for the shelter of the fleet, which usually lay in the roadstead. Accordingly the Emperor Claudius determined to construct a new harbour, entirely independent of the river, but at the same time having a connexion with it. The general plan of this work, as described by Suetonius, and as given in Cannia's great work on the architecture of the ancients, is shewn to have consisted of an extensive outer harbour, formed by two artificial moles, each projecting about 1900 feet into the sea, enclosing a space of about 130 acres. Between the extremities of the moles was situated another detached mole, which formed a breakwater, supported a lighthouse, and gave two entrances to the harbour, across which chains could be drawn to form a closed port in time of war. A small inner harbour was also constructed, in which vessels could always remain afloat. This covered about 7 acres, and communicated with the Tiber by means of two parallel canals furnished with stop-gates, in order that the water of the river might be turned through the harbour for scouring away the muds, or for other purposes. There is no evidence to shew that the pound-lock was known or used. The walls of the moles were constructed upon arches, so as to give free access to the current; but at the same time they were sufficiently solid to break the sea, and to produce tranquillity within. This was very necessary; for, from the geological condition and the geographical position of Ostia, the coast was subject to constant advance from the alluvial deposit brought down by the Tiber. By this means a delta has constantly been in progress of formation, and, in the course of 2480 years, the line of shore has advanced about 3 miles 600 yards. All the attempts to improve the entrance of the Tiber were, by this deposit, rendered completely abortive. Eventually the ports of Claudius and of Trajan suffered the same fate; and although the works at Ostia were considered by the Romans as their greatest labour, they were of necessity abandoned, and the harbour of Centum Cellæ, or Civita Vecchia, was constructed as a substitute. In the works of Ostia there was visible much novelty and ingenuity in design and in construction; indeed, it must be observed, that almost every principle adopted by the improved skill and science of modern times appears to have been there carried into effect with singular perseverance and ability. By a careful study of the original plans of these ancient works, and the results, engineers might read very useful lessons for the treatment of many of the harbours of England, particularly those on the south-eastern coast, where, as at Dover, great difficulties are to be contended with from the motion of the shingle and silt. The position of English harbours differs in some degree from that of Ostia, on account of the former being subject to the action of a great rise of tide and strong littoral currents; while the latter was situated in the Mediterranean, where there is scarcely any rise of tide, and of which the shore-currents are sluggish. The deposits of silt would be in the latter case very rapid, as the water of the Tiber, entering nearly at right angles with the shore, would arrest the current, and the whole speedily would become comparatively stagnant. In the discussion which ensued upon this interesting paper, the cases of Dover, Rye, Ramsgate, and many other harbours, were explained, and the probable result of the present works commented upon.

The following papers were announced to be read at the next meeting: "On the corrosion of metals," by Mr. R. Adie; "On the movable jib-crane, as used at Glasgow," by Mr. W. Gale; "Observations relative to the movable beam-crane," by Mr. R. Stevenson.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, *May* 22.—The following gentlemen were admitted *ad eundem*:

The Rev. S. T. Bloomfield, D.D., of Sidney Sussex College, the Rev. F. Braithwaite, M.A., of Clare Hall, Mr. F. E. Long, M.A., of King's College, Cambridge.

The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Mr. T. F. Crosse, Exeter College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. W. Savage, Queen's College; Rev. R. S. Sutton, J. Rendall, P. A. Kingdon, fellows, Rev. T. F. W. Walker, Exeter College; Rev. E. J. G. H. Rich, fellow of New College; Rev. G. T. Cooke, demy of Magdalen College; Rev. E. Royds, Brasenose College; Rev. G. S. Munn, Trinity College; J. F. B. Blackett, fellow, R. M. Richards, Rev. H. J. Gore, Merton College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. J. Ripley, grand compounder, Wadham College; H. G. Faussett, student, R. V. Williams, Christ Church College; B. Blyth, Magdalen College; J. Hughes, Oriel College; Rev. T. W. Redfern, J. Burnard, Magdalen Hall; W. S. Ferrers, T. S. Huxley, Exeter College; G. B. W. Andrews, St. John's College; C. T. Corrance, Trinity College; R. Higgins, J. L. Hallward, Worcester College; A. Joseph, Brasenose College.

CAMBRIDGE, *May* 21.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Honorary Masters of Arts.—Earl Gifford, Trinity Hall; Hon. W. Stuart, Trinity College, grand compounder; R. Clive, St. John's College.

Masters of Arts.—G. Boden, Trinity College; W. L. Scott, Caius College; J. C. Street, Queen's College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. J. Macdonald, Trinity Hall, grand compounder.

Ad eundem M.A.—H. Skrine, Wadham College, Oxford.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. A. Yonge, King's College; O. Manley, H. Strickland, J. Stephens, G. D. Rowley, Trinity College; C. D. Butterfield, W. P. Roberts, W. T. Cookson, H. Cooper, L. Rugg, W. Franklin, T. F. Salmon, St. John's College; W. A. W. H. Brunton, J. J. Merest, W. Stow, St. Peter's College; J. Y. Robins, Clare Hall; R. C. Douglas, J. Downing, R. Harding, Corpus Christi College; L. Brocklebank, A. W. Wilson, Queen's College; J. G. Goodricke, C. W. Palin, E. Wilson, Catherine Hall; H. T. Brunwin, Jesus College; G. C. Pease, Magdalene College; A. Barr, Emmanuel College.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISPUTE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

28th May, 1845.

MR. EDITOR,—The subject asserted to be the cause of the differences that exist in the British Archæological Association was of a nature too *insignificant* to have been made public, either by insinuation or otherwise. If any notice were proper to be taken of Mr. Wright's publication of his Album, as calculated to injure the society, it ought to have been limited, at the utmost, to a private remonstrance. The steps that were taken by those who acted in denouncing Mr. Wright would, as they ought to have seen, and did, lead to differences in the Association of a serious kind, so as to have divided the society. It has placed the members in no ordinary position of difficulty. They cannot maintain a neutrality, for that is tantamount to being no member at all.

In the present state of things (after weighing the matter impartially and deliberately), I shall adhere to that section of the Association that acts with Mr. Pettigrew, lamenting that a body so numerous, respectable, and intelligent, should have become divided, and their utility and influence (although now running in competition in two channels) much weakened. One thing which weighs with me in taking this course is, the want of candour so apparent in the conduct of what may be called Mr. Way's party. If they have other reasons (which one would really suppose) for the course they have taken, they should be explicit enough to state them. It is a stigma to this country that no well-directed effort, that I know of, has been made to reunite the fractured Association.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION.

Irish Antiquities and Literature.—The review of Petrie's *Round Towers* recalls our attention to the subject of Irish antiquities, and first to the large collection of interesting MSS. in the possession of Messrs. Hodges and Smith, the publishers of that work. We observe, from a report of the antiquarian committee of the Royal Irish Academy, that it consists of no fewer than "227 volumes, including upwards of 3000 separate pieces, of which the names are indexed, and about 4000 minor pieces under general heads." Of this treasure the committee remarks, that "the vellum manuscript, known as the Leabhar-na-Huidhre, is the most ancient," and "the date of the compilation of this exceedingly curious volume is fixed at the end of the eleventh or early part of the twelfth century." It is added, "some idea of the value attached to it by its possessors may be formed from the fact, that the siege of Sligo, carried on by O'Donnell in A.D. 1470, was undertaken chiefly for the purpose of recovering this book, and the Leabhar Gearr, or Short Book, from the O'Conors, to whom they had been given in ransom of O'Dogherty and the son of O'Donnell's chief poet." The next piece, in point of antiquity, is a copy of the ancient dictionary, known as "Cormac's Glossary," transcribed anterior to the close of the fourteenth century. Cormac flourished in the ninth century; and the work exhibits an acquaintance with the Irish, Latin, Greek, Anglo-Saxon, Danish, and Welsh languages, and pre-

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serves some words of the lost language of the Picts. Other rare and curious works are described; but the above may suffice for an intimation of the general interest of the collection, of which, we should think, much good use might be made in publishing.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Entomological, 8 P.M.; United Service Institute, 9 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (soirée), 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (lecture), 8 P.M.

Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 3 P.M.

Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (conversazione), 8 P.M.

Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

In all observations—for we can rarely call them criticisms—on the current course of the Fine Arts which have appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, we have wished it to be understood that every remark refers to a certain standard, according to which our estimate is formed and our opinions given. We would not, for instance, apply the same rule to an annual exhibition of the *living* school, and to a collection of the old masters, who have outlived their time. It is by confounding this obvious difference that so much folly and ignorance is prated through the press, and ill-nature usurps the technical sceptre of profound connoisseurship. In many quarters it is sheer incapacity that writes; there is no knowledge of the subject, nor of the means required by art to re-create it on canvass, and no feeling to appreciate the often discordant qualities of excellence and error in conception, design, colour, expression, execution, imagination, finish, and other attributes which make a *chef-d'œuvre*, or more generally a work of mixed character, where we have to balance the beauties against the defects. In the more ambitious order of press-authorities, and others also who take the lead in matters of this sort, the distinguishing feature is, of course, of another kind; for they have *some* knowledge of what they are talking about, and their mistake arises out of the desire to display it, instead of saying any thing to the point upon the matter in question. In sculpture, painting, architecture, engraving, the drama, music, &c. &c. &c., this egotistic habit seems to be gaining ground. Be the topic ever so trite, a fellow who has it in hand must display his Greek, Egyptian, or antediluvian lore upon it (even if hunted up for the occasion); and after reading or listening to his wonderful attainments for an hour, the poor little subject (be it what it may) evaporates in a modicum of mist amid the gorgeous atmosphere of his, the critic's, extraordinary acquaintance with every preceding and contemporary circumstance, and every possible analogy which could have thrown light upon it—had *it* been worth while!

We have paused in the middle of our review of the Royal Academy annual exhibition to make these remarks, because we are now and then taunted with being too good-natured in our notices. To which all we answer is, "Look to the right and proper standard." This is not a selection of master-pieces, but a mixture of the highest productions of art with the inferior, even to the lowest, grades of the youthful student. Perhaps ten in the thousand will go down to posterity as the greatest achievements of our school and day: the rest are but steps in young Ambition's ladder, and ought to be considered as no more. We have not the boy-efforts of Raphael, Titian, M. Angelo, Correggio, and other supreme artists; but we are assured that they, too, must have begun. Why, then, should we damp the fire of genius, which may at first smoulder in smoke, till it sends forth the brightest of flames to enkindle a world?—why should we uproot the little simple flowers which, by cultivation, may become the most brilliant ornaments of the garden? *Est modus in rebus;* and so, to continue our unlearned observations on the exhibition, we bring up the rooms according to numbers:

No. 8. "The Falls of Machno, N. Wales." W. F. Witherington, R.A.—The water is too brush-like throughout; it has the painter's brush, and not the water's fall. The adjacent scenery is very wild and natural. In 105 and 154, Mr. Witherington has attempted different objects. The first, "The Greeting," is rather fined too much. The pretty market-girl on her pretty white horse is a rural lady,—and that we could like well enough; but all the other rustics are picture-clowns and clownesses, and the very urchins and animals are all holy-day. This is pleasing, but not truth. The last, "Returning from the Village," reminds us a little of "Crossing the Brook," but is far less effective. Here the water is hardly perceptible, and the infant footsteps on the stones are not insecure; nor indeed is the attitude one of apprehension. The conductress and the scenery in the background are in better style.

No. 33. "Portrait of Lady Sale." J. Sant.—Not very flattering, and very dingy in colour. There is another portrait of this heroine of Affghanistan in the middle room, No. 401, however, which renders this a Venus.

No. 445. "Gregory passing through the Slave-market at Rome," by Mr. Sant, is a fair composition. There is not much expression in the pope, and less in his monkish attendants; and the little naked *Angli quasi angeli* English bairns are a pretty huddle enough.

No. 41. "Master C. R. Ramsey." T. M. Joy.—A queer-faced little child, aimost thrown to the dogs; for he is in the midst of tag, rag, and bobtail. This appears almost to be a satire upon the animal-picture fashion so much in vogue, that the only child of an "Honourable M.P." should be only one in an *animale parlante* of greyhounds, poodles, terriers, and spaniels, most of them looking better than the hero himself!

No. 66. "Portrait of Mrs. Thwaytes." A. E. Chalon, R.A.—In this performance Chalon has approved himself worthy of his degree. It is a picture of rare talent, and cheap at five hundred pounds—the price said to be paid for it. Carpets, paper-hangings, furniture, velvet, jewels, and pearls, are in the perfection of luxury, and fashion, and display. There is, beyond all, a handkerchief, which, if thrown, would be of more value than a thousand times the money for the whole. The head, it is true, is very small, and the features not very captivating; but the painter is often rather extravagant in his corporeal measurements; and here we must excuse him, as he has so faithfully embodied the soul of his commission.

No. 73. "Spring Scene, with Cattle and Figures." J. Dearman.—A specimen of sweet rustic scenery; of which there are several others by the artist in this exhibition, which, with diligent culture, will, we think, procure better places for them in years to come.

No. 86. "Portrait of a Young Lady." J. P. Knight, R.A.—A little pet girl, in a pert polka, prettily painted. Mr. Knight does not fail in this year; but he does not answer our expectations of great advancement. 132, "Lord Combermere," and 404, "Col. Monteith," are not above the common routine of R.A. artists. 223, "Mr. Pigeon, the Treasurer of Christ's Hospital," is firmer and better; 229, "Henry Gaitskell, Esq.," good and characteristic; and 399, his own portrait, very like and very clever.

No. 104. "The Greeting." B. R. Faulkner.—A lady leaning over a balcony *à la Juliet;* with considerable merit, but considerable affectation. 496, "Sir W. Nott," by the same, does not give the idea of gentleman, or intellectual character.

No. 108. "Portrait of a Gentleman." W. Boxall.—A small but excellent piece of portraiture, and a good example of the artist's ability.

No. 127. "Dressing the Bride." T. Clater.—We had to seek Mr. Clater a good deal near the floor: but this is a very clever picture *de genre;* and so is 462, "Waiting an Answer," though in a different style. Mr. Clater has always thought and matter in his productions. It is now many years since we have noticed them, and never without the praise they deserved. They are invented with originality, and executed with great care, and never fail to tell the story well.

No. 138. "Prof. Buckland." T. C. Thompson.—Rather high up, but, as far as we can see, a reasonably good likeness, though not a very good picture, of the highly and justly distinguished Oxford Professor. Other portraits by the same, "Mr. and Mrs. Drury," are perhaps better painted.

No. 145. "A Sketch painted in 1830." W. Mulready, R.A.—An extremely rich bit of colouring; a trivial subject, but rendered valuable by being a true specimen of the master.

No. 153. "Duck-weeds."—J. Ward, R.A.—We are glad to see Monsieur Tonson come again, though in duck-weeds, every blade of which is figured to a fibre. There is a rainbow to match—and ducks like rain. Then there is 163, "What is it?" and it is a ploughboy making himself a turnip-lantern ghost in a cattle-shed. Others of Mr. Ward are in his own ancient style. 172, "What a Beauty!" is a turkey-cock in full feather and admiration. 187, a matchless "Barrow-Pig," and others in which literal delineation is coupled with sentiment, in a way peculiar to the painter.

No. 173. "Prayer." R. M'Innes.—Not so excellent as to demand high encomium, yet too good to be passed without notice. It belongs to the Italian school, and lies in the road to great achievements.

No. 178. "Portraits." J. Partridge.—A lady and child, treated with considerable taste and power by a rising artist in our now limited school of portrait-painting.

No. 203. "Head of a Cingari, Xanthus." W. Müller.—A good effect produced in a peculiar manner, which is more forcible than natural, and more impressive than true. M. Müller has also, besides others, 367, "Cingaries playing to a Turkish Family," a pretty good composition, and 482, "Turkish Merchants with Camels, &c.," a scene from Asia Minor, which is very characteristic. The cavalcade (if we so call a *camelcade*) is winding round the shore and crossing a river. The whole is straggling, but extremely picturesque.

No. 245. "Cochem, on the Mosel." C. Deane.—A very charming landscape, with the Castle of Winneburg in the distance. This, with another piece on the same river, gives

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the artist a high place among the landscape-painters in this year's Gallery.

No. 253. "Portrait of Lady de Tabley and Child." J. R. Swinton.—Sweetly composed, and happy in his subject, Mr. Swinton has here repeated his claim to our warm approbation. There is a little thoughtfulness, almost approaching to sadness, in the beautiful countenance of the lady, which might have been exchanged for more of a natural and less of a pictorial expression, when such a cherub was sporting near her feet: but the restraint of sitting or standing to be "taken" is apt to beget a seriousness which it requires all the cunning of art to evade. This is, however, one of the pictures of the year; and Mr. Swinton must not retrograde, if he aims at a highest rank in this line. 312. "The Marchioness of Douglas," by the same, will, we daresay (like Lady de Tabley), be seen to infinitely more advantage in a family-gallery than when surrounded by the gauds and meretricious colouring of an Exhibition.

We have now, we believe, cleared the East Room, with large incursions into the others; the which we shall sack anon.

WATER-COLOUR GALLERY.

Resuming, to complete, our notice of this delightful resort—

No. 6, "St. Michael's Mount," W. C. Smith, appears to want space; but the features of the spot are well preserved. 36, "French Herring-boats off Holy Island," is a superior work, and does much credit to the artist.

No. 8. "Folkstone." W. Evans, of Eton.—One of several charming pieces of Nature by this artist, who is a most faithful and pleasing copyist of her sweetest aspects in rural spots of wood and water. 37, "Tralee Bay," is as clear and pure as mimic art can imitate truth; and 116, "Shakspere's Cliff, Dover," a treasure.

No. 15. "Coast, near Ryde, Isle of Wight." H. Gastineau.—A moonlight, by another artist of fine talent for the delineation of natural scenery. 57. "Coast of Antrim." The most elaborate composition of the painter: and, with a swing-bridge and mountains overhanging the middle stream, &c., very picturesque. See also 172.

No. 32. "Distant View of Kenilworth Castle." D. Cox.—A third to be named, in this list, whose taste and feeling fix his choice and inform the spirit of his subjects. Look at the rich distant "View of Brough Castle," 69, with a distance of exquisite execution; and so is 101, "Knaresborough Castle." 146, "The Wye, near Chepstow," a gem. It would be perfectly needless to go into the details of any of them. Their essence is in the adherence to Nature, and their merit in the skilful and happy manipulation which her varied appearances demand to render them acceptable to refined judgment in pictorial representation.

No. 18. "Interior of a Cow-house." Fred. Tayler.—Mr. Tayler is very prolific and very unequal this year. The dumpy woman in this picture takes away from the genuine action of the animals. 31, "Group of Horses," has nothing to recommend it to immense favour; and 162, "Interior of a Highland Cottage," is more like hearsay than actual observation. 274, "Counting the Game-bag," is an abundant turn-out, and shews what the artist can do when he is not manufacturing. It is a capital picture.

No. 41. "A Peasant Girl." H. Richter.—Done in a style peculiar to the artist, and very pretty withal, but, to our fancy, hardly coming within the sphere of artistic production. 79, "Contemplation," is of a higher order.

No. 45. "The Chateau la Ville de Pau." W. Scott.—A clever fac-simile of the place. 165, "The Valley of Argelez," is more general, and in that respect a better work.

No. 75. "Danseneau, Nassau." T. M. Richardson.—A morning view in a mellow tone of colour—the terrestrial objects and the atmospheric effects both equally touched with a glowing pencil. 171. "Derwentwater," is of the same description.

No. 80. "Groves of Yew-Trees, &c., near Chichester." W. Turner.—Sombre and perfectly correct, this is a judicious choice of an uncommon feature in English landscape, and painted with good effect.

No. 102. "Dahlias." V. Bartholomew.—Of this and other fruit and flower-pieces by the same hand, we need only say, that they are in the Water-Colour Gallery, and not in Covent-garden. If purchased in the first, they will last and give pleasure for many years,—if in the latter, one entertainment and all is over. 210. "Hollyhocks!" 222. "Fruit!"

No. 120. "Italian Boys at a Cottage." O. Oakley. 139. "A Gleaner," &c. But 167, "Vagabond Intruders," is his battle-horse—*i. e.* all kinds of the poor Italian wanderers, with their music and animal companions. They are faithfully studied; and the grouping is entertaining, though the footman with his cane promises to disperse it speedily from his abhorrent master's doors.

No. 138. "The Abbey-Gate, Reading."—A sample of the exact talent of F. Mackenzie in painting things of this kind; so faithfully that antiquarians may pin their faith to them, and yet so artistically wrought that every body must admire them.

No. 200. "An Assemblage of Works of Art in Sculpture and Painting, from the earliest period to the time of Phidias." J. Stephanoff.—A curious fancy, and such as only genius could imagine and elaborate. We wish the fruit could be equal to the pains-taking. In this piece all the remains of antiquity, of every age and from every land, are painted in gallery-compartments: it is a history, with examples, of Egyptian, Hindu, South-American, Etruscan, Greek, Roman, &c. &c., remains. A day would not suffice to understand it all; and if we were to write for a week, we could not explain it. It is a picture, however, that if we were rich!! we should like much to possess. 202. "Henry VI. after the Battle of Towton." A monstrous confusion of the costumes of many generations, which would defeat any antiquarian: *ergo*, we must hope that there is more accurate learning in No. 200, which there should be, as it is almost all copying from the antique. 204, "Duchess of Gloucester doing Penance," &c., is a composition after the elder fashion: not very striking.

Nos. 205, 206, 207. Several local subjects, very agreeably treated by Frederick Nash.

No. 217. "Cabinet of the Marchioness of Mantua." Lake Price.—A carefully painted, and consequently an interesting record, of a remarkable article of *vertu*.

No. 227. "View near Gillingham." W. Turner.—Level scenery and perspective ably portrayed. There is a Cuyp-study in this artist's productions.

No. 229. "Twilight." F. O. Finch. —A Varley-like picture, which does honour to the artist.

No. 257. "Girl Spinning." J. Cristall.—More natural than usual with Mr. C., who had got to Grecise his Welsh peasant-girls, which we are glad he has not done with this real (reel) Scotch lassie. 277, "Market-day," is a more extended subject, and one of great merit and attraction.

No. 339. We wind up with "The Evening Walk." F. Stone. And such a walk! Nothing can be more enchanting of its simple kind. It is true that in the R. A. exhibition we have a more piquant story by him; but it would be difficult to surpass this gentle domesticity in idea, expression, or finish.

SKETCHES BY DAVID ROBERTS.

Mr. Hogarth, the enterprising publisher of engravings in Portland Street, having removed to a more central and advantageous position in the Haymarket, has signalised the transition by opening his gallery to an exhibition of Mr. Roberts' drawings of Egypt and Nubia. Of these a publication is announced to follow that of the Holy Land and Palestine, which has been received with so much public approbation; like which it will consist of twenty parts, or two volumes. Without underrating the deep interest of every subject connected with the Holy Land, nor retracting a syllable from the almost unqualified praise we have bestowed on the work illustrating them, as it has issued from the press, we are free to state that our view of these Egyptian drawings on Saturday prepares us for a second production in the same style of art quite equal to the first. Egypt combines much of the sacred with the earliest records of ancient history; and the recent lights which have been thrown into its dark antiquities add a new feeling to the curiosity and veneration with which centuries of men have endeavoured to penetrate its mysteries. What remains of its superb and wonderful buildings are (need we say) admirably represented by Mr. Roberts, and we rejoice to see as his colleague in the literary descriptive part a gentleman so pre-eminently qualified to do it justice as Mr. Bonomi. Long years of study, personal intimacy with the valley of the Nile, and great experience of every kind, point him out as the fittest person in England (or perhaps elsewhere) to perform this duty in a manner that will increase the attractions of the artist and give entire satisfaction to the public.

We recommend our friends to lose no time in paying a visit to this charming collection of sixty splendid productions in the highest manner of art.

It did not seem to us that the room was lighted in a manner to display these delightful productions to advantage, nor that good judgment was exercised in their disposition; some of the most delicately-executed being hung high up, while others, which could better have borne that position, are on a level with the eye.

Cardinal Fesch's Picture-Sale has terminated at Rome. Among the latest *chef-d'œuvres* mentioned by *Galignani*, were a pair of *fête champêtres* by Watteau, which brought 28,245f.; a battle-piece by Wouvermans, 25,420f.; *Christ crowned with Thorns*, Teniers, also 25,420f.; *Jacob's Journey*, by A. Vandevelde (with above sixty animals), 50,840f.; *The Prayer of Love*, by Greuse, 34,797f., both bought by Lord Hertford; an early Raphael, *The Crucifixion*, 56,490f., bought by Prince Canino; *St. John preaching*, a remarkable Rembrandt, 75,320f., also secured by the Prince. Many others brought from 5000 to 10,000f.

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THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—On Thursday a new ballet, *Rosida*, gave Cerito a desired opportunity for the display of all her capabilities; and she made the most of it, both in the slow movements and the more daring *pas*. Hitherto it was fancied that she sulked a little, in jealousy of rival talent, and did not dance in unison as well as she could. On Thursday, however, she was Queen Sola; and took great and extraordinary *steps* to establish her paramount authority. The applause of the subject public allowed the claim.

Adelphi.—A farce called *The Irish Dragoon*, written by Mr. Selby, and full of embroilment in every corner and cupboard, from first to last, has been successfully enacted here during the week. Messrs. F. Matthews, Hudson, Munyard, and Selby, are its chief supporters; and it is altogether a very entertaining affair. The revival of *Paul Pry*, with an able cast, Wright making the absence even of Liston unfelt, adds to the humorous attractions of this theatre. We ought also to mention Mr. Hackett's clever personation of M. Mallet before her Majesty and Prince Albert, who, as well as the audience, expressed much pleasure on the occasion. Her Majesty was not only affected to hearty laughter but to tears by the performance: a higher compliment could not be paid to M. Mallet, whose humour is not more quaint than his feelings are pathetic.

The Lyceum needs no change; for *Cinderella* and *Our New Governess* continue to be fully attractive.

If we are to believe the advertisements, indeed, never were theatrical affairs so admirably sustained by talent, and consequently so prosperous. At Drury Lane there are, "*one of the most brilliant débuts ever known to the English stage*," and an "*unprecedented demand* for places." At the Haymarket there are "*The* English Drama triumphant," and "*crowded houses to Douglas Jerrold's immensely successful comedy.*" At the Adelphi there are "*real talent and crowded houses.*" At the Lyceum there are "*unprecedented success*," "*the most rapturous applause*," and "*hundreds turned away nightly, unable to obtain admission.*" Who speaks of the decline of the drama, and want of public encouragement?

VARIETIES.

British Association. — The meeting of the British Association at Cambridge is likely to prove of more than usual interest, from the number of distinguished scientific foreigners expected. Prof. Struve of Dörpat, Professors Dove, Kreil, Kupfer, and others, will be present at the magnetic congress which forms the prominent feature of the proceedings this year. Prof. Foggi of Pisa, Prof. Schonbein of Basel, and Sir Robert Schomburgk, have also expressed their intention of attending the meeting; and it is hoped that M. Quetelet, Prof. Agassiz, &c. will be able to be there. The arrangements at Cambridge include a very extensive and convenient model-room, in which works of art of all kinds, and mechanical and other inventions, will be exhibited to great advantage. We would recommend all who intend sending models and other works of art to communicate their intentions to the local secretaries without delay.—The proper authorities have granted the use of the new Fitzwilliam Museum to the Association.

Sir John Rennie's Conversazione.—On Saturday evening last the president of the Institution of Civil Engineers gave his first official entertainment at his residence, Whitehall Place. To accommodate his numerous guests, a spacious room had been erected over the court-yard, at the rear of the house, on a level with the back drawing-room, and communicating by stairs and a wide corridor with the library underneath it. The walls and ceiling were very tastefully painted by Sang, and from the centre hung a superb chandelier of cut white and Bohemian stained glass, made by Mr. Apsley Pellat from the prize drawing at the School of Design. Scattered about the elegant rooms, were numerous works of art; among them a case of beautiful ivory earvings by Fiamingo; and, in the corridor chiefly, the models were arranged to great advantage. Lady Rennie and several lady-friends graced the assembly. The refreshments were on the most liberal scale. Everything was admirably conducted; the fine taste of the president, and the zeal and experienced management of the indefatigable secretary, were everywhere evident. The members of the institution and Sir John Rennie's friends meet again this evening.

The Paris Journals are nearly all enlarging their form to something approaching our own huge sheets, though still far short of some American monster periodicals. The French readers, it seems, do not go so far as the Yankees in wanting entire novels or romances in single publications; but the *Times* ascribes the present demand for increase of size to the appetite of the public for *feuilletons*, in which are given series of tales by the first writers of the day, including Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, Eugène Sue, Méry, the Viscount de Launay, Madame Emile de Girardin (formerly Mademoiselle Delphine Gay), Frederic Soulié, &c., and partly to the rage for advertising lately created in France. The speculative ingenuity of Paris has led to the formation of a company to farm the advertisements in the *Débats*, *Presse*, and *Constitutionnel*, for fifteen years, at an annual rent of 36,000*l*.

Autograph of Shakspere.—Another autograph of Shakspere is stated to have been discovered on the outside of a thin Italian octavo, bound in vellum, entitled, "I Quattro Libri della Filosofia Naturale di Giovan Saravia, tradotti dal Sig. Alf. Ulloa, Vinezia 1565." It is in the hands of Mr. Fletcher the auctioneer, and reported to have been stolen from a gentleman's library. We have examined it carefully, and to us it seems to be almost a fac-simile of the signature in the volume of Montaigne in the British Museum, and both to differ very much from the will in Doctors' Commons and the autograph in Guildhall library. The ink is brown, and has all the appearance of age. Two lines above are fainter, and appear, from the syllables we could decipher, to be in Latin —"*tua*" near the beginning, and "*caveat*" near the end, of the first line; but some persons read "*that*" for the one, and "*sweat*" for the other: if *caveat*, we might hint at *caveat emptor!* There is another signature, of the same character, above these lines.

Awful Catastrophe, Bogota.—On the 19th of February, a slide of snow and earth came down from the Paramo of Ruiz, and destroyed a great part of the plain of Maraquita, lying between the river Sabaudija and Lagunilla, burying, in its progress towards the river Magdalena, all the tobacco-plantations, houses, people, cattle, in fact every thing that lay in its course. It is supposed that at least 1000 persons have lost their lives.

Augustus Von Schlegel.—This eminent critic, as was too truly feared, breathed his last at Bonn, on the 12th inst. His thorough acquaintance with English literature, and his great learning, especially in all subjects connected with philology, are well known and highly appreciated throughout the civilised world. His Shaksperian criticisms helped much to extend the glory of our immortal bard in every corner of Germany. M. Schlegel visited England several times: we remember the enjoyment of his most instructive society about fifteen years ago, and we believe he has not since left his native land.

Pro-iron.—A notable discovery is stated to have been made in America, by which a composition possessing all the qualities of iron can be manufactured at half the price. It would have a prodigious effect on the great iron-works of Britain.

Disease among Horses.—A very fatal disease has lately been committing great havoc among the horses in London. Hackneymen and job-masters have been severe losers by it; and there is some difficulty in supplying the large demand for these animals at this season in town.

Literary Frauds.—In the *Times* of yesterday there is an exposure of a system of annoying fraud to which every respectable periodical is more or less exposed. In this instance it consisted in an application to a publisher for the copy of a work, under the pretence of procuring a favourable notice of it in the *Times*. We should have thought that no publisher of common sense or any experience could be made the dupe of such an application, which, every person in the trade must be aware, could not come from any quarter whose opinion was worth a farthing. We question that, even among the lowest journals, there are many who would resort to such a trick; but the evil lies among a few hangers-on (outriders, as they say at the Derby); and all that is required to put an end to the practice is, for the parties to whom the application is made to communicate immediately with those in whose names the trick is "tried on."

Free Trade, Free Fete, Free Bazaar, Covent Garden.—Except at the balls in the Hanwell Asylum, there never was a more curious and incongruous festival than that presented on the boards of Covent Garden Theatre on Wednesday evening. The healthy-looking provincial beauties who had conducted the sales contrasted finely with the pale faces of the smoky capital. The sad, not to say sour, countenances of some of the dissenting clergy in black raiment equally contrasted with the smirking dandyism and puppy dresses of London. The sombre uniform of Friends being somewhat diversified by fashionable jockey-cut coats, was not so strongly opposed to the usual appearances at such meetings. Then there was Jullien and his band, and singing, and talking, and refreshments galore; and—oh, tell it not in Garth, publish it not in the streets of Athlone!—there was, after midnight and the serious and godly had got out of the way of temptation, lots of free and promiscuous dancing!

Ernest de Brunow, a German poet of celebrity, whose death at Dresden is announced in the continental journals, is stated to be the brother of the excellent Russian minister at our court.

Mrs. Godwin, better known to the literary world as Miss Grace Garnet, and daughter of Dr. Garnet, died about three weeks ago in Westmoreland, aged forty-seven. The *Wanderer's Legacy* and the *Reproving Angel* were her principal productions.

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LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Perilous Times: or the Aggressions of Anti-Christian Error on Scriptural Christianity, by G. Smith, 12mo, 6s.—England Won: a Poem, by J. G. H. Bourne, fcp 6s.—Lectures delivered at Literary and Mechanics' Institutions, by W. H. Leatham, 12mo, 3s. 6d.—Constructionis Græcæ Præcepta, by J. Donaldson, 12mo, 2s. 6d.—On the Nature, Causes, Prevention, and Treatment of Acute Hydrocephalus, by T. Smith, M.D., 12mo, 3s. 6d.—The Mass and Rubrics of the Roman Catholic Church, translated, with Notes, by Rev. J. R. Cotter, fcp. 3s. 6d.—Sixth Annual Report of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages, in England, 8vo, 5s.—Mrs. Bray's Novels and Romances, Vol. II., De Foix, fcp. 8vo, 6s.—Exposition of the Epistle of Paul to the Hebrews, by the Rev. W. Tait, 2 vols. 8vo, 1l. 4s.—Statutes relating to the Ecclesiastical and Eleemosynary Institutions, by A. J. Stephens, 2 vols. royal 8vo, 3l. 3s.—The Dog, by W. Youatt, 8vo, 6s.—Naval Worthies of Queen Elizabeth's Reign, by J. Barrow, 8vo, 14s.—Littleton on Tenures in English, a new edit. corrected, 32mo, 6s.—The Law of Railways, with Statutes, by F. Walford, 12mo, 12s.—Lectures to Young Men on Religion, Science, and Literature, 2d edit. 18mo. 2s.—Providence, Prophecy, and Popery, by Rev. W. White, 12mo, 6s. 6d.—Academical Lectures and Pulpit Discourses, by the late R. Balmer, D.D., 2 vols. 8vo, 14s.—Rev. D. P. Kidder's Residence and Travels in Brazil, 2 vols. post 8vo, 18s.—The Sapphic Odes of Horace translated into English Verse, by Rev. J. Peat, 12mo, 3s. 6d.—Review of the Present State of the Church of Christ, by the Archdeacon of Upsal, translated from the Swedish, 12mo, 6s. 6d.—Sermons on the Ten Commandments, by the Rev. G. D. Hill, 12mo, 6s.—Sermons by John, Bishop of Fredericton, 12mo, 7s.—The College Chums; a Novel, by C. Lister, 2 vols. post 8vo, 1l. 1s.—Days and Nights in the East, by Miss Plumley, post 8vo, 10s. 6d.—Remains of C. Dickinson, Bishop of Meath, 8vo, 16s.—Chapters on National Education, by the Rev. R. M. Macbrair, 8vo, 3s.—Laws of Patents in Foreign Countries, by R. W. Urling, 8vo, 8s.—Donn's Hortus Cantabrigiensis, 13th edit., 8vo, 1l. 4s.—Martyria; a Legend of the Reign of Edward VI., written by W. Mountford, fcp. 6s.—The Whiteboy; a Story of Ireland, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, Vol. I. post 8vo, 7s. cloth.—Souvenir of the Bristol Chess-Club, 12mo, 5s.—Tom Cringle's Log, new edit. fcp. Part I. 2s. 6d., sewed.—Sir E. L. Bulwer Lytton's Works, Vol. XIII., Night and Morning, fcp. 6s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The former literary jest of Ignotus was, we are sorry to say, misunderstood for "genuine;" and we only insert the following to put the imposition in its right light:

"*May* 21, 1845.—'Ignotus' *vix ignoscendus*, begs pardon of the Editor of the *Literary Gazette* for his folly. He sees his translation of Gray's lines,

'See the wretch who long has tost,' &c.

under the head of 'Likenesses' in the April Number, with the subscription, 'Sidonius Apollinaris,' which is all nonsense: but it may take in some who think themselves learned men.

"If the Editor likes to continue the joke (not the first innocent literary forgery), *ecce iterum Crispinus*, who has more imitations (pretended originals) in his porte-feuille. 'Vive la bagatelle!' said Swift; 'Dulce est desipere in loco,' said Horace. IGNOTUS."

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shews her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living streams, at eve.
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave;
Of fancy, reason, virtue—nought can me bereave.

THOMSON, *Castle of Indolence.*

Me non perturbat quicquid, Fortuna, negâris
Aspera; Naturæ jucunda et libera dona
Extorquere nequis: nec cœli claudere portas,
Queis vigil egrediens ridensque Aurora rubescit.
Nec cùm vesper adest, ne sylvas ruraque visam
Assiduis pedibus, rivus qua mobilis errat,
Obstabis vinclo: nervis fibrisque minutis
Adsit robur et alma salus, puerisque ego cedam
Mollibus et magnis nugacis gaudia vitæ:
Sunt quæ nil aufert, ratio, mens vivida, virtus.

POLITIAN.

We have examined the Allectus coin from F. C. H. Norwich, and find it to read, "Laetitia Aug." round a galley, which is a common type.

Errata.—In our last, review of Petrie's *Round Towers*, p. 326, col. 1, l. 26 from the bottom, *for incapacity read* capacity.—P. 331, col. 3, last par., Mrs. Kemble is, by an error of the press, called the widow of the late *Stephen*, instead of the late *John* Kemble, a mistake almost too obvious to require an erratum.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
This Evening (SATURDAY), May 31, will be performed Donizetti's opera, entitled "Linda di Chamouni." Linda, Made. Castellan; Maddalena, Made. Bellini; Pierotto, Mdlle. Brambilla; Antonio, Sig. Fornasari; Il Prefetto del Villaggio, Sig. Lablache; Il Marchese di Boisfleury, Sig. F. Lablache; L'Intendente del Feudo, Sig. Dai Fiori; and Carlo, Vincente di Sirval, Sig. Mariani.

The Danseuses Viennoises, under the direction of Made. Weiss, will appear in some of their favourite Pas (being their last appearance but two).

To conclude with an entirely new grand ballet, in five tableaux, with new scenery, dresses, and decorations, entitled "Rosida; or, les Mines de Syracuse." The ballet and mise en scene by M. St. Leon. The scenery by Mr. Charles Marshall. The music composed by Sig. Pugni. The dresses designed by Made. Copere, and executed by Miss Bradley and Mr. Whales. Characters—Rosida (a young Sicilian), Mdlle. Cerito; Alman (a sailor), M. St. Leon; the Queen of the Mine, Mdlle. Moncelet; Torbern (the Evil Genius of the Mine), M. Di Mattia; Ottavio, M. Gosselin; a Hermit, M. Venafra. Sicilian peasants (male and female), sailors, persons of different nations, &c.

In the course of the ballet the following dances:—First Tableaux. La Sicilienne (new pas de caractere), by Mdlle. Cerito and M. St. Leon, accompanied by the corps de ballet. Second and Third Tableux: Pas du Mineur, by Mdlle. Cerito and M. St. Leon, assisted by Mdlles. Ferdinand, Demelisse, and Camon. Pas des Villageoise, by Mdlle. Cerito and M. St Leon. Pas des Quatre Nations (new pas de caracture), by the corps de ballet. To be followed by La Woldemrne, by Mdlle. Cerito and M. St. Leon. The machinery by Mr. D. Sloman; the properties by Mr. T. W. Hall.

Applications for boxes, pit-stalls, and tickets to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
BENEFIT and Last Appearance but One of the DANSEUSES VIENNOISES.—The Nobility, Subscribers, and the Public, are respectfully informed that the Benefit of the Danseuses Viennoises (their last appearance but one) will take place on Thursday next, June 5, when will be performed Rossini's Opera, "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." Rosina, Madame Grisi; Bertha, Mdlle. Bellini; Il Conte d'Almaviva, Sig. Mario; Bartolo, Sig. Lablache; Basilio, Sig. F. Lablache; and Figaro, Sig. Fornasari.

The Danseuses Viennoises will appear in some of their most favourite dances. Their performances this evening will include the celebrated Pas des Miroirs, the Pas des Moissonneurs, and a new Pas, entitled Pot Pourri, comprising a resume of all their most admired dances.

With a Musical Entertainment, combining the talents of Madame Castellan, Mdlle. Brambilla, and Sig. Moriani.

To be followed by various novelties in the ballet department; in which will appear Mdlle. Cerito, Mdlle. Lucile Grahn, and Mdlle. Carlotta Grisi, Mesdlles. Demelisse, Camon, &c., M. Perrot, and M. St. Leon.

Applications for boxes, pit-stalls, and tickets, to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.—Doors open at seven, the Opera to commence at half-past seven o'clock.

GREAT RUSSIAN CHRONOMETRICAL EXPEDITION.—E. J. DENT, 82 Strand, and 33 Cockspur street, has the high and distinguished honour of stating, that his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia has recently condescended to confer on him "the appointment and title of Chronometer-Maker to his Imperial Majesty," as a reward for the unequalled performance of his Chronometers during the Expedition of 1844. In 1843, his Imperial Majesty the Emperor was pleased to reward the performance of Dent's Chronometers with a Gold Medal of the highest Order of Merit.

Dent's Patent Watches, Chronometers, and Clocks.

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In boxes, price 3s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. each. Country agents appointed.

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THE PROPERTY OF THE NEW YORK

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Seeress of Prevorst: Communicated by Justinus Kerner, Chief Physician at Weinsberg. From the German, by Mrs. Crowe, author of "Susan Hopley," &c. &c. Small 8vo, pp. 338. London, J. C. Moore.

There are "revelations concerning the *inner-life of man* and the *inter-diffusion of a world of spirits in the one we inhabit*;" and now we have something to tell our readers which they never knew before, and which we flatter ourselves will astonish their weak minds! And the names on the title-page, though we are not going to pluck a *Crow-e*, seem to augur the surprising insight of the book and the yet more surprising views which it affords of the supernatural,—for the facts illuminating the former are communicated by a learned Doctor *Just in Us*, and the latter rest on the indisputable authority of the publisher, *I see More*.

Thus established, it is no use being sceptical about these matters, which throw poor Miss Martineau, and all the stupid senseless fuss made about her dreamy nothings, utterly into the shade. When we discuss these, therefore, it is time spent on high ultra-philosophy, not upon ingenious waiting-maids playing silly tricks upon credulous mistresses; and when we separate our inner-man from the inter-diffusion of spirits (be they brandy, rum, hollands, whisky, or gin), let it be understood that we are perfectly sober, and applying ourselves to themes far above even the most drunken comprehension.

But, first, our friends may wish to ask us what a Seeress is? Well, then, it is a woman, whom the Germans (a singularly unbelieving and matter-of-fact people, abhorrent of mysticism) call *Seherin*, one who can see much farther into a millstone than the miller himself, and who truly out-mesmers Mesmer to a degree beyond the capacity of that eminent soothsayer and all his followers (be they believers or impostors, philosophers or charlatans) to conceive. Mrs. Crowe, with the genuine and natural partiality for her original, apprehends "that many of the extraordinary phenomena recorded by Kerner will not find very general credence in England: but to the believers in clairvoyance, the book will have a deep interest—whilst, to the larger class, who are not yet prepared to yield faith to its wonders, she should imagine that the facts would still be considered well worthy of attention, both in a physiological and a psychological point of view. I say, facts; because I cannot conceive the possibility of any candid mind doubting the greatest number of them, after reading the book; or of such an one entertaining a suspicion of imposture on the part either of physician or patient."

She vouches for the good faith of Doctor Just in Us, and yet with infinite simplicity and candour acknowledges that "although I confess I should be very sorry myself to be one of the many who, I am aware, will receive these alleged facts with contempt and derision, I do not deny that the question, whether the apparitions were subjective or objective—projections of the nervous system, or actually external appearances—is one which can only, if ever, be definitively answered by the exhibition of repeated phenomena of the same description."

One Cock-Lane ghost is not indeed enough; but the German accumulation here must carry conviction to the most bigoted unbeliever. The introduction paves the road to the desired credibility by running over a few dozens of the authenticated cases of antiquity, and proving beyond a question that the soul can abandon the body to external pain or torture, and retire as the French say *chez nous* to the unconscious innermost sphere of its inner life, where, as in sleep-waking, it luxuriates in clairvoyance, and the gifts of foreknowledge and prophecy. The Maid of Orleans, it appears, was a Seherin; but the Seeress of Prevorst, though she did not act so high a part in history, saw ten thousand times more than ever she saw.

She was born in 1801 in a mountain-district, whereabouts "a sort of St. Vitus's dance becomes epidemic, chiefly amongst young people, so that all the children of the place are seized with it at the same time. Like persons in a magnetic state, they are aware of the precise moment that a fit will seize them; and if they are in the fields when the paroxysm is approaching, they hasten home, and immediately fall into a convulsion, in which condition they will move, for an hour or more, with the most surprising regularity, keeping measure like an accomplished dancer; after which they frequently awake as out of a magnetic sleep, without any recollection of what has happened. It is also certain, that these mountaineers are peculiarly sensible to magnetic influences, amongst the evidences of which are, their susceptibility to sympathetic remedies, and their power of discovering springs by means of the divining rod."

From among these disciples of the ancient Perrot, denominated St. Vitus (who, we believe, could for any kind of pas, pirouette, or movement beat the whole modern ballet, St. Leons, Grisis, Ceritos, and Grahns, to ribbons), Frederica Hauffe, the daughter of a game-keeper, speedily singled herself out for more extraordinary capers. She emerged from the proper state of vulgar life, and unfolded herself a splendid butterfly—unintelligible to the common-place world around. She was sent from the air-inspiring St. Vitusism to a lower locality, where she took up her abode with her grandfather; but the change produced only a change in the nature of her supernature, for old Schmidgall (that was his name), "soon observed, that when the child accompanied him in his walks through solitary places, though she was skipping ever so gaily by his side, at certain spots a kind of seriousness and shuddering seemed to seize upon her, which, for a long time, he could not comprehend [stupid old fellow!]. He also observed that she experienced the same sensations in churchyards, and in churches where there were graves; and that, in such churches, she could never remain below, but was obliged to go to the galleries. But to the grandfather a still more suspicious circumstance than this sensibility to the neighbourhood of dead bodies, metals, &c. &c., was the fact, that it was accompanied by a consciousness of the presence of spirits. Thus, there was an apartment in the Castle of Löwenstein—an old kitchen—which she could never look into or enter without being much disturbed. In the very same place, some years afterwards, the spectre of a woman was, to her great horror, seen by a lady, who had never been informed of the sensations experienced by the child. To the great regret of her family, this sensibility to spiritual influences, imperceptible to others, soon became too evident; and the first appearance of a spectre to the young girl was in her grandfather's house."

The physical at this period is finely preparatory for the future:

"These serious but lamentable endowments, however, made no difference in the childlike life of the young girl: she was the most joyous amongst her companions; although a remarkable sensibility in the nerves of the eye (without the least inflammation), which continued for a whole year, and which was, perhaps, the preparation for seeing things invisible to ordinary eyes—a development of the spiritual eye within the fleshly—confined her to her chamber for a considerable time."

"Mind your eye," (as boys at play are apt to cry) may probably have originated in a sensibility of this sort; but it is no matter. In the present instance the Seherin's sensibility, Dr. Just in Us assures us, was confined to her eyes; for "in spite of all the falsehoods that have been propagated on the subject, it is positively certain, that even at that age which is most susceptible of such emotions, she never formed any attachment, nor ever suffered from disappointed affection."

And even more, as I see More prints it, when Dr. Bretten was called in to her:

"After he had laid his hands on her she became calm, and slept for some hours. Some internal remedies and a bath were prescribed for her, but the spasms returned in the night, and, for eighteen weeks, she was attacked by them from twice to five or six times a-day. At the same time that she was attacked by these spasms, her grandmother, of Löwenstein, appeared to her at night, standing by her bedside, and silently looking at her. Three days after she was informed of the death of that lady, who had expired on that very night. From that time, she frequently in her sleep alluded to the presence of her grandmother, and she afterwards recognised her as her protecting spirit. It was at this period, also, that, in a dream, she described some machine, and the mode of its construction, which was to be the instrument of her restoration; she drew the figure of it upon paper, but no attention was paid to this intimation. All the remedies that were tried proving inefficacious, the physician had recourse to magnetic passes, which for a time relieved the spasms. Whereupon slanderous reports were circulated by people who took a prejudiced view of her case, and who had heard that in her agony she frequently called aloud for this man, and that he alone could give her relief. She was informed of this circumstance; but, strong in her innocence, she listened to it with unconcern, as she did afterwards to the ill-natured gossip of her own sex, and all the scandal of which the world made her the victim."

Nasty, scandalous, slanderous, suspicious,

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calumnious world! Vide the right and virtuous issue, in which her trusting husband cordially acquiesced:

"Homœopathic treatment was then for some time resorted to with success; and soon afterwards she found herself for the first time in the family-way—a circumstance from which great hopes of benefit to her health were entertained. During the period that she was *enciente*, the dream that she had had some time before was fulfilled."

Soon after this she became more and more exalted above humanity.

"At one time, she spoke for three days only in verse; and at another, she saw for the same period nothing but a ball of fire, that ran through her whole body as if on thin bright threads. Then for three days she felt as if water was falling on her head, drop by drop; and it was at this time that she first saw her own image. She saw it clad in white, seated on a stool, whilst she was lying in bed. She contemplated the vision for some time, and would have cried out, but could not. At length she made herself heard, and on the entrance of her husband it disappeared."

It was well the poor man escaped bigamy. But she proceeds: "About this time, for seven days, at seven o'clock in the evening, she felt she was magnetised by a spirit, which was visible only to herself. In this spirit she recognised her grandmother, who magnetised her with three fingers outspread like rays, the passes being directed to the epigastric region. It is an incomprehensible circumstance, though believed by many trustworthy persons, that during this period, articles whose near neighbourhood to her was injurious, were removed by an unseen hand; such objects,—a silver spoon, for example,—would be perceptibly conveyed from her hand to a more convenient distance, and laid on a plate; not thrown, for the things passed slowly through the air, as lifted by invisible agency. * * *

"The gift of ghost-seeing, which Mrs. H—— had from her childhood, was in the mean time constantly developing itself." And two instances, the most remarkable,—if any ghost can be more remarkable than any other,—are detailed at full length in the second part of the volume. "She was now never thoroughly awake; her voice was shrill; she spoke high German, and a strange language, which she also wrote, and which she called her inner tongue."—Bless the woman with two!

Then a man gave her a powder and an amulet, and, "strange to say, at this time, the amulet that he gave her would occasionally, of its own accord, untouched by any one, run about her head, breast, and bed-covering, like a living thing, so that they had to pick it up from the floor and restore it to her. This incredible circumstance happened in the presence of many trustworthy witnesses, who testify to the fact. She wore this amulet on her back for a quarter of a year. When she was committed to my care, I examined it, and found it to contain asafœtida, sabina, cyanus, two stramonium seeds, a small magnet, and a piece of paper, on which was written these words—'The Son of God came to destroy the works of the devil!' * *

"From her eyes there shone a really spiritual light, of which every one who saw her became immediately sensible; and, whilst in this state, she was more a spirit than a being of mortal mould. Should we compare her to a human being, we should rather say that she was in the state of one who, hovering between life and death, belonged rather to the world he was about to visit than the one he was going to leave. This is not merely a poetical expression, but literally true. We know that men, in the moment of death, have often glimpses of the other world, and evince their knowledge of it. We see that a spirit partially leaves the body before it has wholly shaken off its earthly husk. Could we thus maintain any one for years in the condition of a dying person, we should have the exact representation of Mrs. H——'s condition. And this is not the language of fiction, but of simple truth." This is one grand secret; only keep people mesmerically dying for a year or two, and they will see much more than has been accorded to miserable starving wretches who have submitted to this fate in the ordinary way, and never said a word about magnetic dinners or mesmeric suppers. The subject should be immediately brought before the Poor Law Commissioners, and transfused into every union workhouse. But pass we on, without a passport, to other marvels.

"When Mrs. H—— looked into the right eye of a person, she saw, behind the reflected image of herself, another, which appeared neither to be her own nor that of the person in whose eye she was looking. She believed it to be the picture of that person's inner-self. In many persons this internal image appeared more earnest than the external, or the reverse: it bespoke the character of the person; but, with many, it was more beautiful and pure than the other. If she looked into the left eye, she saw immediately whatever internal disease existed—whether in the stomach, lungs, or elsewhere—and prescribed for it. In my left eye she saw prescriptions for herself; and in that of a man who had only a left eye she saw both his inward malady and the image of his inner man. In the right eye of an animal—as a dog or a fowl—she saw a blue flame—doubtless its immortal part, or soul. Of which Schubert observes, 'That we often see in the eyes of an animal glimpses of a hidden secret world, as through a door, [...]ing the other world with this; and there frequently appears in the eyes of dying animals, uselessly slain or tortured by the hand of man, a gleam of deep self-consciousness, which is prepared to bear witness against us in the other world.' She said that it was not with her fleshly, but with her spiritual eye which lay beneath it, that she saw this second image in the eyes of others, and also discerned spirits."

"Mind your eyes" again, schoolboys, or girls either, at high romps. But the Seherin:—

"If we wished her to recall dreams which she had forgotten, it was only necessary to make her look at a soap-bubble, and her memory of them immediately returned. She often saw persons that were about to arrive at the house, in a glass of water."

Shakspere, who was a wonderful fellow for clairvoyance, must have foreseen this when he wrote—

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath."

Yet, notwithstanding the rather unusual cast of her eyes, the Seeress saw rather better with the pit of her stomach; and when she was in a studious humour, she would lay letters or books thereon, and read away, whilst she was employing her eyes for other purposes. We wish we could do the same; but we have laid her book on our epigastric region, and found we could not review it even *pit*-ifully from that region.

Most folks may remember Cervantes' story of the two famous wine-tasters, one of whom detected a flavour of leather, and the other of iron, in the wine-cask, which turned out to be a very small key with a very small thong; but they were donkeys to the Seherin. "One night that she slept in my house, in a lower story, she dreamt that, in the water-tub above stairs, where she had never been, there was something that should not be there. She told me this dream, and, on the following evening, I had the vessel emptied, and found in it an old rusty knitting-needle. Mrs. H—— had drank water from this barrel just before she went to sleep; and it was probably her susceptibility to the effect of metals that occasioned this dream."

Her second-sightedness was co-equal with her first:—

"It is well known that the gift of second-sight is endemic in certain places—as in some parts of Scotland and Denmark, for example. People who have this second-sight are remarked to have a piercing look—a look which I also observed in Mrs. H—— when she saw spirits or herself. At the moments that this faculty is in exercise, the body of the seer is rigid; his eyelids are up-raised, and he is blind and deaf to all besides, as was Mrs. H——. If the seer, in the moment of second-sight, touches another person or animal, that person or animal is endued with the same faculty also."

But when she wanted to know any thing more certainly, particularly, and accurately, she took the trouble "to send out her nerve-spirit" on the errand; and her soul, too, sometimes, on grand occasions, when she could hear also what her said soul said, both when away from her, and when it returned home. And truly "we need not be surprised at these phenomena, when we remember that dying persons—when the soul is yet in the body, but the spirit is free—have it in their power to appear, in their own image, to distant friends."

Mrs. H. had a *nerve-tuner*, which her protecting spirit made for her and gave her: it seems she did not apply it enough, and died in consequence of a nervous disorder.

And having brought about this grand conclusion of all her unexampled properties, we will not retract to tell of her yet more amazing feats than any we have noticed. They will be found at length in this undeniable work. How she fell into a terrible distemper from touching a ribbon whose owner was so afflicted; how she cured a countess who went asleep in a poppy-field and became crazy in consequence; how she had a sun-sphere, and a life-sphere, and what they were (illustrated by a diagram which would have puzzled Aristotle); how she visited its circles, where there were spirits of sundry orders, the souls of animals, &c. &c.; how she ascertained the difference between dead men who carried their souls along with them, and those who did not; how every human being has a number, which if he loses he is lost himself (what soldiers and sailors are wont to call losing the number of your mess); and, indeed, how she found out many things (and not mares' nests) much more unprecedented:—behold, they are all clearly and incontrovertibly laid down in this littel boke; and their tenor may be exemplified by a quotation of a few lines:—

"*The life-sphere proper.* Under or within these successive orbits of the sun-sphere of life, appeared to lie another—the life-sphere proper—with thirteen three-quarter segments, instead of the twelve possessed by the orbits of the former. She often called this orbit of life her soul. The sense of its existence was not so oppressive to her as that of the former. As this work-day world lay in the sun-sphere, so in this lies something more exalted than itself—something which descends on every man from a higher world. As she spoke out her sensations when in the atmosphere, so here she saw them represented in figures and diagrams. In a word,

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this life-ring is the seat of the soul (Seele), and the place of its confluence with the spirit (Geist). (By the word *soul* is signified the abstract idea of the sum of all the intellectual and moral faculties; and by the word *spirit* is indicated the pure reason — the conscience — the intuitive sense of the good, true, and beautiful—the *over-soul*—in one word, the *Holy Ghost*, — all which are synonymous.) Here, in this ring, she learns a number of well-known maxims of religion, and states them in spherical figures of speech. Two numbers rule the sphere, 10 and 17: the 10 is a constant number for all mankind, and is at the same time the earthly one, by means of which the spirit can go out into the external world; and the 17 is the celestial and inner number, and may vary with every man. This varying number is a sort of balance, keeping his account with heaven for good and evil; and, if the evil so far outweighs the good, he may lose his number altogether."

We pray that such may not be our lot, nor the lot of any who take their weekly *Numbers of the Literary Gazette*.

The marvellous ghost-stories in the second part we must leave to the curious to search out there; and in the mean while presume that all the world will now agree that the lecturers and tricksters in mesmeric matters, of whom we know aught, are but wretched, ignorant, and greedy quacks, feeding on public credulity; and not the real genuine Seherins and true apostles of the science.

Physical Description of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, &c. By P. E. De Strzelecki. 8vo, pp. 462. London, Longmans.

The author, justly honoured by the Royal Geographical Society of England, and more than once liberally praised by Mr. Murchison, for his devotedness of himself and his private fortune to the great cause of scientific discovery, has here presented the public with the fruits of his labours during years of zealous toil and patient research. As regards the meteorology, magnetism, natural history, geography, mineralogy, geology, agriculture, and general statistics, and physical, moral, and social condition of the natives and countries of which he treats, his work is of the highest value, and contains every information which the latest intelligence could supply. And not, be it understood, the intelligence of others, but his own, acquired during five years of pedestrian travel, and over 7000 miles of space! The volume is well illustrated by maps, charts, and engravings of plants, shells, &c. &c.; and is, indeed, truly deserving of being made a standard reference in every library in which science forms a constituent object of study.

It is not within our scope to offer any analysis of its various contents, nor do we observe any isolated facts which we could satisfactorily lay before our readers; but we may notice as plainly as we may a very remarkable physical statement, by which Mr. De S. in great measure accounts for the gradual extinction of the Polynesian and other dark races, wherever European commerce has been extended. He declares that aboriginal women who have been united with white men cease to continue their species should they return to native union. He asserts this to be an invariable law, a constant recurring under the same circumstances amongst the Hurons, Seminoles, Red Indians, Yakies, Araucos, Mendoza Indians, South Sea Islanders, and natives of New Zealand, New South Wales, and Van Diemen's Land. He adds,—

"To this direct, though occult, cause of the decrease of the aboriginal race may be added others, which, though acting indirectly, far surpass the evil consequences of the first, as their agency is seen to extend still farther, so as to occasion absolute sterility in the native female. Of these, the leucorrhœa, a general complaint, raging with unusual severity and aggravated symptoms, affords a most extraordinary instance; not only because its character might be mistaken by many observers for secondary symptoms, or a modified elephantiasis, but because its origin amongst the native women dates precisely from the arrival of the European females amongst them. Be the cause of the decrease and extinction of the aborigines in the New World what it may, it is certain that human interference to avert its melancholy consequence has been hitherto of no avail, and that a charter for colonisation granted to one race becomes virtually the decree for the extinction of the other. Thus, in New South Wales, since the time that the fate of the Australasian awoke the sympathies of the public, neither the efforts of the missionary, nor the enactments of the government, and still less the protectorate of the 'protectors,' have effected any good. The attempts to civilise and Christianise the aborigines, from which the preservation and elevation of their race was expected to result, have utterly failed, though it is consolatory, even while painful, to confess that neither the one nor the other attempt has been carried into execution with the spirit which accords with its principles. The whole eastern country, once thickly peopled, may now be said to be entirely abandoned to the whites, with the exception of some scattered families in one part, and of a few straggling individuals in another; and these, once so high-spirited, so jealous of their independence and liberty, now treated with contempt and ridicule even by the lowest of the Europeans,—degraded, subdued, confused, awkward, and distrustful,—ill concealing emotions of anger, scorn, and revenge,—emaciated and covered with filthy rags,—these native lords of the soil, more like spectres of the past than living men, are dragging on a melancholy existence to a yet more melancholy doom. In Van Diemen's Land, the drama of the destruction of the aborigines took another turn. In the course of colonisation, the outcasts of society, occupying the more advanced or interior stations in the country, and accustomed to treat with contempt any rights which their brutal strength could bear down, invaded the natives' hunting-grounds, seized on their women, and gave rise to that frightful system of bloody attacks and reprisals which provoked a general rise on the side of both whites and blacks, and ended finally in the capture and transportation of the latter, in 1835, to Flinders Island (Bass's Straits); a measure severe and sanguinary, but necessary, and incumbent upon the government, in order to put an end to those solitary murders which began to belie the existence of civilisation in the country. At the epoch of their deportation, in 1835, the number of the natives amounted to 210! Visited by me in 1842, that is, after the interval of seven years, they mustered only fifty-four individuals! and while each family of the interior of New South Wales, uncontaminated by contact with the whites, swarms with children, those of Flinders Island had, during eight years, an accession of only fourteen in number! Amidst the wrecks of schemes, efforts, and attempts to Christianise, civilise, utilise, and preserve the aboriginal race, there remains yet to be adopted one measure, worthy of the liberality of the English government,—viz. to listen and attend to the last wishes of the departed, and to the voice of the remaining few:—'Leave us to our habits and customs; do not embitter the days which are in store for us, by constraining us to obey yours; nor reproach us with apathy to that civilisation which is not destined for us; and if you can still be generous to the conquered, relieve the hunger which drives us in despair to slaughter your flocks and the men who guard them. Our fields and forests, which once furnished us with abundance of vegetable and animal food, now yield us no more; they and their produce are yours. You prosper on our native soil, and we are famishing!'"

This is a noble, truth-founded, and philanthropic appeal; and we trust it will be listened to in high places. The following remarks are also most deserving of deep consideration:—

"Since the time that the aborigines have been declared by law, or rather, sophistry of law, to be illegitimate possessors of any land which they do not cultivate, the Australian has been looked upon, *ipso facto*, as a sort of brute intruder! and in the transactions which ended in the taking possession of New Holland by England, has been allowed no more voice than the kangaroos. In the course, however, of colonisation, some humane observers made the discovery that he was somewhat superior to the brute creation, and lifted up their voice in his favour with such effect, that the public of the mother country, passing from extreme apathy to unbounded tenderness and solicitude, invited him at once to take his share in the benefits of Christianity and civilisation. The share, however, which came to his lot, proved to be very much like that which issued from 'Ego Leo,'—as the Christianity which was offered to him was stripped of its charity, and the civilisation embraced no recognition of his rights of property. He therefore rejected both; took to the 'bush,' and, pressed by hunger, fell upon the flocks which invaded his hunting-grounds, and by stealth or open force carried them away. Between those in charge of the flocks and himself fatal conflicts ensued. The public clamours against these outrages at last reached England. Those only committed against the aborigines, in absence of all the circumstances which provoked retaliation, were considered; whereupon a new society started, under the auspices of pure philanthropy, to supply the inefficiency of missions. The 'protectors' who were sent out by this association to espouse the cause of the aborigines only complicated the affair. Their arrival among the now turbulent, excited, and revengeful natives, instead of appeasing, emboldened them to such a degree, that, at the time I am writing (Port Stephen, New South Wales, January 1843), their depredations have already opened another field of exertion for a new association, an *Association for the Protection of the Whites.* Although, in the writer's opinion, the natives of the New World have, wherever the European advances, the sentence of extinction stamped indelibly upon their foreheads, still it is his conviction that this doom of aborigines in general, and of the Australians in particular, might have been retarded and rendered less painful, had the government taken the initiative in attempting their re-organisation and reform, instead of leaving them to private associations. The question of the management of the Australian native was not purely a religious or philanthropic question; it was also a political one, and ought to have been decided solely by the government *à principio.* To have pro-

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claimed him conquered, which he understands, and which would have enlightened him as to his position relative to the whites, which he is now rather puzzled to define; to have preserved and encouraged the compact of the tribes, which possessed within itself all the elements requisite to the regulation of their internal relations; to have declared him '*not of age*,' in all his remaining relations with the whites, until the characteristic instincts of his race could have been conquered by Christianity and civilisation; to have provided in part for his maintenance, by furnishing him with rations of bread and meat, simultaneously served out on a particular day of the week;—such is the treatment which would have satisfied all the exigencies of his political and physical life, and would have opened an easy field for missionaries to do their part in the great work, and would also have prevented those sanguinary conflicts which an unwise policy alone provoked. As it was, the holy doctrine which the missionaries preached to the aborigines sapped the foundations of their normal government, and its dissolution followed. The voice of Christianity, of disinterested, spiritual, religious faith, was rendered ineffectual by civil disorganisation. Those intrusted with its interests, their own safety threatened, saw themselves compelled to resort to power. In some instances, that power easily fell into their own hands, as in the Sandwich, Friendly, Society, and Gambier Islands; in others, it was resisted, as in New Zealand, New South Wales, and Van Diemen's Land: in either case, the endeavour to obtain it by the missionaries was stigmatised in Europe as an usurpation worthy of the Jesuits of old—a reproach as unjust as it was bitter; and which, whether applied to Jesuits or modern missionaries, would more properly attach to those at home who began the work of the regeneration of the natives at the wrong end; for since the first dawn of human history, the civil organisation of society has preceded its religious and moral instruction. In New South Wales, under the influence of mere civil exigencies, the colonial government at length saw itself compelled to legislate for the aborigines of the country; but, tardy and confused, that legislation has only farther disorganised the old bonds which regulated their conduct. The late act, declaring them naturalised as British subjects, has only rendered them legally amenable to the English criminal law, and added one more anomaly to all the other enactments affecting them. This naturalisation excludes them from sitting on a jury or appearing as witnesses, and entails a most confused form of judicial proceedings; all which, taken together, has made of the aborigines of Australia a nondescript caste, who, to use their own phraseology, are 'neither black nor white.'—*MS. Journal of the Author.*"

A Glance of Belgium and the Rhine. By Thomas Ramsay, Esq. Pp. 341. London, J. Ollivier.

A MODEST title is followed by a modest preface; and both support us into the presence of a pleasing sketch of places, the only objection to which is their being already so very familiar to our reading and touring public. To our minds, imbued with hundreds of accounts of the same matters, we confess we think novelty of description a moral impossibility; but others, with their memories not so often ploughed up in common with Belgian and Rhenish fields, may find Mr. Ramsay better entitled than he seems to proclaim himself—

"In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora."

It would, however, be absurd in the *Literary Gazette* to fill its page with extracts about Antwerp, or Brussels, or the field of Waterloo, or Cologne, or Coblentz, or Mayence, or Frankfort, or even of Treves, though the mention of that city brings the author to the most interesting portion of his work, viz. the miracle-working garment there displayed and worshipped last year, and the almost consequent Ronge-schism in the Romish church of Germany. These events Mr. Ramsay views in a moderate sense with the eye of the Tractarian party in the Church of England. On this ground, he admonishes us thus:—

"Every thing we had seen upon our return progress through Belgium tended to confirm the views we had previously formed of the rising prosperity of the kingdom, as well in its social as in its commercial condition. If there was any thing upon which my opinions were—I will not say changed, but rather expanded—it was the religion of the country, of the influence of which, or, at any rate, of the system by which it is directed and enforced, we had opportunities of witnessing many forcible illustrations. The Romish church—apart, of course, from its errors and corruptions—is admirably adapted to maintain a national religion. That there is much to condemn, much to deplore, cannot be denied—much in its ordinances that is fabulous and superstitious, much in its teachings that is false and unscriptural. But its system, nevertheless, is most efficient for the purposes of a national church. There is unity, there is uniformity, there is earnest devotion, there is reverential awe, there is dutiful obedience, there is unbounded faith,—ay, faith

'Whose smiles can calm the horrors of despair;
Bid in each breast unusual transports flow,
And wipe the tears that stain the cheek of woe.'

Still I return with all the warmer attachment to our purer and more apostolical Anglo-Catholic church, which may be said to proclaim to the benighted Romanists, as did St. Paul to the Athenians, 'Whom ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.' The system of our church only wants to be carried out in all its fulness and integrity, to be equally effective. Even its seeming want of the grandeur and solemnity of public worship, any more than the apparent defect in duty and discipline, arises not so much from any fault in its formularies, as from laxity in practice. Much of all this we have not only in common with Rome, but as derived from Rome. Take, for instance, our present glorious choral service, which, in its essential character, as the able author of a recent work upon it well observes, 'was in use in the Catholic church of Rome when that church was renowned, and continued for three centuries renowned, for her purity above all other churches. It was the service of the Catholic church of England, 'a church ancient and glorious for many hundred years before popery began.' At that period, when she cast away all the corruptions which had been imposed on her by the church of Rome, and 'put on her ancient strength, and her beautiful garments,' she retained the organ as the guide of her voice; and with a spirit of wisdom and piety which can never be too gratefully remembered, she preserved to us that liturgy which even those of another church commend for 'the evangelical purity of its sentiments, the chastened fervour of its devotion, and the majestic simplicity of its language, which have combined to place it in the first rank of uninspired compositions.' But this is the liturgy, be it remembered, of the Romish church, without the corrupted additions which it had received from popery.' There is every thing, in short, in the forms of our own church to afford the safest means to the surest ends; only let us get rid of those groundless prejudices which revolt at every ceremonial that is anti-puritanical, as at least semi-popish. Take the case of the surplice, against the use of which in preaching there has lately been such uproar, upon the silly plea of its being 'a rag of popery.' It is a striking fact, that throughout the whole of our travel, we never once saw any thing at all similar to the English surplice worn in any popish church. Our church has many adversaries even within her pale; and from them, more than from those without, come the fierce assaults she has now to sustain. But remembering these things, and under all the vivid impressions of an antagonist system, I can adapt the glowing language of the poet, and say, that

'—as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind me to my native *church* the more.'"

Of the holy coat at Treves, he relates:—

"It was an attempt, as bold as it was remarkable, to revive the influence of the papal power over the minds of its votaries; and its success has certainly so far been very great. The fears of the timid, the weaknesses of the superstitious, were powerfully worked upon by one whom they had been taught to regard with reverence, if not with awe. They were told by the Bishop of Treves, in language that might well appal, that their very salvation was involved in their devotion to this spectacle:—'Whoever is able to walk,' was the dreadful injunction, 'and does not go to worship the holy coat, cannot see God, and shall not inherit eternal life!' No wonder that so awful an anathema should enforce obedience to even an idolatrous mandate, amongst a people steeped so deeply in ignorance and superstition, and placing a blind reliance on the infallibility of their church, like the bulk of those who inhabit the Rhenish provinces. But lamentable though all this must appear to the mind of every enlightened Christian, there is yet ground of hope that it may be providentially overruled for good. The very success of the imposture seems likely to defeat it. It is no ordinary delusion that can move more than a million and a quarter of people, at the mere beck of bishops and priests, not only to leave their homes for a long and painful pilgrimage, but, in many instances, to sell all that they possess, and even to contract heavy debts, in order to comply as fully as possible with the injunction laid upon them. Thousands, it is asserted, along the shores of the Rhine and the Moselle have brought upon themselves poverty and distress, in order to secure a title to heaven by worshipping the fictitious relic at Treves! How gratifying, then, is it to find, that the gross imposition and delusion of all this has been denounced by one of the priesthood of the church which has sanctioned and encouraged it! John Ronge, a Roman Catholic priest at Laurahutte in Silesia, has had the honesty and intrepidity to address a letter to Bishop Arnoldi, of Treves, frankly and determinedly exposing and condemning the foul imposture; and there is good reason to believe that, however feeble and flickering the flame may be at present, he has lighted a candle in Silesia that will never be put out. * *

"He seeks 'to abolish auricular confession, the celebration of the mass in Latin, the making of proselytes by money, the stultification of the lower clergy by the commands of the higher

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hierarchy, and for liberty to think and investigate, and permission to marry for all priests.' The pamphlet was seized by order of the priestly powers; but the excitement already produced by it has been of the most salutary description, and some of the influential men in East and West Prussia, including professors, chaplains, teachers and directors of schools, and members of the upper law-courts, have given in their adhesion to the German Catholic church. * * *

"All who are not members of the Romish church, whether Lutherans or otherwise, are comprehended under the general name of the Evangelical or Protestant Church. 'The Protestants,' it is recorded, 'of the Lutheran or Reformed creed have in most states of Germany come so near to one another, that they have united in one and the same church.' They amount to upwards of twelve millions; and, excepting the provinces of the Rhine, they form a decided majority in the Prussian states. And yet a second Reformation now appeals for a German Catholic church!"

Mr. Ramsay considers the modern Luther to be too latitudinarian in his creed; and concludes:—

"Infinitely better would it have been, had they, as we have said, at once taken their stand upon the creeds and formularies of the primitive Catholic church, as now preserved in the Church of England. As it is, there is but too great reason to fear that this movement, in many respects so auspicious at the outset, will only result in an addition to the countless sects, of all shades of heresy and schism, into which the Protestantism of Christendom is unhappily divided. Very much will depend upon the King of Prussia. It is gratifying to find that his majesty has so far shewn every disposition to promote the cause of Ronge and his followers, whilst the great body of the German Lutherans are opposed to it."

The Breach of Promise. A Novel. By the Author of "The Jilt," &c. 3 vols. London, T. C. Newby.

There is little of story, but much cleverness and talent, in this novel, which does credit to a fair young contributor to our fictious literature. Her forte lies in the sketches of character, often degenerating somewhat into caricature; and the same may be observed of her descriptions of social scenes, morning-calls, dinners, evening-parties, and *rencontres* in places of public amusement. Renard Undermine, his sister Lucilla, and Tom Temple, are, more or less, instances of the former; and the Temple dinner to Sir Felix Archer a sample of the latter. Still these exaggerations are based on truth and a shrewd glance at human nature; and they are accordingly amusing even in their extravagance.

In another respect our author has followed the bell-wether troopage and cant of the day; and drawn the rich as a herd of selfish and heartless revellers, and the poor as virtuous, neglected, and suffering victims. The folly of this poor imitative assault upon the weak sensibilities of real and the pretended sensibilities of hypocritical sympathisers (the former who dole out their pitiful commiseration, and the latter who make a market of their weeping sentiment), could hardly be better illustrated than by the following extract about a wealthy baronet going to the opera.

"And now, Sir Felix Archer's perfect equipage (not his barouchette, but), a softly cushioned landau, with the most delicate and buoyant of motions, bears them through cool, deserted Portland Place, into the busy world of Regent Street. How much pomp, and how much misery! * * * How easily glide the plumed and jewelled fair, drawn by the proud and glossy steeds! How limp the ragged, lean, and shaggy wretches, eagerly (when some slight delay occurs, and the splendid carriages halt for a few minutes) watching for one look of pity from the proud beauties within, one jewelled and white hand extending the smallest boon—and vain that watch! Dives and Lazarus at every step. Ah, heartless sons and daughters of mammon! a bitter reckoning awaits you. Ye slighted children of want, your day will come. Oh, the lavish affluence of those palace-like shops, and the lean, wolf-eyed famine glaring in upon them! Poor Frank! in spite of Sir Felix's open, and Undermine's suppressed, ridicule, he would listen, would succour, would even let in a draught of air on Sir Felix, to fling a shilling to a ragged, famished mother, bearing in her lean arms a skeleton babe! At length they reach the opera: a broad daylight still glares—on scornful beauty, and importunate famine—on old age, hideous with rouge, pearl-powder, jewels, golden locks, and utter selfishness, propped up by velvet cushions, and in pursuit of pleasure; and on old age, bent, ragged, barefoot, extending the lean hand, and murmuring the disregarded prayer, pleading for bread—and lo! the former seemed the more revolting picture of the two!"

There is hardly a feature of truth in this picture. There are very few signs of misery outside the opera-house, unless drunken cads and worthless persons of the very lowest class in depravity are its types; but if there were, is this the time or place for the exercise of charity? Assuredly not. The throwing up carriage-windows to shower out indiscriminating relief would be a paltry show and affectation, and lead to a condition of things which would soon render the street, and all about it, an intolerable nuisance. Beautiful is benevolence in its proper sphere; angelic the ministration of succour to our fellow-creatures, sought and found in the recesses of their miseries; but to mix up a display of compassion with a drive to the opera would indeed be an equally senseless and injurious practice.

Let our author think more and more for herself: she has ability enough to guide from parrotting a bad school.

Having thus far, however, blamed the fair authoress, we must, in justice to Miss S—— (the name, we believe, is not allowed to transpire), copy an extract from her work, as one example among many that might be quoted of her more successful efforts. The very opening supplies us:

"All was bustle and confusion, in a very small house, in a very small street, in the unfashionable and unromantic neighbourhood of St. Pancras—for in this very small house, the silly inmates had undertaken to give a great dinner to a very great man. 'Great' is of course a relative term; the dinner, old-fashioned and mean enough in itself, was 'great' to those who generally knew no variation in their bill of fare but that from mutton-chops to beef-steaks; and the guest was a 'great man' in the opinion of his hosts and himself, although in the levée and drawing-room reports he came in so closely packed among the other 'eirs,' as to be scarcely remarkable or remarked, and you might have sought him in vain among the more favoured cavaliers of the Queen's select balls or dinner-parties. Still, though a small star enough when larger luminaries abounded, when alone in the heavens he attracted some attention and found some worshippers. He was rich—he was the first baronet of his name—he was slightly literary, slightly supercilious, and slightly bald. Not being quite forty-eight, he called himself thirty-eight; and since as yet his age had not found its way into the baronetage, he boldly wrote himself thirty-eight in the census, which at that time caused the few to confess, and the many to fib, preferring the risk of forfeiting 'a sum not under forty shillings, nor above five pounds;' preferring, I say, the chance of that risk to the certainty of seeing himself 'written down' forty-eight. His name was Sir Felix Archer; he had elevated eye-brows and elevated notions; a pale complexion, good features, very white hands, and was scrupulously neat and elegant in his dress. He was a patron of the *litterati*, and piqued himself on his taste in *vertu* and beauty, gazing with the same cold scrutiny on both. He had been twice married; the objects of his choice had been daughters of fashion, eminent for their charms, accomplished, and wealthy. The one, in her first youth, died of consumption (a natural tendency to which was probably confirmed by the ruinous dissipation of a succession of London seasons). The second, a full-blown and very handsome widow, expired suddenly at a ball; some said from tight-lacing, to preserve a figure growing too stout; some, from the effects of injurious cosmetics, which she used to refresh a fading complexion. To his great grief, they left him childless. He mourned, not so much because he loved children, as because he loathed a certain nephew, to whom, if he had no direct descendant, his title and some of his estates would go. * *

"This was the 'great man' expected in the small house of the poor, the struggling, the ambitious, and almost heart-broken Temples—the Temples, originally his superiors by birth and education, but who had been going down hill more rapidly even than he had been going up. Alas! in all things the going down is so much the quicker and easier process of the two. Why, one could unravel in a few minutes what it had taken many hours to weave—one could spend in a morning the savings of years, and forget in one hour the lessons of a life. In all things it is the same—how hard to learn, how easy to unlearn; witness all ye with little Latin and less Greek, who yet came forth (not so very long ago) crowned with honours from the arms of 'Alma Mater.' And the Rev. Henry Temple *was* one of Alma Mater's favourite sons;—from captain at Eton he had become fellow at King's;—he was a fine mathematician, and an elegant Grecian;—but foolishly marrying before he had got a living, he found, too late, he had a living to get. The first few years of his wedded life were spent comfortably enough, in expectation of a good living, and in possession of a poor curacy in the parish of St. Pancras. As this curacy, with the notions they had then, did little more than pay rent and taxes, they thought themselves obliged, after spending Mr. Temple's small property, to sell out fifteen hundred pounds' worth of stock, the sole dowry of his beautiful wife, though she *was* a daughter of one of our oldest families. Thus for some time they lived in tolerable style on Capital and a Curacy—on Love and Hope; the former soon dwindled away—so soon, that they could scarcely believe it was gone! The Curacy, the Love, and the Hope remained to them! They had been kind to the poor when they had means; surely, now they were poor, some would be kind to them? Besides, they both had friends. Alas! alas! Mr. Temple's friends and Mrs. Temple's friends turned, as

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'friends' generally do on such occasions, into relentless foes. Poor Temple had a long struggle, a fierce, protracted struggle, with Fate. He was often nearly conquered, but never quite, for the wife he had chosen proved indeed the angel of life. She always comforted, never condemned; and not even when a plan failed or an expectation was frustrated, did she come in with the usual matrimonial remark, 'I always foretold it'—'I knew it would be so.' She blamed herself, she blamed others, she blamed the dark march of dark events, but 'she never blamed him—never.' She loved him after eighteen years (all winters), all struggle, hope deferred, and often bitter disappointment; she loved him better, more tenderly, more earnestly, more reverently, than when, with the trusting heart of early girlhood, she set out with him for his sole estate, a freehold in the fairy-land of Hope! He had tried every thing; and as they had nor begged nor starved, he could not be said to have failed. He had gone through every thing; he had had pupils, and had found that with the very poor, pupils soon become masters. He lost his authority directly he was obliged to beg for his money. The Temples had tried boarders too, but they found they reaped nothing from them but discontent and insult; and the last proved to be a sort of private amateur maniac, who was called 'harmless,' because she never harmed herself; but who took great delight in slyly cutting notches in tables and chairs, and picking holes in her neighbours' coats (but that last is an universal mania). This lady's friends were glad to get her out to board; but, like the memorable 'bad half-crown,' she was always coming back to them. The poor Temples, who had nothing of the Jew about them, were several pounds the losers by her mischievous depredations, and by her were finally wearied with the profitless speculation boarders must be to people who cannot learn to be sordid. At length, Mr. Temple took to his pen—he might almost as well have taken to his bed. A great poet has said, 'the pen is mightier than the sword;' it may be so to destroy, but to support, alas! a broken reed is that same pen! Yet, with this broken reed, after many trials, many failures, and—alas for manhood too severely tried—many tears! he did keep the wolf from the door."

Attracted by Temple's daughter (the heroine), Sir Felix sends a haunch, and accepts a dinner-invitation from her parents.

"What a mistake it is in the poor and ambitious to fancy they increase a good impression by giving a bad dinner! And what dinner *could* the Temples give that would not have seemed bad to Sir Felix Archer, who was considered, even in London, a first-rate Amphytrion? But then, Mr. Temple thought if his old friend could but see more of Lucilla! could but hear her sing songs of her own writing! hear her converse, when quite at ease! If he had been so struck with her in her morning-dress, and with her dishevelled hair, what would he be when he saw her arrayed for conquest, in all the witchery of white muslin and smooth ringlets! Lucilla was not informed of her parents' hopes, but she had a woman's instinct where a matrimonial speculation was concerned. Sir Felix was not her *beau ideal!*—as yet, indeed, only her *ideal beau.* But he had admired her; he was elegant, rich, desired by her parents, and she was heart-whole. And so she was (unlike a true heroine) very anxious to shine before him; and she combed and brushed her hair into its brightest gloss, and washed and ironed her muslin dress, and spent her only sixpence in a bunch of lilies of the valley. Then there was her brother Tom: who could tell but that Sir Felix, being so well disposed, might take a fancy to this smart lad, and get him into something? Tom was just at the age of incipient pedantry, incipient dandyism, and confirmed awkwardness. His charms consisted in a jacket buttoned to the chin, a high stock, a pair of tight Wellingtons, and a wet brush. There had been some doubt whether he should dine at table; but as he had resolved, if he did not appear at dinner, not to appear at all, his presence was prepared for. Intense fatigue preceded the important day! There was such borrowing and hiring—such hopes and disappointments—such vain attempts at making an old lamp burn—and in every thing such grand beginnings and such 'lame and impotent conclusions;' but in what human undertaking is not that more or less the case? What genius falls not far short in his best production of his own original conception? It is not very easy to preside at once in the kitchen and the drawing-room. The stupid maid of all work could do nothing unprompted; Lucilla and her mother were flushed, wearied, and obliged to hasten to their toilets, leaving the fate of the dinner in the black hands of a girl, who originally had not two ideas, and who was now too frightened to retain one. Mr. Temple was half-frantic; some wine he had ordered had not arrived, and in rushing out to ascertain the cause of delay, he knocked down a little boy with a large basket of glasses, hired for the occasion. Then a 'tiger' had been borrowed of a friend in the street to wait at table. He was very conceited, and ere long, Tom, who was passionate, engaged in a scuffle with him. The 'tiger,' wiry and old, though small, gave Tom a black eye, which gave him a sinister appearance. Mrs. Temple, having severely reprimanded Jock, the 'tiger,' for the evil deed he had done, probably awoke the vengeance of that small but determined creature; for even while she was hastily washing off the effect of her culinary avocations in the back drawing-room, which was converted into a bed-room, Jock actually flung open the door, and ushered in Sir Felix Archer! Then there was a scream, and a rush from the lady, and a supercilious apology from the gentleman, who retreated to the landing-place, where he met Lucilla slipping down stairs to get her dress fastened by the maid of all work. At this moment Tom came forth with his black eye, and did the honours. Having been told to spare no pains to please his probable patron, he chattered on with a mixture of flippancy and pedantry; and before dinner was announced, he had heartily wearied and disgusted Sir Felix. That grandee having been put out of temper by the mistake made at his arrival, coldly handed Mrs. Temple down stairs, and sate unbending and supercilious during dinner, eating scarcely anything, and not even smiling at some rather old stories and jokes Tom was relating from the renowned 'Joe Miller.' As to Lucilla, who had been placed opposite to him, after one glance, he took no notice of her: tired, flushed, her hair stiffly curled, and in a scanty ill-made white frock, she was not the same being he had actually longed to see again. Expectation ended with her, too, as it generally does with all, in disappointment. Fatigue and worry depressed her spirits, and, instead of being able to amuse her father's guest, she was scarcely able to repress her tears. The dinner was horrible! Yes, there is no disguising the fact—it was positively horrible! The Irish maid of all work had let soot fall into the soup; the fish was parboiled, the chickens were in rags, the venison was raw, the melted butter was full of lumps of flour, the custards were turned, and the jelly melting away. Sir Felix coldly refused almost every thing, or sent away his plate after having (evidently with effort) tasted its contents. The only thing he seemed to approve of was a pastry-cook's sponge-cake. Mr. Temple tried to talk of Church and State, of Politics, of Literature, but his guest would not be drawn out. He refused any dessert, though Lucilla offered to prepare his strawberries, and Tom to cut him an orange into the shape of a pig. As soon as possible, Mrs. Temple gave the signal to her daughter, and they adjourned to the drawing-room to bewail their failure and all the needless expense they had incurred. 'Perhaps your father and his wine may get him into a good humour, my love,' said poor Mrs. Temple, sinking, half dead, into an arm-chair. 'See about the tea and coffee, dearest; I can do no more.' 'I told him,' said Tom, 'how, when first tea was introduced, ladies used to hand round the leaves and eat them with sugar; but he took no notice.' 'He takes no notice of anything, or any one,' said Lucilla, arranging her hair at the glass; 'do you watch, Tom, and let me know when they are coming up.' Tea and coffee waited, and so did the ladies, but in vain. After about an hour, they heard wheels under the window; the street-door opened, and Tom, who had been watching on the stairs, rushed up aghast, to say Sir Felix Archer was gone! In a few moments Mr. Temple came up alone: he was pale and agitated; he merely said, 'Sir Felix left his compliments, and regrets he could not join you.' 'Did you ask him to assist you in publishing your large work?' 'I did.' 'And what did he reply?' 'I forget what; some superciliously polite refusal.' 'Did you beg him to enable you to meet that dreadful bill, due next Saturday?' 'No, I did not. I could not. I can go to prison. I could not ask him; he would take no hint. He grew so cold, so proud, so guarded when I even approached the subject of my dreadful trials. No, no, I could not do it; but I can go to prison, and, what is more, I must.' 'Oh, if you had but asked him.' 'I tell you, I could not do it: do not irritate me; do not goad and taunt me now—I am not myself;' and he hurried out of the room. 'I goad! I taunt him!' cried the poor wife, hastening after him. 'Dearest, let me speak to you; you always have found comfort in me, and you always shall.' He had hurried upstairs, and closed the door. 'Let me in, I implore you,' she sobbed, 'if only to tell you on my knees I meant no offence. Oh, think how long we have suffered together! What have I done that now you should exclude me from your heart? Do not—for the sake of the past, do not.' The husband could resist no longer; he gently opened the door. The wife saw he had been weeping. 'I wished to escape your contempt, my love,' he said. 'Oh! do not speak thus, you will kill me;' and she flung herself wildly on his bosom. In a moment she was lifeless at his feet. The odious fatigues of that wretched day, and the intense anguish of her heart, had been too much for the wearied frame of a very delicate woman,—she had burst a blood-vessel; and Mr. Temple, ghastly pale, and wild with alarm, raised and placed on a bed—her white dress stained with blood—the corpse-like form of that devoted wife."

We repeat that there is much to please the reader of these volumes.

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Practical Remarks on some exhausting Diseases, particularly those incident to Women. By Sir James Eyre, M.D. &c. &c. 8vo, pp. 75. London, John Churchill.

SIR JAMES EYRE'S object in presenting this little book to the medical world is, to promulgate, in a more comprehensive and convenient form than the pages of a weekly journal would admit, the satisfactory results which he has arrived at by the use of oxide of silver as a therapeutic agent in the treatment of various exhaustive diseases.

Those more particularly mentioned are pyrosis, or water-brash, various hæmorrhages, more especially spitting of blood and menorrhagia. Sir James does not claim the discovery of new properties in a valuable preparation; this it appears belongs conjointly to the celebrated Serre of Montpelier, and to Mr. Charles Lane, a London surgeon; but he has employed it with nearly constant success during an active professional life of more than thirty years, and with opportunities of acquiring practical information in an almost equal degree with gentlemen who are attached to large metropolitan hospitals.

Under these circumstances, the results of such experience are deserving of every attention on the part of the profession, with whom, indeed, the neglect of means whose value is so attested would be unpardonable, unless for very cogent reasons; but the public at large can have little interest in the matter, for the use of so powerful a medicinal agent is contraindicated where there is febrile disturbance, and must be accompanied by attention to the condition of the prima viæ, and other minor points, which are of a strictly professional character.

Spain and Tangier, &c., visited in 1840 and 1841. By X. Y. Z. Pp. 396. London, S. Clarke.

OUR brief introductory remarks on Mr. Ramsay's tour apply with nearly equal force to this: the ground has been so trodden that new footsteps leave little or no trace of novelty. The volume perambulates Spain, and sojourns in its chief cities, during eight months, in a pleasant way, and then enjoys a trip to Tangier; but still we are inclined to apply to it the grace of the facetious curate of old (quoted by the writer) when feasted at his rector's table:

"For rabbits tender, rabbits tough,
We thank the Lord, we've had enough."

This is wonderfully apposite to a vast number of modern publications.

Œuvres Choisies d'E. Scribe. Tome Premier. Pp. 524. Paris and London, Didot Frères.

THIS *choice* little volume contains sixteen of Scribe's popular dramas; need we add one word to recommend it to every reader of French?

Lectures delivered at the Literary and Mechanics' Institutions. By W. H. Leatham. Pp. 145. Longmans.

ON various subjects related to the arts, poetry, literature, and biography, which are handled in an able manner, and are well suited to the auditories to which they were addressed. A history of Wakefield and its antiquities possesses more than local interest.

Thiers' History of the Consulate and the Empire. Part I. "The Popular Library Edition." Pp. 96, double cols. Translated by W. Stapleton. London, Houlston and Stoneman.

WE have given our opinion of the veracity, authority, and value of this performance; and we certainly think the cheapest edition dear enough in respect to the faith which is to be pinned on M. Thiers. There is, however, often a sparkling manner; and also matter enough for analysis and comparison to recommend the work, with all its vices, as true history.

Travels in England and Wales. By J. G. Kohl. Translated from the German by T. Roscoe, Esq. Pp. 428. London, Sherwood and Co.

THE editor states that this is "the most faithful, and far the most complete, translation" of Kohl's England, "former ones having been much abridged;" and certainly it is in the cheap form, with such paper and typography as low prices usually entail. It is the first of a series of publications projected by the "*Great Western Advertiser and Chronicle* press," Bristol; whence also issues, in weekly parts, *Sealy's Western Miscellany*, a collection of varieties in prose and verse, and other works more resembling these Travels, such as Kendal's Texan Expedition, &c.

Hand-Book for European Tourists through Belgium, Holland, the Rhine, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France, &c. &c. By Francis Coghlan. Pp. 858. London, H. Hughes.

TOURISTS "*through* the Rhine," as the title-page states, will have no guide here, but a very good one either *up* or *down* that river, or for either bank; and indeed we may afford the same praise to the work generally. It is full of all the useful information which the traveller can require; points out "the lions" of every place, indicates the roads and distances, gives estimates of charges of every kind, and, in short, places simply and clearly before the view how to proceed most conveniently, least expensively, combining the saving of time with the acquisition of intelligence, throughout the countries above enumerated. Mr. Coghlan appears to have taken due pains with it; and consequently has produced a book well worthy of public patronage.

The Book of Family Crests, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. Washbourne.

A FIFTH edition, containing four thousand engraved crests, &c. &c., an alphabetic dictionary of mottos, an essay on the origin of arms, a glossary, and indeed all kinds of information needful on the heraldic subject. It is a nice book of reference to be put on the shelf beside Peerages, Directories, Court-Guides, and similar publications.

Phreno-mnemotechny; or, the Art of Memory, &c. By F. Fauvel-Gouraud, D.E.S. &c. Large 8vo, 700 or 800 pages. London, Wiley and Putnam.

SHAKSPEARE speaks of madness with method in it; but this is madness without. We have seen a few wild books in our time; but of all we ever saw, for bulk, irrelevancy, and *non-compos-mentisism*, this is the superlative flower.

Economy; or, a Peep at our Neighbours. Pp. 375. London, J. Ollivier.

DESCRIBES a genteel English family retiring for a season from Devonshire to Guernsey, to economise and enjoy a change; and states all the particulars of lodgings, prices, excursions, and other incidental expenses. The result is a saving of thirty per cent, the principal source of which seems to be on wines. The book will chiefly interest parties who may contemplate a similar excursion; but the little details of the manners, &c., of the inhabitants are amusing enough to entertain the general reader.

Principles of History. By L. Raymond de Vericour. Pp. 40. London, H. Baillière.

BETWEEN a practical and a philosophical eulogy on history; pointing at some of its leading features, and what ought to be its leading principles.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Cork, February 1845.

MR. EDITOR,—The "Life of Lord Eldon," by Mr. Twiss, which has already reached a second edition, has, as may be inferred, passed through the ordeal of review in every critical journal, and with almost uniform praise of the composition, however dissentient opinions may have been on its object, whose character and conduct have been canvassed with minutest scrutiny, urged, in equal intenseness, by fond partiality or adverse bias. Yet one circumstance, not altogether without historical interest, and deriving importance from an association with some great names, has escaped that notice to which I consider it entitled.

In volume the second of the biography, page 152, we learn that the chancellor, in his congratulatory address, on the part of the peers, to the Duke of Wellington, the 28th of June, 1814, on the great soldier's return to England after his memorable Peninsular campaigns, dwelt with marked emphasis on the duke's presence at that moment, "as the sole instance in the peerage of an individual being on his first entrance into the House of Lords, a baron, a viscount, an earl, a marquis, and a duke." Subsequently, too, his lordship seems to have cherished the conviction that he had made a happy application of an historical discovery. But that the event was not, in fact, as he flatteringly viewed it, unprecedented, I expect to shew with unerring effect, if I do not much misapprehend my authorities. The royal blood, even the spurious, is out of the question; nor do I adduce its derivative peerages as exceptional, or contradictory, to Lord Eldon's assertion. I confine my view to examples in perfect analogy, of similarly self-acquired, untransmitted elevation of rank. Two, if not the sole on record, at least the best known, will suffice; nor do I recollect any more.

On the 7th of July 1660, I find that Monk, created Baron Monk, Baron Beauchamp, Earl of Torrington, and Duke of Albemarle, made his first appearance in the House of Lords, as a duke *per saltum*, without interstitial advance, or usual suspensive promotion. And again, with equally simultaneous investiture of titles, from the lowest to the highest, Marshal Schomberg, a French refugee, was introduced to the house, on the 10th of April 1689, as Baron Teyes, Earl of Brentford, Marquis of Harwich, and Duke of Schomberg. The grants to our illustrious warrior were, indeed, for distinct services at separate periods; but that he had been anticipated in the fact of his first presentation to the peers clothed with all the patents of nobility, is thus placed beyond contestation. The title of viscount or marquis being omitted in one or other of these creations—both of latest institution and intermediate gradation—I consider no valid exception to the parallel.* Here, then, we have demonstration that these three personages entered the upper house, each for the first time, in identity of position. It is only singular that precedents of such notoriety, or accessible information, should not have occurred to the chancellor, to his learned biographer, or scrutinising critics. It has been remarked how far superior, at that interesting conjuncture, to Lord Eldon's, was the allocution, in point, diction, and spirit, of the Speaker of the House of Commons. Mr. Abbott, then filling that place, afterwards Lord Colchester,

* Our earliest three dukedoms, Norfolk, Somerset, and Richmond, do not include the marquisate or viscounty in their patents, though occasionally acquired in after-times by some of the collateral branches.

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was, indeed, always peculiarly happy in these complimentary addresses, which were collectively published after his death, in 1829, but limited in number, and chiefly reserved for private distribution.

With reference to the names here brought in juxtaposition with our glorious commandar, George Monk—whose life by Guizot, like this minister's now-stricken colleague Villemain's Cromwell, is little worthy of his fame—was not without some pretensions to noble rank. He could, it was affirmed, even boast of Plantagenet consanguinity, his great grandfather, Thomas Monk, having espoused Frances, daughter of Arthur Plantagenet, natural son of Edward IV. created Viscount L'Isle in 1533; but the title became extinct in his person, as he died without male issue, in 1541. A cajoling epistle from Louis XVIII., in 1800, vainly tempted Bonaparte to follow the English general's example, in recalling the dethroned dynasty; but the ambitious soldier, impressed with Voltaire's deduction from history, that "le premier qui fut roi, fut un soldat heureux," and confident in his ascending star—then the bright and cheering attendant of his genius—would brook no mortal superior, or stoop to a subordinate lot in human condition.* The communication was conveyed through the Compte de Montalembert and the Abbé de Montesquieu. Montalembert, at that time an emigrant in our service, was father of the present distinguished member of the French Chamber of Peers, the energetic advocate of free tuition; but the Abbé was at Paris, whither the count returned on the peace, in 1814, with his English wife, a Miss Frasser (I believe), and family.

Monk's spouse when duchess of Albemarle, and the duchess of Dantzic, wife of Lefébure, Napoleon's first created duke (May 1807), both of humblest birth, were the constant and pointed marks of ridicule at their respective courts, for their inborn vulgarity; but the Frenchwoman's husband, the son of an Alsacian miller, was not of higher extraction than herself, originally the chambermaid of an inn, though this marshal and duke was weakly solicitous in after-life to impress on the public a belief that his descent was equivalent to his fortunes—"Nous avons été témoin, que sous la restoration il déniait hautement son origine," asserts his old companion in arms and biographer, M. Michaud. Mrs. Shelley, in her entertaining "Rambles through Germany and Italy," censures, with deep and merited reprobation, this warrior's desolating campaign of 1809, in the Tyrol; nor is Bettina (Madame Arnim) less indignantly animated on the subject, in her singular correspondence—"Goethe's Briefwechsel mit einem Kinde" (Berlin, 1837, 8vo). Mrs. Shelley's feelings are expressed at page 52 of her second volume; and subsequently, at page 88, the lady, with equal justice and asperity of blame, condemns the rigours of the amiable Pelico's imprisonment in the castle of Spielberg; but here she happens to be betrayed into a lapse of pen or memory by her warm sympathies. This inflicted harshness, so sensitively depicted by the interesting victim himself (*Mei Prigioni*, capo lvii.), Mrs. Shelley maintains, "puts to shame the fly-killing pastime of *Diocletian*." It should of course be *Domitian*, "princeps cui ludus fuit muscas captare, ac stylo præacuto configere." See Dio Cassius (or rather Xylander), lib. 66-69; Suetonius *in Domitiano*, cap. iii.; and Plinii *Panegyricus*, cap. iii.

This incidental advertence to Mrs. Shelley's publication gives me an opportunity of adding, that her father, the late Mr. Godwin, assured me that every character in "Caleb Williams," the most lasting monument of his fame, was the pure product of fancy, not the veil of malignity, in caricature or calumny, to misrepresent living individuals, the too frequent aim of such ostensible fictions. Poor Caleb might well have exclaimed with Ovid:

> "Cur aliquid vidi? Cur noxia lumina feci?
> Cur imprudenti cognita culpa mihi?"
> (*Tristia*, ii. 203.)

But much superior in birth to Monk, and among the martyrs to Louis XIV.'s infraction of the edict of Nantes, equally a stigma on that sovereign's moral and political conduct, the most elevated in rank and celebrity was Frederic Armand Schomberg, a marshal of France, and immediately promoted to the same degree in England (see *Gentleman's Magazine* for Dec. 1842, p. 585). His family, a very ancient one of German origin, was divided into various branches and different religions, as described in the "Elogium illustrissimæ Gentis Schombergiæ," by Abel de Sainte-Marthe, republished in 1728, 4to, at Dresden, by Johannes Knauthius. His long life (1619-1691), in principle and action, was distinguished for rectitude and ability, unless its close should be supposed to mar this general eulogy. Madame de Sévigné's animadversions on his junction with our William in dethroning this monarch's father-in-law, are of pointed severity—"Que ditesvous de ce héros qui gâte si cruellement une si belle vie?" (Letter of Nov. 8, 1688); while, on the other hand, M. B. Lusaney, in a sketch of the marshal's career, printed at Amsterdam (1690, 12mo), panegyrises this and all his other acts. Though a duke in France, I may passingly note, he was not a peer, which he necessarily became in England with the title. But Schomberg, while he nobly resisted the entreaties and offered advantages of Louis to separate his fate from his co-religionists, unscrupulously joined the enemy of his country, and a daughter to despoil her father of his crown; though guiltless, assuredly, of all injury to her or her husband, except their disappointed prospect of the throne by the birth of a prince be so felt. Madame de Sévigné assimilates Mary's conduct to that of Tullia, represented in Roman tradition as driving her chariot-wheels over her father's corpse: "Per patris corpus carpentum egisse fertur," relates Livy (lib. i. 48). The following lines by a contemporary poet, Joseph Pavillon (*Œuvres*, Amsterdam, 1720, 12mo, tome ii.), are not unsuited to our queen, and will find a responsive echo in every paternal bosom:

> "Cette princesse est fort aimable:
> Elle est, si vous voulez, en tout incomparable:
> Elle a de la bonté, de l'esprit, du savoir,
> Et toutes les vertus ensemble;
> Mais je ne voudrais pas avoir
> Une fille, qui lui ressemble."

As a wife, however, Mary acquired her husband's unbounded esteem. On her death in 1694, William, we are told by Oldmixon in his history of the Stuarts, declared, "that during the whole course of their marriage he had never known a single fault in her"—a tribute in perfect accord of tenour and expression to that of his antagonist, Louis XIV., on the decease of his consort in 1683: "C'est le seul chagrin qu'elle m'ait jamais donné." Yet our liberator, though far removed from the scandalous licentiousness of the French sovereign, was by no means free from conjugal irregularities; for which he had neither the excuse of person or position of Louis, one of the most attractive of men, and first in renown and power of regnant monarchs—no uninfluential instruments of seduction, it will be admitted; while William had little in manner or appearance to win female favour. The offer, it is said, of an illegitimate daughter by the former in marriage to the latter early in life, was the origin, because viewed as an insult, of William's irreconcilable hostility. But I would fain believe that it had a higher source—the defence of his country and of Europe against the restless ambition of Louis; unless we adopt Dr. Wigan's dual system of mental constitution, and ascribe a concurring impulse to both causes: for our actions, however unconsciously to ourselves, are seldom traceable to singleness of feeling, or directed by a simplicity of view.

One of the best articles on Lord Eldon's Life is that devoted to it in the great Edinburgh periodical, No. 163. It adds several forensic anecdotes to those which render the biography so entertaining. Among them, at p. 163, I read—"that Lord Brougham was intended to lead a libel cause; but immediately before the trial it was discovered that the other counsel (a mere special pleader) was his senior, and the mistake proved irremediable." It was thus, I may remark, that the supersession of Sir Arthur Wellesley,* after the battle of Vimiera in 1808, by two senior, but far less competent officers, arrested the course and blighted the fruits of

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* The seductive bribe held out to the first consul was the highest dignity under the crown, that of constable of France; which, from its exorbitant power, had been abolished in 1627, as it had, above a century before, in 1521, been suppressed in England; while to this day an enduring feather in the Errol peerage of Scotland. The Hon. G. S. Smythe, in his "Historic Fancies," at page 12, has fallen into the very common error of ascribing this great office to Henri de Montmorency, decapitated at Toulouse in 1632; but though possessed by six of his ancestors (as I have had occasion to mention in another place), from Mathieu in 1218, to his own father who died in 1614, and though admiral, marshal, duke, and peer of France, he never enjoyed the title of constable. The last was François de Bonne, Duc de Lesdiguières, preceded by the Duc de Luynes, the successor of Henri de Montmorency's parent. Of Mr. Smythe's volume I may say, that it certainly is demonstrative of sedulously applied faculties, as yet, indeed, immature in culture or fruit; more of promise than of reached power, or final capability. The biographical articles of our young author are most liable to animadversion, especially that of Mirabeau. As, for instance, the "suggested" parallel (p. 94) between that celebrated person's father, the misnamed "friend of men," and our most amiable and accomplished Romilly, where the characters should rather be presented in contrast than approximation; unless, indeed, as extremes meet, or as one portrait may be placed as a foil to enhance the value of another. Further examples would transgress, in their development, my prescribed bounds. But of Mirabeau himself, I may add, that I still, through the long vista of more than fifty years, bear the image in vivid recollection, both as to person and influence as an orator, calculated as they were to leave no fading impression; and to few, truly, could the descriptive energy of the eloquence of Pericles, by his contemporary the poet Euperlis, be more apposite:

> —— μόνος τῶν ῥητόρων,
> τὸ κέντρον ἐγκατέλειπε τοῖς ἀκροωμένοις.

(See Cicero *in Bruto*, cap. ix.; Plinii *Epist.* lib. i. Ep. 20; and Lord Brougham's *Statesmen*, vol. ii. p. 248.)

Mr. Smythe's dialogue between himself at fifteen and five-and-twenty is an excellent practice of comparative judgment; and progressive years, he may expect, will produce no less a disparity of opinions and feelings than the retrospect of his boyhood now offers to his riper taste and intellect.

> "Sic volvenda ætas commutat tempora rerum."
> (Lucretius, v. 1275.)

The honourable gentleman will, I trust, take in no unfriendly sense my freedom of language, when, as he states of Mirabeau's reference to Coligny, at p. 194, I add, in the demagogue's identical words, that I happen to be "par parenthèse un peu son cousin." A prevalent report makes Mr. Smythe the original of Mr. D'Israeli's *Coningsby*, the representative of Young England, or the rising generation—England in prospect; an improvement, I earnestly hope, on the past; and authorising it to repeat the boast of Sthenelus to Agamemnon in the *Iliad* (Δ. 405):

> ἡμεῖς τοι πατέρων μέγ' ἀμείνονες εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι.

* "Fatalis dux . . . et penes quem perfecti hujusce belli laus erit!" as Livy (xxi. 46, and xxii. 53) says of the elder Scipio in early life.

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that victory. On an occurrence, however, in this city, not dissimilar to that of Lord Brougham, Mr. O'Connell, with instant happiness of thought, applied the remedy which had evaded the learned peer's sagacity. Engaged in a case, the success of which mainly depended on his examination of the most material witness, a department of the profession in which he had no superior, he found to his surprise, on entering the court, that his destined station and consequent task were occupied by another; the client having, without communication, and wholly unconscious of the etiquette of the bar, or its consequences, in this instance, to himself, privately retained an old friend, of more moral than intellectual merit, but Mr. O'Connell's senior. The law-agent, my informant of all the particulars, naturally dissatisfied with this act of his employer, and fearful of the issue in such hands, was about to abandon the cause, when Mr. O'Connell, chiding him for his despondency, directed him to ascertain the name of a gaping clown whom his searching eye had espied in the crowd. The individual was immediately called up, and to his astonishment presented as first evidence by the instructed attorney for examination to the intrusive counsel; but was dismissed as totally incapable of a pertinent answer. Thus, however, the desired end was attained; and the leader, on his part being accomplished, stood no longer in the way of Mr. O'Connell, who succeeded him, and failed not to achieve the expected result.

I have the honour to be, &c. J. R.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

May 30th. — Mr. Faraday "On artesian wells and water."—The chief point which Mr. Faraday appeared to have in view was, to state and develop, as far as it has practically been carried into effect, a plan for supplying part of the water of London, especially that for drinking and culinary purposes, from the sand and chalk that underlie the London clay. He first stated briefly the nature of an artesian well in London, shewing that it usually consisted of a well dug and bricked round to a certain depth, according to circumstances, from the bottom of which a tubular opening is formed by boring into the sand and chalk beneath. Only the water of the sand and chalk is allowed to come into the well, and that from the sand comes by percolation through the chalk, iron tubes being employed to line the boring from the well into the chalk. Proceeding to the artesian wells connected with the works in Trafalgar Square, he stated that there were two, one in front of the Royal Academy, and the other behind, in Orange-street, and that these are, near the bottom, connected by a tunnel six feet in diameter and 380 feet long, the wells and tunnel being lined with brick set in cement. From the bottom of these wells proceed borings, piped until they enter the chalk, and after that proceeding simply in the chalk. The deepest well has an entire depth of 395 feet, of which 135 feet are in the chalk. In connexion with these wells there is an engine-house, in Orange-street, and also tanks or cisterns for the water. The chief object of these works is to supply water to the following government departments:—The Barracks, National Gallery, Office of Woods and Forests, Admiralty, Horse Guards, Treasury, Scotland-Yard Offices, Whitehall-Yard Offices, India Board, Downing Street, and Houses of Parliament, for which the annual charge has been about 1000*l.* In the new system the charge stands thus: an outlay of not quite 9000*l.* was expended in the wells and engine-house, in the mains to the places mentioned, and in the pipes to and from the fountains; and then a contract was entered into with Messrs. Easton and Amos, who erected the works and proposed the plan, to work the engines and supply the water from the wells at the rate of 100 gallons per minute for ten hours a day, and also to supply 500 gallons per minute for the same hours to the two fountains which are in Trafalgar Square, for 500*l.* per annum. And this is now done: the 100 gallons per minute are drawn from the deep well, the 500 gallons per minute are pumped round and round. The draught in the deep well does not in the ten hours lower the level of the water there more than five feet below the rest-level; and the proposers of the plan are now confident that they could obtain 500 gallons per minute from the present works by a little increase in the power of the machinery.

The proposition of which this experiment is in part the realisation is, that whilst engaged in increasing the supply of water to meet the growing demand of a rapidly enlarging city, a part of this increased supply should be drawn from the chalk and sand under London, by such wells as these. Thus the inhabitants of Berkeley Square have just had a well and borings made to supply drinking-water by means of a hand-pump, and this will cost about 450*l.* If an outlay of 3500*l.* had been made in the first instance, then an annual charge of 350*l.* per annum would have supplied as much and more water than that for which they now pay 700*l.* per annum: and an outlay of 1000*l.* more would have given them a handsome fountain, to which a supply of water equal to between 250 and 300 gallons per minute might have been sent, included in the above annual charge.

Mr. Faraday touched upon the probability of forming groups of houses which might economically be supplied with water as above, and said that in many moderate neighbourhoods the water-rent of 2000 houses would suffice to make the plan good and economical. He touched upon the report of the robbery of neighbouring wells by those in Trafalgar Square, against which comes the fact that they do not lower their own level more than five feet, and therefore can hardly affect others. He mentioned that remarkable and well-known character of the deep-well water of London given by the presence of pure carbonate of soda. He referred to the probable partial exhaustion of the subterraneous reservoir by the draught of many wells upon it, but stated that if this did lower the water ten, twenty, thirty, or forty feet, the extra lift of the water from these lower levels was of very little consequence in an economical point of view. In referring to the source of this water, he spoke of it as being derived principally from that which fell upon and penetrated the country surrounding London, where the sand and chalk crop out; and expressed a notion that if a great abundance of water were drawn from beneath them, its place would be supplied by other waters, which now issue out as springs in the chalk and sand country, and form such rivers as the Colne, Verulam, Wandle, &c. &c. In this view, those rivers which some have proposed to bring to water London over the surface, would then be brought for exactly the same purpose under the surface, and by natural conduits.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.

June 3d. — Sir John Rennie, president, in the chair. The first paper read was "On the corrosion of metals," by Mr. R. Adie. The object of the communication was to give an experimental proof of the fact, of water, when saturated with common salt, preserving to a great extent the surfaces of oxidisable metals from corrosion, by the joint action of air and water; and also to shew that water, or water containing a saline solution, does not act as a corroding agent without the aid of the oxygen of the atmosphere. These positions were demonstrated by the details of several series of very interesting experiments, which were purely of a chemical tendency, leaving to the engineers the application to practice of the results obtained. The details were also given of some experiments made to ascertain the quantity of oxygen dissolved by water under different circumstances; whence it was shewn that brine, and some other saline solutions, contain much less dissolved oxygen than sea or ordinary water; the discovery of this fact suggested the experiments on the application of brine as a preserver of iron. The object of the last set of experiments was to determine, by trial, the rates of corrosion of metals in fresh water, sea-water, and saturated brine. The results demonstrated that sea-water corrodes the quickest, fresh water less rapidly, and brine very much slower than either. The circumstance was incidentally mentioned of the use of common salt for preserving ships' timbers, for which purposes, the spaces between the ribs of some of the North American ships are frequently packed with rock-salt, and the effect has proved very advantageous to the duration of the timber, without affecting the metal fastenings, as would have been supposed.—A paper by Mr. W. Gale pointed out the advantages of the movable jib-crane for the purposes of building. It was stated to have been originally invented by James Watt, for the Bell-Rock Lighthouse; but in a communication from Mr. R. Stevenson (Edinburgh), which was also read, with extracts from the history of that lighthouse, the invention was claimed by Mr. Stevenson. It appeared that the crane was used very extensively, but that some defects existed in its construction, for which the author suggested remedies, which he had applied successfully, and for which he gave the necessary details of calculation and drawings, without which they would be with difficulty comprehended.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

May 14th.—Mr. B. Rotch, vice-president, in the chair. Mr. Albano's expanding fire-escape, on the principle of the "lazy tongs," was the first subject brought forward. It consists of a four-wheeled carriage on which the expanding apparatus is placed, which can be easily raised by one man to the height of 42 feet by means of 9 turns of the working spindle; convenient rope-ladders for the firemen, and buckets for lowering persons from the upper parts of buildings on fire, complete the contrivance.—A music-board for teaching singing in schools, invented by Mr. W. Ingram, was next described. It consists of a large square frame padded and covered with calico or linen, on which are stretched pieces of tape corresponding with the lines; the notes, bars, cleffs, &c., are made of card-board, and are readily placed behind the lines when required for setting up any particular tune; when the notes, &c., are above the lines, they are secured to the padded frame by means of small pins.—The secretary read a paper by Mr. Napier, "On separating metals from their ores by means of electricity," the principal points

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of which we have given in our notice of the Royal Institution.—The Society's repository was lighted with two gas-lights on Mr. D. Grant's ventilating principle; the chief novelty of which consists in substituting earthen or glass ventilating tubes for those of metal—whereby less heat is given out, and the unpleasant odour arising from heated brass or iron entirely obviated.

French Antiquarian Intelligence.—Carpentras, in the south of France, is one of the ancient cities of that country which had preserved its walls almost untouched to the present day. Now, however, the barbarian hands of the municipal council have ceased to respect them as they ought, and various needless mutilations have been committed upon them. A similar spirit of disregard for the military antiquities of the country is, unfortunately, not confined to this town only, but has shewn itself at St. Riquier, near Amiens, in Picardy, where the only remaining tower of the fortified *enceinte* of that small bourg has lately been demolished. Facts such as these, though of little importance in themselves, are nevertheless worthy of reprobation, as indicating a stupid ignorance of, and apathy towards, the honourable recollections of national history.

As a pleasing set-off to the above, we may mention, that the cloister of Arles-sur-Tech, in the Pyrenées Orientales, which was sold as public property during the Revolution, has just been given in perpetuity to the church of Arles by a body of thirty-seven proprietors, into whose hands it had fallen, on condition of the authorities connected with the church keeping it constantly in repair, and appropriated to ecclesiastical purposes.—The government surveyors of roads having lately injured the walls of the Chateau d'Elne, or d'Helena, built by the Emperor Constantius, between Perpignan and Port Vendres, the government has itself come forward, in a spirit of excellent taste, and has given a sufficient sum for making all necessary repairs. The walls had been undermined by cutting in too closely upon a supporting rock. —A new antiquarian work, *Les Archives Historiques du Département de l'Aisne*, by M. Melleville, is well spoken of. This district, of which Laon is the capital, is peculiarly rich in architectural remains.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

The Chancellor's English Medal.—On Tuesday, the gold medal given annually by the Chancellor of the University for the best English poem in heroic verse, was adjudged to E. H. Bickersteth, Trinity College. Subject:—"Cabul."

The Camden Gold Medal, given annually by the Marquis Camden for the best exercise in Latin hexameter verse, was adjudged to J. L. Joynes, scholar of King's College. Subject:—

"Domus Albuneæ resonantis,
Et præceps Anio, ac Tiburni lucus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis."

And the Porson Prize being the interest of 400*l*. navy 5 per cents.), for the best translation from Shakspere, Ben Jonson, &c., was adjudged to T. Markby, scholar of Trinity College. Subject:—Shakspere, *Hamlet*, act 1., from the beginning of scene 3 to the words "though none else near."

Cambridge Chronicle, 31st May.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

The Very Reverend John Merewether, Dean of Hereford, having fired a pamphlet-salute of twenty-four pages into Thomas Joseph Pettigrew, F.R.S., F.S.A., and treasurer to the British Archæological Association, the aforesaid Thomas Joseph has returned the same in a salute to the Very Reverend, of the more regular number of eleven pages. These courtesies have arisen out of the untoward split of the Association; and the flash of the guns, to a certain degree, illuminates the questions at issue between the two parties into which this flourishing and promising institution has so unfortunately been divided.

When we dipped into these pages we could not help fancying we had got into a mediæval quarrel. The Very Reverend, as in *temp. Ric. II.*, charged Thomas Joseph as having acted usurpingly, and, as it were, exclaimed:

"We seise into our hands his plate, his goods, his money"—

whilst, *per contra*, Thomas Joseph replied,

"Hereford here, whom you call King (Dean), is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king" (Treasurer);

and farther

"All my treasury is yet unfelt thanks."

"I am not the individual, T. J. P., whom you have assailed, but the official representative of a properly authorised body, and simply the organ of their acts." This, indeed, ought never to be lost sight of; and it does appear to us to impeach and vitiate all the personalities which have been so indecently and scurrilously levelled against Mr. Pettigrew. That the Very Reverend should have deserted the side he at first espoused, and entered into the ranks of its adversaries, is rather a curious phenomenon; for after having taken time to consider (from the 4th, 5th, and 6th of March: the middle date being that of the general meeting, and the last the date of the announcement to him that he had been elected on its committee); and having been canvassed in the most flattering style by Mr. Albert Way; the Very Reverend, on the 9th of April—about seven weeks intervening—writes: "Situated as I am, and in common honesty and faith with my friend, Mr. Albert Way, it is quite impossible that I could take office in the committee formed under the circumstances of that in which my name has been—*I am well aware with the kindest intention, and to me most gratifying manifestation of consideration*—enrolled. It would not require much deliberation [seven weeks] to come to this determination; but"—with all these euphonious *-ations*—"I can assure you that it has weighed very much on my mind;" in fact, apparently quite *Way-ed* it down. We repeat that this presents a rather curious phenomenon; especially when we find the Very Reverend on the 14th of April demonstrating that a continuance of divided interests must ruin the objects of the Association, and therefore "leaguing with one of the belligerents." His reasons for this are truly whimsical, and must have been addressed to a presumed Irish understanding in Mr. C. Croker, one of the secretaries; for, he says, many subscribers "are *dissatisfied* at the state of things, viewing their *locus standi* as most *unsatisfactory*, if not untenable;" and "not to advert to a thousand evils which must crowd into the anticipation of any one who dispassionately looks into the subject, must it not exclude from the support of such a divided cause very many who are now willing to assist, if unanimity could be restored, but who will shrink, and reasonably and wisely, from leagueing with either of the belligerents?" "Argyl," quoth he, "I join the opposition, like the Highlander, when canvassed in the forty-five, 'If my friens fight for Geordie, why, I'll fight for Geordie; but if my friens fight for Charlie, I will fight for Charlie, wi' a' my heart and a' my soul!!'"

Having thus taken a side, the Very Reverend proceeds to offer himself as a peace-maker; and after what we have narrated, we need not add, without the effect. Immediately thereon, he lashes himself into a higher passion, and by the 5th of May denounces the central committee, with Lord A. Conyngham at its head, as using "an usurped title, to which those with whom Mr. Pettigrew was acting had no right"—he calls that gentleman's "remarks" on his letter read at the general meeting "ungentlemanly," an epithet most difficult to reconcile with the fact of their "kindest intention" and "most gratifying manifestation of consideration" (and other -ations and botherations, April 9th)—he speaks with great dissatisfaction of this committee as "your faction"—calls for his subscription back again, and demands, in common with others similarly practised upon, to have his name withdrawn whence it was placed without his authority. In conclusion, he declines any farther communication with Mr. Pettigrew, and rushes into print, where he cuts a pretty figure. So ends the MS. correspondence between the "my dear sir" and "my dear Mr. Dean" of March, to the plain "Sir" of showery April and the pleasant month of May.

Some letters between Lord Albert Conyngham and the Dean re-expound the desires of the latter to bring about a reconciliation, and re-explain and repeat the singular course he had adopted to accomplish that loving consummation.

We had written this notice so far before we read the Reply of the Treasurer; of which we may say, that it is temperate in its argument, and only a little strong in language on points of self-defence against very unworthy insinuations. It goes over all the grounds of the original difference, and consequent proceedings, with which our readers are well acquainted, and puts them in a clear, unmistakeable light. "You are pleased, sir, (it goes on) to consider and to treat my conduct as deceptive, and you gratify your feelings by directing to me what, I lament to say, can only be designated as an impertinent letter to decline any communication with me. You must do me the justice to admit that I never solicited your correspondence, and that you received no letter from me beyond the official printed circular, but that of the 6th of March in acknowledgment of yours of the 4th. In this you were told of the proceedings of the General Meeting (I think you also received an account from Mr. Smith, which you do not print), and that you had been placed upon the committee. You make no reply to this communication, you make no remarks on these proceedings, you urge no objection to being on the committee, yet you are aware of the position of the affairs of the Association by the printed circulars and the protest of the thirteen seceding members, on which you now lay so much stress, and, above all, by having had transmitted to you the 'Verbatim Report.' You take, however, from the 6th of March to the 9th of April to find out that it will not be possible for you 'to take office in the committee formed.' You do not expressly say what new light had broken in upon you to induce you, at this late period, to come to this determination, unless it be the delightful bit of flattery addressed to you by Mr. Way, and copied by you into your letter to me of the 9th of April, and which, for the further gratification of your vanity, I shall here reprint: 'It was, I believe, solely in consequence of the representations which I had the gratification of submitting to you, that, in the first instance, in January 1844, you gave to our incipient effort the sanction of your name. It was the first vantage-ground gained by us—you were the *first* of the many eminent, by station and social position, as well as intelligence, who confided to us the influence of their names; your ex-

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ample was promptly and readily followed, but I must ever remember that we are indebted to yourself for the foundation of our subsequent position.' Your letters express a desire for reconciliation, and you offer, in your own peculiar style, to endeavour to effect 'a cordial re-amalgamation of the dissevered portions.' Permit me to ask what steps you have taken to carry this measure into effect? Was it by transferring your name from the committee of the true Association to that of the seceders? * * * *All proposals for reconciliation have originated with the original body, to which I belong.* * * * I will not dwell upon the things that have been done, the acts that have been resorted to, for they are of a nature which you would revolt at. I should be happy to say that the course since pursued has been of a more conciliatory character; such, however, has not been the case; on the contrary, with the advance of time, increase of bitterness has ensued, every kind of petty annoyance and vexatious querulousness—anonymous revilings—letters addressed to those who have become associates with us—personal applications to some, and in some instances to their relations, to urge their departure from our lists—anonymous letters, directed against officers of public institutions—whisperings against the characters of some of the members of the committee—and various other means alike repugnant to gentlemanly propriety or conduct. * * *

"The grievous offence I have committed is, in having, in the absence and by the resignation of the president, called a general meeting, in obedience to the requisition of 162 members. I will not waste either words or time in arguing the propriety of that step—that has been done already; but I should like to know what the 162 members would think of an officer who would resist their appeal, in deference to 13 members, whose conduct had so perilled the association as to deprive it of its original president, and to have occasioned the two founders and other members of the committee to express their intention to follow the example of their chief?"

Again: "Your party professes to be the British Archæological Association, and you put yourself forward as such, yet you have no president, no treasurer, only one honorary secretary, to whom all communications are to be sent, to whom all post-office orders are to be transmitted, and who, in short, appears to be the sole agent of your society. Your committee is, according to the abstract of your laws put forth in your advertisement, to consist of twenty-one members; but there are twenty-eight already printed, and there are also honorary members, of which you are one; and this is the way in which you respect laws. It seems to be a pleasant custom among your anonymous writers, as well as on your own part, to designate the British Archæological Association as 'Mr. Pettigrew's Association;' and another reverend gentleman exercises his wit and sense of decorum by calling it the '*Petty* Archæological Association.' I beg to say that it is not my association. I am not entitled to such a distinction. I am merely the treasurer of the Association, as appointed in the first instance, upon the suggestion of Mr. Way, by the central committee, and afterwards elected as such by the general meeting of the members. * * * I cannot, however, here but notice the infamous attempt of your neighbour, the Rev. R. Lane Freer, to fix upon me *individually* as the person refusing to refund money subscribed, and not as the treasurer and responsible officer of an institution accountable to the members for the proper employment of the funds. It may be safe, perhaps, for a clergyman or an anonymous writer to employ such language, provided he can just steer within the line of the law; but it is not the conduct of a gentleman, and Mr. Freer is entirely undeserving of notice. The subject of the subscriptions, upon which so much has been said, is the only other topic deserving of notice in your pamphlet. This appears to have engaged your attention, not only in your pamphlet, but also in a provincial paper, the *Hereford Times*, in which Mr. Freer also displays his profound learning and Christian temper. Your name certainly does not appear in the list of those who have required a return of their money, for you never gave a donation, and the amount due for your ticket of admission to the Canterbury congress still remains unpaid. It will be sufficient to shew that all those who have subscribed to the Association have had their subscriptions properly applied. They have all been carried to the general fund, of which a particular account has always been laid upon the table at the meetings of the committee."

Mr. Pettigrew thus concludes:

"Charged with misappropriation of funds, I may perhaps be pardoned some of the expressions I have employed in this letter. I can assure you that it would have been more congenial to my nature to have addressed a dignitary of the church in a different manner, and that I would gladly have avoided every harsh word; but the possessor of an honourable mind will not fail to acquit me for the strong expressions of indignation with which I repel such mean, dastardly, and villanous insinuations and assertions. I shall now close this address. I have only to remark, that I purposely abstain from imitating the example set by your party in instituting comparisons between those who have adhered to the original association 'and those who have seceded, or as to the number of new members on each side; I cannot, however, but observe with great satisfaction upon the number of correspondents who honour us with their communications, and prefer to devote themselves to the carrying out of the proper objects of the association rather than to indulge in vituperative remarks or useless controversy. The congress at Winchester, to be holden in the first week of August AS ORIGINALLY ANNOUNCED, and under the presidency of the Lord Albert Conyngham and a very numerous committee, will display the resources of the association, and prove how futile have been the endeavours of those who have exerted themselves to destroy a most useful institution."

Upon this we shall offer no farther comment. Some members of the association purpose, we believe, to attend both the meetings at Winchester; a considerable number have signified their intention to attend that first appointed, at which Lord A. Conyngham is to preside; and a considerable number, we have no doubt, will meet the distinguished persons advertised (see last *Lit. Gaz.*) as the patrons and adherents of the party of Mr. Way. Unfortunately a great number of warm archæologists will attend neither; thinking that the cause has been knocked o' the head, or saying (with Troilus and Cressida),

"My fear is this—
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss."

SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

At the meeting of the 27th inst., Dr. J. Lee in the chair, letters were read from Dr. Thomson giving the most encouraging accounts of the progress of the Medical Aid Association in Syria, as also from the Rev. J. Wolff highly flattering to Dr. Thomson, who is said to have sometimes as many as 3000 patients at once.

Mr. Ainsworth read a memoir on certain Oriental grottos mythologically considered, in which, after briefly noticing the natural history of limestone caves, he quoted Homer's description of the grotto of Ithaca, as illustrating their usual scenery. The fable of Marsyas was then considered, and the theory combated which derives the flaying of the musician from the wine-skins used by the Hellenists, and which he attributed to a stalagmitic web, or skin-like deposit existing in the sound-emitting caves of Marsyas, at the source of the river of the same name in Lydia. Another example was taken from Müller's explanation of the legend of Hermes, as applied to the cave called the grotto of Nestor in the second No. of the great work of the French scientific expedition into the Morea, but which is, in reality, the grotto of Hermes at Pylus, and which is further a stalactitic grotto, in which the forms and images of the hides of the oxen are still preserved, as if spread out on the surface of the rock.

Remarks were then read by Mr. Clarkson of Cambridge, on the tombs of Baní Hásán in Egypt, in which that gentleman advocates the explanation given of the celebrated tableau found at those tombs being illustrative of the arrival of Joseph's brethren, and of their reception by their brother. Messrs. Cullimore and Bonomi were not inclined to object to this view of the subject. Mr. C. said they decidedly belonged to the age of bondage, which lasted from about 1744 B.C. to 1451 B.C.

Mr. Sharpe read a communication on the Hamairitic inscriptions, in which that gentleman advocated the correctness of Mr. Forster's mode of deciphering; but from the presence of Greek as well as Ethiopic letters, referred them to the Christian era, and as being subsequent to Abyssinian and Muhammadan conquest, or about 640 A.D. This modern age of the inscription he considered to be further evidenced by the origin of the word SRKNU, used for Serica, and of the Arabic word *Kasr*, which he supposed to be corrupted from Cæsar. The frequent repetition of the same words in the inscriptions as compared with the poem of Al Kazvini, lend, according to Mr. Sharpe, all the force of mathematical demonstration to Mr. Forster's views. Mr. Cullimore objected that the so-called Greek letters had, even according to Mr. Forster himself, a force different to what they possessed in the Greek language, and argued at length in favour of the views entertained by Profs. Gesenius, Rœdiger, and himself.

Several donations were presented, and a brief account read of Mr. Bonomi's beautiful medallion of the Queen, on which the bust, and on the reverse Britannia and Victory, are engraved in the old Egyptian style called *incavo relievo*; and by which mode alone the likeness could be perpetuated for three thousand years or more.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Syro-Egyptian, 7½ P.M.; Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; Pharmaceutical, 9 P.M.

Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; R. S. of Literature, 4 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.

Friday.—Astronomical, 8 P.M.; Philological, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (discussion), 8 P.M.

Saturday.—Royal Botanic, 4 P.M.

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FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 276. "Taking the Veil," &c., by N. J. Crowley.—Portraits of Archbishop Murray, Mrs. Aikenhead, foundress of the Sisters of Charity in England and Ireland, and two sons of Col. Southwell, as engaged in the religious ceremony alluded to. The archbishop is a fine dignified and fresh-looking personage — the lady interesting, and the two boys engaging; but the whole is deficient in repose, and appears more like a gay than a solemn act. When mellowed by time the tone of the picture will be more congenial to the subject.

No. 326. "Portrait of W. Forbes, M.P." T. M. Joy.—There is a good deal of merit in parts of this, as in others of the artist's contributions this year; but he has disposed the limbs most awkwardly for any M.P. that was ever called upon by Mr. Speaker to stand on his legs.

No. 334. "The First Love of Napoleon Buonaparte." C. Lucy. — A fancy piece, in which the *sous Lieutenant* of 1786 is making love to a pretty soubrette, Mdlle. Colombier, and eating cherry-ripes with her. It is *naïve* enough; and a pleasant reminiscence of a life not always employed in so innocent a manner.

No. 338. "St. Gregory the Great teaching the Roman boys to sing the chant which has received his name." J. R. Herbert, A.—St. Gregory is here playing the Hullah to a choir of boys, all of whom are open-mouthed, and apparently not sparing their lungs. The saint is well painted, and with a fine earnest expression: but we cannot like the uniformity of the children; nor do we much admire the two shadowy monks, attendant ghost-like, behind the chair of the teacher.

No. 339. "Hannah presenting Samuel to Eli." R. S. Lauder.—Though not in Mr. Lauder's usual style, this scripture-piece reflects much credit on his art and artistic feeling. The youthful Samuel is skilfully contrasted with the aged Eli; and the group is altogether well composed and effective.

No. 354. "The Shepherdess." W. Gush.—Of the school of Eastlake, or the Roman transmitted through that able and learned artist, Mr. Gush shews himself in this idea of Rachel to be one of his very promising followers.

No. 362. "The Four Ages." F. R. Pickersgill.—A meritorious subject, and treated in a most agreeable style. The four ages, embodying infancy, youth, middle-life, and eld, are happily conceived and varied. The tone of colour is suitable and good; and the general contour and expression of the figures gratifying to the eye.

No. 366. "Jews lamenting over the Ruins of Jerusalem." M. Claxton.—From the Lamentations of Jeremiah: the elders and daughters of Zion, in postures of grief and despair, bewailing the destruction of their holy city. There is considerable effect and contrast in the figures, and the whole are sufficiently impassioned to convey an adequate sense of their wounded feelings and forlorn condition. The images of ruin on the left distance are well thrown in; but is not the pagan altar near the foreground in the centre an anachronism?

No. 377. "The Three Ages." Miss Clara Cawse.—A very pretty subject, and very neatly handled.

No. 389. "Viscount Sandon, M.P." T. H. Illidge.—A good whole-length portrait of this benevolent and patriotic nobleman. Another excellent likeness of "Andrew Robertson" (No. 280) is equally creditable to the talents of the painter.

No. 428. "Portrait of the Earl of Malmsbury." J. G. Middleton.—We mistook this for a Hamlet, in his sable and murky cloak; but it is nevertheless a well posed and clever whole-length of the noble personage whose name it bears.

No. 429. "Landscape." Lord Haddo H.—The young lord has herein proved the inheritance of his father's classic taste and love of art; and still further that he not only possesses a sound judgment, but is competent in practice to display as well as appreciate the natural and beautiful. The landscape would not disgrace a hand eminent in the profession.

No. 451. "Portrait of a Young Lady." J. Lilley. — Though hung aloft, the merits of this portrait cannot fail to strike the sight: it might have been placed near Mr. F. Grant's "Miss Singleton" (228), without injury to the reputation of Mr. Lilley. No. 1209. "Portrait of Mr. W. J. Fox," by the same, is still worse located in the architecture-room; which is hardly just towards a young artist who has painted so many admired public pictures.

No. 460. "The Judgment of Adam and Eve." J. Martin.—A grand expanse of earthly space and sky, in Mr. Martin's own well-known style: the trees of the garden sombre to the extent of gloom, and the far horizon crimson subdued with brown. In the foreground are the white minute figures of the first pair — certainly not hid according to the verse quoted from Genesis, but rather pressed like spots upon the vision. As heretofore, Mr. M. relies upon the solemnity of his scenery; and we are aware how much it has captivated the world.

No. 464. "The Earl of Ilchester." J. Linnell. — The best seen of four good portraits in the gallery from the same easel. It is a firm and ably-executed piece.

No. 465. "A Road through the Forest." J. Stark; 483, "Milking-time;" and 803, "A Mountain-stream." All sweet specimens of the artist, whose nature shines in every subject he transfers to his canvass. The first and last are charming landscapes; and in "Milking-time," where the cattle predominate, he displays a similar facility and truth in that branch of art.

No. 466. "An Italian Kitchen." W. Maddox. — And a real curiosity it is. The cooks are a curious set; the provisions (such a load of all kinds!) are curious; the details are all curious; and the *ensemble* is the most curious of all. No. 633, "Objects of Vertu," by the same, shews also skilful manipulation, and is rich in effect.

No. 471. "Maréchal, Duc de Biron; a scene from French history." G. Lance.—One of the finest historical pictures of the year; replete with appropriate action and expression, and painted in a glowing manner. The Maréchal is at once noble and graceful; and the gentle pleading of his beauteous sister, the Countess de Roussy, contrasts sweetly with his energy of purpose.

No. 475. "Robinson Crusoe." A. Fraser.—The immortal navigator, whose course the Dutch skipper could not make out on the map, has, notwithstanding, been followed to the interior of his island by Mr. Fraser. Here he sits, "monarch of all he surveys," and surrounded by his animal companions and subjects, seemingly very contented with their sovereign ruler. It is a clever scene—one of those familiar creations one is never tired of looking at.

No. 487. "The young Squire's Wedding." T. F. Marshall. — A pleasing reflection of such a scene as it was some century ago. It is full of love and domesticity, gaily costumed, and all the faces bearing so strong a family-resemblance that we cannot doubt the squire married his cousin, and all the other parties are near blood-relations.

No. 489. "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte." F. Stone. 539. "Scene from Hamlet." *Idem.*—The first is a delicious, sparkling gem. She cannot resist taking that first step—it is her fate, her destiny. And then will the persuader look so simply earnest and entreating? It is to be hoped he will; and that with so pretty and lively a creature life will be but one long honeymoon. The crisp touches of the pencil, and the management of the colouring, are equally gratifying to taste. The Ophelia is, on the other hand, of a touching character, and does not depart much from the received stage impersonation. It is, however, a sweetly painted picture.

No. 497. "The Bay and Castle of Baiæ," &c. W. Linton.—A capacious, sunny, bright, and classical Italian scene; painted with the justly admired genius of an artist whose studies in that clime have made him master of all its aspects. The picturesque distance bathed in light is full of pictorial forms—the temple of Venus, Pozzuoli, Vesuvius, and the Sorrento chain of mountains—whilst the foreground glitters with the limpid water, and melts sweetly into the middle objects.

No. 498. "The Village Pastor." W. P. Frith.—From the *Deserted Village*; and a pleasing representation of his flock, both old and young, hanging on the smile of this estimable religious guide. There is, we think, however, a little too much of French character for the inhabitants of an English village.

No. 522. "Females at a Fountain." J. G. Gilbert.—Belongs to a pure and high school, and is studied on excellent models. The atmosphere is brilliant; and the females, except that the draping of several of them is rather too straight and rigid, are excellently portrayed, and their garments unexceptionable in colour.

No. 523. "The arrest of William Tell," &c. W. Simson.—A stirring picture of the famous story in Swiss annals: it is, perhaps, too dramatic; but still a clever work.

No. 528. Going to Pasture." T. S. Cooper.—An admirable cattle-piece.

No. 529. "The Mountain Pass." J. D. Harding.—A no less charming landscape.

No. 540. "The United Service." A. Morton.—Portraits of veterans from Chelsea and Greenwich, arranged in groups of an interesting character, and executed with the usual fidelity of Mr. Morton. The deaf pensioner is so true to nature, that it is almost painful to look upon his infirmity; but altogether this perfect admixture of blue-jackets and red-coats is quite a national design, and the artist not undeserving of a nation's patronage.

DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY.

Several meetings of this society have lately been devoted to inquiries and illustrations of the properties of various kinds of timber, with microscopical examinations of their structure, and the effects produced on them by Paynising.—On Wednesday, 25th May, a general consideration of "Geometrical figures as the foundation of graceful outline," was commenced: and although this may not be strictly true as a theorem, it afforded an opportunity for the recognition and development of some of the leading principles by which the best works of ornament are regulated. The varying elements of form peculiar to different epochs were noticed and explained. It was considered that the importance of the subject rendered it deserving

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of continued attention, and it was therefore determined that it should be brought before the society monthly until further notice.—On Wednesday, June 11th, a paper will be read "On stained glass;" and at the meeting on the 25th, the consideration of "Geometrical figures" will be resumed, by discussing "The properties of the oval."

The Pencil of Nature. By H. Fox Talbot, F.R.S. No. III. Longmans.

This is a charming No., wonderfully fine in colour, and curious in the distribution of light and shadow. The Entrance-Gateway of Queen's College, Oxford, appears to us to be a perfect study for the architectural artist. Examined, as recommended by Mr. Talbot, with a magnifying glass, it is quite a photographic wonder and memorial of realities. The Ladder, with three human figures, displays a similar power over movable objects when they can be still for only two or three seconds. Well might the writer ask, "What would be the value to our English nobility of such a record of their ancestors who lived a century ago? On how small a portion of their family picture-galleries can they really rely with confidence!" Well, after this, the "tenth transmitters" may be better able to trace the original features of their progenitors, and see whether they have improved or declined in intellect or loveliness. Laycock Abbey (Mr. Talbot's seat in Wilts), and its shadow reflected in the waters of the Avon, is the third and last good specimen of the art-natural. Differing entirely from the other two, it completes as it were a trio-series of building, living subject, and landscape, each in its kind beautifully and faithfully illustrating the value of Mr. Talbot's most interesting process.

Picture Sale.—Above 150 pictures, the collection of Mr. Wright, author of the Life of Wilson the landscape-painter, come under the hammer of Messrs. Christie and Manson to-day, and there are, we should say, a majority well worth the attention of the amateur, and some of a very high order of merit. Among the latter it is delightful to us to acknowledge the claim of our native school, which thus placed side by side with the best masters of Italy and Holland, has nothing to fear from the comparison. There is a Claude glowing sweetly through its grey-tinted glow of atmosphere; but there are close to it and near the productions of Wilson, which shew how justly he was called "The English Claude!" There are the same mellow tone and the same natural air which tempers it from pure sunshine into chastened light: and there is one piece of a darker character, in which the cold blue of the sky and the sombre umbrage of the trees are not only opposed in the specimen itself with admirable effect, but the whole forms a striking contrast with the other landscapes of this charming painter. Then there are two portraits by Vanderhelst—truth itself; but there are several by Reynolds, and one in particular, Admiral Keppel, not inferior to his Lord Heathfield. It is indeed a wonderful work of portrait art, great in solidity and colour, and possessing all the best qualities of the artist. It might be hung by the side of Govertius. Of his other pictures there is the famous St. Cecilia, Mrs. Billington, a countenance of surpassing beauty; the surrounding choir of angels, we suspect, scarcely finished, but altogether a noble composition. His Laughing Girl is there too; and others of hardly less attractions. There is a small upright Ruysdael, a perfect gem; but opposite to it there is a Gainsborough of equal merit. There are classic Poussins, a so-called Titian landscape, and others, both in that line of art, and of nymphs bathing and poetical images realised on canvass; but there is also a Turner, before chrome and ultra-marine "possessed him wholly," and a charming example of his powers and harmony; and there are Ettys, one of nymphs and water, about the richest and most delicious group his fancy ever imagined, or his pencil ever portrayed. His other, Venus and Mars, is not so much to our liking; but we have said enough, and without straining a single point, to shew that even where the *chefs-d'œuvres* of such immortals as we have named are got together (and Raphaels, Correggios, &c., are mingled with them) the Worthies of England can stand the test, and assert as fair and full a right to everlasting fame. We do not pronounce an opinion upon the Raphael Holy Family, and still less upon *il Notte* of Correggio; yet there is a small Rubens, replete with his excellences, a cool refreshing Laucret, a curiously characteristic A. del Sarto, and a score or two of other celebrated hands, which ought not to be passed in silence by us, nor unseen by connoisseurs.

THE DRAMA.

The French Plays.—The tide of public favour has continued to run so strongly towards these highly patronised amusements, that we have deemed it unnecessary to intrude further observations upon our limited space, upon which latterly we have had such pressing demands. But we cannot forbear longer testifying our admiration of, and congratulating the lessee upon the success that has crowned, his unwearied exertions thus far in the season. Ravel's engagement was a blaze of triumph; whilst Regnier and Plessy have continued the flame which exhausted itself on the evening of Friday week. Plessy's benefit on Wednesday proved the high esteem her talents and amiable deportment have gained for her in this country; and she again flattered our national vanity by presenting to us, for the third time at her benefits, in the English language, her pleasing delineation of *Lady Elizabeth Truelove* in *A Day after the Wedding*, aided by Cooper and some other English actors. Since then Achard, who made so great an impression last season, has reappeared, and achieved fresh laurels.

Adelphi.—On Monday *Poor Jack*, which had been revived for the benefit of one of the most deserving of public favourites, Mrs. Yates, was brought forward as a stock piece, and again received with bursts of applause. O. Smith, the unrivalled stage tar, was never more effective; and his feelingly-expressed allusions to the late Mr. Yates caused a deep sensation in the whole audience, which was increased by the gentle presence and affecting demeanour of his widow.

Hanover-Square Rooms.—Two concerts were given here on Tuesday, the one in the morning by Leopold de Meyer, and that in the evening by Miss Dolby. In both the performances of the principals were the chief attractions, although the programmes were rich in talent and taste. Leopold de Meyer was listened to with excessive delight in his fantasia on "L'Elisir d'Amore," in the "Carnaval de Venise," and in the "Marche d'Isly." To enthusiastic encores he substituted for the former two, his capital "Air Russe," and the "Marche Marocaine." Miss Dolby, one of the most successful of our English singers, did not in the least spare her exertions: Italian, German, and ballad music this charming vocalist gave admirably, and was rewarded with general applause and several encores.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE LAW-CLERK'S DITTY.*

Write! write! write!
Here's materials, here's paper and pen,
Red ink and black, and parchment white:
Indite ye the *deeds* of men.
All *ready-writers* are here—
Two farthings a sheet for our pay;
While all our pains are our master's gains,
As we scribble both night and day.

Write! write! write!
Draw out the long *statement* and *case;*
From ill-scratched draft your task indite,
Be it 'settlement,' 'mortgage,' or 'lease.'
The apprentice's *pot-hooks* transcribe,
And pleader's 'hangers' cramp;
But no mistake or erasure make
As you *quill-drive* by midnight lamp.

Write! write! write!
As fast as your fingers can move:
The impatient *suitor* burns to fight,
The *bridegroom* burns with love;
The *creditor* longs for his prey,
The *debtor* to frustrate his toils;—
Each page enlarges the lawyer's charges—
Few and small are the poor clerk's spoils.

Write! write! write!
The "monster-indictment" engross,
To bring the conspirators' treason to light,
Concocted all "*under the rose.*"
Let the prisoners' briefs be despatched,
For the morrow their trials are fixed,
And the *lives* of men may depend on your *pen*—
Let *yours*, and not *theirs*, be risked.

Write! write! write!
For the lawyers are *sometimes* in haste,
And words can scarce catch our pens in flight
As they glide o'er the paper's waste.
The strained eyeballs and giddy brain
Unheeded, they dictate the pleas,
While a halfpenny per sheet is deemed payment meet
For our labours both night and day.

Write! write! write!
Though tired nature recoils from the task,
And hands grow stiff, and head is light,
Yet no respite from toil we ask;
For a sickly wife and starving babes
Are gasping for daily bread,
As with all our pains we have hardly the means
To find them in food and bed!

Write! write! write!
Amidst presses, and desks, and stools,
And alphabets ranged, and tin-boxes bright,
Red tape, Indian-rubber, and rules;
Musty writs and ejectment forms,
Dusty drafts of old bonds and indentures,
With cancelled wills, and bundles of quills,
And records of †*mis*adventures.

Write! write! write!
But the hand lets fall the pen!
The paper looks *red*, and the ink seems *white*,
As we gaze on the *deeds* of men!
Oh! the stoker complains of warm work,
The "labourer's lay" excites pity;
But these, and the wrong in the shirt-maker's song,
Are light when compared with our ditty.

Attorneys! lawyers! scribes!
Your coffers we help to fill
By fees so large, they look like *bribes*—
Oh, pity poor *knights of the quill!*
Remember we scriveners are men;
From our hardships avert not your face,
Or no work we need, and we ask no deed,
But that Heaven may *grant a release!*

Dublin. J. R.

VARIETIES.

Archæological Conversazione.—The first of a series of evening meetings of the members of the British Archæological Association took place at Mr. Pettigrew's (the treasurer) on Wednesday evening; and was numerously at-

* Of the numerous imitations to which Hood's celebrated Song of a Shirt has given rise, we consider the present to be one of the most successful, and the more deserving of attention, as it describes very faithfully and graphically the sufferings of a numerous class, almost equally to be pitied with the unfortunate needlewomen.—*Ed. L. G.*

† Crim.-con. actions.

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tended by gentlemen distinguished in literature and the fine arts. On the tables were many objects of antiquity and vertu; and the walls were hung with rubbings of remarkable brasses, executed in a striking manner, and minutely representing their most elaborate parts. There were also drawings, among which were sketches of British urns, and other remains, dug up a few days ago, in excavations in the celebrated Arbor Low, in the Peak of Derby, made by Mr. T. Batemen and other members of the association, who have signified their intention to lay the results before the meeting at Winchester in August.

Sir J. Rennie's second conversazione as President of the Civil Engineers was equally brilliant as the first, and crowded by persons of all ranks who make the best society of the metropolis. The mixture of high name and station with parties who have raised themselves to notice by the successful pursuit of arts, science, and literature, is always the most instructive and gratifying which this mighty city can afford.

The British and Foreign Institute held its second annual meeting on Saturday, and was very numerously attended by members, including many noblemen, members of parliament, and other distinguished individuals. The report of its progress during the past year shewed a surplus balance of income over the expenditure amounting to about 5*l.*; whilst the assets in property, valued at 5000*l.*, and 3600*l.* in government securities, were only burdened with a loan of 2000*l.** Congratulatory resolutions were passed; and in consequence of there being no fund out of which the valuable services of Mr. Buckingham could be requited, it was agreed upon to present that gentleman with a substantial testimonial from the general body of the institute.

Society of Arts.—On Monday Prince Albert again presided over the distribution of the annual prizes: the meeting was crowded, and the whole of the proceedings exceedingly interesting.

The Artists' Fund on Saturday was presided over by its warm friend Mr. B. B. Cabbell, in the absence of the Earl of Lincoln, prevented from attending by indisposition. About 90 sat down to dinner, and the pleasures and business of the anniversary were passed through in a spirited and gratifying manner; the subscription reached above 500*l.*, and it was stated that the Artists' Annuity Fund, of about 300 members (all artists of acknowledged merit), though liberally supported, had been induced to exceed their income by 200*l.*, in consequence of prevailing distress among widows and orphans. Let us hope that public feeling will soon more than replace it.

The Grand Choral Concert on Wednesday went off with *éclat*, and no wonder, when between two and three thousand throats were opened to carry it through.

Correggio's Frescos, Parma.—The copies of these far-famed frescoes, and others of Parmegiano, by the Chevalier Toschi, exhibited, within the last few days, at Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi's, are splendid performances, and afford a fine idea of both these great masters in the highest efforts of their genius. In the Correggios the divine expression of countenances, the disposition of human limbs in every posture, yet all of grace and beauty, the fertility of invention, the life-like softness of the flesh, and, in short, the exhibition of every power and loveliness of painting, are beyond the meaning of language to describe or measure.

Syria.—The latest accounts from Syria draw the most dreadful picture of the utter devastation of the mountain country of Syria, the consequence of an exterminating war which rages between the Maronites and Druses.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of Greece, by C. Thirlwall, D.D., Bishop of St. Davids, new edit. 8 vols. 8vo, Vol. I., 12*s.*—The Female Disciple of the First Three Centuries of the Christian Era: her Trials and her Mission, by Mrs. H. Smith, fcp. 8vo, 6*s.*—Some Observations on Organic Alterations of the Heart, by S. S. Alison, M.D., fcp., 2*s.* 6*d.*—Transactions of the Entomological Society of London, Vol. IV., Part 1, 8vo, 6*s.*—Three Lectures of National Education, by George Waddington, D.D., Dean of Durham, 2*s.* 6*d.*—The Disputed Inheritance, by Grace Webster, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Residence at the Court of London, by R. Rush, 2d series, 2 vols. 8vo, 24*s.*—The Times of Daniel, by George, Duke of Manchester, 8vo, 14*s.*—The Annals of the English Bible, by C. Anderson, 2 vols. 8vo, 28*s.*—Noble Deeds of Women, by Elizabeth Starling, 2d edit., 12mo, 5*s.*—The Geology of the Neighbourhood of Cheltenham, by R. I. Murchison, new edit., 8vo, 8*s.* 6*d.*—Ireland and her Agitators, by W. J. O'Neill Daont, post 8vo, 6*s.*—The Glory of the Redeemer, by O. Winslow, 2d edit. 8vo, 7*s.*—Rham's Dictionary of the Farm, 2d edit., with Supplement, 8vo, 9*s.* 6*d.*—Guide to Photography, by W. H. Thornthwaite, 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Practical Sermons by Dignitaries and other Clergymen of the Church of England, Vol. I., 8vo, 7*s.*—Spain, Tangier, &c., visited in 1840 and 1841, by X. Y. Z., post 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Journal of the Bishop of Montreal during a Visit to the North-West American Mission, fcp., 4*s.*—Practical Notes on Insanity, by J. B. Steward, M.D., post 8vo, 4*s.*—On Cataract, and its appropriate Treatment, by C. G. Guthrie, 8vo, 4*s.*—Lectures to the Working Classes, by W. J. Fox, Vol. I., 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—A Catechism of Things in Common Use, by E. E. Willement, square, 3*s.*—Elementary Grammar of the German Language, by H. Apel, Part I, 12mo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—System of English Grammar, by C. W. Connor, 12mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Fall of Napoleon; an Historical Memoir, by Lieut.-Col. Mitchell, 3 vols. post 8vo, 27*s.*—The Philosophical and Æsthetic Letters and Essays of Schiller, translated by J. Weiss, post 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Errata.—We have to apologise for the word *talented* having appeared in our last number, line 5 from the conclusion of review of *Round Towers*, without being marked as it always is when used by us, thus, "talented."—The notice of Mr. Hackel's *M. Mallet*, p. 348, was accidentally placed under the head of "*Adelphi*," instead of having "*Haymarket*" placed before it.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Last Appearance of the Danseuses Viennoises.—This Evening, June 7, will be performed (for the first time this season), Donizetti's Opera, entitled "Lucrezia Borgia." Lucrezia, Made. Grisi; and Orsini, Madlle. Brambilla; Alphonso, Sig. Lablache; Gubetta, Sig. Paltoni; and Gennaro, Sig. Moriani.

Between the Acts, the Danseuses Viennoises (under the direction of Made. Weiss) will appear, for the last time, in the Polka, the Pas Oriental, and the New Divertissement, entitled "Pot Pourri," comprising a resumé of the following of their admired Dances:—Hornpipe by Mdlles. Kock and Weber—Schwestern Tanz by Mdlles. Prauger and Henckel—Tarentelle by Mdlles. Rosarius and Speri—Tyroliertanz by Mdlles. Florianschutz (sisters)—Cracovienne by Mdlles. Mina and Werner—Mazur by sixteen—Lizertanz by Mdlles. Kock and Weber—Polonaise by Mdlles. Prauger and Henckel—Polka by four—Hongroise by Mdlles. Florianschutz (sisters)—Talro de Xerxes by Speri and Franz Weiss—Coda by all the Danseuses Viennoises.

To conclude with the three principal tableaux of the highly successful ballet, by M. Perrot, entitled "La Esmeralda." La Esmeralda, Mdlle. Carlotta Grisi; Phœbus de Chateaupers, M. St. Leon; Pierre Gringoire, M. Perrot.

Applications for boxes, pit-stalls, and tickets, to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.—Doors open at seven, and the performance will commence at half-past seven.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Nobility, Subscribers, and the Public, are respectfully informed that there will be an Extra Night (not included in the subscription) on THURSDAY next, June 12, when will be presented, for the last time this season), Mozart's chef-d'œuvre, "Don Giovanni." Donna Anna, Made. Grisi; Donna Elvira, Made. Rita Borio; and Zerlina, Made. Anaide Castellan; Don Giovanni, Signor Fornasari; Don Ottavio, Signor Mario; Il Commendatore, Signor Botelli; Masetto, Signor F. Lablache; and Leporello, Signor Lablache.

After which, by general desire, will be repeated once more, and for the last time, the divertissement of "Un Bal sous Louis XIV.; in which Mdlle. Lucile Grahn will appear as a cavalier of the court of Louis XIV., and will dance, with Mdlle. Cerito, in costume of the same court, the celebrated Minuet de la Cour and Gavotte.

In the course of the evening, Signor Moriani will appear in a selection from Mercadante's opera, "Elena di Feltre."

With various entertainments in the Ballet department, including a selection from the Ballet of "Eoline," and comprising the celebrated Dryade Scene. Eoline, Madlle. Lucile Grahn. Also a selection from the Ballet of "La Esmeralda." Esmeralda, Madlle. Carlotta Grisi. And a selection from the new Ballet, "Rosida;" ou, les Mines de Syracuse. Rosida, Madlle. Cerito.

Applications for boxes, pit-stalls, and tickets, to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.—Doors open at seven, and the Opera will commence at half-past seven o'clock.

PALLADIUM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,
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The TWENTIETH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Society was held on the 10th of April last, when a highly satisfactory REPORT was laid before the Proprietors and Policy holders, and unanimously adopted.

The Public will see the advantage of selecting, in so important a matter as Life Assurance, a well-established office, which, from its continued prosperity, and its large additions to policies, offers the greatest inducement to Assurers, combined with the undoubted security of a numerous and wealthy proprietary.

ADDITIONS TO POLICIES.

The following Table shows the additions made to Policies for £5000, which had been in force for Fourteen Years, to the 31st December 1838:—

Age at commencement.	Premiums paid in the Fourteen Years.	Additions made to the Sum Assured in the Fourteen Years.	Total Sums now payable in case of Death.
10	£1192 18 4	£586 6 7	£5586 6 7
15	1350 8 4	681 2 7	5681 2 7
20	1526 8 4	708 5 1	5708 5 1
25	1662 18 4	767 2 8	5767 2 8
30	1869 11 8	813 15 6	5813 15 6
35	2044 3 4	854 6 5	5854 6 5
40	2377 1 8	928 18 1	5928 18 1
45	2727 1 8	1011 2 8	6011 2 8
50	3173 8 8	1129 15 7	6129 15 7

A Bonus of Four-fifths, or Eighty per cent of the estimated Profits, is added to Policies entitled, every seventh year; or an equivalent reduction made in future Premiums.

The Third Septennial Division of Profits will be declared to the 31st December, 1845. Persons assuring previous to that date will have their proportion of profit appropriated.

Parties travelling in Europe by sea or land, in time of peace, are not charged any extra premium.

Applications for Agencies, in places where none are established, to be addressed to the Secretary.

NICHOLAS GRUT, Secretary and Actuary.

FENDERS, STOVES, and FIRE-IRONS.—The largest Assortment of STOVES and FENDERS, as well as GENERAL IRONMONGERY, in the World, is now on SALE at RIPPON and BURTON's extensive Warehouses, 39 Oxford Street, corner of Newman Street (just removed from Wells Street). Bright steel Fenders, to 4 feet, from 30s. each; ditto ditto, with ormolu ornaments, from 60s.; rich bronzed scroll ditto, with steel bar, 10s. 6d.; iron fenders, 3 feet, 4s. 6d.; 4 feet, 6s.; ditto bronzed, and fitted with standards, 3 feet, 9s.; 4 feet, 11s.; wrought iron Kitchen Fenders, 3 feet, 4s. 6d.; 4 feet, 6s.; bright Register-stoves, with bronzed ornaments and two sets of bars, from 5 guineas; ditto ditto, with ormolu ornaments, from 9l. 10s.; black dining-room Register-stoves, 2 feet, 20s.; 3 feet, 30s.; bed-room Register-stoves, 2 feet, 16s.; 3 feet, 24s. The new economical Thermo Stove, with fender and radiating hearthplate, from 8l. 5s.; Fire-irons for chambers, 1s. 6d. per set; handsome ditto, with cut heads, 5s. 6d.; newest pattern, with elegant bronzed heads, 11s. A variety of Fire-irons, with ormolu and richly cut heads, at proportionate prices. Any article in Furnishing Ironmongery 30 per cent under any other house, while the extent and variety of the Stock is without any equal. The money returned for every article not approved of.—Detailed Catalogues, with engravings, sent (per post) free. Established (in Wells Street) 1820.

GREAT RUSSIAN CHRONOMETRICAL EXPEDITION.—E. J. DENT, 82 Strand, and 33 Cockspur Street, has the high and distinguished honour of stating, that his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia has recently condescended to confer on him "the appointment and title of Chronometer-Maker to his Imperial Majesty," as a reward for the unequalled performance of his Chronometers during the Expedition of 1844. In 1843, his Imperial Majesty the Emperor was pleased to reward the performance of Dent's Chronometers with a Gold Medal of the highest Order of Merit.

Dent's Patent Watches, Chronometers, and Clocks.

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In the habit of dining and mingling with the principal persons of the day, Mr. Rush relates many of their sayings, of which the annexed are examples well deserving to be remembered.

At Mr. Inglis's (now Sir R. H. I.) he remarks:

"The evening was rich in topics, in which all took part as the wine went round, or rather as it seemed forgotten. Johnson's life and character were among them; and I might have been surprised to learn that Mr. Wilberforce knew nothing of Johnson personally, although they were contemporary, if I had not remarked since being in England, how separate as a class their public and parliamentary men, however literary, as well as private persons who are literary, are from the class of authors. The cause becomes obvious when you get a close view of the multiplied subdivisions of society in London. English statesmen and orators, and men of literary attainments in that large class where permanent fortunes are possessed, pursue literature as an accomplishment. To some of the former, it is the necessary auxiliary of public life; strength alone, in the vast competition of strong minds, not being sufficient without something to give it polish. To the mere men of fortune, literature becomes, very largely, the needful ornament of private life, so many persons having permanent wealth, that it disappears, as a title by itself, to distinction; whilst the professional author pursues literature as a profession. A more marked illustration of the separation of the two classes could not easily be selected perhaps, than that such a man as Mr. Wilberforce should never have met Dr. Johnson, both being social in their habits. Johnson, it is true, being in advanced life, (though he was still in full fame, writing his Lives of the Poets), and Wilberforce in early life; at which epoch to each it was that they were contemporary. Their political creed was also much the same. There is doubtless more of approximation now between these two classes in England than in Johnson's time, and prior to his time. Their still nearer approach might improve authors in their intercourse with the world, and strengthen literature and science in the circles of influence and power; each class lending aid to the other, as in all intercourse among the enlightened."

At a diplomatic dinner at Lord Castlereagh's,—of whom Mr. Rush speaks always in the most handsome manner, eulogising alike his courtesy, his straightforwardness, his liberality, and his love of peace,—we are told:

"Baron Just inquired of me for Mr. Adams, whom he had known well, and of whom he spoke highly. He said, that he knew the politics of all Europe. He described his letter to our minister at Madrid, on the cases of Arbuthnot and Ambrister, as one of great ability; and asked, whether, after that transaction, followed up by adding the Floridas to our dominion, I did not suppose England would be likely to aim at obtaining Cuba from Spain, if she had not already, of which there were strong rumours? This question was in a tone not to carry it beyond my ear. Mr. Onis sat on the left of Baron Just, and I said to the latter that I would be happy if he would make that inquiry of his neighbour, and favour me with the result! The baron did—carrying it off well. Mr. Onis said, just loud enough for me to hear, 'The American minister may feel easy: Spain has not ceded Cuba to England, and does not mean to;' an item of information which, however informally derived, it may be imagined the American minister imparted to his government in due time afterwards. And now I will allude to an incident which also couples itself with the 'American minister,' yet in a light so truly national, that he must not drop it from this day's memorandum. After the principal courses were over, and the single toast had been given by Lord Castlereagh, viz. 'His Royal Highness the Prince Regent,' without further word, the company all rising in due form as he gave it, conversation opened between his lordship and Baron Fagel on the state of tranquillity which now reigned in Europe. It was remarked by them, how happily it contrasted with the bloody wars which had so recently raged; and how interesting was the spectacle of beholding ambassadors and ministers from all Europe assembled in amity and peace at that table, instead of being engaged in the work of counteracting each other, as all had so lately been doing, in hostile camps and cabinets. Sitting next to Baron Fagel, the opportunity was afforded me of sharing a little in this conversation. At its point of chief interest, Lord Castlereagh, bending forward so as to give me his voice, said, 'Yes, and may the happy tranquillity we are speaking of, long continue! Europe requires repose; each state has had enough of war, and enough of glory, and ought to be content.' Here he paused an instant, but resuming, he proceeded, 'and you too, YOU of America, Mr. Rush, ought also to be satisfied; YOU left off very well, and ought to wish for nothing but a continuance of peace.' I felt this delicately conveyed compliment to my country. He knew that our war with Britain had terminated in victory on our side, by sea and land. I could not fail to perceive that the compliment passed in under-tones along the table, the side at least on which I was, though heard at first only by the few near Lord Castlereagh. Acceptable to me, it bespoke conscious patriotism in him. He felt that Britain's ample renown in arms could spare the compliment to the free and martial race she founded in America; therefore, with the manly grace belonging to him, he uttered it, the representatives of the crowned heads of Europe sitting by as his guests. It was high official courtesy, and I record it with as much pleasure as I experienced it."

Other statesmen are introduced in the following quotation:

"Conversed half an hour with Lord Liverpool and Lord Harrowby; with the latter on Gibbon's style, and with both about Bonaparte. Neither of them admired his character. They spoke as British statesmen who had been long opposed to him; nor did I think that they said too much of his inordinate ambition. Taking all his career into view, they agreed, that wanton cruelty could not be made out against him."

At the Duke of Wellington's, of whom there are a number of very characteristic traits, we find:

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"Amongst names brought up was that of the Archduke Charles of Austria. General Harper spoke favourably of him, though with guards to leave room for the duke's opinion. The duke took up the commendation of him decidedly. As regarded military science, he said that he probably had more than any general in Europe; there were reasons why he had not succeeded against Bonaparte as fully as he otherwise would have done; one perhaps was, from overrating him; but it was chiefly from being subject to fits, which were apt to come upon him after he had been fighting a few hours. His powers then failed him—great as they otherwise were. It was to this effect he spoke of him. Of the virtuous character and good intentions of the Emperor of Austria he spoke in the highest terms."

In a future page the same subject is again touched upon:

"The Archduke Charles of Austria being spoken of, the duke repeated in effect what I had heard him say to my distinguished countryman, General Harper, of Maryland, namely, that he probably had more military science than any of the generals of Europe contemporary with him. The conversation proceeding, the duke remarked, in this connexion, that a general might stand too much upon the rules of science while an engagement was going on; there could not be too much attention to them in all his arrangements beforehand, he said; but the battle once begun, 'the main thing to think of was hard fighting.'"

Farther we hear:

"I sat next to the Duke of Wellington, and had much conversation with him, the dinner lasting a good while, and being too large for general conversation. He spoke of parts of the war in the Peninsula, in ways greatly to interest me. He also adverted to the designs of France upon Buenos Ayres, as imputed, which he hoped might not be true; if true, they would shew an intrigue, he said, which England would not like, and not belonging to the age, which had 'excluded double-dealing from public affairs.' I give his emphatic words. The member of the Bourbon family whom it was said France desired to put on a throne at Buenos Ayres, the documents stated to be the Prince of Lucca, nephew to the King of Spain."

The following refer to the same extraordinary man:

"Until this occasion, I was under an impression that the Duke of Wellington never was wounded; but Sir George Walker said, that not long after the storming of Badajos, he was struck by a random musket-ball in the side, in an affair with the French on the borders of France. It was merely a slight wound, and dressed on the spot. The duke on receiving it exclaimed, 'Hit at last!' and seemed much pleased."

Of the same order of amusing gossip, we select a few other illustrations, and with them conclude what we have to do with Mr. Rush's first volume:

"It was mentioned, that two of the servants of the Persian ambassador having offended him lately in London, he applied to the British government for permission to cut off their heads. On learning that it could not be granted, he gravely remonstrated! In the sequel, he was ill able to comprehend how the laws of England could deny his request. Finding, however, that his hands were tied up, he told his servants, '*it was all one; they must consider their heads as being off, for off they would come when he got them back to Persia!*' * *

"It has been remarked quaintly, as illustrating the difficulty of framing penal statutes which could not be evaded in England, that the only statute out of which the subject could not creep, was the old one for burying in woollen. It is a hard task to execute laws where public opinion is against them."

Of Mr. Coke (Earl of Leicester), whose hospitalities he enjoyed at one of his famed sheep-shearings, he says:

"He is all cordiality and good spirits. His conversation is of England, English persons, and English things. He told anecdotes—some of the royal family. There was this of the late queen: that on the evening after the duel between the Duke of York and Duke of Richmond, then Colonel Lennox, the queen met the latter in one of the court circles, and was more than usually gracious, offering her hand as she first addressed him. He told some of the Prince Regent, who used to be his guest at Holkham, when Prince of Wales. Speaking of the nobility, he said, that of the eighteen dukes in the three kingdoms, nine were on the ministerial side, and nine in opposition; he enumerated the latter, most of whom were his friends; and added, that two of the royal dukes, the Duke of Kent and Duke of Sussex, usually voted also with the opposition. Speaking of the *taxes*, he said, that himself and others of his county, whom he named (opulent landholders), had resolved that they would pay no more; that is, if they were taxed higher in some things, they would retrench their consumption in others, so as to keep at the point where they stood. How Mr. Coke would have reconciled retrenchment anywhere, with all his munificent and long-indulged hospitalities, was not for me to inquire. The Duke of Medina Celi, in Spain, once finding his expenses too great, determined on retrenchment. Calling up his butler, chamberlain, equerry, and all others, he desired to know what could be dispensed with: and, upon receiving reports from all, it was ascertained that the only item which could possibly be struck from the annual expenses, consistently with the comforts and dignity of his household, was *one lamp* in the hall! Would the noble-hearted proprietor of Holkham, whom I am proud to have called my friend, have retrenched after that fashion?"

At Mr. West's funeral,* the Earl of Aberdeen, Sir W. Scott, and General Phipps, were in the same carriage with Mr. Rush:

"The slow pace of the procession (he says), until we arrived at the cathedral, was favourable to quiet conversation. The crowd along the Strand, and on passing Temple-Bar, was very great. The appearance of the streets served to call up historical recollections; as when Charles II. passed along the same streets, thronged with multitudes, at the restoration, and when the French king was led through them, as the captive of Edward III. Sir William Scott, who recalled these things, alluded also to the famous fracas which took place in this line of street a couple of centuries ago, between the retinue of the Spanish and French ambassadors, on a struggle for precedence, when the traces of the carriages of the latter were cut by the servants of the former—an incident familiar to diplomatic literature. On the late revolution in Spain favourable to the constitution of 1812 being spoken of, General Phipps remarked, that it had moved along with great tranquillity. Sir William Scott, pausing a moment, replied, '*As yet.*' The classical brevity of this great civilian is known. I found that both he and Lord Aberdeen had been reading Mr. Walsh's book. They said that it contained much information. Sir William asked what pursuit Mr. Walsh was engaged in. I said, 'None, that I know of; being, I believe, in easy circumstances.' As the cathedral came in full view, he remarked, that he understood that the edifices in England which made most impression upon Americans were the Gothic, as we had none in the United States—none, at least, that were ancient. I replied, that such was probably the case. He then remarked, that although we had no antiquities among us, we had a long race to run, which he hoped would prove fortunate. I said that we were proud of the stock we came from; on which Lord Aberdeen threw in the courteous quotation, *Matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior*. * *

"The authorship of Junius (at a dinner-party at Mr. Canning's) became a topic, the death of George III. having occasionally revived it. Most of the company held the belief, or inclined to it, that Sir Philip Francis was the man. I observed that Sir William Scott did not join in this opinion, but expressed no open dissent. It seemed with him, *Curia advisare vult*. He remarked, that it was no new thing in English literature for the author of a celebrated work to remain unknown; this was still the case with the book entitled 'The Whole Duty of Man,' written in the time of Charles I. Mr. Canning related an anecdote pertinent to the topic, derived from the present king when Prince of Wales. It was to the following effect:—the late king was in the habit of going to the theatre once a week at the time Junius's Letters were appearing, and had a page in his service of the name of Ramus. This page always brought the play-bill in to the king, at tea-time, on the evenings when he went. On the evening before Sir Philip Francis sailed for India, Ramus handed to the king, at the same time when delivering the play-bill, a note from Garrick to Ramus, in which the former stated that there would be no more letters from Junius. This was found to be the very night on which Junius addressed his laconic note to Garrick, threatening him with vengeance. Sir Philip did embark for India the next morning; and, in point of fact, the letters ceased to appear from that day. The anecdote added, that there lived with Sir Philip at the time, a relation of Ramus's, who sailed in the morning with him. The whole narrative excited much attention, and was new to most of the company. The first impression it made was, not only that it went far towards shewing, by proof almost direct, that Sir Philip Francis was the author, but that Garrick must have been in the secret."

Notwithstanding this, we fancy the claim of Francis has since gone down, and is now generally disallowed. Mr. Thomas Grenville, we presume, could solve the question, though he might not be able to name the unknown author of "The Whole Duty of Man."

The queen's trial occupies the later pages of this volume; and the following observations growing out of it are very characteristic of the lively ex-chancellor who made them:—

"Dined at Mr. Coutts Trotter's, at his villa, Barnsbury, three miles from town, where we had Lord Erskine, Sir Edmund Antrobus, Mr. Planta, Captain Lindsay, and the ladies of Mr. Trotter's family, my wife being also of the party. Lord Erskine did us the favour to take a seat in my carriage. On the way out he was full of sprightliness. Always straightforward and powerful at the bar and in parliament, this distinguished peer indulges in eccentricities in

* "George III. allowed Mr. West a thousand pounds sterling a year, and had paid him forty thousand pounds for the encouragement of the fine arts."

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conversation. 'England,' said he, 'is a blackguard country.' 'A great country,' I rejoined. 'Yes,' said he, 'a great blackguard country; a boxing, fighting country; and don't you call that blackguard?' I said that he jumped to his conclusions faster than I could follow. 'Ay,' said he, 'you are accredited to the king; but for all that, the king has been constantly fighting with Providence; Providence gave him high endowments, with a fine person, and had been trying to make him the head of a great and glorious people; but the king had been for ever battling it with him, and at the end of about the thirteenth round, with the advantage of good bottle-holders, he had now fairly beaten Providence off the ground.' Here he was alluding to the case of the queen, whose cause his lordship had defended stoutly. Continuing this lively strain, he said that he had received many letters from the king in the course of his life, and that nothing would now gratify him so much as an audience of half an hour with his majesty, provided he would suffer him to talk to him as he formerly did—as a friend; otherwise, he would make his bow after the first salutation; but he humbly thought he could render him so popular, that he might dismiss his royal stud of horses, and trust to his people in all parts of the kingdom to draw his carriages wherever he wanted to go. When we got to Mr. Trotter's, his lordship kept up his sprightly vein at table. He gave us an account of his country-seat at Hampstead, where Burke used to visit him. 'I believe,' said Mr. Trotter, 'the soil is not the best in that part of Hampstead where your seat is.' 'No, very bad,' he replied; 'for although my grandfather was buried there an earl near a hundred years ago, what has sprouted up from it since but a mere baron?' He alluded to his own title. He mentioned a fact, however, going to shew that, although the soil yielded no increase in titles of nobility, it did in other things; for in his description he referred to a chestnut-tree upon it, which, when he first went to live there, his gardener bought at a nursery garden for sixpence, and that it now yielded him thirty pounds a-year. Conversation like this, and more from him on other subjects, was intermingled with good contributions from the rest of the company. His lordship returned with us in our carriage with no diminution of his sprightliness."

The Sportsman in Canada. By Fred. Tolfrey, Author of "The Sportsman in France." 2 vols. Newby.

By far the largest proportion of these volumes is fitter for the punch-bowl colloquy than the press type. Fishing and shooting exploits, private theatricals, horse-races, military frolics, fun-poking, and jollifications thirty years ago, whether at home or in another country, furnish good subject and anecdote for social converse (if not too prosy nor too often told), but have hardly interest enough for publication. Nevertheless, as Mr. Tolfrey is a lively sketcher, some of his descriptions and incidents may find favour in the sight of brother-sportsmen by flood or field; and amuse the casual reader, who takes a chance glimpse at his lucubrations, which are to a certain degree recommended by his own earnestness, extending even to the most trivial circumstances.

From his account we learn that the fishing in Canada is better than the shooting; though in the way of snipes there is a superabundance of practice. The following notice in relation to the former pursuit may be quoted as peculiar to the locality, *i.e.* the rapids between the Jacques Cartier river and the St. Lawrence.

"Having done ample justice to some cold ribs of roasted beef and a pigeon-pie, washed down by some of Hodgson's pale ale and a glass of cold-without, we began to think of starting for the field of action, and I was busily engaged in filling my pockets with the requisite paraphernalia, when my attention was arrested by seeing the major employed in stirring up some hog's-lard and turpentine in a little pewter bowl. I found upon inquiry that this savoury mixture was being concocted for the purpose of anointing our faces and hands to ward off the attacks of musquitoes and a little bloodthirsty black fly, which assail with their infernal probosces the inexperienced Johnny Newcome, who, on his first excursion to the banks of a Canadian river, is sucked nearly dry by these merciless invaders on the comfort and repose of man. The major, ever alive to his own peaceful enjoyment and the happiness of his friends, had discovered the virtues of the nostrum he was preparing for us. It must be admitted that a thick layer of hog's-lard and turpentine is not the sweetest cosmetic to apply to the countenance. * * * The cosmetic having been skilfully prepared, our faces, necks, and hands, even above the wrists, were bountifully anointed; and over the head, ears, and throat, a handkerchief cunningly tied, to prevent the merciless attacks of our winged foes. This operation created no little fun and merriment; and I am certain four such Guys never sallied forth on a fishing-expedition."

In his vivacity the author is apt to appropriate from a preceding writer of some celebrity—a Mr. Miller; for, he says,—

"I remember a fair damsel, a daughter of one of the principal merchants, asking me at a farewell ball given prior to the departure of the fleet, 'Whether London was not very dull when the China ships sailed?' Thus it is in all colonies: matters of but little moment to us, 'gentlemen of England who live at home at ease' interest those of our countrymen as well as the natives whose sphere of action is confined to local incidents."

A just reflection, which escaped the original; but we leave the moral science for natural history. An English bull-dog, of the feminine gender, was matched against a huge travelling Yankee bear, and completely discomfited in the encounter, being so "severely handled and cruelly punished by Bruin, that she came off with a broken leg and two fractured ribs. She was instantly removed from the scene of action and consigned to the hands of the doctor, who was no less a personage than an assistant-surgeon of the Royal Artillery, rejoicing in the name of Quigley, and with whom the old bitch was a great favourite: the wounded animal's leg and ribs were instantly set; the former swaddled in splints with Christian-like care; Madame Nettle was supplied with a comfortable bed at the doctor's quarters, and left to lap her sick broth, while we returned to the barracks to regale ourselves with more solid fare at the hospitable mess-table of the 19th Light Dragoons. But mark the sequel, and the almost incredible game of the crippled animal. We were sipping our claret about the tenth hour when we were called from the mess-room by an artilleryman, who had run from the fort to the cavalry barracks to inform us that old Nettle had escaped unperceived from the doctor's quarters, and had been chased by the 'bear-leader,' bludgeon in hand, vowing vengeance against the 'tarnation bowdacious hanimal.' Upon seeking the Yankee, we found that the bitch, to avenge her wrongs, and the unfair attack she had been subjected to in the morning, had leaped from Dr. Quigley's window, some feet from the ground, and, notwithstanding her broken leg and ribs, had hobbled on her three remaining serviceable pins to the bear's cage or den outside the fort, and had attacked him by herself and choked him—for the bear was found dead by its discomfited and enraged owner, who would most decidedly have destroyed her had not her master's 'bât-man,' and one or two of the gunners and drivers, rescued her from the Yankee's fury. This is one of the most remarkable instances of indomitable courage in a bull-dog I ever met, and occurred exactly as I have related the circumstances. Before her owner left Canada, he gave Nell to Captain Jebb, of the Engineers, and I believe Nettle, or Rose, as she was afterwards called, breathed her last at the seat of his forefathers in Derbyshire. I was fortunate enough to have a hitch pup from this courageous animal, got by a dog of Col. Cockburn's, our deputy quarter-master general. The young-un was the handsomest and best I ever saw; and as a proof that the breed was not deteriorated by the cross, she ate her own ears on being cropped! The father of this pup had been given to Col. Cockburn by 'ould Tom Crib,' and was of course 'nothing but a good-un.'"

As this is the most extraordinary piece of intelligence in the book, we shall not impair its force by further quotation. There is a painfully interesting account of the death of the Duke of Richmond, from hydrophobia; but as for the rest, we agree with Mr. Tolfrey, that "a detailed account of the running would not interest my readers, seeing that a quarter of a century or more has passed away since our 'terrible high-bred cattle' distinguished themselves on the celebrated plain where the immortal Wolfe fell in the hour of victory;" and the observation applies with equal truth to at least four-fifths of the contents of the publication.

The Fall of Napoleon; an Historical Memoir. By Lieut.-Col. J. Mitchell, H.-P., author of the "Life of Wallenstein," &c. 3 vols. London, G. W. Nickisson.

History of the War in 1815. By Captain W. Siborne. T. and W. Boone.

After our review of Captain Siborne's publication a few weeks since (see *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1474), we paused upon the second volume in order that we might notice it at a nearer date of the anniversary of that glorious day, the 18th of June, to which its demonstrations are prominently devoted. It is now within four days of its 30th recurrence; when the illustrious chief will once more re-assemble those whom God has spared of his gallant companions around him at Apsley House; and we feel in writing even these few unimportant lines coincidently with such an occasion.

But, since the period of our first notice, the work at the head of this paper has also appeared, and thrown further light upon many of the actions of the great Napoleon. The ability of Lieut.-Col. Mitchell is well-known through his works already before the public; and his skilful discussion of warlike operations and military tactics have especially attracted much attention among the most competent judges. When we say, then, that he severely criticises some of the most famous battles of Bonaparte, and denies to him the possession of that perfect genius which has been almost by common consent, from concurrent causes, assigned to him, we are indicating the nature of a book which,

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whether assented to or controverted, must merit a very large share of public consideration. The author often questions the wisdom of the emperor's grand manœuvres; alleges errors of conduct of most injurious tendency, and sometimes imputes inactivity, supineness, and consequent loss of time and opportunity, never to be recalled,—which, in one of the instances, is strikingly corroborated by Captain Siborne's account of Napoleon's tardy proceedings after the battle of Quatre Bras.

But the Russian campaign, the lull of fatal security at Moscow, and the retreat of unexampled disaster and ruin, are brought still more distinctly forward in support of the opinions held by the writer in disparagement of the matchless and heroic character in which the extraordinary ruler of France has been so tenaciously and loudly represented. But the colonel goes yet farther, and develops a number of the scenic effects which were resorted to in aid of the mighty Bonaparte's play; and these he paints as pieces of charlatanry quite unworthy of a truly great man. As we cannot be expected to enter into these discussions, we must leave the gallant Sabertash of the magazines to be consulted in these highly Conservative volumes, and with a single extract endeavour to confirm the sketch we have given of the nature of his work.

"That manners and public morality improved under the imperial *régime*, and were far superior under Napoleon to what they were under the Convention and Directory, is very certain; and full credit may be given him for the change, though arising probably from the general good feeling of the people, anxious to escape from the profligacy which had distinguished the republican governments. But those who extol the elegant manners displayed, and strict propriety of conduct observed, at the imperial court, forget how much their statements are at variance with the pernicious example shewn by the highest persons in the empire: for few will believe in this virtue and elegance who recollect that the sovereign was coarse and rude in the extreme, and that his gallantries were as open and avowed as those of the ladies of his family. It is true that Napoleon, though he frequently indulged in unworthy amours, never allowed a female to exercise the least influence over him; but this seems to have been the result of temperament more than of character: incapable of attachment, he could not be swayed by love; and, too selfish for friendship, he had courtiers and flatterers, bold and determined followers, though not a single friend. Were we to take Capefigue's statement, that 'an agreeable speech never passed Napoleon's lips,' as fully established, it would be needless to inquire farther into the merits of his conversational powers; but others have borne different testimony, and it behoves us, therefore, to give at least an opinion on the result of the conflicting evidence. This will not be favourable to the imperial claims; for the strongest evidence seems to shew that his discourse was in general declamatory, vituperative, and dictatorial; but that his powers of conversation, properly so called, were of a feeble and inferior order. Count Schlitz, who accompanied the hereditary Prince of Mecklenburg to Paris, and was a guest at the palace of Fontainbleau during the autumn of 1807, goes still farther, and tells us, on the authority of the prince and of the arch-chancellor Dalberg, that the emperor's conversation was at times totally unintelligible and devoid of meaning,—a circumstance the German writer finds it difficult to explain, though the cause seems to be as near the surface as possible; for we constantly meet in society men of moderate capacity, who, when wishing to shine, lose themselves in phrases and talk, if we may so express it, beyond the sphere of their intellect. Varnhagen von Ense, by far the ablest of all the writers who have described Napoleon from actual observation, gives us the following account of his appearance, manner, and conversation:—'The long-expected imperial levee was at last announced for the 22d July; and as it was the first after the fire, would, we were told, prove very splendid and magnificent. I had often seen Napoleon at Berlin, and again at Vienna, but always at too great a distance to admit of his appearance making a very distinct impression on my mind. I had also seen him at Prince Schwarzenberg's ball; but associated with the dreadful calamity of that night, the image of the man was to some extent obscured in my recollection. I shall suppose, therefore, that I first beheld him at this levee, where I had a full and fair view of him, with sufficient time for ample observation. The frequent opportunities afterwards afforded me of seeing him at the Tuileries and St. Cloud, tended only to fortify and perfect the impression then made. We drove to the Tuileries; and after pressing through a crowd of spectators, guards, and attendants, reached the 'Salle des Ambassadeurs.' The ludicrous and insulting manner in which so many persons of high rank and station were crowded together in this narrow and ill-decorated den, afforded a frequent subject of jests to the Parisians. Rich uniforms and court-dresses squeezed through the throng, which was augmented by servants in the imperial livery calling out refreshments, and endangering the nearest bystanders. In all directions the conversation was loud and noisy; parties sought out acquaintances, and strove to get room and more light. Every thing like calm, dignified, and elegant demeanour was totally wanting; the appearance of the scene was altogether unpleasing; you found yourself ill at ease, and waited in a corresponding humour. At last came the time for our being admitted to the audience, and on the first announcement, all rushed in confusion towards the door: there was a pushing and pressing of neighbours without the least care or attention. Guards, pages, chamberlains, filled the avenues and antechambers; there was everywhere bustling restlessness; the soldiers only acted their part with the quiet calmness that indicated a confidence of knowing what they were about: and this they had learned on the drill-ground, and not at court. After the party had formed a half-circle in the hall of audience, and crowded into several successive lines, the call of '*l'Empereur!*' announced the sovereign, and Napoleon entered the apartment. Dressed in a plain blue uniform, and with his small hat under his arm, he advanced heavily towards us. His bearing expressed an inward contest between the wish to attain an object, and a contempt for those from whom it was to be attained. He evidently wished to make a favourable impression, yet seemed hardly to think the necessary effort worth the exertion (for it must have cost exertion), as he verily had not the gift from nature. Attention and inattention were therefore mixed up in his manner, and produced an awkward, restless, and undignified bearing. He first addressed himself to the Austrian embassy, which stood at one extremity of the half-circle; and the unfortunate calamity of the ball gave occasion for some questions and remarks. The emperor wished to appear as if moved by the misfortune, and made use of some words of sympathy; but this tone did not succeed, and he soon dropt it. Towards the Russian ambassador, Prince Kurakin, he was already less friendly; and in his farther progress, some thought or appearance must have displeased him, for he burst into a violent passion, and attacked a gentleman present in the most unbecoming manner. The person thus fiercely assailed, and who was so humble in station that I cannot even recollect his name, could give no answer capable of appeasing the irritated sovereign. Every reply seemed to augment the imperial displeasure; the emperor constantly demanded new ones, scolded, threatened, and for a long time held the poor man in the most painful situation. The nearest witnesses of this scene declared afterwards, that there was not the slightest cause for this mighty rage, and that his majesty had only sought an opportunity to vent his ill-humour. It was said, indeed, that he often did so on purpose, and assailed some poor wight merely to keep others in awe and secure submission. As he proceeded in his round, he endeavoured to regain his calmness; but his angry mood was still perceptible. He spoke in short, abrupt, and broken sentences; uttered the most indifferent things in a quick tone of passion, and seemed angry even when he wished to please. I have rarely, if ever, heard so rude, harsh, and unpolished a voice as Napoleon's. His eyes were dark, gloomy, and bent downwards, and cast only by occasional side-glances on the persons present. His smile extended no farther than the lips, and left brow and eyes gloomy and unmoved. If he attempted to force them into play, as I have sometimes seen him do, it gave his face a still more distorted appearance. His constrained union of smiles and earnestness had in it something extremely repulsive; and I hardly know what to think of those who could find any thing engaging, friendly, or pleasing, in his countenance. His features, though certainly handsome, had only the hard and rigid beauty of marble, and seemed incapable of expressing the finer feelings of friendliness and sensibility. What he said was always, often as I heard him speak, feeble and insignificant as well in import as in language: without wit, spirit, or force; not unfrequently, indeed, low and ludicrous. In the 'Notices sur l'Intérieure de la France,' Faber has given some account of the questions asked by the emperor on public occasions, and which have so often been unjustly praised for knowledge and sagacity. I had not then read the book, but found afterwards that it fully confirmed my own observations. His questions frequently resembled the lessons a school-boy has learned by heart, and repeats over and over again for fear of forgetting them at the proper time and place. This is true to the very letter; and I could mention several instances of it that occasioned a good deal of merriment at the period. The puerile efforts Napoleon made to shine in conversation and in the friendly intercourse of society, were at times absolutely ridiculous: in these attempts he was as unsuccessful as, for our misfortune, he was successful in his political undertakings. In fact, he only loved to say unpleasant and offensive things; and even when he wished to act differently, he never rose above absolute insignificance. And I recollect, that at a party at St. Cloud, he could say nothing better, in speaking to a whole line of ladies, than repeat, for about twenty times, the words, '*Il fait bien chaud,*'—'It is very warm.' If he spoke at any length, as indeed he loved to do, he soon lost himself in phrases; crowded facts and arguments fluently

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but so confusedly together, that all appearance of clearness and distinctness of ideas soon vanished. True it is, that he never lost sight of his object; but that he attained by his vast power and military talents, and not by his eloquence. The gifts of conversation, oratory, and of a pleasing style and manner in discourse—gifts of which Alexander, Cæsar, and Frederick II. could boast—were foreign to Napoleon, and completely at variance with the nature of his mind, temper, and disposition. Wielding no arms of this description, unable to reply or retort, he was extremely sensitive regarding the speeches of others; and a single jest, song, or witticism, directed against himself, drove him to absolute fury. After the emperor had withdrawn from the levee, all seemed to breathe more freely, as if relieved from some heavy weight. The voices gradually became loud again, the noisy confusion which had preceded the audience soon returned, and on the very stairs we were descending, bursts of laughter were already heard, raised at the expense of the scene we had just witnessed: its dread and dignity had already vanished. Napoleon was powerful at the head of armies, in his military arrangements, and when issuing decrees decisive of the fate of nations. But when he attempted to act in a character that did not, properly speaking, belong to him,—when he attempted to make impressions by his manner and appearance,—to shine in fields that were not his own, he generally placed himself in a very unfavourable light, and rarely imposed on any but the feeble and inexperienced. The recollection entertained of him, and the recreated image drawn of him by his survivors, have awakened far more enthusiasm in his favour than his presence ever could have done.' Nothing can better illustrate this statement than Napoleon's treatment of Madame de Chevreuse. This lady, one of the ladies of the palace—*Dame du Palais*—was young, lively, and handsome; and, as pretty women occasionally presume on such advantages, a little addicted to raillery. She had, however, very red hair; and the emperor, wishing to punish her for some witty remark, and thinking that the obnoxious colour of her ringlets might be a sore point, called attention to it at a party, saying, 'What shocking red hair you have, Madame de Chevreuse.' The lady courtesied deeply, and answered with great quickness,—'I may very possibly have red hair, but your Majesty is the first gentleman who ever told me so.' The speech was too good to escape attention, and Madame de Chevreuse was banished to the distance of forty leagues from Paris! Madame de Staël fared even worse: she had already been exiled under the consulate, and lived in retirement near Lausanne; but was now obliged to quit her tranquil home and seek shelter in England. The beautiful Madame de Racamier was also banished, merely because she was the friend of the witty exile. Thus did the man who could bring myriads of gallant soldiers to the fields, wage an inglorious war against ladies who had only a few clever sayings at command. As we are here speaking of Napoleon's conduct towards ladies, we cannot do better, perhaps, than conclude this chapter by an account of his interview with the Princess Hatzfeld at Berlin,—a trivial incident not in itself worth recording, had it not been celebrated in painting and poetry, and made the foundation of so many ludicrous romances. The advanced guard of the French army had entered Berlin *at twelve o'clock on the 24th* of October; and on the 27th, Napoleon held his triumphant entry into the city. A deputation of the municipality, headed by Prince Hatzfeld, the chief commissioner of the province, awaited the conqueror at the Brandenburg gate, for the purpose of presenting him with the keys of the capital. They were not honoured by a look or word; and when they followed to the palace were coldly received, the emperor telling the prince that he had no occasion for his services. On the following morning, Hatzfeld was arrested and conveyed to the main guard; and the princess, informed by a note of what had happened, hastened to the palace to solicit her husband's release. Through the intercession of Duroc she obtained an audience of the emperor, and the following is her account of the interview:—'The moment the door opened, Napoleon came forward to meet her; saying, 'You tremble, Madam; come in, I am not so terrible.' He then inquired concerning her family, and spoke for more than half an hour on totally indifferent subjects. At last she took an opportunity to mention the object of her visit, when he asked whether she knew the cause of her husband's arrest. On her replying in the negative, he rang the bell, desired Berthier to be called, and demanded the prince's letter. The marshal had no sooner left the apartment than Napoleon taking the letter, presented it to her, saying, 'You shall now judge for yourself, madam. If this letter is from your husband, then he is guilty; if it is not from him, he shall receive every satisfaction.' On looking at the letter, the princess instantly recognised her husband's writing. 'I confess,' she said, 'that it is my husband's writing; but he is known to be a man of honour, and can have written nothing at variance with that character; and if your majesty will send for him, I am certain that he will be able to justify himself.' Napoleon then folding the letter which the princess had returned to him, gave it back to her, saying, 'There, take the letter; and I have no proof against your husband: he may go home with you; he is free.' And thus ended a farce which, to secure effect, had commenced with all the threatening symptoms of deep tragedy. On the 30th of October the following article appeared in the Berlin papers, both in French and German: the intention being, no doubt, to impress all classes of readers with a high opinion of the victor's clemency:—'On the 28th instant, Prince Hatzfeld was arrested because he had sent written information to Prince Hohenloe respecting the movements and position of the French army. The letter containing the information was in the prince's own hand, and having been intercepted, was laid before the emperor and king. The Princess of Hatzfeld hurried immediately to the palace to solicit, on her knees, the pardon of her husband. The emperor was so good as to shew her the prince's letter, nor could she deny the writing. 'Then judge for yourself, madam,' said he, 'whether your husband is guilty.' Tears were her only answer; but as his majesty is generous even towards his enemies, he gave the princess the letter and pardoned the offender.' Unfortunately for this statement, the letter, which we give at length, is not only perfectly harmless in itself; but was actually written *seven hours* before the French entered Berlin, and while Prussian officers were in the town executing the orders of which it treats, and when the prince was still in the full possession of his Prussian authority, and perfectly entitled, by all the laws ever acknowledged between civilised nations, to correspond with and send the best information in his power to his sovereign, and his sovereign's officers:—

'*To Major Von Knesebeck.*

'Berlin, 24th October 1806, 5 o'clock, A.M.

'SIR,—Lieutenant Braun of the artillery attached to the staff has just come in, and tells me that he has directions from you to destroy all the bridges over the Havel. One half of his commission has been executed, the other half Lieutenant Braun thinks impracticable after the information he has received here. I observed to him, that a strong cavalry-patrol had already appeared in Potsdam yesterday, that the Havel bridge there was in possession of the enemy, and that I thought he could fall back, as the other Havel bridges would be of use to us in provisioning Berlin. Lieutenant Braun requested me to inform you of this, and I do so accordingly. Officially I know nothing of the French army, except from a requisition signed d'Aultane, addressed to the magistrates of Potsdam, and which I saw yesterday. The French say their corps is 80,000 strong, others say that it does not amount to 50,000; the horses of the cavalry are also described as being in a very exhausted state.

(Signed) HATZFELD.

'P.S.—I beg you will send no answer to this letter.'

"Of the generosity displayed in forgiving a public functionary for having honestly performed a public duty, it is needless to speak; but the countless efforts made to disfigure this trivial incident, and make it the foundation on which to raise the fame of Napoleon's magnanimity, are deserving of attention; for they shew the unscrupulous conduct of his adherents, always as ready to devise absolute fiction in favour of their idol, as to libel the guiltless in support of the same cause."

This long extract has, we feel, cut us off from Siborne's field of Waterloo. We can only repeat that it is a masterly statement, and, like his admirable models, brings that terrible event plainly and completely within the view of reader as of spectator.

De Foix; or, Sketches of the Manners and Customs of the Fourteenth Century. An Historical Romance. By Mrs. Bray. London, Longman and Co.

THIS is the second volume of the series of the new and illustrated edition of Mrs. Bray's works of fiction, now in the course of monthly publication; but as we observed largely on its predecessor, and have frequently had occasion to express our approbation of that class of poetic and fictitious composition which adorns the truth of history without violating its spirit; which, in a well-constructed narrative, conveys curious and interesting facts, a just picture of human passions and feelings, and a knowledge of ancient times and manners through a medium the most attractive,—we shall not repeat our general opinion, nor enter again into particulars. Of this class of historic fiction is Mrs. Bray's *De Foix*. In the whole range of antique lore, she could not have selected a more admirable character for the purposes of romance than Gaston Phœbus, Count de Foix. Nothing can be more accurate and spirited than her sketches of the manners, customs, and domestic habits of the age to which the work relates: which evince a knowledge of the subject that would call forth the applause of the most fastidious antiquary; but which, useful as it renders the narrative in point of solid information, is only a minor merit in *De Foix*. In character, scene, and incident, it is one of Mrs. Bray's most powerful works. We more particularly allude to the banquet-scene, where

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of a startled conscience produce so instantaneous an effect on De Foix, at the moment he is surrounded by his courtly guests, in all the pomp of high place and gratified ambition. The whole of this is very fine; so likewise is the vigil of arms, and the interview between Eustace and the monk at the tomb of De Bearn. The magnificent scene in the Pyrenees, where Agos achieves so gallant an exploit, at the pass of La Garde, which leads to the castle of the free bands (whose captain, Basil le Mengeant, for force of painting, reminds one of Salvator Rosa himself), is also very striking. And the meeting of De Foix and his old and faithful follower, Sir Espaign du Lyon, where the latter endeavours to draw from his friend and master a knowledge of the cause of that distress which weighs on his mind, with a view to serve him from motives of sympathy and affection, is beautifully drawn. And, last of all, where Jane of Boulogne is wrought upon by De Foix to take the oath which her whole soul abhors, from a sense of compassion and duty, we may truly say, we know of nothing more impressive in the range of poetic fiction. Yet much as we admire these and other chapters, we could not give a single extract from any one of them on any consideration; as to do so would inevitably break in upon the story, reveal its mystery, and injure the interest of its development.

Military History of the Irish Nation; comprising a Memoir of the Irish Brigade in the service of France, &c. By the late Matthew O'Conor, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. 8vo, pp. 421. Dublin, Hodges and Smith.

THERE is something melancholy in the appearance of such a work from the tomb; for it is redolent of all the warmth and patriotism of the Irish character, and seems most unnaturally to issue from the cold and insensible mansion of Death. Its author, however, is in his grave, and can no more be gratified or elated by the applause which may be excited by his truly national monument to the misfortunes and the gallantry of his fellow-countrymen.

Stung, as it would appear, by the smart saying of Voltaire, on the apparent contrast which he ascribed to the Irish, namely, that they always shewed themselves the bravest soldiers in France and Spain, but always behaved shamefully at home, Mr. O'Conor flew to the rescue of their name and honour, and traced their exploits in war from the time of Elizabeth to the treaty of Utrecht. How bravely they have fought both at home and abroad is fully exemplified in these interesting records; and perhaps it will be concluded from them, that if the difference pointed at by Voltaire actually existed, it did not result from the nature of the men, but from the circumstances in which they were placed—at home, their struggles being predatory, and mostly ill-directed against regular forces; but abroad, they being themselves well-disciplined and regular forces, led by skilful and experienced commanders.

This will account for the whole imputation; and we need go no farther to prove that there are not a braver people on the face of the earth than the sons of the Emerald Isle. We consequently agree with our text, that "had the lively M. Voltaire condescended to read the annals of an obscure people, shut out by distance and insularity from European history, he probably would not have indulged in this disparaging contrast: for he would have found Irish valour the same at Clontarf, at the Blackwater, and at Aughrim, as at Luzara, Cassano, [illegible] the same at [illegible] and Limerick, as at Guillestre, Embrun, and Cremona."

The accounts of the Irish Brigade are official and ample, and corroborate the views of that gallant expatriated band which have been taken by Major Beamish, Mr. Lover, and other preceding authors. In his earlier statements we also cordially agree, when he generally observes:—

"Prior to the sixteenth century, the wars of the Irish were either petty intestine feuds, not worthy of historical notice, or uncombined efforts in resistance to Norse and Anglo-Norman invasion: yet even in these the impartial mind will find subjects of no humiliating comparison with the military recollections of other neighbouring countries. That the Irish, from the ninth to the eleventh century, were unable to free themselves from Danish and Saxon aggression, was a misfortune equally shared by Britain and France, in both of which countries those piratical powers won territory to a large extent, and permanently established themselves and their institutions; but neither France nor Britain has the glory of having expelled their invaders, after two centuries of oppression, in a great pitched battle, as the Irish, led by their national monarch, Brian of the Tributes, did at Clontarf. In the military annals of these ages, therefore, if the balance of valour were to be struck among the three nations we have named, it would incline, not to M. Voltaire's countrymen, who submitted to the yoke of Rollo; nor to the countrymen of those writers who have so often from England taunted us with his petulant observation; but it would be awarded to us, who, from that very home in which they suppose us incapable of valour, set to both this example of successful warfare which neither of them was able to imitate. Again, our subjugation by the Anglo-Norman adherents of Dermod Mac Murrogh, imperfect as it was, was not, in any sense of the word, a greater conquest than the English themselves had recently endured at the hands of the invading Duke of Normandy; nor will the character of our Roderick in any wise suffer in the comparison with that of their Harold. Roderick erected towns, built bridges, constructed highways, founded religious houses, and endowed professorships in learning. With causes of dissension and defeat palpable in the circumstances of the times in which he lived, it is harsh to charge such a man with individual want of conduct, because, at the head of only a section of his nation, opposed or deserted by those who ought to have been his natural friends and allies, he failed in resisting an invasion invited by an entire province, and prosecuted by the united valour and policy of England and Rome; yielding to the same force, in an aggravated degree, that had overturned the dynasty of Alfred in the person of Harold, though the latter monarch fought at the head of an united people, and free from that greatest embarrassment that can befal a king contending for the liberties of his country, the treachery of his ecclesiastics. The Irish, therefore, do not shrink from a fair comparison with other nations, since grown to be great military powers, in the wars of those ages."

A stirring history of the famous rebellion of the O'Neal, Hugh Earl of Tyrone, comes close on this introduction; and we are subsequently trained through the Spanish campaigns from 1585 to 1609—from 1656 to 1660—and from 1701 to 1738; and the French campaigns from 1652 to 1654—from 1673 to 1689—and from 1690 (first formation of the Brigade, and its services with King James in Ireland) to the end of the period embraced in this history. To these military details of battles lost and won, in all which the valour of the Irish was conspicuous, and most conspicuous, unhappily for both countries, where they were found arrayed on the side of the enemies of England, we shall only refer our readers, and conclude with the summing up of our author:—

"In the great war of the Austrian succession, the deeds and fame of the Irish troops rose higher than ever. The profound and daring Saxe was at the head of Louis's main army, and often, when defeat seemed inevitable, the shout of the Irish brigade daunted his enemy, and their charge bore back and shattered the exulting columns of the allies. The plain of Raucoux, the rampart of Lafalt, but, beyond all, the slopes of Fontenoy,[1] proclaim, to all time, that a better friend, or a more dangerous foe, never swept a battle-field, than the disciplined Irishman. Into the details of these 'glorious days'[2] we cannot now enter, but they sustained the character which, against the malice of Voltaire, and the ignorance of some nearer home, I have shewn to be the due of the Irish soldiery; they look worthily beside the memories of Blackwater, Banburb, Limerick, Ramillies, and Almanza, and they justify the motto on the parting flag presented to the Irish Brigade by the Bourbons,

'1692-1792.
Semper et ubique fideles.'

We might lengthen greatly the catalogue of the military services of the Irish. We have been silent on their early career against the British races, who 'groaned' to the consul Ætius. Scattered through the English chronicles we find sad proof that the Irish served the aggressions of the Edwards on Wales and Scotland, that their blood rained on the red and white roses, and that under the flag of the Tudor kings they distinguished themselves in France.[3] At the close of Hugh O'Neill's war, Spain received her first recruits from Ireland, and ever after sought them eagerly.[4] During the wars of the Commonwealth, the Irish served the Stuarts in England and Scotland, as well as Ireland. A division of Strafford's Irish army garrisoned Carlisle, and so efficient were the Irish, that the republicans proclaimed that Irish soldiers taken in England, or at sea, should have no quarter.[5] The strength of Montrose's army, in 1644-6, consisted of 1500 Antrim Irish, in three regiments, under Alister Mac Domhnall (the Colkitto of Milton), and their steady fire (for they were veterans) won

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[1] 11th May, 1745.

[2] The following letter from Lord Clare, who commanded the brigade at Fontenoy, suggested the phrase, and will, probably, be welcome to the reader.

"Paris, October, 1746.

"Dear M'Donough,—I congratulate you on your marriage, but trust it will not induce you to retire from the Irish Brigade. I hope you do not forget the memorable day they had at Fontenoy, and the other glorious days in which they had a share. Your promotion goes on, and all are wishing for your return. With your assistance and O'Brien's, the ranks are near filled up. I hope to see you soon. How does my old friend and relative, Captain Dermot O'Brien get on? Is he in good health, and permitted to live and pray in peace? Yours, "CLARE.
"To Monsieur A. M'Donough, Co. Clare, Ireland."

Clare, it may be added, was a great recruiting county for the brigade. On its stern coast the French used to land smuggled claret, brandy, &c. and take away wool, and, what was more precious, "Wild Geese," for such was the name usually given to the recruits for "The bold Brigade."

[3] Leland's Ireland. Lynch's Feudal Baronies.

[4] Strafford's Letters, vol. i. pp. 395, 440, 466, 471, and vol. ii. p. 243, &c.

[5] See an instance of the enforcement of this annexed to the account of the battle of Benburb, in "Thorpe's Pamphlets," in the Dublin Society Library.

his chief battles.[6] We have passingly mentioned the Irish in the imperial service. In it they served with honour, and some of them attained its highest ranks. Marshal Browne, the conqueror of Frederick, and Marshal Lacy, the organiser of the Russian army, were Irishmen.[7] The Pennsylvanian line, Washington's surest troops during the war of American independence, were five-sixths Irish; and in a native of Donegal[8] the young republic found her second general. Nor need England complain of the services of Ireland to her enemies; throughout the last war, from Assaye to Vittoria, and from Vimiera to Waterloo, the Irish battalions maintained their fame and her flag; and high in services and renown, above all the generals who ever drew sword in her name, was the Irishman, Arthur Wellesley. Let no one asperse the character of the Irish because they fought so often under foreign colours. Exiled, persecuted, and loyal, they lent their valour to the states which supported their dethroned kings, their outlawed religion, their denationalised country, their vow of vengeance, or their hopes of freedom. Viewed carelessly at a distance, their varied services seem evidence of an unprincipled Prætorian race; examined in detail, with references to the creed, politics, and foreign relations of Ireland at each period, they only prove an amount of patriotism, piety, and valour, which, concentrated at home to national service, would have made Ireland all we could wish her."

May we never again witness a native of Ireland in arms against, but ever by the side of, their worthy compeers in courage, the brave English and the gallant Scotch! United, they may dare the world.

Thiodolf the Icelander, from the German of De la Motte Fouqué. Pp. 364. London, J. Burns.

CERTAINLY equal to the most successful of the author's romances, this adventurous story, often reminding us of the lore and style of Norse Sagas, affords a brilliant idea of the luxuries and corruptions of the Byzantine court, and the stern and gigantic roughness of its Scandinavian residents, at the head of whom strides Thiodolf the Berserker. It is full of imagination and interest; and the mind of the writer is so deeply imbued with classic and ancient intelligence, that every page throws a light upon the earlier ages of history.

The Fortunes of Frank Fairfield. By M. H. Barker, Esq., "The Old Sailor." Pp. 149. W. S. Orr and Co.

NOBODY tells a sea-tale better, and very few so well, as our Old Sailor. This is the biography of a brave and worthy companion of the immortal Nelson; extremely interesting in itself, setting a noble example before the eyes of every seaman, and stimulating the finer sympathies of nature both on land and sea.

Glances at Life in City and Suburb. By Cornelius Webb, author of the "Man about Town," &c. Pp. 376. London, Sherwood and Bowyer.

THIS is a second series of sketches of the lower orders, and just such as a clever and observant "Man about Town" might be supposed to draw. Old watchmen (who never watched), maids of all-work (some of whom like to do little or none at all), parish beadles (properly pronounced beetles), &c. &c., figure in the page, and are painted with considerable force and humour. Night-auctions and Lord-mayor's shows, and other subjects of similar sort, are also *shewn* up; nor is the author without veins of the useful, instructive, and touching. Altogether he has produced a very readable volume for the occasional student and the vacant hour.

Days and Nights in the East; from the Notes of a Recent Traveller, &c. By Miss Plumley. Pp. 287. Newby.

THAT a tourist who spends his days in the East will most probably pass his nights there, is a truism which we daresay few will dispute, and therefore it is good and sonorous for a title-page. So heralded, this volume is just such a one as an observant person might write home in a journal to friends, producing nothing new, but telling pleasantly enough how he got on from day to day, and night to night, in Egypt, Arabia, Syria, Turkey, and Greece, visiting the most remarkable places in these countries. The style is of the easy sort, *i. e.* not very correct; for we read of Arabs who "are delighted *of* an excuse to take physic;" and are told of the principal colours in an Egyptian sepulchral chamber being "red, blue, yellow, and green, the *primitive colours alone* being known to them." Altogether we can merely say, that this is a slight notice of matters seen or occurring on the route, which have been often before more circumstantially and graphically described.

Time works Wonders: a Comedy, in Five Acts. By Douglas Jerrold.

ITS continued and prosperous run at the Haymarket disproves the title of this clever comedy, and shews that Time does *not* work wonders; for if the old fellow had done so, he would have prevailed against the genius of the drama. In our day to meet with a play two months old, and performed to applauding audiences every night, is, however, a sort of wonder itself, though just the reverse of one of Time's. That it fully deserves its success is a wonder of Jerrold's own working.

The King's Friend: a Play, in Five Acts. By Robert Sullivan, Esq. Saunders and Otley.

ONE of the truly meritorious efforts of the managers of Sadler's Wells to promote the cause of the legitimate drama. It is a clever historic view of Henri the Great and his great minister Sully, and a plot well devised to keep the house in successive surprises and the stage in good situations and effects.

The Disputed Inheritance: a Novel. By Grace Webster. 3 vols. R. Bentley.

SKETCHES of Scotch characters and manners, drawn in a style sufficiently accurate, or, we should rather say, sufficiently homely, but, we suspect, belonging to bygone and not to present times. There is no construction of plot, nor any object very obvious in the succession of scenes to which the reader is introduced: the writer appears merely to describe ordinary events as she has seen or heard of them.

The College Chums: a Novel. 2 vols. By Chas. Lister, Esq. T. C. Newby.

COMMON occurrences of life, thrown together in a story of young collegians and ladies of rank, and the inferior personages who surround such luminaries, as satellites move about planets.

A Handbook of Foreign Cookery, principally French, German, and Danish. Pp. 264. London, Murray.

A SUPPLEMENT to follow Mrs. Glass, Meg Dods, and even the immortal Ude, and worthy the serious attention of those who (after them) have appetites for a number of other foreign concoctions novel to our cuisines. Cherry-soup, mushroom-powder pro catsup, aspik, girofle, Danish punch, Bohemian dalken, dreifuss, plukkefisk, schodoh, flameri, Kolatschen, Kalteschala, Nalesnikis, and fifty other preparations of meat and drink, may be tried to begin with, and then we shall be able to know whether the new dishes are as good as or better than the old.

The Causes and Consequences of National Revolutions among the Ancients and the Moderns compared. By Samuel Lucas, B.A. Pp. 52. London, Murray; Oxford, Vincent.

A PRIZE-essay read at the Sheldonian Theatre, on the 4th instant, and justly entitled to appear in its present public shape, by the ability with which the important subject is treated, the reading and philosophical views which it displays, and the style in which it is written. The conclusions drawn are hopeful for the living race and those generations which will follow.

Life in Dalecarlia, the Parsonage of Mora. By Fredrika Bremer. Translated by W. Howitt. 12mo, pp. 348. London, Chapman and Hall.

A VERY peculiar picture of manners, elicited out of a mysterious tale of crime and sorrow, and love and innocency. The style, and consequently the sense, is often abrupt; and the appeals to the Deity, and other sacred expressions, though probably true to the people in this rude mining district, are too profuse. The descriptions of the great copper-mine, the interest of the story, and the characteristic traits of the various classes of society, are however quite sufficient to carry the reader along in enjoying this new effusion of the Swedish novelist, as in the most striking of her former works.

Sketches of Saffron Walden and its Vicinity. By John Player, author of "Home." With Illustrations by J. M. Youngman. Pp. 89. Saffron Walden, G. Youngman.

ALTOGETHER local, this little volume is highly creditable to rural taste and provincial talent. There is a right feeling in the letter-press, and the glyphographic views are tastefully executed. It is one of the good signs of a country to see such wholesome efforts in its more retired scenes. The papers were originally printed in the *Essex Herald* and *Chelmsford Chronicle*, two largely-circulated Essex journals.

Hints to Fresh-Men at the University of Cambridge. (Fifth Edition.) Pp. 53. Rivingtons.

ADVICE given to men who are not fresh does not seem to be so much relished as these really good and sound counsels to young men on entering the University, where all that is worth living for may be learnt or thrown away. The apothegms are often strong; always deserving of calm consideration.

A Descant on Weather-Wisdom. Pp. 32. Longmans.

A *postliminiary* dedication precedes this fragment, which is a playful ridicule of superstitious notions, which many of the wisest entertain (may we say partially) in common with the ignorant and unlettered. Every page almost is an amusing anecdote illustrative of the subject.

Geography in Verse. J. B. Sharpe.

TWO-PENN'ORTH of rhyme, from which England and Wales may be mapped on the memory of any child who will get the lines by heart.

Joys and Sorrows of Childhood. By Mrs. Sherwood. Pp. 171. Darton and Clarke.

RATHER too *inculcative*, but still in the excellent spirit of this anxious instructress of youth.

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[6] Ormond Letters, vol. i. pp. 73-76, &c. Napier's Life of Montrose, *passim*; Dublin Magazine for April, 1843; Introduction to Mac Domhnall's March.

[7] Life of Marshal Browne. Manstein's Memoirs.

[8] Montgomery.

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ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

June 9th.—Lord Colchester, president, in the chair. The first paper read was a communication from Lord Stanley, being extracts from the despatches of Captain Sturt, containing the latest intelligence from that gentleman of the progress of his exploratory expedition in Australia. His last letter, dated Williorara, October 16th, 1844, says, that on reaching the Darling River, about eighteen miles above its junction with the Murray, he found its flats far superior to those of the Murray, both in richness of soil and in extent; the seasons also appeared particularly favourable, and the periodical flooding of the river left a rich deposit that would greatly facilitate the growth of many of the intertropical productions,—as, cotton, indigo, maize, and flax; the native indigo he found growing to the height of three feet. Indeed, he had no doubt that many a valuable farm might be established on the banks of this river, which would afford a channel of communication for the productions of the region. At Laidley's Ponds appearances were less favourable, and Capt. Sturt was obliged to return to the Darling. He now despatched Mr. Poole to some heights which were visible in the N.W. On that gentleman's return, he reported having seen distant ranges to the N. and N.W.; that from S.W. by W. to 13 degrees E. of N. there was water extending, amidst which were numerous islands; that there was a distant high peak which appeared to be surrounded by water that shewed as a dark blue line along the horizon. The country between the Darling and the hill he had ascended was level and covered with spear-grass, of which the animals are very fond, and low shrubs, and a country of similar character seemed to extend from Mr. Poole's position to the more distant hills. It is, however, probable that these appearances of water and high lands are no more than effects of mirage. Capt. Sturt, nevertheless, believes in the existence of an inland sea; but as he intends turning Lake Torrens by its north-eastern extremity, so as to attain a position due north of Mount Arden, we may expect ere long some more satisfactory account of the nature of the interior of this great and mysterious island.—The second paper read was a communication by Mr. Windsor Earle "On the physical structure and disposition of the islands of the Eastern Archipelago." The islands (says Mr. Earle) differ in structure and elevation, some have gently sloping shores with soundings far out at sea, others rise abruptly from unfathomable depths, contain lofty mountains, and, in some cases, active volcanoes; while a third class, containing some of the larger islands, as Sumatra and Borneo, are of a mixed character. From the south-eastern extremity of Asia extends an immense bank of soundings, reaching to the eastern extremity of Java, and near to the western coast of Celebes. A similar bank extends along the whole of the northern coast of Australia and the north coast of New Guinea. Those banks have an average depth of from 30 to 40 fathoms. The distance between the Australian and Asiatic banks is about 450 miles, and presents an unfathomable channel. The nature of the land in the Malayan peninsula, the eastern side of Sumatra, the western side of Borneo and the northern side of Java is identical with that of Australia and the southern portion of New Guinea. The direction of the mountain ranges of the Malayan peninsula and Sumatra is also identical with the ranges of Australia. From these facts, Mr. Earle argues the former connexion of Australia with Asia, a connexion disrupted by volcanic action, as evinced by the fact that a great volcanic belt now intervenes between the two. This belt, beginning at the north-western extremity of Sumatra, runs along the western side of that island, then along the southern side of Java, then forms the groups of islands running west and east as far as Timor, after which it is continued through the northern portion of New Guinea, the Louisiade to New Caledonia, Norfolk Island, and New Zealand, being in form like the letter S. This volcanic belt is joined at Flores and Timor by another coming from Kamtschatka through the Philippines, the north of Borneo, Gillolo, Celebes, Coram, &c. The existence of the teak-tree in Java, as well as in the Asiatic continent, and the discovery of the kangaroo in New Guinea, are adduced by Mr. Earle in further proof of the former connexion of these now dissevered lands, and the similarity in the direction and character of the Asiatic and Australian mountain-ranges renders it probable that the latter may be found as rich in mineral wealth as the former are known to be. The paper being concluded, Mr. Murchison, late president of the society, took a decidedly opposite view of the matter, and maintained that nothing short of the discovery of similar ancient fossils in Australia and in Asia could be admitted as proof of the former connexion of the two countries.—Capt. Grover exhibited to the meeting a very curious picturesque delineation of Dr. Wolff's route from Bokhara to Meshed, executed by a Persian who accompanied the doctor, and who has written a history of the journey, which is now being translated. The meeting learned from Capt. Grover, with sincere regret, that Dr. Wolff is now labouring under a severe disease, the germ of which he took in Bokhara, and whose consequences are greatly to be dreaded.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

June 2d. — The Rev. F. W. Hope, president, in the chair. Various new and interesting species of insects were exhibited by different members, including a fine species of *Trictenotoma* from the Himalaya, by Captain Parry; the male of the rare and singular *Dorthesia characias*, by Mr. Weir; an apparently new species of *Tortrix*, by Mr. Douglas; and living specimens of the rare *Rhynchites cupreus*, by Mr. S. Stevens. The president alluded to the great destruction caused by the *white ants* and other insects to the wooden sleepers of the railroads in India; and the kyanising process having been alluded to, Mr. J. F. Stephens mentioned that he had observed *Thanasimus unifasciatus* on palings at Camberwell, but that they carefully avoided the kyanised staves. A letter from Captain Boys, addressed to the secretary, was read, containing notes on the habits of the genus *Dorylus*, *Murmeleon*, a species of *Tetrix* which swims with great agility, and other Indian insects; and also a paper by Mr. Westwood, on a new genus of *Carabidæ* from Ceylon, unique, in the collection of Mr. Melly.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

June 10th. — Sir J. Rennie, president, in the chair. The paper read was by Mr. J. Stirling, and described an ingenious air-engine invented by his brother and himself. The movements of this machine are founded upon the well-known pneumatic principle, that air has its bulk or pressure increased and diminished in proportion as its temperature is raised or lowered. The application of this principle was exemplified by drawings and a model exhibiting a machine composed of two strong or tight air-vessels connected with the opposite ends of a vertical cylinder, in which a piston works in the usual manner. Within these air-vessels are suspended two air-tight vessels, or plungers, filled with nonconducting substances, and attached to the opposite extremities of a beam capable of moving up and down alternately to the extent of one-fifth of the depth of the air-vessels. By this motion of the plungers, the air, which is in a heated state below, is moved to the upper part of the vessels, and in its transit traverses a series of vertical capillary passages, between thin metallic plates, which absorb the major part of the caloric: the remainder is taken up by a refrigerator of tubes filled with water; the air at the heated end is at about 700°, and has a proportionate pressure. When it arrives at the cooled end, it is reduced to about 150°, and the pressure diminished to a corresponding extent. Therefore, as the interior vessels move in opposite directions, it necessarily follows that the pressure of the condensed air in one vessel is increased, while that of the other is diminished: a difference of pressure is thus produced upon the opposite ends of the piston; and a reciprocating motion results, which is communicated through a beam, connecting-rod, crank, and fly-wheel, to the machinery when driven. Machines upon this principle were stated to have been worked for some years past at Dundee, with considerable saving of fuel as compared to a steam-engine of similar power and doing the same work. It is now proposed to adapt it to marine purposes, to which, from its simplicity and slight expenditure of fuel, it appears well fitted. The theory of the expansion of air, and its practical adaptation as a moving power, were very fully discussed, as were the mechanical difficulties, which appeared to have been very ingeniously overcome by Mr. Stirling, who attended the meeting and explained his invention. The engine appeared to receive the approval of the members, who were evidently not prepared to find so perfect a machine, and one so practically useful.

The following papers were announced to be read at the next meeting:—"Description of the Denting Vale viaduct on the line of the Sheffield and Manchester Railway," by Mr. A. S. Jee; "The application of gunpowder for blasting some marl-rocks in the River Severn," by Mr. G. Edwards.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

A WEEK's file of the *Chesterfield Reporter* has made us acquainted with some new and interesting facts relating to the opening of barrows in Derbyshire, by Mr. Thomas Bateman and the Rev. Stephen Isaacson, two of the indefatigable and distinguished working (we mean by "working" the opposite of mere dilettanti) members of the British Archæological Association. The following extracts from the journal quoted will explain the general character of the discoveries made; but we are informed that a full and particular account of them is being prepared for the ensuing meeting of the British Archæological Association in August at Winchester, under the presidency of Lord Albert Conyngham. Together with the description of the operations, we may then and there expect to see the remarkable remains thus brought to light after their centuries of interment, to inform us of the customs and manners of the earliest inhabitants of Britain.

"On Wednesday, the 21st instant, a most interesting barrow was opened on Carder Low,

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by Thomas Bateman, jun., Esq., accompanied by the Rev. Stephen Isaacson. The site of the tumulus is about a mile from Hartington, on a farm in the occupation of Mr. Gould, who paid the greatest attention to the party. The barrow at the first glance presented a very inviting appearance; and the early discovery of large quantities of rats' bones—the sure and invariable indication of a deposit—excited a lively anticipation in the minds of the barrow-diggers. The first object met with was a fine flint arrow-head, which was speedily followed by a stone celt or hammer of beautiful design and very great variety. This latter was near the skeleton, by the side of which a magnificent bronze dagger was found, in the finest state of preservation—clearly indicating that the remains were those of a person of distinction. In the course of the excavation, a second skeleton was exhumed, with an iron knife and whetstone at his side, with evidences of a later interment. This individual must have been of gigantic proportions, the thigh-bone measuring twenty-three inches. A few flints, minute fragments of pottery, and bones of animals, were also met with, and about sixty pebbles, deposited there as tributes of respect, according to ancient custom, by the relations and friends of the departed, whose rank may, in many instances, be determined by the number of such primitive offerings.

"On Friday, the 23d instant, the Rev. Stephen Isaacson, having obtained permission from his Grace the Duke of Rutland, accompanied by Thomas Bateman, jun., Esq., commenced excavating the large barrow to the south of the Druidical circle at Arbor Low, which had hitherto been vainly attempted on three several occasions by distinguished antiquaries. These gentlemen were determined to carry out their object, and leave no stone unturned to solve the mystery which has hitherto hung over these most remarkable relics of the very earliest ages of our country. Accordingly, after penetrating to a depth of seven feet, and in their progress meeting with some fragments of the horns and bladebone of the red deer, they discovered the top of a kist, in which Mr. Bateman at once detected an urn of very rude and primitive character, and a mass of burnt bones. The greatest care now became necessary to prevent the superincumbent mass of earth and stones from penetrating through the crevices and destroying or defacing the urn, which was ultimately rescued from its lengthened interment, and safely deposited in the chest specially prepared and adapted for such purposes. Subsequently the fragments of a much larger and more beautiful urn, in which the deposit had rested—and the entire mass of bones, together with the kist, were removed. Among the *débris* were found a bone pin and flint of the rudest workmanship. It is very much to be regretted that the Duke of Rutland's agents, notwithstanding the recognised care of these expert barrow-diggers, upon some false information respecting the injuries inflicted on a rude heap of useless stones, interposed to prevent a complete survey; and, in defiance of his Grace's written permission, compelled them to terminate their unfinished labours. There can be no doubt that when the matter is laid before his Grace, the contemplated undertaking will be resumed. It is very remarkable, that a fragment of spherical hepatic pyrites was found with the deposit, specimens of which Mr. Bateman has on two previous occasions discovered in similar positions. These were undoubtedly worn as ornaments, or used as armlets, by our rude forefathers; and it is a remarkable fact, that Mr. Isaacson met with similar objects amongst the natives of South America, where the smaller specimens are used for the destruction of game in lieu of shot, and denominated by the Indians 'bush shot.'

"On the 28th ult., Mr. Bateman, accompanied by Mr. Isaacson and Mr. F. Lock, opened a barrow near Wetton, in Staffordshire, called Taylor's Low. About four feet below the surface the skeleton of a young person was discovered in a kist formed of flat stones, the knees being drawn up in the usual form, but no article was found with it. On the north side, at a depth of eighteen inches, a second skeleton was met with, and lower down an octagonal kist, in which was a simple deposit of burnt bones; and, what is most unusual, and worthy remark, this was erected over a skeleton which lay in a large square kist cut in the rock—presenting the anomalous appearance of a kist within a kist. No instruments or other articles were found, if we except a few flints, and a minute fragment of earthenware, dug up in the course of the excavations. The probability is, that a lime-kiln having been sunk in the centre, the deposit was disturbed, especially as it is a singular fact, that the heads of the interments were all missing, and must, therefore, have been all converging to that point. On the same day these gentlemen excavated a barrow in a field known as the Bowling-green field, situated near New Inns, on Alsop Moor. The skeleton was laid on its left side, with its knees drawn up, and face towards the south, on the rocky floor of the barrow. At the back of the head was a beautiful brass dagger, in fine preservation, which had originally been protected by a wooden sheath. Near the knees two brass rivets were found, but, on a searching examination, nothing further was discovered. It is most probable they had been attached to some wooden instrument, which had so completely decayed as to 'leave not a rack behind!' In the course of the excavation part of another skeleton, some animal teeth, and two instruments of flint—all of which had been previously disturbed—were exhumed.

"On the 30th ult., the same party commenced opening a small barrow in a field called the Lowe, on Alsop Moor. The elevation was not more than a foot above the surrounding soil. In the centre, a small quantity of burnt bones were discovered in a circular hole about a foot deep, which most probably was the primary deposit. A little to the south, a skeleton was found laid at length on its back, its head to the west. On the left side, close to the pelvis, the iron umbo of a shield reposed, and a little higher up a broad-headed iron rivet, which, on minute inspection, proved to have been attached to some instrument of bronze, whilst near the neck a thin flat piece of iron was found. The most remarkable circumstance connected with this interment was, that in one of the hands of the skeleton was placed a common round pebble, such as are frequently found in the Derbyshire Lows, but seldom in a definite position, as in this instance. On the same day, another barrow was opened on the opposite side of the Moor, in a field called Panister, in the centre of which were the remains of a female, in a very decayed condition, unaccompanied by any articles whatever; but incidentally some horses' teeth, and two more instruments of flint, were picked up.

"*June 2d.*—Mr. Bateman and Mr. Isaacson proceeded to Moot Low, in the same neighbourhood, where an enormous barrow, ninety feet in diameter, challenged their attention. A cutting, which was ultimately continued to the extent of thirty feet, was commenced; and the ground appearing to decline at a particular point near the centre, a transverse section was made. The first indication of a deposit was the appearance of rats' bones, and a few fragments of stag-horn. The interment was after six hours' heavy labour developed, and a bronze celt, of beautiful workmanship and novel form, rewarded the party for all their toils. Determined, however, to investigate the spot thoroughly, shafts were sunk at several points, and the transverse section continued for about twenty-feet, when a second skeleton was exhumed, but nothing of any further moment."—*Chesterfield Reporter, June 6th, 1845.*

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Statistical, 8 P.M.; United Service Institute, 9 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (soirée), 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.

Wednesday.—Microscopical, 8 P.M.; Ethnological, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (lecture), 8 P.M.

Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.

Friday.—British and Foreign Institute (conversazione), 8 P.M.

Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

The National Gallery: Observations on the Unfitness of the present Building for its Purpose. In a Letter to Sir Robert Peel. By C. L. Eastlake, R.A., Keeper of the National Gallery. Pp. 24.

At length a potential voice from the interior, the very sanctum of jobbery, has declared to the world, that the gallery built for the reception of the nation's works of art is an utter failure, and altogether unfit for the purpose for which it was planned, carried through against every dictate of expediency and common sense, and erected at the cost of the country. To say that WE do not feel a sort of pleasure at the proclamation of this tardy and late discovery would be untrue; for it really gratifies us. It gratifies us, because it acknowledges to have been proven all the objections we so earnestly offered at the time the *business* was doing, in the hope of preventing its being carried into execution; it gratifies us, because it relieves us from the vituperation and obloquy with which we were visited for making these public exertions;* and it gratifies us, because we think, now that the evil is demonstrated by such an authority as Mr. Eastlake's, it must lead to a remedy, and to the adoption of measures similar to those we recommended while it was in progress, and before it was fully perpetrated. Away with the National Gallery, incompetent to display and destructive to the qualities of its treasures: try if an arrangement can be framed to render the whole building eligible for the Royal Academy and its annual exhibitions; and let us have a place fit for the encouragement of art, and the safe-keeping of its noblest efforts—a place worthy of a great empire, in which taste and knowledge are not quite despised. At present, says Mr. Eastlake, the defects may be comprised under the following heads (a pretty list for an enlightened people, touching a work only a few years old!):

"The inconvenient arrangement, or disposition, of some of the rooms. Insufficient space for the due exhibition of even the present collection of paintings. Insufficient room for the accommodation of those desirous of studying in the gallery. Want of offices. The imperfect system of ventilating and warming the rooms."

* See a score of *Literary Gazettes* of the time.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

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Tolerably strong examples of the non-adaptation of a grand public edifice!

Some of the rooms are not applicable at all for any of the objects contemplated;—the whole suite are incompetent to allow the pictures to be hung up so as to be properly seen;—the accommodation for the culture of the profession by our native school is worthless;—and the system for official preservation, and other minor requisites, is a complete bungle.

Visitors have not room to go in and pass out of the *National Gallery!* and we are truly told: "In summer (*i. e.* when we have any, as we have now in mid-June some promise) the effects cannot but be injurious to the pictures, which are exposed, in a confined space, at once to a moist atmosphere and to clouds of dust. Under such circumstances they appear to require cleaning daily (as often as the rooms are swept): this, it is almost needless to say, would be unsafe; and even the frames could not be so frequently dusted without injury to their appearance."

There is not space enough to dispose of the pictures already in the *National Gallery!* and accordingly, after a few judicious remarks upon size, form, lighting, and architectural arrangements, Mr. E. suggests the right course to be adopted when it shall please the powers that be to have *a* National Gallery, instead of a huddle of bad rooms so called.

In regard to art generally, the following is worthy of attention, as coming from so competent a judge, and applicable to every apartment where a painting or a collection of paintings is hung:

"The window, or source of light, by which a picture is seen, and the picture itself, ought not both to come within the range of vision at the same time. This general condition may comprehend the side-light under the restrictions before alluded to; but it may be safely asserted, that a light from above, if sufficiently abundant, is always the fittest for large pictures. The principle of not suffering the eyes to be dazzled by a brighter object than the object contemplated, suggests the expediency of avoiding a superabundance of burnishing in frames, especially in unbroken lines, and very near the picture. An attention to this particular is still more necessary as regards old pictures, the tone of which has been lowered by time.* With respect to the colour of the walls on which pictures are to be hung, it may be observed that a picture will be seen to advantage on a ground brighter than its darks and darker than its lights, and of so subdued a tint as may contrast well with its brighter colours. The choice of that tint should, I conceive, be regulated by the condition of its harmonising with the colour of gold, with which it is more immediately in contact; but this is not all; supposing the most advantageous hue to be employed for the wall, it is not to be concluded that boards painted of that hue will have a satisfactory effect. The refined and harmonious tones of pictures, and the soft splendour of gilding around them, require to be supported by materials of corresponding richness, or at least by a certain finish, in the appearance of what surrounds them. The whole question is of less consequence where paintings are numerous enough nearly to hide the walls; but while the latter make a considerable part of the impression on the eye, that impression is not to be neglected."

With regard to students and the opportunities afforded to them to pursue their studies in the *National Gallery:* they are restricted to fifty in number, to two days in the week, and to three months at a season,—that is to say, we are attempting, as far as copying in oil goes, to found a national school upon the practice and experience of *twenty-five days a year!!* Water-colour copyists are allowed more time, but they have not cared for the compliment; whilst the numerous applications of the former class have been made in vain; and neither the Oilmen nor the Watermen can find sufficient accommodation for their apparatus and painting materials—in *the National Gallery!* And yet, says Mr. E.: "The want of spacious and well-lighted rooms for cleaning and restoring pictures is a more serious evil." And (indicating sensible alterations in this respect) *inter alia* he continues: "In connexion with the necessary labours of cleaning and restoring pictures, I would beg leave to suggest the expediency of allowing those who may undertake or superintend such operations, to put themselves in communication with some experienced chemists, who might be directed to render assistance when required. Such assistance may sometimes be necessary; for example, the large painting by Sebastian del Piombo was remarked, some years since, to be infested by insects, and this is not an uncommon evil in picture-galleries. In such a case it would be desirable to consult a chemical authority as to the best means of removing this cause of decay without injuring the picture. An experienced investigator, in turning his attention to the preservation of works of art might, in the course of such inquiries, and with opportunities of examining the grounds, materials, &c., of old pictures, be enabled to throw considerable light on the practice of painting in its best ages, and to impart useful information to artists."

And, "On a review of the various circumstances which I have taken the liberty to point out, it will, I conceive, be apparent that a larger building than the present one is already necessary. It is not for me to offer any suggestion as to the fittest place for such a building, but there are certain conditions which, with reference to the preservation of pictures and other requisites, should be borne in mind in selecting a locality." And, finally, "In conclusion, I cannot refrain from expressing a hope that the National Gallery, while rich in the works of the great masters, may by degrees merit its designation in another sense, and that when ample space shall be provided, a portion of the new edifice may be dedicated to the reception of the best works of the British school. It is impossible but that foreigners should entertain erroneous judgments respecting the state of art in this country, since few can be expected to take the pains, even if they had permission, to visit every private collection, and every artist's painting-room; while a single exhibition is an uncertain criterion. A selection such as I have supposed would, in process of time, be a fair test of the ability of our painters, and would be always accessible. The project would be attended with other more important and beneficial consequences. Our artists would be unceasingly reminded of a more serious competition than the exhibition of a season, and would aspire to meet the judgment of posterity. Their efforts would be more uniformly commensurate with their ambition for permanent distinction, and the same motive would be the means of inducing a sterling practice both as to methods and materials, with a view to the durability of their productions. The duty of honouring the dead would, it is hoped, not be forgotten among the means of exciting the best efforts of the living; a gallery of the British school should comprehend worthy examples of every past period."

To all which we respond heartily, "So be it!" And, before we take our leave of the subject, we would beg to recall the memory of our readers to a little pamphlet written some dozen years ago, by a great artist, with a great knowledge of art, and a great reformer, though not belonging to the Academy, viz. Mr. Haydon. It appeared in a letter of fourteen pages addressed to Earl Grey, then First Lord of the Treasury, the source of all preferment and improvement. In this he deprecates a junction, then hinted at, of the National Gallery and the Royal Academy, and enthusiastically says: "A national gallery, my lord, should be a monumental depository—a sacred refuge, not only for the great works of foreign schools, but also for the great works of the native school; for no gallery can be national unless equal provision be made for the one as well as the other. * * * Taking the space of Charing-cross of 500 feet, if 250 only in depth and length can be devoted for a national gallery, there will not be a petty provincial city, my lord, in France or Germany, that will not possess a more splendid gallery than Great Britain, on whose empire, as the Spaniards once said of their own, the sun never sets!" This was echoing the *Literary Gazette*, and anticipating the discoveries of Mr. Eastlake after being twelve months keeper of this illustrious receptacle, *quasi* "temple for the dedication of the greatest works of genius, dead or living." Entering, by similar anticipation, into particular details, Mr. Haydon proceeds: "It has been asked if this space will not be enough for the pictures in Pall-Mall? Are the pictures in Pall-Mall to be the limit? Will there be no bequests—no purchases? Will any gallery which excludes the cartoons of Andrea Mantegna and Raffael at Hampton Court be a National Gallery? and they alone will occupy the space. Will it not be more gratifying to the nation, more satisfactory to the house, more honourable to the government, and more worthy of your lordship, and will it not be more economical, to do it well and do it effectually? I appeal to your lordship if all the dissatisfaction at the failure of public buildings, and expenditure of public money, has not originated in not taking at first a comprehensive view, for fear of frightening the nation. No gallery, my lord, can be effectual with less than 800 feet of range—400 for the ancient school, and 400 for the modern; and if the display of the pictures, the arrangement of the light, simplicity in the building, and choice of situation, be the principal objects, such an extension might be accomplished without burdening the country. My humble opinion, my lord, therefore is, that the gallery, to be effectual, should be alone built to display pictures, to which every other object ought to be sacrificed. The greater simplicity outside the better, and inside the better still; for all architectural projections produce real lights and shadows, under which the lights and shadows of the finest Titian are destroyed, and rendered futile. Simplicity in architectural ornament, and strict attention to light, are the essential requisites of all galleries for pictures."

Thus, beforehand and behindhand, the lesson has been inculcated, which we trust will not again be lost. The far-seeing and immortal Burke said, that "by a great minister alone would the arts of England be ever placed on a proper basis." There is now a direction in the right quarter. Who will be the great minister?

* Mr. Rogers has found it advantageous to varnish his gold frames, and thus subdue their tone.

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We have a prince most near to the throne interesting himself zealously for the promotion of the fine arts. There are associated with him men of high acquirements, warmly seconding his efforts. The prime minister of the day is personally a friend and encourager of art. Many circumstances conspire to make this a favourable epoch: even the House of Commons is liberal towards deserving designs. Shall all this be thrown away?—or shall we at last inscribe on an adequate public temple, "Hic patet ingeniis campus?"

INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.

June 7th (last meeting for the season).—Mr. Clint in the chair. Mr. G. R. Lewis read a paper on the necessity of a due cultivation of the constructive faculties of man in a country so eminently commercial as this.—A paper was also read by Mr. Foggo, on "Light, colour, and their effects." Certain affects observable in mountainous districts were described as strikingly different from any we observe in lower regions, and tending to create doubts of the Newtonian system, in favour of Dr. Hook's theory of two colours only. Yellow and red were supposed by Mr. F. to be but modifications of the warm aspect, in contrast or opposition to the blue or cold hue: their prismatic proportions and positions, and the inefficiency of the metrochrome and other modes of attempting the recombination of colours into pure light or whiteness, were commented on, as well as the important results of glazing and scumbling, in the painter's practice. An inquiry into the principles and effects of light and colour was recommended as a delightful and useful opportunity for artists to advance human knowledge, and raise their profession to respect and consideration. The often-abused atmosphere of this island was described as one great cause of our landscape-painters' excellence and of the peculiar beauty of our descriptive poets, being eminently conducive to picturesque and poetical effect.

Pictures.—Messrs. Christie's sale, last Saturday, justified our anticipations, though the "Laughing Girl" brought only 50 guineas, and Gainsborough no more. Mr. Norton secured the small but charming Ruysdael at 171*l.* 3*s.*; and also Hilton's "Venus, &c." at 325*l.* 10*s.* The Raffaelle and Claude, of which we spoke in comparison with our own native artists, brought severally 451*l.* 10*s.* and 178*l.* 10*s.*; but then, the Wilsons went at 142*l.* 16*s.*, 114*l.* 9*s.*, and 294*l.* A Turner water-colour drawing cost Lord Lansdowne 71*l.* 8*s.*; and his splendid picture, of which we spoke so highly, fetched the enormous price of 703*l.* 10*s.* We were told the artist himself left a commission for its purchase limited to 250*l*, which was more than he was paid for it. Etty's "Cupid's bivouac" fetched 388*l.* 10*s.*; and "To arms to arms!" not so great a favourite with us, though displaying more variety of art, 409*l.* 10*s.* These sales must have raised this artist to his proper position in our native school. Of the Sir Joshuas, the admirable "Admiral Keppel" was transferred to Sir R. Peel's collection for 535*l.* 10*s.*; "Venus chiding Cupid" was sold for 530*l.* 5*s.*, and the "St. Cecilia," 525*l.*

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

STATE OF BUENOS AYRES: ROSAS.

Buenos Ayres, January 21st, 1845.

DEAR SIR.—As it appears to me, nothing can illustrate the character of a man like his deeds, I have confined myself hitherto, in endeavouring to convey to your mind an idea of our "illustrious restorer of the laws," as he is called by his party, to relating such as are well authenticated and beyond contradiction. I now merely add two more—out of a mass—which will serve as sufficient proof of his disposition and policy. The statement is that of Major Montero, a Chilanian officer of great merit, who had performed prodigies of valour in the war of their independence, but who could not, either by bribes or threats, be induced to assist in the intrigues of Dorrego and Rosas. On the latter being appointed governor, he sent for Montero, and received him with all apparent kindness, ordering him to come next day for despatches. On his reporting himself accordingly, a sealed letter was delivered to him, directed to Col. Prudencia Rosas, at the Retiro, which he was informed contained his despatches. On his presenting it, what was his surprise at being ordered into a back yard, a file of men called out, and then he was told he had brought an order for his own death! In vain he asked the nature of his crime, permission to see his wife,—both were peremptorily denied; even the rites of the Church were not granted him; but he was immediately despatched. The second was the case of Cullen, for some years secretary to Governor Lopez, of St. Fé. When by the grace of God and a liver complaint the said Lopez died, Cullen was elected in his place; but differing in opinion with Rosas as regarded the Federation, an intrigue was set on foot to get rid of him; and he soon found that the most solemn oaths of loyalty and good faith were fast giving way to that curse of the human race—gold; consequently he beat a retreat, and took refuge in the province of St. Juan, the governor being his compadre, and who received him with open arms, deplored his misfortunes, cursed the tyranny of Rosas, and swore by all the saints in the calendar to protect him from injury. For a time they lived like brothers. Some months had now elapsed, and Cullen felt himself secure: but during this apparent safety a secret correspondence was going on, and a reward for the life of Cullen was offered, but rejected; a second was made, with more inducements, and again rejected: a third, but still the blood-money was not enough. At last a *carte blanche* came, was filled up by the worthy Governor of St. Juan, and accepted by Rosas. All this while poor Cullen was living, as he thought, in the most perfect security, without the slightest suspicion of what was going on.

One morning, while himself and compadre were sitting at breakfast, an officer entered, and having delivered a paper to the governor, retired. Shortly after, the breakfast being finished, Cullen rose to go to his room to dress, but was stopped by four soldiers who were waiting outside the door; he was then informed by his affectionate compadre that he was a prisoner; irons were put on his legs, and he was conducted to prison, but in less than an hour he was brought out and shot!!

By such means does this modern Macbeth maintain his power and despatch his enemies; his policy is founded on the Turkish system; he trusts no one, though he pretends to place confidence in certain persons, over whom he places spies; and over those there are a second set to watch them, and a third set to watch the second. Besides this, there is a club formed called the Mashovee, a sort of inquisition, inasmuch as the method of carrying their plans into effect are summary and secret; it formerly consisted of more than 500 members, who are sworn (under penalty of death) to do all that is required of them, even to the destruction of their own families; fortunately for humanity the whole of the system of this diabolical club has been exposed by a number of its own members, who, horror-struck at the deeds they were called to perpetrate, fled the country.

So much for the public character of this god of the southern hemisphere, in 34 degrees south latitude. And as it has been my fate, from particular circumstances, to see him continually in private, I will give you a sketch which, when engrafted on the other, will, I trust, enable you fully to form a correct judgment of his actual character and disposition. He is an athletic and powerful man, about 5 feet 8 inches high, florid complexion, and good features; the forehead indicates natural talent from its size and shape; something of a Roman nose, but rather too straight; lips thin and compressed, with the chin *à la* Wellington; a small grey eye, with a sinister expression of distrust.

As regards his manners, they are in a measure dependent on his humour, but otherwise he is a perfect actor, and can suit himself to his purpose. I have seen him play the part of an affable agreeable gentleman in such a manner as totally to deceive a superficial observer, or even those who have not seen him but in a certain circle where appearances are necessary. His natural habits are coarse, his conversation gross and indecent, in fact, whenever he attempts to be jocular, he is filthy; more than once at his own table, before half-a-dozen females, his own daughter included, I have heard him make remarks and use language that has called the blood into my face, and which I feel ashamed to transmit to paper. However, it is easily accounted for; his education has been such as South America afforded 40 years ago; in short, with the exception of the little reading he picked up from one, and writing from another, the camp was his school, Indians and Gauchos his companions, and all the low cunning of the one, and coarse vulgarity of the other, is to be clearly traced in his manners; and yet this is the person chosen *as superior to all his countrymen*, and *the only one* capable of governing!! What an intellectual country; prodigious!! I hear you exclaim.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*, after having been announced for performance on the Saturday preceding, and postponed on account of the sudden indisposition of Madame Grisi, was performed for the first time on Tuesday last. The part of *Gennaro* was given to Moriani, and we thus had the pleasure of hearing him in another fine part. The opera, as every one knows, is not remarkably pleasing or interesting, either as regards the music or the plot. There is much scope, however, for deep tragic singing; and nothing could be finer than Grisi's performance of the violent and evil-passioned *Lucrezia*. Certainly no dramatic singer of the day equals her in characters of the kind, and on this occasion she paid great attention to the part. Moriani also possesses the gift of tragic expression in singing in a very remarkable manner. The quality of his tone is not so sweet and charming as that of Mario's voice; but it rivets the attention by its plaintiveness and intensity of feeling. Lablache exhibits his great talent in the part of the *Duke Alfonzo*. The solo, "*Mai per codesti,*" so expressive of haughty rage, he sang admirably, and was encored. The trio in the poisoning scene was beautifully sung, and vociferously

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encored. We must not forget to praise Brambilla, who always sings with excellent expression, and to-night won a hearty encore for her bacchanalian song, "*Il segreto per esser felice.*" The ballet of *Esmeralda* ended the performance.

The Brussels Opera.—Our English opera-companies may take an excellent example from the admirable performance of the French company at Covent Garden. Though not professing to be the greatest company of the Continent, they are certainly of no mean merit, and most richly deserve encouragement both for their spirited enterprise and the very unassuming way in which their appearance here has been given. The great merit of their performance consists in its general goodness, rather than in individual excellence; for the leading singers are scarcely beyond the average. Madame Laborde sings exceedingly well and with great elegance of manner; but as a vocalist, as far as her performance has gone, is not superior to many. She has, however, been well schooled—her method is correct and good—the sustained and gliding effects of her singing are very pleasing and artistic. Monsieur Laborde possesses a small but pleasing tenor, with a high range of chest-tones though wanting power; he would do well to study a more natural style than that of Duprez. The chorus and band are very nearly perfect; as regards time, quite so; in tone the chorus are rather coarse, but in expression, and light and shade, excellent; and when required, they throw the most exciting and energetic feeling into the music, singing with a brilliancy and gusto quite unknown to English choruses. The band accompany with great taste and judgment, and though not numerous, are very effective. As regards the operas, *Guillaume Tell* is well known; Auber's *Diamans de la Couronne* is a clever and brilliant work, but as a very pleasing opera, should be allowed to escape severe criticism. On Wednesday we had a taste of M. Halevy in *Guido et Ginevra*, the music of which is remarkably weak and uninteresting. *Guillaume Tell*, on Thursday, was really a rich treat; Madame and Monsieur Laborde, and Quilleveri, and Zelger, deserved the highest praise, and were justly applauded to the echo.

Haymarket.—*The King and I* holds on its prosperous course, and is truly a good farce, and a merry addition to the dramas of late so successfully brought forward at this well-managed theatre. Buckstone is the hero, and unique in his way.

Lyceum.—A new piece by the writer of *Kissingen*, and called *Friends at Court*, has been performed here all the week with perfect success. It is very lively and pleasant, without much variety of incident; and is carried through by the admirable acting of Mrs. Keeley, ably supported by Miss Villars, Miss Farebrother, F. Vining, Wigan, and others.

VARIETIES.

The Arctic Expedition.—The Rattler steam-vessel, Commander H. Smith, returned to Woolwich on Tuesday afternoon, having left the Erebus and the Terror off the islands of Barra and Rona on the 4th, to the westward of Cape Wrath. The officers and crews were all well and in high spirits. Several of the oxen had died on board of the Barretto Junior transport-ship, which was to accompany the expedition-vessels to the borders of the ice. [The above has appeared in the newspapers. We have ourselves seen letters from Sir J. Franklin and Capt. Crozier, dated June 3d, 25 miles west of the Orkneys, which are most satisfactory in every respect. The transport, which will leave them early in July, will bring the latest accounts by about the end of that month.]

British Association.—In addition to the names of distinguished foreigners stated in the *Literary Gazette* a fortnight ago, the following are mentioned in the *Cambridge Chronicle* as being expected there:—M. Ermann, of Berlin; Von Buch, of Berlin; M. Dumas, of Paris; the Baron Von Orlich; Count Strzelecki; Count Senftenberg. The magnetic discussions promise to be very interesting, as we understand a considerable difference of opinion exists as to the true manner of working out the phenomena.

The British Institution.—The private view takes place to-day; and on Monday the splendid selection of works by ancient masters, together with a room devoted to Sir A. W. Callcott and other deceased British artists, will be open to the world at large. It is a most interesting exhibition.

The New Comet, announced by Sir James South as having been seen by Mr. Jeays, of Chelsea, at a few minutes after 11 o'clock on the 8th, and afterwards examined by himself at 31 min. after 11, when its approximate right ascension was about 5 hours 18 min., and its north declination about 15 deg. 21 sec., was observed several hours earlier by an individual at Bow, in Essex, and mentioned to several persons there as being like a comet, only with its tail the wrong way.* On Tuesday M. Arago stated to the Academy of Sciences that M. Faye had discovered the brilliant stranger on the 2d instant, but gave no particulars. Since then it has travelled at an immense rate from the star Capella, where first found. It now rises in the east, and, after the moon has gone down, that is about midnight, may be distinctly seen with the naked eye, nearly due north, about 20 degrees north-east of Capella, and will probably be visible all next week. —We had written thus far, when we read a letter by Mr. Hind, of Mr. Bishop's observatory in Regent's Park, who says:—"I have calculated the elements of the present comet from observations on June 9, 10, and 11: the following is the orbit resulting from a first approximation:—

Time of perihelion passage, 1845, June 5, at 21h. 13m. 11s., Greenwich mean astronomical time, or 9h. 13m. 11s. a.m. on June 6, civil reckoning.

Long. of the perihelion	260°	36′	5″	True Equinox, June 10.
Ascending node . .	336	28	47	
Inclination of orbit .	48	10	20	

Log. perihelion distance . . 9·6063690
Motion retrograde.

These elements have some slight resemblance to those of a comet observed in 1596, and computed by Halley. On Monday evening, while examining the comet with Mr. Bishop's large refractor, I noticed a dark line which appeared to divide the tail into two streams of light, the preceding tail being about 2½ degrees in length, and well defined, while the other was not more than half that length, and not seen so easily. The nucleus is perhaps 30 seconds of space in diameter, and to the naked eye, last evening, appeared as a star of the fourth magnitude. The prevalence of moonlight during the next week will probably render the comet too faint to be seen without a telescope, but a very ordinary instrument will shew it in the constellations Auriga and Lynx."

Treatment of the Insane.—Lord Ashley has brought into Parliament a measure to secure the better treatment of the insane in England and Wales; and, from our own examination of many asylums, private as well as public, we can bear testimony to the fact, that there is no stronger necessity for humane interference throughout the whole empire than in the case of these most unfortunate beings.

Hydrophobia.—A Mr. E. O'Reilly has addressed a letter to the *Times*, in which he pledges himself that a family named M'Gauran, near Swanlinbar, Ireland, has been for centuries in possession of an effectual cure for hydrophobia, applicable to cattle as well as to the human species. He states, in proof, that no death in consequence of this terrible malady has occurred in the counties of Cavan, Leitrim, and Fermanagh.

A Correspondent at Agra informs us, that the local committee of education there has in contemplation to establish a museum of economic geology, in connexion with the college, for the instruction of the alumni in that branch of science, and further, that there is a public appeal made to all interested in native education to lend a helping hand. Our correspondent has subjoined the following extract from a circular issued on the occasion:—"Specimens of metallic ores and minerals suspected to contain metals, as also specimens of coal, and hand specimens of rocket used or suitable for building or other economic purposes, together with short descriptions of the same, are more particularly desirable at the outset, and any of which will be thankfully received by the authorities of the college."—*The Englishman*, April 14.

* The tail apparently precedes the comet in its march, which is a rare phenomenon.—*Ed. L. G.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Moore's Biography of Sydney Smith.—With the entire approbation and concurrence of the family of the late Rev. Sydney Smith, Mr. Thomas Moore is about to undertake his biography. We would suggest to those who may have any interesting letters of Mr. Smith's, to communicate them to Mr. Moore.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Priests, Women, and Families, by J. Michelet, translated from the French by C. Cocks, post 8vo, 9*s.*—Military History of the Irish Nation, by the late M. O'Conor, 8vo, 9*s.*—Sir Edward Thomason's Memoirs during Half a Century, 2 vols. 8vo, 2*l.* 2*s.*—History of Ceylon, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time, by W. Knighton, post 8vo, 9*s.*—Dante, translated by J. C. Wright, 3 vols. fcp., 7*s.* 6*d.*—Examples in Pure and Mixed Mathematics, by A. Wrigley and W. H. Johnstone, 8vo, 8*s.* 6*d.*—Analysis of Musical Composition, by C. Dawson, 12mo, 4*s.*—The Triumph of Evil, a Poem, by the Rev. J. H. Caunter, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Charicles, or Private Life of the Ancient Greeks, from the German of Becker, by Rev. F. Metcalfe, post 8vo, 12*s.*—The White Slave, or the Russian Peasant-Girl, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—The Desborough Family, by Mrs. Ponsonby, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—School Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, by Dr. Smith, square 12mo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Law of Bankruptcy, Insolvency, &c., by J. H. Burton, 2 parts, 8vo, 34*s.*—The Apostolic Christians, or Catholic Church of Germany, edited by H. Smith, with Preface by Rev. W. Goode, fcp., 3*s.* 6*d.*—Consolations for Christian Mourners: Discourses, by — Thomson, D.D., 12mo, 5*s.*—Immanuel: Lectures, by R. Grace, 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Satanstoe, by J. F. Cooper, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—The Doctrine of the Atonement, by J. A. Haldane, 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Manual for Instruction of Young Children, by S. Wilderspin and F. J. Terrington, royal 8vo, 4*s.*—Burton's Lectures on Ecclesiastical History of First Three Centuries, 3d edit., 1 vol. 8vo, 15*s.*—Thoughts on the Six Days of Creation, by J. W. Bowden, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Specimens of Ancient Church Plate, &c., 4to, 23*s.*—Gregory's Outlines of Chemistry, Part II., 12mo, 7*s.*; complete in 1 vol., 12*s.*—Edmund Spenser's Works, by Rev. H. J. Todd, medium 8vo, 16*s.*—Dr. R. S. Candlish on the Completeness and Extent of the Atonement, fcp., 2*s.* 6*d.*—Shaw's Exposition of the Westminster Confession of Faith, 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Systems of Atmospheric Railways, by W. Jones, 18mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Dream of Lillybell: Tales and Poems, by H. Morley, fcp., 7*s.* 6*d.*—Denison's Cricketer's Companion, 1845, fcp., 2*s.* 6*s.*—Kohl's Travels in England and Wales, translated by Roscoe, fcp., 2*s.* 6*d.*—Going to Maynooth, 12mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Ireland and her Church, by the Very Rev. R. Murray, D.D., Dean of Ardagh, 2d edit., 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Palæographia Sacra Pictoria, 50 plates, by J. O. Westwood, 4to, 4*l.* 10*s.*—Dr. T. Arnold's Miscellaneous Works, 8vo, 12*s.*—Journal of a Visitation Tour 1843-44, by the Lord Bishop of Madras, fcp. 8vo, 6*s.* 6*d.*—Chavenage, a Tale on the Cotswolds, by the Rev. R. W. Huntley, post 8vo, 5*s.*

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. This Evening, June 14, will be performed (for the second time this season), Donizetti's Opera, entitled "Lucrezia Borgia." Lucrezia, Made. Grisi; and Orsini, Madlle. Brambilla; Alphonso, Sig. Lablache; Gubetta, Sig. Paltoni; Astolfo, Sig. A. Giubilei; Rustichello, Sig. Dai Fiori; and Gennaro, Sig. Moriani.

To conclude with an entirely new grand Ballet, in five tableaux, with new scenery, dresses, and decorations, entitled "Roalda; ou, les Mines de Syracuse." The Ballet and Mise en scene by M. St. Leon. The Scenery by Mr. Charles Marshall. The Music composed by Sig. Pugni. Principal characters:—Roalda, Madlle. Cerito; Alonzo, M. St. Leon; the Queen of the Mine, Madlle. Moncelet; Torborn, M. Di Mattia.

In the first tableau, Mdlle. Carlotta Grisi and M. Perrot will dance a Pas de Deux.

Applications for boxes, pit-stalls, and tickets, to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.—Doors open at seven, and the performance will commence at half-past seven.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. Madame GRISI has the honour to inform her Friends, the Subscribers to the Opera, and the Public, that her Benefit will take place on THURSDAY next, June 19, when will be performed Rossini's Opera Seria, "Otello." Desdemona, Madame Grisi; and Emilia, Madame Bellini; Elmiro, Signor Lablache; Iago, Signor Fornasari; Rodrigo, Signor Corelli; Il Doge, Signor Dai Fiori; and Otello, Signor Mario.

To be followed by a variety of attractive Entertainments, in which will appear Mdlle. Cerito, Mdlle. Lucile Grahn, Mdlle. Ferdinand, Mdlle. Moncelet, Mdlle. Cassan, Mdlle. Demelisse, and Mdlle. Carlotta Grisi (her last appearance but four), M. St. Leon, M. Di Mattia, M. Gosselin, and M. Perrot.

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Tickets, 20s. each, may be had of the Stewards; the Honorary Secretary; Mr. Walhee, the Collector; and at the Star and Garter, Richmond.

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TESTIMONIAL TO JOHN BRITTON, Esq. F.S.A.—At a numerous Meeting of the Friends of Mr. Britton, held at 12 Pall Mall, on Saturday the 17th of May, it was resolved unanimously;

1. That in consideration of Mr. Britton's many useful and valuable services in Literature to illustrate the ARCHITECTURAL AND CATHEDRAL ANTIQUITIES OF GREAT BRITAIN, a SUBSCRIPTION be forthwith raised for the purpose of presenting him a permanent TESTIMONIAL of respect and esteem.

2. That Mr. Britton having expressed himself unwilling to receive a piece of plate, or any token of pecuniary consideration, the sum ultimately received be expended on a SUBJECT OF LITERATURE OR ART, or both, whichsoever may be regarded to be the most gratifying to the feelings of that gentleman; and a copy or copies presented to each Subscriber.

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AND

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BRITISH ASSOCIATION.*

Wednesday Evening.

"AFTER rain, sunshine," says the old adage; and it looks like to begin the Cambridge Meeting of the British Association. Through a morning of as *pour*-full rain as is often encountered, a considerable train of leading personages who have attended these meetings found their rapid way from Shoreditch to Bishop-Stortford terminus, where, in the midst of a pelting shower and much scrambling for luggage, the parties were not long in getting away in coaches, post-chaises, and other such conveyances as had been collected for the occasion. Soon after one o'clock, most of them arrived at Cambridge, and were in good time to take up their quarters, obtain their necessary vouchers, and attend the General Committee, which commenced proceedings at two o'clock, with the president, the Dean of Ely, in the chair.

* The following list of the several officers of the sections includes most of the distinguished men present:—

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Before, however, going into the Report, we ought to notice the hospitality of the University authorities, and the excellent arrangements made by the local secretaries, Mr. Hopkins and Professor Ansted. The majority of visitors, we believe, have been most comfortably located in the various colleges; and it is from a delightfully pleasant room, environed by the umbrageous groves of Academe, that we gratefully indite this account of the business of the day, *Wednesday*, as far as it has been carried on.

On the bench, by the chairman, we noticed the Marquis of Northampton, Sir John Herschel, Mr. Murchison, Colonel Sabine, Mr. Hopkins, Professor Sedgwick; and, in other parts, Lord Enniskillen, Sir C. Lemon, Professor Henslow, Professor Daubany, &c. &c.; and Messrs. L. Horner, Porter, C. C. Babington, W. Grove, Heywood, Dr. Lloyd (of Dublin), &c.; whose names appear among the sectional officials.

Professor Phillips, the general secretary, read the minutes of the last two meetings at York, which were confirmed.

Colonel Sabine read the following Report of the Council, and took occasion to remark on the number of distinguished scientific foreigners, and especially of such as had taken a prominent part in the great questions of terrestrial magnetism and meteorology, who had journeyed from France, Prussia, Germany, Russia, and other distant quarters of the earth, to be present at this meeting.

In complianca with a resolution of the General Committee assembled at York, authorising the Council to invite, in the name of the British Association, the attendance at Cambridge of the distinguished foreigners who have taken a leading part in the combined system of magnetical and meteorological observations, a circular had been addressed by the president to Messieurs Humboldt, Gauss, Weber, Kupffer, Arago, Plana, Hansteen, Kreil, Lamont, Boguslawski, Dove, Kamtz, Bache, Gillis, Quetelet, Erman, and others. Letters had also been sent to the same individuals by Sir John Herschel, requesting opinions as to the results of the observations; how far the objects for which they were instituted had already been accomplished; and as to the advantages which the sciences of magnetism and meteorology might derive from their longer continuance. The following have signified their intention of being present at Cambridge to attend the proposed conference:—The Baron Von Seftenberg; Professors Boguslawski of Breslau, Dove and Ermann of Berlin, and Kreil of Prague; and M. Kupffer, Director-General of the Observatories in Russia. Several unable to attend have expressed their opinions on points which appeared likely to come under discussion: Weber, Loomis, Lamont, Quetelet, Gauss, Humboldt, Redfield, &c. The Council have considered it a proper compliment to gentlemen who, at the special request of the British Association, have travelled from distant countries to take part in the proposed proceedings, to name them at once Corresponding Members of the Association, and that each should be presented, on his arrival at Cambridge, with a complete set of the annual publications of the Association.

A draft of proposed new regulations (see below) has been prepared for submission to the General Committee.

In regard to a resolution passed at York, that the Council should consider the propriety of modifying the title and regulations of Section E. (medical), so that it may include a more general range of subjects, a report received from Dr. Hodgkin had been printed, and copies sent to all members of the Council, to the presidents, vice-presidents, and secretaries of Section E. at York, to former presidents of Section E., and to all members of the medical profession who have been members of Council since the Association was formed, accompanied by a request for their opinions on the subject. Letters were received from Dr. Roget and Dr. Williams, which have been printed and circulated among the members, together with Dr. Hodgkin's report.

In regard to tha disadvantage scientific pursuits labour under, from the great difficulty, delay, and expense which attend the transmission of scientific journals between this and foreign countries, and to distant parts of the United Kingdom, it was resolved at York that application be made to Government to take the subject into its favourable consideration. The president and general secretaries have sought to acquaint themselves with some practical mode by which the objects of the resolution might be attained; but they hava not yet been able to satisfy themselves sufficiently to make it expedient to apply to Government.

Of 150*l.* placed at the disposal of the Council, for maintaining the establishment at Kew Observatory, 149*l.* 15*s.* has been expended; and 25*l.* out of 30*l.* voted to them for the purpose of procuring M. Kreil's self-registering barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer. These instruments have been placed under Mr. Ronald's care in the Observatory at Kew.

The town of Southampton has, by a deputation to the Council, renewed the invitation to the British Association to hold its meeting for the year 1846 at Southampton. And letters hava been received from Dr. Conolly, chairman of a provisional committee, and from Dr. Thorp, president of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Cheltenham, intimating the intention of some of the most influential residents of the town of Cheltenham, and of the county of Gloucester, to send a deputation to Cambridge to invite tha Association to hold their annual meeting for 1846 at Cheltenham.

The amendments in the by-laws, or regulations respecting the admission and privileges of members, were then proposed on the recommendation of the Council, and, after a desultory conversation, adopted.*

* They were as follow:—

1. That the composition for life-members be in future 10*l.*, to include the gratuitous delivery of the Annual Reports of the Association.

2. That persons who have once been annual members be entitled to resume their membership at any subsequent meeting of the Association, paying on each such occasion the yearly subscription of 1*l.*, and being eligible as full members of the Association to

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The treasurer Mr. Taylor's financial report was to the effect that the receipts and disbursements of the year shewed a reduction in the balance against the Association to the amount of about 110*l.*; but, with some outstanding debts, they might consider it as nearly at par. The chairman again reminded the meeting of the expediency of being economical in their grants.

Sir John Herschel moved, and the committee agreed to, certain proposed arrangements for the most efficient conduct of the conferences on terrestrial magnetism, so that the result might be worthy of a congress like that now assembled, of eminent foreigners as well as native members who had devoted themselves to this branch of research.

The presidents, vice-presidents, and secretaries of sections were appointed, and also the Committee of Recommendations.

Upon the question, whether or not it would be advantageous to discontinue the Medical Section, E., the president stated that the council had deemed it would be most respectful to refer its reconsideration to the Medical Section, with a request that they would communicate their opinion to the general committee upon this subject, of so much interest to the medical profession, and also to the Ethnological Society. Dr. Hodgkin's comments are as follow:—

"It is too obvious to admit of dispute, that medicine is not only included in the circle of sciences, but that it is amongst the oldest, the most conspicuous, and the most important of the number. Celsus tells us that it was originally considered as a branch of philosophy; and it was doubtless for practical convenience, and to promote its application to the universal wants of society, that at an early period it was studied, professed, and brought into operation, as an independent branch of knowledge. It would therefore be a palpable and inexcusable omission were the science of medicine to be excluded from the circle of the sciences, and cut off from participation in the favour and assistance of a society constituted for the special purpose of the advancement of knowledge. It may, however, be very reasonably questioned, whether it be really consistent with the interests of this branch of science that a separate section of the British Association should be devoted to it. When the formation of such a section was first proposed at Cambridge, the object was so manifestly reasonable and legitimate, that it was carried into effect without hesitation; and the experience of the years which have since elapsed has clearly shewn that the subjects appertaining to such a section are by no means foreign to the designs of the British Association. It has, notwithstanding, been very sensibly felt by many medical members of the association that it is difficult, and indeed almost impossible, to support the section and perform its business in a manner creditable to the association and in keeping with the other sections. The objects designed to be gained by the formation of the section are very imperfectly obtained, whilst its existence is found to be a most irksome burden to the medical members of the association who are officially bound to support it. The majority of the professional members who are not so bound are generally to be found in the other sections; and the non-medical members seldom do more than devote a few minutes to contemplate the scanty attendance, and then retire. The causes of this condition of the Medical Section are so obvious, and of a kind so likely to be permanent, that the council can scarcely fail to recommend its discontinuance; and the recommendation will doubtless be adopted by the general committee, provided it can at the same time be shewn that there are other means by which the science of medicine may receive from the association that share of encouragement and assistance to which it is entitled.

"The following considerations may possibly assist the council in deciding on the course to be recommended:—

"Not only are there several medical societies in the metropolis holding frequent meetings throughout a considerable portion of the year, one of which at least is in the habit of receiving and publishing communications from different parts of the country, but there are also medical associations in country towns. There is likewise in active operation and growing strength a provincial medical association, which, like the British Association, holds its annual meetings in a migratory manner, visiting in succession various parts of the country, and sustaining the interest of large and highly respectable assemblies by most valuable retrospective addresses, and by communications of varied interest and importance. Precisely such meetings would be seen in the now deserted Medical Section of the British Association, were it not for counteracting influences. The existing medical associations just alluded to, to a great degree supersede it; and the other sections, in the business of which medical men, from the varied and comprehensive character of their studies, are likely to take a full share of interest, offer the most powerful attractions. This condition of the Medical Section necessarily operates to prevent original inquirers from bringing their results under its consideration: it does not offer a favourable opportunity for oral communication; and the valuable volumes of Transactions, from the miscellaneous character of their contents, are often undesirable channels for the publication of purely medical papers. What has consequently been the course adopted with respect to communications really belonging to the Medical Section, which have been presented to the British Association? They have been presented to other sections, where they have been listened to with pleasure and profit, and excited that general interest to which they were entitled. Some relating to the sanatory condition of the public have found their way to the Statistical Section. Some allied to these, and relating to the duration of life, and involving the doctrine of probabilities, might very legitimately be produced in the Mathematical Section. Medical papers containing physiological facts and conclusions might with perfect propriety be read at the Zoological Section. Some of these are so intimately connected with comparative anatomy, that they have already found their way thither. Such, for example, as the application of the cell-theory of Schwann and Schleiden. Some of the physiological facts are so essentially chemical, that they would most naturally appertain to that section, where they must evidently be imperfectly discussed, if there are not medical men present to assist in the consideration of them. Others, from being connected with electrical phenomena, are presented, as was the case with the communication of Professor Matteucci, to the notice of the natural philosophers. Some of the papers relating to the *materia medica* may, with equal propriety, be laid before the Botanical or Chemical Section, instead of one which is purely medical. As respects communications which cannot be transferred to any of the other sections, it may safely be assumed that the interest of their authors and that of science would be better served by their being presented to some of the purely medical associations.

"It is an important and singular advantage which is offered by the British Association for the Advancement of Science, that it is not merely ready to receive and give publicity to valuable communications, but that it calls forth and assists their production; and it would indeed be a most serious objection to the suppression of the Medical Section, if it were to have the effect of cutting off the advancement of medical science from all participation in this advantage. This objection is entitled to the greater weight from the fact, that whilst it comparatively seldom happens that those medical men who are enjoying the sunshine of public favour, and reaping the golden harvest of lucrative practice, are engaged in the advancement of medical science, by making researches, incurring pecuniary expense, as well as loss of time; these inquiries are, on the other hand, often absorbing the attention of the young and the ardent, and inconveniently trenching on their limited resources, before they are receiving any return for the large outlay which their professional education has required. Such a result need not be apprehended, if the Committee of Recommendations will systematically bear in mind the claims of medical science, and if medical men will perform their duty in the committees of the remaining sections.

"If it be shewn that the advancement of medical science can be as well promoted if the Medical Section be suppressed, as if it were continued, and if it be evident that the credit and comfort of the annual meetings will be most served by the suppression, the only question that remains to be considered is, the probable tendency of the introduction of communications bearing upon medical science into the other sections to a somewhat larger amount than has already taken place. Those communications which are strictly professional or of objectionable character, will necessarily be excluded; and experience has clearly shewn, that a non-medical audience derive their full share of interest and pleasure from communications of a medical or physiological character when they are appropriately managed. If the members generally are sensible, that, instead of having ground for complaining that their time is improperly occupied, they are really interested, gratified, and instructed, the question will simply be, whether this comparatively trivial step towards the popularising of physiology and medicine is likely to promote the advantage or the injury of the public at large, or of the members of the medical profession. It can scarcely be disputed, that benefit, without the possibility of deduction, may be derived from the possession of some knowledge of those curious and important instruments of which the living body is composed; and it seems at least to be as legitimate a subject for the attention of every one who is desirous to be well informed, that he should know himself both physically and morally, as that he should know the thickness

serve in the general committee, or in any other office. It being understood, however, that members who have intermitted their subscription shall possess no other advantage in future, in respect to the annual volumes, than that of purchasing them at members' prices.

3. That in addition to the above two classes of full members, there be constituted a class of *Associates for the year*, admissible on the recommendation of a single member, who, on payment of 1*l.*, shall be entitled to attend all sectional and evening meetings: not eligible to serve on committees, or to hold any office: only entitled to purchase the volume for the year to which they belong at members' prices.

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of Saturn's ring, and the density of the Georgium Sidus, or charge his memory with what Hercules is fabled to have done and suffered, and a variety of other mythological tales. As for the members of the medical profession, they are by no means likely to suffer from any probable extension of physiological and medical knowledge. As the schoolmaster and the professor are most in request amongst an educated people, so the accomplished medical man will be most esteemed and best rewarded by those who are aware of the nature and difficulty of his studies, and of the necessity which there exists of a combination of practical and theoretical knowledge. No more availing check can be given to the deceptions and encroachments of impudent and ignorant quacks, than that of giving popularity to the kind of knowledge just alluded to, precisely as the death-blow to astrology has been given by the general diffusion of a popular knowledge of astronomical facts."

Dr. Roget has written to nearly the same effect. He states that he agrees to the tenor of Dr. H.'s report, and recommends the discontinuance of the section of medicine. He adds: "I am ready to admit that, at the early periods of the association, much advantage may have been derived from the formation of that section, that the discussions at its meetings may have occasionally been useful, and that there is much merit in the reports it has elicited. But I think it will be sufficiently apparent, on a careful examination of the whole series of the published Transactions of the association, that these reports, together with the accounts of the proceedings of that section, occupy but a small space in these volumes, and that in intrinsic value they are far below those which have emanated from the other sections. This disproportion, both in amount and in value, has, in the progress of time, been continually augmenting; so that, for the last three or four years, the number of pages dedicated to matters strictly medical has dwindled into comparative insignificance. Whatever may be the interest, in a professional point of view, attaching to the papers thus communicated, it is impossible to avoid seeing that they are very likely to be overlooked by those very persons whom they are designed to instruct; for there are few medical readers who would search for information of that kind amidst the pages of these Transactions, when there is so great a profusion of periodical medical journals as at present exists. Among the subjects of medical pursuit, it is only those which belong to physiology, both animal and vegetable; to comparative anatomy, in its important bearings on zoology, geology, and physiology; to chemistry, and the other departments of physics, that can have much attraction for unprofessional persons; and all these persons will find, in other sections, more appropriate places for the discussion and inquiry of these subjects, among the kindred branches of science with which they are naturally and advantageously associated. On the other hand, all such topics as relate immediately to the practice of medicine, surgery, obstetrics, and other still more limited branches of the art, are exceedingly unfitted for discussion by any other than members of the medical profession; and the opportunity afforded of bringing them forward at meetings to which all are admitted, has the pernicious effect of holding out encouragement to adventurers possessing no pretensions to real science, but desirous only to gain the notice of an undiscriminating public, ever ready to lavish rewards on the boldest among the competitors for its confidence."

By avoiding a public discussion, and returning the subject-matter in dispute to be resolved by the disputants, the council and committee have avoided an unpleasant dilemma; for the following letter from Dr. Williams, of Holles Street, manifests a pretty decided difference of opinion:

"I regret much that I was not present at the last meeting of the council, when the proposition of Dr. Hodgkin to abolish Section E. was brought forward. I had several important engagements on that day; but had I been aware that the subject was to be entertained, I would certainly have made a point to attend. And now that I find that I cannot be present at the meeting of the council to-morrow evening (and very doubtful that I shall be able to go to Cambridge at all), I am reduced to the necessity of troubling you with this letter on the matter alluded to above. From several conversations which we have had together, you are aware that I have been always a strong advocate for upholding the Medical Section of the British Association; and I have been so after having pretty regularly attended the first ten meetings, and thus having had good opportunities of judging from observation of its practicability and usefulness. Dr. Hodgkin does not question the claim which medical science has to a share in the proceedings of the meetings of the British Association: and who can question it at a time when the applications of science to medicine are constantly multiplying? But he thinks that experience has proved that it is almost impossible to support a section devoted exclusively to it. Now, I would appeal to past experience to prove, that at several of the meetings the Medical Section was as well attended and supplied with papers as the other sections, except two, which are always attractive. At the meetings at Dublin, Bristol, Liverpool, and Manchester, there was no lack of spirit or of subjects in Section E. At Plymouth, on the other hand, there was a failure; and the cause should be known, because it might have been obviated. The local officers of the section had made no provision for the first day; and visitors arriving late, or not being prepared so soon, there were no papers, and therefore there was no meeting: and the success of the section was nipped in the bud. Yet even here was no scarcity of subjects; for on the last day there were more than could be received. If, by the exertions of the local officers, a good list of subjects were always announced for the first two days, the section would muster with spirit, and there would be no flagging afterwards. But to ensure activity in the local officers, it is necessary to appoint men who are neither *too old, nor too much engrossed* in practice; and there will always be a sufficient number, at any place at which the association is likely to assemble, of such men, of scientific attainments, but who are yet waiting for public favour. It is in vain to expect much aid from those who have the name of being the most eminent practitioners; and had they time to attend the meetings, they are not always the best qualified to promote their objects. Dr. Hodgkin is, I think, in error when he states that other associations fulfil the objects of the Medical Section of the British Association. The only one which in any degree resembles it is the Provincial Medical Association: but this body meets only for two days; and the time of its meetings is so taken up with retrospective addresses and financial and political matters concerning their body, that there is none left for scientific communications and discussions. As for local medical societies in London and elsewhere, these can no more fulfil the objects of Section E. than the several philosophical societies can those of Section A.—the Chemical Society those of Section B.—the several geological societies those of Section C.—the Linnæan and Zoological Societies those of Section D., &c. Lastly, Dr. H.'s project of retaining pecuniary grants for the prosecution of researches in Medical Science, and of merging the materials of the Medical Section in the other sections, appears to me to be wholly impracticable. Each section has generally enough business of its own to occupy its time; and the intrusion of medical subjects and discussions would not only be distasteful to the majority of members, but would be studiously avoided by medical men, who have too much delicacy of professional feeling to desire to popularise their works. If Section E. is not permitted a separate existence, pray let it be put in Schedule A.—not in Section A. nor Section B., nor any other section,—nor unmercifully scattered through them all, and its *disjecta membra* voted a general nuisance! But I cannot but hope that there will be found spirit enough among the medical men at Cambridge to rescue medical science from extinction in the British Association. I have been obliged to write this so hastily, that I doubt that it will in any degree aid the cause: but, remembering what Section E. has done, and feeling what it may yet do, for the promotion of medical science, I must record my protest against its being dissolved."

There is one remark in Dr. Roget's letter to which we would point particular attention; where he speaks of the encouragement given to adventurers to *puff themselves* by pushing forward at these meetings. Let it be remembered that quackery and pretence are not confined to the medical art; and that there is an equal necessity for guarding against similar encroachments in every other section, from A. to G.!

The committee adjourned to half-past three, on Monday, to determine on the next anniversary, and get through the other requisite transactions to guide the intermediate year.

MAGNETIC AND METEOROLOGICAL CONFERENCE.

The first meeting of the conference took place on Friday, at eight o'clock in the morning, so as not to interfere with the sectional proceedings. From the seventh report of the committee appointed to conduct the co-operation of the British Association in the system of simultaneous magnetical and meteorological observations, drawn up by Sir John Herschel, after a careful and minute analysis of the several letters received, we derive the following classification of the subjects for discussion:—

It has appeared to your committee adviseable to propose for consideration at the approaching conference the following heads of inquiry, without prejudice to such other points relative to the general question as the experience and judgment of any of their distinguished coadjutors may suggest for discussion.

1. Under all the circumstances, is it the opinion of the conference that the combined system of magnetic and meteorological observation ought to be continued longer?

Should their opinion be in the negative, there is of course no room for further deliberation, except in so far as may relate to any changes of apparatus, methods, &c. which it may be worth while to make, or any experiments to perform, in the short interval to the end of the year. In order, therefore, to give room for any further inquiry, it is necessary to suppose, at least provisionally, that some considerable amount of opinion in favour of continuance is manifested,

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which, should it prove to be the case (as the general tenor of the correspondence would appear to indicate), it may perhaps be advisable still to wave coming to any *final* conclusion on this principal head, until the subordinate subjects shall have undergone discussion; and this, if for no other reason, because, agreeing in the general principle, it may be found impossible to reconcile all opinion respecting the details. Assuming then, provisionally, an affirmative opinion on the general principle, the following are the general heads under which it would appear most convenient to arrange the subjects of consideration:—

A. *The general system of magnetic observation at fixed stations.*
  a. The daily observations.
  b. The absolute determinations.
  c. Term observations.
  d. Disturbances.
  e. Instruments.
  f. Additional observations.

B. *The general system of meteorological observation at fixed stations.*
  a. The daily observations.
  b. Term observations.
  c. Instruments.
  d. Additional observations.

C. *Stations, and duration of the system.*
  a. The Ordnance stations.
  b. The Admiralty stations.
  a. The East-India stations.
  d. Permanence or temporary duration of the stations.
  e. Observers and assistants.

D. *Surveys and auxiliary stations.*
  a. Magnetic surveys by land and sea.
  b. Auxiliary barometric stations.

E. *Problems solved and to be solved.*

F. *Particular suggestions which deserve consideration.*

Under each of these general heads, and their subdivisions, particular suggestions have been made, and alterations proposed or objected to, giving rise to questions a great deal too numerous and extensive to admit of their being each discussed in full detail at a conference so limited in time as this must be. Nevertheless it will be proper to specify under each, in the manner of a *résumé*, what *are* the particular questions which have arisen in the minds of our correspondents, or have been subsequently suggested, with a view to selecting those of most importance; and these are as follows:

A a. *Daily Observations.*—Should they be made hourly, two-hourly, four-, six-, or eight-hourly? by night as well as by day? at Gottingen time or that of the place? at constant or variable hours with the season of the year? Should they be made two-hourly for a certain time, and subsequently changed to four- or six-hourly?

A b. *Absolute Determinations.*—Should they be made monthly, or how often? For what elements? What methods should be pursued in their determination?

A c. *Term Observations.*—Should they be discarded (as seems the general impression), or increased in number and made weekly, as Dr. Lloyd recommends? Should Gottingen time be used in them? Should a term be broken off if no disturbance be apparent at the usual time of greatest disturbance?

A d. *Disturbances.*—Should the inquiry into disturbances rely on term-observations only, or should extra observations be made whenever they are supposed to be in progress? Should a few continuous observations be made at the usual hours of maximum disturbance, to detect them? Ought the readings of the instruments during them to be registered at definite instants of Gottingen mean time, or at the instants of great jumps or turning points? Ought any special provision to be made for their observarion during Sir John Franklin's stay near the Pole?

A e. *Instruments.*—Ought the present instruments to continue in use, or any and what changed? Ought magnets to be interchanged? Should self-registering magnetic apparatus to register disturbances attaining a certain magnitude? New instruments — induction magnetometer — theodolite ditto — M. Lamont's new inventions?

A f. *Additional Observations.*—Should any, and what, be in future made?

B a. *Daily Meteorological Observations.*—Should any immediate change be made in the hours? in the instruments? Should night-observations be discontinued?

B b. *Meteorological Terms.*—Should these be discontinued? Should they be modified as to the extent of the observations?

B c. *Meteorological Instruments.*—Should self-registering instruments be used? and what? Should encouragements be held out for their improval? and of what sort? who to be the judges, and what the conditions of their introduction into use? At what times and on what understandings are new instruments generally to be introduced? Should a system of itinerant instruments of comparison be adopted? at what intervals? and in what order?

B d. *Additional Observations.*—Of thermometers, wet and dry, at several elevations in the air? Of temperatures of soil at several depths? Of atmospheric electricity? with what instrument? Peltier's? Gourjon's? Mr. Wheatstone's new principle and apparatus? Of barometer continuously during storms? Should the wind be registered at each observatory? Should any other class of phenomena be observed?

C a, c b. *Of the Ordnance and Admiralty Stations.*—Should *all* be continued in activity, or not, and which? If the same *number* be retained, is it desirable to continue or change the *stations?* Should any endeavour be made to procure *additional* colonial stations?

C c. *The East-India Observatories.*—Should any and which of them be continued? The expense of Simla being particularly heavy, is it desirable to recommend *its* continuance?

C d. *Permanence or temporary continuance.*—For *how long* a period would it be desirable to continue *each station seriatim?* Should any one or more be permanent?

C e. *Observers and Assistants.*—Should the force of *each* observatory *seriatim* be diminished or increased?

D a. *Survey and Auxiliary Stations.*—Should any and what local surveys be *recommended?* Should the observatories be given up, would any local surveys deserve recommendation? Should the observations of travellers be encouraged, and how? — by publication of their results? At whose expense? Are there any extensive tracts of sea in which nautical surveys (magnetic and meteorological) would be desirable?

D b. *Auxiliary Stations.*—By what means can chains or triangles of stations of meteorological observation be best encouraged or effected? Should any attempt be made to carry out such a chain of posts northward from Toronto?

E. *Problems solved and to be solved.*

Is it the opinion of the conference that the *law* of diurnal change of the magnetic elements may be considered as satisfactorily ascertained for any and what station?

Is the law of *daily range* (disturbances excepted) of the magnetic elements, or any of them, made out?

Is the law of annual (periodical) fluctuation made out? Is its dependence on temperature — on evaporation — on precipitation — distinctly ascertained?

Is the *direction* and *amount* of secular change for any and what station made out?

Is Toronto favourably or unfavourably situated for,—1st, the determination of the maximum or minimum *quantity* of dip, and has it been determined? 2dly, for the *epoch* of the turning-point of dip, and has *that* been ascertained, or in how many years *could* it be ascertained, or is it *now* possible to ascertain it at all?

Has any correspondence in the magnitude and direction of great disturbances been perceived in *very* distant stations?

Are *days* of great disturbance general, though the particular phases differ in different localities?

Shall we, at the end of 1845, be in possession of data for computing the Gaussian constants for 1842-43, in virtue of the totality of observations made or to be made up to that time?

If not, is there a reasonable prospect that in a given time, say three or —— years more, by proceeding as at present with observatories and surveys, we *shall* be so?

Have the disturbance-observations as yet manifested any intelligible connexion with aurora further than that certain auroras do, and certain do not, affect the needle?

Have the observations hitherto made held out any appearance of connexion with any other cause?

In Meteorology.—Has any striking discovery been elicited by the observations made, either at fixed stations or in the progress of the Antarctic Expedition, besides that of the lower barometric pressure already noticed?

Has M. Dove's resolution of barometric fluctuation into two elements received any confirmation?

F. *Particular Suggestions deserving consideration.*

Is it desirable that meteorological registers made at sea *in toto*—or reduced—should be published?

Would it be desirable if practicable to publish monthly or quarterly returns?

Would it be advisable to procure from the Royal Society, or other quarters where meteorological observations are published, extra copies of *these alone* for circulation among meteorologists? and *how* are they to be circulated? and who to bear the expense?

Would it be advisable to recommend to the general committee to appoint M. Ermann to act as a committee to superintend the calculation of the Gaussian constants for 1829, with a grant of 50*l.* per annum for two years, according to his proposal?

Would it be advisable to accept M. Dove's offer to reduce one station's meteorological observations in the mode proposed by him, and to call on other members, or others who may be disposed to follow his example, and to request them to act as a committee with or with-

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out money at disposal to do so on the system to be proposed by M. Dove?

Is there any one ready to undertake a climatology of England according to M. Dove's suggestion?

Professor Bache proposes general hourly observations for a year all over America, to commence a year hence [? exact day . . .], would it be right to call upon private observers or public bodies to do the same in Europe, and in that case to guarantee their publication?

Is there any decided improvement capable of being suggested in the mode of publication of the colonial observations?

J. F. W. Herschel.

"*British Association.*—It is understood, and a wish to that effect was early expressed on the *part of the officers of the Association*, that the colleges will not exercise those *public hospitalities* which *marked* the former visit of the association to Cambridge. Ordinaries will be provided; but there will be no reception in the halls, except in the same way as at ordinary times."—*Cambridge Chronicle of Saturday last.*

From whomsoever they emanate, paragraphs of this kind seem to us to be in bad taste. It ought to be left to the proper sense of every place whose invitation to the British Association has been accepted, to treat its guests in the manner the entertainers consider to be due to themselves and their visitors. No officers of the association, who are always, from their position, courted and *fêted*, should venture to express a wish how their companion-members should be treated—whether hospitably or inhospitably; and to prescribe to Cambridge and the Cambridge colleges how they are expected, or ought, to fulfil the duties imposed on them by the terms of their own act, is, in our notions, a piece of . . . . interference. What the receptions are "in ordinary times," we know not; but if meetings of the British Association are but ordinary-times meetings, we can suppose the suggestion to be as applicable as economical. But this is folly. No gentleman who belongs to the British Association desires extravagance of entertainment; but every one has a right to expect a trifle added to the family-dinner, as be would have if asked to a friend's house. This little principle of snaking hospitalities is carried too far. The British Association spokesmen have no business to push it to the extreme of a public notification; and they may rest assured, if they could succeed in stinting the kindly intercourse of the meetings, they will make them so unpalatable, that Science may as well hold its parliament on Salisbury Plain as in a hive of rich and intellectual men. In the early days of the association, it was proclaimed to the world how much the splendid social intercourse of these meetings tended to unite together men from all countries, and of all differences in opinion upon other subjects: it was the union of even convivial life with science, which was boasted of as the foundation and cement of the system and its beneficial results. Why should we now adopt another course, and call for parsimony and dry formalities?*

* The magnificent entertainment at Trinity College at the last meeting (like that which succeeded at the Dublin University), was one of the most impressive sights ever witnessed, and would never depart from the memory of foreigner or native who was present on the occasion. Such noble reunions of the greatest ornaments of science and literature, in scenes of dignity and grandeur suitable to their exalted position, do honour alike to the great endowments of the venerated establishments whence they emanate, and to the country where such establishments exist. It is a pity to cry down festivals like these.

Thursday Evening.

The events of the first day may, for the present, be summed up in small compass (awaiting the evening meeting, when the new president is installed); for, except in Section A., there was more than the usual deficiency in communications, and elsewhere even in the proceedings of sections at all.

Section A.—(*Mathematical and Physical Science.*)

The principal topics brought forward in Section A. were magnetism, light, and rain. The discussion upon the corpuscular and undulatory theories of light, the former upheld by Sir John Herschel, and the latter by the Astronomer Royal, formed the chief interest: to this and to the other subjects we shall return in our next number.

Section B.—(*Chemical Science.*)

In Section B., the Rev. Dr. Cumming in the chair, only three papers were marked for reading, viz.:

1. Hunt (R.) on the actinograph.
2. Bunsen (Prof.) and Playfair (Dr. L.), first part of the report on the gases from furnaces: the eudiometric method of analysis employed in the inquiries on the manufacture of iron, and the gases evolved in the distillation of coal.
3. Canter (Dr.) on Mollucca guano.

In the first, the communication was simply to explain the construction and design of the instrument bearing the above name. The investigations of Sir John Herschel and numerous other inquirers, and particularly the researches of the author, have shewn that the intensity of chemical action in the solar rays bears no direct relation to the quantity of light. It has been proved that the light of the morning and evening is very different in its character, and there is every reason to suppose the phenomena of vegetation exhibited by the change of the seasons are dependent upon some remarkable changes in the composition of the solar beam. With the view of registering these changes, the actinograph has been constructed. The instrument consists of a fixed cylinder, on which is placed a prepared photographic paper. This is covered by another metal cylinder, which revolves once in the twenty-four hours. Through this there is a triangular opening divided by fifty bars, through which the paper is exposed to the sunshine. As the time during which the smallest part of the opening allows the paper to be exposed is one hundred times less than the time during which it is exposed by the largest opening, different effects are produced on the paper, and consequently a register for every hour of the day may be numerically kept of the amount of actinic radiation associated with light.

The second paper, being only the beginning of a long report, may be deferred for full consideration altogether; and Dr. Canter's paper, read by Mr. E. Solly, led to no new information or conclusive result. It related the modes of application of guano manure to the cultivation of the nutmeg-tree, and other products of India and the Indian Archipelago, and also described the component parts and qualities of that substance. When concluded, Mr. Solly observed that he had not had time to make a detailed analysis of the specimens sent to him; but his opinion was, that it would not be an import of any consequence to the agriculture of this country, being much inferior in the elements of fertility to the guano from other parts already known in the commercial markets of England. It was full of the legs of beetles and ants.

Mr. Goodsir produced specimens of the guano last brought from Ichaboe to Hull, which the sailors described as the last sweepings of that island. On analysis, it was found to contain much salt; and the cleansed piece exhibited was nearly a sulphate of soda, with ammonia and organic matter. Prof. Daubeny noticed that the qualities of guano were very different, and depended much on the food of the birds from which it was obtained. Some had much less in proportion of the earthy salts, which were supposed to be its fertilising principle. This sort of food stimulated the growth of plants; and the action of the salt, whether ammoniac or nitric, would be greater in tropic than in temperate regions: therefore what might be best for the one, might be of little or no utility in the other. Much must depend on the powers of the plants to decompose the earth and absorb the fertilising element. The learned professor promised further information on this subject, so important to agriculture, at a future opportunity; and the section broke up about two o'clock.

Section C.—(*Geology and Physical Geography.*)

1. Sedgwick (Prof.) on the geology of the vicinity of Cambridge.
2. Murchison (R. I.), to communicate from M. Göppert, of Breslau, a summary *exposé* of the species of fossil plants; and 3. To communicate a discovery by Mr. F. Oswald, of silurian rocks near Oels Breslau, in Silesia.
4. Salter (J. W.) on cornulites and tentaculites.

Professor Sedgwick (the chairman) opened the business in one of his brief but apposite and happy addresses, in which he complimented his auditors on the beautiful place allotted for their discussions (the Senate-house). He then adverted to the general want of papers on the first day, which, in their case, he attributed to the innate modesty of geologists, who were so accustomed to be burrowing under the earth, like moles, that they could not begin to do any thing above ground till they got used to the light! He then intimated the order and time of proceedings, and alluded to Sir George Back as the representative of the sub-section of physical geography. His own subject had not much of originality, and was chiefly intended to inform the inhabitants of Cambridge, and the country round, what was the nature of the geological structure in their neighbourhood. He lastly spoke of the freedom and frankness with which the proceedings of the Geological Society of London were carried on—every member speaking his opinion without reserve: and he desired the same spirit to prevail here; for, he remarked, though debarred in some other learned and scientific societies, and foretold to be the breaking-up of the geologists, this very freedom of speech had been the saving of that institution. [A worthy example, which we trust to see carried into other dumb and formal bodies.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*] Their collisions often led to more important matters than were contained in the papers themselves.

His lecture being exactly such as he said (see above), we need not enter into details.

In Mr. Murchison's papers the chief feature was the announcement of Mr. Oswald's discovery in a small patch of silurian rocks near Oels, of ancient and recent fossil remains together, which brought up a smart debate, such as often enlivens this section.

The last exposition was delivered by Prof. Phillips, and illustrated by large coloured drawings.

Section D.—(*Zoology and Botany.*)

This section, Prof. Henslow in the chair, opened with an important communication; the following being the list:

1. Richardson (Dr.), report on the fishes of the Chinese seas.

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2. Bonomi (J.) on drawings of gigantic birds on a tomb at Memphis.
3. Blackwall (Mr. J.), list of periodical birds, observed at Llanrwst.
4. Alder and Hancock (Messrs.) on a new genus of *Mollusca nudibranchiata*.

Dr. Richardson's great theory is, that the distribution of fishes is of a very extensive nature, and in immense zones. Thus, the same species are nearly identical throughout all the southern hemisphere, oceans, and island-shores, —that they differ on the two sides of the Atlantic, one series being peculiar to the African, and the other to the South American, coasts; and that in the arctic circle they are the same throughout a certain latitude around the Pole.

This elicited some discussion and some pertinent remarks from Mr. Hope, on the migration of fishes, whether induced by temperature, search of food, or other causes (not satisfactorily explained by Dr. R.'s theory), and also some observations by the Bishop of Norwich, Mr. Murchison, Dr. Latham, and the president.

The other papers do not require immediate notice.

SECTION E.—(*Medical Science.*)

This section met and adjourned till Saturday; by which time the report expected (see Wednesday's proceedings) will be made, and the Medical Section probably cease to exist in the British-Association divisions of science. Meanwhile, it has been resolved in Section D. that a sub-committee be appointed for forming an Ethnological Sub-Section, to consist of the following names: Admiral Sir Charles Malcolm, Sir Robert Schomburgk, Dr. Hodgkin, Dr. Prichard, Dr. King, John Hogg, Esq., Dr. Latham, Dr. Ernest Dieffenbach, and Captain Grover.

The meetings of this body are to take place under the room now appropriated to the Statistical Section, in the lecture-room, great court of Trinity College. There is, we understand, a bit of a difference of opinion whether it shall be styled the "Ethnological" or the "Ethnographical." Its members are for *Ethnology*, as in France and on the continent. Some of the council, however, including the Dean of Ely, are for *Ethnography*; and then comes another question, whether it shall continue to be a *Sub*-Section, or a *Section* united with that other *Sub* of Physical Geography, which is at present attached to the Geological, and is not left much space to move there among the doughty champions of that science, [who would be as well pleased to dissever the tie! *Nous verrons!*—*Ed. L. G.*]

SECTION F.—(*Statistics.*)

1. Heywood (J.) on the university statistics of Germany; and 2. on comparative tables of degrees in Cambridge in the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries.
3. Porter (G. R.) on the progress and present condition of savings' banks in the United Kingdom.

Only Mr. Heywood's papers were read. They were replete with curious statistical facts and comparisons, shewing great research and application; but as we have had something to do with the subject in reviewing his valuable publications, and the details are too long for our present summary, we have only now to pass to

SECTION G.—(*Mechanics.*)

The machinery of this section not being in order, it could not work till to-morrow.

The list of members registered at ten o'clock on Wednesday evening amounted to 341; and a great number have been and are hourly arriving since then; so that (with the beautiful weather) we may fairly anticipate a brilliant meeting.

Friday Morning.

The proceedings in the Senate-house last evening were so interesting as to deserve the earliest possible notice, abiding a more ample account of them.

The body of the hall and the galleries were filled with ladies and gentlemen, including many distinguished members of the Association, and eminent persons belonging to the University; and the platform was covered with men of note in almost every branch of intellectual pursuit, from every part of the empire and every country in Europe.

The Dean of Ely, president, addressed the assembly in an appropriate speech, which occupied a quarter of an hour in delivering; and then led Sir John Herschel, as his elected successor, to the chair; which act was hailed with great applause.

Sir John Herschel, after a brief introduction, read a paper on the pursuits, recent advance, and present state of science, interspersed with applicable observations on the most important points; which occupied nearly an hour and a half.

From his low voice, we fear it was not well heard throughout; but many portions shewed a profound knowledge of his subject, and his remarks to be deserving of the utmost consideration. It seemed to us (losing, as others did, even on the platform, some of its substance and points) to be a very luminous discourse, and one likely, from its vast intelligence, to be referred to long hence for future guidance.

Mr. Everett, the American Minister, in a very eloquent address, inculcating the most friendly relations between the old and new countries, moved the thanks of the assembly to Sir John Herschel; which was seconded by the Marquis of Northampton, in a brief speech full of pith, and (as it were) neatly clinching the striking features of what had been said before, and fixing them and their usefulness and value on the memory for ever.

After a little business-routine, this most satisfactory meeting separated at near eleven o'clock, having enjoyed three gratifying hours of the exhibition of varied human minds and powers.

The list of members now exceeds 600.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of Fiction: being a Critical Account of the most celebrated Prose Works of Fiction from the Earliest Greek Romances to the Novels of the Present Age. By John Dunlop, Esq. Third edition. Royal 8vo. Longmans.

IT is not our custom to review new editions of works which have obtained an established reputation, especially when, as in the present case, those works are reprinted without alteration or comment; but so many years have passed since Dunlop's *History of Fiction* was first published, during which great advances have been made in the general knowledge of the subject on which it treats, and many new facts have been discovered, that we think we may safely return to the subject. Dunlop is a valuable book of reference for general readers, and contains a large mass of popular information on the romantic writers of ancient and modern times; but it is deficient in arrangement, and it certainly does not give a correct *historical* view of the origin and progress of fiction and romance.

Nothing can be more erroneous than the attempt to trace the origin of romantic literature to one particular source, be that source either Eastern, or Gothic, or Grecian, for each of these have formed the ground of different hypotheses, which have been supported with equal ingenuity and perseverance. Every country has possessed, in its own primeval literature, the first germ of romance, which has been developed more or less under different circumstances, influenced frequently by accidents, and has been in course of time modified in its form and character by intercourse with a foreign literature in a different stage of development. The earliest class of romance was of a purely mythic character. Epithets given to the Deity by his worshippers, in the infancy of nations, were afterwards mistaken for names of different personages; and the attributes expressed or implied by them were gradually transformed into deeds and actions of the individual, and were, in course of time, combined and confounded with the dim and gigantic traditions of real events which had survived through several generations, when memory was the only means of preserving them. These appear first in a poetical shape, because poetry was the only form of literary composition found in the primeval age. It is to this source that we owe the poetic legends of Troy and Thebes, and the whole range of Grecian (as well as Teutonic) mythology; and it is this nature of the origin of these legends that has left so much room for disputing whether the legends themselves are historical or purely mythic. The Eddas, indigenous to the north of Europe, are of this character. The Anglo-Saxons had as complete a family of gods as that which figures in the Grecian mythology: Woden, and his descendants Bed-wiga, and Hwala, and Hadra, and Heremon, and Heremod, and Beowa, and Tætwa, and Geata, and Godwulf, and Finn, and some thirteen more in succession,* were the demigods or heroes of the fabulous age of our primitive forefathers, and stand at the head of the Saxon mythic genealogy, to which the different branches of the Saxon blood-royal traced its descent; as the great families of Greece claimed descent from Theseus, Hercules, &c. Each of the names on the list was no doubt the subject of a series of romantic adventures, many of which were well known among our forefathers as late as the twelfth century, though the only one which has descended to our own time, in anything approaching to a complete state, is the romance of Beowulf, the Beowa of the foregoing list. The Saxon Beowulf and the German Niebelungen Lied belong to the same class of literary productions as the Iliad and the Grecian cyclic poets.

We have few remains of the popular literature of the Anglo-Saxons, but from different allusions in old writers, we are led to believe that it was rich in legendary stories. These were generally of a purely national character, and have consequently not unfrequently found their way into chronicles and histories. The legendary story of King Ina, from the "Brief History of the Bishoprick of Somerset," printed in one of the earlier publications of the Camden Society (Mr. Hunter's *Ecclesiastical Documents*), furnishes a very good example of Anglo-Saxon fictions:

"Formerly there were two kings reigning in England; one beyond the Humber, the other on this side of it. It happened that the king who reigned on this side the Humber, the number of his days being completed, went the way of all flesh. He left no heir behind him; whereupon, in the kingdom which he had governed, there arose a cessation of the administration of

* A curious dissertation on the Anglo-Saxon mythic genealogical list, by Mr. Kemble, will be found in the second volume of his edition of Beowulf.

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justice, and with it injustice; so that no room was left for either peace or equity. The unjust man condemned the just; the strong oppressed the weak; and the more powerful a man was, the more injurious was he to his neighbour. What more? Thus the want of an heir to the kingdom brought a miserable desolation: which beholding, the bishops and chief persons of the realm, desirous to obtain a king to reign over them, consulted the Lord at London. The reply they received was, that they should seek out a man whose name was Ina, and make him king. When the chief men of the realm heard this, they immediately despatched many messengers in every direction who should seek out this person called Ina, and bring him to them: who, when they had sought him for a long time without success, a party of them, who had been inquiring in the western provinces, namely, in Cornwall and Devonshire, were returning, wearied in spirit, and directing their course towards London. These men, as they were travelling through the provinces, and had arrived at a certain town which is called Somerton, chanced to see there a certain husbandman with his plough, who, with a loud voice, was calling out for 'Ina,' that he might come with the oxen of his father, who was a partner of the husbandman. The messengers, hearing this, inquired of the husbandman what he was calling; who replied, that he had called for Ina, the son of his partner, that he should come with his father's oxen. As soon as the messengers had seen Ina, and perceived that he was a handsome youth, tall and robust, they rejoiced with exceeding joy: 'This,' said they, 'is he of whom we are in search.' When they expressed their desire to take him with them, they were not suffered to do so by the father, nor yet by the neighbours, without giving a pledge and security that no harm should happen to him while he was in their hands. This being done, they brought him to London, to the chiefs and nobles of the realm, who, when they saw Ina, a young man, very handsome, and, as it seemed, very brave, they made him king, committing to him the kingdom, and all belonging to it; and he was immediately consecrated by the bishops. While these things were scarcely concluded, there came one who told the king, that the king on the other side the Humber had lately died, leaving an only daughter, his heir, whose name was Adelburgh. When the king heard this, he sent a royal embassy to Adelburgh, with proposals of marriage; and that their two realms should be united in one monarchy. But Adelburgh, when she had received the proposal, despised it, and spurned the thought of marriage with the king, because it was said he was the son of a husbandman. King Ina, when he received this reply, thinking that he should himself have better success, determined to go in person; and, pretending that he was a messenger of the king, came to Adelburgh, and repeated the proposals which before had been made to her. But she, nevertheless, as before, rejected the proposal, on the ground that the king's father was a husbandman; which, when the king heard, thinking anxiously what he should do, that by some means or other he might succeed, he determined to remain with her some days, and even months, in the character of a servant waiting upon her. Now it happened, that Adelburgh appointed a feast to be held for the chief persons of her realm. Ina, on the day of the festival, had the office assigned him by his mistress of placing the dishes on the table at the banquet. While he was performing this duty, being dressed in royal apparel, and appearing to far greater advantage than the other persons who were present, the lady, again and again admiring him, became exceedingly enamoured, and ordered a couch to be prepared for him at night in her own apartments. In a secret interview, in the deep silence of the night, Ina again opened his embassy to Adelburgh. He could not, however, prevail to be heard, until, at length, he declared to her who he was, and that he himself was the king: when she, wondering exceedingly at what had happened, was amazed, and, with hearty good will, acquiesced in his proposal. This being settled, the king departed; and being returned into his own country, sent a splendid embassy to conduct the lady to him. When she arrived at the town which was then called Cideston, but now Wells, they were there solemnly married."

Dunlop has erroneously placed at the *head* of the *History of Fiction*, the works of the Byzantine novelists, the Greek *scriptores erotici*. There is no reason for supposing that the writings of Longus, and Achilles Tatius, and the other Greek authors of the same class, exercised any influence on the romantic literature of the West until long after the age of the restoration of learning. Yet, by some unaccountable accident, one story, which appears to belong to this class, had found its way to the extreme West at a very early period; and it is also singular that the original Greek form of this story appears to be entirely lost. The story to which we allude is that of Apollonius of Tyre, which was extremely popular in the West of Europe during the middle ages, and formed the plot of the Pericles of Shakespeare. There exists an Anglo-Saxon version of this story, apparently of the tenth century, made directly from a Latin version, which is of very common recurrence in old manuscripts, and which therefore must be considerably more ancient than the period just mentioned. The earliest Greek version of this story, which appears to be made from a previous Greek text, is of a much more recent date.*

The mythological, or purely mythic, romances of the middle ages, were followed by another cycle of fictions, which may be termed semi-mythic, as being built on a general outline of historical events, confused and exaggerated by popular legends. Among these stands foremost the extensive Frankish cycle, founded upon the history of the Karlovingian race of princes. The gigantic events of the age of Charles Martel and Charlemagne, the terrible struggle between Christian and Saracen for the empire of the West, left a shadow behind them which widened and widened as the distance became greater, and gave birth to a host of romantic stories, that were gaining strength unobservedly, until they suddenly made their appearance, in the twelfth century, in the national literature of France. They first came to light, as it appears, in the fabulous narrative of Charlemagne's expedition into Spain, published in Latin prose under the name of Archbishop Turpin. The first known poem of this class was composed in the Anglo-Norman tongue, by an Englishman named Turold or Thorold, who appears to have lived as far back as the reign of King Stephen, and has been printed under the title of the *Chanson de Roland*. It is a noble specimen of the Romance literature of this early age. After the publication of this work, the metrical romances relating to the Karlovingian heroes increased rapidly, and were known by the general title of *Chansons de Geste*; for they were believed to be purely historical. The romances of Garin of Lorraine, of Berte, of Witichind, of Parise la Duchesse, of Ogier le Danois, and several others, have been recently printed by the French antiquaries; but the number and length of these romances is so extraordinary, that we can never hope to see more than a small collection in print.

Some years after the appearance of the work of the pretended Turpin, another fabulous narrative in Latin prose was given to the public, which became likewise a fertile source of metrical romances. This was the *Historia Britonum* of Geoffrey of Monmouth, published in 1147, a work of which the history is involved in the greatest obscurity. It appears, however, to belong to the purely mythic, rather than to the semi-mythic, class of romances; it was avowedly taken from the traditions of Bretagne, and the most natural way of explaining its origin seems to be the supposition that the Bretons had a national mythic genealogy, like that of the Anglo-Saxons, a subject equally of popular legends, and that the personages of this genealogy had been taken by Geoffrey of Monmouth and his followers as historical characters. It would appear that these legends, under various forms, were floating about as popular traditions, and soon after Geoffrey's time, the romances of the St. Graal, of Lancelot, &c. appeared from the pens of Walter Mapes, Robert de Borron, and others; and in a short space of time the romances of Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table became as numerous and popular as those of the cycle of Charlemagne. At present it is difficult for us to analyse the construction of these romances; but as far as we can judge, the earlier ones were implicitly copied from existing traditions, while the later compositions of the same class owed much to the mere invention of the writers, who copied and altered the incidents of older stories, and filled up the outline with new details of their own. These details had charms for the age in which they were written; but although valuable as pictures of medieval manners, they are wearisome to us by their repetition.

During the thirteenth century, the two cycles of Charlemagne and King Arthur occupied by much the largest portion of the romantic literature of the day. There were, however, a few other classes of subjects which shared the honour of public popularity. In England, an interesting class had appeared as early as the twelfth century, the plots of which are generally laid in the Danish wars, from which circumstance they have been called the Anglo-Danish cycle, but which appear in reality to be only a reproduction of the older mythic romances of the Anglo-Saxons. To this class belong such romances as Havelok, Horn, Guy of Warwick, Bevis of Hampton, Wade, &c. On the other hand, the increased study of the classic writers of antiquity in the schools of France had brought into fashion the names of the Grecian and Roman heroes, and a strong tinge of medieval character was given to their adventures, in the shape of romances of Troy, of Thebes, of Alexander the Great, &c. The writers of this latter class of romances give us strange accounts of the authorities from whom they derived their materials. Benoit de Saint Maure, the author of the earliest romance on the siege of Troy (taken from the supposititious history of Dares

* Dunlop's account of this romance is an instance of the want of accurate criticism displayed in his work. He first describes the Greek romance as one of those later Greek imitations composed in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and then speaks of a Latin version as being "formed as early as the eleventh century," overlooking his own anachronism, and not apparently aware of the earlier Anglo-Saxon version.

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Phrygius), tells the following singular anecdote of Homer :—

Homers, qui fu clers merveileus
Et sages et escienteus,
Escrist de la destrucion,
Del grand siege, et de l'acheson
Por coi Troye fut desertée,
Qui ainz puis ne fu abitée.
Mais ne dist pas ses livres voir;
Car bien savons, sans nul espoir,
Qu'il ne fu pas de c. anz nez
Que li granz oz fu asanblez.
Il i faut, sanz somes parfit,
C'onques n'i fu, ne rein n'en vit.
Quant il en ot son livre fet,
Et en Athenes l'ot retret,
Si ot estrange contençon :
Daupnez le vostrent par reison,
Por ce qu'ot fet les dame-dex
Conbatre o les homes charnex,
Et les deesses ansement
Feisoit combatre avoec la gent.
Et quant son livre recterent,
Pluisor por ce le refuserent ;
Mès tant fu Homers de grant pris,
Et tant fist puis, si con je truis,
Que ses livres fu receus
Et en auctorité tenuz.

Translation.

Homer, who was a marvellous clerk,
And wise and learned,
Wrote of the destruction,
And of the long siege, and of the reason
For which Troy was deserted,
Which was never afterwards inhabited.
But his book does not tell the truth;
For we know well, without any doubt,
That he was not born till a hundred years
After the great host was assembled.
It is quite certain, therefore,
That he was not present, and saw nothing of it.
When he had completed his book,
And had published it in Athens,
There arose a strange contention :
They wanted to condemn it, with reason,
Because he had made the gods
Fight with carnal men,
And the goddesses similarly
He made fight with the people.
And when they recited his book,
Many on that account refused it :
But Homer was in such great esteem,
And he exerted himself so much, as I find,
That his book was received
And held for good authority.

To these subjects of romance were added a few taken from the holy Scriptures, and some founded on the events of the crusades and other more recent occurrences.

In giving to his book the title of the "History of Fiction," Dunlop appears to have intentionally avoided the more general term of Romance, and to imply that his plan excluded such fabulous narratives as were not originally the inventions of the authors. By this, however, he has been led into the contradiction of taking up those romances of chivalry—including the cycles of Charlemagne and the Round Table —which were either founded upon the mythic and semi-mythic romances, or merely new editions or versions of them. And by making a further arbitrary division between the prose and metrical romances, and including the former only in his plan, he has made another historical mistake; and, taking up the romances of those cycles only in their more modern prosaic form, he has given, as a part of the subdivision of fiction, a large class of writings which are totally distinct in their origin from the inventions of the Greek novelists and their imitators, and from the stories or *fabliaux* which came from the East, and which ought to have been considered in their purer and earlier form. It is true that the earlier examples of the romances of the Round Table, those composed by Mapes and Borron, are in prose; but this is evidently an accidental circumstance. The medieval romances in their original shape were poems—they were called *chansons*, or songs, notwithstanding their length (extending sometimes to forty or fifty thousand lines), because they were literally sung by the minstrel, who, in this respect, represented the bard of a more primitive age. They were not composed as novels for the amusement of the closet.

In the twelfth century a new class of fictions make their appearance in the literature of the West, evidently of Oriental origin,—the short tales, or *fabliaux*. These are of a gayer character than the romances, and are generally founded on the incidents and intrigues of domestic life. They become very numerous in the thirteenth century, when they seem to have been most popular in England and France; but, carried soon into Italy, they there obtained increased popularity through the Decameron of Boccaccio, and his numerous imitators; and at a later period, singularly enough, after the original *fabliaux* seem to have been nearly forgotten, they received a new popularity in France and England by importation from Italy, and became the food of a very numerous class of story-tellers in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Most of these, being only servile imitators and copyists, have long been consigned to the shelves of the mere bibliographer, who prizes them for their rarity; but they have still this simple value in the eyes of the historian of medieval fiction, that they preserve here and there a story of which the original *fabliau* is lost, and which forms a link in the general chain in tracing their transmission from the East. Dunlop's account of the Italian story-tellers, and their subsequent imitators, is the most useful part of his book.

The foregoing observations shew how the groundwork of medieval fiction must be looked for in the primeval history of the nations of modern Europe, and how its field was gradually enlarged by the adoption of Grecian legends and the admission of Eastern stories. The only direct attempt at original invention is to be looked for in the allegorical romances, such as the *Romance of the Rose*, and those of a purely religious character. But the influence of the national legends is seen in almost all the medieval attempts at inventive romance, and was felt in some instances down to a very late period.

After the fifteenth century, the Greek novels to which we have already alluded were printed and read; and these appear to have given the first hint of the pastoral romances, which afterwards enjoyed such a long popularity. We refer to Dunlop's work for the history of fiction subsequent to this period. It is the only book of any utility on this subject in our language, and required a new edition. We could have wished to see its plan modified, or at least to see it accompanied with annotations embodying some of the important discoveries made in this branch of literary history since its first publication; or rather, we ought perhaps to say, that we wish for a new work, more accurate and more complete, on the same subject. But such a work does not appear at present to be forthcoming.

Satanstoe; or, the Family of Littlepage. A Tale of the Colony. By J. F. Cooper, Esq. 3 vols. Bentley.

SATANSTOE, like the Devil's-dyke and similar names, is the appellative of a neck of land in the colony of New York, and so called in consequence of the old fiend having left the imprint of his big toe there on an emergency. Here lived the family of Littlepage, whose history, for a century or more, supplies the thread whereupon the author strings his contrasts of America in those earlier and in these later times.

The story opens smartly with a preface, and the beginning of the biographies, which relates to a Littlepage born in 1737. During his period the manners of that age are painted; and we have English officers, Dutch colonists, Yankees, &c. &c., thrown into all kinds of social intercourse to illustrate the same. The chief feature is the marked difference between the New-Englanders and New-Yorkites, the northern and midland states, and the then dependence upon the crown of Great Britain. The New-England people do not seem to be favourites of Mr. Cooper; and a few passages may be cited as exemplary of this and some other opinions, whilst we leave the love-story of the beautiful Anneke, on which the circumstances of the novel turn, to furnish food for novel-readers. We commence with a very judicious observation :

"It is, perhaps, a fault of your professed historian, to refer too much to philosophical agencies, and too little to those that are humbler. The foundations of great events are often remotely laid in very capricious and uncalculated passions, motives, or impulses. Chance has usually as much to do with the fortunes of states as with those of individuals; or, if there be calculations connected with them at all, they are the calculations of a power superior to any that exists in man."

And, in the way of defensive apology, it is added :

"We conceive no apology is necessary for treating the subject of anti-rentism with the utmost frankness. Agreeably to our views of the matter, the existence of true liberty in America, the perpetuity of the institutions, and the safety of public morals, are all dependent on putting down, wholly, absolutely, and unqualifiedly, the false and dishonest theories and statements that have been boldly advanced in connexion with this subject. In our view, New York is, at this moment, much the most disgraced state in the Union, notwithstanding she has never failed to pay the interest on her public debt; and her disgrace arises from the fact, that her laws are trampled under foot, without any efforts, at all commensurate with the object, being made to enforce them. If words and professions can save the character of a community, all may yet be well; but if states, like individuals, are to be judged by their actions, and the 'tree is to be known by its fruit,' God help us! For ourselves, we conceive that true patriotism consists in laying bare every thing like public vice, and in calling such things by their right names. The great enemy of the race has made a deep inroad upon us within the last ten or a dozen years, under cover of a spurious delicacy on the subject of exposing national ills; and it is time that they who have not been afraid to praise, when praise was merited, should not shrink from the office of censuring, when the want of timely warnings may be one cause of the most fatal evils. The great practical defect of institutions like ours is, the circumstance that 'what is everybody's business is nobody's business;' a neglect that gives to the activity of the rogue a very dangerous ascendancy over the more dilatory correctives of the honest man."

The first chapter also opens well in the satirical vein :

"It is easy to foresee that America is destined to undergo great and rapid changes. Those that more properly belong to history, history will doubtless attempt to record, and probably with the questionable veracity and prejudice that are apt to influence the labours of that particular Muse; but there is little hope

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that any traces of American society, in its more familiar aspects, will be preserved among us through any of the agencies usually employed for such purposes. Without a stage, in a national point of view at least, with scarcely such a thing as a book of memoirs that relates to a life passed within our own limits, and totally without light literature, to give us simulated pictures of our manners and the opinions of the day, I see scarcely a mode by which the next generation can preserve any memorials of the distinctive usages and thoughts of this. It is true, they will have traditions of certain leading features of the colonial society, but scarcely any records; and should the next twenty years do as much as the last towards substituting an entirely new race for the descendants of our own immediate fathers, it is scarcely too much to predict that even these traditions will be lost in the whirl and excitement of a throng of strangers. Under all the circumstances, therefore, I have come to a determination to make an effort, however feeble it may prove, to preserve some vestiges of household life in New York, at least; while I have endeavoured to stimulate certain friends in New Jersey, and farther south, to undertake similar tasks in those sections of the country. What success will attend these last applications, is more than I can say; but, in order that the little I may do myself shall not be lost for want of support, I have made a solemn request in my will, that those who come after me will consent to continue this narrative, committing to paper their own experience, as I have here committed mine, down as low, at least, as my grandson, if I ever have one. Perhaps, by the end of the latter's career, they will begin to publish books in America, and the fruits of our joint family-labours may be thought sufficiently matured to be laid before the world."

The tone of the remarks applicable to American character, and the present condition and prospects of that vast continent, may be gathered from these extracts; and we only quote the following as further illustrations of the same subjects:

"I may say there is still a marked difference between New England and New York. The people of New England certainly did, and possibly may still, look upon us of New York as little better than heathens; while we of New York assuredly did, and, for any thing I know to the contrary, may yet regard them as canters, and, by necessary connexion, hypocrites. I shall not take it on myself to say which party is right; though it has often occurred to my mind that it would be better had New England a little less self-righteousness, and New York a little more righteousness without the self. Still, in the way of pounds, shillings, and pence, we will not turn our backs upon them any day, being, on the whole, rather the most trustworthy of the two as respects money; more especially in all such cases in which our neighbour's goods can be appropriated without having recourse to absolutely direct means. Such, at any rate, is the New-York opinion, let them think as they please about it on the other side of Byram."

In a discussion as to which college the young Littlepage should be committed, we read a dialogue in which his father, his tutor, and an ancient Dutch gentleman, figure, and of which the annexed is part:

"'Cambridge was in our thoughts at one time, but that is given up.' 'Vhere, den, ist Camprige?' demanded the Dutchman, removing his pipe to ask so important a question, a ceremony he usually thought unnecessary. 'It is a New-England college, near Boston; not half a day's journey distant, I fancy.' 'Don't sent Cornelius dere,' ejaculated the colonel, contriving to get these words out alongside the stem of the pipe. 'You think not, Colonel Follock,' put in the anxious mother; 'may I ask the reason for that opinion?' 'Too much Suntay, Metam Littlepage—the poy will he sp'ilt by ter ministers. He will go eway an honest lat, and come pack a rogue. He will larn how to bray and to cheat.' 'Hoity toity! my noble colonel!' exclaimed the Rev. Mr. Worden, affecting more resentment than he felt; 'then you fency the clergy, and too much Sunday, will be apt to convert an honest youth into a knave!' The colonel made no answer, continuing to smoke very philosophically, though he took occasion, while he drew the pipe out of his mouth, in one of its periodical removals, to make a significant gesture with it towards the rising sun, which all present understood to mean 'down east,' as it is usual to say when we mean to designate the colonies of New England. That he was understood by the Rev. Mr. Worden is highly probable; since that gentleman continued to turn the flip of one vessel into another, by way of more intimately blending the ingredients of the mixture, quite as coolly as if there had been no reflection on his trade. 'What do you think of Yale, friend 'Brom?' asked my father, who understood the dumb-shew as well as any of them. 'No tifference, Evans; dey all breaches and brays too much. Goot men have no neet of so much religion. Vhen a man is really goot, religion only does him barm. I mean Yankee religion.' 'I have another objection to Yale,' observed Captain Hugh Roger, 'which is their English.' 'Och!' exclaimed the colonel—'Dei English is horrible! Wuss dan ast to us Tutch.' 'Well, I was not aware of that,' observed my father; 'they are English, sir, as well as ourselves, and why should they not speak the language as well as we?' 'Why toes not a Yorkshireman or a Cornishman speak as vell as a Lonnoner? I tell you what, Evens, I'll pet the pest gamecock on ter Neck against the veriest tunghill the parson hast, ter presitent of Yale calls p e e n, pen, ant r o o f, ruff—and so on.' 'My birds are all game,' put in the divine; 'I keep no other breed.'"

What the college-education really was is whimsically described:

"I read (in four years, says the neophyte) all of the New Testament in Greek; several of Cicero's Orations; every line of Horace, Satires and Odes; four books of the Iliad; Tully de Oratore, throughout; besides paying proper attention to geography, mathematics, and other of the usual branches. Moral philosophy, in particular, was closely attended to, senior year, as well as astronomy. We had a telescope that shewed us all four of Jupiter's moons. In other respects, Nassau might be called the seat of learning. One of our class purchased a second-hand copy of Euripides in town, and we had it in college all of six months; though it was never my good fortune to see it, as the young man who owned it was not much disposed to let profane eyes view his treasure. Nevertheless, I am certain the copy of the work was in college; and we took good care to let the Yale men hear of it more than once. I do not believe they ever saw even the outside of an Euripides. As for the telescope, I can testify of my own knowledge; having seen the moons of Jupiter as often as ten times with my own eyes, aided by its magnifiers. We had a tutor who was expert among the stars, and who, it was generally believed, would have been able to see the ring of Saturn, could he have found the planet; which, as it turned out, he was unable to do."

We have selected these passages applicable to America by an American, and abstained from the story, though it does move into the wide forest and Indian life and warfare, where the author is so much at home. We must, however, leave all this interest to be sought *in statu*.

Lives of the Queens of England. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. VIII. pp. 478. Colburn.

PURSUING her course of what may truly be called *Polite* literature, Miss Strickland in her eighth volume relates the histories of Henrietta Maria, the unfortunate daughter of Henri Quatre, and queen of Charles the First, and of Catharine of Braganza, the consort of his son, the second Charles, whom she survived twenty-one years, and died in Portugal, whither she had retired in 1705.

The period in which they lived has been so ransacked and recorded, that we could expect little new from such research as could, with all her diligence, be applied by Miss Strickland. It may be enough, therefore, to state, that she has continued to perform her fitting task with the same taste and feeling as pervaded the memoirs of preceding queens; and that, having less to seek in obsolete and difficult documents, such as are occasionally discovered, to shed fresh lights on historical characters, there is a more perfect completeness in these recent biographies. But as an example of the author, we select some portions which refer to the closing years of the Portuguese princess, and in which some novel matter occurs:—

"Queen Catharine was treated with the greatest consideration and kindness by James II. and his queen after the death of her royal husband. She even continued to occupy the same apartments in Whitehall which had pertained to her while queen-consort, for upwards of two months after she became queen-dowager. It was not till the 8th of April that she removed to her own palace, Somerset House, where she held her dowager-court with suitable splendour. Before she left Whitehall, she received autograph letters of condolence from all the sovereigns in Europe. Whenever she was weary of the fatigues and pomp of royalty, she sought repose in her country residence at Hammersmith, where she enjoyed in privacy the society of the nuns who lived under her protection in the adjoining convent. Her lord chamberlain, the Earl of Feversham, had the entire control of her household and the management of her affairs. The favour with which she was suspected of regarding him obtained for him the nickname of 'king-dowager.' Some years after Catharine of Braganza's death, the princess Louisa—James II.'s youngest daughter—asked the exiled queen, her mother, 'if there were any foundation for what the world had said of the partiality of Catharine, the dowager of England, for the Earl of Feversham.' Mary Beatrice, herself the most correct of women, replied, 'there was none.'* The testimony of so virtuous a queen is certainly quite sufficient to acquit her royal sister-in-law of one of those unsupported scandals which vulgar malignity occasionally endeavours to fix on persons of exalted station. The goodness of Catharine's heart was shewn by her kindness to the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, to whom she had

"* Inedited MS. diary of some years of the life of the queen of James II., in the secret *Archives au Royaume de France.*"

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always proved herself a friend in the time of trouble, although he had perpetually endeavoured to invalidate her marriage with his father, and had made himself an active accomplice with those who had combined against her life at the time of the popish plot. * * * It is certain that Catharine, long before her departure from England, was heartily weary of her residence in London, and the restraints and espionage to which she was subjected through the jealous enmity of Queen Mary. Once she entered into a treaty with the Earl of Devonshire for the purchase of Chatsworth; at another time she wished to remove with her diminished dowager-court to Knowle; but the great wish of her heart was to return to the land of her birth. It was not till the spring of the year 1692 that she was enabled to accomplish her desire. She bade a final adieu to England on the 30th of March, having lived there upwards of seven years from the date of her widowhood, and in the whole thirty, all but seven weeks. * * * Don Pedro conducted Catharine to the Quinta de Alcantara, one of his country palaces, which he had prepared for her residence there. His queen, Donna Maria Sophia, who was waiting, received her at the top of the staircase with great demonstrations of pleasure. After the usual courtly ceremonial had taken place, the Queen of Portugal took her leave; her lord chamberlain, gentlemen of honour, and the ladies and officers of the household who attended her, kissed the hand of their widowed princess, the royal dowager of England. The king returned with his consort to his own palace, leaving Catharine to take some repose in that which he had resigned to her use. Entertainments on the most magnificent scale were given in honour of her return, and these lasted for many days. The two queens, when they became better acquainted, formed a close friendship, in consequence of which they agreed to dispense with all the rigid ceremonials of state; so that if they met, neither should deem it necessary to leave the place; and in their private intercourse to treat each other with the endearing familiarity of sisters, and, dropping the formal titles of majesty, to address each other '*per vos*,'—which in Portuguese is tantamount to the *you* and *I* of the English, and the affectionate *tutoyer* of the French.* The friendship of these royal ladies was never interrupted by any of the petty jealousies and intrigues which too often create a fever of hatred among the nearest connexions in royal families. Catharine, after residing some time in the Quinta de Alcantara, removed, on account of her health, to that of the Conde de Redonda, near Santa Martha, and afterwards to that of the Conde de Aveiras at Belem. In the month of February, 1699, she visited Villa Viçosa, the place of her birth, with which she was much delighted. From thence she proceeded to the city of Evora, into which she made a public entry on the 4th of May. She was received there with all the ceremonies due to majesty, and more especially due to a princess to whom Portugal might be said to owe her existence as an independent nation; for such had really been the result of her marriage with Charles II., and the good offices she had ever laboured to perform for her beloved fatherland."

In 1704, when suffering from a second severe attack of erysipelas, Queen Catharine had to receive a state visit from the Archduke Charles, still a young lad, who had assumed the title of Charles III. of Spain; and we are told:

"Two days afterwards, the Admiral of Castile advised the duke that on Sunday, April 15th, the catholic king would come to pay his respects to the Queen of Great Britain. Orders were then given by the secretary of state to the grandees and officers of the King of Portugal's household that they should all assemble in the palace of Queen Catharine. The Queen of Portugal directed her ladies to repair thither also, so that the appearance of a full and splendid court was effected by this arrangement, for the royal widow of England, in her own palace. The ceremonial of the meeting between Catharine of Braganza and the titular monarch of Spain is very quaint, and will be perfectly new to the English reader, as the details are from inedited Portuguese records, affording a curious picture of the minute solemnities which attended an apposition between crowned heads of the royal houses of Spain and Portugal. Be it remembered withal, that Don Charles of Austria, who is here styled his most catholic majesty, was a youth not yet emancipated from the control of his tutor. He was, however, treated with the same formal ceremonials as if he were the reigning sovereign of the Spanish dominions, and a gentleman of mature years. The King of Portugal's personal coach was sent for his use. What manner of vehicle, we cannot say; but the arrangement of the noble persons who had the honour of accompanying his majesty is thus described:—In the front seat, on the right hand, was the Prince de Lichtenstein, his tutor and grand-chamberlain; on the left, the Admiral of Castile; and in the left step or boot of the carriage, the Prince of Darmstadt. The suite followed in other coaches, and the royal carriage was attended by the body-guard. Rodrigo de Almeida, the gentleman-usher of the ladies of the Queen of Portugal's household, was at the door of the hall passing the first and second apartments, in which the whole court were assembled. Andrea Mendez, porter to the queen's chamber, was at the door of the third, with orders not to let any *fidalgo* enter. All the ladies were in this third apartment, which was the reason that an etiquette—derived, no doubt, from the customs of the Moors—excluded gentlemen. As soon as the King of Spain arrived, all the court went below to receive him, and accompanied him from the coach. The king came uncovered, and on that account all the grandees of Portugal were bareheaded also. No one accompanied him to the chamber of the queen-dowager of England, save his tutor, who, having placed a chair of black velvet, which had been provided purposely for his use, at a convenient distance from the bed, withdrew, to wait at the door of the chamber, in the same apartment wherein all the ladies were assembled. Queen Catharine, in consequence of her severe indisposition, was in her bed. One lady only, Donna Inez Antonia de Tavora, the lady-in-waiting for the week, was with her, serving at the foot of the bed, when the King of Spain entered; and as soon as he prepared to sit down, she withdrew to the hall. The interview of their majesties being strictly private, nothing is known of what passed, beyond the elaborate compliments with which they met, and the formal courtesies that were exchanged when the royal visitor took his leave of the sick queen; but as an instance of the ludicrous stress which was at that time placed on the most trivial observances in the Spanish and Portuguese courts, it is recorded by our authority, that his most catholic majesty departed without waiting to have his chair removed. His tutor, the Prince of Lichtenstein, committed in the mean time a breach of etiquette, for which his beardless pupil doubtless blushed, if it was ever permitted to reach his royal ear. While he was waiting for the return of the King of Spain from the chamber of the Queen of England, he found himself—privileged man!—the only cavalier in an ante-room full of ladies. Perceiving, however, that the Admiral of Castile was outside the door, his serene highness, feeling for the forlorn position of his friend, took upon himself to tell the porter of Queen Catharine's chamber, Joas Carneiro, 'that he ought either to allow the admiral to enter, or let him go out;' but that functionary, observant of the order he had received, and too zealous for the honour of his own court to submit to be schooled by the tutor of a king of Spain, gravely replied, 'that his excellency had to be there, and the admiral not; that if he wished to go, he could do so, but that the admiral could not enter, because that apartment was reserved for the ladies, and the admiral had no business there,'—'proper order being observed in that palace,' our author adds, 'which shewed that it was the habitation of a queen possessed of such prudence and virtues as was her majesty Donna Catharina.' What would he have thought of her visit to Saffron Walden fair, could he have seen her majesty in her short red petticoat and waistcoat, and the rest of her masquerading gear, exalted on the sorry cart-jade behind Sir Bernard Gascoigne, and witnessed the dilemma in which she and her two duchesses were involved in consequence of the discovery of her quality? But in Portugal, perhaps, the tale was never repeated; or if it reached the court of Lisbon, through the medium of some gossiping ambassador's secret report of the daily doings of the King and Queen of England, it would have been difficult to induce any one to believe that their discreet infanta could have thus committed herself. * * * It sometimes happens that persons of modest and unassuming manners are endowed with shining qualities, for which the world gives them little credit, till they are brought into public notice by the force of circumstances. Catharine of Braganza, who had been lampooned by Andrew Marvel, Buckingham, and other evil wits, while queen-consort of England, till it became the fashion in her own court to regard her as a simpleton, was in reality possessed of considerable regnal talents, and so popular and successful was her government while she swayed the delegated sceptre of her brother, Don Pedro, that in the following year, 1705, during the dangerous illness of that prince, she was solemnly constituted queen-regent of Portugal. * * * Catharine died of a sudden attack of cholic, at ten o'clock on the night of December 31, 1705, the last day of the brightest year of her life, having attained to the age of 67 years, one month, and six days. Who would have ventured to calculate, after all the blighted hopes, the bitter disappointments and mortifications which had darkened the meridian horizon of Catharine of Braganza's existence, that the evening of her days would be cloudless and serene, and her sunset glorious?"

* "These curious and interesting particulars, which might be sought in vain in English history or any previous biography of Catharine of Braganza, are derived from inedited Portuguese records, for which I am indebted to the learning and liberality of J. Adamson, Esq., of Newcastle."

Sketches of Residence and Travels in Brazil, embracing Historical and Geographical Notices, &c. By the Rev. D. P. Kidder, A.M. In 2 vols. Vol. I. Pp. 368. Wiley and Putnam.

The author, an American missionary, resided two years and a half in Brazil, and here communicates the information he has picked up, whether as an inhabitant of the principal cities, or a traveller in various provinces of the coun-

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try. He sets out by falling foul of "M'Culloch's Universal Gazetteer," a work unknown to us by that name; and if he alludes to the extraordinary mass of intelligence so ably collected and arranged in M'Culloch's Geographical Dictionary, we find that he has brought charges against it which are not founded in fact. He says:

"Convictions of the absolute necessity for a new book, upon the country in question, were never so strong in his [the author's] mind as since the perusal of that article. In a work of such recent origin, of such high pretensions, and of such deserved reputation on other topics, it was not too much to expect a correct view, however brief it might be, of one of the largest empires in the world. It was at once painful and surprising to find the article referred to full of mistakes. It is hardly possible to conceive how so many errors could have been suffered to creep into so narrow a space. To attempt an enumeration of all them would be a waste of time. To leave unnoticed some of the most glaring would be an act of injustice to all who desire correct information; *e. g.* 1. Three provinces are enumerated which have no existence in the empire, to wit, Rio Negro, Minas Novas, and Fernando. 2. Two of the actual provinces, Santa Catharina and Rio Grande do Sul, are not in the list at all. 3. 'All its principal cities are on the coast. Its harbours are among the finest in the world, and are connected with the interior by numerous large rivers, most of which are navigable for a considerable way inland.' The harbours of Rio de Janeiro and Bahia deserve the above compliment. But what great navigable rivers connect either of them with the interior remain to be discovered. It is matter of notoriety, and of universal regret, that, notwithstanding the number and the vastness of the rivers flowing through the northern and western portions of the empire, and finally mingling their waters with the Amazon and the La Plata, there is not one besides the Amazon, emptying into the Atlantic along the whole Brazilian coast, which is 'navigable' any 'considerable way' from its mouth inland. Hopes are entertained that the river Doce may be rendered navigable to steamboats, but great expense must first be incurred. No city or harbour of note exists at its mouth."

Now M'Culloch quotes his authority, viz. *The Weimar Almanac for* 1839, and there is no such province as Minas Novas in the enumeration of provinces which he transcribes from that work. There are eighteen provinces in the Weimar list, and eighteen in Mr. Kidder's, and all the difference we see is, that in the former there are the names Rio Negro and Fernando, and in the latter Rio Grande do Sul and Santa Catharina. The population Mr. K. estimates at 4,170,229, but "will not say that Brazil does not contain over five millions of people," as in the Weimar calculation. And in other authors we read of provinces under different names, including the disputed Minas Novas and San Pedro, through which runs the Rio Grande do Sul. With regard to the critique about the harbours and rivers, Mr. Kidder is not better founded. The great tributaries to the mighty Amazon penetrate the interior in every direction, and the same may be said of the Parana or La Plata, and its tributary waters. But it is not our business to reconcile diversity of statements respecting a country so imperfectly known; and we have only adverted to the subject to express our dislike of the too common practice of authors, in endeavouring to depreciate those who have gone before them, in order to elevate themselves on the *débris*. Besides German works of high character, we have in English translations of Spix and Von Martius, and our own countrymen, Mawe, Burchell, Walsh, Southey, &c.; and therefore there was less reason to claim so great a share of originality as is put forth by the American missionary. To him, however, we now turn for a few particulars which may interest our readers and exhibit the nature of his performance. The style is occasionally a little stilted: *ex. gr.*

"The first entrance of an individual into such a harbour as that of Rio de Janeiro deserves to form an era in his existence; for he must be a dull observer of nature who would not thenceforward cherish sublimer views of the beauty and variety of creation, as well as higher conceptions of the power and greatness of the Creator. Does the atheist here presume to mock at him who 'brought forth the mountains?' The Sugar-Loaf, the Corcovado, the Gavia, and their neighbouring heights, frown upon him in awful majesty; and the tall Organ peaks, which skirt the northern horizon, point to heaven in silent but emphatic rebuke. Does he desire to have his dark mind illuminated by some faint similitude of the 'light inapproachable,' in which Jehovah dwells? Let him open his eyes upon the resplendence of a vertical sun, enhanced by an atmosphere of unrivalled transparency, and multiplied by a thousand reflections from the mirrored waters, the white sanded beach, the polished foliage, and the unclouded sky. Does he wish to obtain an idea of that Being who 'maketh the clouds his chariot, who walketh upon the wings of the wind?' Let him listen to the sudden thunder-gust that comes bursting and pealing down the mountains, or hurrying before the tempest from the sea. Let him gaze upon the blackening heavens rent with lightnings, and await the clash and conflict of the agitated elements, and he shall shrink within himself, and ask God to defend him. Thenceforward, with the Christian, he may see the propriety and beauty of the exclamations of the Psalmist, 'Praise ye the Lord from the heavens, praise him in the heights, praise ye him, sun and moon, praise him, all ye stars of light! Fire and hail, stormy wind, fulfilling his word, mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars, kings of the earth and all people, both young men and maidens, old men and children, let them praise the name of the Lord, for his name is alone excellent, his glory is above the earth and heaven.'"

And from the sublime he drops to the low, as a lark descends from the blue empyrean to the clod of earth:

"The aspect which Rio de Janeiro presents to the beholder bears no resemblance to the compacted brick walls, the dingy roofs, the tall chimneys, and the generally even sites of our northern cities. The surface of the town is diversified by several ranges of hills, which shoot off in irregular spurs from the neighbouring mountains, leaving between them flat intervals of greater or less width."

A curative test of a strange kind is thus described:

"The Hospital dos Lazaros is located at St. Christopher's, several miles from the city, and is entirely devoted to persons afflicted with the elephantiasis and other cutaneous diseases of the leprous type. Such diseases are unhappily very common at Rio, where it is no rare thing to see a man dragging about a leg swollen to twice its proper dimensions, or sitting with the gangrened member exposed as a plea for charity. The term elephantiasis is derived from the enormous tumours which the affection causes to arise on the lower limbs, and to hang down in folds or circular bands, making the parts resemble the legs of an elephant. The deformity is frightful in itself; but the prevailing belief that the disease is contagious imparts to the beholder an additional disgust. It was an act of true benevolence, by which the Conde da Cunha appropriated an ancient convent of the Jesuits to the use of an hospital for the treatment of these cases. It was placed, and has since remained, under the supervision of the Irmandade do Santissimo Sacramento. The average number of its inmates is about eighty. Few in whom the disease is so far advanced as to require their removal to the hospital ever recover from it. Not long since a person pretended to have made the discovery, that the elephantiasis of Brazil was the identical disease which used to be cured among the ancient Greeks by the bite of a rattlesnake. He published several disquisitions on the subject, and thus awakened public attention to his singular theory. An opportunity soon offered for testing it. An inmate of the hospital, who had been a subject of the disease for six years, resolved to submit himself to the hazardous experiment. A day was fixed, and several physicians and friends of the parties were present to witness the result. The patient was a man fifty years old, and either from a confident anticipation of a cure, or from despair of a happier issue, was impatient for the trial. The serpent was brought into the room in a gaiola, a species of cage. Into this the individual introduced his hand with the most perfect presence of mind. The reptile seemed to shrink from the contact, as though there was something in the part which neutralised its venom. When touched, the serpent would even lick the hand without biting. It became necessary at at length for the patient to grasp and squeeze the reptile tightly, in order to receive a thrust from his fangs. The desired thrust was at length given, near the base of the little finger. So little sensation pervaded the member, that the patient was not aware he was bitten, until informed of it by those who saw the act. A little blood oozed from the wound, and a slight swelling appeared when the hand was withdrawn from the cage; but no pain was felt. Moments of intense anxiety now followed, while it remained to be seen whether the strange application would issue for the better or for the worse. The effects became gradually manifest, although it was evidently retarded by the disease which had pre-occupied the system. In less than twenty-four hours the Lazarus was a corpse."

The literature of Brazil is at a very low ebb; but we are told:

"Every visitor to Rio de Janeiro should go to the National Library. This consists chiefly of the books originally belonging to the royal library of Portugal, which were brought over by Don John VI. It was by him thrown open to the public, and has ever since remained, under suitable regulations, free of access to all who choose to enter its saloon and read. * * You enter the rooms of the *Bibliotheca Nacional e Publica*. Paintings of an ancient date, and engravings in antique frames, adorn the walls. Ascending a broad flight of stairs, the *sala de leitura*, or reading-saloon, is entered at the right hand. Tables covered with cloth, on which are arranged writing materials, and frames designed to support large volumes, extend through the room, from end to end. The shelves, rising from the floor to the lofty ceiling, are covered with books, of every language

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and date. You can here call for any volume the library contains, and sit down to read, and take notes at your pleasure. The newspapers of the city, and various European magazines, may also be found here. With all its attractions, I have never seen this room crowded; while it is seldom found without some readers. Not only this apartment, but also various alcoves and rooms adjoining it, on either hand, are filled all around with books. The recent additions to the library have not been great, although appropriations are made from time to time for its increase. The collection has also been augmented by valuable donations, among which, that of the books of the late Jozé Bonifacio de Andrada deserves especial mention. * * Brazil has not yet become a promising field for the publication of books. With the exception of pamphlets, and insignificant volumes, scarcely any original works have been published, except on the account of authors. Nor is this owing merely to the fact, that as yet the number of purchasers is limited. Portugal, before Brazil, was never a book-making country, and for a series of years more Portuguese books have been published in Paris than in Lisbon. An increase of readers in Brazil is, therefore, an extension of the Parisian market: and the Brazilian publisher has to contend, not only with the rivalry of the mother country, but with that of the prolific press of Paris. The revolutions and political agitations of Portugal have had a tendency to drive the literati of the kingdom to more quiet scenes. Many of these have taken up their abode in Paris, and it has become their interest to write and publish for Brazil as well as for Portugal. Moreover, these are the degenerate days of Portuguese literature, in which the pure Lusitanian is corrupted by Gallicisms, and the press is burdened with translations from other tongues, almost to the exclusion of original works. Every petty novel from the *feuilletons* of Paris must be translated to make a book in Lisbon and in Rio de Janeiro. So much are the multitude occupied with reading these useless, and often deleterious productions, that they have but little time or inclination to inquire for what is original and substantial. Besides, the French language has usurped the place of Latin in Brazil. A knowledge of it is required as a prerequisite to an entrance into all public institutions of the higher grade, and it is very generally read. Hence French books are in demand, and to a great extent usurp the place of those in the mother tongue. To be convinced of this, one has only to examine the book-stores of Rio and observe how large a proportion of the tomes on their shelves are French. Almost every vessel from Havre, also, brings out a large invoice of books to be sold at auction. Book-auctions, indeed, are of very frequent occurrence. Europeans who are about to retire to their native country, and Brazilians who go abroad, generally dispose of their libraries by public sale. It is often painful to witness, on these occasions, the vast amount of infidel literature in circulation. The works of Voltaire, of Volney, and of Rousseau, are offered almost daily to the highest bidder, and bidders are always found. The newspaper press in Rio is quite prolific. It issues four dailies, two tri-weeklies, and a varying number of from six to ten weeklies and irregular sheets. During the session of the national assembly, the proceedings and debates of that body are published at length on the morning after their occurrence. The established papers are not, as in this country, the organs of different political parties. While they enter warmly into political discussions, they seem to consider it a duty to be always on the side of the government, or the party in power. Hence, however much any change is deprecated before it occurs, yet when it is once consummated, it is chronicled as a glorious event. If the party in the minority wish to abuse those in power, they must establish a journal for the express purpose, or publish their correspondence in handbills, which will be sent out as an accompaniment to the daily, into whose columns it could not be admitted. Let the minority, however, once rise into power, and these columns are all at its service, being still zealously devoted to the support of the government. Much pains is taken by some of the papers to give commercial intelligence fully and correctly, while none of the sheets are filled with stereotyped advertisements. The matter of the advertising columns is renewed almost daily, and is perused by great numbers of general readers for the sake of its piquancy and its variety. One peculiar custom may be noticed, growing out of the patronage of the numerous lotteries authorised by government. Persons frequently form companies for the purchase of tickets, and those at a distance order their correspondents to purchase for them. In order to avoid any subsequent transfer or dispute, the purchaser announces, through the newspaper, the number of the ticket bought, and for whose account;—as, for example: 'M. F. S. purchased by order of J. T. Pinto two half-tickets, Nos. 1513 and 4817, of the lottery in behalf of the theatre of Itaborahy.' 'The treasurer of the company entitled *The Friends of Good Luck*, has purchased, on the company's account, half-tickets Nos. 3885 and 5430, of the lottery of the cathedral of Goyaz.' Following this custom, individuals who wish to publish some pert thing usually announce it as the name of a company for the purchase of lottery-tickets, although that name extends sometimes through a dozen lines of rhyme. Not a few of these *annuncios* would appear very singular among us. It was announced at one time, that a solemn Te Deum would be celebrated on a given day, in the church of S. Francisco de Paula, for the happy restoration of Bahia, subsequent to a rebellion in that city, and that his imperial majesty would attend. A few days after the following appeared: 'The committee to make arrangements for the Te Deum in S. Francisco de Paula, thinking that they would better satisfy the philanthropic designs of those who have subscribed for that object by remitting the money in their hands to Bahia, to be divided among the poor widows and orphans, and especially, since *due thanks* have already, in another church, been offered to God for the restoration; have resolved not to have the proposed Te Deum sung, of which persons invited are now informed.' Again: 'Senhor Jozé Domingos da Costa is requested to pay, at No. 35 Rua de S. Jozé, the sum of six hundred milreis; and in case he shall not do so in three days, his conduct will be exposed in this journal, together with the manner in which this debt was contracted.'"

So much for the press; now for the people:

"Many slaves are trained from early life to collect and preserve specimens in entomology and botany, and by following this as a constant business, gather immense collections. These are favourite haunts for amateur naturalists. * *

"The following is faithfully translated from a document prepared by a Brazilian padre in 1839. S. Gonçalo d'Amarante, patron of matrimony, especially on the part of young ladies; hence much honoured by festivals and dances. S. Amaro, patron of broken, mutilated, and wounded limbs. The five Franciscan martyrs of Morocco, protectors against fevers, agues, and pleurisy. St. Sebastian, protector against pestilence and contagion. S. Braz, protector against affections of the throat. S. Apolonia, protectress against toothache. St. Lazarus, protector against elephantiasis and contagious diseases. St. Margaret of Cortona, patroness of child-birth. St. Augustine, patron of good memory and a talent for study. Nossa Senhora da Conceiçao, patroness of academical and professional studies, and also of young ladies who desire good husbands. Santa Luzia, protectress against pains and diseases of the eyes. S. Antonio, advocate for things lost, and various other matters. St. Jerome, protector against thunder and lightning. Santa Barbara, protectress against thunder, lightning, and tempests. St. Simon the Stylite, protector against the same. S. Jozé, patron of well-married, good, and faithful husbands. Santa Anna, Santa Delfina, and St. Elizarius, patrons of the same. St. Benedict, protector against the bite of snakes and venomous reptiles. St. Cornelius, advocate of those husbands who desire their wives to live virtuously. St. Lawrence, protector against storms and whirlwinds. S. Tude, protector against bad coughs. St. Bartholomew, protector against madness and demoniacal possessions. St. Michael, advocate of those persons who are particularly devout on Mondays of each week. St. Thomas d'Aquinas, patron of good memory, &c. S. Hermenegildo, protector against storms and tempests. S. Maçario, advocate of those who desire their wives to be virtuous and faithful. S. Francisco de Paula, patron of charity and good-will to our neighbour. S. Pedro Gonsalves, patron of sailors. S. Joao Nepomuceno, patron of good confessors, those who do not betray the secrets of the confessional. S. Joao, patron of the well-educated clergy. S. Onofre, advocate to enable females to ascertain the true character of their beaux. S. Miguel dos Santos, protector against cancers and tumours. S. Liborio, protector against the gravel. S. Servulo, protector against paralysis. In explanation of the above, it is only necessary to add the remark of Von Martius respecting another saint: 'St. Thomas keeps all dangerous vermin away from those who pray to him.' The idea of a patron, protector, or advocate, is one who can aid or relieve when applied to for the mentioned purpose."

Respecting the country and its appearances, we shall only select two examples, and then leave the author with the public. In travelling he relates:

"The variety of birds that enlivened our route was greater than common. The pomba, and pombinha de rola, species of mourning doves, were most frequently seen; while the uraponga, thus named in imitation of its note, was constantly heard. I will here remark, notwithstanding the extravagant accounts which some writers have given respecting the inhabitants of a South American forest, that while travelling very extensively in that country, in different latitudes, I found both birds and animals much more rare than they are throughout the United States. Squirrels of no species appear, and the most that a traveller will have seen, in ordinary circumstances, throughout a day's ride, will have been a monkey or a flock of paroquets. The apparent absence of game, however, may be in part owing to its extreme wildness; for monkeys are often heard howling at a distance. * * *

"Among the shells abounding on the coast,

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there is a species of Murex, from the animal of which a beautiful crimson colour may be extracted. It is, however, the department of entomology which has excited the most lively admiration of the naturalists who have visited the province. The butterflies are the most splendid in the world. Langsdorff says they are not like the tame and puny lepidoptera of Europe, which can be caught by means of a small piece of silk. On the contrary, they rise high in the air, with a brisk and rapid flight. Sometimes they light and repose on flowers at the tops of trees, and rarely risk within reach of the hand. They appear to be constantly on their guard, and if caught at all, it must be when on the wing, by means of a net at the extremity of a long rod of cane. Some species are observed to live in society, hundreds and thousands of them being sometimes found together. These generally prefer the lower districts and the banks of streams. When one of them is caught and fastened by a pin on the surface of the sand, swarms of the same species will gather round him, and may be caught at pleasure."

RUSH'S RESIDENCE AT THE COURT OF LONDON.
Second review: second volume.

The second volume is more political and less miscellaneous than the first; and is therefore more important and less amusing. In the negotiations with Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, and the protocols signed by Mr. Rush, Mr. Huskisson, and Mr. Stratford Canning, we obtain a clear insight into the views of both countries as they relate to questions of perhaps greater interest now than they were then. The right of search, the slave-trade, and the boundaries of Oregon, are among these; and the principles maintained by either party in regard to them are unchanged to the present hour. Changing the names of men, the whole argument, *pro* and *con*, may be read in these pages; and it is but saying Tyler or Polk, instead of J. Quincy Adams, to have existing circumstances before us. All we hope is, that the same conciliatory spirit may continue to direct the councils of both; for Mr. Rush bears warm testimony to the kindly feelings of every British minister.

Within the lapse of two years between the close of the first and the commencement of the second volume, *i.e.* from July 1821 to July 1823, the unhappy death of Lord Londonderry had taken place in August 1822; and Mr. Canning became foreign secretary. The recognition of, and line of conduct to be adopted towards, the new governments of South America came to be largely discussed; and Mr. Rush saw a good deal of Mr. C., of whom he speaks in terms of high admiration.

"He was (he says) a statesman and an orator; filling each sphere with powers highly disciplined, whether their exercise was felt on great occasions, or only dazzled on lighter ones. He was the ornament also of private life, in a society refined by age, by education, and by wealth; ascendant in the highest literary circles, and adding dignity to those of rank. His rural residence was at Gloucester Lodge: and his classic dinners at that abode, as the hospitalities of Lord Londonderry at North Cray and St. James's Square, will long be remembered by the diplomatic corps at the English court in the time of George IV., as reliefs along the often anxious path of international business. He, too, soon passed away. Raised by his genius to the premiership—the proud dream, it may be, of his life—he died almost immediately after ascending that pinnacle; the victim, in his turn, of official labours and solicitudes too intense, superadded to those of that stormy ocean where his sway was great—the House of Commons. Britain entombed him also, side by side, with those of her distinguished men whose lives were devoted to her service or her renown."

There is an entertaining description of a diplomatic dinner at Gloucester Lodge, which may serve to shew how often and how playfully our greatest characters incline to throw off their official chains and enjoy the recreation of almost boyish pastime. Only think of Prince Lieven, Lord Granville, the American plenipotentiary, Lord Ripon, Count M. D'Aglie the Sardinian minister, Mr. Huskisson, &c. &c., setting out at their host's request to play at "twenty questions," the gist of which lies in finding out from the answers to twenty questions any particular thought in the party questioned. Parliament had just risen, and the chancellor of the exchequer, as well as his cabinet-colleagues, were like "birds let out of a cage," and so the game was played with great animation. The drudgery of politics and the bore of nightly debate were suspended for a time, and the lads made a holyday of it; just as they are prone to do now, even if they have only their freedom for a Saturday afternoon. We could witness the last Saturday as a case somewhat in point; for we observed Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Graham sauntering among the pictures in the British Institution, and met Mr. Goulburn in Pall Mall, probably walking to that or some similiar resort, oblivious of ways and means or budgets. We come, however, to one other illustration of the lighter matters interspersed in this work: 1823.

"November 28.—Passed last evening at Count Munster's, Grosvenor Place, where we had most of the diplomatic corps, and other company. My wife says, that Count D'Aglie, the Sicilian minister, told her that the late king, George III., in talking once to the Dutch ambassador, called Holland an *aquatic* power. The king used the term in good humour; but the count added, that the ambassador did not like it.

"November 30.—Dined at the Duke of Sussex's, Kensington Palace. Prince Cimitilli, Mr. Roscoe (author of 'Lorenzo de Medici'), Sir James Macintosh, Dr. Lushington of the civil law courts; Mr. Denman, Mr. Jekeyll, and others, made the party. His royal highness the duke uttered sentiments favourable to constitutional liberty with his accustomed frankness and fervour, Mr. Roscoe seconding every thing of this kind. The former asked if we had any tories left in the United States. I said, a few, probably, in their abstract notions of government. Mr. Roscoe asked if they wished re-union with England. I replied that I did not believe there was a single individual in our country who entertained such a wish; we had grown too strong in ourselves. The voluminous and complicated state of the English law became a topic. Dr. Lushington remarked that no man could comprehend it all, and that it called loudly for revision and arrangement. He alluded to the numerous and increasing subdivisions in the profession of the law, as a consequence of the confusion and entanglements of the law itself, and thought it operated unfavourably upon the profession, by tending to cramp the minds of its members, by limiting the range of their professional knowledge. Cards being spoken of, his royal highness said that the division and numbers of the pack were supposed to have had a connexion among the Egyptians (he gave cards that antiquity) with astronomical science. First, the fifty-two composing the pack answered to the weeks of the year; next, thirteen of a kind agreed with the fourth part of the year, divided into weeks; then again, four different kinds answered to the four seasons; and lastly, by counting up from the ace to ten, then counting the knave as eleven, the queen as twelve, and king as thirteen, you get ninety-one. Four ninety-ones give you three hundred and sixty-four, the number of days, according to some calculations, in the year. His royal highness mentioned that the English government had a plan for purchasing up the whole slave-population of their West-India islands, to get rid of slavery in them. This was new to me, and seemed so to others at table. At first blush, I thought it struck all as very bold, if not impracticable. How far the great West-India emancipation-act, since carried into effect by Britain, on the foundation of what the Duke of Sussex then said, will result favourably to the interests of humanity in those islands, does not, as yet, seem to have been ascertained.

"December 10.—Dined at Mr. Canning's, Gloucester Lodge. Mr. Planta, Mr. Stratford Canning, Mr. Chinnery, and a few others, were the guests. At dinner, Mr. Canning took less than his usual share of the conversation, leaving it chiefly to his guests. Ships and steam-boats formed one of the topics. All agreed that naval science was on the eve of great revolutions, and soon to be carried to a much higher pitch than the present or past ages had witnessed. At this classic villa of the foreign secretary, one of the suite of rooms is the library. We went into it to coffee, after leaving the dinner-table. The conversation became literary. Washington Irving's Sketch-book was spoken of, and highly commended. Mr. Canning said it was a work of extraordinary merit; but he preferred the American pieces. In this preference others joined. The 'Dutch Schoolmaster' and 'Rip van Winkle' were singled out as rich in humour. The topic changing, Swift came on the tapis. Several of his pieces were called up with genuine gusto. Mr. Canning was on a sofa; Mr. Planta next to him; I and others, in chairs, dotted around. 'Planta,' said Mr. Canning, 'pray hand down the volume containing the voyages, and read the description of the storm in the voyage to Brobdignag; seaman say that it is capital; and as true, nautically, as Shakspeare always is when he undertakes to use sea-terms.' Mr. Planta took down the volume, and read the passage. One sentence in it runs thus: 'It was a very fierce storm, the sea broke strange and dangerous; we hauled off upon the laniard of the whipstaff, *and helped the man at the helm*.' When he was done, all admired the passage, under this new view and commendation of it, which Mr. Canning had given us. He himself said nothing for a few moments, but sat silent; then, as if in a reverie, he uttered, in a low tone, yet very distinctly, the words, '*and helped the man at the helm! and helped the man at the helm!!*' repeating them. It seemed as if the *helm* at the Foreign Office, with all its anxieties, had suddenly shot into his mind, clouding for a moment his social ease. His familiar friends of the circle bantered him a little on that fancy. He declared off, however, and only said that it was a fine passage. So passed this agreeable evening in the library at Gloucester Lodge.

"April 23. [I antedate once more, in the present year, to allude to an official dinner at Gloucester Lodge.] Dined at Mr. Canning's.

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The entertainment was in honour of the king's birthday. We had all the ambassadors and ministers, and, in addition, two princes of Bentheim, one of them a general in the Austrian service; Sir George Rose, late British minister at Berlin; Lord Clanwilliam, his successor; Sir Brook Taylor, English minister at Munich; Sir Henry Wellesley, now English ambassador at Vienna; Lord Fitzroy Somerset, Mr. Planta, Lord Francis Conyngham, Lord Howard de Walden, and Lord —— Bentinck. The table glittered with plate; and the glittering costumes of the ambassadors was superadded. I sat next but one to Mr. Canning, and had Sir Henry Wellesley on my left. With the latter I had conversation about Spain, where he had recently been ambassador. I found little opportunity, at so large and ceremonious a dinner, of conversing with Mr. Canning; but was able to make a brief allusion to what had fallen from him in the House of Commons a few days before, on the neutral course of the United States in '93, saying with what pleasure I had read it. He replied to my remark by saying, that he had lately been examining the state-papers of our government at that era, and that they presented, in his opinion, especially the letters of Mr. Jefferson while secretary of state, principles well fitted to enter into a neutral code. The ambassador of the Netherlands, who sat close by, appeared to listen with as much interest as I did to this tribute from such a source to the American defence of neutral rights. It may be worth subjoining, that another of the European ambassadors, and from a larger power, who sat farther off from Mr. Canning, sought me out on the day following, when I met him at another dinner, to ascertain what it was Mr. Canning had said to me about neutral rights; remarking that he had caught just enough of his words to know the subject, but nothing more. I told him; adding, that what he had publicly said in the House of Commons on the 16th of April amounted, in effect, to the same thing."

With this single addition to our previous remarks and citations, we once more cordially recommend the work, as full of intelligence, kindly in tone, temper, and spirit, and abounding with anecdotes of men of whose more private lives and conversations we never can hear too much.

The Pharmaceutical Journal and Transactions. Edited by Jacob Bell. Nos. 44-47. London John Churchill.

This useful periodical continues to gain in importance, and in the value and variety of its information. The great questions of the day—the progress of Sir James Graham's Medical Bill, the laws of Customs and Excise, the sale of so-called poisons, and the sale of medicinal spirits—are all discussed in a moderate tone.

The views of the pharmaceutists are naturally in favour of the so-called general practitioner being a physician and surgeon united in one, instead of, as desired by many, an incorporated surgeon, apothecary, and druggist. It is the generalisation most creditable to the profession.

In the late trial at Aylesbury of the Quaker Tawell, great stress was laid upon the admission of the medical witnesses, that they had never before seen a case of poisoning by prussic acid. Now, it is not generally known that, before the trial in question, no one had been convicted in our courts of employing that agent for the purpose of assassination; and further, that hitherto, in all cases when it had been taken accidentally or for self-destruction, death has been so rapid, that few, if any, had had opportunities of witnessing the symptoms.

No. 47 of the *Pharmaceutical Journal* contains a case of the poisoning by mistake of a young Jewess, 22 years of age, who took a dose equivalent to a little less than *one grain* of pure poison. She died in about fifteen or twenty minutes from the time of her taking the poison; but was seen before that by her medical attendants. The symptoms in this case corroborate the views entertained by the profession, that the effect of prussic acid is to throw all the blood of the body into the venous system.

The often-quoted case of the Parisian epileptics is also carefully discussed; and it is shewn, by a comparison of Orfila's statements with Dr. Christison's view of the subject, and more particularly from a statement of Professor Guibourt's, that, instead of *the seventh of a grain*, as hitherto supposed, the fatal doses contained at least *five and a half troy grains* of anhydrous prussic acid!

In the painful and onerous position of a medical man bearing testimony in a criminal case, it may appear very desirable to a jury to know precisely the minimum quantity of any poison which will produce death; but a variety of circumstances place it entirely out of the power of medical men to give such testimony, and none more so than that the power of destruction varies in individuals, and also in the different conditions of the same individual. As to the other part of the question,—if the knowledge of a professional man is to be rejected because it is derived from books or experiments only, and not from experience, we must agree with an able reviewer of the same remarkable case in the *Dublin Journal of Medical Science*, No. 86, that then all medical testimony will be rendered useless in this country.

The Human Body in Health and Disease: containing a brief View of its Structure and Functions, and the Diseases to which it is liable; with ample Directions for the Regulation of Diet and Regimen from Infancy to Old Age. For the Use of general Readers. 8vo, pp. 417. Edinburgh, Maclachlan, Stewart, and Co.

The demand for medical works adapted for general use is evidently very great, or so many would not be written and published. It might have been thought that Dr. Imrie's popular *Cyclopædia* was a sufficient improvement upon Buchan, who was so long supreme in the domestic sick-room; but, so great is the diffusion of knowledge, that this has not proved to be the case; and we have here a little volume which not only contains a smattering of therapeutics, but also what is intended to be a treatise on the structure and functions of the different parts of the human frame. There can be no objectione to such additional knowledge, a certain amount of information in anatomy and physiology being highly advantageous to every one, and may, in many cases, save the patient from empirical and ignorant treatment. The work contains a variety of additional information on climate, old age, and even on the choice of a medical attendant; and is, altogether, a volume calculated to be generally useful and acceptable.

PAMPHLETS.

He would not neglect the Defence of the Country. Pp. 60. London, P. Richardson; J. Ollivier.

A sentence uttered by Sir R. Peel in Parliament is adopted as the title of this pamphlet, which insists upon the urgent necessity of creating military defences to our ports, dock-yards, and coast-towns, and increasing our naval means. The author also recommends the perpetual standing of a militia force.

The Oxford Magazine. No. I. Oxford, Vincent. London, Whittaker.

A new periodical, various, and displaying considerable powers. Of its out-speaking a sample may be given in three lines: "The utter baseness and complete degradation of the existing House of Commons is now generally felt and acknowledged throughout the country." Who fears sergeants or committals to Newgate now!

Jewish Emancipation. By an Israelite. Pp. 38. London, Nutt.

Giving due importance to the civil and political equality now urged as a right of the Jews in England, the writer inveighs against their own religious forms and ordinances as far more fatal to freedom than aught withheld from them by old legislation. Intolerance towards the many, and sycophancy towards the wealthy, he describes to be the bane of the priesthood. In short, the schism of Burton-street, alluded to in former numbers of the *Literary Gazette*, is here brought into broader light: and the following curious exposition may be taken as a sample of the pamphlet: "No commandment, perhaps, throughout the Bible is more impressively enforced than that of keeping holy the sabbath day—of making it one of rest, of prayer, of devotion—a day of solemn communion between man and his Creator—a day when the poor and the rich, the lowly and the exalted, casting aside for a brief space, the ones their labours, the others their vanities, should meet in fellowship to thank and praise and worship in unison their God and Father. The concise and simple precepts of the Bible required none of the handicraft of obscure and learned casuists; we could not mistake their general and obvious sense; and our hearts and minds could not remain closed against their beauty and significance. 'Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work; thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy ass, nor thine ox, nor any of thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates: that thy man-servant and thy maid-servant may rest as well as thou. And remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and that the Lord thy God brought thee out thence with a mighty hand, and a stretched-out arm: therefore the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the sabbath day.'—*Deut.* 'Ye shall keep my sabbath, and reverence my sanctuaries.' Not content with these plain but earnest admonitions, the oral law gives us numberless cases, whose puerility now weakens, and now profanes or eludes, the solemn commandments of God: 'Whoever writes on the sabbath day with any kind of dark beverage, liquid, or with the juice of fruit, or with dust from the road, or with any substance which is not durable, is absolved. Whoever writes with the back of his hand, or his mouth, or his elbow, or on two walls of his house, or on two leaves of an account-book which do not correspond, is absolved. A man may count verbally the number of his guests, and also of his additional dishes; but he must not do it from a written list. If a person intends to carry out something before him, and it gets behind him, he is absolved; but, if he intended to carry it out behind him, and it gets before him, he is guilty. He who carries out victuals and puts them on the threshold of his house, whether he himself afterwards carries them or any other person carries them out, both are absolved; because neither completed the

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work at once. If he put a basket full of fruit on the outer threshold, although the larger portion of the fruit be in the street, he is absolved, as long as the whole of the basket be not carried out at once. He who plucks a leaf, a flower, or blossom, out of a perforated flower-pot, is guilty: but if the flower-pot be not perforated, he is absolved. Whoever bathes in the water of a cavern, or in the wells of Tiberias, though he wipe himself with ten napkins, he must not bring them away in his hand: but ten persons wiping themselves with one napkin, their faces, their hands, and their feet, may bring it away in their hand. They may anoint and rub the stomach with the hands, so as not to get fatigued. They must not stretch the limbs of an infant, or put back a rupture. He who has strained his hand or foot must not pour cold water over it, but he may wash it in the usual way; and if he does get cured, he does get cured.'" The oral law, thus ridiculed, is repudiated by the division to which the writer adheres.

A Letter to Sir R. Peel, on the Endowment of the Roman Catholic Church of Ireland. By the Knight of Kerry. Pp. 15. J. Murray.

After great political and parliamentary experience, the Knight of Kerry, having withdrawn from public life, steps from his retirement to encourage Sir R. Peel to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Pitt, and pursue his general policy in giving elevation and security to the Roman Catholic body in Ireland. As a personal reminiscence of ministerial transactions before, at, and after the Union, it is a curious document.

The Oregon Question, &c. By Thomas Falconer, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, &c. Pp. 46.

To this very temperate and able exposition of the question, well illustrated by a map, Mr. Falconer has since appended a postscript, in which he refutes Mr. Greenhow's arguments against his statements. This much strengthens his case, and every one interested in this threatening, but, we trust, not dangerous, dispute —and who is not?—should possess themselves of the irrefragable data and logical discussion of this publication.

Letter on the Payment of the Roman Catholic Clergy, &c. By H. Drummond, Esq. Pp. 38. J. Murray.

Mr. Drummond considers the country, whoever may be the advisers of the Crown, as sinking into the bottomless pit of a popular government. The opinions are put in a striking, if not startling manner; and, from the author's position, the incidental remarks are more deserving of thought than some of his, we may say, extraordinary *dicta*.

The new Government Scheme of Education for Ireland, &c. By A. J. Beresford Hope, M.A., M.P. Pp. 23. Rivingtons.

Mr. Hope asserts the features of the proposed measure to be (a word he coins for the nonce) "ungodness," undiscipline, and state-subserviency. The principles involved in this category, he contends, are subversive of all venerated and established principles of national religious education, and he looks upon the opening as a *sesame* to Socinianism, Judaism, Mahomedanism, and infidelity.

Maynooth and St. Asaph, &c. By the Rev. R. W. Morgan, curate of Tregynon, &c. Pp. 51. London, R. Weir.

Another of the multifarious and bitter attacks on the policy of Sir Robert Peel with which the press now teems. It reviles him as anti-Church-of-England on this side of the Channel, and both *that* and anti-Protestant on the other side. The destruction of the bishopric of St. Asaph (which certainly had much better be let alone) and the endowment of Maynooth are the salient points on which the rev. gentlemen pours out his vials of disappointment and wrath.

What was the Fall? Pp. 44. London, Jackson and Walford.

An argument most solemnly put forth to demonstrate that the first and second (scriptural) death of man are to be literally understood, *i. e.* that the pains of hell for the soul at the second death are as certain as the decay of the human body at the first.

A Letter, &c. By Robert Mushet. Pp. 53. London, Chapman and Hall.

Treats of the late lamentable Tractarian disputes in the parish of Tottenham. *Requiescat in pace.*

A Guide to the Use of the Buxton Waters. By W. H. Robertson, M.D., &c. 12mo, pp. 32. London, Bogue.

Cheapness and accuracy are certainly great recommendations. Dr. Robertson is the author of a large work upon Buxton and its waters, and must therefore be, in certain respects, well qualified to write a little one. We have no doubt but that this pamphlet will be found extremely useful to all people resorting to Buxton, and that its utility will not be diminished by brevity and cheapness.

Memoirs of the Life of a Country Surgeon. Pp. 21. London: Reeve, Brothers.

This is an amusing and ably written account of the rise and progress of a country general practitioner; in which the author, while he details the sufferings, and toil, and inconveniences of the Ribs, Rabs, and Rubs, derides the affectation of professional subdivisions, which exist merely in name; claims a proper respect for the man-midwife; advocates a more generous remuneration of parish-surgeons; repudiates the exclusiveness of the College of Surgeons; and finally, justly remarks that a proper modification of the charter of the College of Surgeons is the only requisite and safe measure, and that the separation of the great body of medical surgeons from the college, and their establishment into an independent institution, would be fatal to the interests, respectability, and independence of the general practitioners.

A Letter to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's on the State of St. Pancras' Parish. By the Rev. H. Hughes, M.A. Pp. 24. F. Shaw.

The rev. writer, who is incumbent of All Saints, Gordon Square, estimates the population of St. Pancras at 140,000 souls; and laments the utter insufficiency of the places of worship, religious instruction, and education for the young, for this vast multitude. Fourteen churches and chapels could only accommodate 17,000 persons—there is not more than one clergyman for the care and cure of from 7000 to 10,000 souls, and the schools are lamentably deficient. The reverend author adjures the Dean and Chapter to remedy these evils.

A Nomenclature of Colours, Hues, Tints, and Shades, applicable to the Arts and Natural Sciences; to Manufactures, and other purposes of general utility. By D. R. Hay, Edinburgh. 8vo, pp. 78. Edinburgh and London, Blackwoods.

Nothing can be more correct and beautiful than the manner in which Mr. Hay has illustrated his subject by a multitude of examples of every colour, primary, secondary, tertiary, &c., developing every possible shade of every combination, and demonstrating the contrasts and affinities, with lucid explanations to the the understanding, and vivid pictures to the eye. His work in this respect is worthy of the highest attention; and artists and manufacturers will do well to study it sedulously and deeply. In the end he broaches a new theory of light, thinking the Newtonian and the Huygenian insufficient to account for all the phenomena. His idea is, that the aqueous vapour in the atmosphere, *i. e.* 1·41 by weight in 100 parts, and 1·03 by measure, performs an important part in this natural system; for he says, "as the atmosphere is admitted to be a body, may we not suppose that it is constituted like other elastic bodies, though it cannot, like those that are solid, be brought within the sphere of microscopical investigation, and that this aqueous vapour is distributed throughout the atomic interstices in the form of an infinitely minute and symmetrically reticulated fibrous tissue, susceptible of tension and attenuation, like that known to exist in animal and vegetable substances? By such a supposed distribution of the aqueous vapour, an independent vehicle of sound is at once supplied, and the gaseous elements of the atmosphere left to perform their wonderful and important duties in the economy of the creation, undisturbed." And hence "the gases which enter into the composition of atmospheric air, as well as all other gases, are, according to a well-established theory, composed of atoms or molecules. Now, adopting this theory, may not the sun or any other luminous body, possess a power of acting upon the atomic particles of one or both of these gases—electrically or otherwise—in such a manner as to put them into harmonic motion amongst themselves, each upon its own axis, and rendering them luminous by friction, thus producing white light? May not the partial interruption or change in the mode of this atomic motion produce shades and colours, and its total interruption blackness? As every material body is also understood to be composed of atoms or molecules, may it not likewise be reasonably supposed that the modes of arrangement, or the configuration of those atoms, render them capable of receiving this motion of light, in ways infinitely various, producing every variety of colour? May not dyeing be simply the production of a change in the arrangement of the atoms of which the substance dyed is composed, thus affecting the atomic action of light upon its surface? May not the mode of arrangement in the atoms of crystals and other transparent media be thus affected, and made to communicate a like motion to those of the atmosphere beyond them, producing coloured light, as those atoms on the surface of opaque bodies reflect it?"

Alas for philosophy; may not the moon be made of green cheese, and the man therein be only a gigantic mite? *Vide*—through Lord Rosse's telescope.

The Wisdom and Genius of Edmund Burke; with a Summary of his Life. By Peter Burke, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Pp. 426. E. Moxon.

Deep philosophy and fervent eloquence—fruits from a master-mind in the midst of high human greatness of intellect—this volume is a school for profundity of thought and eloquence of expression. Scattered over the wide range of his works, these powerful and brilliant specimens are but partially felt; but thus collected together, and condensed as it were into one focus, they are irresistibly impressive. We consider the selection to be well made; though another, and perhaps another, volume might be added

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to it. As it is, alone, however, the statesman may learn many an invaluable lesson from it, and even the schoolboy have his task lightened by being taught to acquire it in reading these sublime and beautiful compositions. Mr. Peter Burke has done every class of the community a service in editing such a book. A well-engraved portrait of Edmund, from a bust, adorns the title-page.

Prayers for the Dead, &c. Pp. 145. London, J. Toovey.

THIS is to teach "members of the church of England" how to pray for the dead, which, as that church declares such prayers to be utterly unavailing and idolatrous, seems to be a work of supererogation. The next move would be to print a book to instruct the Dead how to pray for themselves!!

Selecta e Catullo, &c. Notas Anglice scriptas adjecit G. G. Cookesley, M.A., &c. Etonæ, E. P. Williams.

AN Etonian selection for youth, where selection is very requisite. With the delights of the author on our minds, we can only regret that he needs (for education) the weeding Mr. Cookesley has bestowed.

Clarence de Manfredo, imité de l'Anglais. Par Emily Newton. Pp. 172. Paris, Lacrampe and Co.

A THOROUGHLY French story, in the French tongue. Travelling, marrying, masquerading, gambling—consequences: the life of man and woman.

School Botany. By John Lindley, Ph.D. F.R.S. A new edition. Pp. 92. For the Author.

WHEN the ablest of masters condescend to the task of teaching the rudiments of their science, it is a great boon to those who desire to learn. This boon has Dr. Lindley conferred, in a most instructive manner, in the publication before us.

Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge, in December 1844. By Daniel Moore, of Catherine Hall, &c. 8vo, pp. 103. London, W. J. Cleaver. Cambridge, Deighton; T. Stevenson.

PREVIOUSLY advantageously known to the Christian world by Norrisian and Hulsean prize-essays and sermons of orthodox reputation, we need only say that this volume displays similar abilities and piety.

Contributions to Vital Statistics, &c. By F. G. P. Neison, F.L.S., Actuary of the Medical Invalid Life Office. 4to, pp. 148. London, H. Cunningham.

THIS valuable collection of facts was read before the Statistical Society at a meeting in March; and presents so vast a field for consideration, that we rejoice to see it put in a shape so accurate and determinate, for the use of the public. As for our entering even a step into that field, it is out of the question; two large volumes would be required for the discussion. Let us, therefore, merely mention, that the influence of locality on health, and the rates of mortality, and laws of sickness, are ably developed in these pages; and that Mr. Neison, on striking data, demonstrates the erroneous foundations and imperfect workings of so-called "Friendly Societies," where the subscribers are unsafe, and the proceeds impaired by a management always self-serving, and often imposing and corrupt. The subjects involved affect millions of our population.

Manual of Agricultural Analysis. By John Mitchell, Analytical Chemist, &c. &c. Pp. 140. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; John Ward.

SINCE the days of Davy, and with the labours of Johnston and others who have devoted their skill to the development of agricultural chemistry, this branch of science has made important advances, and is found to be intimately connected with the productiveness of the soil and the prosperity of the country. Any help, therefore, to its being better and more generally understood must be received as a benefit by the cultivators of land; and to them we are happy to recommend this guide, as far as it goes, very usefully directed to a description of the apparatus required, the necessary tests, the action of manures, the different kinds of soil, and other matters, a knowledge of which is essential to the operations of a good and scientific farmer. How indispensable such means of ascertaining the truth are may be allowed, when we notice that the recent rage for guano led to such impositions that Mr. Mitchell found a guano sold at Manchester to contain *seventy-five per cent of brickdust;* another sort from Derbyshire *ten per cent of sawdust, and six per cent of clay;* and a third specimen adulterated with *twelve per cent of ground bark.* Plenty of ammonia to be got, where it was requisite, from brickdust, sawdust, clay, and bark!!

Manual of Agricultural Chemistry. By Thomas Antisell. Pp. 83. Dublin, Hodges & Smith.

THIS is a work of a similar description, made applicable to the soils of Ireland. It enters more into the grounds of the science, and may therefore be considered rather as a general guide than a class-book. It contains much excellent analysis and advantageous advice.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

RUSSIAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

St. Petersburg, April 1845.

M. VON MIDDENDORFF, who was sent by the Russian Academy of Sciences on a scientific expedition to the north-east of Siberia, has lately returned to St. Petersburg. On the 16th of this month, an entertainment was given in his honour, by a circle of official men, literati, &c., at which the results of his journey were the subject of discussion. M. Von Baer, member of the Academy, first gave a sketch of it, from which we extract the following particulars:—

As the journey of M. Von Middendorff is the most extensive scientific Arctic expedition that was ever undertaken on the continent, and as we believe that it is not inferior to any other in scientific results, so it was perhaps attended with greater hardships and perils than any on record. Though the amount of the danger could not be ascertained when it was projected, it was evident that there would be great and unforeseen obstacles, which it would require the utmost exertion to overcome. Accordingly, when intelligence was received here of the wonderful, almost incredible, deliverance of the travellers, after eighteen days' fasting on the banks of Lake Taimyr, people asked, "Why did the Academy send an expedition to these countries, beyond the limits of the furthest excursions of the Samoieds? Did no other part of the extensive Russian empire remain to be explored?" This question, gentlemen, I will endeavour to answer, by stating that the object of this part of the expedition was to obtain a knowledge of the general condition of life on our planet, and that the solution of the problem was to be obtained only in the country of Taimyr.

M. Von Baer then adverted to the opinion of the ancients, that beyond a certain latitude there was eternal ice and snow; where water being in a constant state of congelation, there could be no vegetation, and consequently no animal life. The limits assigned to this abode of death have been gradually contracted in proportion to the progress of discovery; yet the notion has continued even to the latest time. Maps have been published, in which part of the continent has been marked as the domain of eternal snow; and even after M. Von Middendorff had returned from the land of Taimyr, an atlas appeared at Mannheim, in which the publisher draws a distinct line through northern Siberia, to mark the limits of eternal snow, by which he cuts off the whole land of Taimyr, and other tracts, from the abode of life.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, *June* 11.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. G. Preston, Queen's College.

Master of Arts.—J. H. Sharples, St. John's College.

Bachelor of Arts.—E. L. Dew, Jesus College.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISPUTES AND ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES.

AT length, as it appears, the pseudo-archæologists* who follow the banner of Mr. Way have found a president. A Brussels newspaper which has just reached us, describing the commencement of the archæological meeting at Lille, enumerates among the *great men* in literature and antiquarianism who are attending there, "le Docteur Bromet, président de la Société Archéologique de Londres."!!! We congratulate the committee on their choice, the more so as it is the fulfilment of an expectation we have long entertained. Who could have so great a title to this distinction, as the man whose genius first discovered that the publication of an archæological album must peril the existence of an archæological association?

However, present appearances seem to say that the new president will have to support a declining cause. The violent and ungentlemanly attacks which have been made on the members of *the* committee by the seceders,† the ungenerous attempt to effect their purpose

* We find it necessary, for avoiding confusion, to employ some different term to distinguish the two parties in this unfortunate dispute. Some weeks ago we used the term *anarchæologists*, invented by some of the archæologists, to distinguish Mr. Way's party, which certainly was not inapplicable. The Wayward party have stolen our joke, and the phrase has become so hackneyed in their hands that we can use it no longer. These gentlemen imitate the archæologists so closely, that they even borrow the jokes of their opponents.

† We cannot resist the temptation of quoting the following just and pertinent remarks of our respectable contemporary the *Builder* (of June 14) on this subject:—"The virulence with which that portion of the original committee who appealed to a general meeting of the subscribers has been assailed by the friends of the other portion, is quite unexampled, and the mode of attack adopted is fraught with dangerous consequences to society at large, and should be repudiated by every upright man. *Character* is the mark they have aimed at; and whispered calumnies, anonymous letters to connexions and superiors, published charges of almost swindling, which are found on examination to belong simply to the general question, 'Are we right or wrong?' and do not attach to character in the slightest degree,—are the arrows which have been made use of. We do not hesitate to repeat, that it behoves every man who wishes to exercise an independent opinion in the world, to set himself resolutely against such a mode of proceeding." The article from which we quote concludes with observing—"Personally we have not the pleasure of much acquaintance with Mr. Pettigrew, certainly much less than we have with many of the opposing party, and have been impelled to make the foregoing remarks, without any reference to the general question, solely by a sense of public duty, and a desire to assist in preserving the right of differing in opinion from others without being exposed to calumnious attacks on character."

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by destroying individual character, is already working its proper effect; and a great reaction is going forwards in favour of the original association presided over by Lord Albert Conyngham, whose behaviour throughout has been most honourable to him as a nobleman and a man. Many of the gentlemen whose names have been pressed into the opposition-list are beginning to examine the matter in dispute, and to open their eyes. The constancy and courage with which the central committee, collectively and individually, has persevered in withstanding the sort of attacks to which it has been exposed, cannot fail to ensure final success. Singularly enough, had it the wish to retaliate, it would find the opposition committing the same actions which are laid so unjustly to its own charge. We understand that three gentlemen have paid their subscriptions to the other party by mistake, have asked for them back again, and have been refused. We blame them no more than we blame *the* central committee for withstanding the ridiculous applications made for the return of money *given* to the association months ago; but still we think they might deserve the more blame of the two, as there is room for mistakes in this instance, since they are sailing under false colours. They have issued a list, also, which is little to be depended upon; for we have seen a letter from a lady of the west of England, a stanch friend of the original association, whose name has been placed as a subscriber on Mr. Way's list entirely without her knowledge. We may also mention, that one of their pretended local secretaries, the Rev. Mr. Hodgson, the historian of Northumberland, was, before his death, which happened last week, actually a local member of the central committee of the association, has been in constant correspondence with it, in which he disapproved strongly of the proceedings of the seceders, and was, only a few days before his death, busy in collecting papers among his friends for the meeting at Winchester in August!

We, however, should be glad to see an end of this unseemly warfare; and we are glad to observe that the association, confident in its own strength and in the justice of its cause, has been turning its attention to better objects, and that the committee is now actively employed in encouraging antiquarian researches in various parts of the kingdom. We give, from the *Derby and Chesterfield Reporter* of the 13th of June, an account of the further researches of Messrs. Bateman and Isaacson among the barrows of Derbyshire and Staffordshire, premising that it is with great pleasure we learn that Mr. Bateman is busily occupied in organising a branch-association for Derbyshire, dependent upon the committee in London, and that he has offered his interesting museum as a central place of reunion. This is the third branch-association formed under the auspices of the central committee in London within a very short period, two of them having been raised since the secession of the party under Mr. Way.

Continuation of Barrow-digging operations in Derbyshire.

"On the 4th of this month, Mr. Bateman and the Rev. S. Isaacson commenced operations upon a large flat barrow, 25 yards in diameter, and two feet above the surface of the surrounding soil, situate in a field on Alsop Moor, known familiarly as Net-Lowe Hill. On excavating towards the centre, a vast quantity of rats' bones, and some horses' teeth, clearly proved the existence of a deposit, and that, in all probability, it was undisturbed. The discovery of one or two small fragments of pottery made it evident that an earlier interment had taken place in the same barrow. At a very small distance from the surface of the natural soil, and nearly in the centre of the barrow, a skeleton was found, lying upon its back; near the right arm of which a large dagger of brass had been deposited, with thirty rivets and two pins of the same metal, which formed a part of the decorations of the handle; and it is very remarkable, that, in Sir R. C. Hoare's 'Ancient Wiltshire,' a very similar dagger, with precisely the same number of rivets ornamenting the handle, is engraved (vol. i. pl. xxiii.). In the immediate neighbourhood of this weapon two beautiful ornaments were discovered, which at first appeared like highly polished jet; but upon a brief exposure to the atmosphere, the external surface began to chip off, and they were pronounced to be Kimmeridge coal, so well known in the south-west of England as the material of many ancient British ornaments, and wrongly supposed to have been used as a circulating medium, probably in the way of barter: thus clearly establishing the fact, that our forefathers did not live like hordes of independent savages, but cultivated throughout the length and breadth of the land those social and commercial relations which indicate a rapid advance in civilisation. These ornaments are circular, and about two inches and a half in diameter, moulded round the edges, and perforated in the back, as a means of attaching them to some portion of the dress, or more probably, from the position in which they were found, to the dagger-belt of the chieftain with whose remains they were interred. In vol. i. plate xxxiv. of Sir R. C. Hoare's work, a smaller ornament of similar character, there pronounced to be *jet* (?), is engraved; it does not, however, appear to have moulding round the edge, and is clearly inferior to those discovered in this Lowe. Along with these articles were numerous chippings of white flint, and amongst the soil of the barrow two rude instruments of the same material were picked up. It may be added, as a singular fact, that, although it was evident the skeleton had not been disturbed, the lower jaw lay with the feet. Taken as a whole, we view this discovery as the most important in its results which has yet been made, even by these persevering and scientific gentlemen. We are glad to hear that barrows are spontaneously offered for their inspection in all directions, and that every sensible and right-minded person places a due value on their praiseworthy efforts to illustrate the earliest periods of the history of their country.

"June 7th.—Accompanied by Mr. F. W. Lock, the above-named parties inspected a barrow situated on the Three Lowes, near Wetton, Staffordshire. In the centre, a cist, about 18 inches deep, was found—the top being about three feet and a half from the surface; in which the skeleton had evidently been buried in a sitting position: one of his arms had been broken, and had manifestly not been set by an experienced surgeon. Near him was deposited an unbaked urn, of the rudest workmanship, and a large mass of burnt bones. Immediately above this, part of an ornamental urn, and a portion of another human skull, were met with. In another part of the interior of the barrow, the floor for a considerable extent exhibited the appearance of having been subjected to the action of powerful heat, many burnt human bones and much charcoal still remaining, upon which latter was laid the skeleton of a young girl, about fourteen years of age, the skull in good preservation, and near it a rude flint-arrow head. Six inches above this reposed the remains of an infant. In another part of the tumulus there was a full-grown skeleton, which had been disturbed before. The immense quantity of *débris* of stags' horns, and in one place a pair of perfect antlers of splendid dimensions, prove this to have been the sepulchre of a distinguished chief and hunter [a family-vault?]; whilst the rude form of three flint arrow-heads—the fragments of unbaked pottery, broken by former excavators, probably lead-miners—bones of dogs, rats, and other animals—and the entire absence of instruments—prove this to have been one of the very earliest sepulchral monuments in the country."

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Syro-Egyptian, 7½ P.M.; Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.

Wednesday.—Geological, 8½ P.M.; Pharmaceutical, 9 P.M.

Thursday.—R. S. of Literature, 4 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.

Friday.—Philological, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (discussion), 8 P.M.

Saturday.—Royal Botanic, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 514. "God save the King." R. R. M'Ian.—A Highland prisoner in irons is lifting a glass to his lips and drinking the cause for which he suffers, to a lovely boy on his knee, and a wife and mother in despair beside him. The artist is at home in these Jacobite subjects. The Highlander seems a little too florid: in his situation Health would have been pale.

No. 546. "Lord W. Russell receiving the Sacrament on the Day previous to his Execution," by A. Johnston, is a serious, without being a striking or affecting, idea of that dread sacrament. There is a calm sorrow in the Lady Rachel kneeling by his side; but all the rest is too formal to touch the heart for actual tragedy.

No. 547. A portrait of the kind-hearted Duke of Cambridge, W. Fisher, and a good likeness.

No. 552. "Hylas caught sleeping by the Water-Nymphs." J. Z. Bell.—A very ruddy picture; the figures, trees, rocks, and waters, being all in a red heat. The composition is rather uncommon than pleasing, and the attitude of Hylas certainly a sleepless one. There are nevertheless some sweet passages.

No. 554. "A Lane in Devonshire." A. W. Williams.—A pretty and natural pastoral picture.

No. 559. "Scene from the Winter's Tale." A. Egg.—A jocose representation of the roguish Autolycus vending his wares. It is a merry scene, with a good deal of comic character.

No. 566. "A Lady." H. W. Phillips.—A chastely painted portrait, and a fine head.

No. 568. "A Towing-path." E. Williams, sen.—A very close imitation of Vanderneer, with a silvery moonlight effect.

No. 572. "The Pirates of the Archipelago." H. Montfort.—Dark in tone and scattery in the grouping, we are sorry that the merits of this work are lost in these obvious defects.

No. 578. "Jochebed, the mother of Moses, attended by Miriam his sister, about to deposit her babe in the ark [basket]," E. W. Eddis, is, we opine, a composition of great merit, and belonging to the highest style of art. The three figures are ably grouped, in a form ap-

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proaching the pyramidal; and the expression of mother and sister is very simple, yet very touching. The blue sky throws them well forward, and the whole is executed in a pure manner. The foreground pleases us least.

No. 581. "The Cotter's Saturday Night." W. Kidd.—We have seen this favourite theme better treated, and better familiar pictures by Mr. Kidd. The quiet fervour of the cottage requires no dramatic action; nor should there be episodes of another kind.

No. 582. "A Landing-place in Guiana." E. A. Goodall.—A very picturesque bit, and not the worse for displaying the peculiar features of a region little known to art.

No. 586. "Portrait of the Marchioness of Ailesbury, in a Spanish costume." A. E. Chalon, R.A.—We had thought this fantastic style of portraiture had fallen into desuetude, and that sensible people wished their resemblances, if preserved at all, to be like what they were, and not like what they were not. This is an exception of the contrary, painted with great skill, and exhibiting the marchioness in a black and pink masquerade, with a funny little peaked cap to shew off her exuberant tresses.

No. 593. "Portrait of a Lady." R. Rothwell.—What a contrast! One of the finest and most natural portraits in the Gallery—the head fresh in, old we were going to say but, certain age, the black dress and every accessory painted in a firm and solid, and yet most unaffected and graceful, manner.

No. 610. "The Fall of Man." J. Martin.—In most points resembling 460, "The Judgment of Adam and Eve," already noticed; but with a greater extent of blue in the distance, and a less sombre shade over the foreground. Eve in her nudity is a little oratorical with her extended arm—as for Adam, there is no help for him. There is much grandeur in the *manner* of this artist, and in all he does; and it is almost too bad to criticise what may be called his *mannerism*.

Up to this point we have skipped from No. to No., with more or less of *inter-vallum* between; the extent of which chasms has depended entirely on the circumstances in which the pictures are placed. Many are so high as to render any correct idea of them impossible; and others are so low, that even in a private room their examination would be most inconvenient, and in a crowded exhibition is out of the question. Besides this, there is the unavoidable cause of erroneous judgment, which must of necessity occur in all such galleries, namely, the overpowering of modest merit by meretricious hues and gilding in its neighbourhood. But if we offer this as an apology for any mistake or neglect in the three rooms through which we have passed, what shall we say about the Octagon Room, or Den of Despair? A cat or owl-critic would suit it best; and as we cannot see in the dark, all we do notice of it must be the reverse of what Hamlet declares: "I know not seems," quoth he,—in endeavouring to speak of Octagon (as puzzling as the Oregon) question, we know nothing but seems!

No. 612 seems to be a clever picture of "Sancho Panza delivering his first Message to the Duchess," by F. S. Carey.

No. 616, "Fox-hunting in the North," seems to be a genuine field and family-party, by R. Ansdell.

No. 620, "Sir Roger de Coverley," from the *Spectator*, seems not to be the famous dance recently revived at court, but a characteristic scene of the principal actors in that excellent periodical drama. Sir Roger seems rather young.

No. 626, "The Gaugers are coming," seems to be a Wright-of-Derby piece of an illicit still, a little forced, but a clever composition, by J. P. Phillip.

No. 627 seems to be a rather pleasing landscape, with legendary figures, by J. Tennant.

No. 636, "La Récréation," seems to be a production of the Lancret school, by J. Noble; better handled in the foreground on the right than on the left or in the distance.

No. 651, "The Morning of Life," seems to be a youthful grouping of the sexes, but the females to want beauty, and the whole party lady or gentlemanlike appearance—N. Hartnell.

No. 661 seems to be a truthful representation of itinerant musicians, and such a circle as such Orpheuses charm—G. A. Williams.

No. 667, "The Song of Olden Time," by J. C. Hook, seems to be too sentimental, but otherwise well conceived.

No. 672, "The Day of Shame," from half a line of Crabbe, by A. Rankley, seems to be a poetical feeling well embodied in two female forms, the afflicted and the repentant. The attitudes are extremely good, and the whole a work of much deserving.

No. 673, "Watt's First Experiment on Steam," by R. W. Buss, seems to be another laudable embodiment of a recorded incident. The story is a whim, made something of, in his way, by M. Arago, and more of, in his way, by Mr. Buss.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

The opening of the Gallery with old masters, in the present year, intermingled with the works of Callcott and other deceased English artists, took place on Monday, after the private view on Saturday, which attracted a number of distinguished persons. Altogether it is a collection of extreme interest to the arts, and contains examples of almost every variety of age, subject, and style. A regiment of the highest names in every great school might be adduced to shew the extent of this arrangement; but instead of the parrot-note of "Raphaels, and Titians, and stuff," we will merely indicate some of the original and striking pictures which form the group of 169, almost every one of which is worthy of a separate notice.

No. 10 is a "Nativity" of Guadenzio Ferrari, and a curious specimen of an early age. We know of no criterion by which to test the authenticity of such productions, and therefore receive the name upon trust, though we well know to what extent forgeries of these antiques is carried. There are parts of it—the angels above, for instance—which seem to us to be too free for its age; but in general the tone of colour and disposition of the figures are instructive indicatives of the illustrious art which succeeded.

At No. 12 we have John, Elector of Saxony, a most magnificent portrait by Holbein. The broad natural truth and the exquisite finish of this picture are combined in a very remarkable manner; the general effect is as grand as in the noblest composition of Italy, and the elaboration as fine as in a Pelitot miniature. For its period and kind it is a wonderful proof of the pitch at which a knowledge of the principles of the mechanism of painting had arrived.

Nos. 16 and 24 are large and glowing landscapes by Both and Vanderneer; splendid pieces, and equal in richness and beauty to 53, Titian, on the opposite side of the room.

No. 23 is a fine sea-piece by A. Vandevelde; 26, a curious representation of Christ and St. Peter, by Louis de Vargas; and 34, a small perfect specimen of peasants, by Le Nain; as are the "Unjust Steward," No. 45, of Quentin Matsys; and 48, of Jan Steen, being his own family in a carousing mood, and executed with all his minute and extraordinary handling.

No. 60 is a portrait of Admiral Keppel, by Reynolds,—fine, but a little faded in colour, and in quite a different tone from that of which we spoke in our last two *Gazettes*. Van Tromp, by Rembrandt (78), is either a realisation of the ideal, or Van Tromp himself; and it absolutely kills (70) the Archbishop of Armagh, by Lawrence, hung near and above it. No. 65, an infant portrait of F. G. Hare, is an exquisite instance of Sir Joshua's feeling for juvenile expression: the head is perfect. No. 82 is a little, but deliciously-pure, bit of Tasso Ferrato; 88, a Gainsborough landscape, of infinite grace and nature; and 89, *the* "Canterbury Pilgrims," by Stothard. No. 104, an Interior, by Abel Grimmer, ought not to pass unnoticed as a rare work; 109, a De Koninck, full of his merits; and 110, "The Landing of the Doge at Venice," a Canaletto, of most elaborate execution, with an immense pageantry, and multitude of figures.

In the south room are the Callcotts—one of them a Canaletto (155, "Murano"), of beauty like the best of Lord Carlisle's Venetian master, and in skill not inferior to the superb painting we have just mentioned. But the versatility and genius displayed in the other works of our countryman are singularly impressed upon us by seeing them thus assembled together. It is true we have praised them to the sky, as they were presented to us singly, year after year, in the Royal Academy exhibition; but we had no just idea of their value till we had this opportunity of observing them separated from the meretricious glare of these annual shows. No. 140, "Passage and Luggage Boats," is, in our eyes, one of the sweetest and most perfect sea-views in the world of art—delicious in its half-tone of colour, in its harmony and repose, in its picturesque shipping and lovely distance. There are others of the same kind not far short of it, and may, indeed, be more highly prized by connoisseurs for different qualities. Then we have his "Raphael and the Fornarina," and human subjects, replete with brilliancy and sentiment—the whole an honour to British art, and everlasting memorials of his superior talent. In the same apartments are clever and characteristic pictures by Smirke, Romney, Thomson, Wilson, Reynolds, Owen, Briggs, Wright of Derby, Gainsborough, and a good portrait of Callcott by Linnell, forming altogether a charming Gallery, which is well calculated to delight the public and inform the artist.

We confess that we have pointed attention to only a few particulars; but it is late in the day now to prate about Vandykes (some very fine), Cuyps, Claudes, Rembrandts, Murillos, Teniers, &c. &c.; and all we have to do is, to advise our readers to go and examine them.

GREEK ARCHITECTURE: THE PARTHENON.

Pera, Constantinople, April 16, 1845.

Dear Sir,—Having left Athens just after the *fête* held in commemoration of the anniversary of the revolution, which took place on Sunday, and was kept as a grand festival, I have taken the liberty of sending you some account of it, together with some of the disputed points in Grecian architecture, being aware of the great interest you take in antiquities. To commence the *festa*, the king and queen went in procession to the cathedral; and on their return, his majesty, in his favourite Greek uniform, from a balcony of the palace, reviewed his troops,

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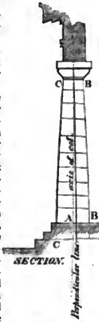
which were all in the Frank dress except one regiment. Previously, there had been a general rumour that a disturbance would take place. The evening was celebrated by an illumination of the town, and a triumphal arch was erected in front of the palace; fires were lighted on the walls of the Acropolis, shewing with a grand effect the outlines of that charming spot. All went off in perfect quiet, to the astonishment of many.

I will now endeavour to explain some of the curious facts connected with the minute details of the Parthenon, and points which appear to me so important in the architecture of this temple, hitherto unnoticed, and now becoming a subject of so great interest, as I find them, from the results of my measurements, so very different from any accounts I have heard or drawings I have seen. Most of the architects, both French and German, agree that the lines of the frieze, &c. are not horizontal, but rise from either end towards the centre stone, which is level; and that the cornice lines, the abaci of the caps, the jointing of the columns, and the steps forming the base, follow the same curve, which at the highest point is 2¼ inches, diverging upwards from a straight line in the eastern front. The axes of the columns lean outwards at the base 2¾ inches from a perpendicular line (A). The jointing of the shafts of the columns are at right angles to the axes, and all the compensation for being out of the perpendicular takes place in the upper and lower stones (a a). The entases of the columns are hyperbolæ, commencing at 3 feet 5 inches below the base of the shaft (c c). The cap moulding is also hyperbolical. The flutes of the columns are curves formed of three centres, neither part of a *circle* nor *elliptical*. The angle columns are considerably larger in diameter than the rest, and have the inclination both of the front and side columns. All the caps on the south side are smaller than those on the other three sides of the building, and this side being placed nearest the declivity of the rock, can only be viewed from below; perhaps this will account for their having been executed somewhat smaller than the other sides, which have their best views or sites from the Acropolis on more level ground.



It has been much disputed whether the face of the building is concave or not; I believe it is of no regular curve. The second, third, and fourth abaci have their outer faces in a vertical plane, not a curved surface; the fifth inclines slightly inwards; and the joint of the architrave above the sixth is opened, leaving a space of 2½ inches; the rest do not follow any particular line; doubtless, if the crushing of the first five joints and the opening of the sixth were accounted for, it would be a perfect straight line.

I had also intended to have sent some information concerning the public Turkish baths, as baths are now being brought into general use in England for the accommodation of the poorer classes; but on examination, found nothing worthy of particular notice: some of the private ones are very magnificent.—Yours, very truly, GEORGE PENROSE KENNEDY.

Nymph by Mr. Theed.—A marble whole-length of a nymph preparing to dance, executed by Mr. W. Theed at Rome, has been exhibited at Messrs. Graves', in the same room with Mr. Power's Greek Slave; and each helps to guide opinion in regard to the other. The objectionable chain, a certain degree of slimness, and want of beauty in the extremities of the latter,—and perhaps a little too much of a perpendicular attitude, out of keeping with the receding or crouching sense of shame, and adopted, we may fancy, to avoid any dangerous resemblance to *the* Venus,—are all redeemed by the feeling displayed throughout, the fine expression of the head, the natural moulding of the figure, especially the back, and the general disposition and graceful *contour* of the body and limbs. In Mr. Theed's Nymph, though an able design, we cannot recognise such high qualities of art. It is the full *physique* of female youth, and the head and countenance admirable. But the expression does not accord with the subject. It is rich in repose and tender dignity—which are inconsistent with dancing and the tambourine held in one hand. The other hand holds a drapery, and could not loose it to strike this instrument; so that the face tells one story, the right hand another, and the left hand another still, instead of there being one pervading sentiment and a fitness of things in all parts. To our taste, there is also some meretriciousness in the person and the dressing of the hair, as if it were the copy of a *danseuse*, unelevated by art. Still it is not to be denied that this is a performance of very great merit, which reflects much credit on the artist, and gives promise of future fame.

Lord Byron. By Count d'Orsay. Engraved by F. C. and G. C. Lewis. Graves and Co.; J. Mitchell.

A YOUTHFUL, thoughtful, and graceful portrait of the noble poet, in which the poetical character is preserved with rare feeling.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FRAGMENTS.

THE bitterness of death is felt by those
Who lie neglected on a foreign shore,
With no kind eye to watch the pallid brow,
With no sweet voice to speak of hope and heaven,
And of the love that lives beyond the grave!
And those who die by the assassin's hand,
And even those who fall upon the field
Of glorious battle, feel the shock of death—
A fearful shock perchance. But ye who lie
Dying at home, take courage from the thought,
That through the darkened valley love will guide
Thy step until the last dim shade hath fled,
And thou dost wake to life, and light, and joy,
Before the throne of God.

TEACH ye the poet this:—to nurse with care
His energies of mind, its healthy powers
Of calm endurance, and its cheerful thoughts
Of hope and love; to sink not though the blight
Seems settling on his heart; to rise again—
Ah! and again—from grief's o'erpowering wave,
And to look upward ever to the stars
Shining above earth's dust.

I SAW Time standing by the dark sea-shore,
And casting summer roses on the wave
Fast hastening onwards, past the things of life.
I thought of that fair Future, promised us
When time no longer is to gather up
Our treasures for the tomb—of those blessed words,
"There shall be no more sea!"

EMMA B.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—On Thursday *Otello* was performed for the benefit of Madame Grisi, who sang the exquisite passages in the part of *Desdemona* with remarkable beauty and taste. In the last scene, the song with the harp and the prayer were given in a most masterly style, the *sotto voce* passages especially, with a delicacy, purity of tone, and gracefulness quite delightful. *Mario*, who played *Otello*, threw more energy than usual into the part, and sang the music, which contains some fine declamatory passages, very well. Lablache, as the father, sang with remarkable expression: in the scene where he dashes *Desdemona* to his feet, nothing could be finer either in acting or dramatic singing—the house was electrified. Selections from *ballets* and an opera, with the *Viennoises*, completed the evening's entertainments.

Drury Lane.—In addition to the attractions of Madame Anna Thillon, which have rather increased than ceased, a ballet entitled *Natalie* was produced here on Monday, for the purpose of introducing Mdlle. Weiss as a *danseuse* to the English stage. Her figure is good, and her forte the *naïve* and arch, in which she is very successful. We know how much this style, when so well sustained, fascinates an English beyond any other audience, though acceptable and applauded by all. Mr. W. H. Payne was very entertaining in a grotesque character.

Haymarket.—A dramatic sketch called *The Old Soldier* was produced here on Wednesday, and afforded Mr. Farren another opportunity for the display of his extraordinary powers in the delineation of old age, in the person of *Adam Lethersole*, aged 95, whose character he sustained in so masterly a manner, that, at the conclusion of "the sketch," he was loudly called for and most warmly applauded. He was efficiently supported by the dramatic staff.

Adelphi.—A capital piece, almost improvised by Mr. Selby, *a parody* on the court ball, reviving the stiff and antiquated times of George II. and the Countess of Suffolk, and called *Powder and Ball*, was produced here on Monday, and has been performed ever since to a crowded and hilarious house. It is a good laughable bit.

Concert.—The concert next Wednesday at the Hanover-Square Rooms is generously announced by Herr Staudigl; but is, we are informed, for the benefit of a countryman, whose exertions in *polite* literature have given him strong claims upon the sympathies of the British public. We allude to M. Schloss, whose Bijou Almanacks have been, for a number of years, the admiration of all who could relish much merit in the smallest possible compass. We are sorry to find that these ingenious and really extraordinary little gems of poetry and art have not been rewarded in a manner adequate to the great expense necessary for their tasteful and curious production; and we do hope that the opportunity now offered will be gladly embraced to do justice to a very deserving though unsuccessful person. The bill of fare is excellent; including Staudigl, Herr Pischeck, M. Leopold de Meyer, John Parry, M. Benedict, and other popular vocalists and instrumentalists.

Mr. and Mrs. Seguin's Concert on Saturday last was one of much interest and merit. Among the great variety of entertainment provided, we would mention with praise a grand fantasia on the piano by M. L. de Meyer, also the recitative, "Der Hölle selbst," and air, "Liebe ist die zarte Blüthe" (*Faust*), by Herr Pischeck, who was deservedly encored. His German song, "Die Fahnenwacht," was equally

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effective; and throughout, his softer notes were particularly delightful to our ear. Mr. Chatterton's harp-fantasia was also excellent; and John Parry's "Young England" playful and piquant as ever. Madame Dorus Gras charmed us in "En vain j'espère," from *Robert le Diable*, and the romance "Achetez-moi roses nouvelles." The only drawback was an audible pumping of the voice, which was almost painful. We never heard Mr. Arthur to more advantage, either in concerted music or in the barcarolle, "Or che in cielo," which he gave with great spirit. When we add that there were the further attractions of Mrs. Shaw and Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, the latter of whom especially acquitted herself with great success, we have indicated the leading features of a most satisfactory concert.

A Vauxhall Masquerade was tried on Monday, with propitious weather. There were a number of persons in fancy dresses and characters—some of the latter probably not the worse for not being their own. The affair, however, went off with as much spirit and propriety as could be anticipated; and a full musical band gave animation to the scene.

VARIETIES.

Thomas Ingoldsby.—The obituary this week contains the announcement of the death, after a short but severe illness, of the Rev. H. Barham of St. Paul's, better known to the literary world as the author of the *Ingoldsby Legends*. To all who enjoyed the pleasure of his friendship he was greatly endeared for the gentleness of his nature, the sociality of his disposition, and the benevolence of his heart. For the present we can only record the painful event that has removed so estimable a man from his sphere of usefulness and charity.

Exhibition of National Industry and Products.—Stimulated by the example of the continent, some leading members of our Society of Arts have set on foot a plan for an annual exhibition of British working machinery, and productions similar to those which have done so much for foreign countries. It is proposed to embrace, as we read in an early prospectus, not merely *products*, but the *instruments* of production in actual work—"the facility, rapidity, precision, and economy of the act of fabrication being often much more wonderful than the fabric itself; while the boldness and ingenuity of the operations are frequently such as to call forth something like the poet's exclamation, 'The man who imagined that process must have been the Shakspere of the *Wabsters*!' In carrying out these ideas (adds our information), it is intended entirely to exclude all private, personal, and political objects. It is hoped that the plan may be preserved so free from objection on these points, as to command the approbation of all ranks, and ultimately deserve the highest patronage." We rejoice to state that this design has already met with liberal and efficient support.

Cambridge.—Among the distinguished foreigners already in Cambridge we may mention le Baron W. S. de Waltershausen, who has spent nearly the last ten years upon Mount Etna and made himself familiar with every scientific phenomena connected with that mighty volcano; and the fruits of whose labours are likely to prove most interesting to the meeting. The celebrated Prof. Schönbein is also here. Our readers may remember his interesting experiments at the Birmingham meeting: now we learn his experiments on ozone are to be brought forward in Section B. on Tuesday, and much curiosity is excited by the investigation.

The Booksellers' Provident Institution holds it anniversary at Richmond, on Tuesday, its stanch friend, Mr. B. E. Green, of the house of Longman and Co., in the chair, and supported by many of the leading men connected with "the trade." As we have taken frequent occasion to describe the prosperous advance of this excellent design, the liberality with which it was supported by the wealthier members, and the steadiness with which the general body fulfilled those obligations which established it as a great and permanent good for them and their families, we need only here express our warm wishes that the present anniversary may surpass any that has preceded it in usefulness and concord.

Archæological Soirée.—Mr. Pettigrew's second soirée took place on Wednesday evening, attended by a more numerous company than the first (we should think not less than 250 persons), among whom was the president Lord Albert Conyngham. We do not remember to have ever seen a more agreeable meeting, or a stronger expression of unanimity of feelings and pursuits. Many of our first-rate antiquaries were present. The tables and walls were literally overloaded with antiquities and drawings and engravings, among the most interesting of which we may point out a remarkable collection of Roman antiquities, discovered within a few days at Castor, in Northamptonshire, by Mr. Artis, who was present. Among them were some most remarkable specimens of native figured pottery, made in the Roman potteries at Durobrisis (Castor), part of an original mould intended to imitate the Samian-ware, steelyards and other Roman domestic articles, and the remains of a Roman establishment of money-forgers, with some of the forged coins still remaining in the clay moulds into which the base metal had been poured. There appear to have been extensive establishments of forgers in various parts of England under the Romans. Among other articles exhibited were Roman remains found in London by Mr. Smith, a number of rubbings of medieval brasses by Mr. Price, drawings of some of the articles recently found in the Derbyshire barrows by Messrs. Bateman and Isaacson, &c. &c.

Movable Planisphere. By J. Aspin. (J. Wyld, Grant and Griffiths.)—Very neatly and clearly executed; though we have by us several productions of the same kind, we have none so perfectly adapted to point out the state of the heavenly bodies at any given time as this planisphere of Mr. Aspin's. Its arrangement and indices are contrived with great ingenuity and skill; and with it before them, no one need care for a celestial globe or the ablest instructions how to find what they seek in any astronomical inquiry.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lady Mary, or Not of the World, by the Rev. C. B. Tayler, fcp. 6*s.* 6*d.*—The Mission, or Scenes in Africa, written for Young People, by Captain Marryat, 2 vols. fcp., 12*s.*—The Negotiations for the Peace of the Dardanelles in 1808-9, by the Right Hon. Sir R. Adair, 2 vols. 8vo, 28*s.*—History of Scotland, by Patrick F. Tytler, 3d edit., 7 vols. 8vo, 4*l.* 4*s.*—Pentaglot Dictionary of Terms used in Medicine, Chemistry, &c. &c., by S. Palmer, M.D., 8vo, 10*s.*—Dramatic Sketches, and other Poems, by Rev. James Wills, post 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—The Irish Watering-Places, their Climate, Scenery, and Accommodations, by A. Knox, M.D., post 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Coloured Illustrations of British Garden-Fruit, by H. L. Meyer, Part III., 4to, 5*s.* 6*d.*—The Sermon on the Mount (St. Matthew v. vi. vii.), printed in gold and colours, small 8vo, 21*s.* silk; 25*s.* mor.—Harding's Principles and Practice of Art, imp. 4to, 3*l.* 3*s.*; proofs, 4*l.* 4*s.*—Supplement to Paley's Horæ Paulinæ, by E. Biley, 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—The Countess Faustina, a Novel, translated from the German of Countess Hahn Hahn, 2 vols. post 8vo, 15*s.*—Wealth and Want, by D. Urquhart, 8vo, 4*s.*—Wisdom and Genius of Edmund Burke, post 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Christian Experience, being the second series of Peace for the Dying Christian, by H. Drummond, 12mo, 4*s.*—Lectures on Foreign Churches, delivered in Edinburgh and Glasgow, 1st series, 4*s.*—Two Explanatory Treatises on the Sacraments, by the Rev. T. T. Smith, 12mo, 3*s.*—Rev. F. Thompson's Lent-Lectures in 1844-45, 12mo, 5*s.*—Evenings in the Pyrenees, edited and arranged by Selina Bunbury, post 8vo, 8*s.* 6*d.*—Memoirs of Sophia Dorothea, Consort of George I., 2 vols. 8vo, 28*s.*—History of Fossil Insects, by the Rev. P. B. Brodie, 8vo, 9*s.*—Treatise on the Law of Contract, &c., by C. G. Addison, Part I., royal 8vo, 14*s.*—Poems, by Eliza Cook, 2d series, fcp., 5*s.*—The Backslyder's Mirror, by E. S. Byam, fcp., 2*s.* 6*d.*—Lays, Legends, and Lyrics, by W. J. Bosomworth, fcp., 5*s.*—Tuck's Railway Shareholder's Manual, 5th edit., fcp., 4*s.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1845.

June.		*Thermometer.*				*Barometer.*		
Thursday	12	From	51	to	80	29·88	stationary.	
Friday	13	,,	55	..	83	29·88	stationary.	
Saturday	14	,,	59	..	83	29·82	to	29·78
Sunday	15	,,	53	..	77	29·78	..	29·67
Monday	16	,,	53	..	73	29·60	..	29·55
Tuesday	17	,,	53	..	73	29·55	..	29·54
Wednesday	18	,,	63	..	55	29·50	..	29·53

Wind on the 12th, N.E. and E.; 13th, N., N. by E., and S. by E.; 14th, N. and N.E.; 15th, E. by N. and S.E.; 16th, E. by S. and S. by W.; 17th, S.E. by N. and S.E.; 18th, S. by E. and S.W. The 12th, clear; 13th and 14th, morning cloudy, otherwise clear; 15th, morning clear, afternoon and evening hazy; 16th, generally overcast, sun at times in the afternoon; 17th, generally cloudy, frequent and heavy rain morning and evening, accompanied with thunder; 18th, morning showery, afternoon and evening generally clear.—Rain fallen, ·445 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude, 51° 37′ 32″ north.
Longitude, 3 51 west of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A temporary absence must be our apology for not immediately attending to *late* correspondents.

The Astrologer.—We have to acknowledge Parts I. and II., containing ten penny numbers of this *mélange* of old superstitions, modern predictions, and other matters allied to the almost defunct (but still, upon the credulous, the active) science of astrology. There are many amusing matters in the collection.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

This Evening, June 21, will be performed Rossini's Opera Seria, "Otello." Desdemona, Madame Grisi; Emilia, Madame Bellini; Elmiro, Signor Lablache; Iago, Signor Fornasari; Rodrigo, Signor Corelli; Il Doge, Signor Dai Fiori; and Otello, Signor Mario.

Between the acts, the Danseuses Viennoises (under the direction of Made. Weiss) will dance the Polka and the Pas Oriental.

To conclude with the highly successful ballet, by M. Perrot, with new scenery, dresses, decorations, &c., founded on Victor Hugo's celebrated work of "Notre Dame de Paris," entitled "La Esmeralda." The Music composed by Signor Pugni. La Esmeralda, Madlle Carlotta Grisi (her last appearance but three); Fleur de Lys, Made. Petit Stephan; Made. Aloise de Gondelaurier (mother of Fleur de Lys), Madame Copere; Phœbus de Chateaupers, M. St. Leon; Claude Frollo, M. Gosselin; Pierre Gringoire (the poet), M. Perrot; Quasimodo (the Sonneur Notre Dame), M. di Mattia; Clopin Trouillefou, M. Gouriet; Truand, M. Venafra.—In the third Tableau, the admired Pas de Quatre, by Madlles. Grahn, Demelisse, Cassan, and Moncelet.

Made. Rossi Caccia has arrived in town, and will make her first appearance in this country on Tuesday next.

Sig. Barroilhet, who has been engaged for six nights, has also arrived, and will make his first appearance in this country on the same evening.

Madlle. Taglioni has been engaged for a series of five Farewell Nights, in which she will take leave of the subscribers and the public, the first of which will take place on Thursday next.

Applications for boxes, pit-stalls, and tickets, to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.—Doors open at seven; the Opera to commence at half-past seven.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

It is respectfully announced that Madlle. TAGLIONI has been engaged for a Series of Five Farewell Nights, in which she will take leave of the subscribers and the public; the first of which will take place on THURSDAY next, June 26, it being an Extra Night, not included in the subscription, when will be presented (second time these four years) Donizetti's opera, "Roberto Devereux." Queen Elizabeth, Made. Rossi Caccia (her second appearance in this country); Sarah, Duchess of Nottingham, Madlle. Rossetti; Roberto Devereux, Earl of Essex, Sig. Moriani; and the Duke of Nottingham, Sig. Barroilhet (his second appearance in this country).

The Danseuses Viennoises, under the direction of Made. Josephine Weiss, will appear in some of their most favourite dances.

To be followed by various entertainments, in which Madlle. Cerito, Madlle. Lucile Grahn, and Madlle. Carlotta Grisi, Mesdlles. Moncelet, Demelisse, Cassan, and Ferdinand; M. St. Leon, M. di Mattia, M. Gosselin, and M. Perrot, will appear; and the celebrated ballet, "La Sylphide." La Sylphide, Madlle. Taglioni, it being the first of her five farewell nights.

Applications for boxes, pit-stalls, and tickets, to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.—Doors open at seven, the opera to commence at half-past seven.

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THE late THOMAS HOOD.—This distinguished Writer, who has for upwards of 20 years entertained the public with a constant succession of comic and humoristic works, in the whole range of which not a single line of immoral tendency, or calculated to pain an individual, can be pointed out—whose poems and serious writings rank among the noblest modern contributions to our national literature, and whose pen was ever the ready and efficient advocate of the unfortunate and the oppressed (as recently, for instance, in the admirable "Song of the Shirt," which gave so remarkable an impulse to the movement on behalf of the distressed needlewomen)—has left a widow and two children in straitened and precarious circumstances, with no other means of subsistence than a small pension, terminable on the failure of the widow's life, barely sufficient to supply a family of three with common necessaries, and totally inadequate for the education and advancement of the orphan children. Even this scanty resource has been, of necessity, forestalled to a considerable extent during the last five months, in order to meet the heavy sick-room and funeral expenses. Under these circumstances a SUBSCRIPTION for the family has been set on foot. The admirers of Thomas Hood throughout the country will, it is hoped, take this opportunity of publicly testifying their recognition of his genius, and their sense of his personal worth.

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	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
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Greville Mansell, Esq.	5	0	0	H. F.	0	5	0
				The Literary Gazette	5	5	0

Subscriptions received by any Member of the Committee; or may be paid to the account of David Salomons, Esq. (who has kindly consented to act as Treasurer), at the London and Westminster Bank, or any of its branches. F. O. WARD, Hon. Sec.

12 Cork Street, Burlington Gardens.

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The TWENTIETH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of this Society was held on the 10th of April last, when a highly satisfactory REPORT was laid before the Proprietors and Policy Holders, and unanimously adopted.

The Public will see the advantage of selecting, in so important a matter as Life Assurance, a well-established office, which, from its continued prosperity, and its large additions to policies, offers the greatest inducement to Assurers, combined with the undoubted security of a numerous and wealthy proprietary.

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The following Table shews the additions made to Policies for £5000, which had been in force for Fourteen Years, to the 31st December 1838:—

Age at commencement.	Premiums paid in the Fourteen Years.			Additions made to the Sum Assured in the Fourteen Years.			Total Sums now payable in case of Death.		
10	£1192	10	4	£496	6	7	£5496	6	7
15	1350	6	4	691	2	7	5691	2	7
20	1525	8	4	708	5	1	5708	5	1
25	1642	18	4	787	2	8	5787	2	8
30	1869	11	8	813	14	6	5813	14	6
35	2054	3	4	864	6	5	5864	6	5
40	2247	1	8	923	19	1	5923	19	1
45	2727	1	8	1011	2	0	6011	2	0
50	3178	8	0	1129	15	7	6129	15	7

A Bonus of Four-fifths, or Eighty per cent of the estimated Profits, is added to Policies entitled, every seventh year; or an equivalent reduction made in future Premiums.

The Third Septennial Division of Profits will be declared to the 31st December, 1845. Persons assuring previous to that date will have their proportion of profit appropriated.

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MEEN FUN, the celebrated CHINESE COSMETIQUE.—Patronized by Her Majesty and the Royal Family.—The great value of this Cosmetique is, that the ingredients being solely herbaceous, the most delicate complexion can apply it without injury, while rough, red, and moist skins speedily experience beneficial results. Another most important feature is, that of repressing, without detriment to the sanatory condition of the user, the truly unpleasant sensation accompanying too copious perspiration. Travellers and residents in warm climates, subject to the enervating influence of tropical heat, will, when the skin becomes moist and heated, experience inconceivable comfort by resorting to this Cosmetique, as it will both allay and avert discolouration and coarseness. The sole proprietors are FABIAN and CO. (late Watson, Fabian, and Co.), 24 Mark Lane, London, without whose signature on the labels none are genuine.—To be had wholesale of them, and retail of all respectable chemists and perfumers in town and country.

In boxes, price 3s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. each. Country agents appointed.

GREAT RUSSIAN CHRONOMETRICAL EXPEDITION.—E. J. DENT, 82 Strand, and 33 Cockspur Street, has the high and distinguished honour of stating, that his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia has recently condescended to confer on him "the appointment and title of Chronometer-Maker to his Imperial Majesty," as a reward for the unequalled performance of his Chronometers during the Expedition of 1844. In 1843, his Imperial Majesty the Emperor was pleased to reward the performance of Dent's Chronometers with a Gold Medal of the highest Order of Merit.

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HODGSON and ABBOTT'S EAST INDIA PALE ALE.—E. ABBOTT, the sole surviving partner of this long-celebrated Establishment, informs the public that this Beer, so strongly recommended by the Faculty, not being sold to the trade, can only be procured at the Brewery, Bow.

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FENDERS, STOVES, and FIRE-IRONS.—The largest Assortment of STOVES and FENDERS, as well as GENERAL IRONMONGERY, in the World, is now on SALE at RIPPON and BURTON's extensive Warehouses, 39 Oxford Street, corner of Newman Street (just removed from Wells Street). Bright Steel Fenders, to 4 feet, from 30s. each; ditto ditto, with ormolu ornaments, from 60s.; rich bronzed scroll ditto, with steel bar, 10s. 6d.; iron fenders, 3 feet, 4s. 6d.; 4 feet, 6s.; ditto bronzed, and fitted with standards, 3 feet, 9s.; 4 feet, 11s.; wrought iron Kitchen Fenders, 3 feet, 4s. 6d.; 4 feet, 6s.; bright Register-stoves, with bronzed ornaments and two sets of bars, from 5 guineas; ditto ditto, with ormolu ornaments, from 9l. 10s.; black dining-room Register-stoves, 2 feet, 20s.; 3 feet, 30s.; bed-room Register-stoves, 2 feet, 16s.; 3 feet, 24s. The new economical Thermio Stove, with fender and radiating hearthplate, from 8l. 5s.; Fire-irons for chambers, 1s. 6d. per set; handsome ditto, with cut heads, 6s. 6d.; newest pattern, with elegant bronzed heads, 11s. A variety of Fire-irons, with ormolu and richly cut heads, at proportionate prices. Any article in Furnishing Ironmongery 30 per cent under any other house, while the extent and variety of the Stock is without any equal. The money returned for every article not approved of.—Detailed Catalogues, with engravings, sent (per post) free. Established (in Wells Street) 1820.

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THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1484. LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1845. PRICE 8*d.* *Stamped Edition, 9d.*

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE meeting of the general Committee, on Monday, demonstrated (we rejoice to say) the healthy vitality of the British Association. The renewal of its cycle was rather a trying crisis; and several other circumstances combined to raise a doubt or question of its prosperous continuance. But these are all completely dissipated by the cheering aspects now opened, and we may fairly rest satisfied that it will proceed on its onward course like a giant refreshed. The meteorological congress here; the promise of a great geological congress next year at Southampton, under the auspices of Mr. Murchison; the pressing invitations from such "pastures new" as Cheltenham and Norwich; and the near approach of a second visit to Oxford, —are matters of congratulation to every lover of science and friend to the British Association. With this short proem, we proceed to continue our usual historical account of the transactions; reminding our readers that we select at full length only such important communications as threw fresh light upon the subjects discussed, and notice more briefly the essence or facts of other cases, where, though a good deal is necessarily written or said explanatory of the points to be developed, the points themselves are all that are made *an addition* to the body of scientific information already sufficiently known to the world. Indeed, it frequently happens that a paper interesting *per se* is read, or a discourse delivered, which severally possess a popular character, but which, when sifted, are found either to be old novelties, or founded on fallacious data, or stating arguments and opinions which require great modifications. Now it would be a waste of time to report these—to set up the nine-pins, only to knock them down; or, as in Tom Thumb, to "make the giants first, and then to kill them." It is this which renders the conversations and discussions in the sections frequently far more valuable than the formal proceedings; and it is our endeavour to convey the spirit of these and of the whole to the public, rather than voluminous details, which are in reality no advance of information, and only puzzle by their conflicting and unestablished speculations.

Pursuing the thread of historical description, as well as of scientific report, we have to add to our last the reading in Section C. on Thursday,* of a paper by Mr. J. W. Salter, on cornulites and tentaculites. In Section D., Dr. Macdonald read a paper on cranial vertebræ, pointing out some physiological facts of considerable interest; and the Rev. J. Reade made a communication on the ciliary currents of the oyster—a subject introduced and discussed at former meetings. Mr. Bonomi's paper on gigantic birds endeavoured to connect together their existence in various quarters of the earth, through the proof of huge nests in New Zealand, &c., and the footmarks observed on ancient sandstones, and particularly on two slabs from Egypt now in the British Museum, and also from pictures among the paintings on tombs in Memphis.

Sir John Herschel's address in the evening meeting has been published by him; and we shall probably revert to its leading points, as well as to those in Prof. Airey's popular view of astronomy on Friday evening, and Mr. Murchison's stirring lecture on the geology of Russia on Monday, which gave rise *inter alia* to an admirable speech from the Dean of Westminster (Mr. Wilberforce)—a speech most ably followed up by one from Prof. Graham, the master of Christ's College, delivered at the closing meeting on Wednesday. In both these, coming from such eminent authorities in the Church, the pursuits of Science, as most beneficial, and not inimical, to the cause of truth and true religion were very eloquently set forth, and made a powerful impression on the crowded senate-house.

It will be seen from our report of the proceedings of the General Committee on Wednesday, that several papers — considered the most important which had been produced at this meeting — were recommended to be published in full in the next volume of the Transactions of the Association; and it affords us much satisfaction to say, that they had previously struck us in the same light; and we had accordingly taken means to procure accurate copies, or complete analyses of them, for the information of our readers. Thus prepared, we are induced to devote a large portion of this No. of the *Literary Gazette* to their insertion — leaving for the present the order of the sectional proceedings, in less valuable matters, in abeyance. We proceed accordingly to print three of these; viz.:

METEOROLOGY OF BOMBAY, BY COL. SABINE.*

In a communication which I had the honour to make to the section at the last meeting of the British Association, on the subject of the meteorological observations made at Toronto in Canada in the years 1840 to 1842, I noticed some of the advantages which were likely to result to the science of meteorology from the resolution of the barometric pressure into its two constituents of aqueous and of gaseous pressure. It was shewn, that when the constituents of the barometric pressure at Toronto were thus disengaged from each other and presented separately, their annual and diurnal variations exhibited a very striking and instructive accordance with the annual and diurnal variations of the temperature. The characteristic features of the several variations, when projected in curves, were seen to be the same, consisting in all cases of a single progression, having one ascending and one descending branch; the epochs of maxima and minima of the pressures being the same, or very nearly the same, with those of the maxima and minima of temperature, and the correspondence in other respects being such as to manifest the existence of a very intimate connexion between the periodical variations of the temperature and those of the elastic forces of the air and vapour. The curve of gaseous pressure was inverse in respect to the other two; that is to say, as the temperature increased, the elastic force of the vapour increased also, but that of the air diminished, and *vice versa;* and this was the case both in the annual and the diurnal variations.

Such being the facts, I endeavoured to shew, in the case of the diurnal variations, that the correspondence of the phenomena of the temperature and gaseous pressure might be explained, in accordance with principles which had been long and universally admitted in the interpretation of other meteorological phenomena, by the supposition of an extension in height and consequent overflow, in the higher regions of the atmosphere, of the column of air over the place of observation during the hours of the day when the surface of the earth was gaining heat by radiation, and by the contraction of the column during the remaining hours when the temperature was diminishing, and by its consequent reception of the overflow from other portions of the atmosphere, which, in their turn, had become heated and elongated.

According to this explanation, there should exist, during the hours of the day when the temperature is increasing, 1st, an *ascending current* at the place of observation, of which the strength should be measured by the amount of the increments of temperature corresponding to given intervals of time; and 2d, a *lateral influx of air at the lower parts of the column,* of proportionate velocity, constituting a diurnal variation in the force of the wind at the place of observation, which should also correspond with the variations of the temperature in the epochs of its maximum and minimum and intermediate gradation of strength. The anemometrical observations at Toronto were shewn to be in agreement with the view which had been then taken, confirming the existence of a diurnal variation in the force of the wind, corresponding in all respects with the variation of the temperature.

Admitting the explanation thus offered to be satisfactory in regard to the diurnal variations, it was obvious that the correspondence of the annual variations of the temperature and pressures might receive an analogous explanation.

A comparison of the results of the observations at Toronto with those of the observations of M. Kriel at Prague in Bohemia, shewed that the characteristic features of the periodical variations at Toronto were not peculiar to that locality; but might rather be considered as belonging to a station situate in the temperate zone, and in the interior of a continent. The annual and diurnal variations at Prague were also single progressions, and the same correspondence was observable between the variations of the temperature and of the gaseous pressure.

The publication of the volume of magnetical and meteorological observations made at Greenwich in 1842, which took place shortly after the meeting of the Association at York, enabled me to add a postscript to the printed statement of my communication in the annual volume of the

* The first lists issued for the guidance of members were very inaccurate, and had to be cancelled and replaced.—*Ed. L. G.*

* This paper being this year the principal exposition of the working out of the meteorological observations throughout the world, and confirming Colonel Sabine's views regarding the separation of the gaseous and aqueous pressures in barometric measurements, is deserving of especial attention.—*Ed. L. G.*

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Association Reports, shewing the correspondence of the results at Greenwich with the relations which had been found to exist in the periodical march of the phenomena at Toronto and at Prague.

From the concurrence of these three stations, it was obvious that considerable insight had been obtained into the laws which regulate the periodical variations in the temperate zone; and into the sequence of natural causes and effects, in accordance with which the annual and diurnal fluctuations of the elastic forces of air and vapour at the surface of the earth depend on the variations of temperature: and from these premises it was inferred, that the normal state of the diurnal variations of the pressures of the air and vapour, and of the force of the wind in the temperate zone, might be that of a single progression with one maximum and one mininum, the epochs of which should nearly coincide with those of the maximum and minimum of temperature.

That exceptions should be found to this state of things in particular localities in the temperate zone, was far from being improbable: it could not be expected that the influences of temperature should always be so simple and direct as they appeared to be at Toronto; and a more complex aspect of the phenomena might particularly be looked for where a juxtaposition should exist of columns of air resting on surfaces differently affected by heat (as those of land and sea) and possessing different retaining and radiating properties. In such localities *within the tropics* the well-known regular occurrence of land and sea-breezes for many months of the year made it obvious that a double progression in the diurnal variation of the force of the wind must exist, and rendered it highly probable that a double progression of gaseous pressure would also be found.

It was therefore with great pleasure that I received, through the kindness of Dr. Buist, a copy of the monthly abstracts of the two-hourly meteorological observations made under that gentleman's superintendence at the Observatory at Bombay in the year 1843, accompanied by a copy of his meteorological report for that year, possessing a particular value in the full account which it gives of the periodical variations of the wind, and in the explanation which is thereby afforded of the diurnal variation of the gaseous pressure at Bombay, which presents an aspect at first sight more complex than do the three above-named stations in the temperate zone, but which I believe to be equally traceable to variations of the temperature.

TABLE I.—*Bombay,* 1843. *Mean temperature, mean barometric pressure, mean tension of vapour, and mean gaseous pressure, at every second hour.*

Hours of Mean Bombay Time, Astronomical Reckoning.	Temperature.	Barometer.	Tension of Vapour.	Gaseous Pressure.
	deg.	inch.	Inch.	Inch.
18	78·4*	29·805	0·750*	29·055
20	79·6	29·840	0·766	29·074
22	81·8	29·852†	0·771	29·081†
0	83·2	29·817	0·768	29·049
2	84·1†	29·776	0·795	28·981
4	83·9	29·755*	0·800	28·955*
6	82·3	29·774	0·802†	28·972
8	81·2	29·806	0·801	29·005
10	80·3	29·825†	0·781	29·045†
12	79·8	29·809	0·775	29·034
14	79·4	29·786	0·766	29·020
16	78·9	29·778*	0·761	29·017*
Mean of the Year . .	81·1	29·802	0·780	29·022

The Observatory at Bombay is situated on the island of Colabah in N. lat. 18° 54′, and E. long. 72° 50′, at an elevation of 35 feet above the level of the sea. In the copy of the observations received from Dr. Buist, the monthly abstracts are given separately for each month, of the standard thermometer; of the wet thermometer, and of its depression below the dry; and of the barometer. In Table I. I have brought in one view the thermometrical and barometrical means of the observations at every second hour, and the mean tension of the vapour and mean gaseous pressure at the same hours.

The tension of the vapour at the several observation-hours has been computed from the *monthly means*, at the same hours, of the wet thermometer, and of its depression below the dry thermometer. The values are consequently somewhat less than they would have been, had the tension been computed from each individual observation of the wet and dry thermometers, and had the mean of the tensions thus obtained been taken as the value corrresponding to the hour. The difference is, however, so small, that for the present purpose it may be regarded as quite insignificant. It would not amount in a single instance to the hundredth part of an inch; and as in every instance the difference would be in the same direction, the *relative* values, which are those with which we are at present concerned, would be scarcely sensibly affected. The pressures of the dry air (or the gaseous pressures) are obtained by deducting the tension of the vapour from the whole barometric pressure.

The sun is vertical at Bombay twice in the year, viz. in the middle of May and towards the end of July. The rainy season sets in about the commencement of June (in 1843 on the 2d of June) and terminates in August, but with heavy showers of no long duration continuing into September. During the rainy season, and in the month of May, which immediately precedes it, the sky is most commonly covered with clouds, by which the heating of the earth by day, and its cooling at night by radiation, are impeded, and the range of the diurnal variation of the temperature is greatly lessened in comparison with what takes place at other times in the year.

The strength of the land and the sea-breezes in those months is also comparatively feeble, and on many days the alternation of land and sea-breeze is wholly wanting. During the months of November, December, January, and February, tha diurnal range of the temperasure is more than twice aa great as in the rainy season, and the land and sea-breezes prevail with the greatest regularity and force.

TABLE II.—*Bombay,* 1843. *Comparison of the temperature and of the gaseous pressure in the months of May, June, July, and August, when the sky is usually covered with clouds; and those of November, December, January, and February, when the sky is usually clear.*

Hours of Mean Time at Bombay, Astronomical Reckoning.	Temperature.		Gaseous Pressure.	
	November, December, January, and February.	May, June, July, and August.	November, December, January, and February.	May, June, July, and August.
	deg.	deg.	inch.	Inch
18	74·1*	81·9*	29·344	28·783
20	75·3	83·1	29·368	28·806†
22	78·1	84·3	29·391†	28·798
0	80·8	85·1	29·353	28·782
2	81·9†	85·6†	29·230	28·746
4	81·7	85·4	29·195*	28·734*
6	79·6	84·3	29·199	28·740
8	78·4	83·4	29·248	28·754
10	76·9	83·0	29·308	28·800†
12	76·2	82·7	29·316†	28·775
14	75·7	82·6	29·293	28·754
16	74·9	82·2	29·285*	28·753*
Means .	77·8	83·7	29·298	28·763

* signifies 'minimum.' † signifies 'maximum.'

In addition to the monthly tables, we may therefore advantageously collect in one view, for purposes of contrast, the means of the months of May, June, July, and August, as the season when the sky is generally clouded: and of the months of November, December, January, and February, as the season of opposite character, when the range of the diurnal temperature is greatest, and the land and sea-breezes alternate regularly, and blow with considerable strength.

These seasons are contrasted in Table II., which we have given at the foot of the preceding column.

If we now direct our attention to the diurnal variations, commencing with those of the temperature, we find the projections exhibiting a single progression, having a minimum at 18^h and a maximum at 2^h; the average difference between the temperature at 18^h and 2^h being 7·77° in the clear season, 3·71° in the clouded season, and 5·7° on the mean of the whole year; and we perceive that the mean diurnal range of the thermometer is more than twice as great in the clear as in the clouded season.

The tension of the vapour exhibits also the general character of a single progression, increasing from a minimum at the coldest hour to a maximum about the warmest hour, and decreasing uninterruptedly from the maximum to the minimum.

The very slight irregularity which shews itself at the hour of noon requires to be confirmed by the observations of subsequent years before it can be regarded as possessing a systematic character. When, however, we direct our attention to the gaseous pressure, we perceive very distinctly marked the characters of a double progression, having one maximum at 10^h, and another at 22^h; one minimum at 4^h, and another at 16^h. The double progression is exhibited both in the clouded and in the clear seasons, with a slight difference only in the hours of maxima, the principal maximum in the cloudy season being at 20^h instead of 22^h, and the inferior maximum in the clear season being at 12^h instead of 10^h. The range of the diurnal variation, like that of the temperature, is more than twice as great in the clear as in the clouded season.

If we now turn our attention to the phenomena of the direction and force of the wind, we find by Dr. Buist's report that, for two hundred days in the year, there is a regular alternation of land and sea-breezes. The land-breeze springs up usually about 10^h, or between 10^h and 14^h, blows stronger and fresher towards daybreak, and gradually declines until about 22^h, at which time the direction of the aerial currents change, and there is generally a lull of an hour or an hour and a half's duration. The sea-breeze then sets in, the ripple on the surface of the water, indicating its commencements, being first observed close in shore, and extending itself gradually out to sea. The sea-breeze is freshest about 2^h, and progressively declines in the evening hours. The diurnal variation in the force of the wind during these 200 days is therefore obviously a double progression, having two maxima and two minima—one maximum at or near the hottest, and the other at or near the coldest hour of the day, being the hours when the difference of temperature is greatest between the columns of air which rest respectively on the surfaces of land and sea, and two minima coinciding with the hours when the surface temperature over the land and over the sea approaches nearly to an equality.

In the remaining portion of the year, the

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diurnal range of the temperature is most frequently insufficient to produce that alternation in the direction of the wind which prevails uninteruptodly during the larger portion. There appears, however, to have been only one month, viz. July, in the year 1843, in which there were not some days in which the elternation of land and sea-braezes was perceptible. The causes which produce the alternation are not therefore wholly inoperative, though tho affects are comparatively feeble duriog the clouded weather which accompanies the south-west monsoon.*

If we now view together the diurnal variations of the wind and gaseous pressure, we find a minimum of pressure coinciding with the greatest strength of the sea-breeze, a second minimum of pressure coinciding with the greatest strength of the land-breeze, end a maximum of pressure at each of the periods when a change takes place in the direction of the aeriel currents; or, in other words, we find a decrease of pressure coincident with the increase of strength both of the land and sea-breezes, and an increase coincident with their decline in strength.

The facts thus stated appear to me to admit of the following explanation:—The diminution of pressure which precedes the minimum at 4h is occasioned by the rarefaction and ascent of tha column during the heat of the day, and its consequent overflow in the higher regions of the atmosphere, which is but partially counter-balanced by the influx of the sea-breeze at the lower part of the column. Shortly after the hottest hour ie passed, the overflow above and the supply below become aqual in amount, and the diminution of pressure ceases. As the temperature falls towards evening, the column progressivaly contracts; when the influx from the sea-breeze more than counterbalances the overflow, and the pressure again increases, until a temporary equilibrium is restored, when the sea-breeze ceases, end the pressura is stationery. As the night advances, the air over the land becomes colder then over the sea; the length of the column over the land contracts, and the air in its lower part becomes denser than in that over the sea; an interchenge then commences between them of an opposite charectar to that which prevailed during the day. The outward flow is now from the *lower* part of the column, or from the land towards the sea, causing tha pressure to diminish over the land; it continues until day-break, when the strength of tha land-breeze is greatest, because tha air over the land is then coldest in comparison with that over the sea. As the sun gains in altitude, and the temperature of the day advances, the land heats rapidly, the density of the air over the land and sea returns towards an equality, tho land-breeze declines in strength, and the drain from tha lower part of the column ceases to counterbalance the overflow which the lend-column is at tho same time receiving in the higher regions: the pressure consequently having attained a second minimum at or near tha hour of the greatest disproportion of temperature, again increases until the temperature and height of the column over the sea and land are tha same, and the pressure again becomes stationary. But now the rarefaction of the column over the land continuing its increase in height above the less heated column with which it is in juxtaposition, and its consequent overflow, occasion the pressure to dacrease until the minimum at four o'clock.

We have thus, therefore, at Bombay, a double progression of the diurnal variation of the gaseous pressure; the principal minimum occurring at four o'clock in the afternoon, occesioned by an ovarflow from the column in the higher regions of the atmosphere; and the second minimum occurring at 18h, occasioned by an efflux from the lower part of the column: the first minimum is similer to that which has been shewn to tako placo at Toronto, Pregue, and Greenwich, and is similarly explained; the second minimum, which does not take plece et the three above-named stations, is owing to the juxtaposition of the columns of eir over the see and land, which differ in temperature, and therefore in density and height, in consequance of their resting respectively on surfaces which are differently affected by heat.

The mean range of the diurnal variation of the temperature in the cleer season is 7·8°, and in the clouded season 3·7°; of the gaseous pressure 0·196in. in tho clear, and 0·082in. in the clouded, season; the mean diurnal range both of tempereture and of prassure in the clear season is therefore more than twice as greet in the clouded, season, affording a further illustration of the connexion subsisting between the variations of tampereture and of pressure.

It does not appear nacessary to dwell on the dependence of the diurnal variation in the elastic force of the vapour on that of the temperature. The dependence is an obvious one, and tho facts are correspondent.

If, then, the explanation which I have offared to the section of the physical causes which produce the diurnal variation of the gaseous pressure at Bombay be correct, the diurnal variation of the herometric pressure is also explained, since it is simply the combinetion of the two elastic forces of the air end of the vapour.

The solution of the problem of the diurnal variation of the barometer is therefore obtained by the resolution of the harometric pressure into its constituent pressures of vapour and air, since the physical cause of the diurnal variation of its component pressures have been respectively traced to the varietions of temperature produced in the twenty-four hours by the aarth's revolution on its axis, and to the different properties possessed by the material hodies at the surface of the globe in respect to the reception, conveyance, and radiation of heat.

Annual variation.—If we now proceed to the annual variations, which are shewn in the subjoined tabla, we perceive that the leading features of the phenomena are clearly analogous to those which have been shewn to present themselves at Toronto, Prague, end Greenwich; viz. a correspondence of the maximum of vapour-pressure end a minimum of geseous pressure with the maximum of temperature; and of the minimum of vapour-pressure and maximum of gaseous pressure with the minimum of temperature; and e progressive march of the thrae variations from the minimum to the maximum, and beck to tho minimum agein. The epochs, or turning-points, of the respective phenomena are not in every case strictly identical; but thair connexion, which is the subject immadiately before us, is most obvious.

We heve thus a further illustration of the universality of the principle of the dependence of the regular periodical variations, annual as well as diurnal, of the pressure of the dry air and of the vapour on those of the temperature.

1843.	Temperature.	Vapour-Pressure.	Gaseous Pressure.	Barometer.	Humidity.	Monthly Means greater (+) or less (−) than the Annual Means. Temperature.	Vapour-Pressure.	Gaseous Pressure.
	deg.	deg.	inch.	inch.		deg.	inch.	inch.
January .	76·4*	0·578*	29·352	29·930	67	−4·7	−0·202	+0·329
February	77·7	0·648	29·246	29·894	71	−3·4	−0·132	+0·223
March .	79·7	0·710	29·128	29·838	71	−1·4	−0·070	+0·105
April . .	84·2	0·853	28·961	29·814	76	+3·1	+0·073	−0·062
May . .	85·9†	0·921	28·743	29·664	78	+4·8	+0·141	−0·280
June . .	85·4	0·935†	28·718*	29·653	80	+4·3	+0·155	−0·305
July . .	82·1	0·896	28·737	29·633*	85	+1·0	+0·116	−0·286
August .	81·2	0·859	28·869	29·728	84	+0·1	+0·079	−0·154
September	81·1	0·859	28·920	29·779	84	0·0	+0·079	−0·103
October .	82·2	0·819	29·026	29·845	78	+1·1	+0·039	+0·003
November	80·5	0·675	29·213	29·888	67	−0·6	−0·105	+0·190
December	76·6	0·592	29·368†	29·960†	67	−4·5	−0·188	+0·345
Mean .	81·1	0·780	29·023	29·803	76			

The humidity exhibits also a single progression; but may, perhaps, he rather characterised as evidencing a very dry season from November to February, and a very humid one from June to September, the latter season being that of the rains.

The average degree of humidity in the year is very slightly lower than either at Toronto or at Greenwich, but is still closely approaching to a value expressing the prassure of three-fourths of the quantity of vapour required for saturation.

The mean gaseous pressure in 1843, derived from the two-hourly observations, appears to have been 29·023 + 0·025 (en index correction which Dr. Buist gives as that of the haromater with which tha observations were made) = 29·048 English inches. Tho height above the sea is thirty-five feet, and the latitude 19° N.

The mean height of the barometer in the year 1843, derived from observations at every second hour, appeers to hava been 29·803; the elevation heing thirty-flva feet ebove the sea. This is less than whet is generally received as the average height of the herometer in the same latitude. From the careful comparison described in Dr. Buist's report as having been mada of the standard barometer with several other harometers, there seems great reason to bolieve that the mean height shewn by it must be a naar approximation to the true mean atmospherio pressura in the year 1843 at Bombay.

The meen height of the barometer in the four clouded months of May, June, July, and August, is 29·667; and in the four clear months of November, December, January, and February, 29·921. The mean vepour-prassure in the same seasons is respectively 0·904 and 0·623, and the gaseous pressure consequently 28·763 and 29·298. There is, therefore, a differance of 0·535 of gaseous pressure in these two seasons, and there is elso a mean difference of temperature of 5·84°. The lowest pressura corresponds to the highest temperature, and *vice versa*: if we may allow ourselves to make a rough proportion drawn in a single case, we may estimata a decrement of 0·1 inch of pressure to an increment of 1° Fehrenheit. The highest temperature and lowest pressure is accompanied for

* There are no data in Dr. Buist's report from which the diurnal variation in the force of the wind may be judged of on the days during the south-west monsoon, when no alternation takes place in its direction. It would seem probable that on such days the variation should be a single progression, weakest towards day-break, and strongest ebout the hottest hour of the day.

* signifies 'minimum.' † signifies 'maximum.'

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nearly the whole of its period by the S.W. monsoon, or a wind blowing from the sea. The lowest temperature and the highest pressure is accompanied by the N.E. monsoon, or a wind from the land. The difference of the gaseous pressure in the two seasons is partially marked in the barometer by an opposite difference in the tension of the vapour, so that the barometric difference between the two seasons, though still distinctly manifest, is less than the difference of gaseous pressure.

The analogy of the annual and diurnal variations, considered in respect to the explanation which has been attempted of the latter, is too obvious to be dwelt upon. The decreased gaseous pressure in the hot season is occasioned by the rarefaction of the air over the land whilst the sun is in the northern signs, and its consequent overflow in the higher regions, producing a return-current in the lower strata; and the increased pressure in the cold season is occasioned by the cooling and condensation of the air whilst the sun is on the south side of the equinoctial, and its consequent reception of the overflow in the upper strata from the regions which are then more powerfully warmed, and which is but partially counteracted by the opposite current in the lower strata.

In concluding this communication, I beg respectfully to submit to the consideration of the eminent meteorologists here present, that it is very important towards the progress of this science, that the propriety (in such discussions as the present) of separating the effect of the two elastic forces which unite in forming the barometric pressure should be either admitted or rejected. The very remarkable fact recently brought to our notice by Sir James Ross, as one of the results of his memorable voyage, that the mean height of the barometer is nearly an inch less in the latitude of 75° S. than in the tropics, presses the consideration of this point upon our notice; for it is either explained by the diminution of the vapour constituent in the higher latitudes, which diminution appears very nearly to correspond to the decrease of barometric pressure observed by Sir James Ross, or it is a fact unexplained, and I believe hitherto unattempted to be explained, on any other hypothesis, of so startling a character as to call for immediate attention.

TRIBO-THERMO-ELECTRICITY, BY PROF. PAUL ERMAN.

Are the forces that govern the interior constitution of bodies two in number, and essentially distinct; or do the effects usually called chemical proceed from the same cause as those to which we give the name mechanical? Friction is merely a repeated molecular action; it develops heat, also the static electricity of isolators; and, as Faraday has shewn, modifies the dynamic electricity produced by the contact of thermo-electric conductors. This latter fact has not met with sufficient attention. Experimenting with a Nobili's thermo-electric multiplicator of delicate structure, a bar of bismuth joined to that branch of the rheophore where the silver and zinc produce a western deviation, and a bar of antimony to the other branch, the slightest friction gave immediately an eastern deviation, extending to a whole revolution if continued. By gently raising the temperature of both to 30° or 35°, contact in a state of repose always produced a stationary eastern deviation of about 30°; rubbing increased this to 60°, and maintained it there so long as the friction was kept up. If cooled by evaporation, contact caused western deviation, which by friction was changed into eastern.

The more immediate results of the experiments were—1st, The tribo-thermical effect is an instantaneous one: indeed, at the very beginning of friction of any intensity the needle moves. There is no trace whatever of the retardation of heat when spreading through the mass of any substance. 2d, The tribo-thermical effect is likewise independent of the mass put in action: the point of a needle rubbed against a considerable heterogeneous mass gives immediately the deviation; and an extension of the surfaces rubbed together does not appear to add materially to the intensity of the electrisation. 3d, The deviation vanishes quite as instantaneously as it commenced; and the immediate return of the needle to its primitive station is one of the most striking features of the phenomena. These three facts are very instructive, and seem more likely to be effected by a vibratory motion of molecules than by a continuous effluence of calorific fluid. 4th, The tribo-thermic deviations attain in every case a maximum which, under similar circumstances, is different for different couples of metals: friction produces, while it exists, new increments of heat, which must give rise to increments of deviation. These latter, however, become more and more insensible, and at length seem only active in maintaining the maximum of deviation. M. Erman found the values of these maxima, for different couples, just in proportion to their thermo-electrical effects.

The four above-mentioned facts require, by careful inquiry, to be fixed by numeric determinations. The quantity of permanent heat which, by a friction of a given duration, accumulates in the metals should be measured, and it should be ascertained whether the residue is equal in each of them; or, in other words, whether at the end of a prolonged friction the needle returns precisely to its primitive position, or only approaches to it; and if there be an excess of temperature, in which of the two metals. When a disc of bismuth was rubbed for twenty minutes on a disc of antimony, a highly susceptible thermopile on the ceasing of the friction always shewed the antimony to be most heated. One difficulty of these experiments is, that the metals to be examined must be joined to the rheophore; and as bismuth, antimony, and cobalt, cannot yet be wire-drawn, the wires used are heterogeneous; platinum or nickel should be employed, and then the initial effect might be obtained. When a bar of chemically pure antimony was broken and rubbed together, sensible deviations were observed, but sometimes positive and sometimes negative; so also with bismuth similarly treated. There was evidently, therefore, no dependence on this experiment: and the action was afterwards found to be merely owing to the heterogeneous rheophores; for two copper elements with copper rheophores, and two zinc elements with zinc rheophores, never gave the slightest trace of tribo-thermo-electric effects, whilst either of these two metals produces a strong deviation singly applied after friction to the button of the multiplicator. The best mode Professor Erman found for limiting this source of error was, the interposition of a plate of pure graphite between the thermo-electric agent and its rheophore. When, by immersion in a vessel of warm water, the temperatures of a bar of bismuth and of another of antimony were elevated to upwards of 45° R., their contact will give a very strong eastern deviation; but friction will not cause it to increase in any sensible degree: when, on the contrary, the same bars are cooled down to a low point, their contact gives a strong negative or western deviation; but friction again, in this case, far from inverting this effect, is not even able to diminish it in any material degree. Thus, then, it appears that the calorific increments produced by friction are in themselves feeble. And Professor Erman says, we need only ascertain, by very careful experiments, the degrees of heat and of refrigeration given to the metals by which their friction loses its influence on the needle, in order to obtain for a scale of tribo-thermic productions of heat two fixed points, which may be reproduced in any instance in the same manner as the fixed points of an ordinary thermometer. In tribo-thermic experiments the paradox is met with of two electric currents acting simultaneously contrariwise. Frequently contact produces a deviation of the needle in a certain direction, and friction in the contrary one; and these actions may be so modified that the needle remains in equilibrio in an intermediate position, obeying the two currents that traverse the same wire in contrary directions. Upon the obscure relation between the path in which heat moves according to the terminology of thermo-electric phenomena, and the path in which electricity proceeds, the professor thinks it highly probable that tribo-thermo-electric researches will throw some light. M. Erman, in conclusion, asks, May it be inferred that heat when nascent by the act of friction has a property specifically different from that of heat residing previously in a metal? Are we, perhaps, on the eve of finding at length something analogous to the brilliant discovery of Peltier, that galvanic electricity produces heat in proceeding from antimony to bismuth, and cold when travelling inversely, by which M. Lenz has produced congelation?

Professor Grove was pleased to find corroborated the fact, which he had often enunciated, that homogeneous metals give no thermo-electric current. The broken bar giving currents two ways was a fundamental experiment, and proved any such currents to be caused by the heterogeneous wires of the rheophore, and not by the homogeneous metals. In regard to the galvanometer being more deflected by friction than by heat, he suggested, in explanation, that it arose not from the thermic effects being less, but more, generalised. If the bismuth and antimony were both raised to the same temperature, the heat would be diffused and not concentrated; but if rubbed with a point, the heat would be produced and confined to the thermo-electric channel, or the efficient causation be restrained to the point of junction. There was a third topic, however, in the paper, which presented a field of great interest—namely, the thermic effects and the thermo-electric effects. On this rests the elimination of the conversion of heat into electricity: it was a very important question—under what circumstances heat travels with electricity, or the reverse. And Professor Grove asked, whether any additional experiments than Peltier's or Lenz', or whether the use of other metals, had confirmed or extended the cases in which cold is produced by electricity. The present general proposition is, that with homogeneous metals heat is produced, but not electricity; with heterogeneous metals, electricity and heat.

Professor Dove stated that some experiments on the subject had recently been successfully made by Plantamour.

ON SAVINGS' BANKS, BY G. R. PORTER, ESQ.

Mr. Porter's sketch of the progress and present extent of savings' banks in the United Kingdom presents a feature of such high political interest, and is so striking a gauge (if we

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may so express it) of national condition, that we enter into it more fully then we usually do with statistical papers, which, though excellent as data, when collected together to a great extent, are almost useless when they appear as insulated statements. It appears from Mr. Porter's data, widely obtained and ably put together, that the social progress of the country in this respect is most satisfactory; and that the growing concern among classes in ease and comfort for the well-being of the less favoured and more numerous class, whose subsistence must be acquired by daily toil, is producing tha most beneficial effects. The moral consequences are cheering, and promise to be permanent. Miss Priscilla Wakefield, in 1804, has the honour of establishing the first savings' bank, at Tottenham, near London; and from that period the system, at first slowly, but till now gradually, has risen to its existing importance. Bath was the second locality where the benevolence of Tottenham was imitated; and the first savings' bank regularly and minutely organised was "The Parish-Bank Friendly Society of Ruthwell," in Dumfriesshire, 1810. The published reports of this institution, by Mr. Henry Duncan, led to the public estimation and establishment of them; so that before any legislative provision was applied to the subject, there were in England seventy savings' banks, in Wales four, in Ireland four. In 1817 the two acts ware passed for encouraging savings' banks in England, Wales, and Ireland; which were not extended to Scotland till 1835, owing probably to the facilities afforded by Scotch bankers for placing small deposits at interest in their hands.

Now above a million of depositors feel an interest in the stability of government, and are confirmed in good citizenship by the sense that they have something to lose from violance and disturbance.

In 1818 the amount deposited with the commissioners for the reduction of the national debt was . £328,282

1819, Year ending 5th January,			.	1,567,667
1820,	"	"	.	1,019,612
1821,	"	"	.	707,106
1822,	"	"	.	1,205,960
1823,	"	"	.	1,632,166
1824,	"	"	.	1,932,448
1825,	"	"	.	2,586,219
1826,	"	"	.	1,361,290
1827,	"	"	.	596,155
1828,	"	"	.	979,641
1829,	"	"	.	931,361
1830,	"	"	.	450,137
1831,	"	"	.	549,459

A remarkable index of the times! the greater part of which appears to have been permanently lodged, as the sum total remaining in deposit on the 20th Nov. 1830 is stated to have been 13,507,565*l.*, so that the sum withdrawn could have been little more than two millions in addition to the interest allowed.

From 1830 to 1844 Mr. Porter gives other tabular views, from which it appears that in November last the deposits amounted to 29,504,861*l.* During the same period the number of savings' banks had extended from 476 to 571. The great and marked years of increase have been 1836, 1838, 1843, and 1844, all years of much commercial activity, and all, with the exception of 1838, years of cheapness.

In running through other details, we observe that the largest proportion of small deposits is made in Scotland, more than three-fourths of the whole being in sums below 20*l.* The smallest proportion of deposits of lowest amounts is in Ireland, which probably results from tha extreme poverty of the "finest peasantry on the earth," which deprives them of the power of saving, and throws that virtue into the hands of those above them and in easier circumstances.

Elaborate tables further illustrate the subject as regards different counties and parts of tha kingdom. After Middlesex, Devonshire figures as the most saving locality, in proportion to its population.

The inducements held out to saving were greater in 1817 than at present, the interest being clear 4 per cent per annum, 11*s.* 3*d.* being reserved for expenses; but parties not contemplated by the legislature depositing for the sake of this interest, higher than that of the public funds, and not exposed to fluctuation, in 1824 an act was passed, limiting the deposits to 50*l.* in the first year, and 30*l.* in any succeeding year, and the further restriction that there should be no interest for any sum above 200*l.* In 1828 the interest was reduced from 3*d.* per cent per diem to 2½*d.*, or 3*l.* 8*s.* 5½*d.* instead of 4*l.* 11*s.* 3*d.* per annum. The last act, in last year, farther lowered the interest to 2*d.* per cent per diem, or 3*l.* 0*s.* 10*d.* per annum, to depositors.

Mr. Porter suggests the advantage it would be to record and publish the occupations of the depositors, in order to throw a light upon their habits and conditions.

To these three we add the two following papers, of nearly equal interest, though not embodied in the recommendation of the Council:

OZONE, BY PROF. SCHÖNBEIN.

This subject has been pursued for six more years by Prof. Schönbein; and the present communication is a report drawn up by him at the request of the British Association, and containing the most novel facts of his researches. Having been the first to detect an odour on electrolysing water, very like to that called the electrical smell, developed during electrical discharges and disengaged by lightning, and his curiosity having been excited, Prof. Schönbein determined to investigate the subject as closely as possible; and notwithstanding its peculiar difficulty, and many fruitless endeavours, he succeeded in ascertaining some facts which seemed to open a path for farther and accurate inquiry. These facts were—1st, that the odoriferous principle developed during the electrolysis of water is only disengaged at the positive electrode; 2d, that the same principle may be preserved in well-closed bottles for any length of time; 3d, that the principle polarises negatively gold and platinum; 4th, that the odoriferous substance is destroyed by heat and by a number of oxidisable bodies; 5th, that the electrical brush has the same smell as the oxygen being disengaged at the positive electrode; 6th, that the brush has the power of polarising negatively gold and platinum; and 7th, that on heating the points out of which electricity is passing into the atmosphere, they no longer develop the electrical smell. From these and other facts, the professor was led to infer that the electrical brush produces the same principle as that disengaged at the positive electrode during the electrolysis of water; and as chlorine, with regard to its voltaic bearings, acts very similarly to the odoriferous principle, he suspected the latter to be a body analogous to chlorine. To decide upon this, it was necessary to isolate the principle; but immense difficulties arose because of the infinitely small quantities of the odoriferous substance produced by the methods before mentioned. At length success attended the professor's repeated efforts; and with phosphorus he produced it more abundantly, that substance being found to have a remarkable action on common air under certain circumstances. The fallowing were the statements regarding this action, and extending to that of other bodies:—1st, If, at a temperature of 32°, a piece of phosphorus having a clear surface be placed in a bottle filled with common air, a peculiar smell arises, which is considered to be due to the vapour of phosphorus; at the same time the air acquires the power of polarising positively a plate of platinum or gold. 2d, Under similar circumstances, if the temparature of the air be raised to 60°, the smell resembles the electrical odour, and the air polarises platinum or gold negatively. 3d, Atmospheric air deprived of moisture, in contact with phosphorus, does not develop the electro-negative principle. 4th, Atmospharic air containing only small quantities of the vapour of ether, alcohol, olefiant gas, sulphurous acid, nitrous acid, or sulphuretted, phosphoretted, seleniuretted hydrogen, is not capable of daveloping the electrical smell, or assuming tha state of an electro-negative polarity. 5th, A mixture of oxygen and carbonic acid, or of oxygen and hydrogen, acts in regard to phosphorus like common air or an artificial mixture of oxygen and nitrogen. 6th, Pure oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, or carbonic acid gas, whether moist or anhydrous, in contact with phosphorus, becomes positively polarised; but none of those substances produce the electro-negative principle or the electrical smell. 7th, Phosphorus develops tha electrical smell only in an atmosphere in which, in the dark, it exhibits a lively emission of light. 8th, The positive polarity and alliaceous odour assumed at zero by common air in contact with phosphorus is most likely due to the vapour of that body; whilst tha negative polarity and the electrical smell being developed at a higher temperature in the same air, originate in that peculiar principla which, on account of its strong odour, Prof. Schönbein has called ozone. Its properties, as far as his experiments go, are as follow:—1st, Stripes of blue litmus-paper plunged into an ozonised atmosphere are, within a very short time, completely bleached without being reddened in the least degree; stripes of paper coloured blue with indigo, under the same circumstances, turn white; and a solution of indigo or of litmus, shaken with ozonised air, loses its colour, as though treated with chlorine. 2d, Most metals, in a state of minute mechanical division, in contact with ozone at the common temperature, almost instantly destroy that principle, the metals becoming oxidised. 3d, Iodine put into an ozonised atmosphere is changed into iodic acid. 4th, Powdsred charcoal very rapidly destroys ozone. 5th, Phosphorus quickly takes up ozone, being transformed into phosphatic acid. 6th, Sulphuretted, seleniuretted, phosphoretted, carburetted, ioduretted hydrogen rapidly destroy ozone, themselves being decomposed. 7th, 8th, and 9th, Sulphurous acid, mixed with ozone, is changed to sulphuric acid; nitrous to nitric; several of the metallic protoxides into peroxides. 10th, A solution of iodide of potassium is rapidly decomposed, iodine being eliminated. At the same time iodate of potash is produced, preceded, however, by the formation of a peculiar compound, consisting probably of iodide and peroxide of potassium. Hence the paste of starch, mixed with iodide of potassium, and exposed to ozonised air, instantaneously turns blue; and hence starch is the most delicate test for the presence of ozone. 11th, Crystals of bromide of potassium in starch, exposed to the

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action of ozone, colour the paste orange-yellow. 12th, A solution of the yellow ferro-cyanuret of potassium readily takes up ozone, yielding the red ferro-sesquicyanuret. 13th, The white cyanuret of iron is instantly changed into the blue one. 14th, The salts of the protoxides of iron and tin destroy ozone, and are transformed into peroxide salts. 15th, A great number of metallic sulphurets lose their colour, and are changed into sulphates. 16th, Many organic substances, both vegetable and animal—for instance, sawdust, straw, vegetable mould, or albumen, fibrin, blood, &c.—destroy the odoriferous principle. 17th, If ozonised air be caused to pass through a narrow tube into the open air, that current produces all the chemical reactions before mentioned; but if part of the tube be heated not quite red hot, the peculiar smell of the current disappears at once, and with it all the chemical and voltaic properties belonging to ozone. 18th, Common air richly charged with ozone has a smell resembling chlorine, bromine, and iodine; but if ozone is much diluted with common air, its smell cannot be distinguished from that developed near points of electrical emission. 19th, If common air, strongly charged with ozone, be inhaled only in moderate quantities, effects are produced similar to those caused by the inspiration of chlorine—coughing and inflammation of the mucous membrane. A mouse in ozonised air died in five minutes: as the quantity of ozone present must have been immeasurably small, this principle must be highly deleterious to the animal system. 20th, Chemically pure water acidulated with pure sulphuric acid or phosphoric acid, and electrolysed, yields oxygen charged with the same principle. To obtain ozone by voltaic means, it is necessary that the acidulated water employed be entirely free from any substance having a tendency to unite with oxygen or ozone, and also that the temperature of the liquid to be electrolysed be as low as possible. When these conditions are fulfilled, the disengagement of ozone taking place at the positive electrode will last as long as the current passes through the liquid. There will be no production of ozone if the electrodes be of any other metal than gold or platinum. 21st, The peculiar odour of the electrical brush cannot be distinguished from that of diluted ozone, whether that ozone be produced by phosphorus or by the electrolysis of water. The chemical and voltaic reactions of the electrical brush are also precisely the same as those produced either by chemical or voltaic ozone; and hence the odoriferous principle disengaged by the electrical brush is identical with the odoriferous substance developed at the positive electrode during the electrolysis of water, and identical also with the electro-negative principle resulting from the peculiar action of phosphorus on moist atmospheric air. In order to ascertain the nature of that remarkable principle, Prof. Schönbein has tried a variety of methods to procure it in an isolated state: but all his endeavours have hitherto failed, and he is therefore not yet able to give a decisive answer to the question, what is ozone? Prof. Schönbein was for a time induced to think ozone to be an elementary substance forming a constituent part of azote, and to give up his first idea that ozone was a peculiar compound of oxygen and hydrogen; but the impossibility of isolating the principle, and the fact that nothing but oxidising effects could be obtained from making ozone to act upon a great number of substances, caused him to reassume his first view of the subject, and to institute a great series of experiments to ascertain more accurately the conditions required for the formation of ozone. In this inquiry he found that the presence of water is quite indispensable to the engendering that principle, and that it is the more abundantly produced the larger the quantity of water put into contact both with phosphorus and with common air. He likewise ascertained that no ozone is formed by phosphorus if free oxygen be excluded; and nitrogen may be replaced by carbonic acid or hydrogen, without stopping the generation of ozone. Hence it follows, that nitrogen has directly nothing to do with the production of ozone, and that the latter cannot be a constituent of azote. From the fact that dry ozone, passing along a heated tube, is destroyed, it must also be inferred that it is no elementary principle. Now, taking together all these facts, regarding both the circumstances under which ozone is formed, and the chemical effects produced by that substance, it can hardly be denied that the odoriferous principle is a compound of oxygen and water; and this view of it, that the professsor took six years ago, is supported by the experiments of M. Marignac of Geneva, and M. De la Rive. It differs, however, most markedly from the peroxide of hydrogen of Thenard; but whether it contains more or less oxygen, or whether it is an isomeric modification of oxygenised water, can only be ascertained by submitting isolated ozone to analysis. Professor Schönbein is inclined to think that ozone will turn out to be a compound isomerical with peroxide of hydrogen; a conjecture which seems supported by the fact that the odoriferous principle acts so frequently the part of chlorine. As to the production of ozone, as far as experiments go, it must be accounted for in the following manner:—Phosphorus, being placed under certain circumstances, enjoys the peculiar power of determining a chemical combination between oxygen and water. The same compound is produced in a secondary way on electrolysing water—part of its oxygen being in a nascent state, and eliminated at the positive electrode, unites with water, and ozone, being insoluble in the latter liquid, is disengaged along with another part of oxygen that does not happen to combine with water. Electricity, passing through atmospheric air, acts upon that mixture like phosphorus—that is, determines part of the atmospheric oxygen to unite with aqueous vapour to form ozone.

The conclusion of the paper went to prove that the emission of light by phosphorus in moist atmospheric air was due to its oxidisation by the agency of ozone. The striking similarity of ozone to chlorine, and the two rival theories of the latter body, are promised by Prof. Schönbein as the subjects of a future paper.

ENDEMIC DISTRIBUTION OF PLANTS, BY PROF. E. FORBES.

The hypothesis of the descent of all the individuals of a species either from a first pair or from a single individual, and the consequent theory of specific centres being assumed, the isolation of assemblages of individuals from their centres, and the existence of *endemic* or very local plants, remain to be accounted for. Natural transport, the agency of the sea, rivers, and winds, and carriage by animals, or through the agency of man, are insufficient means in the majority of cases. It is usual to say, that the presence of many plants is determined by soil or climate, as the case may be; but if such plants be found in areas disconnected from their centres by considerable intervals, some other cause than the mere influence of soil or climate must be sought to account for their presence. This cause the author proposes to seek in an ancient connexion of the outposts or isolated areas with the original centres, and the subsequent isolation of the former through geological changes and events, especially those dependent on the elevation and depression of land. Selecting the flora of the British islands for a first illustration of this view, Professor Forbes calls attention to the fact, well known to botanists, of certain species of flowering plants being found indigenous in portions of that area at a great distance from the nearest assemblages of individuals of the same species in countries beyond it. Thus many plants peculiar in the British flora to the west of Ireland have the nearest portion of their specific centres in the north-west of Spain; others, confined with us to the south-west promontory of England, are, beyond our shores, found in the Channel Isles and the opposite coast of France; the vegetation of the south-east of England is that of the opposite part of the continent; and the Alpine vegetation of Wales and the Scotch Highlands is intimately related to that of the Norwegian Alps. The great mass of the British flora has its most intimate relations with that of Germany. The vegetation of the British islands may be said to be composed of five floras: 1st, A west Pyrenean, confined to the west of Ireland, and mostly to the mountains of that district; 2d, A flora related to that of the south-west of France, extending from the Channel Isles, across Devon and Cornwall, to the south-east and part of the south-west of Ireland; 3d, A flora common to the north of France and south-east of England, and especially developed in the chalk districts; 4th, An Alpine flora, developed in the mountains of Wales, north of England, and Scotland; and 5th, A Germanic flora, extending over the greater part of Great Britain and Ireland, mingling with the other floras, and diminishing, though slightly, as we proceed westwards, indicating its easterly origin and relation to the characteristic flora of northern Germany. Interspersed among the members of the last-named flora, are very few specific centres peculiar to the British isles. The author numbers in ascending order these floras, according to their magnitude as to species, and also, in his opinion, according to their relative age and period of introduction into the area of the British islands. His conclusions on this point are the following:

1. The oldest of the floras now composing the vegetation of the British isles is that of the mountains of the west of Ireland. Though an Alpine flora, it is southernmost in character, and is quite distinct as a system from the floras of the Scottish and Welsh Alps. Its very southern character, its limitation, and its extreme isolation, are evidences of its antiquity, pointing to a period when a great mountain barrier extended across the Atlantic from Ireland to Spain.

2. The distribution of the second flora, next in point of probable date, depended on the extension of a barrier, the traces of which still remain, from the west of France to the south-east of Britain, and thence to Ireland.

3. The distribution of the third flora depended on the connexion of the coast of France and England towards the eastern part of the Channel. Of the former existence of this union no geologist doubts.

4. The distribution of the fourth, or Alpine flora of Scotland and Wales, was effected during the glacial period, when the mountain summits of Britain were low islands, or members of chains of islands, extending to the area of

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Norway through a glacial sea, and clothed with an arctic vegetation, which in the gradual upheaval of those islands, and consequent change of climate, became limited to the summits of the new-formed and still existing mountains.

5. The distribution of the fifth, or Germanic flora, depended on the upheaval of the bed of the glacial sea, and the consequent connexion of Ireland with England, and of England with Germany, by great plains, the fragments of which still exist, and upon which lived the great elk and other quadrupeds now extinct.

The breaking up or submergence of the first barrier led to the destruction of the second; that of the second to that of the third; but the well-marked epoch of migration of the Germanic flora indicates the subsequent formation of the Straits of Dover and of the Irish Sea, as now existing.

To determine the probable geological epoch of the first or west-Irish flora — a fragment perhaps with that of north-western Spain, of a vegetation of the true Atlantic — we must seek among fossil plants for a furthermost starting-point. This we get in the flora of the London clay, or eocene, which is tropical in character, and far anterior to the oldest of the existing floras. The geographical relations of the miocene sea, indicated by the fossils of the crag, give an after-date certainly to the second and third of the above floras, if not to the first. The epoch of the red or middle crag was probably coeval with the second flora; that of the mammaliferous crag with the third. The date of the fourth is too evident to be questioned; and the author regards the glacial region in which it flourished as a local climate, of which no true traces—as far as animal life is concerned—exist southwards of his second and third barriers. This was the newer pliocene epoch. The period of the fifth flora was that of the post-tertiary, when the present aspect of things was organised.

Adopting such a view of the relations of these floras in time, the greatest difficulties in the way of changes of the earth's surface and destruction of barriers — deep sea being found where land (probably high land) was — are removed when we find that those greater changes must have happened during the epoch immediately subsequent to the miocene period; for we have undoubted evidence that elsewhere, during that epoch, the miocene sea-bed was raised 6000 feet in the chain of Taurus, and the barriers forming the westward boundary of the Asiatic eocene lakes so completely annihilated, that a sea several hundred fathoms deep now takes their probable place. The changes required for the events which the author would connect with the peculiar distribution of the British flora are not greater than these.

Prof. Forbes maintains that the peculiar distribution of endemic animals — especially that of the terrestrial mollusca — bears him out in these views. He proposes to pursue the subject in detail, with reference both to animal and vegetable life, in connexion with the researches of the geological survey.

To complete the first day, we here give our promised report of Section A.: advising our readers, at the same time, that we mean to bring up the other days in the same manner.

THURSDAY.

SECTION A.—(*Mathematical and Physical Science.*)

(*Prof. J. Forbes in the Chair.*)

1. Herschel (Sir J. W. F.), report on the nomenclature of stars.
2. Herschel (Sir J. W. F.) on the state of the catalogues of Lacaille and Lalande.
3. Dent (E.) on the ship's compass.
4. Scoresby (Rev. W.) on the construction of a large magnetic machine, with some results of its action.
5. Lloyd (Rev. Dr.), an account of rain which had fallen, with different winds, for five consecutive years, at Toomavora, county of Limerick, as observed by the Rev. Thomas Knox.
6. Powell (Prof.) on elliptic polarisation.
7. Lawson (H.) on a meteorological thermometer-stand.

1. The first report was, briefly, that no progress had been made.

2. The second was deferred, to be taken in conjunction with Mr. Stratford's report on the British Association Catalogue, which is completed.

3. Mr. Dent explained his newly-invented ship's compass, in which the card and the magnets are placed on a vertical axis; by which arrangement the card is constrained to move very nearly in the horizontal plane. The ends of the axis act on flat diamonds; and the holes are of ruby, precisely as the balance in a chronometer is suspended. Mr. Dent observed that, while this mode of suspension was freer to vibrate than the ordinary concave and convex surfaces, it also had the effect of raising the compass in the scale of scientific instruments, as it afforded the means of invertion, so as to effect a double reading—a mean between the two—always giving the true magnetic meridian *at the time* of observation; and therefore free from diurnal or secular change in the position of the needle. Another great desideratum is effected by having the power of rotating the frame with the card, which affords the opportunity, by centrifugal force, of so arranging the inertia round the centre as to reduce the effects of the ship's motion on the card to a minimum. This could not be done by the ordinary mode of suspension. Mr. Dent said the compass had been tried by order of the Admiralty, and read a part from the official report, which stated, that Dent's compass moved on all occasions exactly and admirably with the ship's head when the helm was hard-a-port, or hard-a-starboard, while the other compasses on board were always in arrears. Dr. Scoresby objected to the mode of suspension, and to the arrangement of two magnets, one on each side of the axis; as, in case one should become weaker than the other, it would cause a variation in the needles pointing to the magnetic meridian. Mr. Dent replied, that the continual state of vibration in the card, when the point of suspension was higher than the centre of gravity, caused rapid wear, and the surfaces of suspension were continually varying; and supported his method of free suspension by again referring to the official report, which shewed that the axis was freer to vibrate than any compass on board. As to the probability of any variation taking place by a change in the power of the two needles, it was impossible; for should the magnetism be removed altogether from one of the needles, the other would still point to the true magnetic meridian by its own power, caused by the terrestrial magnetic force being at infinite distance, and the magnet being free to vibrate by means of the axis. Dr. Lloyd stated that Mr. Fox had suspended a needle similarly to the one produced. Mr. Dent, in reply, said that Mr. Fox's suspension was for a vertical needle, and which mode of suspension had been always used; while the present was for an horizontal needle. Professor Stavely said that the means afforded by inversion were perfectly new, and were a great improvement.

4. The apparatus to be described was stated to be so recently constructed (the whole having been done since May 21st) that the results obtained were but elementary trials. Yet he, Dr. Scoresby, might claim the indulgence of the section, as his so doing might be useful to practical magneticians, in thus early describing the magnetic machine referred to, and, as to experiments therewith, reporting progress. The construction of the apparatus was founded on principles which he had previously determined and published in the seventh chapter of his "Magnetical Investigations." These investigations had shewn that magnetic bars might be combined out of many portions, with much convenience in the construction and hardening—not merely longitudinally as to layers or rows, but also laterally, so as to obtain the required length by several short pieces. Magnets, indeed, of great size, he had shewn, were not powerful in proportion to their masses — the smaller masses being, in constructions of a similar kind, always the strongest; so that a magnet indefinitely small would be expected to be indefinitely powerful in relation of its mass. The materials of the large magnets referred to consisted of bars of best cast steel, of 12, 16, and 18 inches in length, all of them being 1½ inch broad, and ¼-inch thick. The bars were about 500 in number, amounting in length to near 600 running feet. In construction they constituted two fasciculæ, in form parallelopipedons, 4 feet long (the middle bars projecting 2 inches beyond at the ends), 4½ inches broad, and 6 inches deep. On being tested by their tenaciousness of the magnetic condition, after being combined loosely in their respective masses, it was found necessary to withdraw about 100 bars—these not being sufficiently hard to sustain the severity of the magnetical test. Ultimately two magnets were constructed, and packed firmly in strong oak cases, each comprising 19 layers or strata of bars, and together weighing about 500lbs. They were put up in the two cases by corresponding succession-layers, supported by conductors during the process. The magnetising was conducted on Dr. Scoresby's new process of magnetic manipulation—a series of bars in a line, extending to 4ft. or upwards, being overlaid with a slip of hoop-iron, and two strokes of the operating magnet passed from end to end. The whole extent was found to be magnetic in the highest degree—being one-fifth stronger than when magnetised by any previously discovered process. So rapid was the operation, that 115 bars were magnetised fully, placed in a case, and the power of each of 11 layers determined, in an hour's time. The whole 500 bars could be magnetised, placed loosely in order, and the power on the completion of each fresh layer determined, within a space of four hours. One of these magnets, when completed, was found to move a compass about 8 minutes of a degree at the distance of 104 feet; and two, placed in juxtaposition, would affect the compass to the extent of 1′ 11″ at the distance of 200 feet. Had the instrument, however, been made of hard thin plates (the principle which Dr. Scoresby had originally recommended), the power would have been thrice as great. The inductive effects were very great. Six keys, varying from 3300 grains in weight to about 600, were sustained in a chain at the distance of 9 or 10 inches from one of the magnets; and a power of attraction of 15lbs. was exerted by two contiguous piles of the two magnets on iron conductors through a deal board almost of an inch thick, and a force sustained of 3·5lb. with an interposed block of wood of 1·25 inch thick.

Even with the conductors in the piles, great inductive effects were produced. A steel bar of 6 inches long was magnetised by one pile

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of one magnet, with a block of wood of 2 inches thick interposed; and at a like distance strong magnets were de-magnetised. Iron substances were sustained against gravity at various distances extending to near 2 inches. The electrical effects, in the determination of which Dr. Scoresby was assisted by Mr. James Joule of Manchester—the results, though but crude and imperfect, were yet striking. With a small and paltry armature of two pieces of iron tubing, only 6 inches long, and with only 65 yards of small covered wire in each, water was freely decomposed so as to yield a cubic inch of gas per minute, and copper was deposited from solution at the rate of 1·2 grain per minute. With another armature of letter U shape a more intense action was yielded, though only 100 yards of coated wire were used. The spark and scintillations produced by the deflagration of steel were brilliant and beautiful; and even when the armature revolved but once in 16 seconds, the sparks were both visible and audible. But these results were stated to be only proximate: other experiments with larger and more complete armatures were contemplated, when no doubt further powers would be developed. Unfortunately, the principles on which the efficacy of magneto-electric arrangements depended had not been investigated satisfactorily; so that every new enterprise in magneto-electricity was in measure contingent. Dr. Scoresby stated, that so accurately had his anticipations been fulfilled in practice as to the results of the principles developed in his magnetical investigations, that he could have no doubt (if it might serve any useful purpose) that an effective magnet as large as the lower-mast of a first-rate ship of war might be constructed, and that such a machine would influence the compass in a measurable quantity at a distance considerably beyond a mile—possibly two. Even cast iron, in thin hard castings, might probably be made available for the construction of an effective monster-magnet.

Mr. Roberts described a new form of electro-magnet which he had devised. It consisted of a piece of soft iron 6 inches square, and 1½ inch thick, with grooves planed in it 1½ inch apart, and to about half the depth; the covered copper wire passing along the grooves. It sustained upwards of 3000 lbs. weight.

5. Dr. Lloyd communicated the results of the elaborate series of observations made by the Rev. T. Knox, explaining their graphical representation. The monthly average of rain in the locality named above was 3 inches; November and July were the wettest months, and April the driest.

During the discussion that ensued on the position of the rain-gauge most favourable for true results—(we regretted the absence of Professor Phillips, who has so perseveringly and extensively worked out this question, the first part of his experience having been given last year at York)—Mr. Ogilby drew attention to the relation of the geological formation of a district to the fall of rain. Travelling to Cambridge, he had departed from London in heavy rain, which continued incessantly to the extreme of the London clay: beyond that, no rain had fallen, the roads being dusty.

6. Prof. Powell's communication was supplementary to that of last year, with reference principally to a main point stated there, which he wished to alter: from farther experiments, he was now satisfied that there was no change of plane at small incidences. He stated also that he had observed elliptic polarisation from plumbago; and in one instance, where there was no metal, from Indian ink, which was nearly pure carbon. The elliptic polarisation from the latter was of small amount, but there was no doubt of the fact. The questions therefore arose—at what point metal affects light? whether the metallic character is essential to the phenomenon, or what may be the cause? and as to whether, though not apparent, there is a continuity of laws from metals to transparent bodies?

Prof. J. Forbes suggested that the effect produced from Indian ink may be due to the coats of glue or isinglass.

Prof. Airey remarked upon the great step made by Prof. M'Cullagh in establishing the laws, although the mechanical data were deficient.

Sir J. Herschel spoke in so low a tone that he was scarcely audible to those near him. He advocated the corpuscular theory, explaining the phenomena by polarities, attraction and repulsion, rotation, &c.

Prof. Airey would like to see a complete theory; he greatly, however, preferred the undulatory to the corpuscular, for its exceeding simplicity. Take interferences or circular rings, or that strange and apparently inexplicable phenomenon depolarisation: they were conformable to the theory of undulations, but the corpuscular theory cannot be so put together as to explain them. The former, as a mechanical theory, was imperfect; but as a geometrical one, perfect.

Sir J. Herschel stated that the undulatory theory assumes different elasticities of media; and if the corpuscular were allowed to assume different attractions, then every thing comes out.

Prof. Challis gave it as his opinion that any explanation merely mathematical, and without a mechanical conception, was imperfect.

7. Mr. Lawson's thermometer-stand was a plan for placing the thermometers of all observers under exactly similar circumstances, in regard to being free from surrounding objects, protected from solar action, the same distance from the ground, &c. It was stated to be not costly, and that the instruments in the stand may be easily read off.

Resuming our *general* sketch, we come to the *General Committees:*

Monday.—The preceding minutes were read and confirmed. Most warm and pressing invitations were received from Southampton and Cheltenham (both excellently adapted for such assemblies), requesting that the meeting for 1846 should be held in these places. Oxford, also, authorised Dr. Daubeny to report the desire of that university to be the seat of a second meeting there; and Sir John Boileau advocated the claims of Norwich and the county of Norfolk for the early honour of a visit. Thus four promising years are before the Association.

Mr. Murchison moved the adoption of Southampton; shewing how advantageous its proximity to France would be, the likelihood of having all the geologists of Paris as guests, the neighbouring attractions, the presence of the yacht-squadron, and other essential inducements; which line of argument being sustained by a deputation from Southampton, and the motion seconded in some pleasant remarks by the Dean of Westminster (who foretold a Hampshire reception to the Association, amid these delightful scenes), it was carried unanimously.

The Marquis of Northampton, after eulogising the unwearied zeal and important services of Mr. Murchison, from the formation of the Association to the present hour, and the Dean of Ely, expressing how much might be anticipated from his conciliating manners and his unceasing promotion of concord and union, moved and seconded the election of that gentleman to be the president for the year 1846. This was loudly applauded, and agreed to by unanimous acclamation.

Mr. Murchison acknowledged the honour; and said that if his services had been of any benefit hitherto, they were more than rewarded by this flattering compliment; and he would endeavour to redouble them in return.

The Marquis of Winchester, Lord Yarborough, Lord Palmerston, Sir William Heathcote, Prof. Baden Powell, and Prof. Owen, were then named vice-presidents; and to them were afterwards added Lord Ashburton and the Speaker of the House of Commons. The name of Dr. Richardson was also mentioned; but it was stated that he was destined for the office of president of Section D.

Dr. Clarke and Mr. T. C. Moody were chosen local secretaries; and Mr. J. Moody (who was one of the deputation present) local treasurer.

Col. Sabine undertakes the whole duties of the two general secretaries (no one more able to carry them through), and Prof. Phillips and Mr. John Taylor continue their official services as assistant general secretary and general treasurer.

Wednesday.—The preceding minutes were confirmed, and the following is

A SYNOPSIS OF GRANTS OF MONEY

Voted at the Cambridge Meeting, June 1845, with the name of the Member who alone, or as the first of the Committee, is entitled to draw for the Money.

	£	s.	d.
Kew Observatory.			
Establishment under the direction of the Council	150	0	0
Mathematical and Physical Science.			
Osler, F.—Expenses attending anemometers (balance to be paid)	11	17	6
Ermann, A.—Computation of the Gaussian constants for 1839	50	0	0
Birt, —.—Researches on atmospheric waves	7	0	0
Chemical Science.			
Schunck, Dr.—On colouring matters	10	0	0
Geology.			
Murchison, R. I.—Completion of examination of fossil fishes of the London clay	100	0	0
Zoology and Botany.			
Carpenter, Dr.—Microscopic examination of fossils	10	0	0
Strickland, H. E.—Vitality of seeds	10	0	0
Portlock, Capt.—Marine zoology of Corfu	10	0	0
Forbes, Prof.—Marine zoology of Britain	10	0	0
Hodgkin, Dr.—Varieties of the human race	15	0	0
Owen, Prof.—Marine zoology of Cornwall	10	0	0
Medical Science.			
Erichsen, I. E.—Expenses of researches in asphyxia (balance to be paid)	6	16	2
Statistics.			
Laycock, Dr.—Statistics of sickness and mortality in York	20	0	0
Mechanics.			
Hodgkinson, E.—Strength of materials	60	0	0
	£480	13	8

RECOMMENDATIONS NOT INVOLVING GRANTS OF MONEY.

That Reports be requested from M. Dove, on the reduction of meteorological observations at the Van Diemen's Land Observatory. The Astronomer Royal, on a similar reduction of the observations at the Greenwich Observatory. Professor Challis, on the progress and present state of astronomy. Mr. Stokes, on recent researches on hydrodynamics. The Dean of Ely, on the recent progress of that part of analysis which relates to the theory of equations. Mr. Phillips, on anemometrical instruments. Mr. Ellis, on the recent progress of analysis. Mr. T. Stevenson, on the force of waves at different depths. Mr. Mallet, on the corrosion of iron rails. Mr. Hunt, on the influence of light upon the growth of plants. Mr. Hunt, on the actinograph. Dr. Percy and a committee, on examination of crystalline slags. Dr. Hodgkin and a committee, on the varieties of the human race. Prof.

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Owen and a committee, on periodical phenomena in animals and vegetables. Dr. Latham, on ethnographical philology. Dr. Royle, on the geographical distribution of plants in India. Prof. Forbes, on the results of the dredging operations. Mr. Porter, on the statistics of the iron trade. Mr. Rennie and a committee, on the fountain at Chatsworth.

That the following communications presented to this meeting be printed entire in the Transactions of the Association, viz.:—M. Boguslawski, on the comet of 1843. M. Paul Ermann, on the effect of friction on thermo-electricity. Baron Senfteoberg, on the self-registering instruments in use at Senftenberg. Baron Waltershausen, on Etna. Col. Sabine, on the meteorology of Bombay. Mr. Porter, on savings' banks.

That the title of Section E. be in future the "Section of Physiology."

That it be referred to a council to take into consideration, previous to the next meeting, the expediency of discontinuing the Kew Observatory.

That the president of the British Association, in conjunction with a committee, be requested to make a representation to Her Majesty's Government for a grant in further aid of the publication of the researches of Dr. Falconer, and Captain Cautley of the Bengal Artillery, on the fossil fauna of northern India.

That the president of the British Association, in conjunction with a committee, be requested to prepare materials for a map of the distribution of coal over the globe, with an explanatory report, and to solicit the assistance of Her Majesty's Government in carrying the same into effect.

That a committee, consisting of Sir J. Herschel, the Astronomer Royal, and Lieut. Stratford, be requested to arrange for the gratuitous distribution of 150 copies of the British Association Catalogue of Stars to public institutions, and 25 copies to individuals.

That ten copies of the British Association Catalogue be placed at the disposal of Lieut. Stratford.

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1. That the magnetic observatory at Greenwich be permanently continued upon the most extensive and efficient scale that the interests of the sciences of magnetism and meteorology may require.

2. That it be earnestly recommended to the provost and fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, to continue the magnetical and meteorological observations at the observatory instituted by that university.

3. That it be recommended to continue the observatory at Toronto upon its present footing until the 31st December, 1848, unless in the mean time arrangements can be made for its permanent establishment.

4. That it be recommended to continue the observatory at Van Diemen's Land until the 31st December, 1848, unless in the mean time arrangements can be made for its permanent establishment.

5. That it be recommended that the observatory at St. Helena should be continued upon its present establishment for a period terminating on the 31st December, 1848, for special meteorological objects.

6. That it be recommended that the building and materials of the magnetical and meteorogical observatory at the Cape of Good Hope should be transferred to the astronomical observatory, to which an assistant should be added, for the purpose of making absolute magnetical determinations.

7. That it be recommended to the Court of Directors of the East India Company, that the observatories of Simla and Singapore be discontinued at the end of the present year; but that the magnetic and meteorological observations now made at Bombay and Madras be permanently continued, in connexion with the astronomical observations at these stations; and that it be further recommended to the Court of Directors to sanction the proposal made by Mr. Elliot for a magnetic survey of the Indian seas, to commence at the close of the present year.

8. That it be recommended that the Canadian survey be continued until the connexion of Toronto with the American stations be completed.

9. That it be recommended that advantage should be taken of every opportunity of extending magnetic surveys in regions not hitherto surveyed, and in the neighbourhood of magnetic observatories.

10. That it be strongly recommended that the staff of Col. Sabine's establishment at Woolwich be maintained, with such an increased force as may cause the observations which have been made, and those which shall hereafter be made, to be reduced and published with all possible expedition.

11. That this meeting have recommended the reduction of the establishments at present attached to some of the magnetical and meteorological observatories, in the full confidence that, if after careful discussion of the observations made to the end of 1845 there should appear to be reason for restoring some of those establishments, and for forming new ones, the British government and the East India Company will give their aid with the same liberality which they have displayed in the maintenance of the existing observatories.

12. That the cordial co-operation which has hitherto prevailed between the British and foreign magnetic and meteorological observatories having produced the most important results, and being considered by us as absolutely essential to the success of the great system of combined observation which has been undertaken, it is earnestly recommended that the same spirit of co-operation should continue to prevail; and that the president of the British Association be requested to make application to the British Government to convey the expression of this opinion to the governments of those other countries which have already taken part in the observations.

13. The British Association assembled at Cambridge cannot permit the proceedings of this meeting to terminate without expressing their sense of great obligation to the eminent foreign gentlemen who have taken part in the discussions of the conference, and whose unwearied attention has been most effectively bestowed on every part of the proceedings.

14. That the committee which has hitherto conducted the co-operation of the British Association in the system of combined observations be reappointed, for the purpose of preparing a report to accompany the presentation to the British Government and to the Directors of the East India Company, of the resolutions passed at this meeting, and that the Marquis of Northampton, Sir John Lubbock, Bart., Professor Christie, and Professor J. D. Forbes, be added to the committee.

Resolved, in conformity with the express opinion of the magnetic conference, sanctioned by the committee of recommendations—"That it is highly desirable to encourage by specific pecuniary reward the improvement of self-recording magnetical and meteorological apparatus; and that the president of the British Association and the president of the Royal Society be requested to solicit the favourable consideration of Her Majesty's Government to this subject.

Some discussion arose upon the discontinuance of Kew Observatory (which was to have been the local habitation and home of the Association!); but the ensuing year was left for the reconsideration of the subject by the council, and the adoption of the measure only supported against a pretty general feeling on the grounds of expense, and the improved and extended performance of the same observations at the Greenwich Observatory.

The next topic led to a long debate, and ultimately two divisions (a rare thing at these meetings): it was, the recommendation to give the new name of the Section of Physiology to that erst called the Section of Medical Science. The chief members of Section D. thought this to be an invasion of their province, and opposed it; the opposite opinion was maintained by the Marquis of Northampton, the Dean of Ely, Dr. Sargent, &c. An amendment, moved by Professor Allman, and seconded by Mr. Ogilby, was lost by a vote of (we believe) 16 to 9, and the original question carried by a majority of three, the numbers being 15 to 12.

Before we close this week's account of the Association, we may offer a few remarks on its general character.

That it was nothing like the former splendid meeting at Cambridge, is a fact not to be disputed; but still, as far as science was concerned, and also in respect to separate hospitalities, it was a gratifying congress. The magnetic and meteorological question alone would have made it eminent in the scientific progress of the age; but several other sections have also done notable work. It may be observed in this view, that Section A. has been nearly absorbed by the magnetic conferences: but Section B. has done more than usually well; and in agriculture, the conditions of iron, and more occult investigations of electricity and light, its labours have been very valuable and useful. The Section of Geology, C., has not been so prominent or productive of novel information; but again, Section D., Natural History, has held a memorable *sederunt*, and brought forward many matters of great interest both as refers to science and utility. The other three sections have enjoyed but a bare existence. E., the Medical, struggled through some able papers only during the last days, and changed its name for the time to come. F., Statistics, though but thinly attended, and with few communications, had two or three papers of much public consequence; and those on iron, savings' banks, and education, are deserving of particular praise. The Mechanics, G., were all but put down; yet a few brief statements which occupied their abbreviated sittings were worthy of more notice. This section was in no favour at the seat of learning and among the teachers of knowledge; and should not other measures be adopted, it will probably become either a very inferior or occasional portion of the annual meetings, or be abandoned altogether.

Moving from the scientific to the hospitable and social forms of these assemblages, we must say that the sequel of this year's doings convinces us more and more strongly that something more of gala and entertainment must be restored to render these meetings as attractive and productive as they were on former and better occasions. Owing to certain feelings of dislike and jealousies within the University of Cambridge, there was a total want of common reunion among the associated members. A large party of persons of rank partook of the courtesies of Trinity College, and a number of other visitors were kindly treated by several colleges; but the mass of the Association was entirely neglected; and there was a visible and disagreeable line of demarcation between those who were fortunate enough to be known, or have local friends, and many of those who were simply the working and the most serviceable members, as well as others who came to be instructed. Above a hundred and seventy ladies purchased tickets; and their healths were drunk (twice or thrice) at the ordinaries; but a cup of tea, or a piece of music, or a pleasurable excursion of any sort, it was not their good luck to have offered to them. So much for the gallant *Bachelors* of the colleges; not to mention the masters and other denominations of the University *genus homo!* But that M. Boutigny, in his beautiful manipulations, shewed them how to make ice in a red-hot crucible, and Prof. Schönbein (*i. e.* handsome leg) taught them the smell and other properties of ozone, the poor neglected sex would not have had a single amusement throughout the week. Of this same ozone, by the way, it was humorously said by a clever professor, that *it was neither tangible, visible, smellable, nor credible.* Notwithstanding which, it certainly emitted an odour when stimulated by water; and to our mind may have much to do with our Will-o'-the-Wisps, glow-worms, and fireflies, besides the accidents and deaths in thunder-storms. Of the interesting proceedings of the ethnological sub-section we shall make a separate review.

In taking this retrospect, we should remember that little more than eight months have elapsed since we left York (and these the busiest of the year for men actively engaged in science), so that there has been unusually small time for collecting and preparing new matter for this meeting. As we have fifteen months between us and the next, we may perhaps make out an adequate complement. But we trust Southampton, with the gallant enterprise and zeal of Mr. Murchison at its head,* will adopt elder, rather

* This remark leads us to notice what (having been present) we must call a very gross misrepresentation of this gentleman in one of the local newspapers. Reporting the proceedings of the Committee on Monday, by which he was cordially and unanimously elected president for next year, the journal in question says, Mr. Murchison "stated (*not very decorously* to the Ge-

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than later, days for its model. Remember the *fête* in Trinity Hall twelve years ago; remember Dublin (perhaps the best of all), with its similar festival, and the delightful morning in the Zoological Gardens; remember Newcastle, with its sumptuous corporate and other hospitalities; and forget the Cambridge of 1845, the sulks and tempers which have interfered with its gratifications; and forget the preaching of an economy which, if persevered in, will starve the Association to death, and make its meetings so dry that no distinguished foreigner will contribute to its attractions—for however such strangers may be partially and privately feasted, which they are in London and every part of the country, there will be nothing to mark a "*British*" and national compliment to them on these occasions.

The annexed is a statement of the attendance, which was, however, very fluctuating, so that we presume there never were two-thirds of the number in Cambridge at one and the same time.

Old life-members	313
Old annual members	94
New life-members	35
New annual	21
Associates	413
Ladies	173
Foreigners	35
Members and associates	911 } 1084
Ladies	173 }

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

A Manual of British Historians to A.D. 1600, *containing a Chronological Account of the early Chroniclers and Monkish Writers, their printed Works and unpublished MSS.* 8vo. London, Pickering.

This volume has, quite accidentally, escaped our attention longer than we intended when it first came to hand. The author, as we learn from the dedication, is William Dunn Macray. His object has been professedly to give a "complete and accurate" account of the earlier historians of our island; in which, with every wish to give due praise for zeal and industry, we are sorry to be obliged to state that he has been very unsuccessful. There can be no doubt that a manual of this sort would be a very useful book; but it should be executed by some one who has carefully studied the subject, and who could apply to the labours of former bibliographers that closer criticism which has been brought to bear upon such subjects at the present day. Mr. Macray's Manual appears to us like the crude notes of an uninitiated student, made to assist his own studies, chiefly compiled from those most inaccurate of all authorities, Bale, Pits, &c.; with indications of more modern editions, where any have been printed, and of such manuscripts as are contained in some of our public collections. However laudable might be the author's desire to collect information for himself, we think he should have hesitated in publishing it to the world until a few years' more study should have enabled him to give his essay the advantage of a revision, with the natural advance of knowledge and judgment which they would have brought to his aid.

Mr. Macray does not pretend to give "critical accounts of the merits and demerits of the respective historians" (which, by the way, we think was one of the characteristics of such a work mainly wanted); yet we certainly look for some intimation of the doubts which, rightly or wrongly, have been entertained by good scholars with regard to the authenticity of such writers as Gildas, Nennius, and Ingulph; and there are a few names which we should like to have seen expunged. Such is "Saint Tysilio," who "was the son of Brochisel, prince of Powys, who commanded the Britons at the battle of Bangor," and who is pretended to have written the history in Welsh from which Geoffrey of Monmouth's book was translated. All this is too manifestly an absurdity. Geoffrey's own statement is sufficiently explicit, that he did not translate from any Welsh book at all, but that he took his materials from a book brought from Brittany. The evidence of Giraldus Cambrensis is decisive that the Welsh had no such work of their own in his time, and that Geoffrey's history was not generally received as authentic by the Welsh; and it is evident to any one who looks at it impartially and with a knowledge of the literary history of the middle ages, that this same work of Tysilio is nothing more than a turning-over of Geoffrey into Welsh. But we can point out a still more extraordinary instance of the little attention which has been given by the author of this Manual to the labours of recent writers, and of the important omissions into which he has sometimes fallen. We have the following account of an Irish "historian:"

"Maurice Regan was secretary and interpreter to Dermod Mac-Murrough, king of Leinster. *He wrote a history of Ireland in Irish*, of which only a fragment from 1167 to 1173 remains. *It was first translated into French verse*, and from that into English by George Carew, earl of Totness, which translation was printed by Walter Harris, pp. 1-22 of his 'Hibernica: or some Antient Pieces relating to Ireland,' fol., Dublin, 1757, and 8vo, 1770. There is a MS. which differs from the printed copy in the Duke of Buckingham's library at Stowe; but Dr. O'Conor, in his Catalogue of the MSS. there (vol. i. pp. 207-211, 4to, Buckingham, 1818), disputes its authorship, concluding from various inaccuracies that the writer was not an Irishman."

Maurice Regan wrote no *history of Ireland in Irish*, nor was any such history ever *translated* into French. The French poem, of which a large portion remains, was the original composition of an Anglo-Norman *trouvère* (or poet), and was not *a history of Ireland*, but an account of the conquest of that country by the Normans in the reign of Henry II. Our readers will no doubt be surprised when we inform them that this *original poem* has been printed and published *by the very publisher of the "Manual of British Historians,"* Mr. Pickering, under the title, "Anglo-Norman Poem on the Conquest of Ireland by Henry the Second, from a Manuscript preserved in the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth Palace," in 1837. A glance at this book would have shewn at once the extreme inaccuracy of the paragraph given above, in which it will be observed that there is no allusion either to the printed edition or to the manuscript at Lambeth. At the commencement of the poem, the author gave an account of himself, and of the mode in which he collected the materials for his account of the events which had then just taken place; but the first leaf of the MS. is lost, and with it the name of the author himself. The fragment now begins with stating that his account of King Dermod had been given him orally by Maurice Regan, who had been *latinier*, or interpreter, to the Irish king in his transactions with the Normans.

> "Par soen demeine latinier,
> Que moi conta de lui l'estorie,
> Dunt faz içi la memorie.
> Morice Regan iert celui,
> Buche à buche parla à lui.
> Ki cest jest endita,
> L'estorie de lui me mostra.
> Icil Morice iert latinier
> Al rei Dermot, ke mult l'out cher.
> Içi lirrai del bacheler,
> Del rei Dermod vus voil conter."

Translation.

> By his own interpreter,
> Who related to me the history of him,
> Of which I here make memorial.
> Maurice Regan was he,
> He who dictated this history
> Spoke mouth to mouth with him.
> He shewed me the history of him (*the king*).
> This Maurice was interpreter
> To King Dermod, who loved him much.
> Here I will read of the bachelor (*the king*),
> Of King Dermod I will tell you.

Had it not been for this passage in the poem, we believe it would not have been known that such a person as Maurice Regan ever existed, and his history of Ireland is the mere creation of the imagination of some Irish antiquary.

Mr. Macray is extremely inaccurate in dates; because, instead of examining the books themselves, he follows Bale and the older writers on the subject. Alfred of Beverley is stated to have died in 1126 or 1136; whereas the allusions in his own abridgment of the British history prove that that book was written at the end of the reign of Stephen, probably after 1150; and possibly it was not published till the beginning of the reign of Henry II. He says that William of Malmsbury died in 1143: the date of his death is altogether unknown; but we have most decisive proof that he was alive in 1147. He says that Ailred of Rievaux was "abbot, not of Revesby in Lincolnshire, as sometimes stated, but, according to Dugdale, of Rievaulx in Yorkshire." The old authorities inform us distinctly enough that Ailred was first made abbot of Revesby, and from thence subsequently was moved to be abbot of Rievaux, the parent house. From arguing on passages taken at second-hand, several modern writers have fallen into the same mistake as Mr. Macray. Then we come to another abbot, John Brompton, who "wrote a chronicle from the coming of Augustine in 588 to 1284;" yet he is said to have flourished in 1198. This we do not understand; and we think also that it ought to have been stated that this chronicle has long been believed to be wrongly attributed to the abbot of Jervaux. There is a great deal of indefiniteness in the old and arbitrary way of stating at a venture when men *flourished*. Ralph Niger is said to have "been an adherent of Thomas à Becket, had his goods confiscated, and was himself ba-

neral Committee) that it would interfere with the arrangements of the Council, were the meetings to be held at any other place than they had decided upon." Now so far from this being true, Mr. M. most decorously and deferentially stated the strong reasons on which he wished the Committee to agree with the Council; and they were of such a nature, that there could not be a dissentient voice. But if this newspaper assertion may displease those whom it may concern, we trust they will do the journal in question the justice to believe that it can also amuse readers. Here is an extract in proof:—

"The present meeting has been entirely free from those objections which in some degree have deteriorated from the high reputation and usefulness of some of the former meetings. The present was exclusively, and, as some have thought and said, perhaps too exclusively, a meeting for *the advancement of science*. It has been varied by neither *fête* nor festival, save and except *the very splendid horticultural fête in Downing College grounds, and which, when one regarded the elegantly dressed ladies mingling with grave philosophers and staid professors, might have been taken for the Botanical Section disporting themselves in paradise.*"

Oh, ye calceolarias and geraniums, lift up your heads! ye *lectic* moist plats and cottages on tables, with fountains discharging sixteen drops of water in a minute; ye carpets of flowery blossoms, ye cabbages and asparagus, rejoice in your paradisaical existence, and make Cambridge illustrious and heavenly for ever!

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nished by Henry II." This happened in 1169, when we should imagine that he flourished; but no, he flourished in 1217, just forty-eight years after the period at which he must have been in the vigour of life! On the other hand, Walter of Coventry, who wrote a history from 1202 to 1225 (evidently writing in the latter or following year), is made to flourish likewise in 1217. We might go on citing a number of instances like these; but we have said enough to shew how inaccurate this Manual is, and how little it can be depended upon as a work of authority; whereas it is only as a work of authority that such a manual is of any utility.

We have long thought that such a manual, properly compiled, is much wanting; and we grieve that an inaccurate one should be published, not only because it will be the means of leading many people into errors, but because it is occupying the place of what might be of greater utility. A mere table of all the printed chronicles, whether general or local, and whether embracing a long space of time or being merely notices of the events of a short period, stating the date at which each begins and ends, the general character of the events to which it chiefly relates, the particular degree of credit which each writer seems to deserve, and how far each copies the narrative of a previous writer, would itself form a most useful manual.

CENTO.

Lays and Ballads from English History, &c. By S. M. Pp. 184. London, J. Burns.

One of those nicely got up and prettily ornamented volumes for which the press of this prolific publisher is distinguished; and excellently adapted to impress the memory of celebrated historical events upon the flexile minds of youth. All kinds of versification are employed in this instructive task; some in the style of Sir Walter Scott, and all of a correct, appropriate, and pleasing description. It is altogether, as a young lady has just observed, "a pet of a book" for children from six to (dare we apply the term to) sixteen.

The Minister's Kail-Yard, and other Poems. Edited by T. C. Latto. Pp. 329. Edinburgh, J. Menzies; London, D. Bogue; Glasgow, D. Robertson.

We are not aware how many or which of these effusions have appeared in periodical literature; but they are so genuinely Scotch, and possess such various merit, that, even at the risk of repetition, we venture to transplant some of the specimens of the Kail from the Minister's Kail-yard, in which we find them flourishing, into the nourishing greenhouse or hotbed of the *Literary Gazette.* We begin with a descriptive passage of much natural beauty.

"It was a night o' loveliness,
Like Pity's smile to cheer distress;
The ardent pulse o' summer's heat
In Nature's bosom seemed to beat,
Again to warm her languid tide,
An' bid her flagging spirits glide;
But ah! that hectic on her cheeks
Owre sad o' past an' present speaks;
Illusive smiles play owre her lips,
Whose blossoms death insidious sips;
How faintly swell her thrilling notes!
The melting lay unanswered floats;
Alake! where are the warblings gay
That hailed her melodies in May?
Yet with the thrilling notes there stole
A pleasing sadness through the soul,
Tuning the melancholy mind,
In sympathetic concord joined,
To pensive muse, absorbing grief,
That courts excess, and flies relief;
Lovely as Beauty thus she lay,
Wasting, yet smiling in decay."

In the same poem (the Kail-yard) is the following pretty simile:

"How snugly in his elbow-chair
Our worthy lolls, content an' mair;
His ingle sheds a cheerie lowe,
Like sunshine on the daisied knowe."

The humorous is also whimsically handled in the subjoined picture of tipsyness and the "fash" of undressing:

"In season blithe, jocose an' crouse,
At proper times, sedate an' douce,
Fuss about trifles he thought folly,
Sae practised, an' behold him jolly.
His tumbler toomed to hindmost dribble,
An' e'en begun to gather stibble,
He thought wi' pleasure o' his nest,
An' instant wished himsell undressed.
Ah! midst our lot o' miseries,
What greater can we weel devise,
Than a' the torment o' undressin',
Whan bed at ance wad be a blessin'!
Just as the leaden ee-lid steeks,
To be obliged to fecht wi' b—ks,
When tolling, pechin, are sae sair,
That sleep deserts you in despair;
You haste—but ere you can streek under,
Somnus an' you are miles asunder.
Call spirits frae the vasty deep;
But will they come?—nae mair will sleep:
Grow peevish—cankered—deadly cross,
He'll only laugh, an' let ye toss
Till mornin' dawns, then like a peerie [a top]
He'll doze down on yer ee-lids weary."

The opening of the third canto of this altogether Burns-like composition (though undoubtedly far behind) offers another vein:

"Forth walks the Morn in smiles an' blushes,
Th' enamoured Sun pursuing rushes;
A maiden coy an' timid she,
A lover bold and ardent he;
Yielding at length, wi' heightened charms,
She melts in his enclasping arms.
From such embrace sprang forward gay
The young enthusiastic Day:
The gentle Zephyr soon he loved;
Too ardent he! she disapproved,
But tempering down to purer Noon,
She sighing, dying, yielded soon:
Beauty divine—their darling child,
Serene and sweet, meek, modest, mild,
The softened image of the morn,
The lovely, pensive Eve was born;
The Sun, wi' fondly lingering rays,
Wi' her delighted, climbs the braes,
Sweir, sweir [loath] to part, yet sinking fast,
His head unclouded to the last.
Sad, sad she ee'd the parent beam,
An' dewed wi' tears his closing gleam;
Bereaved o' him, her life an' light,
She early sunk, entomb'd in night.
Thus in the Sun, Morn, Noon, and Eve,
A type o' mankind we perceive;
The fiery, ardent, brilliant, fair,
One common fate their final share;
They rise their destined course to run,
Glow, dazzle, melt, and all is done:
Not so!—the re-ascending ray
Proclaims the dawn of brighter day."

These few bits will serve, we trust, to recommend this volume to the notice it deserves.

Lays and Legends illustrative of English Life. By Camilla Toulmin. 4to, pp. 194. London, J. How.

The sweet and graceful writings of the fair authoress are here illustrated in a superabundant and beautiful manner; so that even if her pen had failed, which it certainly has not, the pencils and gravers of the artists would have sufficed to recommend her volume to extensive popularity. It is true that most of the matter and plates have adorned other publications; but as they are now put together, and in an elegant garb, they come with the relish of novelty, as well as excellent arrangement, upon the eye and mind. A story of living interest is happily connected with romantic memories of the past, in prose and verse, and embellished with no fewer than eighty-three charming or grotesque illustrations after Westall, Creswick, Cooper, Uwins, Collins, F. Stone, Newton, Gainsborough, Turner, Leslie, A. E. Chalon, Rochard, Stephanoff, J. M. Wright, Landells, Wright of Derby, and other eminent painters. It is not a book for extract; but it is a book for the boudoir, the drawing-room rosewood-table, the sea-side cottage, the sultry afternoon or the rainy morning every where; and we are sure that no one can rise from its perusal without paying the tribute of admiration to the fine talent, good feeling, and healthful tone, breathed in every line of the gifted and amiable writer.

May-Morn, and other Poems. By Swynfen Jervis. Pp. 32. London, Duncan and Malcolm.

A few playful and classical little pieces, which the many friends of the accomplished author will be pleased to possess.

Confessions of the Ideal, &c. By T. Powell. Pp. 120. C. Mitchell.

Better in conception than in performance—the ideal of the mind failing in the exposition of the language. *Ex. gr.*:

"Her glance would make his *pulses fly*,
Her voice make *all things swim*
Around him in one tranced maze—
From very rapture dim."

The Night-Watch. By R. Trott Fisher. 8vo, pp. 44. Pickering.

Is a dreamy sort of poetical survey of the starry heavens, with metaphysical deductions interspersed. What between poetry and astronomy, we can hardly anticipate much popularity for the *Night-Watch.*

The Ayrshire Wreath, 1845. Pp. 228. Kilmarnock, H. Crawford and Son; London, Smith, Elder, and Co.; &c. &c.

An annual collection of original pieces, in prose and verse, issuing from the immortal locality of Burns, and of which we have hitherto had occasion to speak in favourable terms. The present volume is of similar quality, and merits similar praise: we select an example from it.

"Day dreamings, night dreamings,
I charge ye, be still;
For with false though gay gleamings
My fancies ye fill,
Till, with shadows elate,
I soar high and proud,
But learn, when too late,
That the throne was a cloud.
Day dreamings, night dreamings, for ever afar
Ye are wandering away 'neath the sun or the star;
And the eyes, dim with longing, then brightly behold
Pure fountains of bliss and the glitter of gold;
Till Fate, at thy nodding, his fiat will bend,
And fame, love, and fortune, thy footsteps attend;
Till honours and glory around thee are spread
Like sands on the shore of the wide ocean's bed.
But begone, ye false tales!
For ye teach me to mourn
That in poverty's vales
A poor dreamer was born.

Day dreamings, night dreamings,
I fear, while I sing,
That I still love the beamings
Of joy that ye bring;
For 'tis pleasant to wander
Where footstep ne'er could,
And taste, while ye squander,
Each fruit of the wood.
With sorrow I wake from the bosom of night,
For the dream on my soul lingers lovely and bright;
There the shadows still trace the proud pathway to fame,
And the stars have not set that emblazoned a name.
Day dreamings, night dreamings, oh, teach me to learn
That the labour of hands may the golden prize earn;
Though the laggard who dreams may the butterfly see,
'Tis the vigorous hand alone gainer will be.
Such, dreams, be your tales,
And I'll never need mourn
That in poverty's vales
A poor dreamer was born."

England Won: a Poem. By J. G. H. Bourne, author of the "Exile of Idria." Pp. 219. Longmans.

A poem on the Conquest, which runs in tolerably plain narration, but does not reach any high poetic beauties.

The State Farce. Part I. Pp. 20. London, W. Strange.

The author, who will probably never reach Part II., nevertheless styles himself "a *progres-*

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sive of the present generation"—which being, in his case, interpreted, stands for a writer of miserable radical trash. Witness:

"The support of bigotry, corporations,
And superstitious holdings of stations;
The tyrannous swell of our national debt,
Rotten boroughs, and the whole conserving set;
Each has Feudalus blasted for his own,
His race's curse, self-selfish to the backbone."

The Church: a Dream for the Times. By Clericus, M.C.C.S. Pp. 55. W. Strange.

As if there were not prose enough published about the church in our day, we have here another of its discussions in verse. The writer is a Roman Catholic optimist, and is in raptures with the idea of its immediate and universal sway, when

"No more the petty sects
Which hiss and spawn around the church of God
In meeting-houses numberless, shall wage
A wordy war upon the claims of truth."

The Pilgrim of Beauty, the Cottager's Sabbath, &c. By Samuel Mullen. Pp. 338. London, Chapman and Hall.

This volume is illustrated by twenty-three vignettes from designs by H. Warren; and yet we delight to read in the preface that the author has not the slightest hope of profit from it. Blessed is he who expecteth nothing, for then he shall not be disappointed. The two poems above mentioned have already appeared in nearly their present form; and now march together in one gay volume, attended by a number of minor compositions. Of these we cannot say much in commendation: they shew a fanciful and poetic disposition, but want the pith or refinement which constitute high and true poetry. The vignettes are generally very pleasing, and some of them in charming taste.

The Book of Ballads. Edited by Bon Gualtier, and illustrated by Alfred Crowquill. Pp. 152. London, Orr and Co.

Prettily got up, and whimsically illustrated by the playful pencil of Crowquill, these ballads assume an antique fashion of speech and versification, and apply it to modern instances and persons with a ludicrous effect; though the subjects are sometimes of little interest, and there is a good deal of straining after points. They will do for dipping.

Flowers of the Matin and Even-Song. By Mary Roberts. Pp. 192. Grant and Griffiths.

Penned for early risers; though mostly in prose, there is poetry enough in this little volume to place it among our poetical notices. With a strong tinge of sensibility the writer evokes the voices of wild flowers, and from them infuses a love of nature and piety. Of flowers, it is written in a flowery style; and sentiment and religious precept are intermingled with collateral pieces of natural history, and recollections of localities. Young readers may be pleased and edified by it.

The History of Ceylon, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By W. Knighton, Esq., Colombo. Pp. 399. London: Longmans; Smith, Elder, and Co.; Madden and Malcolm. Edinburgh, Bell and Bradfute.

A concise but clear and circumstantial *résumé* of the history of this important island; for which the previous labours of Turnour and Upham (as acknowledged in the preface) have paved the way. The events of two thousand years, from the uncertain regions of legend and tradition, cannot be related in any manner without conveying much instruction; and we may content ourselves with saying, in the present instance, that in Mr. Knighton's hands the lessons enshrined in Ceylonese antiquities, changes of government, and descriptions of popular habits, do not fail to convey very useful information and the knowledge of many interesting facts.

It is not a case, however, which calls upon us to pursue the stream of events from their source as recorded in the Ramayana to the date of British ascendancy, through the multiform ramifications of Buddhism, Malabar invasions, arrival of the Portuguese, introduction of Christianity, interference of the Dutch, and finally the deposition of their sultan Wickrama, by the English thirty years ago.

The present condition of the country offers matter of more value to our commercial views; and on this topic we select a few of the principal statements given by our author.

"Few portions of the British territories have advanced from barbarism to civilisation with so rapid a progress as Ceylon. In 1815 the entire of the interior of the island had sunk into the most degraded state; the greater part of the country was covered by impervious forests, in which the elephant, the cheetah, and the wild cat, roamed undisturbed; there was not a single road of any extent in the territories of the native princes, save a few pathways; the people were degraded and uncivilised, a degradation to which every year was adding; and the vast natural capabilities of the kingdom were unimproved. Even the sea-shore, which had been for nearly four centuries under European control, was only known by the line of forts which encircled it, and, from its perpetual disturbances, was almost as barbarous as the interior. Since that period but twenty-nine years have elapsed. Eleven lines of public carriage-roads now traverse the country in almost every direction, of which one completely encircles the island.* Another, 'the Simplon of the East,' runs from Colombo, the seat of government, to Candy,† the capital of the interior, and the centre whence civilisation and cultivation are gradually radiating in every direction. Another extends in a north-eastern direction from Colombo to Trincomalee, a distance of 160 miles, through the wildest part of the country, which it will be a powerful instrument in improving. By these three, all the chief towns of the island (Colombo, Jaffna, Trincomalee, Matura, and Galle,) communicate with each other; and by the others the most improved districts are easily accessible. Ceylon was anciently divided into a number of petty districts, denominated *korles*, of which the boundaries were exceedingly irregular, and are now unknown. It has been divided by the British legislature into five provinces—the northern, southern, eastern, western, and central. The capitals of the various provinces have populations varying from ten to forty thousand, and the other villages are proportionately less. The increase of the population (partly caused by the influx of labourers for the coffee-estates from the continent) is an evident proof of the advancement of the island. In 1832 the entire population scarcely amounted to 1,000,000, of whom 6500 were whites; in 1842 it had increased to 1,337,000, of whom about 7500 were whites; whilst in 1843 it is stated at 1,442,000; being an increase, in a single year, of 105,000. This amount of population gives but fifty-nine individuals to a square mile, in the excessively fertile and productive Ceylon; whilst, in comparatively barren England, there is a proportion of 259 to the same area. In ancient times there can be no doubt that the island supported a population at least five times as great as it now does, and that too when it was exporting grain to the continent; now, however, large annual importations of rice meet a rapid sale, at very fluctuating prices—an evil which the government could prevent by renewing the embankments of a very few of the tanks; and in a short time Ceylon, instead of importing, would be exporting large quantities of grain. Not only are these tanks useless now, but, from the saturation of the soil by the abundant rains, they become the nests of pestilence and malaria—a truth fatally confirmed by the present unhealthiness (almost deadliness, indeed,) of the climate of Anuradhapoora, the former capital of the island. The revenue of Ceylon consists chiefly of customs, duty on cinnamon, land-rents and customs, licenses, salt-farms, judicial stamps, taxes on lands and houses, &c. The largest items of the expenditure are of course the civil, judicial, and revenue charges, the military maintenance, and the expense of building. From the pearl-fishery in the Gulf of Manaar large sums have been drawn by the British government, which makes the returns of income somewhat irregular, as an interval of a few years sometimes elapses between the successive fishings."*

"The ecclesiastical establishment of the island bears a great disproportion to its size and importance. For the instruction of nearly a million and a half of subjects, there are maintained by government one archdeacon, nine European colonial chaplains,† two Singhalese, and one Malabar, *i. e.* an average of about 100,000 souls for the cure of a single clergyman! The whole of the ecclesiastical expenditure of 1842 amounted to 7734*l.*, the judicial to nearly 50,000*l.* Fortunately, however, where government is remiss, patriotism and piety step in to supply the deficiency. The Gospel Propagation Society maintains three missions. The Church Missionary Society maintains four stations and eleven missionaries. The Wesleyan Society has nineteen missionaries and assistants, the assistants being likewise styled 'reverend.' To the honour of this society we must mention, that two useful monthly publications issue from its press, the 'Friend' and the 'Lanka Nidhana' (the 'Treasure of Ceylon'), the latter in Singhalese. The Baptist Mission maintains three clergymen and sixteen assistants, and from its press issues a monthly work in English and Singhalese. The American Ceylon Mission has eleven missionaries and three assistants. It also maintains two boarding-schools, and sends forth a bi-monthly paper in English and Tamil (Malabar). The Roman Catholic Church maintains twenty-two missionaries, a vicar-general, and a bishop. With regard to education, much has been done, and much remains to do. Fifty schools, containing 2300 scholars, are maintained by government, of which the Colombo academy is the most important, and will probably be chartered as a college at some future period. The Church Mission maintains ninety-eight schools, containing about 3000 scholars, and the other religious bodies in proportion. An improved system of scholastic superintendence, and a regular educational plan, are greatly wanting throughout the entire island; and until these are provided, its education must continue imperfect. In a commercial point of view Ceylon is rapidly improving. In 1831 the value of the exports from the island to Great

* A length of 764 miles. † Seventy-two miles.

* There is no return for ten years; during which time, owing to some mismanagement or other, the pearl-fishery has been discontinued.—*Ed. L. G.*

† Six of the Established Church, one of the Scotch Church, and one of the Dutch Reformed Church.

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Britain was 60,000*l.*, to other parts of the world 92,000*l.* During the same year the value of imports from Great Britain was 28,500*l.*, and from other places 354,000*l.* Ten years afterwards, in 1841, the exports to Great Britain equalled 247,000*l.*, to other parts of the world 97,000*l.*; whilst the imports from Great Britain had increased to 162,000*l.*, and from elsewhere to 401,000*l.* In 1842 the rate of increase was nearly doubled, the following being the returns: — Exports to Great Britain 327,000*l.*, elsewhere 94,000*l.* Imports from Great Britain, 204,000*l.*, elsewhere 417,000*l.* The increase in the value of the exports is chiefly caused by the quantities of coffee now produced in the island, almost the whole of which finds a profitable market in the mother country. New estates are, however, continually being commenced; and there can be little doubt that in ten years more the exports will have doubled their present value, and sugar will have become nearly as important an item as cinnamon, coffee, and cocoa-nut oil. Perhaps no country in the world is better adapted for the growth of coffee and the sugar-cane than the interior and maritime provinces of Ceylon; and the rapidity with which the mountainous districts are coming into cultivation attests that its advantages are not being overlooked. The civil servants of the colony, and those otherwise connected with the island, are at present the most extensive planters; and the returns of the lands sold for a few past years will exhibit the increased desire for embarking in so profitable a speculation."

Between 1834 and 1842 nearly 150,000*l.* were embarked in coffee-plantations, and much of that amount by officers in the civil service, to whom the government sold the acres and profited largely thereby. Yet it is but too true the Colonial Office has suddenly turned round upon the purchasers (who purchased from it), and declared not only that no coffee-plantation shall be hereafter bought, nor any continue to be held, by a civilian in its service, but that those who have embarked their fortunes in this property shall immediately and altogether dispose of it, or relinquish their appointment. We do not venture to assert that this resolution is not politically a correct one; but it does appear to us to be imposing a hardship—after being a party, if not the inviters, to a bargain, reaping a profit from it, and being cognizant of every circumstance—to resort to a measure which, by glutting the market, must ruinously depreciate the property so sold. Surely a time should be allowed to admit of retiring from this position without such serious loss; and individuals who have laid out large sums in improvements, entered into partnership-connexions, or otherwise embarked their means on the faith of these agreements, should have every facility to disencumber themselves of the burden, and return to their civil *status quo* unhurt.

Tales of the North American Indians, and Adventures of the Early Settlers in America. By Barbara Hawes. 12mo, pp. 362. Longmans.

COLLECTED from numerous sources, we have in this neat volume above thirty relations thrown together consonant to the above title-page. They describe, in an easy style, the varieties of the red men's lives, their customs and distinguishing traits; and as almost every tale differs from the rest, we need only report to our friends, and particularly our younger readers, that they will find much that is interesting and instructive in these pages. As an example, we copy from the chapter on Indian Hieroglyphics a few passages as best suited to a *literary* publication.

"It is a common custom with the Indians on quitting their encampment in the morning to leave a memorial of their journey inscribed on the bark for the information of such of their tribe as should happen to fall into their track. But I should first state that Indian *camps*, as they are called, are places where parties of Indians, who were either hunting or travelling, have passed the night, and where in cold weather these ancient possessors of the forest cut down and burnt the trees. * * *

"The manner in which these rude drawings are made is as follows:—Upon the bark of the birch (*betula papyracea*) they trace, either with their knives or some pointed instrument, a number of figures and hieroglyphics which are understood by their nation. If an opportunity offers, these figures are afterwards painted. The sheet of bark is then inserted in the end of a cleft pole, which is driven into the ground with an inclination towards the course which the party is travelling. In many instances the whole party is represented in a manner that is perfectly intelligible, each individual being characterised by something emblematic of his situation or employment. They distinguish the Indian from the white man by the particular manner of drawing the figure, and also from the former being without a hat. Many distinctive symbols are employed; for example, a party that was travelling towards Sandy Lake, in the north-west territory, with two Chippeway guides and an interpreter, was thus depicted: One English gentleman was represented with a sword to signify that he was an officer; another gentleman with a book, the Indians having understood that he was a preacher; a third, who was a mineralogist, was drawn with a hammer, in allusion to the hammer he carried in his belt. The figures of a tortoise and a prairie-hen denoted that these had been killed; three smokes shewed that the encampment consisted of three fires; eight muskets, that this was the number of armed men; three notches cut on the pole on the north-west side, shewed that they were going three days' journey in that direction; the figure of a white man, with a tongue near his mouth (like the Azteck hieroglyphics), meant that he was an interpreter. Should any Indian hereafter visit this spot, he would, therefore, read upon this memorial of bark that eleven white men and three Indians encamped at this place; that there was an interpreter in the party; that there were eight common soldiers besides an officer; that they were travelling in the direction of Sandy Lake, &c. Here, then, was a record of passing events, not so permanent as our written histories, but full as intelligible to those for whom it was intended. There was nothing, perhaps, that astonished and puzzled the Indians so much when white men first appeared amongst them as their reading and writing; and even now it is a prevalent idea amongst them, that when white men are reading they are holding converse with the Deity. Writing they consider as much the same thing with witchcraft; in which art, like a great number of superstitious people in England, they have a firm belief.

"A few years ago an English gentleman and his friend were travelling through the woods in Ohio in search of plants, and had taken an Indian lad with them as guide. On one occasion the gentlemen separated in the course of the day, though to no great distance. One of them, finding some curious-looking berries, which were quite unknown to him, sent them by the lad to his companion, with a note, written on a leaf torn from his pocket-book, with a lead pencil, specifying the number he had sent. The lad, tasting them, and finding them good, ate them all except two, which, with the note, he delivered; but the gentleman, missing the berries, reprimanded him for eating or losing them, and sent him back for more. A second parcel was now forwarded, with the number of berries again marked on a slip of paper, as the gentleman wished to see how much the boy might be trusted: however, he played the same trick with them, eating the greater part of them, and again giving up two only. This behaviour procured him a good scolding; upon which the lad fell down on his knees, and, in superstitious amazement, kissed the paper. 'I have found out,' exclaimed he, 'this paper is a great conjuror: it is a spirit; for it can tell you even what it did not see—for when I ate the last berries, I took care to hide the note under a stone, where it could not see any thing; but even there it found out what I was doing—it is greater than a pow-wow!'

'I have heard an anecdote of an Indian who was more shrewd, but not more honest, than this boy. Having lived long in the neighbourhood of white people he knew their language, and had some idea of what reading and writing were. He was an idle vagabond; and once, when he had been sauntering about all the morning, looking at some masons who were building a house for Colonel Dudley, who was then governor of Massachusetts, the colonel called out to him, 'Why don't *you* work too, and earn something to buy yourself decent clothes with?' 'And why do you no work, if you please, Mr. Governor?' asked the Indian, very coolly. 'I no work! I do work,' answered the governor. 'I'm sure you no work,' said the Indian; 'you see others work, that's all.' 'But I work with my *head*,' said the governor, at the same time touching his forehead with his finger. 'Well, me work too, if any one employ me.' The governor then set him a job, promising that if he did it well he should have a shilling. The Indian seemed well pleased; and when he had finished his task, came and demanded his pay. The next day he came again and earned another shilling; but work was not at all to his taste, and his perseverance could hold out no longer. His money was soon all spent at a neighbouring tavern for rum; he then came back and told Colonel Dudley that one of the shillings which he had given him was bad, and that 'the man no take it.' The governor knew very well that this was false; however, he gave the Indian another shilling, and he departed; but after he was gone, he wrote a letter to the keeper of the Bridewell at Boston requesting him to give the bearer of it a sound whipping. Just as was expected, the next day the Indian came again begging for money, and interrupting the masons in their work. 'Here,' said the governor, drawing the letter out of his pocket, 'take this letter for me, and I will give you a shilling; will you carry it?' 'Me will,' said the Indian, quite pleased, and at the same time holding out his hand for the letter and the money. Pretty soon after starting he met a man who lived with the governor as groom. 'Here,' said he to the servant; 'here a letter.' 'Well, what of that?' asked the man. 'Why,' said the cunning rogue, 'Governor say me meet you—give you letter—you take it to Boston.' Taking the letter as it was directed, the groom delivered it to the keeper of the Bridewell, and to his great surprise and indignation received a smart flogging. On his return he complained most bitterly to the colonel, who was much

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vexed at the failure of his scheme, and determined some day to have the lazy fellow punished. But the Indian took good care to keep out of his way. At length, however, happening to meet with him, the colonel asked him what business he had to give the letter to any other person. 'Oh!' said the Indian, looking at him full in the face, and significantly touching his own forehead, 'Governor say *me* no work, but *he* work—he work with the *head*—me think *me work with the head too.*'

"That an Indian hieroglyphic sketch is sometimes very expressive will be seen by the following incident:—A gentleman, living in the Missouri territory, met a Shawnee riding a horse which he recognised as one that had been stolen from him a few days before, and he immediately claimed it as his own property. 'To-morrow noon,' answered the Shawnee, 'I will come to your house, and then we will talk the matter over.' The following day the Indian came, as he had appointed, to the white man's house; but when he insisted on having the horse restored to him, the other impudently replied that the horse which he claimed had belonged to his father, who was just dead, and that according to the Indian custom he had now become possessor of all his property. The white man was exceedingly angry at this audacious falsehood, and began, rather incautiously, to threaten the Indian: upon this the latter snatched up a bit of charcoal from the hearth, and drew two very striking figures on the door of the house; the one representing a white man taking a horse, the other an Indian in the act of scalping the white man: when he had finished this performance, he turned round, and coolly asked his trembling host, 'whether he could read Indian writing?' and not waiting for any reply, jumped on the back of the disputed horse, and rode off in triumph."

On National Education; with Remarks on Education in general, &c. By Col. J. R. Jackson. Pp. 44. London, Baillière.

THE broad, comprehensive, and philosophical principles developed by Col. Jackson in this treatise (which has already deservedly advanced to a second edition) will recommend it to the grave attention of every one engaged in considering the momentous problem of national education, and endeavouring to devise the best system on which it can be conducted. He sets out by laying down a great rule:

"In estimating the probable result of any physical action, it is not enough that we examine the nature of the action in itself, with all its modifications of energy, continuance, &c., we must also ascertain the nature of the subject to be acted upon, and the kind, the continuance, and the energy of the resistance it is likely to oppose. This is equally true of moral action. Whatever its nature, and how perfectly soever it may be understood, little can with certainty be predicted of its effects unless we are perfectly acquainted with the nature of the being to be acted upon. The neglect of this double scrutiny is productive of the greatest errors, both in our calculation of results to be obtained, and in our estimation of the causes of effects already produced. On the one hand, we are liable to attribute success to the energy of the action, while it resulted more immediately from the weakness of resistance; or, on the other, to ascribe failure to the weakness of action, when in reality it was solely occasioned by the force of opposition."

This he carries through the discussion in every part; to afford a sufficient idea of which we should have to reprint the detailed arguments in every page. But this would be piracy, not criticism; and we must refer to the publication itself for the considerations of spontaneous, systematic, intellectual, parental, scholastic, social, special, religious, and other divisions of education. On the "social" plan we quote one passage, as a sample of the general character and astuteness:

"The frame of society requires the exertions of distinct orders and classes of men, and the virtues which secure eminence in one are different from those which command success in another. But this very circumstance proves the error of those who regard utility, virtue, eminence, &c., as the exclusive privilege of the class or body to which they belong, and who treat all others as the Brahmins of India do those of inferior caste. All exclusion not founded in justice is the bane of society; and as no nation more than our own, unfortunately, teems with exclusive principles, so nothing can be more important in our national education than to counteract this illiberal propensity, by seeing that the instruction of our children be in no case confided to the members of any particular sect, class, or body in the state."

On another important point the colonel declares:

"One thing, however, seems to us a *sine quâ non* of success; it is this,—a legal enactment, by which it shall be decreed incumbent on all classes without exception, from the highest to the lowest, to attend schools in which the universal or general principles are taught, without prejudice to their subsequent attendance at places of special instruction. This is the principle which must regulate the system and equalise its effects. Without such a provision all other means will be nugatory."

With regard to the author's own plan we can say nothing; it embraces generalisation, compulsory obedience, and a commensurately vast national expenditure, out of which he promises the regeneration of the country, and its long continuance of being the glory, envy, and example of the world.

Mesmerism True—Mesmerism False: a Critical Examination of the Facts, Claims, and Pretensions of Animal Magnetism. Edited by John Forbes, M.D., &c. Pp. 76. J. Churchill.

Mesmerism in Disease: a few Plain Facts, with a Selection of Cases. By Henry Storer, M.D. Pp. 92. London, Baillière.

DR. FORBES has not chosen a very happy title for his otherwise able pamphlet. "Mesmerism true—Mesmerism false" is a contradiction of terms: what the author meant was, a treatise on the truths and errors of mesmerism, and a critical examination of the claims and pretensions of animal magnetisers, and not of animal magnetism, which, without the manipulations or passes of *the faithful*, could, poor thing, have few pretensions within itself.

The reproach of professional disregard to mesmerism as a branch of the healing art is evidently passing away. The condemnation of the ignorant now only excites pity; the refusal to investigate is a just object to deplore; the discredit of the evidence of the senses entails no great philosophic credit; and the attempt to ridicule recoils most tenaciously upon the assailant. Even Prince Albert has the reputation of having stated before a large party, "that the medical men of this country were conducting themselves in a very improper manner, by refusing to investigate the facts presented to them by the science of mesmerism."

Here, however, we have the works of two medical men; one a long, elaborate, and judicious inquiry into the whole subject; the other a more unpretending discussion concerning its use as a remedy in disease. Dr. Forbes, as editor of the *British and Foreign Medical Review*, and as distinguished for scientific and critical attainments, comes well in the train of such men as La Place and Cuvier abroad: Abercrombie, Mayo, Holland, Elliotson, and Conolly, in our country.

The method which the learned doctor has adopted in the proposed investigation has been, to trace the analogies of so-called mesmerism with other well-known and familiar anormal conditions of the mind and body. This is a method the value and importance of which has been frequently pointed out in these pages, more especially when noticing Dr. Binn's curious little book upon the anatomy of sleep. Mesmerism could not only never be received by the profession, but could never make much progress either if left to itself or abandoned to empirics. Viewed as the phenomena of one nervous system in relation to others, and as analogous to many conditions of frequent occurrence, it is at once shorn of that mystery which more frequently covered its followers with ridicule than with philosophic honours.

The analogies of mesmeric somnambulism with spontaneous somnambulism are, however, as marked as the simple phenomena of mesmerism are with many forms of hysteria; and there remains nothing mysterious in the subject but the mesmeric medium, the questions regarding an occult agency, and the more complex and less readily admitted phenomena of lucidity.

The first of these are viewed by Dr. Forbes as combined of sensible impressions and imagination. In regard to the agency, he is inclined to the opinion advanced by Dr. Holland in his *Medical Notes and Reflections*, that "there is no well-authenticated fact making it needful to believe that an influence is received from without, beyond those impressions on the senses which are capable, according to the temperament and other circumstances, of exciting disordered as well as healthful actions throughout every part of the nervous system, and especially in the sensorial functions."

With regard to the more complicated phenomena of lucidity, Dr. Forbes, after justly remarking that there must have been occasionally some natural facts in somnambulism to have suggested such ideas as clairvoyance, intuition, and prevision, goes on to explain and illustrate how such could have sprung from a morbid exaltation of some faculty or faculties, compensating, in many cases, for torpor in others; a principle which is in perfect accordance with analogy and the recognised laws of any physiology or mental philosophy with which we have any acquaintance.

Dr. Storer's little book is a very creditable performance, the introduction to which is sensibly and well written. The selection of cases has, however, too much the effect of a puff; and the dedication, "by permission," to Dr. Elliotson is an absurd piece of flattery.

There remains, however, little doubt, from the medical investigation of mesmerism, that its phenomena are of a morbific character, indicating disordered or exalted states of certain faculties, and a condition approximating to dangerous mental aberrations. It is thus a highly improper subject for public exhibitions, but one fully deserving of professional investigation. It appears, without possibility of contradiction, to have a beneficial effect on many forms of disease, and to be capable of a variety of other applications to science, none perhaps

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of more immediate interest than the alleviation of pain during surgical operations.

A peculiarity in human nature, in its relation to other humanities, which presents such well-established phenomena as are here mentioned, can be no longer neglected or spurned by the intelligent or the humane because it has been made use of to propagate a thousand errors and statements as false as they have been pretendedly mysterious; nor can the medical man well refuse to consider a subject which, in the bearings given to it by the most intelligent and studious of his professional brethren, comes immediately within the class of phenomena to the consideration and treatment of which he is, under other names, almost daily called to attend.

There is one subject to which we feel a great unwillingness to advert: but Dr. Storer gives a list of periodicals which have entered in a dispassionate and unprejudiced manner into the question of mesmerism. We decidedly claim to stand foremost in that list, who have laboured for years in endeavouring to sift the true from the false in what we have ever upheld, amidst the ridicule by which it has been surrounded, as calculated ultimately to present results of importance to science and the cause of humanity.

Nature, an Essay; with Orations, Lectures, and Addresses. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Pp. 175. London, Aylott and Jones.

Almost every country seems to have its peculiar and characteristic oratory — witness the French pulpit; the Irish monster-meeting or Conciliation (so called in derision) Hall; the British parliament; and here the American Demosthenes. We beg to offer a few specimens of his style and sentiment; only remarking that he holds a high reputation in his native land. In an oration entitled "Man the Reformer" we read as follows:

"The Americans have many virtues, but they have not faith and hope. I know no two words whose meaning is more lost sight of. We use these words as if they were as obsolete as selah and amen. And yet they have the broadest meaning and the most cogent application to Boston in 1842. The Americans have no faith. They rely on the power of a dollar; they are deaf to a sentiment. They think you may talk the north wind down as easily as raise society; and no class more faithless than the scholars or intellectual men. Now, if I talk with a sincere wise man and my friend, with a poet, with a conscientious youth who is still under the dominion of his own wild thoughts, and not yet harnessed in the team of society to drag with us all in the ruts of custom, I see at once how paltry is all this generation of unbelievers, and what a house of cards their institutions are; and I see what one brave man, what one great thought executed, might effect. I see that the reason of the distrust of the practical man in all theory is his inability to perceive the means whereby we work. Look, he says, at the tools with which this world of yours is to be built. As we cannot make a planet, with atmosphere, rivers, and forests, by means of the best carpenter's or engineer's tools, with chemist's laboratory and smith's forge to boot,—so neither can we ever construct that heavenly society you prate of, out of foolish, sick, selfish men and women, such as we know them to be. But the believer not only beholds his heaven to be possible, but already to begin to exist,—but not by the men or materials the statesman uses, but by men transfigured and raised above themselves by the power of principles. To principles something else is possible, that transcends all the power of expedients. Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of some enthusiasm."

In another called "The Young American," after expatiating on the importance and vast changes introduced by railroads, the orator tells his audience (the Mercantile Library Association of Boston):

"Trade goes to make the governments insignificant, and to bring every kind of faculty of every individual that can in any manner serve any person, on sale. Instead of a huge army and navy, and executive departments, it tends to convert government into a bureau of intelligence, an intelligence-office, where every man may find what he wishes to buy, and expose what he has to sell, not only produce and manufactures, but art, skill, and intellectual and moral values. This is the good and this the evil of trade, that it goes to put every thing into market, talent, beauty, virtue, and man himself. By this means, however, it has done its work. It has its faults, and will come to an end, as the others do. We rail at trade, and the philosopher and lover of man have much harm to say of it; but the historian of the world will see that trade was the principle of liberty; that trade planted America and destroyed feudalism; that it makes peace and keeps peace, and it will abolish slavery. We complain of the grievous oppression of the poor, and of its building up a new aristocracy on the ruins of the aristocracy it destroyed. But there is this immense difference, that the aristocracy of trade has no permanence, is not entailed, was the result of toil and talent, the result of merit of some kind, and is continually falling, like the waves of the sea, before new claims of the same sort. Trade is an instrument in the hands of that friendly power which works for us in our own despite. We design it thus and thus; but it turns out otherwise and far better. This beneficent tendency, omnipotent without violence, exists and works. Every observation of history inspires a confidence that we shall not go far wrong; that things mend. That is it. That is the moral of all we learn, that it warrants hope—hope, the prolific mother of reforms. Our part is plainly not to throw ourselves across the track, not to block improvement, and sit till we are stone, but to watch the uprise of successive mornings, and to conspire with the new works of new days. Government has been a fossil; it should be a plant. I conceive that the office of statute law should be to express, and not to impede, the mind of mankind. New thoughts, new things. Trade was one instrument, but trade is also but for a time, and must give way to somewhat broader and better, whose signs are already dawning in the sky. * * *

"It is true (he observes in an after-part) the public mind wants self-respect. We are full of vanity, of which the most signal proof is our sensitiveness to foreign and especially English censure. One cause of this is our immense reading, and that reading chiefly confined to the productions of the English press. But a more misplaced sensibility than this tenderness to fame on the subject of our country and civil institutions, I cannot recall. Could we not defend and apologise for the sun and rain. Here are we, men of English blood, planted now for five, six, or seven generations on this immense tract in the temperate zone, and so planted at such a conjectura of time and events, that we have left behind us whatever old and odious establishments the mind of men had outgrown. The unsupportable burdens under which Europe staggers, and almost every month mutters 'a revolution! a revolution!' we have escaped from as by one bound. No thanks to us; but, in the blessed course of events, it did happen that this country was not open to the puritans until they had felt the burden of the feudal systems, and until the commercial era in modern Europe had dawned; so that, without knowing what they did, they left the whole curse behind, and put the storms of the Atlantic between them and this antiquity. And the felling of the forest, and the settling in so far of the area of this continent, was accomplished under the free spirit of trading communities with a complete success. Not by our right hand, or foresight, or skill, was it done, but by the simple acceptance of the plainest road ever shewn men to walk in. It was the human race, under Divine leading, going forth to receive and inhabit their patrimony. And now, if any Englishman, or Frenchman, or Spaniard, or Russian, or German, can find any food for merriment in the spectacle, make him welcome to shake his sides. There never was a people that could better afford to be the subject of a little fun than we. An honest man may perhaps wonder how, with so much to call forth congratulation, our lively visitors should be so merry and critical. Perhaps they have great need of a little holyday and diversion from their domestic cares, like other housekeepers who have a heavy time of it at home, and need all the refreshment they can get from kicking up their feet a little now that they have got away on a frolic."

Mr. Emerson's views throughout will well repay the time of perusal, and suggest new ideas, especially to English readers.

Egypt under Mehemet Ali. By Prince Puckler Muskau. 2d vol. H. Colburn.

We shortly stated our opinion of this rhodomontading writer on the appearance of the first moiety of the present publication, and find nothing to change our opinion in the second. The critics in his own country called him a Munchausen; but he laughs at them, and will laugh at us for thinking them quite right. Still he is an amusing traveller; and if we could rely on his statements not being so over-coloured as to hide all truth and reality, we should like his personal accounts of his friend the Pasha very much, and also enjoy more unreservedly his notes about Dongola, Shendy, and Soudan. As it is, and full of doubt, we quote a few selected examples. Approaching Shandy, we are told by the hero of his own tale:

"The river here is animated by numerous birds, and wild ducks and geese abound in vast numbers. While I was bathing before sunrise, not far from a spot where several people were beating their linen, signs were made to me that a crocodile was near. In fact I saw the monster raise his head now and then above the water, at the distance of about twenty paces; but it was only a small one, which I did not think it necessary to be much alarmed at. My dragoman fetched some Arabs, who placed themselves in a circle round me, and continually struck upon the water with sticks, which enabled me to finish my ablutions at leisure; besides which, the crocodile did not shew himself again. The katsheff, however, blamed me severely for my temerity; and, by way of confirming his admonitions, related the following almost incredible anecdote. Several of his suite, who were present, were indeed ready to attest the truth of it; but whether true or false, it is one which might very properly be inserted in the

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next edition of Munchausen's book of marvels. 'It is not long since,' began the katsheff, 'that a man from Berher settled here, and was well known to all of us. One morning he led his horse to the Nile to water, and fastened the rope by which he held it round his arm, and, while the animal was quenching his thirst, he knelt down to prayer. At the moment when he was lying with his face upon the ground, a crocodile attacked the unhappy man, swept him into the water with his tail, and swallowed him. The terrified horse exerted all its strength to run away, and, as the rope, which was attached to the arm of his dead master in the stomach of the crocodile, did not snap, and he could not disengage himself from it, the affrighted animal not only pulled the crocodile itself out of the river, but dragged it over the sand to the door of its own stable, where it was soon killed by the family, who hurried to the spot, and afterwards found the dead body of the victim entire in the belly of the horrid monster.' Towards noon some hundred negro recruits arrived here by water, who were to replenish the regiments engaged in the war in Arabia. They were all dressed in white linen shirts, and, to prevent desertion, were shut up for the night in the court-yard of the palace, where they bivouacked. I visited them during the night, in company with the doctor, soon after they had taken their meal; but they were all lying fast asleep, in the most grotesque groups and attitudes imaginable. They had drawn their linen shirts over their heads, for the inhabitants are invariably extremely careful in covering that part of the body during sleep. The mortality among these men, who look so robust and strong, is said to be fearful; and many thousands of them have already found their graves in Hejaz; where, for the most part, they died, not by the hand of the enemy, nor even the baneful effects of the climate, which, though unhealthy, does not differ materially from their own, but from a pining for home. The slave-hunts of the savage negroes in the interior, which are regularly undertaken every year, to supply the government with these unhappy people, is a species of barbarism which is utterly inexcusable; but unhappily it is so general among all the nations in the interior of Africa, and so profitable to the governors of these provinces, who at the same time carry on their private trade in the captured slaves, and provide themselves with as many as they want, that it will be extremely difficult for Mehemet Ali totally to prevent it."*

Whilst waiting here the recovery of his dragoman, a boat arrived (he informs us) "under English colours, on board of which was Dr. Holroyd, a physician, who has been travelling in these countries during the last twelve months, and was now on his way from Kordofan. This unexpected visit was very agreeable, and we passed several hours most pleasantly in conversation with this enterprising and accomplished young man. He had with him a very complete collection of arms, and gave much information of a singular nature respecting Kordofan. Among other things, he told us of an independent tribe of Djaalin Arabs, inhabiting the districts between Sennaar and Kordofan, where the very singular custom obtains, that most of the women marry only on condition that they shall have every fourth day free: that is, that they shall be allowed to dispose of themselves on that day, according to their own pleasure; and they accordingly receive at their marriage a formal written certificate to this effect. In the capital town of Lobeid (not Obied, as is stated on the maps) is another singular custom. Many women and girls unite to lay wait for solitary travellers, whom they surround on the road, and demand a bakshish. If the traveller refuses the required money, they all fall upon him, and, according as they are more or less irritated, they ill-use him, and give him from twenty-five to fifty severe kicks. Dr. Holroyd at first thought this was an exaggeration; but one day, when he had paid a visit to the governor at his country-house, and was returning late in the evening, with a young guide, who ran by his side on foot, he was himself attacked by these female waylayers. As he was on horseback, he easily defended himself, but the young guide was captured; and, on his attempting to fight his way through the midst, was thrown down, held fast, and, in all probability, would not have escaped the fate that awaited him, had not a body of soldiers, on their way from Lobeid, come up at that moment, at the sight of whom the women let go their prisoner, who was calling aloud for help, and escaped, laughing and screaming, into the thickets. Dr. Holroyd also told us that at Lobeid not only all dead cattle, but even slaves who had died, were thrown into the streets of the town, where they gradually decomposed in the air. The dreadful effluvia hence arising seem to be less annoying to the inhabitants than the trouble of removing the dead bodies. Lobeid is the most populous and considerable place in the Soudan, under the Egyptian dominion. It has more than 20,000 inhabitants, most of whom, however, dwell only in toguls, tent-shaped reed huts, of an elegant form, and only the principal people have clay houses, as here at Matammah. The whole of Northern Kordofan is a boundless savannah, covered with acacias and mimosas, partly single, partly congregated, in woods abounding with giraffes, flocks of ostriches, and numbers of antelopes of different kinds. The land is everywhere covered with alluvial sand, which contains bog-ore, which the inhabitants smelt, and manufacture into very good weapons. Isolated mountains rise about Lobeid, the Kurbatah, El Kordofan, Abugher, &c., all of recent granite formations; this is the predominant stone in central Kordofan, and is parallel with greywacke. Lions, panthers, and leopards abound in these parts, and Dr. Holroyd stated that the abundance of cattle in Southern Sennaar and Kordofan was quite extraordinary. Many of the inhabitants possess herds of above 10,000, all of which find pasture in the savannahs; a proof that there must be much water below the surface. The doctor was of opinion that these countries might be converted into the richest in Africa, if a canal were dug from Djebel Moigl, or the Bahr el Azrek, to the White Nile, which would not be attended with the slightest difficulty. By this means, a delta, still more luxuriant than that of Lower Egypt, would be obtained between these two rivers, as far as Khartoum. This would indeed be a *real* gold mine for Mehemet Ali, where,—by the cultivation of cotton, sugar-cane, indigo, most species of corn, and senna, which already grows wild everywhere,—he might obtain immense revenues."

Getting to the Blue Nile, we read:—

"There is a man in Sennaar, who is well known to all the inhabitants, and who, on account of his invincible courage and his amazing strength, is called Tor (the bull), whose sole employment for many years has been that of hunting elephants, crocodiles, and hippopotami; and though he always combats them alone, it is a rare circumstance for one of these monsters to escape him. On these occasions his only weapons are, a heavy spear, and a short, keen, two-edged sword. As soon as he comes near the animal, he throws himself on the ground, and, like a reptile, creeps stealthily after the elephant, till he is almost able to touch it: he then quickly cuts the sinews of one of its hind feet and instantly conceals himself. The elephant, not having seen his secret foe, endeavours to hobble on as fast as he can on three legs, but loss of blood, and consequent weakness, soon oblige him to lie down. The huntsman, profiting by the opportunity, rushes forward, immediately thrusts his lance into a vital part, and death quickly ensues. When he goes out to kill the crocodile, he takes a couple of dogs, nay, when he has not got these, I was assured that he sometimes even takes little children, whom he binds to the shore, and then conceals himself near them, under a heap of boughs. The crocodile soon approaches to sweep the tempting bait into the water with his tail, but he receives the lance of the practised huntsman in his neck, who then swims after him, till he rises bleeding to the surface of the water. The Tor instantly leaps upon his back, and thus riding upon him, he has of course the mastery of him, and soon gives him the finishing stroke. He makes a prey of the hippopotamus almost in the same manner. He observes the spot where the animal usually comes out to graze; here he digs a hole in the sand, into which he descends and conceals himself under a quantity of boughs and leaves; when the hippopotamus slowly and unconsciously passes him, he thrusts his lance aslant into the soft part of the belly, which soon puts an end to its life. We may readily conceive what amazing courage and dexterity are indispensable for this species of hunting; but where these two qualities are combined in an eminent degree, long practice eventually ensures certain success, and the feat is accomplished without much difficulty. Fazoglo, and the mountainous tracts to the east of the Blue River, which have never yet been visited by Europeans, seem to contain many natural curiosities with which we are totally unacquainted. I was told by the principal people here, several of whom have long resided in these countries, of a bird whose plumage is of a brownish red and black colour; it is rather larger than a pigeon, the tips of its wings are so singularly parted, that when it spreads them out it seems to have four wings like a butterfly. This bird is very rare, and is only seen towards evening. The army surgeon, a native of France, who resides here, as well as Mr. Botta, the Italian naturalist, who has passed some time in Sennaar, have taken much trouble to find it, but their labour was fruitless; its existence, however, cannot be doubted, because so many of the natives perfectly coincide in their representations of it; and although the statements of these people respecting antiquities are so little to be depended upon, as they have so imperfect a conception of them, I nearly always found their descriptions of animals and plants quite correct. I have already observed, that whenever I have made inquiries concerning the unicorn, I invariably received an accurate description of the rhinoceros; a fact which proves that the natives do not intentionally give false accounts to gratify the evident wish of the inquirer."

With this we close our acquaintance with the German Prince.

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* "According to the newspapers, he has now prohibited it; but I question the execution of the mandate by the subordinates, and even the entire sincerity of it in a higher quarter."

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THE IMPROVISATORE; OR, LIFE IN ITALY.
[Fourth notice.]

EVENTS (of that kind which we considerately leave in the dark for our readers to enjoy in making out for themselves) sends our hero to Venice; where the romance is wrought out with great effect. The adored singer, the prophetic sibyl, the blind girl, and other chief *dramatis personæ*, reappear upon the stage, and what was mysterious is cleared up. But before handing over the book for the perusal of this *dénouement*, we must indulge in two more quotations. The following is a striking Italian feature: it occurs near Nepi, on the road to Venice:

"The whole romantic scene would have surprised any mind, yet perhaps my distress would have allowed it to slide out of my memory, had not that which I saw further impressed it painfully, deeply into my heart. I followed the narrow, almost overgrown path, close to the abyss, towards the broad highway. Close beside me, from over the lofty white wall, upon which the moon was shining, stared three pale heads, behind an iron grating, the heads of three executed robbers, which, as in Rome, on the Porta del Angelo, were placed in iron cages, to serve as a terror and a warning to others. There was to me nothing terrible in them. In earlier days, the sight would have driven me away hence; but suffering makes philosophers. The bold head, which had been occupied by thoughts of death and plunder, the mountain's daring eagle, was now a silent captive bird, which sat quietly and rationally in its cage, like other imprisoned birds. I stepped up quite close to them; they had certainly been placed there within these very few days, every feature was still recognisable. But, as I gazed on the middle one, my pulse beat stronger; it was the head of an old woman! The skin was yellow-brown, the eyes half open, the long silver-white hair, which hung through the grating, waved in the wind. My eye fell upon the stone tablet in the wall, where, according to old custom, the name and crime of the executed were engraved. Here stood 'Fulvia.' I saw also the name of her native city, 'Frascati;' and, agitated to the very depths of my soul, I stepped back a few paces. Fulvia, the singular old woman, who had once saved my life, she who had obtained the means for my going to Naples, my life's inexplicable spirit, did I thus meet with her again! With these pale blue lips had she once pressed my forehead; these lips, which, to the crowd, had spoken prophetic words, had given life and death, were now silent, breathing forth horror from their very silence! Thou didst prophesy my fortune! Thy bold eagle lies with clipped wings, and has never reached the sun! In the combat with his misfortune, he sinks down into the great Nemi-lake of life! His pinion is broken! I burst into tears, repeated Fulvia's name, and slowly retraced my steps through the desolate ruins."

Onward to Venice: "I left the *vetturino* in Spoleto, took a place in the mail, and posted over the Apennines in the dark night, through Loretto, without even visiting its holy house. Madonna, forgive me my sin! High up, on the mountain-road, I had already discerned the Adriatic Sea as a silver stripe on the horizon; the mountains lay like gigantic waves below me; and now I saw the blue, heaving sea, with its national pennons and flags upon its ships. I thought of Naples as I saw this; but no Vesuvius heaved itself with its black column of smoke, no Capri lay beyond. I slept here one night, and dreamed of Fulvia and Flaminia. 'The palm-tree of thy fortune is budding green!' said they both, and smiled. I awoke, and the day was shining into my chamber. 'Signore!' said the waiter; 'a vessel lies here which is about ready to sail for Venice; but will you not first of all see our city?' 'To Venice!' cried I; 'quick, quick! that is exactly my wish.' An inexplicable feeling drove me onward. I stepped on board, ordered my light luggage to be sent after me, and looked out over the infinite sea. 'Farewell, my fatherland!' Now, for the first time, I seemed rightly to have flown forth into the world, as my feet no longer trod upon the earth. I knew perfectly that the north of Italy would present to me a new style of scenery. Venice itself was really so different to any other Italian city; a richly adorned bride for the mighty sea. The winged Venetian lion waved on the flag above me. The sails swelled in the wind, and concealed the coast from me. I sat upon the right side of the ship, and looked out across the blue, billowy sea; a young lad sat not far from me, and sang a Venetian song about the bliss of love and the shortness of life. 'Kiss the red lips, on the morrow thou art with the dead; love whilst thy heart is young, and thy blood is fire and flame! Grey hairs are the flowers of death: then is the blood ice! then is the flame extinguished! Come into the light gondola! We sit concealed under its roof, we cover the windows, we close the door, nobody sees thee, my love! Nobody sees how happy we are. We are rocked upon the waves; the waves embrace, and so do we! Love whilst youth is in thy blood. Age kills with frost and with snow!' As he sung, he smiled and nodded to the others around him; and they sang in chorus, about kissing and loving while the heart was young. It was a merry song, very merry; and yet it sounded like a magical song of death in my heart. Yes, the years sped away, the flames of youth are extinguished. I had poured the holy oil of love out over the earth, which kindled neither light nor warmth: to be sure it does no damage; but it flows into the grave, without brightening or warming. * * *

"In the morning hour I discerned the white buildings and towers of Venice, which seemed like a crowd of ships with outspread sails. To the left stretched itself the kingdom of Lombardy, with its flat coast: the Alps seemed like pale blue mist in the horizon. Here was the heaven wide. Here the half of the hemisphere could mirror itself in the heart. In this sweet morning air my thoughts were milder: I was more cheerful. I thought about the history of Venice, of the city's wealth and pomp, its independence and supremacy; of the magnificent doges, and their marriage with the sea. We advanced nearer and nearer to the sea: I could already distinguish the individual houses across the lagunes; but their yellow-grey walls, neither old nor new, did not wear a pleasing aspect. St. Mark's Tower I had also imagined to be much loftier. We sailed in between the mainland and the lagunes, which, like a crooked wall of earth, stretched out into the sea. Every where it was flat. The shore seemed to be scarcely an inch higher than the surface of the water. A few mean houses they called the city Fusina; here and there stood a bush, and, excepting these, there was nothing at all on the flat land. I had fancied that we were quite close upon Venice, which, however, still lay a mile distant; and between us and it lay an unsightly muddy water, with broad islands of slime, upon which not a single bird could find footing, and not a single blade of grass could take root. Through the whole extent of this lake were dug deep canals, bordered with great piles to indicate their direction. I now saw the gondola for the first time; long and narrow, quick as a dart, but all painted coal-black. The little cabin in the centre covered over with black cloth: it was a floating hearse, which shot past us with the speed of an arrow. The water was no longer blue, as it was out in the open sea, or close upon the coast of Naples; it was of a dirty green. We passed by an island where the houses seemed to grow up out of the water, or to have clung to a wreck; aloft upon the walls stood the Madonna and the child, and looked out over this desert. In some places the surface of the water was like a moving green plain, a sort of duck-pool, between the deep sea and the black islands of soft mud. The sun shone upon Venice; all the bells were ringing; but it looked nevertheless dead and solitary. Only one ship lay in the docks, and not a single man could I see. I stepped down into the black gondola, and sailed up into the dead street, where every thing was water, not a foot-breadth upon which to walk. Large buildings stood with open doors, and with steps down to the water; the water ran into the great doorways, like a canal; and the palace-court itself seemed only a four-cornered well into which people could sail but scarcely turn the gondola. The water had left its greenish slime upon the walls; the great marble palace seemed as if sinking together; in the broad windows rough boards were nailed up to the gilded, half-decayed beams. The proud giant-body seemed to be falling away piecemeal; the whole had an air of depression about it. The ringing of the bells ceased, not a sound, excepting the splash of the oars in the water, was to be heard, and I still saw not a human being. The magnificent Venice lay like a dead swan upon the waves. We crossed about into the other streets: small narrow bridges of masonry hung over the canals; and I now saw people who skipped over me, in among the houses, and in among the walls even; for I saw no other streets than those in which the gondolas glided. 'But where do the people walk?' inquired I of my gondolier; and he pointed to small passages by the bridges between the lofty houses. Neighbour could reach his hand to neighbour from the sixth story across the street; three people could hardly pass each other below, where not a sunbeam found its way. Our gondola had passed on, and all was still as death. 'Is this Venice?—The rich bride of the sea?—the mistress of the world?'"

We have now brought our pleasant labours with the *Improvisatore* to a close; and only wish we had not, in the justice of criticism, to make a last remark. But we cannot shut the work without observing that, however characteristic of Italy it may be, there is something revolting to our tastes and feelings in the liberal use of the most sacred terms, and the intervention of religion with circumstances that engender thoughts very opposite to the holiness of religious sentiments. The "Eternal God," the more-worshipped Madonna (as far as language is employed), the "Eternal Mother of God," &c. &c. are familiar expletives or ejaculations; and to us almost as offensive as the vulgar oaths we hear in our own London streets. That we may not be deemed to blame without cause, we, unwillingly, cite a passage in proof:

"Poggio visited me, and inquired the reason of my depression of mind; but I could not tell him the cause; I could tell it to no one. 'Thou lookest really,' said he, 'as if the bad sirocco blew upon thee! Is it from the heart that this hot air comes? The little bird within there may be burned; and, as it is no phœnix, it

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may not be benefited thereby. It must now and then have a flight out, pick the red berries in the field, and the fine roses in the balcony, to get itself right. My little bird does so, and finds itself all the better for it; has excellent spirits, sings merrily into my blood and my whole being. And it is that which gives me the good-humour that I have! Thou must do the same also, and shalt do so! A poet must have a sound, healthy bird in his breast — a bird which knows both roses and berries, the sour and the sweet, the cloudy heavens and the clear ether!' 'That is a beautiful idea about a poet,' said I. 'Christ became a man like the rest of us,' said he, 'and descended even down into hell to the damned! The divine must unite itself to the earthly, and there will be produced therefrom a mighty result of ——. But it is really a magnificent lecture which I am beginning. I ought, sure enough, to give one, I have promised to do so; but I fancy it was on another subject. What is the meaning of it, when a gentleman all at once forsakes his friends; for three whole days has never been to the podesta's house? That is abominable — very abominable of him! The family is also very angry. This very day thou must go there, and, kneeling, like another Frederick Barbarossa, hold the stirrup.'"

Now this mixture of the most sacred with the profane had better have been softened down for readers in Germany, Denmark, and England. It adds nothing to the fervour, power, and enthusiasm of the author's genius and command of language in displaying it; and it revolts minds altogether unaccustomed to such association of ideas and collocation of words.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

June 23d (last meeting).—Lord Colchester, the president, in the chair. The paper read was, "Considerations against the supposed existence of a great sea in the interior of Australia," by Mr. E. J. Eyre. An opinion, says Mr. Eyre, very generally prevails, that the continent of Australia is, comparatively speaking, little more than a narrow crust or barrier intervening between an outer and an inner sea. This opinion originated with Capt. Flinders, and is still entertained by Capt. Sturt, Mr. Windsor Earl, and others. Mr. Eyre says, it is not without diffidence that he ventures to differ from such authorities, while at the same time he thinks his own notion borne out by facts and considerations of no little weight. Mr. Eyre admits that the nonexistence—at least, as far as we know—of any large river, with the exception of the Murray, discharging itself into the sea on the eastern, western, or southern coasts to the southward of a line drawn from Moreton Bay to Sharks Bay, is the strongest argument in favour of the theory of an inland sea. Nevertheless, other and weighty considerations militate against this idea; and Mr. Eyre has come to the conclusion, that the interior of New Holland will be found generally to be of a very low level — to consist of arid sands, alternating with many basins of dried-up salt-lakes, or such as are covered only by shallow salt water or mud, as in the case of Lake Torrens; that there may be many detached and even high ranges—as the Gawler range—interspersed among the arid wastes, and that in the midst of these ranges there may be rich and fertile spots. As far as Mr. Eyre's own personal observation goes, it supports the suggestion thrown out by Capt. Sturt, that Australia was formerly an archipelago of islands, and that their emergence from the sea is a comparative modern event. Be this as it may, Mr. Eyre founds his opinion against the existence of an inland sea upon the following three circumstances:—First, the hot winds which in South Australia blow constantly from the north or centre of the continent, and which he compares to the fiery and withering blasts from a heated furnace, and the little probability that such winds have been wafted over a large expanse of water. Secondly, the accounts of the natives inhabiting the outskirts of the interior, who have no knowledge of any large body of water inland, either fresh or salt. Thirdly, the coincidence observable in the physical appearance, customs, character, and pursuits, of the aborigines at opposite points of the continent, while no such coincidence exists along the intervening line of coast connecting these points. The development of all the facts contained under these heads, and the mention of others—such as the arrival of parrots from the interior, &c.—constituted the mass of Mr. Eyre's paper; but as mere abstracts would break the chain of reasoning adopted by the author, we must content ourselves with saying, that however plausible that reasoning may be — and it certainly has great weight — nothing short of an actual examination of the interior can satisfy us as to the nature of that peculiar country.—It was stated at the meeting that Dr. Ruxton had arrived safely and in good health at Walwich Bay; that he had hired Hottentots and cattle, and was about to proceed on his exploration to the interior, intending to return by the Cape.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

June 17th.—Sir John Rennie, president, in the chair. The paper read was by Mr. G. Edwards: it described the method employed for breaking up the shoals in the river Severn, between Stourport and Gloucester. These shoals consist of marl-rock, so compact and tough as to resist all attempts to break it up with the steam-dredger, or by prize-bars, or with a powerful species of subsoil-plough. Recourse was therefore had to blasting with gunpowder; and the process of these operations formed the subject of the paper.

An excellent working model was exhibited by Mr. Hyde, of the Otis steam-excavator. Several improvements appeared to have been made in its form and the mechanical parts of its construction, adapting it for dredging under water. It was much improved, and seems now likely to become a useful and efficient instrument in engineering operations.

The following papers were announced for reading at the next (the last) meeting: "On Siemen's chronometer-governor," by J. Woods; "On the advantages of working engines with high-pressure steam expansively," by J. G. Bodmer.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

June 10th.—Dr. J. Lee in the chair. Dr. Yates read extracts of letters from Dr. Thompson at Damascus, containing an account of the nature and origin of the recent outbreak in Lebanon, and of the progress of the Syrian Medical Aid Association. Dr. Platé then read an interesting memoir, following up the subject treated at the previous meeting by Mr. Wright, viz., the early history of Christianity in Arabia, and the progress of civilisation, more especially in Hadramaut; a valuable map of which province he has just completed, chiefly after the Baron Von Wrede's exploration and the notes of Dr. Springer of Calcutta, and which map is intended as a part illustration of the history of the Euphrates Expedition. Mr. Cullimore then read a few remarks on the "Chronology of the Sabbaoth."

June 24th.—Mr. W. F. Ainsworth in the chair. Dr. Platé read, in continuation of his memoir, an account of the Christian colonies in India and China, formed by the Nestorians of Hadramaut, and of a monument bearing an inscription commemorative of the same, which was erected in China A.D. 782, and was only discovered in 1625. Several gentlemen present were opposed to the conclusions arrived at in this paper as to the emigration of Christians from Hadramaut to China; but it was afterwards explained that Hadramaut was viewed only as a step in the progress of Christianity from Seleucia by the Arabian peninsula to India, and thence to China. Mr. Sharpe entered at length, and learnedly, into the negative history of the supposed emigration of Christians; and mentioned different historians and geographers of antiquity who gave no account of it; while he treated the discovery of a Christian monument of remote antiquity in China as a "pious fraud." Messrs. Ainsworth and Johnson were equally energetic in defending opinions entertained by most Orientalists and ecclesiastical historians, and particularly noticed the number of episcopal establishments still upheld by the society *Propaganda Fide* on the south-western coast of China.—A very beautiful marble statue, presented by Ibrahim Pasha to Mr. Barker, and which had been dug out of the walls of Antioch, was exhibited; as also a drawing of the colossal head of a sphinx, which is cut in the solid rock, near the same city. Mr. Sharpe considered the style to approximate more closely to the Lycian sculptures than to the Egyptian; the absence of beard was particularly dwelt upon.—Some notes for the use of Oriental travellers, drawn up by the Venerable Archdeacon Tattam, were then read; after which, this being the last meeting of the session, the honorary secretary, and after him the chairman, addressed the society briefly upon the steady prospects and flourishing condition of the body. The first nine meetings had been attended by upwards of 650 persons; and among the numerous communications presented, the council have had to deal with some of the most difficult branches of Oriental literature. Hopes were entertained, that as the objects of the society became more known and understood, further assistance would be derived from Oriental travellers, to the publicity of whose researches the society presents so many facilities. The first number of a series of lithographed hieroglyphic inscriptions, copied from original monuments, and beautifully got up in folio under the superintendence of the council, was laid upon the table; and it was announced, that among the publications in progress were—1. the society's Transactions and Reports; 2. a work devoted exclusively to the original papers communicated to the society; 3. the continuation of Mr. Cullimore's "Oriental Cylinders;" 4. Mr. Mussabini's lithographed "Cuneatic" or arrow-headed inscriptions; 5. a collection of Greek, Latin, Arabic, and other inscriptions, scattered over the East; and 6. Dr. Camp's catalogue of works published on the various branches of Oriental literature, and which promises to be of great use to the traveller.

FINE ARTS.

Sir Martin Archer Shee.—Paragraphs have appeared in the newspapers respecting the re-

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signation of the presidency of the Royal Academy by this respected gentleman, eminent in literature as he is distinguished in the British school of art. It is, we believe, quite true that he has tendered his retirement, his advanced age and precarious state of health, after three years' endurance, having induced him to take this step. No doubt the proposition was offered after mature reflection; but the high esteem in which he is held by every member of the body over whom he presides, has led them, at a general assembly of Academicians on Monday evening, to come to an unanimous vote to request of him to reconsider the matter, or rather, we might say, to withdraw his resignation, at least for a time; the keeper in the mean while to discharge the duties of the office. This grateful act was of course communicated to Sir Archer at Brighton, whither he had gone with his family, to seek the quiet and repose so necessary for his complaint, which manifests itself chiefly by giddiness and affection of the head. We trust he may be enabled to comply with this invitation; for the loss of a man combining so many rare qualities for its efficiency and dignity must be a serious one for the Academy.

The Cartoon Exhibition in Westminster Hall to-morrow contains thirty-seven productions, by various artists, to compete with the prize works of M'Clise, Cope, and Redgrave, of the Academy, and Cave, Dyce, and Horsley, not belonging to that body.

Pictures.—The sales at Messrs. Christie's to-day are, first, a very curious series of historical portraits, by Vandyke, Reynolds, Zoffany, Gainsborough, Lely, Raeburn, Hudson, Hogarth, Dobson, Kneller, &c., shewing "the form and feature" of a number of individuals in whom the world takes a great interest; and, secondly, a collection of ancient masters—the property of the late Mr. Digby, canon of Windsor, and comprising some very fine specimens of the highest and most finished art.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A SKETCH.

A MAIDEN in the moonlight
  Was sitting all alone;
The shadow of the rose-trees
  Across the green bank thrown:
And, graceful as a lover,
  The quiet moon had placed
A beam, just like a fond arm,
  Around her beauteous waist.

Sometimes with silver finger
  It touched her raven hair;
Sometimes it sought her bosom,
  As if its heaven were there:
Or glanced from cheek to forehead,
  Or mouth and chin caressed;
Or silent sank beside her,
  And kissed the ground she pressed.

Some wish they were a fairy,
  But no such wish have I;
I'd rather be the moonbeam
  My heart's beloved one nigh!
To chase away the darkness,
  To dwell within her sight,
And, *whilst I lived, to make the world*
  To her a world of light!

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—On Thursday, Mlle. Taglioni reappeared, on a farewell engagement of five nights, and was enthusiastically received. On Tuesday, Donizetti's *Roberto Devereux* was revived for the occasion of the first appearance of Made. Rossi Caccia, who made a most successful *début* as Queen Elizabeth.

Adelphi.—*Peg Woffington*, cleverly personated by Miss Woolgar, has again been brought to life in a piece at this theatre, founded on her biography, and with considerable success. We should think it would improve by condensation.

Lyceum.—*Luck's All*, a new farce, from the French, may well be deemed worthy of its name. Keeley being the inimitable hero of Stolidity, accomplishing every thing and surmounting every obstacle by the accidental course of circumstances, — his astonishment, as every new *dénouement* occurs to demonstrate his surprising talents and powers, is perfectly irresistible. His ultimate conviction, that he is a hero in spite of himself, is the essence of the comic. The evening's entertainments are much augmented by *Les Fées*, a ballet in which Mr. Frampton's pupils are exceedingly effective.

Herr Staudigl's Concert, which we alluded to last week as generously given for the benefit of M. Schloss, took place on Wednesday at the Hanover-Square Rooms; and we rejoiced to see them crowded on the occasion. The bill of fare was indeed, as we said, excellent. Staudigl sang six German songs—five of them his own composition. To praise his singing is quite unnecessary: with the songs we were very much pleased, especially with the "Shepherd's Song," the French-horn *obligato* to which was beautifully played by Puzzi; and "Alles ist mein," a very effective bacchanalian song, unanimously encored. Madam von Hasselt-Barth sang Mozart's "Voi, che sapete," and some German songs, very nicely; and Herr Pischeck delighted the audience by the exquisite feeling he threw into Beethoven's "Adelaide," the accompaniment being worthily played by M. Benedict. We can only further notice a fantasia by Grattan Cooke on the oboe, of which "Son Gelsomino" was the theme, and Leopold de Meyer's grand fantasia on the pianoforte, which elicited an uproarious demand for repetition.

M. Jullien's Monster Concert, yesterday week, in the Surrey Zoological Gardens, went off with great *éclat*. The orchestra and illuminations had a superb effect, and the company with which the gardens were crowded enjoyed themselves to the utmost.

M. Phillippe's Soirées Mystérieuses are announced for an early closure; and we have been so much astonished and pleased by them, that we cannot help reminding our readers of the fact, that they will regret losing the opportunity for witnessing the very wonders of wonderful conjurations admirably performed.

VARIETIES.

Napoleon Museum.—During the week a sale of the articles in the Napoleon Museum, which has been some time exhibited in the Egyptian Hall, has been going on. We fear, from the prices we see quoted, that the proceeds will not come up to the original cost and trouble of the collection.

Roman Antiquities at Islington.—Judging by the description in the newspapers, a very interesting discovery of Roman antiquities has been made at Islington, about thirty feet under the surface. It is stated that coins, armour enriched with gold, and other remains, have been found. We hope to be able to ascertain the nature of these memorials of ancient times.

Duelling.—We have to acknowledge the circular relative to an association for the discouragement of duelling, to which we wish every success. The principle of duelling, descending to us from the dark ages, has long been an opprobrium to religion, humanity, and civilisation. It has already been discountenanced in the army and navy; which will consequently extend among civilians the feeling that it is not a necessary part of the code of honour; but yet, though visibly and rapidly declining in practice, it is desirable to give it a further public depression.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Letters from the Mountains, by Mrs. Grant of Laggan, 6th edit., edited by her Son, J. P. Grant, Esq., 2 vols. post 8vo, 21*s.*—Servia: a Residence in Belgrade, and Travels in the Interior in 1843 and 1844, by A. A. Paton, post 8vo, 12*s.*—Architectural History of Canterbury Cathedral, by the Rev. R. Willis, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Historical Illustrations of the Chateau D'Eu, Part III., folio, 10*s.*—The Pencil of Nature, by H. Fox Talbot, Part IV., 4to, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Sketches of Sermons on Christian Missions, 12mo, 4*s.* 6*d.*—Sydney and Melbourne, by C. J. Baker, post 8vo, 8*s.*—Thom's Poems, 2d edit., post 8vo, 5*s.*—The Note-Book of a Naturalist, by E. P. Thomson, post 8vo, 9*s.*—Practical Treatise on the Law of Trustees, by J. Hill, royal 8vo, 26*s.*—Evenings in the Land of Uz: an Exposition of Job, by Mrs. H. Van Hagen, 2d edit., fcp., 5*s.* 6*d.*—Life of Schiller, by T. Carlyle, 2d edit., 12mo, 8*s.* 6*d.*—The Edinburgh Tales, by Mrs. Johnstone, Vol. I., royal 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*—Hints to a Soldier on Service, by W. H. Maxwell, 2 vols. post 8vo, 21*s.*—Woman's Influence, by Mrs. Brereton, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Letters and Despatches of Lord Viscount Nelson, Vol. III., 8vo, 15*s.*—Religion at Home, 32mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Rev. A. Roberts' Village Sermons, Vol. VI., 12mo, 4*s.* 6*d.*—Anecdotes of Archery, by the late E. Hargrove, 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Lectures on Differences between the Church of England and Church of Rome, by Rev. E. Thomson, post 8vo, 6*s.* 6*d.*—Sermons on the Church, by the Rev. E. Hoare, 18mo, 2*s.*—Notes, Historical and Architectural, on the Church of St. John, Slymbridge, Gloucester, royal 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Rev. A. O. Fitzgerald's Short Lectures on the Church Catechism, fcp., 6*s.*—Little Basket-Maker, and other Tales, square, 2*s.* 6*d.* plain, 3*s.* 6*d.* coloured.—The Two Doves, and other Tales, square, 2*s.* 6*d.* plain; 3*s.* 6*d.* coloured.—Cold-Water Cure, its Use and Misuse, by H. Mayo, M.D., fcp., 2*s.* 6*d.*—History of the Laws and Constitution of England, by T. C. Anstey, 8vo, 12*s.*—Story-Book of the Seasons: Spring, by Mrs. H. Myrtle, 3*s.* 6*d.* plain; 4*s.* 6*d.* coloured.—Journal of Missionary Labours in the City of Jerusalem in 1842-3-4, by Rev. F. C. Ewald, fcp., 4*s.* 6*d.*—Antiquities of the County of Suffolk, by Rev. A. Suckling, Part I., 4to, 10*s.*—O. B. Carter's Account of the Church of St. John the Baptist, Bishopstone, Wilts, 4to, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Ancient Painted Glass of Winchester Cathedral, by O. B. Carter, 4to, 36*s.*—Antiquities and Architecture of the County of Essex, by the Rev. A. Suckling, 4to, 28*s.*—Whichcord's Collegiate Church of All Saints, Maidstone, 4to, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Braithwaite's Retrospect of Practical Medicine and Surgery, Vol. II., 12mo, 5*s.* 6*d.*—G. P. R. James's Works: Vol. V., Philip Augustus, 8vo, 8*s.*—Memoirs of Lady Hester Stanhope, in Conversations with her Physician, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1845.

June.		*Thermometer.*			*Barometer.*		
Thursday . .	19	From 45	to	69	29·63	to	29·72
Friday . . .	20	„ 48	..	75	29·77	..	29·81
Saturday . .	21	„ 51	..	71	29·82	..	29·76
Sunday . .	22	„ 55	..	71	29·68	..	29·73
Monday . .	23	„ 50	..	70	29·78	..	29·80
Tuesday . .	24	„ 51	..	70	29·74	..	29·55
Wednesday .	25	„ 53	..	67	29·54	..	29·56

Wind on the 19th, S.W. and N.; 20th, N., N. by E., and S.E.; 21st and 22d, N.E.; 23d, N. and N.W.; 24th, S.W.; 25th, W. by N., and S.W.—Morning of the 19th cloudy, afternoon clear; 20th, 21st, 22d, and 23d, generally clear; 24th, morning and evening clear, afternoon showery; 25th, generally clear till the evening.—Rain fallen, ·035 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude, 51° 37′ 32″ north.
Longitude, 3 51 west of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The late Mr. Barham.—A pressure of other matters, and a temporary absence from town, have put it out of our power to write any thing this week to the memory of our long-esteemed and much-lamented friend Mr. Barham.

We are sorry to be obliged to postpone till next week the letter respecting the attack on the memory of Thomas Campbell.

Erratum.—In our last No., p. 389, middle column, two lines from the bottom (thinking, perhaps, of our able friend Mr. Goodsir, who has just sailed on the Arctic expedition), we wrote his name instead of that of Mr. Pearsall, who gave the curious information relative to the latest importation of Ichaboe guano at Hull.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
The Second Appearance of Madlle. Taglioni.

This Evening, June 28, will be performed Donizetti's Opera, "Roberto Devereux." Queen Elizabeth, Made. Rossi Caccia; Sarah, Duchess of Nottingham, Madlle. Rossetti; Roberto Devereux, Earl of Essex, Sig. Moriani; Sir Walter Raleigh, Sig. Giubilei; Lord Cecil, Sig. Dai Fiori; and the Duke of Nottingham, Sig. Barroilhet.

The Danseuses Viennoises, under the direction of Made. Josephine Weiss, will appear in some of their favourite Pas (their last appearance but three).

In the course of the evening, a Divertissement, in which Madlle. Cerito and M. St. Leon will appear.

To conclude with the admired ballet of "La Sylphide." The dances composed, and the whole re-arranged in one act, by M. Perrot. La Sylphide, Madlle. Taglioni; Effie, Madlle. Petit Stephan; La Sorciere, Made. Copere; Bertha, Madlle. Bertenger; James, M. Perrot; George, M. Toussaint.

Applications for boxes, pit-stalls, and tickets, to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.—Doors open at seven, and the Opera will commence at half-past seven o'clock.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
Signor MARIO has the honour to inform his friends, the Subscribers to the Opera, and the Public, that his BENEFIT will take place on Thursday next, July 3, when will be presented (last time this season) Bellini's opera, "I Puritani." Elvira, Madame Grisi; Arturo, Sig. Mario; Riccardo, Sig. Fornasari; and Giorgio, Sig. Lablache.

The Danseuses Viennoises, under the direction of Made. Josephine Weiss, will appear in some of their favourite Dances (being their last appearance but one).

To be followed by selections from "Roberto Devereux." The principal characters by Made. Rossi Caccia, Madlle. Rossetti, Sig. Moriani, and Sig. Barroilhet.

With various entertainments in the Ballet Department, in which Madlle. Taglioni, Madlle. Carlotta Grisi, Madlle. Lucile Grahn, and Madlle. Cerito will appear.

And (for the last time) "La Sylphide." La Sylphide, Madlle. Taglioni.

Applications for boxes, pit-stalls, and tickets, to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.—Doors open at seven, and the Opera to commence at half-past seven o'clock.

GEOLOGICAL MINERALOGY.—MR. TENNANT, Mineralogist to Her Majesty, gives Private Instruction in MINERALOGY, with a view to facilitate the Study of GEOLOGY and the application of Mineral Substances in the ARTS, illustrated by an extensive Collection of Specimens, Models, &c., at his Residence, No. 149 Strand, London. He also arranges for Students in Conchology, Mineralogy, and Geology, Elementary Collections of Shells, Minerals, and Fossils, at 2, 5, , 20, to 50 Guineas each.

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ENCYCLOPÆDIA METROPOLITANA, 29 vols. 4to.—This important work being now complete, WESTLEYS and CLARK, of Friar Street, Doctors' Commons, having been selected as the BOOKBINDERS, beg to state that they have all styles of Binding as specimens to choose from. They have much pleasure in extracting the following paragraph from the *Publishers' Circular* in testimony of their capability for the correct arrangement of this valuable Encyclopædia:—

"Westleys and Clark are fully acquainted with the peculiar arrangement of its several parts, and are therefore thoroughly competent to ensure each portion being placed under its appropriate head, and to secure the perfection of the whole."

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They preserve the contents of the vessels to which they are applied perfectly air-tight; thus securing them from becoming vapid, mouldy, or fetid:—

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For the convenience of parties wishing to assure for a specific sum, without a prospective bonus, a new table at lower rates has been calculated; on which, as well as on the participating scale, one-half the premium may remain on interest at five per cent for five years, thus enabling a person to insure his life for 1000*l.* on the immediate payment of the premium for 500*l.* only.

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Age 20	without profits	£1	13	0	with profits	£1	18 0
30	. . .	1	19	8	. .	2	5 8
40	. . .	2	14	3	. .	3	1 3
50	. . .	4	3	4	. .	4	9 6

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The Company insure Houses, Furniture, Stock in Trade, Farming Stock, and every description of Personal Property, against loss or damage by fire.

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JOHN BIGG, Secretary.

June 1845.

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JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

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During the first fortnight the Exhibition will be open (from Nine o'Clock till Seven) to visitors paying One Shilling. Afterwards, for a period hereafter to be fixed, the public will be admitted gratis, except on Saturdays; on which days the Exhibition will be open from Ten till Seven to visitors paying One Shilling. Catalogues, Sixpence.

C. L. EASTLAKE, Secretary.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

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THE SECOND ANNUAL CONGRESS
Will be holden at the TOWN HALL, WINCHESTER, on Monday, August 4th, to Saturday the 9th.

The LORD ALBERT D. CONYNGHAM, K.C.H. F.S.A., President, in the Chair.

Chairman of the Local Committee—The Mayor of Winchester.

Tickets (price One Guinea) may be obtained of the Treasurer, T. J. Pettigrew, Esq., 8 Savile Row; or of the Secretaries. The Ticket will enable the bearer and a lady to be present at the Meetings, to visit the Cathedral and other places of local interest, and to attend all Excursions, Soirées, &c.

Persons desirous of submitting Papers to be read at the Congress are requested to forward them to the Secretaries as early as possible, that they may be included in the programme to appear in the number of the Journal of the Association to be published in July.

T. CROFTON CROKER, Admiralty. } Hon.
C. ROACH SMITH, 5 Liverpool Street, City. } Secs.

BRITISH and FOREIGN INSTITUTE,
13 George Street, Hanover Square.

The last SOIREE of the Season will be held on Monday Evening, June 30, at 8 o'Clock; and a GENERAL MEETING of the Members will be held on Thursday, July 3, at 1 o'Clock precisely.

The Right Hon. the EARL of DEVON, the President, in the Chair.

JAMES S. BUCKINGHAM, Resident Director.

TESTIMONIAL to JOHN BRITTON, Esq., F.S.A.—The DINNER is fixed to take place at the "CASTLE," RICHMOND, on MONDAY, July 7th, at 5 for half-past.

The Rt. Hon. THOS. WYSE, M.P., in the Chair.

Price of Ticket, to include all Wines, 25*s.*

Visitors will be brought to town by Omnibus without charge, provided they signify their desire to the Hon. Secs. on or before July 4th.

Gentlemen desiring to attend, or willing to subscribe to the proposed Testimonial, are requested to apply to

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JONES'S Picture of The BATTLE of WATERLOO, and TURNER'S Picture of The OLD TEMERAIRE, now engraving for FINDEN'S ROYAL GALLERY of BRITISH ART, will be on View during this and the ensuing Week at the Publisher's, 5 Haymarket. Tickets to view may be obtained of the principal Printsellers, and from all Subscribers to the Work.

FINDEN'S ROYAL GALLERY of MODERN BRITISH ART, Part IV., will be published on the 1st of July, price—Prints, 1*l.* 5*s.*; India Proofs, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

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J. G. COCHRANE, Secretary and Librarian.

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THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Published under the direction of the Central Committee of the British Archæological Association for the Encouragement and Prosecution of Researches into the Arts and Monuments of the Early and Middle Ages.

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8vo, with 52 Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

The ARCHITECTURAL HISTORY of CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

By the Rev. R. Willis, M.A., F.R.S., &c., Jacksonian Professor in the University of Cambridge.

Extract from the Preface.—"The Translation of Gervase, which it is the principal object of the following history to illustrate, was read by me, with a few necessary omissions, at the evening meeting of the Architectural Section of the British Archæological Association, on the 11th of September 1844. . . . . The work may therefore be considered as forming part of the Transactions of the Association, although it is obviously too bulky and independent for insertion in the Journal, which is the recognised organ of that body."

The Second Congress of this Association will be held at Winchester during the week commencing September 8.

London: Longman and Co.; W. Pickering; G. Bell.
Oxford: Parker. Cambridge: Deightons.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. CLI.,

Will be published on WEDNESDAY, July 2d.

CONTENTS:

I. Mrs. Norton's Child of the Islands.
II. The Last Census.
III. Lord Brougham's Lives of Men of Letters.
IV. Thiersch on Etruria.
V. Lady Travellers.
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VIII. Wellington at Waterloo.
IX. Legislation for Ireland.

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THE PHARMACEUTICAL JOURNAL,

Edited by JACOB BELL.

Vol. V., No. 1, July 1st.—Contents:

The present Intricate State of the Medical Reform Question—The Proceedings of the Pharmaceutical Society in reference to the Medical Bill—The Distribution of Prizes at the School of Pharmacy—Antidote for Prussic Acid—Argemone Mexicana—Potato Sugar—Analysis of Conium and Digitalis—Scammony Biscuits—Copal—Tamarinds—Extract from the Medical Bill in Quebec, &c. &c. &c. Price 1s.

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BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLVII. for July. Price 2s. 6d.

CONTENTS:

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THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1485. LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1845. PRICE 8d. Stamped Edition, 9d.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

On the Origin and Ramifications of the English Language: preceded by an Inquiry into the Primitive Seats, Early Migrations, and Final Settlements of the principal European Nations. By Henry Welsford, Esq. 8vo. Longmans.

PHILOLOGY has of late occupied much attention; and although it often tends to devious paths and intricate mazes, misleads by false lights, and not unfrequently places its votaries in most ridiculous positions, yet, under judicious management, we consider it the surest guide to the origin of nations. We hold, however, that an etymology to be certain should be derived from one language—the meaning of a name derived from more than one must be doubtful and deceptive. Names of places should be descriptive of their quality in locality and circumstance, and should be given in the language of the people who conferred them; they should not be made up of syllables taken from several tongues, if we are seriously called upon to credit them.

Most nations of antiquity had two denominations: what they called themselves, and what they were called by their neighbours. Many names were but of sections of the same people, who derived their appellation from peculiarity of locality or pursuit, from their residence on mountains, rocky or flat shores, rivers, &c. Thus the people of Italy were called Tyrrhenians, Tuscans, Oscans, Umbri, Ligures, &c., but they were all the same race. The Celtæ of Gaul were divided into many denominations, as Ædui, Nervii, Unelli, Eburovices, &c., but they were all Celtæ.

Mr. Welsford has travelled in the beaten track of his predecessors, and fallen into the same mistakes. In his preface, he says two errors have prevailed both among English and German writers: 1st, That ancient Scandinavia has been limited to Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. 2d, That the Celtæ and Cynetæ mentioned by Herodotus were distinct races from the Scythians or Thracians, who were and are considered the progenitors of the Gothic or Teutonic race.

As to the first, we were not aware that either English or German writers had confined ancient Scandinavia to such narrow limits, or supposed that the hordes who overcame the Roman empire could have proceeded from so small a country, nor do we think such a notion is extensively prevalant. With respect to the second, we are satisfied that the error is with Mr. Welsford himself: the Celtæ and Scythæ certainly were distinct races, and spoke radically different languages, as is plainly stated by Tacitus in his account of the Germans. "No one doubts," says Mr. Welsford, "the difference between the Irish and Welsh, and the German and English; but that proves nothing with respect to the Celtæ and Scythians of the age of Herodotus, or even of Jornandes, a thousand years later." This is begging the question. The Irish is admitted to be unmixed Celtic; and although it may be somewhat changed, it still bears internal evidence of genuine descent from the tongue spoken in the days of Cæsar and Tacitus. Herodotus says little about the Celtæ, and that by hearsay.

Mr. Welsford has misrepresented Dr. Percy, bishop of Dromore, who, far from exerting *all his efforts* to prove the Welsh and Irish to be radically different languages, he merely states that he could not discover the affinity, or even any similarity, between them; and our best Gaelic scholars are of the bishop's opinion. From our own acquaintance with both languages, we can fearlessly assert the same. But with respect to the Scythic and Celtic being radically different, no well-informed scholar can have any doubt.

The study of the Gaelic has lately occupied much attention, and it is daily becoming more familiar. Much progress has been made; dictionaries and grammars, and other elementary works, have been published, which have enabled us to make comparisons, and unveiled the mystery which so long hung over that language. Any one now can examine for himself, and we consider no opinion of value without such a comparison. The Gaelic language will now take its just position, and be appreciated by the learned at its true value and importance. As the tongue spoken by the Britons, Gauls, and Irish of Cæsar's day, it is entitled to respect; as that of the more ancient inhabitants of Spain and Italy (to which it has no contemptible pretensions, and may, notwithstanding the reluctance to admit proof, have its claim established, and should it be done), what an important means will it prove in philological inquiry: a comparison of the Etruscan with the Celtic has been already made, and with much promise of the success we have anticipated.

Mr. Welsford justly condemns the absurdity of the Greek genealogical derivations of the names of nations from kings and heroes. He is quite right when he says: "The Greeks were avowedly ignorant of all languages but their own, and whatever they wanted in knowledge they made up for by invention."

It would greatly exceed our limits were we to give extracts sufficient to possess our readers with our author's views, which it is but just to say are condensed and clearly expressed. We must content ourselves with a few general heads.

"The leading circumstances which appear to me to have given names to the great divisions of the human race * * * may be conveniently arranged under six general heads or divisions, viz.: 1. climate; 2. locality, chiefly with reference to latitude or distance from the pole; 3. abode, whether in houses, tents, or waggons; 4. food, with reference to that which constituted the principal article of subsistence; 5. religion, or the names of the divinities they worshipped; 6. habits, with reference to their mode of life, and the degree of civilisation they had attained, whether stationary or erratic, whether hunters, shepherds, or agriculturists, whether fighting on foot, on horseback, or in chariots."

We confess we think a better arrangement might have been made, nor do we think Mr. Welsford has made the most of it as it stands. He takes for granted, what no one will question, that the regions of southern Asia was the earliest seat of the human race; and then proceeds to prove "*that the Arabic language was in existence when the book of Genesis was written,*" whether that book was the production of Moses, *or of some author anterior to him.* * * * In Genesis ii. 14 (Hebrew), the river Euphrates is denominated by the radical letters 'Phrt,' and with the vowel-points 'Pherat,' or 'Pherath.' On turning to the Hebrew lexicon we find the word in its regular place as a *proper name*, but without any other information whatever: on opening the Arabic, however, at the radical letters 'Frat,' pronounced by the Arabs 'Furat,' we find the first meaning to be 'very fine sweet water,' and the second 'the river Euphrates.' 'Frat,' therefore, primarily was significant; and it is hardly possible to entertain a doubt that the Arabic word was the original, and the Hebrew the derivative. * * * In Richardson, I find 'Dachil' as an Arabic word, with the meaning of 'a branch,'—the river Tigris. With the Hebrew definite article *hay* (*h*) prefixed and coalescing, this word supplies the etymology of 'Hiddekel.'" (pp. 20, 21.)

We do not dispute the antiquity of the Arabic, nor is it necessary; but we must observe, that it was not necessary to travel out of the Hebrew for a meaning of the names 'Euphrates' and 'Hiddekel,' and, we think, more appropriate than those of Mr. Welsford. The meaning of the word פרת 'frath' in the Hebrew text is *fruitfulness*, from פרה *to bear fruit*,—a most appropriate name to the Euphrates, which rendered the country about it the most fruitful in the world. The 'Hiddekel,' חד *chid*, fierce, raging, קל *kel*, rapid, swift, nimble. The Tigris exactly answers this description. But the translation 'Dachil,' *a branch*, is inappropriate. A *branch* of what? surely not of the Euphrates, for the two rivers were not originally connected, but had separate mouths; and the bed of the Euphrates being so much higher than that of the Tigris, when a canal was made to connect the two, the natural consequence was to draw all the water of the former into the latter, and to dry up its mouth, which changed the fruitful plains of Shinaar into an arid wilderness. Modern engineers would have foreseen this result; and Mr. Welsford would not have made the assertion had he better understood Hebrew roots.

We cannot admit the truth of Mr. Welsford's assertion, that "the Sanskrit is *universally allowed* to be one of the oldest languages in existence." Many learned men think otherwise; the perfection of its construction is a strong argument against its antiquity. The Sanskrit alphabet, also, has the appearance of being a modification of the Ethiopic.

We now give a specimen of Mr. Welsford's method of derivation:

"*Sarm* (Persic), *cold.*
Mat (Arabic), *life.*
Ian (Sanskrit), *man* or *person.*"

To make up the name '*Sarmatian*' he borrows words from *three languages!!* The most hardy and venturous of preceding philologists have not gone so far.

In explaining *Cimmerian*, he culls monosyllables from the Egyptian, Hebrew, Arabic, Persic, and Sanskrit!!

We can give but one more, which we select for the edification of our Celtic readers; to wit:

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"*Galatæ* and *Galatian*—
Gala (Greek), *milk*.
Hiat (Arabic), *life*.
Ian (Sanskrit), *a man, or person*.
Gael and Gaul from Galatæ by contraction."

Had Mr. Welsford been acquainted with the Gaelic language, or with the Hebrew, he would not have ventured such etymologies or assertions, or fallen into such errors. His farther gambols in explaining Scandinavia, &c., we cannot follow, but they are of the same character. Such are the deviations from common sense into which learned (?) men are led by etymological investigation.

The chapter on the principle of population shews the author to be a disciple of Malthus, and an enemy to the corn-laws, which he declares to be "one of the greatest deformities in modern economical legislation;" and considers emigration as the natural and legitimate cure of over-population, adding: "There is America to be peopled, Africa to be civilised, Asia to be ameliorated, and great part of Europe itself to be redeemed from the yoke of civil and religious tyranny, and placed under the sway of wise, equal, and beneficent laws."

Mr. W. divides modern Europe into four great classes, or families: 1. Celtic; 2. Slavonic; 3. Gothic; 4. Languages derived from the Latin. Following Pinkerton and Dr. Prichard, he says: "Celtic is said to be still spoken in Ireland, the highlands of Scotland, the isle of Man, Wales, and Brittany in France."

The Welsh and Bas Breton we have already denied to be Celtic. We consider the Welsh to be the descendants of the Picts, to oppose whom the Saxons were called over by the Roman Britons. They conquered Wales and Cornwall, and perhaps Britanny, at the same period the Saxons conquered England. The Welsh declare their ancestors came from Scotland; and the topographic names in the east of that country are Welsh, as Aberbrothick, Abernethy, Aberdour, &c. &c., while the like names in Wales are all Gaelic. Tacitus also tells us the Caledonians were of a florid, ruddy complexion, which indicated a German or northern origin; while the Silures and Britons of the south were swarthy, and indicated an eastern origin. The Welsh also never called themselves Gael, or Celtæ, but always Cymry. The Cimbri com bated and destroyed by Marius were a northern people, and were so called by the Gauls, who, being Celtæ, called them Teutones, or *northern men*, from TUATH *north*, and DAVINE *people*; the Cimbri being in fact the same people as the Teutones.

Tacitus tells us the first colonists came to Europe in ships, and all other evidence of history tends to shew that fact: the Celtæ were those colonies who, having first colonised the Mediterranean, passed the straits of Gibraltar and peopled the coasts of Spain, Gaul, Britain, and Ireland. The only great commercial navigating people of great antiquity were the Phœnicians of Tyre, who were afterwards known as Pelasgoi, Tyrrhenians, Getuli, Galatæ, and Celtæ,—the first people who settled Italy also. Mr. Welsford, at the close of his work, comes to this conclusion, somewhat unexpectedly to us as far as Britain is concerned. In his chapter on the earliest inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland is the following passage:—

"In the third ode of his first book, Horace exclaims:

'Illi robur et æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit Pelago ratem
Primus.'

And I think it almost a matter of demonstration that the first navigator to and coloniser of Britain was a Phœnician, or Celt-Iberian. I say so, because the earliest names of the country point unequivocally to such an origin; and if the country had had a name, the new comer could have no inducement to bestow another upon it; the probability therefore is, that those who discovered it also colonised it."

Although this paragraph is altogether inconsistent with the general tenor of Mr. Welsford's arguments and conclusions, we hail it with satisfaction as the forced result of testimony on his mind at the eleventh hour. It is a remarkable fact, that the Phœnicians, according to Diodorus Siculus, called their first and nearest insular acquirement (Cyprus) *Yarna*, which is the same as their last and farthest, *Ierne*, or Ireland. Both words signify the *western*,—IAR, *west*; NA, *the*.

Mr. Welsford's chapters on etymology in general, the sources of the English language, and its connexion with and descent from the Mæso-Gothic, and his comparison of the languages of Europe with those of Asia, will well repay the perusal. We cannot acknowledge the identity of the Mæso-Goths with the Mysians; and consider many other of his deductions erroneous. Still there is much in his volume worthy of attention, and considerable value in this contribution to ethnological philology.

The Negotiations for the Peace of the Dardanelles in 1808-9; with Despatches and Official Documents. By the Right Honourable Sir Robert Adair, G.C.B. 2 vols. 8vo. Longmans.

THIS work is a sequel to Sir Robert's memoir of his mission to Vienna in 1806, and equally meant to obtain a fair consideration for his diplomatic services. It opens up many of the springs of Eastern policy, and affords curious insight into the affairs and wishes of countries with which the British public are very little acquainted. In this sense we consider it to be a meritorious contribution to history; though we must, in the first instance, direct attention to the personal affair which we find discussed in the preface. Here the author informs us he would have contented himself with simply printing the documents, but for the recent publication of the *Earl of Malmesbury's Diaries and Correspondence*.

"There is (he proceeds to state) in that work an entry conveying a censure on my appointment to both the above missions [*i. e.* Vienna and Constantinople]. It is as follows:—'A****, contrary to the assurances Canning had given to A'Court, remained at Vienna after Lord Pembroke's departure, till war was declared. Canning then appointed him ambassador to Turkey, though he could not but know he was attached to the opposition, and communicated with them, and though not without abilities, such a dupe to women that no secret was safe with him. This Fox, his intimate friend and patron, knew so well, that when he named him for Vienna, he stipulated that Mrs. A**** (a French woman) should not go with him, and that if ever she followed him, his mission should cease. Yet she did go, after Fox's death, and Canning suffered A**** to remain at Vienna, and employed him elsewhere.' Lord Malmesbury was thus pleased to write; and his grandson thinks it decorous to publish the above passage, where an event in my private life is brought before the world as constituting an unfitness in me for public trust. I find myself, therefore, most unwillingly obliged to add a few prefatory remarks to this publication, and to enter more fully than it would otherwise have been fit to do into the circumstances of my nomination to these missions. And first, I will not be above acknowledging that, when I read the above passage, it gave me pain. Without knowing much of each other, Lord Malmesbury and myself had belonged at one time to the same party; and there subsisted among the Whigs of those days, to whom his lordship had attached himself, from the first to the last, from the oldest to the youngest, an union and good understanding so cordial—such a freemasonry, it might be called, in our connexion, derived from the steady and honourable pursuit of a common public object, that I almost felt myself entitled to the benefit of his good-will in after-life; and little did I dream that, in the interchange of mutual civilities, he was bending an evil eye upon me all the while, and fitting me for a future day 'to the slider of his guillotine.' As for the noble editor, if he can reconcile the publication of this passage to what he may possess of that inward moral sense which is the foundation of all good taste as well as good breeding, I shall say nothing to him, except that I am thankful to have been brought up in a different school. But the aspersions to which he gives circulation must be repelled. Lord Malmesbury's name is considerable; especially on the Continent, where I have many friends, who may be as much misled by his authority as I have myself been mistaken in the thoughts of his regard for me. Yet how to deal with these aspersions is no easy matter: if as they deserve, it were cutting into dead flesh. And again, what form of denial can I assume? Where can be found words of efficacy to dispel the venom that party rancour extracts from private affliction? Facts, however, are better than denials; and happily I find enough of them for my purpose in the approbation of my three successive masters, and of their advisers from all parties, who have trusted and rewarded me. One of these statesmen, indeed, has incurred by so doing a severe rebuke from the author of the above work. I owe it, therefore, to his memory to shew that his noble behaviour towards me—a determined and open political opponent—could have been dictated only by a sense of what, under the direction of his own warm and generous temper, he thought right for the public. I begin, therefore, with the recital of my transactions with Mr. Canning; and shall exhibit in his dealings towards me, and in mine towards him, a picture not discreditable, I trust, to either of us; although in its colouring too quiet and too sober, perhaps, to shew against that effulgence of public virtue which has burst upon the world from the pages of the diplomatist. I knew Mr. Canning long before Lord Malmesbury did; not intimately, indeed, but enough to be captivated by his manners and his wit, and to anticipate with Sheridan and Fox, and every one else of our common friends, the brilliant success which followed him from his first appearance in public life. Much did we all hope that his abilities would be exerted on our side, and that the great cause in which the Whig party was then engaged under the Duke of Portland, as successor to Lord Rockingham, namely, that of rendering the confidence of the House of Commons, instead of the mere will of the crown, the road to power;—greatly, I say, did we hope that Canning would have ranged himself in the Whig ranks; but the French Revolution came over us, and destroyed that and every pleasing hope for our party and our country. The Whigs split among themselves on that event. With many of them there were just and honourable grounds for separation; not perhaps for all. Passion had its full share in producing it; clever manœuvring still more; and if we would acquire a due knowledge of the

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success as well as of the variety of Lord Malmesbury's diplomacy, we may collect it from the recital of his own proceedings recorded by himself at that memorable period. Mr. Canning at this time was free to take his line, and he took it with Mr. Pitt; inclining, as it always appeared to me, rather to the popular opinions on government which marked Mr. Pitt's early course, than to those of the Tories, or those of the Whig aristocracy who had joined him."

Some interesting particulars are related respecting the overthrow of the Addington administration, and the succession of the Pitt and then the Fox cabinets; and Sir Robert mentions his long preceding intimacy with the latter, and continues:—

"There was nothing extraordinary, therefore, in my nomination to Vienna when he came into office in 1806. It is true, as related in the Diary, that it was agreed 'that Mrs. Adair (a French woman) should not go out with him, and that if ever she followed him, his mission should terminate.' The fact is so; but not for the reasons here insinuated. The injunction—why must these matters be talked of?—was at my own most earnest request, and on the representation of my family to Mr. Fox. As to the disparaging way of naming my wife, it may be well enough for a journal never intended, perhaps, to see the light; but when published in this manner, it must be noticed. Let the editor, then, be told that this 'French woman' belonged to one of the oldest of the noble families of France; that her father, a thorough royalist, perished in that cause by the guillotine; that she herself was one of the earliest victims of the revolution; and that, at the restoration of the Bourbons, her son-in-law was placed by the Comte d'Artois himself in his *garde du corps*. It is true that on Mr. Fox's death she *did* come out to me at Vienna, totally without my knowledge, or that of my family, in respect to her intentions; but with this painful part of my private life the public can have nothing to do. Enough of it!"

On this subject we shall only do ourselves the pleasure of quoting a few brief passages—the honest tributes of a political adversary to the memory of departed chivalry and patriotism.

"On the change of administration, Mr. Canning notified my recall to me in a way most sure to soften every unpleasant impression which I could receive from it. * * * * My reasons for not quitting Vienna without the customary audience are contained in the pages which follow that statement, together with my letter to Mr. Canning, entreating him to relieve me, and indeed himself, from an embarrassment all caused by this *école* of Lord Malmesbury. To these I refer for judgment whether any unbecoming effort was made by me to retain my situation either against the wish of the new ministry or after the dismission from office of my own friends. It will be judged also for Mr. Canning whether his conduct towards me, after having become acquainted, through my despatches, with my zealous efforts for the public service, deserves the sneer with which it is noticed; and much do I mistake my countrymen if, in estimating the character of that minister, they will not discern in this very act of retaining me at Vienna the answer of a man and of a gentleman to the dark insinuations of the Diary."

In May, Sir Robert returned to London, having been delayed by severe illness; and he writes:

"With what feelings I arrived will be understood by those who consider that, from the date of my letter to Mr. Canning of the 10th of July in the preceding year, until the day on which I knocked at his door in Bruton Street, I had not heard one word from him either of praise or of blame; and that, during this interval, I had taken upon myself many important acts, for which, if they were blameable, I had no right to count upon his partiality towards one so openly opposed as I was to the government of which he made a part. But Mr. Canning had many generous qualities. I remember his once saying in the House of Commons, that his foreign policy was contained in one word—'*England*.' He saw that, with all my defects, I had served England faithfully and zealously; and all party-differences were forgotten the moment he saw me. Our conversation was therefore short, and to the purpose. On receiving my letter from Malta, he had instantly sent me full powers to open a negotiation for peace with the Porte; but the frigate which brought them out crossed the Superb on her voyage home. He now proposed to me to return, and open the negotiation. My answer was, that as he was aware of my party-principles and engagements, he must give me leave first to consult my friends. Mr. Canning complied without hesitation; and the result was, that I accepted the mission under an express agreement, that after having made the peace, I should be at liberty to return home, and resume my seat on the opposition-benches of the House of Commons."

How high above party-prejudices and motives does this evidence set the illustrious character of George Canning! and how truly was his whole life and policy directed to that single pursuit embodied in the one word, the name of his beloved country, for which he toiled and died—the prosperity and happiness of "*England!*" England, we have also heard him declare, not in public but in private communion, was the sole object of his solicitude, and those anxious efforts which undermined his too sensitive constitution. England, he said, was too great a power not to be mingled in every continental question: but foreign affairs ought never to be her chief concern; she had but to turn to her inner self and develop those elements within, which, in spite of all the world, could raise her to the highest pinnacle of national power and greatness, feared and respected abroad, prosperous and contented at home.

From the body of the work we now proceed to borrow a few illustrations of the kind to which we alluded in setting out. As Sir Robert Adair approached the Porte, we have "a note from the French *chargé d'affaires* at Constantinople, of which the substance is as follows: He says he has heard with great astonishment of a frigate with an English *agent* on board having been permitted to come into harbour near the Dardanelles; that what he conceives to be still more extraordinary is, that *agent's* having been received with the greatest pomp and *éclat* by Emir Vaahid Efendi at his house, and that, contrary to the rules of vessels bearing flags of truce, the crew and officers of that frigate were suffered to go on shore and to walk about the town without the smallest control; that this was a proof of great weakness on the part of the Porte, who ought by this time to know how to distinguish between the sincere and ancient friendship of France, and the false, ungenerous conduct of England towards her; that it was the more surprising the Porte should have chosen this moment for suffering such proceedings to take place at the Dardanelles, when the French government was actually engaged in carrying into effect all the promises which it had held out to this court; that he understands the above agent is in the intention of going up to Constantinople with the frigate, to treat of peace directly with the ministers of the Porte; that this last ought to recollect her promise that she was not to admit of any such thing till the time of a general peace; that if the frigate should appear off Constantinople, with or without the Turkish government's leave, the *chargé d'affaires* was determined in either case to leave the residence and return to France."

The sequent negotiations with the Turkish minister are described in a manner to give a strange idea of ambassadorial business:

"He proceeded (says the author) to examine my treaty and his own *contre-projet* together; and from this moment until the end of our conference, which lasted the whole day, our meeting was a scene of continued altercation. To give an idea of the captious nature of his objections, I will beg you to turn to the article in his *contre-projet* in which it is required that all 'places,' &c., occupied by his Majesty's arms should be restored. I had altered this article merely by supplying the obvious omission of 'places belonging to the Sublime Porte.' To this alteration he objected strenuously, and it was a full hour before I could obtain its admission. You will not, therefore, be surprised that in this day's conference we proceeded no further than to discuss the preamble, the restoration of places and prisoners, and the re-establishment of the capitulations. At the close of it he proposed meeting again on the 15th. The disposition which I have already noticed to contest every point—I may almost say, every word—of the treaty with me, added to the demands from which he had not announced any intention of desisting, obliged me here to ask him at once whether it would be to any purpose to hold another meeting, and what were the real intentions of his court. * * * In the course of our discussion he said more than once, that Great Britain could entertain but little value for the friendship of the Porte, if she suffered a trifle of a few thousand purses to stand in the way of peace. A wish to understand more fully the meaning of this remark was a principal motive with me for agreeing to meet once more."

Peace was concluded between England and Turkey; and Russia, instigated by France, resumed hostilities against the latter state. The following miscellaneous extracts, after Napoleon entered Vienna, may be read with interest in the conclusion of this notice:

"The internuncio received information that some Bosniak chiefs, instigated by the French in Dalmatia, had made an irruption into Croatia, where they were committing great ravages, and whither it had become necessary, in order to oppose them, to detach a considerable body of Austrians intended for the attack of Dalmatia. The next evening (June 18th), a set of ruffians wearing the French cockade, after insulting in the streets the Spanish plenipotentiary (of whose mission and arrival I gave you an account in my last number), attacked the palace of the internuncio, and gave occasion to a most disgraceful scene of violence and tumult. The Reis Efendi, Ghalib (whose name I have often had occasion to mention), being returned for a few days to Constantinople, I had fixed to see him on the 20th. I had much to say to him on many subjects, and these fresh occurrences gave me a fair opportunity of pressing the government to explain itself upon its intended conduct towards France. After enumerating, therefore, the various matters of complaint I had to state against the French since my residence here, and remarking to him the friendly part I had acted towards the Turkish government, I told Ghalib Efendi it was im-

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possible things could go on in this manner any longer. That on signing the peace I had been willing to suppose it *possible* that at this extremity of the world an English and a French minister might live without disturbing each other. In this I had been deceived; and the intolerable conduct of the people under French protection, instigated by their chiefs, had now brought matters to a point at which I felt myself compelled to call upon the Ottoman government to make its choice between the two missions. * * * I then told Ghalib Efendi that there was but one effectual remedy for these disorders, namely, the dismission of the French minister from Constantinople. This dismission I endeavoured to convince him, was equally called for by the situation of Turkey itself. Without enumerating the various causes of suspicion which France had given to the Porte both by her engagements with Russia at the peace of Tillsitt and by her subsequent conduct, I confined myself to the last act, which in itself was a declaration of war, namely, the proposal to Austria to become an accomplice in the intended partition of the Turkish territories. I put all these points in the strongest light I was able, and particularly the affair of Bosnia. Ghalib Efendi understood me at a word. He objected, however, that the government was not prepared for a war with France; that their law forbade their declaring war, except under a positive aggression from an enemy; that governments were to act for the interest of their subjects, and that under the present circumstances it was not for the interest of Turkey to declare war. He requested me to enter into their situation, and not to press them to come to a rupture with France. I answered, that the rupture was already declared by the proposals of France to Austria; that certainly every government was to act as it thought best for the interest of its subjects; that if the Turkish government thought it most for its interest to wait until Bonaparte was ready with 100,000 men to attack the empire from Dalmatia, and Russia was ready with another 100,000 to cross the Danube, I had nothing to reply, but that in that case I must claim the benefit of the same principle to observe to him, that England would not easily be made to see how it could be for her interest to be spending her money and risking her fleets for a nation so conducting itself. * * * I perceive that the King of Persia is extremely desirous of establishing a close intimacy, and even alliance, with the Ottoman Porte. Sir Harford Jones appears also to be of opinion that the concurrence of the Porte in these views, and particularly that the establishment of embassies reciprocally between the two powers, would be the means of strengthening the peace he has recently concluded. The objections to the establishment of such a connexion as the King of Persia seems to have in view strike me to be of two sorts: first, the degree to which it might counteract the general plans of the presidency of Bengal with regard to its connexion with the neighbouring powers, by strengthening Persia too much; secondly, the doubtful prospect of affairs in Turkey itself, for whose conduct, when France shall arrive upon her frontiers, I cannot answer. On the other hand, the importance of binding Turkey to some engagement against a separate peace with Russia appeared to me so great, and from the misfortunes of Austria had become so pressing, that I could not reject the principle of endeavouring to form some sort of concert between Turkey and Persia."

The subject of lodging is grievously painted in our last quotation:

"I beg leave (says our envoy, in a letter to Mr. Canning, dated Pera, Sept. 15, 1809),—I beg leave to call your attention to the situation of the English palace at Constantinople. Almost immediately after my arrival, I had occasion to describe to you the ruinous condition to which it had been suffered to fall by the neglect of Baron Hubsch. On the 27th of February, 1807, some Turks having a suspicion that a quantity of arms and gunpowder were concealed in the cellars, an order was obtained to search the palace; and from that time, on various occasions, it has been entered by other persons. This gave rise to a system of continued petty pilfering, by which property to a considerable amount has gradually disappeared, and many valuable articles have been suffered to perish, with a view, apparently, of covering the robbery of the rest. Independently of M. Hubsch's negligence in this respect, he totally omitted to give those orders which he knew very well to be necessary for the preservation of the building itself. The consequence has been, that the rains, which, during a certain period, are very violent in this country, and to which it had been exposed during two successive winters, have totally destroyed the roof,—have essentially injured some of the main timbers,—and have irreparably damaged the greater part of the furniture, particularly that destined for the state-rooms. I have been repeatedly, and almost hopelessly, viewing this scene of desolation during the summer, utterly unable to resolve what course to take respecting the edifice itself. The first estimate of the expense necessary to restore it to its former state so largely exceeded every sum of which I could venture to sanction the disbursement, that I renounced at once all idea of proceeding upon it. On the other hand, it was absolutely necessary that some measures should be taken to stop the progress of the evil, which, if it had continued one winter more, must, according to the report of all persons employed to survey the building, have utterly completed its destruction. A second estimate was accordingly made under my directions, limited in its view to the restoration of the roof, and the putting some of the rooms in a habitable state. This estimate will bring down the expense to about 20,000 piastres. Various reasons induced me to put off the commencement of the work, even upon this reduced scale, until the last moment; but as three months of favourable weather were requisite to finish the roof, I could not delay it beyond the end of August. It has accordingly been begun, under the superintendence of M. Chabert, to whose indefatigable attention I am indebted, not only for the advance of the work itself, but for the most rigid economy in the expenditure. It would be idle in me to give hopes, that even when what I have now undertaken is completed, no further expense will be required. The ornamental parts and the paintings, which are all destroyed by the rains, are yet to be provided for. The stables are not begun, nor do I think it right to begin building them in the present precarious aspect of affairs at the Porte. The garden too, in its present state, is one continued heap of rubbish, and from the lowness of the wall by which it is surrounded, is exposed to perpetual intrusion, besides having become the receptacle of every thing offensive. I am afraid, under these circumstances, that a considerable additional expense must still be incurred, in order to render it a fit residence for his majesty's ambassador. I take the liberty of requesting your further directions on this subject, intending, on my part, to proceed no further until I am honoured with them."

The Works of G. P. R. James, Esq. Vol. V. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Philip Augustus, or the Brothers-in-Arms, carefully revised and corrected by its eminent author, is the fifth volume of this welcome and popular series. The favourable view which he takes of the character of Philip is, we think, sufficiently supported to be received as true history; and the imaginative invention or introduction into olden times of Gallon the dangerous fool gives a wild animation to the narrative, of which reality stood somewhat in need. When the author confesses that the writing of this fine historical work (amid scenes in the close vicinity of which many of the events it records took place) occupied him no more than seven weeks, we are filled with wonder at the fertility of his mind, and also of the absolute advantage to his productions that they should be struck off at a heat—a heat of genius. This seems to give condensation to the work, and render it more vivid; and instead of endeavouring to blame Mr. James (as some pseudo-critics are very apt to do, for rapidity in composition), we are inclined to thank him most, and consider him most successful, when he has followed the examples of celerity furnished by Fenelon in *Telemachus* and Johnson in *Rasselas*. At all events, *Philip Augustus* will bear out this opinion.

The Protestant; a Tale of the Reign of Queen Mary. By Mrs. Bray. Longmans.

This forms the third volume of the collected series of Mrs. Bray's works of fiction. '*The Protestant*, from the scene of action being laid during an eventful period of our history, undoubtedly comes under the class of historical romance; yet is there in it so much of domestic interest, that it may be considered quite as much a tale of private life. But this is not its only peculiarity. It has been remarked, and we agree in the opinion, that what in the Greek drama was called the Unities, is almost as rigidly preserved in *The Protestant;* whilst their observance falls out so naturally, that it is not till we have read the tale, and begin to examine into the merits of its construction, that we observe the skill of the writer in this particular. The action of the piece passes either in the city of Canterbury or in a neighbouring village; the time occupied is only a few weeks; the characters are not numerous; and there is not a single incident but occurs without effort, and in perfect harmony with this melancholy period of English history.

For ourselves, we have, as all our readers know, a decided antipathy to religious novels; to such as are designed to lead us into controversy under the disguise of a tale. But *The Protestant* is far different from this: it has not been written with any such view; it is simply a tale of private life, in which the members of a private family, from becoming involved in the public events of the known history of the period, are exposed to great trials and difficulties. Mrs. Bray's Kentish sketches are picturesque and faithful; and *The Protestant* frequently presents us with reflections of a moral nature—like those on the English country churchyards—that are no less original than beautiful. On the whole, this is a delightful work, and has ever been a chief favourite with the admirers of Mrs. Bray's novels.

The Archæological Album, or Museum of National Antiquities. Edited by Thomas Wright, Esq. M.A., &c. The Illustrations by W. Fairholt. London, Chapman and Hall.

This is a valuable No., and illustrated in a

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very interesting manner by Mr. Fairholt. A chromolith of the embellishments of illuminated mss. in the British Museum is eminently worthy of notice for its brilliant execution in gold and colours, and also for its subjects,—one of which represents Edward III. giving a charter of Aquitaine into the hands of his heroic son, the Black Prince; and another is a curious and graceful arabesque border, from a royal Orleans ms. In a literary and antiquarian point of view, an account of Roman London is by far the fullest and best sketch of the remains found during recent excavations in many places which has yet been made public. It will inform the inhabitants of the city of the treasures which lie buried, from the olden time, beneath their feet, from the banks of Thames to all the higher northern parts. At present they are making deep sewers—as down Philpott Lane from Fenchurch Street—to improve the drainage into the river of all this locality; and we hear of many curiosities being discovered there, as there will, no doubt, be many more as these works are carried on: but, in the mean time, we select a descriptive portion of the paper alluded to, to shew how well Roman London has been understood by the writer:

"The principal discoveries made within the last few years have been in Finsbury, Lothbury, the vicinity of the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange, the approaches to London Bridge, and in the streets bordering on Cheapside. The remains of houses and floors found in other parts of the city shew, that in the latter days of Roman London the whole space occupied within the ancient walls was covered with habitations. The wall, as it is well known, extended from the Tower through the Minories to Aldgate, Houndsditch, Bishopsgate, along London Wall to Fore Street, through Cripplegate churchyard, and thence between Monkwell Street and Castle Street to Aldersgate, and so through Christ's Hospital by Newgate and Ludgate towards the Thames. This wall is believed to have been a work of the later Roman period, when London was not unfrequently exposed to hostile attacks. It is certain, however, that during an earlier period of the Roman domination in Britain, Londinium occupied a much smaller extent on the banks of the Thames towards the centre of the present city, when the colony was probably not surrounded by walls, although it was even then celebrated for the number and activity of its merchants. The remains of Roman sepulchral interments have been found in different situations within the ancient walls, in nearly their whole extent; and, in most instances, above them were the floors and foundations of Roman houses of a later period. It is a well-known fact, that the Romans invariably buried their dead at some distance outside their towns and cities. But the most remarkable fact connected with the increase of the ancient town, for the interesting character of the different relics found there, and from the circumstance of its affording a probable evidence of the date at which the town was enlarged, is the recent discovery by Mr. Roach Smith, on the site of the Royal Exchange, of an early gravel-pit, which had, at a very remote period, furnished the gravel for laying the floors of the Roman houses; then neglected, it had been gradually filled with the rubbish and refuse from the Roman shops and houses; and lastly, at a subsequent period, it had been itself covered over with a layer of gravel, to support the floors and foundations of Roman buildings. The appearance presented by this pit will, perhaps, be best described in Mr. Smith's own words:—'During the excavations made for the foundations of the New Royal Exchange,' he says, 'an ancient gravel-pit was opened. This pit was filled with rubbish, chiefly such as at the present day is thrown on waste places in the precincts of towns,—dross from smithies, bones and horns of cows, sheep, and goats, ordure, broken pottery, old sandals, and fragments of leathern harness, oyster-shells, and nearly a dozen coins, in second brass, of Vespasian and Domitian. Over the mouth of the pit had been spread a layer of gravel, upon which were the foundations of buildings, and a mass of masonry six feet square, two sides of which still retained portions of fresco-paintings with which they had been ornamented. Remains of buildings covered also the whole site of the present Exchange. The pit itself is an interesting example of the gradual progress of Londinium. From this locality was gravel obtained for the flooring of buildings, and various other purposes of the infant colony; but as the town increased in extent, it was abandoned, filled in; and subsequently, by an artificial stratum of gravel, adapted for buildings. Here coins are again useful as evidence. The only one obtained from this pit, besides those above mentioned, was a plated denarius of Severus; but the agents and servants of the United Gresham and City Improvement Committees prevented my making those close and uninterrupted observations which otherwise would have enabled me to authenticate the exact position of the last coin. The fact of there not being found any coin of the century between the time of Domitian and that of Severus would raise a doubt as to whether the specimen of the latter emperor may not have been in the vicinity of, rather than in, the pit itself. In antiquarian investigations much depends upon minute and careful observation: important conclusions result frequently from a connexion of facts trivial in themselves, but of importance when combined; and the record and registration of these facts can only be satisfactorily carried on under auspicious circumstances. Taking the coins of Vespasian and Domitian into consideration, we may infer that Londinium had considerably extended its bounds not long subsequently to the reign of the latter emperor.' At this period the more elevated ground on which Londinium was built was in part surrounded by low morasses: on the south the vicinity of the modern Thames Street was marshy ground, covered by water at high tide; while to the north and east lay a wide extent of boggy ground, which gave its name in the sequel to Moorfields, and from which a small stream (called, in Saxon times, Wall-brook, from the circumstance of its passing through the wall), bordered also by low soft ground, proceeded in the direction of Lothbury and the Bank to the Thames. As the town increased in extent, the Romans rendered the boggy ground on the edge of the Thames, as well as that bordering on the brook, and part of the moor to the north, capable of supporting buildings, by driving wooden piles into the ground. Foundations laid upon piles in this manner have been found in excavating in Thames Street and Tower Street. In 1835, excavations were made in the neighbourhood of St. Clement's church, continued to the west of the Bank of England, on the line of Walbrook. Mr. Smith observed, that 'as the excavations approached Prince's Street (which bounds the Bank of England on the west), the soil denominated, by those familiar with the London strata, *Roman*, descended to a much greater depth than either at East Cheap, at Newgate Street, or at the London Wall near Finsbury. From the level of the present street, I should say that thirty feet would scarcely limit its depth; and the extent may be pronounced equal to the length of the west side of the Bank. Here it assumed also a different appearance; being much more moist, highly impregnated with animal and vegetable matter, and almost of an inky blackness in colour. It is worthy of note, that the same character is applicable to the soil throughout the line of excavation from Prince's Street to the London Wall at Finsbury; though nowhere did I observe it extend to such a depth as at the former place. Throughout the same line also were, at intervals, noticed a vast and almost continuous number of wooden piles, which in Prince's Street were particularly frequent; and there also they descended much deeper. The nature of the ground and the quantity of these piles tend to strengthen the probability of a channel having existed in this direction, draining off the water from the adjoining marshes, and that too (from the numerous Roman remains accompanying these indications) at a very remote period. Walbrook is described by Stowe as passing through the city by this route.' In subsequent excavations 'in London Wall, opposite Finsbury Chambers, at the depth of nineteen feet, what appeared to have been a subterranean aqueduct was laid open. It was found to run towards Finsbury, under the houses of the Circus, about twenty feet. At the termination were five iron bars, fastened perpendicularly into the masonry, apparently for the purpose of preventing the weeds and sedge from choking the watercourse. At the opening of this work, towards the city, was an arch three feet six inches high from the crown to the springing wall, and three feet three inches wide, composed of fifty tiles: the spandrels were filled in with rag-stone, to afford strength to the work. This arch was not worked on a centre, but corbeled over by hand; the keystone being half a tile and cement. This aqueduct took a southern course for about sixty yards, where it terminated. The workmen informed me that the entrance was evidently above-ground, and open to the air; as large quantities of moss, retaining its natural appearance, still adhered to the masonry. I observed an instance of the durability of this vegetable substance in the discovery of a large wide-mouthed vase near Lothbury, in which was placed, probably as a cover to bones or ashes, a turf of moss, still compact, and possessing much of its original character.'* From the impossibility of making any continued explorations under the mass of modern buildings, we find a difficulty in forming even a conjectural notion of the general distribution of the buildings in the Roman town. As the foundations of houses are continually found beneath the modern streets, it is quite clear that the latter can give us no clue to the directions of the Roman streets. The general results of modern excavation seem to indicate that some of the finer and larger houses were contained in what were then the more modern parts of the Roman city; particularly on the higher ground in the direction of Cornhill, and in the sweep from thence towards Finsbury. The public buildings seem, by the fragments of stone-work which have been discovered, to have been situated on the sloping ground rising from the bank of the river. It is not improbable that the Roman forum was situated near or upon part of Cheapside or in East Cheap, the Saxon market-place having taken the place of the Roman one. The principal street of

* Mr. Smith, in the "Archæologia," vol. xxix. p. 156.

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Roman London was probably that which was called by the Saxons Watlingstreet, the name which it has preserved down to the present time; it ran from London Bridge to Ludgate; and outside Ludgate, towards the river Fleet, have been found the chief Roman sepulchral monuments, with sculptures and inscriptions, yet discovered in London. It was one of the principal cemeteries of the city—the Street of Tombs of Londinium. The remains of other extensive places of burial have been discovered at Holborn Hill, without Bishopsgate, in Spitalfields, and in Goodman's Fields."

The Archæological Journal, &c. &c. No. VI. Longmans.

CONTINUED by the division of the Association which adheres to Mr. Way, this No. is chiefly occupied with papers on and notices of church-antiquities in architecture, and vestments, ornaments, and articles used in the services performed in elder and medieval times. The first relates to some Anglo-Norman sepulchral effigies at Cashel in Ireland, and now built into the exterior of the chapel-wall, the peculiarity of which consists in the exhibition of three females, as well as a knight, in the attitude called "*cross-legged*," and sometimes observed in our own day among ladies sitting at cards in that posture *for luck*. Their forms are stated to be masculine, but the head-dress and want of moustaches to be decisive upon the question of the sex. The received opinion that crossing the leg on a tomb denoted a Crusader, is shaken by this anomaly.—A paper by Mr. Way, illustrated by extracts from the Bursar's books of Merton College, Oxford, from 1277 to 1310, goes to prove that the decorated style of architecture was introduced into England as early as on the Continent, and may be dated about 1270, instead of the commencement of the ensuing century, as contended for by many writers on the subject. Other papers speak of the pax, osculatorium, curious enamels and the art of producing them, and the whole concludes with a report of the proceedings of the committee, in which some new matters are blended with accounts of others which have been published before, and which had better be avoided in future, as sufficiently known and explained. The novelties mention the discovery of Roman coins and a few relics in various parts of the country; and describe several antiquities, nearly of the same periods as those treated of in the rest of the Journal, in the possessions of the persons who have communicated with the committee. The whole seems to point out that the line of illustration this division purposes to pursue is principally that of medieval ecclesiastical building (like the Cambridge Camden Society) and the furniture belonging to the gorgeous services of mitred abbots and their servitors in those high-church ages.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

WE observe, from announcements in the press, that this well-established favourite with the public has passed into new hands. Mr. Harrison Ainsworth has seceded, with nearly the whole of the connexion which he brought to bear upon the magazine to which his name is attached, to the more extensive field presented by Mr. Colburn's miscellany, a magazine which, during a long and successful career, has been already edited by such men as Bulwer Lytton, Campbell, Hook, and Hood; and which, after their day has passed, bids fair to gain by the new infusion of spirit which will be thus poured into it.

As a proof of this, we have this month a supplement as large as the magazine itself, illustrated by no fewer than fourteen engravings in Phiz's best style, given gratuitously, and which is an unprecedented act of liberality in the history of periodical literature. This supplement contains the whole of the "Revelations of London" that has been printed; and the remainder of the romance is to be continued in the same magazine, to which Mr. Ainsworth has this month contributed a tale of interest and power, called "Cecco del Orso," and for which he also announces an historical romance, called "Kensington Palace, or George the Second and Queen Caroline."

We observe among the contributors to the magazine, under its new auspices, several names familiar to its pages, as Mrs. Trollope, Lancelot Wagstaff, Maxwell, &c. &c. And among those whom the new editor has brought over with him, we might particularly notice Mr. Thomas Wright, as calculated to add to the more sterling merits of a periodical in which there has always been a fair proportion of solid, mixed with more amusing and attractive, literature. The author of *Hillingdon Hall* also communicates a paper in his peculiar vein, called "Thoughts on Inns;" and the author of *Peter Priggins* continues his grotesque illustrations of Æsop. Dudley Costello has contributed a pleasant tale, called "the Fiddler of Frankfort;" and Mr. Oxenford some choice selections from German literature.

But among the foremost in value as a contributor to any publication of this kind, we must also name Mr. W. Francis Ainsworth, the enterprising scientific explorer of the Euphrates and the perilous country of the Turcomans—the author who has traversed the route of Zenophon with such unswerving fidelity and accurate knowledge—a traveller and a gentleman who, in all he has done through the press, must be esteemed one of the most original and comprehensive of those who do credit to it by their productions. So supported, it seems impossible that the *New Monthly* will not feel some effects result from such judicious catering to public taste and amusement, and such prompt and active, as well as truly liberal, measures pursued by its new proprietor.

Woman's Influence. By Mrs. Brereton. 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

WE are instantly repelled from the perusal of a novel when we come upon religious questions and opinions; and we ask ourselves, Is there to be no neutral ground in literature? is science to become an arena for polemics, and fiction a field for theology? In this book we soon fall in with high-church-folks and dissenters, who are caricatured as usual, their lives and conversation being nothing like those in nature. But this evil does not prevail throughout; and we have the usual course of fashionable life and love *contretemps*, till the whole ends in deaths and marriages.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LATE THOMAS CAMPBELL.*

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

London, June 22, 1845.

SIR,—Two articles have appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine* which have caused surprise and indignation to the friends of the late Mr. Thomas Campbell. There is no reason, up to within a short period of his decease, to suppose that he changed any of his literary opinions; or that from being a reserved man on literary topics, and particularly guarded in his intercourse with strangers in giving his opinion,—there is no reason to believe that he could temporarily change what was to him almost second nature.

The anonymous author of these "personal recollections" evidently deals largely in fiction. He must, indeed, have made the most of his time at a Polish ball in the city to have had discussions, *de omnibus rebus*, of such a length with Mr. Campbell; while in conceit of his own dignity he outvies in pretension the highest of our aristocracy. He begins by sneering at members of parliament, at shopkeepers, at the "unsentimental burghers" of London city, at the Polish "expatriated rascals," and at Lord Dudley Stuart; winding up with a declaration of an "innate shudder" he experienced at approximating in the Guildhall to the "greasy Clorindas of the city." Who can this exquisite—this Duke Lollypop be, after such exclusive assumptions? The fear of contact with the wives and daughters of the merchants and traders of the first city in the world afflicts *him* with an "innate shudder!"

But as this is a matter of taste, it may be enjoyed by the good taste dictating it, which no one envies. It is to the mischief done to the character of Campbell, by a writer who may never have seen the poet in his life, that I allude; and to a charge of loading with ungenerous, unmanly opprobrium one of the most simple-minded, kindest, most warm-hearted, and gifted men of his day.

The description of his person, malevolent and untrue as it is, may be passed by; the poet's countenance may be pronounced cold, cynical, mean, and vulgar; he may, as here, with all the knowledge of character acquired at this mystery-working ball, be proclaimed "the most icy-hearted man," eaten up with his own "selfishness," and indifferent to all comforts but his own; even the writer's opinion of his works and his genius may be taken for all they are worth, by such as are ready to admit them, if the face of God's earth carry any such; so too may the tale of Campbell's disdain for a company met together in a cause about which he always felt an extraordinary interest;—let all this have credit, if the author desire it, however apocryphal; for that it is apocryphal, I appeal to the poet's living friends—to those who knew him, titled or untitled, literary men or men of the world. The writer's disappointment at finding a "humble Scotch Dominie," where from Campbell's picture, painted by Lawrence, on which he, the writer, says he "had so often gazed with delight"—where did he see it?—at finding in fact that one of the best likenesses ever painted of a celebrated man at forty-seven was not a perfect fac-simile of the same man when nearly seventy years old,—however full of misrepresentation all these statements may be, and however likely they are to mislead a few who never knew the poet's person, they can do no mischief to the memory of the author of the stately "Hohenlinden," the glorious "Battle of the Baltic," or the spirit-stirring "Mariners of England."

It is another thing with what purports to have been spoken by such a man. Anecdotes and conversations thus given might become a part of his biography. These opinions on literature and literary men are not Campbell's. There is not the smallest resemblance to his style of conversation, his literary opinions, nor his cus-

* Though we have not seen the articles referred to in this letter, yet, well knowing the long and intimate terms on which the writer lived with Mr. Campbell, we have no hesitation in giving it a place in the *Literary Gazette*. Alas, the poet is doomed to suffer enough before he is taken from amongst us! cannot his memory be allowed to "smell sweet and blossom in the dust!"

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tomary bearing in them; all is wide as the poles asunder from any relation to Campbell. The nonsense about city-ladies dancing with lords is clearly borrowed from some novel. The text about Chantrey is supplied from a kind article about Campbell in *Fraser's Magazine*: the rest is made up by the author's imagination; so is the addition to the mention of Hazlitt, of which Campbell never, I will answer for it, uttered a word heard by this writer. What, sir, is to be thought of Campbell speaking of Northcote, whom he had known for years, as "the *sculptor fellow*" the "old *stone-cutting donkey*"—Northcote, whom all London well knows to have been *a painter* and a Royal Academician!! Here is a strong proof that these conversations are *original!* Nor did Campbell ever use such coarse language as is ascribed to him about strangers. He was a very guarded man in society upon literary questions. He had been a reader of Dante: here he is made to say he had not. He had often critically conversed with Foscolo in my hearing upon obscure passages in that author. The whole of that part of the article is made up, and the anecdotes related are imaginative or founded upon some second-hand story picked up Heaven knows where. It is really a diabolical act to attack the dead in this way, secure of escaping denial from the only quarter where it can be conclusively contradicted. Still worse is it to slander the dead through the dead; to ascribe vices where the shadow of them was never hinted at during their lives; to assail Mrs. Musters with sneers and insinuations, for example, that no man would abhor more than Campbell—false attacks on female character from Campbell, listen those who knew him! The quotations affecting to be Campbell's phrases are nothing like his phraseology; they are not his words. He was exceedingly choice in his language. He never spoke of Madame de Stael as "the Stael,"—that kind of slang was not his habit. But any doubt whether the anonymous writer of these conversations ever heard Campbell speak may be solved from the declaration of this writer himself, that Campbell "spoke like a man freshly imported from the savage wilds of the Highlands!" Here is proof enough that the writer never heard Campbell speak: I appeal to all who ever did, as to whether this be true or false: he spoke without the Scotch accent at all. He who simulates a five-pound note must do it better than this!

I need not ask those who knew Campbell, what sort of opinion they have of this kind of literary ruffianism? whether it becomes the age? whether the vulgar language and misrepresented opinions thus given are not a discredit to any writer? The publication in which they appeared must have been strongly imposed upon respecting a writer whose works so much contribute to the adornment of British literature.—I am, Sir, your humble servant,

CYRUS REDDING.

P.S.—Nearly thirty years' intimacy with the deceased poet will sanction, I trust, these observations.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

FRIDAY.

SECTION A.—(*Mathematical and Physical Science.*)

1. Erman (Prof. P., of Berlin) on the influence of friction upon thermo-electric phenomena.
2. Herschel (Sir J. W. F.), report of the committee for printing the British Association Catalogue of Stars.
3. Herschel (Sir J. W. F.), report on the state of the Catalogues of Lacaille and Lalande.
4. Goddard (J. T.) on a new anemometer.
5. Rankin (Rev. T.), meteorological observations at Huggate Wold, east riding of Yorkshire.
6. Rankin (Rev. T.), additional thermometrical observations in a deep well at Huggate.
7. Oliver (J. Y.) on Baron de Bode's insulated compass.

1. Prof. Erman's communication was given at length in our last.

2. Sir J. Herschel reported that the British Association Catalogue of Stars was now ready (there was a copy of it on the table), and that 500 copies had been printed, the entire cost of which was 1204*l*., and that the balance of the grants for this work unappropriated was 51*l*. Sir J. H. characterised the Association Catalogue as one of those works which mark the character of the Association as deserving of all praise and support. It is the most useful and magnificent astronomical work ever produced, and must become the catalogue of the whole world. Since the decease of Mr. Bailey, the arrangement of his notes, involving a vast amount of work, had devolved on Mr. Stratford, who had executed it with great care and energy. The catalogue contained 8377 stars, each determined as to right ascension, annual precession, secular variation, proper motion, North-Polar distance, &c. &c. with the minutest possible precision.

Mr. Stratford suggested that the balance of 51*l*. should be applied to the printing and publishing a zodiacal catalogue. He did not think it would cost 50*l*.; but if it should come to more, he would willingly pay it himself. It may not be generally known that the zodiacal catalogue of the 2381 stars of the catalogue of the Astronomical Society was published at the private expense of the late Mr. Bailey.

The Dean of Ely, with great truth, designated the British Association Catalogue as a permanent monument of the great aid given to science by the British Association.

3. Sir J. Herschel's second report was, that the catalogues of Lacaille and Lalande were nearly completed, and that they would be quite ready for the meeting of 1846. They will have cost 1000*l*.

The next three papers do not call for any observation: they possessed little general interest. The Rev. Mr. Rankin has been a meteorological observer for twenty years, and a systematic one for the last seven or eight.

7. The Baron de Bode's invention, which, it appears, has been lying dormant for a long time, was brought forward by Mr. Oliver, who attaches extreme value to it. The object is to intercept all local action, and this is affected by surrounding the compass with an intercepting or neutral atmosphere. Mercury was found most suitable, but costly; and therefore the oxides of lead and copper, with a small quantity of mercury, have been employed, the atmosphere of these insulating the compass exhibited to the section. The details of the communication were, the comparative behaviour of the insulated and the ordinary compass at certain distances from, and brought near to, a mass of five tons of iron: the deviations of the latter were considerable, whilst those of the former were almost *nil*.

SECTION B.—(*Chemical Science.*)

1. Daubeny (Dr.) on the chemical principles involved in the rotation of crops.
2. Sharp (W.) on the ashes of wheat.
3. Schweitzer (E. G.), analysis of three species of fucus.
4. Walker (C. V.), exhibition of brass formed by electro-deposit, and on certain phenomena of electrolysis.
5. Playfair (Dr. L.) and Joule (J. P.) on atomic volumes and specific gravity.

1. The room was very full; and Dr. Daubeny went over the grounds of his paper communicated to the Royal Society, illustrated by tables, and deducing new conclusions from the data laid down. He observed, that his object was to invite inquiry, as much remained to be done even after the labours of Liebig and others. Among the consequences ascertained, the Dr. stated that spade-husbandry rendered the decrease of successive cropping less than other means of culture. The experiments detailed, both of succession and rotation, went through ten years, and were made on three soils. The results were very different from those of Sprengel. A careful analysis of the component parts of soils was then explained, and their want or abundance, comparatively, of lime, magnesia, potass, soda, and chlorides of sodium and potassium, in a certain measure accounted for. The principle evolved was, that the best crops depended on the solution of organic matter in the earth, fit for the food and nourishment of plants; and that, in the absence of this solution, though there might be phosphates and alkaline salts enough for great production, the earth would be barren and the crops meagre. This applied also to manuring; for if insoluble, it would not produce the expected effect. A careful examination of the constituents in the ashes of plants was considered to be important, as it might lead to their useful application in assisting nature to decompose and stimulate the humus on which the growth of vegetation depended. The alkalis went through the fibres of plants, and turned the carbonic acid of the atmosphere into organisation, which was another form of nutriment; but he chiefly insisted on the fact, that the soil might have within itself, *inert*, all that which the farmer might be seeking by spreading over the land, from all parts of the world, such manures as he was led to believe would enrich it with the necessary phosphates.

2. Mr. Sharp detailed a number of experiments on the ashes of wheat, which ended in striking discrepancies in the results; varying, indeed, so much as from 1·177 to 2·137. Much, it appeared, was owing to the difference of temperature at which the wheat was dried. The chemical agents tried by Mr. Sharp to facilitate combustion had all failed.

3. Mr. Schweitzer's experiments went to ascertain why certain fuci were good manure, and others not. In *Laminaria saccharina*, alkaline carbonates were most abundant; and in *F. vesiculosus* and *F. serratus*, sulphates. In the former potass, and in the latter soda, was in the largest quantity.—Prof. Johnston made some very pertinent observations on this agricultural subject; pointing out how little was yet known of chemical principles in the rotation of crops. He scouted the idea that a constant succession of crops could be procured by the application of manures prescribed upon chemical analyses; for, independent of this, there must also be taken into calculation the physical condition of the soil, the structure of the plant, and other conditions of the utmost importance to ultimate success in raising the heaviest produce.

[The questions affecting agriculture and the cultivation of land were brought on both in Sections B. and D.; but there appeared a marked difference in their modes of viewing them. Whilst the chemists were sedulously examining their processes, to ascertain how chemistry could be most beneficially applied to improve the productiveness of the earth, the naturalists almost ridiculed the notion of much being done by seeking agricultural instruction in the apothecary's shop.—*Ed. L. G.*]

4. Mr. Walker's remarks went to illustrate the voltaic reduction of alloys; and he con-

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tended that true brass was a definite chemical compound, which he obtained by a process of galvanic electricity acting upon cyanide of potass, with various changes as the action was continued. He exhibited some fine specimens of other metals, by this means, coated with brass.

5. The deductions were: That the volumes of all solids are multiples of each other. That the law of gaseous volumes extends to liquids and solids. That the volume of a substance in a solid state is a multiple of a volume of water; is equal to 9 or a multiple of 9. That the volume of a solid is greater than that of a liquid, but that they are multiples of each other, and that the liquid and solid volume are not usually the same: and that previous inquirers had made the mistake of comparing the volume of a salt to that of water, or the solid form to the liquid, instead of contrasting the proper forms with each other.

SECTION C.—(*Geology and Physical Geography.*)

1. Carpenter (Dr. W. B.), report on the microscopic structure of shells.
2. Buckland (Dr.) on the agency of land-snails in forming holes and trackways in compact limestone.
3. Waltershausen (Baron W. S. de) on a topographical and geological map of Mount Etna and adjacent country, from actual survey.

Prof. Sedgwick made some concluding statements in addition to his paper of the preceding day.

1. After some preliminary remarks on the difficulty of getting the drawings and engravings ready for the first part of his report, Dr. Carpenter proceeded to demonstrate the organic structure of shells, beautifully shewn through his microscopic observations, to which the *Literary Gazette* did justice when first privately exhibited to a small select party at Mr. Reeves' in London. He disputed the contrary opinion maintained by an eminent foreigner, on the ground of their breakage in crystalline fractures; and ably insisted on his own theory of a cellular construction, analogous to that in the skins of animals. He especially directed attention to highly magnified sections of *Tenebratulæ* (of which splendid drawings were exhibited), and, among other extraordinary appearances, pointed out perforations through which it was evident that animal matter must have passed. This he felt assured was a glandular process, and was confirmed in his opinion by minute examinations of fossil *Tenebratulæ*, and existing *Pandora echini* and *echineidermæ*.

Professors Sedgwick and Buckland warmly eulogised the ability and skill displayed by Dr. Carpenter in these elaborate investigations, which they deemed of high importance to geology and physiology; but Mr. Charlesworth warned the section against the too hasty adoption of the theory propounded, as a key to determine genera, and even species. By generalising in this way, they had gone wrong before, and might do so again. Dr. C. replied, that he had found perfect uniformity in the multitude of species he had examined.

In the course of his remarks, Prof. Sedgwick finely observed on the want of time often pleaded in excuse for non-performances of tasks, that those who were most busily employed, found, almost always, the most time to spare for congenial pursuits of benefit to mankind; whilst those who had perfect leisure seldom or never had an hour to devote to useful purposes!

2. Dr. Buckland's communication was one of those delectable reliefs from very dry science with which he frequently mingles philosophy and pleasantry, to the great gratification of his auditors. He adduced many new proofs in support of his opinion, that by the emission of acid when they began to move from a resting place, snails gradually, in the course of many years, caused these perforations, or lodging-houses, in the compact limestone; for chalk and other less solid formations would not retain the traces of this action. He calculated, from observing the depths of the holes—about an inch—in the stones of Risborough castle, left by the Romans fifteen hundred years ago, that the work of excavation went on at that rate, or about an inch in a thousand years; and he denied that similar perforations were made by any other animals, or by the action of the salt of the sea combined with the carbonic acid of the atmosphere. He referred to several facts, and to the evidence of several gentlemen present, who, from being sceptics and treating his theory with derision, had become converts to it.

3. Next week.

SECTION D.—(*Zoology and Botany.*)

1. Jenyns (Rev. L.) on the turf of the Cambridgeshire fens.
2. Schomburgk (Sir R.) on the Murichi or Ita palm of British Guiana.
3. Allman (Prof.) on a monstrosity in *Saxifraga geum*.
4. Forbes (Prof. E.) on the distribution of endemic plants. [Given at full length in our last *Gazette*.]
5. Henslow (Prof.) on a monstrosity of *Papaver Orientale*.

1. The discussion on this paper threw more light upon the peat-subject than the paper itself, though full of diligent observation. It was elicited from both, that bogs differ much in their nature, although originating from one common cause. The moor about Islebam was stated to vary much from most other parts of the fens, the superstratum being heavier than the substratum, of which there appears to be two kinds before reaching the general basis, which is clay. The superstratum of the fens in England is a dusty matter, lighter than blowing sand; whereas in Scotland, it was remarked by Mr. Babington, the peat is of a close nature when dry, although light; and it was observed, that in Ireland the bog is heavier below than at the top. It was also remarked, that trees are found generally in such situations lying in a north-easterly direction, and that the peat in Cashmere was similar to that in Cambridgeshire.

2. One of the most useful among the palms is the Murichi. It is found in Guiana, over an area of 550,000 square miles, and generally in groups, and in moist or swampy soil. It affords to the Indian so various uses, that the author adduced it as a proof that the aborigines of Guiana are not given to idolatry, otherwise so useful a tree would not have escaped adoration. The fruit is eaten in its mature state, and an inebriating drink is prepared of it. At a certain period of the year the trunk is tapped, and a fluid flows from it which possesses much saccharine matter. It goes easily over into fermentation, and proves then intoxicating. Of the greatest delicacy is the saccharine liquor extracted from the unexpanded flowers, which affords a beverage resembling champagne in briskness; the unexpanded terminal bud affords a cabbage; the pith of the trunk a flour resembling sago, of which the Warrans bake a kind of bread called *arû*: mixed as a pap, this flour is said to be an excellent remedy for dysentery. The fan-shaped leaves are used to thatch their huts with; the base of the half-sheathing leaves afford sandals. The mid rib of the leaf is split in pieces about a quarter of an inch in thickness; they are dried in the sun, and connected by means of withes and bass, and serve as sails. They form likewise an excellent substitute for cork to the collector of insects, or serve as a strop for the razor. But of the greatest use are the fibres of the young leaves, which are prepared into thread, and of which several Indian tribes manufacture their hammocks. After the trunk of the Mauritia decays, the larvæ of a large beetle (*Curculio palmarum*) are found in it, which the Indian considers a great delicacy. They are eaten roasted or boiled. It was therefore no wonder that all the authors who have written on Guiana have extolled this tree; and Father Gumille, who published his work on the Orinoco in 1745, calls it the tree of life (*arbol de la vida*).

3. Described a singular botanic monstrosity, which was exhibited to the company, and

5. Another of a similar departure from the ordinary course of nature.

The time not having run out, Dr. Lankester read some observations on the *Phytelephas macrocarpa*, or vegetable ivory.

SECTION E.—(*Medical Science.*)

Nil.

SECTION F.—(*Statistics.*)

1. Valpy (Mr.), statistics of the trade of Norway.
2. Thurnham (Dr.) on the liability to insanity at different ages.
3. Porter (G. R.) on savings-banks. [For a complete analysis of which see last week's *Lit. Gaz.*]

1. Read by Mr. Porter, stated that the chief export-trade of Norway consists of the produce of her forests, fisheries, and mines. The most extensive forests are in the interior, and are chiefly property belonging to the peasantry. For some years the timber-trade has been gradually changing its course: formerly England was looked upon as the principal market, and in return England retained almost the exclusive import of manufactures. From 1809, the period when the English protection-system extended in favour of Canada, the decline of the trade with England commenced, and in the same proportion did the use of British manufactures decrease. Hamburgh and the German States also became new markets for this description of Norwegian produce, and German manufactures superseded in a great measure those of England. The fishing-trade is next in importance. The paper gave a list of the various kinds; but the last three years, since 1841, the annual average exports had not much exceeded 500,000*l*. The chief market for salmon was Denmark. For several years the salmon-trade was very prosperous, but of late it had been very limited. This was found to be owing to immense shoals of sharks; and eight ships were fitted out for shark-fishing in 1841, and 20,000 of these voracious animals were captured, and their numbers did not appear at all diminished. Norway was increasing in importations, especially in coffee, tobacco, cotton-twist, and an immense number of other articles which the paper enumerated; and there was a great probability of our trade with Norway increasing, from the impetus given to trade by the revision of the tariff.

2. Dr. Thurnham contested the doctrine held by Esquirol, Prichard, and Dr. Copland (all high authorities on this subject), and maintained that more instances of insanity occurred between the age of 30 and 40 than during any other decennial period. The liability to the malady, therefore, was not greater as men advanced in years. Dr. Thurnham was asked whether the fact of insanity preponderating amongst the Society of Friends over the other portions of society arose from their intermarrying. Dr. Thurnham said he was not aware that they did intermarry amongst relatives more than the world at large: it was not unlikely that their peculiar mental characteristics was one of the chief causes of their insanity. [The

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fact itself was denied at York last year.—*Ed. L. G.*]

SECTION G.—(*Mechanics.*)
Nil.

During the afternoon of Friday the grounds of Downing College, where the Horticultural Exhibition had been arrayed, were thronged, and the promenade enlivened with music—the only public occasion, by the way, for the whole week at Cambridge on which similar sweet sounds were heard. Query: How many of the 173 lady-members would have voted for the like enjoyment at one at least of the evening promenades? Flowers, besides the prize-bearers, were tastefully grouped in several tents. A collection of calceolarias attracted our particular attention: it comprised a great number of beautiful and delicately coloured varieties; the geraniums too had considerable merit. Amongst flourishing floral excellences, however, there was a novel, curious, and admirable *Hortus siccus*, exhibited by Capt. Ibbetson, consisting principally of *Orchideæ* and *Cacti*. The plants and flowers had been electro-coppered, and every fibre and the most delicate structure preserved and disclosed; for the metallic coating, instead of obscuring the minuter fabric, only served like varnish to bring it more out.

SATURDAY.

SECTION A.—(*Mathematical and Physical Science.*)

1. Sabine (Col.) on some points in the meteorology of Bombay.
2. Senftenberg (Baron Von) on M. Kreil's self-registering meteorological instruments.
3. Birt (W. K.) on atmospheric waves.
4. Brown (J. A.) on the results of the magnetic and meteorological observations at Sir Thomas Brisbane's observatory, Makerstoun.
5. Saxby (S. M.) on the connexion of magnetic variation with certain peculiarities of the earth's surface.
6. Hodgkinson (E.) on the strength of stone columns.
7. Brewster (Sir D.), notice of an improvement in the positive process of making talbotypes.

1. Col. Sabine's interesting communication was fully given in last *Lit. Gazette.*

2. The Baron von Senftenberg described the advantages of M. Kreil's self-registering instruments and the series of five-minutes observations made by them at Prague and Senftenberg, gave examples to shew the value of these instruments, and submitted the records of the observations. This paper was one of those (Col. Sabine's (No. 1) being another) recommended and approved for printing *verbatim* in the next volume of the Transactions: an abstract would afford but a slight knowledge of the value of its contents.

3. Mr. Birt's observations have extended over a period of three years, namely, 1842, 1843, and 1844. The tabulated curves of symmetrical waves for the three years exhibited a close analogy; the present drawbacks, however, to satisfactory conclusions, are, that a mass of observations still remain unreduced, that the observations themselves were made at irregular intervals, and that no corrections have been made for gaseous and aqueous pressures. Three systems of waves or barometric maxima appear to be disclosed, and insight obtained into the periods, amplitude, and progress of periodic waves. The amplitude of one was given at 1856 miles, and its progress 30 miles an hour.

Sir John Herschel recommended the continuance of the observations at intervals of 15 or 16 days.

4. The following are the points of chief importance in this paper;—From a comparison of five months in 1841 with the corresponding five months of 1842, the yearly movement of the north end of the declination-magnet is about four minutes towards the east; the horizontal component of the earth's magnetic intensity increases, and the vertical component diminishes considerably, in the course of the year 1842, the diminution of magnetic dip being about five minutes.

A new system has been adopted in order to obtain the temperature-corrections for the bifilar and balance-magnet. It is described in the sixteenth volume of the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, and may be stated shortly as a determination of the effect of temperature on the positions of the magnet, by a comparison of the usual daily observations, different methods of comparison giving nearly the same results. When corrected by this method, the diurnal range of the earth's vertical intensity, as obtained from the balance-magnetometer, has been found, like the diurnal ranges for the declination and horizontal force, to increase regularly from winter to summer. The annual period of the horizontal intensity, as deduced from the corrected observations of the bifilar-magnetometer for 1842, is very striking. A minimum of intensity occurs before or about each equinox, and a maximum before or about each solstice. The observations at Toronto, when corrected in a similar way, indicate exactly the same periods: the projections of the monthly means for Toronto and Makerstoun were exhibited, the two curves being almost identical—the Makerstoun curve indicating a greater increase of horizontal intensity at the end of the year. The corrected observations of the balance-magnetometer confirm, to some extent, the result from the bifilar, inasmuch as they also shew the same period of maxima and minima for the vertical force.

In the meteorological observations it was pointed out that the range of the monthly means of the pressure of the dry air was nearly the same as for the moist air. The mean of the three monthly maxima and minima of temperature for each quarter of the year differs only by a fractional part of a degree from the mean of all the daily maxima and minima for the same period. The mean of the monthly maxima and minima of atmospheric pressure is less than the mean pressure for the whole year. This, it is conceived, has been found true for places between the parallels of 50° and 60° north latitude: the sign of the difference probably changes in lower latitudes; it does so at Pekin, in 1841 the means of the maxima and minima for each month being *above* the monthly mean. The annual curve of the relative humidity of the atmosphere, deduced from observations of the psychrometer, was shewn to agree completely in all its inflections with the curve of the mean quantity of clouds covering the sky, the latter being merely estimated.

Prof. Airey protested against the novel method, stated by Mr. Brown, of correcting the instruments for temperature; the only exact mode being the action of one magnet on another in hot and cold water.

Mr. Brown stated he had tested his method in various ways, and always produced the same results; and, in answer to a remark of Prof. Forbes, said that he obtained the same results at all periods of the year.

Prof. Lloyd thought Mr. Brown's method not a perfect one, but still valuable when there may be no means for the direct methods.

5. Mr. Saxby connected magnetic variation with mountain-ranges or chains of islands.

6. Mr. Hodgkinson gave the results of experiments on the strength of small columns of stone. The columns were of different lengths, varying from 1 inch to 40 inches. They were square uniform prisms, the sides of the bases of which were 1 inch and 1¾ inch, and the crushing force was applied in the direction of the strata. The stone was a sandstone of the hardest kind, used for architectural purposes in the neighbourhood of Manchester; and the force required to crush a short column was upwards of 10,000 lbs. per square inch.

When columns of the same base vary in length, there is a falling off in strength from the shortest to the longest; but in columns the length of which is not greater than about twelve times the side of the square, the diminution of strength is so small that the strength may be considered as nearly constant and equal to that of the shortest column. When columns are longer than as above, the falling off in strength is considerable; and as they always fail first by the ends becoming fractured, shewing the ends to be the weakest part, Mr. Hodgkinson suggests that the dimensions of the ends should be increased, leaving the middle of smaller size, and increasing the dimensions from the middle towards the ends.

From the experiments it would appear, that the Grecian columns, which seldom had their lengths more than about ten times the diameter, were nearly of the form capable of bearing the greatest weight when their shafts were uniform; and as the fracture of all short columns takes place by the material becoming crushed, and not by flexure, the strength of the Egyptian and other ancient columns will only be equal to that of the smallest parts of their diameters or other lateral dimensions.

7. Sir David Brewster, in order to avoid the black spots usually occurring in positive talbotype portraits, recommended the interposition of white paper between the negative picture and the paper prepared for the positive impression. The improvement was evidenced by the specimens exhibited.

We can only this week find room for a single paper in Section B., viz., Prof. Boutigny on the spheroidal state of bodies and freezing of water in incandescent crucibles.

When a metallic plate is heated to redness, and water poured upon it, the water runs off as a globule, without wetting the metal. This condition of the liquid is called the spheroidal state; and the phenomenon was first investigated by Leydenforst, but subsequently and more accurately by Dumas and Peltier. The acquisition of the spheroidal state is readiest when the metal is at a white heat, ceasing only, however, when the metal has cooled down to brownish red. The temperature at which it commences for water is 200° C., but the phenomenon continues until the temperature falls to 142° C. The boiling point for water on the centigrade scale being 100°, the temperature of the spheroidal globule is always below this, or about 96°, and so remains without contact with the metal until the crucible is taken off the lamp, when, cooling down, the water boils away rapidly. This was the first of Prof. Boutigny's curious experiments, namely, boiling water by a cooling process. Radiant heat does not pass through water in the spheroidal state, which it does in the boiling state. Evaporation takes place from the spheroidal globule, but fifty times less than during ebullition, and the thermometer rises higher in the vapour than in the bubble. The non-contact of liquids in the spheroidal state with the heated metal, is so perfect, that chemical liquids may be projected on metals for which they have a strong affinity without attacking them. This was shewn with nitric acid projected on silver,

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and ammonia on copper. So long as the requisite heat was kept up, the metals were not attacked; but when the lamp was taken away, and the spheroidal state destroyed by the cooling of the metals, the nitric acid phizzed off and the ammonia became blue. Iodine too, assuming this peculiar state, did not evaporate; but, similarly to the former cases, upon the cooling of the crucible, went off in its characteristic purple vapours. Fused nitrate of ammonia also, in the spheroidal state, does not burn away until removed from the fire. In short, Prof. Boutigny had not met with a single exception in all that he had tried. As a farther proof, it was stated that no voltaic current was indicated when one galvanometer wire touched the crucible and the other the spheroidal globule. A melancholy practical proof was mentioned as having occurred on Mount Etna:—the lava flowing down into water, the liquid became spheroidal: all was tranquil, and as the people thought safe; but the lava cooling down, a great explosion followed, and about fifty lives were lost.

Prof. Boutigny's chief experiment, the freezing of water in redhot vessels, the announcement of which had excited so much curiosity, may be explained as follows:—If any substance boils below the freezing point of water, that same substance in the spheroidal state would *à fortiori* be below its own boiling point; and therefore water in contact would be frozen. Sulphurous acid is such a substance; and consequently, sulphurous acid in an incandescent crucible in the spheroidal state is itself colder than ice: in addition, however, to its own coldness, it evaporates when touched by the water; therefore intense cold is produced, and the water instantly freezes. [This and the other interesting experiments were repeated by Prof. Boutigny on Monday during the hours of sectional business; such repetitions, we trust, will not become practice from precedent—it is scarcely fair towards the authors of papers. The evening meetings would have been the proper arena for the repetition, and more in accordance with usage.]

At the conclusion of the experiments, so beautifully manipulated, Prof. Grove called attention to two points of practical importance closely connected with the phenomena, namely, the tempering of metals and the bursting of steam-boilers. In the former case, as the hardening effect was generally proportional to the difference between the temperatures of the metal and the water, the workman would be led into error in cases where the metal was so hot as to induce the spheroidal state; contact would be prevented, and the cooling would not take place as rapidly as anticipated. In the latter, if water were poured in when the metal of the boiler was hot enough to cause it to become spheroidal, from the slowness of the evaporation there would be no pressure on the safety valve; but by the gradual lowering of the heat, the water would suddenly enter into ebullition, and greatly endanger the boiler.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, *June* 26.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctors in Civil Law.—Rev. J. I. Welldon, St. John's College, grand compounder; Hon. R. E. Howard, fellow of All Souls College.

Bachelors in Civil Law.—Rev. C. R. Harrison, All Souls College; M. Bernard, Trinity College, Vinerian scholar.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. T. G. Hatchard, Brasenose College; F. H. Bond, Fellow of Exeter College; Rev. J. Gurton, Rev. W. J. Dry, Wadham College; Rev. J. Jenkins, exhibitioner of Lincoln College; M. L. Lopes, Oriel College; Rev. T. C. Gibbs, Trinity College; Rev. H. Low, Exeter College; Rev. J. C. Browne, St. John's College, incorporated from St. John's College, Cambridge.

Bachelor of Arts.—H. E. Moberly, fellow of New College.

Members' Prizes.—The members' prizes for Latin essays were on Thursday last adjudged as follows:—*Bachelors*—1. E. H. Vaughan, Christ's College; 2. F. W. Gibbs, Trinity College. *Undergraduates*—H. P. Wroth, St. John's College.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

ARCHÆOLOGY.

We cheerfully give place to the following correspondence of Mr. Albert Way—truth and justice being our only rule. Should we have been misinformed, the correction of the errors is alike due to the parties concerned and to ourselves; and we therefore frankly allow the writer the advantage of this uncontradicted statement; merely observing, that we had no reason to question the facts and proofs offered to us, and shall seek, by farther inquiry (for which we have not time before this *Gazette* appears), to ascertain the grounds on which they rest.—*Ed. L. G.*

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—In your journal of the 21st ult., I notice certain statements which are not in accordance with truth; and as I cannot for a moment impute to you the intention of misleading your readers by giving publicity to erroneous reports, I request that you will give to the following remarks a place in your columns. Three gentlemen who had contributed to the British Archæological Association have, as stated in your journal, required that their money should be returned, and met with refusal. I shall be much indebted to you if you will enable me to ascertain their names; no such requisition having hitherto been received either by my coadjutor, Mr. Hudson Turner, by myself, or the central committee. Your readers are then informed that the list of contributions to the British Archæological Association includes the name of a lady of the West of England, which has been placed thereon as a subscriber "entirely without her knowledge." Surely, sir, you must have inadvertently taken up the list of supporters of some other society; for no lady of the West of England has bestowed any subscription on the British Archæological Association, nor has any such name been placed on the list of subscribers. These are, however, mere assertions, not substantiated by the names of the persons aggrieved. The concluding statement is of a different nature: one of the "pretended local secretaries" of the British Archæological Association, the Rev. John Hodgson, had thus been entitled, as we are informed by your journal, contrary to his avowed sentiments; implying also, I suppose, without his knowledge or assent; and his name had unwarrantably been made to figure in support of proceedings which, as you have stated, had met with his strong disapprobation. The following correspondence will shew what had been the sentiments of that gentleman not many days previously to his decease. The wish of the central committee that he should assent to be placed on the list of local secretaries was communicated by Mr. Hudson Turner, the assistant secretary, who was personally known to him; and the following letter was received in reply:

Hartburn, April 16, 1845.

SIR,—By an overstretch from writing, nearly six years since, I have been very unable to do almost any thing respecting Northumberland since that time; but beg to say to the central committee of the B. A. S. that I shall be very glad for my name to be printed as the local secretary for the county of Northumberland, and shall be very glad to give the central committee any assistance I can.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, JOHN HODGSON.

T. Hudson Turner, Esq.

The name of Mr. Hodgson was, in consequence, placed upon the list of local secretaries circulated towards the close of the month of April. This list having come into his hands, he noticed in that announcement, which comprised the names of the central committee and subscribing members, an inadvertent omission, and addressed to Mr. Turner the following letter:

Hartburn, 9th June, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—I believe that, as I usually do, I did not add any honorary signature to my name; but if you should ever again print it as a "local secretary" of Northumberland, you would oblige me by adding to it M.A., M.R.S.L., V. President of the Newc. A. S., &c. &c.—I am, dear sir, yours very faithfully,

JOHN HODGSON.

T. Hudson Turner, Esq.

I beg, sir, that as you have evidently been misinformed in regard to these circumstances, you will, in justice, give publicity to the facts of the case, and enable your readers to decide whether Mr. Hodgson ought to have been considered as "one of the pretended local secretaries" of the British Archæological Association.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

ALBERT WAY.

12 Rutland Gate, Hyde Park,
July 2, 1845.

FINE ARTS.

FRESCO EXHIBITION, WESTMINSTER HALL.

To judge by the company at the private view of the cartoons and frescos in Westminster Hall on Saturday, there has certainly grown up of late an extreme curiosity, if not a right feeling, for productions in high art among the upper classes and throughout the country. A great number of nobility and members of the legislature, as well as artists and many other individuals of distinction in various walks of life, were present; and the general aspect of the noble hall, hung round with works of imposing magnitude and character, and dotted in the centre with statuary, seemed to offer a fitting reception-room for such an assembly.

Our readers are aware that the collection here exhibited consists of six designs for decorating six arched compartments in the new House of Lords, three of which were predetermined by the Commissioners of the Fine Arts to be illustrative of the functions of the peers in their relation to the sovereign, viz. personations or abstract representations of Religion, Justice, and the Spirit of Chivalry;* and the other three subjects to correspond with these, and express the relation of the Sovereign to the Church, the Law, and (as the fountain of honour) the State: viz. the baptism of Ethelbert, Prince Henry acknowledging the authority of Chief-Justice Gascoigne, and Edward the Black Prince receiving the Garter from Edward III. And farther, that the artists commissioned to execute such designs, at the charge of 400*l.* each, were, as stated in our last No., Messrs. D. Maclise, C. W. Cope, R. Redgrave, W. Dyce, J. C. Horsley, and W. C. Thomas. And, besides, *pour encourager les autres*, three premiums were announced, of 200*l.* each, for specimens accounted to be the most worthy by judges appointed to decide on the competition. We have therefore in the hall nine especial objects

* Why "the Spirit of" Chivalry, any more than the Spirit of Religion and the Spirit of Justice, we do not know?—*Ed. L. G.*

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, *i. e.* the six commissioned works, and :e to which the prize of superior merit : rest has been awarded. The successful tes are, Mr. J. Noel Paton, jun., of aline, Scotland, and Mr. Edward Ar- for "the Spirit of Religion," and Mr. enniel, jun., for "an Allegory of Jus- Before specifying particular cases, we ly to add, that the cartoons are 9 feet s wide, by 16 feet in height, accompa- coloured sketches of the entire design, than 18 inches in their shortest dimen- nd specimens of fresco painting of a the full proportions, and not less than t the shortest dimensions. Thus every mishes three tests by which to estimate bility to achieve a work of the class re- and it is not a little remarkable to see ch some of them have excelled in one l failed in others. There will of course conflicting opinions upon the relative of these compositions in a style new ountry, with which few have the benefit acquainted, and still less of having he great standards for comparison which the Continent; and therefore we ten- ideas with more than usual deference ence of others and the public voice.

e think we may, without disparagement commence our notice with No. 41, "The Chivalry," by Daniel Maclise, R.A.— n around this cartoon we can, at a glance, excellent abilities and eminent talents; t we are struck by Genius—genius in the import of the term, as applied to the 's art. The exuberance of imagination, sion of invention, the beauty of form, elling as it were in all the luxuries of il, and the elaborate and marvellous , in every touch and throughout the ender this production not only an hon- the British school, but one which may with the most famous frescos of Italy orld. The impersonation of Chivalry, pper portion of the gloriously peopled not the most prominent figure (per- might advantageously have been more the compeers in that division—those are reached a chivalrous pinnacle and the illustrious assembly by their influ- religion, their valour in war, or the they have conferred on mankind in mportant capacities—are grouped with y force, and grandly expressed. In the art the design is yet more charming and storied illustration. The main interest tined by a youthful armed knight, at- by his page, vowing himself to the ser- f chivalry, and cheered on his gallant ise by the smiles of his lady-love. This is exquisite: the finish of the knight's mail, and, indeed, of all his armour, is as he finest line-engraving, and hatched with eful skill so as to unite the most minute g with extraordinary breadth and effect. em are embodied intellectual abstracts a close connexion with deeds of chivalry. are personified the painter, the sculptor, ed, the troubadour, the historian, who give immortality to his exploits and vir- picture, and statuary, and poetry, and and historical annal. These are ad- e conceptions: the troubadour and his are absolute inspirations of tender- and beauty, and the ancient harper alone s wilderness of allegorical ideas. His triking the strings (a masterpiece which to elicit sound) is but a type of the per- with which every extremity and point illustrious work is executed; whilst its general contour shews with how bold and free a scope the draughtsman could dash over the larger proportions and combine them in one harmonious whole. No. 41 is an Exhibition; and we congratulate the Royal Academy and the English school upon it. The fresco accom- paniment partakes of the artist's manner in colour.

Taking the following in academic and alpha- betic order, we come to

No. 57. "Prince Edward receiving the Gar- ter," &c. C. W. Cope, A.R.A.—This subject is either not (and we cannot think it is) a very good one, or it has failed to excite any high powers in its treatment. Yet Mr. Cope has justified the expectations raised by his former success. Avoiding the too prevalent flatness of German imitation and antique form (as if the school of Munich were the highest in being), his characters are vigorously drawn, and stand out in bold relief; and his grouping is natural and effective. Still the prince is an historical failure, and has neither the bearing nor the expression we must look for in his gallant and warlike character; and the abbot and other clerical personage on the right struck us as not very bad likenesses of Sir R. Inglis and Sir R. Peel. The fresco accompaniment is ob- servable for its happy blending and rich tones of colour; qualities in which most of the others are sadly deficient, there being hardly a natu- ral flesh-tone in the whole number.

No. 60. "Prince Henry and Chief-Justice Gascoigne." R. Redgrave, A.R.A.—We can- not say that Mr. Redgrave has improved upon his former self in this fresco. There is, picto- rially speaking, a weakness of expression and a want of substance in his *dramatis personæ*. The prince looks sheepish, and the felon pre- sents no feature to tell of either his hopes or fears. Tameness is the blight of this essay.

No. 63. "The Baptism of Ethelbert." W. Dyce.—This is a fine cartoon, and, with the marked exception of the distorted and Lazarus- looking king, the more unpleasant as occupying the eye of the foreground, is quite worthy of the artist's reputation. The queen too, we must say, is poorly draped, and has nothing to indi- cate her high function in this ceremony, as the Instrument who led to the conversion of a peo- ple to Christianity. All the upper division is dignified and impressive; and the spectators below are painted with a recollection of Raf- faelle, which proves how fully Mr. Dyce un- derstands the spirit of that mighty master.

No. 35. "Religion exemplified in the Faith and Hope of Christ," &c. J. Calcott Horsley. —For simplicity, breadth, and holy feeling and expression in all the heads, we look upon this as one of the finest compositions in the hall, The whole of the figures in the lower compart- ment (and they are not too numerous) are ad- mirably disposed; and the sentiment is of a solemn religious nature, well expressing the artist's conception of his subject. The two angels in the upper division do not please us so much: they want the beauty of the humani- ties below. The cross is a too common symbol for such a picture; and the draping over the arms of the other angel appears stiff and awkward.

No. 36. "Justice," &c. W. Cave Thomas.— Is in three lines. Above is an abstract per- sonification of Justice, with the scales and or- dinary attributes; next the Executive with up- lifted sword; and below, Guilt in various felon forms, cowering and shrinking from the threat- ened stroke. This latter group, though far from pleasing in its component parts, is the most artist-like and forcible portion of the car- toon. The middle figure is deficient in dignity to uplift it ideally above the hangman's part. We must, however, express great satisfaction with the general design.

[To be continued.]

INSTITUTE OF FINE ARTS.

The conversazione at Willis's Rooms on Sa- turday was very fully attended, and we ob- served several persons of high rank among the party. Besides many other things of interest- ing art and *vertu*, there were exhibited original paintings by Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, Vandyke, Rembrandt, Taniers, Luca Giordano, &c., bronzes of exquisite workmanship, amongst the most beautiful of which were some small statues, of very early date, found in the Thames. Cameos, gems, terra-cottas, carvings in wood and ivory, objects illustrative of the costume, &c. of early periods of English history, were also abundantly displayed; and it would be to enumerate only a small portion of them to men- tion an ivory crucifix by John of Boulogne; early landscapes by Wilkie, Mulready, and Turner; original sketch for Leslie's "May- day;" an enamel of the Graces, after Raphael; terra-cottas by Roubilliac, &c.; specimens of Samian and Raphael ware; a rare and valu- able Malachite casket. There were also some fine specimens of wood-carving by fire and pressure, and various paintings by the Misses Sharpe, J. W. Wright, Lance, Witherington, Collins, Archer, Etty, A. Johnston, Kennedy, David Roberts, Herbert, &c. &c.; portfolios of sketches; and proofs of rare engravings just completed, amongst others one by W. Finden after Wilkie.

The evening gave great delight to the num- bers assembled, and it seemed only to require prolonged time to enjoy more fully the rich in- tellectual treat got together for the meeting.

DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY.

June 25th.—The consideration of "geometrical figures as the foundation of graceful outline" was resumed, with more especial reference to "the properties of the oval." From observa- tions of the works of the ancient Egyptians and Greeks, it was considered that those nations were acquainted with a practical method of pro- ducing continuous curves, which is not apparant in either Roman or modern art. The elliptical lines on which the beautiful outlines of the Etruscan vases were founded were supposed to have been selected from a series produced by some simple and convenient system, and are not to be altogether ascribed to the greater per- fection of their skill in design. An approxi- mation to the forms of the ancient vases may be undoubtedly produced by mathematical ar- rangements of straight lines and segments of circles, as was shewn; but such systems were considered to be necessarily complex, and un- attended with that practical accuracy and free- dom observable in the originals. The defects of our practice were instanced in the Tudor- arched headings of the windows to the New Palace of Westminster, where an approxima- tion only to the beauty of a curved line is attained. It was also argued that curves based on hexagonal proportions were the most grace- ful; and Mr. Copling partially explained the "septenary system of generating curves by con- tinued motion" (through combinations of rota- tory movements with those of an ordinary tram- mal) as invented by himself, and he exhibited drawings that certainly appeared to possess a variety, precision, and accuracy, much to be de- sired. He also affirmed that, for practical pur- poses, the expense of a couple of shillings would supply a workman with means to produce cor- rectly any curve that might be required.

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SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

ROYAL HOSPITALS OF BETHLEHEM AND BRIDEWELL.

The usual anniversary festival in honour of this united and very important trust was observed on Wednesday in the handsome hall belonging to Bridewell, richly adorned with royal and other pictures, and yet more richly by lists of the splendid benefactions to the funds upon which these establishments are supported, amounting to no less than between twenty and thirty thousand pounds a year! The feast was worthy of the city-of-London hospitality, and no bad example of the luxuries of our age, the occasional enjoyment of which in moderation, as on a meeting of this sort, where the company, according to old custom, break up by daylight and indulge more in benevolence than sensuality, is promotive alike of kindly social and warmly charitable feelings. The repast being ended, Sir Peter Laurie, the respected and zealous governor of the hospitals, in the chair, gave the loyal and constitutional healths in a very brief but apposite manner; alleging the shortness of their time for not entering more at large into the complimentary details which are generally repeated on such topics. The recent accession of Prince Albert, however, to be one of the governors, was neatly touched upon, and cheered with a burst of applause. On proposing the toast of the evening, "Prosperity to the Royal Hospitals," Sir Peter dwelt with satisfaction on their flourishing condition and the extent of their much-improved revenue; and with still more gratification on the benefits they were enabled to confer on two most interesting classes of our fellow-creatures, viz. those in the middle or just above the lower walks of life who were afflicted with the loss of reason, and those in early youth who were led into vice and crime by the inevitable force of circumstances, the wickedness of parents, or the contagion of pernicious example acting upon poverty, want, and destitution. For the former, Bethlehem provided an asylum (he regretted to say in increasing numbers, owing to the increase of the disease throughout the country); and for the latter the school of Bridewell had become a refuge, out of which very many were sent into the world reclaimed, industrious, and honest, to earn their livelihoods in the most respectable manner. He also alluded to the introduction of the workshops into Bethlehem; and stated, that though dangerous weapons had been entrusted to the hands of the insane for these mechanical labours, so far from any danger (as was at first feared by several governors) having ensued, not one accident had occurred, and the employment had in several instances induced the speedy and complete cure of the patients (*much applause*).

The healths which followed embraced Dr. Paris, the president of the Royal College of Physicians, Dr. Farr, and Mr. Liston, who were present, and the medical profession, for the study of which Bethlehem had opened a school. Dr. Paris acknowledged the toast.

Mr. Alderman Kelly, Mr. Alderman Hooper, and the magistracy of the city of London; replied to by the former.

Mr. Kemble and the House of Commons; to which the honourable member responded, and made some excellent remarks on the subject of insanity, and the measures brought in by Lord Ashley for amending the system as regarded conduct and administration.

Mr. John Laurie, the sheriff-elect; who in a cordial manner expressed his sense of the honour conferred upon him, and promised during his year of office to do his utmost to promote the interest of these charities and others connected with the city.

Other toasts called up Sir Walter Stirling, Sir F. Booth, Sir J. Macadam; and before nine o'clock the hall was clear of about a hundred guests, who had spent as grateful an afternoon as can well be imagined from an entertainment of the kind.

But—*buts* are commonly preludes to some cynical or captious exception: but our *but* is different. We had not forgotten, but postponed to the last, the health of the twelve stewards, answered by Mr. Hankey. Upon these worthy gentlemen fall the whole expenses of this feast of reason, and not one shilling is taken from the purse of the charities. From the same ranks are annually recruited new governors and the liberal subscriptions necessary to acquire that rank among the benefactors of their race. Long may they continue to multiply, and these noble institutions to flourish as they deserve in a Christian land!

The Anniversary of the Booksellers' Provident Institution, at Richmond, on the 24th ult., was fully attended, and went off with all the success we anticipated from the excellence of the institution and the unwearied zeal and liberality of its friends and supporters. Mr. Green presided, and was ably supported by the Messrs. Longmans, Mr. J. Murray, Mr. Rivington, Mr. John Dickinson, and other gentlemen distinguished in various walks connected with "the trade." In proposing success to the Booksellers' Provident Institution, Mr. Green congratulated its members on the extraordinary success that had attended its establishment in the short space of eight years, during which it had accumulated nearly 15,000*l.*, besides having given temporary assistance to all its members who had been compelled by misfortune to apply for relief, and now supplying a permanent income to widows and others left unprovided for. He at the same time expressed his astonishment and regret that, out of the large number of booksellers and their assistants in London, only the small number of about 450 had joined an institution calculated to do so much good, and which, had it been established at an earlier period, must have alleviated many very distressing cases. He also directed attention to the Booksellers' Provident Retreat, which had arisen out of the Provident Institution, and the object of which was to provide comfortable residences for those who should be in the receipt of pensions from it. This desirable object he had at the last anniversary almost despaired of seeing effected, from the existence of two obstacles which at that time appeared almost insurmountable. These were, want of funds, and the difficulty of fixing on an eligible site for the buildings; he was now, however, happy to state, that the first had been much decreased and the latter entirely removed by the munificent donation of a piece of freehold land by Mr. John Dickinson: several plans for the building being now under the consideration of a committee, who would shortly close their labours. There was, therefore, every reason to hope for a speedy realisation of the object, particularly as many who had not yet subscribed were only waiting the time when their assistance should be actually required, and thus ensure complete success. At a later part of the evening, Mr. E. Hodgson, in the unavoidable absence of Mr. Meyrick, the indefatigable honorary secretary, reported the day's subscriptions to the Institution to the amount of nearly 250*l.*, and to the Retreat nearly 50*l.*, including 5*l.* 5*s.* from Mr. Britton.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF SIR W. W. FOLLETT.

Alas! and shall that voice, so silver-sweet,
Make music to thy listening walls no more,
Charmed Westminster? And must we never greet

Again his noble presence as of yore
Amidst us? or the radiance of his eye,
That voice's visible echo? Is it o'er

So soon, the spell of his supremacy?
(For sure he was of all confessed supreme:)
And hath he gained the summit but to die?

Aspirant, come behold ambition's dream:
This man was late the British forum's pride,
Head o'er its leaders, and its students' theme.

In him, by union rare, did coincide
The sage of law, the rhetorician:
He was our senate's favourite; parties vied

To yield his worth due meed; and still the man
Enhanced the statesman; so he won all love,—
No grudge, though advocate and partisan.

Nor with the nation's rulers less he throve:
Power and high place obsequious courted him,
While with promotion golden fortune strove

To crown his full career. His cup did brim,
And only asked the drinking; yea, his lips
Already suck sweet earnest from its rim

Of the pearl shrined there,—when the goblet slips,
Is shivered, and the wine of life runs out,
And the gem's light is quenched in death's eclipse.

Come, see him of whom England talks throughout,—
The eloquent, the learned, and the great.
What now to him th' applauding senate's shout,

Or forum's rapturous hush, or ermined state?
Can they this ear unstop, relume this eye,
Or this cold pallid form reanimate?

A shroud were better: with meek obsequy
Over (we trust) a *pardoned* sinner's grave,
Go we, and muse our own mortality.

29th June, 1845. An Inner Templar.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—Mercadante's rather feeble opera of *Giuramento* was performed on Tuesday, and through the admirable singing of Grisi and Brambilla obtained much and general applause. Fornasari and Moriani also merit great praise for their exertions; but the grand effect of the evening was an unrehearsed stage-appearance of a terrified cat, which scampered from wing to back, thence to the lamps, and then all round, in the midst of an encore of "Giorno d'orrore." No misery could stand this unexpected conversion of a duet into a trio; and bursts of laughter superseded the liquid sorrows of *Eloisa* and *Bianca*. Whether Puss will get a regular engagement or not we cannot tell; but we have never seen the best low-comedian produce more hearty mirth.

Covent Garden.—On Monday, Meyerbeer's opera, the *Huguenots*, was brought out here by the Brussels company, and executed with great precision and effect. The ever-changing variety of styles which pervades the composition though not consonant to that unity which leaves the strongest impression, is yet very conducive to a long evening's enjoyment, and such we experienced at Covent Garden. The four leading parts were sustained with even more than their past success by Made. Jullien and Made. Laborde, and Zelger and Laborde and the orchestra was, as heretofore, perfect in *ensemble*. Some inconvenient gaps have occurred in the routine of nightly representation during the week, which must be very detrimental to the receipts of the company; for it was not possible to know beforehand whether a visitor should find an opera going on or the doors shut. This is very bad management, and the more to be regretted as the performers deserve so well.

St. James's Theatre.—On Wednesday the St. James's Theatre was splendidly crowded by the court (including its royal mistress) and a gr

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rse of nobility; the performances being benefit of Mr. Mitchell, the most enter- of our caterers of theatrical antertain- especially as regards a liberal intercourse n Paris and London—the English in e and the French in England. We are see that his deserts in this respect have ed for him such distinguished and en- ing patronage.

...ess's.—An attempt to dramatise Mrs. has been made here; but it is a marked , and a little merging towards a double- l-room indelicacy does not improve the l character of Mr. Caudle, who is made bond instead of a victim.

Leopold de Meyer's Concert, on Monday, d ample scope for the display of his ex- nary powers. On the previous Saturday oyed the still higher gratification of hear- performance in a small private room, d thus a better opportunity for observing nderful rapidity and the precision of a alike sure in the softest pressure on the in rolling notes of thundering force. ands literally appeared to flutter like ver the whole range of the instrument, quickly that, but for the sounds, the eye not follow or detect their motion. At one at it was as if a feather, at another as if y mallet, struck the chords; and the displayed such taste and feeling, that the tion of the surprising execution was lost ight at the sweetness and magnificence of armony produced. Though this great an leaves us for Vienna in less than a ht, we rejoice to say that he is engaged t us again in April next.

G. A. Osborne's Concert, on Tuesday, was r great musical treat. As a composer he ed first-rate abilities, and executed what conceived, both in concerted pieces with , Hausman, Sainton, Vieuxtemps, and diot, and in solos on the pianoforte, with brilliancy and power. Mrs. Hampton ister, we believe), among other things, n Irish ballad with fine effect, and Herr eck charmed the audience with his admir- aritone, melting into the sweetest silvery as he warbled forth the ballads of his na- Jermany. Thillon, Dorus Gras, Puzzi, rattan Cooke, filled up the measure of atifying entertainment.

VARIETIES.

...truction of the Academy of Fine Arts, Phi- ...hia.—On the night of the 11th of June stablishment was consumed by fire, an that is ascribed to the act of an incendiary. *North American* says that the entire con- of the antique gallery are destroyed, in- g an admirable copy of Titian's Venus, va's Graces, Hebe, Venus, bust of Junius s, the magnificent colossal bust of Napo- also attributed to Canova, which was in- d for the gates of Rheims, and the finest of Meleager, the Laocoon, Venus de Me- Apollo Antinous, Apollo Belvidere, Piping , Dying Gladiator, Lough's Milo, and va- other gems of the sculptor's art. Hardly gment is preserved. In the rotunda, Gil- Stuart's full-length portrait of Washington saved with some little injury. West's "Death he Pale Horse," Haydon's "Christ's Entry Jerusalem," and Alston's "Dead Man re- d to Life," were but slightly damaged. he director's room there was sad havoc. n's Mistress, portrait of Columbus, Inman's ait of a Lady, Flemish Flower-Piece, Stu- original portrait of Washington, St. Mark writing, a St. Francis by Guido, &c., are all gone.

Cutaneous Institution.—The first anniversary of this institution, in its amended form, took place on Thursday at the London Tavern, under the presidency of Lord Sandon. After one of the excellent dinners for which this house has been, particularly of late, so much distinguished, the chairman, Mr. Samuel Gurney, and others, addressed the meeting on its merits, and a subscription amounting to 600*l.* was collected. One excellent feature deserves public notice: it is, "that the baths of this charity, from their proximity to the Thames, are at all times available, free, to the officers of the Royal Humane Society, for the preservation of human life."

Employment of 40,000 *Able-bodied Poor, and improved Cleansing.*—A public meeting on behalf of this design was held at the Hanover-Square Rooms on Thursday, the Duke of Grafton, in the absence of the Duke of Cambridge, in the chair; when several resolutions in furtherance of so desirable an object were agreed to. The purport is thus expressed: "It has been carefully estimated, that if the streets, courts, and alleys of towns throughout the United Kingdom were properly swept and kept clean, not only would the formation of mud and dust be entirely prevented, at a trifling extra expense, but employment could be given to 40,000 labourers."

Historical Painting.—Premium One Thousand Pounds.—A premium of 1000*l.* offered to the artist who shall produce the best oil-painting of the Baptism of Christ by immersion in the river Jordan, to illustrate the accounts of the Evangelists. The size of the work is not to be less than twelve feet by ten, nor greater than fifteen feet by twelve; and the two principal figures are to be at least as large as life. Two years is allowed for the completion and sending in of the pictures; and the announcement is signed, Thomas Bell, Don Alkali Works, South Shields; Charles Hill Roe, Hermitage, Aston Road, Birmingham.

Mount Vesuvius.—A letter from Dr. J. C. Cox, at Naples, to the *Times*, dated June 18th, says, that previous to the last eruption, on the 1st of January, 1839, the crater was completely filled up, and from the centre of it arose a small cone, just visible at Naples, above the rim of the crater, from which issued fire and vapour. The effect of the eruption was to change entirely this state of things—the contents of the crater were blown out, leaving a vast abyss of the depth of nearly 300 feet, of the form of an inverted cone, from a hole at the bottom of which issued perpetually fumes and vapour. This immense cavity has for the last six years been gradually filling up, and latterly vary rapidly, from the constant discharge of scoriæ and lava, and it is now nearly full to the brim, while from the centre rises a cone visible from Naples and about 30 feet high, which is sending forth abundant fumes and liquid lava, which may now be seen running down the outside of the mountain. [From this state of things another eruption is anticipated.]

Roman Antiquities at Islington.—As we surmised when we wrote the notice of these pseudo-antiquities in our last No., we are informed that they are a mare's nest.

Fossil Remains in Brazil.—Dr. Lund has discovered in Minas Geraes a number of skeletons and human bones, possessing generally the character of the existing natives; but many of them, as is noticed in some Egyptian mummies, having the molar and incisive teeth exactly alike. From this discovery the Dr. contends for the earlier population of South America than any other quarter of the globe. Dr. L. has also found the bones of many new mammifels and the skeletons of horses, which animal was extinct when the Portuguese arrived in Brazil.

The British and Foreign Institute held their last *soirée* on Monday, which was very fully attended, and included many eminent persons of both sexes.

Holbein.—In the House of Commons last week, it appeared that the Holbein purchased for the National Gallery for six hundred guineas had been withdrawn from exhibition on account of its suspected originality. On the score of the old masters of every school, Italian, Dutch, Flemish, or German, who shall decide when doctors disagree? We believe there are thousands of pictures with false names attached to them, for every ten that are genuine. But still it seems

> The pleasure is as great
> In being cheated as to cheat!!

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Mrs. Bray's Novels and Romances, new edit.: Vol. III., The Protestant, fcp. 8vo, 6*s.*—The Sharebroker's Memorandum-Book, 12mo, 4*s.*—Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Transport "Premier," with illustrations, by G. R. Dartnell, 4to, 10*s.*—Torrington Hall, by A. Wallbridge, fcp., 2*s.* 6*d.*—Tom Cringle's Log, by Michael Scott, new edit., fcp., 4*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—Memoirs of the Pretenders and their Adherents, by J. H. Jesse, 2 vols. 8vo, 28*s.*—Xenophon's Anabasis, literally translated by T. W. Allpress, 12mo, 4*s.*—The Song of the Birds, or Analogies of Animal and Spiritual Life, by the Rev. W. E. Evans, 12mo, 5*s.* 6*d.*—Travels in North America, with Geological Observations, by C. Lyell, 2 vols. post 8vo, 21*s.*—The Sure Anchor, or Salvation inseparable from Regeneration, by G. A. Rogers, 12mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Benevolence in Punishment or Transportation made Reformatory, post 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*—Passages from the Life of a Daughter at Home, fcp., 3*s.* 6*d.*—The Punjaub, by Lieut.-Col. Steinbach, post 8vo, 5*s.*—On the Nature and Course of Storms, by Alexander Thom, 8vo, 12*s.*—Recollections of Four Years' Service in the East, by J. M. Neill, 8vo, 14*s.*—Whitehall, or the Days of Charles the First, an Historical Romance, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Michelet's History of France, Vol. I., 8vo (Whittaker's Popular Library edition), 10*s.* 6*d.*—Edwards on the Freedom of the Will, new edit., fcp., 3*s.*—Treatise on Diseases of the Uterus, by J. H. Bennett, post 8vo, 6*s.*—Inquiry into the Properties of the Aconitine Napellus, by A. Fleming, 8vo, 5*s.*—Morning Exercises at Cripplegate, by Nicholls, Vol. VI., with Index, 8vo, 14*s.*—Arcana Entomologica, by J. O. Westwood, Vol. II., royal 8vo, 2*l.* 2*s.*—The Descriptive Testament, with Notes, by I. Cobbin, 12mo, 5*s.*—C. Hodgson's Account of Queen Anne's Bounty, 2d edit., royal 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Practical Religion Exemplified by Letters of the late Rev. R. Anderson, fcp., 6*s.*—The Astrologer's Daughter, a Novel, by Rose E. Hendricks, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The death of Sir W. Follett appears to have excited a very general and vivid emotion; and indeed, the premature cutting off of so highly gifted an individual, with the most dazzling fortune at his beck to which ambition could aspire, is but too well calculated to teach a sad lesson to humanity. We have inserted the first tears of the Muse which reached us on the theme, and must resist further claims, though some very touching productions are now before us. Lines headed, "*Gloria Romanæ, Quintiliane, togæ*," by Mr. George Raymond, so well known to our popular literature, would deserve exception, were they not in print, and our rule inflexible.

No. I. of *Memoirs of an Umbrella*, by Mr. George Rodwell, has reached us too late for particular notice in this *Gazette*; but we may say, that with its illustrations by Phiz, it seems to promise fair as an amusing contribution to popular serial publication.

Seltzer Water.—We had intended this week to notice a pamphlet relating to this most refreshing of summer beverages, and its pure importation perfectly secured; but time flies, *like the cork*, and we can only, for the nonce, refer to the advertisement in another page.

A great influx of new publications on interesting subjects has come to hand too late for review in this *Gazette*, already preoccupied with other works, as well as with the continuation of the Cambridge meeting, and various subjects of literature and fine arts.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

This Evening, SATURDAY, July 5, will be performed Mercadante's Opera, "Il Giuramento." Eloisa, Made. Grisi; Bianca, Madlle. Brambilla; Manfredo, Sig. Fornasari; and Viscardo, Sig. Moriani.

Between the acts, a Divertissement, in which Madlle. Taglioni, supported by Made. Petit Stephen, will dance the admired "La Tyrolienne."

To conclude with the highly successful ballet, by M. Perrot, entitled "La Esmeralda." The Music composed by Sig. Pugni. La Esmeralda, Madlle Carlotta Grisi; Fleur de Lys, Made. Petit Stephan; Madame Aloise de Gondelaurier (mother of Fleur de Lys), Made Copere; Phœbus de Chateaupers, M. St. Leon; Claude Frollo, M. Gosselin; Pierre Gringoire (the poet), M. Perrot; Quasimodo (the Sonneur Notre Dame), M. Di Mattia; Clopin Trouillefou, M. Gouriet; Truand, M. Venafra.—In the third Tableau, Madlle. Grahn, supported by Madlles. Monceict and Ferdinand, will appear in the admired Pas from Eoline; and Madlle. Cerito and M. St. Leon will appear in the admired Pas de Quatre from Le Lac des Fees, supported by Madlles. Ferdinand and Demelisse.

Applications for boxes, pit-stalls, and tickets, to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.—Doors open at seven, and the Opera will commence at half-past seven o'clock.

For the Benefit of Sig. Puzzi.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Sig. Puzzi respectfully informs the nobility, subscribers to the Opera, his friends, and the public, that his BENEFIT will take place on THURSDAY next, July 10, on which occasion will be presented (for the first time this season) Donizetti's celebrated opera, "Anna Bolena." Henry VIII. (King of England), Sig. Lablache; Percy, Sig. Moriani; Smeaton (page and minstrel to the Queen), Signora Brambilla (her first appearance in that part); Anna Bolena, Made. Grisi; and Jane Seymour, Madlle. Rossetti.

After which, selections (compressed in one act) from Rossini's grand opera, "Pietro l'Eremita" (Mose in Egitto), with the following powerful cast: Agia, Made. Castellan; Fatima, Made. Rossi Caccia; Noradino, Sig. Barroilhet; Pietro l'Eremita, Sig. Fornasari; Lusignano, Sig. Corelli; and Orosmano, Sig. Mario.

In order to give the fullest effect to the celebrated preghiera, "Dal tuo stellato soglio," all the eminent artistes of the establishment have kindly consented to lend their aid, and to join the chorus on this occasion only.

The entertainments in the Ballet department will include the combined talents of Madlle. C. Grisi, Madlle. Lucile Grahn, and Madlle. Cerito; M. Perrot, M. Gosselin, and M. St. Leon. In addition to which, Signor Puzzi has the honour to announce that he has effected an arrangement by which he has secured the assistance of Madlle. Taglioni.

Applications for boxes, stalls, and tickets, to be made to Signor Puzzi, 38 Jermyn Street, St. James's; and at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.—Doors open at seven, and the Opera to commence at half-past seven.

GREAT RUSSIAN CHRONOMETRICAL EXPEDITION.

—E. J. DENT, 82 Strand, and 33 Cockspur Street, has the high and distinguished honour of stating, that his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia has recently condescended to confer on him "the appointment and title of Chronometer-Maker to his Imperial Majesty," as a reward for the unequalled performance of his Chronometers during the Expedition of 1844. In 1843, his Imperial Majesty the Emperor was pleased to reward the performance of Dent's Chronometers with a Gold Medal of the highest Order of Merit.

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TO VISITORS to the CONTINENT.

—Messrs. J. and R. M'CRACKEN, Foreign Agents, and Agents to the Royal Academy, No. 7 Old Jewry, beg to remind the Nobility and Gentry that they continue to receive Consignments of Objects of Fine Arts, Baggage, &c. from all parts of the Continent, for clearing through the Custom-House, &c.; and that they undertake the shipment of Effects to all parts of the world.

Lists of their Correspondents abroad, and every information, may be had on application at their Office as above.

THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS' and GENERAL FIRE and LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

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Age 20	without profits	£1	13	0	with profits	£1	18	0
30	. . .	1	19	8	. .	2	5	8
40	. . .	2	14	8	. .	3	1	2
50	. . .	4	3	4	. .	4	9	6

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The Directors beg to remind their friends whose premiums become due at Midsummer, that no extra charge is made at this office for the transfer of policies, and that they will be rated on terms peculiarly favourable to parties insuring.

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JOHN BIGG, Secretary.

June 1845.

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The TWENTIETH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of this Society was held on the 10th of April last, when a highly satisfactory REPORT was laid before the Proprietors and Policy Holders, and unanimously adopted.

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The following Table shews the additions made to Policies for £5000, which had been in force for Fourteen Years, to the 31st December 1838:—

Age at commencement.	Premiums paid in the Fourteen Years.			Additions made to the Sum Assured in the Fourteen Years.			Total Sums now payable in case of Death.		
10	£1192	18	4	£586	6	7	£5586	6	7
15	1360	8	4	641	2	7	5641	2	7
20	1525	8	4	768	5	1	5768	5	1
25	1662	18	4	757	2	8	5757	2	8
30	1869	11	8	813	15	6	5813	15	6
35	2094	3	4	854	6	5	5854	6	5
40	2377	1	8	923	18	1	5923	18	1
45	2727	1	8	1011	2	9	6011	2	9
50	3173	6	8	1129	15	7	6129	15	7

A Bonus of Four-fifths, or Eighty per cent of the estimated Profits, is added to Policies entitled, every seventh year; or an equivalent reduction made in future Premiums.

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On these Capsules are to be impressed the Arms … and under the arms the name of the Water contained … with the words "BETTS, IMPORTER," and "… around.

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The General Direction of the Domains further … presents, that they have granted to the said John … Patentee of the above-described Capsules, and … the Kingdom of Great Britain, its Colonies and … exclusive right to purchase and export, direct from … the Waters of Selters, Schwalbach, Fachingen, and …

They DECLARE further, that the Bottles, after … the respective Mineral Waters, are to be immediately … presence of their officers, closed with the above-named C… which bear the impression of the drawing beneath.

This present Declaration is granted to Mr. John T… with authority to publish the same.

Given at Wiesbaden this 18th day of December, 18…

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JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

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June 1845. M. COWIE, M.A., Principal.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

In a few days,

KING RENE'S DAUGHTER: A Drama.

Translated from the Danish of HENRIK HERTZ,

By JANE FRANCES CHAPMAN.

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Naturally partial to his subject, the author represents her as having suffered much from the harshness of the English government in regard to withdrawing her pension—an affair which made much noise some years since (see *Literary Gazette* for 1838, 1839, and 1840)—and consequently as being impoverished, and exposed to many inconveniences, when she was supposed to be rich and exercising a kind of sovereign authority; and he draws a miserable picture of her domestic establishment, and her own violent temper and imperious conduct. Looking upon the circumstances related, were not our pity somewhat touched by the conviction that her "eccentricities" were the results of sheer insanity, and that never was there so mad a lady, we should say that all the miseries to which she was subjected, or subjected herself, were the just and too light punishment for her utter want of feeling and savage barbarity towards every soul within the scope of her crazy vagaries and remorseless selfishness. She died, as such a person ought to die, neglected and forsaken; for those who have no sympathies for their fellow-creatures deserve neither sympathy nor succour—as they have existed for themselves, let them perish by themselves, and rot by themselves. "Before I conclude (says her physician and biographer), I think it necessary to add a few lines respecting the last months of her existence. Lady Hester Stanhope died, as far as I have been able to learn, unattended by a single European, and in complete isolation. I was the last European physician or medical man that attended her, and I was most anxious and willing (foreseeing her approaching fate as I did) to continue to remain with her: but it was her determined resolve that I should leave her, and those who have known her cannot deny that opposition to her will was altogether out of the question. There is no doubt that, by prolonging my stay on Mount Lebanon, I might have been of considerable service to her ladyship. She was about to shut herself up alone, without money, without books, without a soul she could confide in; without a single European, male or female, about her; with winter coming on, beneath roofs certainly no longer waterproof, and that might fa[illegible] with war at her d[illegible] and without any means of [illegible] in h[illegible] undaunted courage; [illegible] no one b[illegible]self to carry o[illegible] correspondence; [illegible] every thing consp[illegible] imperative duty to remain with [illegible] would not allow me to do so, and insisted on my departure on an appointed day, declaring it to be her fixed determination to remain immured, as in a tomb, until reparation had been made her for the supposed insult she had received at the hands of the British government. It would have been expected that the niece of Mr. Pitt, and the grand-daughter of the great Lord Chatham, might have laid claim to some indulgence from those whose influence could help or harm her; and that her peculiar situation in a foreign country, among a people unacquainted with European customs and habits (being left as she was to her own energies to meet the difficulties which encompassed her), might have exempted her from any annoyance, if it did not obtain for her any aid. A woman sixty years old, with impaired health, inhabiting a spot removed many miles from any town, amidst a population whom their own chiefs can hardly keep under control, was no fit object, one would think, for molestation under any circumstances; but, when the services of Lady Hester's family are put into the scale, it seems wonderful how the representations of interested money-lenders could have had sufficient weight with those who guided the state to induce them to disturb her solitude and retirement. Will it be believed, that when, in August 1838, I took leave of her, the beam of the ceiling of the saloon in which she ordinarily sat was propped up by two unsightly spars of wood, for fear the ceiling should fall on her head; and that these deal pillars, very nearly in the rough state in which they had been brought from the north in some Swedish vessel, stood in the centre of the room? Her bedroom was still worse; for there the prop was a rough unplaned trunk of a poplar-tree, cut at the foot of the hill on which her own house stood. It may be asked, whether there were no carpenters or masons in that country? There certainly were both; but, where carriage is effected on the backs of camels and mules, and there are no wheeled vehicles whatever, in a sudden emergency (such as the cracking of a beam) resort must be had to the most ready expedient for immediate safety; and, with her resources cramped by the threatened stoppage of her pension, her ladyship could not venture on new-roofing her rooms—a work of time and expense. The perusal of the narrative which is here submitted to the reader will sufficiently account for Lady Hester's debts; and the most cursory visit to her habitation at Jôon (or Djoun, as the French write it) would have proved to any body that the money which she had borrowed was never expended on *her own* comforts:—a tradesman's wife in London had ten times as many. Having no other servants but peasants, although trained by herself, she could scarcely be said to have been waited on; and a tolerable idea may be formed of their customary service, when an eye-witness can say that he has seen a maid ladling water out of a cistern with the warming-pan, and a black slave putting the teapot on the table, holding it by the spout, and the spout only. But these were trifles in comparison with the destruction and pilfering common to the negresses and peasant-girls; and so little possibility was there of keeping any article of furniture or apparel for its destined purpose, that, after many years of ineffectual trouble, she who was once, in her attire, the ornament of a court, might now be said to be worse clad than a still-room maid in her father's house. Her ladyship slept on a mattress, on planks upheld by tressels, and the carpeting of her bedroom was of felt. She proclaimed herself, with much cheerfulness, a philosopher; and, so far as self-denial went, in regard to personal sumptuousness, her assertion was completely borne out in garb and furniture. How far she deserved that title upon the higher grounds of speculative science and the extraordinary range of her understanding, let those say who have shared with the writer in the profound impression which her conversation always left on the minds of her hearers. Peace be with her remains, and honour to her memory! A surer friend, a more frank and generous enemy, never trod the earth. 'Shew me where the poor and needy are,' she would say, 'and let the rich shift for themselves!' As free from hypocrisy as the purest diamond from stain, she pursued her steady way, unaffected by the ridiculous reports that were spread about her by travellers, either malicious or misinformed, and not to be deterred from her noble though somewhat Quixotic enterprises by ridicule or abuse, by threats or opposition."

From this view we have *à priori* proclaimed our entire and hearty dissent. There was nothing except her descent to obtain for Lady H. Stanhope this honour, this affectionate obedience, this devotedness to her comforts, this sacrifice to her happiness. Lip-service and terrified duty were all her behaviour to her dependants deserved; and curses, not loud but deep, were what she wrought for all her days and all her nights, only redeemed by the favour of some partial caprice; and she reaped what she wrought for in a restless, wretched, and devouring harvest of everlasting petty troubles and graver afflictions. What facts are adduced by her panegyrist in a hundred passages in support of his eulogistic opinion?

"Never was there so restless a spirit—never lived a human being so utterly indifferent to the inconvenience to which she subjected others. Nobody could pursue their avocations in quiet: she must give instructions to every one; and although the unexampled versatility of her talents and genius seemed to inspire her with an intuitive knowledge on all matters, yet it was irksome to remain three or four hours together to be taught how to govern one's wife, or how to rear one's children; how statesmen were made, and how ministers were unmade; how to know a good horse or a bad man; how to plant lettuces or plough a field. * * * The love of power made her imperious; but, when her authority was once acknowledged, the tender of unconditional submission was sure to secure her kindness and largesses. All

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this was royal enough, both in its tyranny and its munificence. Unobserved escape was well nigh impracticable by day, in consequence of the insulated situation of the house on the summit of a conical hall, whence comers and goers might be seen on every side; yet, notwithstanding this, on one occasion all her free women decamped in a body, and on another her slaves attempted to scale the walls, and some actually effected their object, and ran away. In addition to these artificial barriers, she was known to have great influence with Abdallah Pasha, to whom she had rendered many services, pecuniary and personal; for to him, as well as to his harym, she was constantly sending presents; and he, as a Turk, fostered despotism rather than opposed it. The Emir Beshyr, or Prince of the Druzes, her nearest neighbour, she had so completely intimidated by the unparalleled boldness of her tongue and pen, that he felt no inclination to commit himself by any act which might be likely to draw either of them on him again. In what direction, therefore, was a poor unprotected slave or peasant to fly? Over others, who, like her doctor, her secretary, or her dragoman, were free to act as they liked, and towards whom she had more *menagemens* to preserve, there hung a spell of a different kind, by which this modern Circe entangled people almost inextricably in her nets. A series of benefits conferred on them, an indescribable art in becoming the depositary of their secrets, an unerring perception of their failings, brought home in moments of confidence to their bosoms, soon left them no alternative but that of securing her protection by unqualified submission to her will." [A Napoleon of Lebanon.] * * *

"Her maids and female slaves she punished summarily, if refractory; and, in conversation with her on the subject, she boasted that there was nobody could give such a slap in the face, when required, as she could. * * *

"For the last fifteen years of her life, Lady Hester Stanhope seldom quitted her bed till between two and five o'clock in the afternoon, nor returned to it before the same hours the next morning. The day's business never could be said to have well begun until sunset. But it must not be supposed that the servants were suffered to remain idle during daylight. On the contrary, they generally had their work assigned them over-night, and the hours after sunset were employed by her ladyship in issuing instructions as to what was to be done next day; in giving orders, scoldings, writing letters, and holding those interminable conversations which filled so large a portion of her time, and seemed so necessary to her life. When these were over, she would prepare herself to go to bed, but always with an air of unwillingness, as if she regretted that there were no more commands to issue, and nothing more that she could talk about. When she was told that her room was ready, one of the two girls, *Zezefôon* or *Fatôom*, who by turns waited on her, would then precede her with the lights to her chamber. * * *

"As it had become a habit with her to find nothing well done, when she entered her bedroom, it was rare that the bed was made to her liking; and, generally, she ordered it to be made over again in her presence. Whilst this was doing, she would smoke her pipe, then call for the sugar-basin to eat two or three lumps of sugar, then for a clove to take away the mawkish taste of the sugar. The girls, in the mean time, would go on making the bed, and be saluted every now and then, for some mark of stupidity, with all sorts of appellations. The night-lamp was then lighted, a couple of yellow wax lights were placed ready for use in the recess of the window; and, all things being apparently done for the night, she would get into bed, and the maid whose turn it was to sleep in the room (for, latterly, she always had one) having placed herself, dressed as she was, on her mattress behind the curtain which ran across the room, the other servant was dismissed. But hardly had she shut the door and reached her own sleeping-room, flattering herself that her day's work was over, when the bell would ring, and she was told to get broth, or lemonade, or orgeat directly. This, when brought, was a new trial for the maids. Lady Hester Stanhope took it on a tray placed on her lap as she sat up in bed, and it was necessary for one of the two servants to hold the candle in one hand and shade the light from her mistress's eyes with the other. The contents of the basin were sipped once or twice and sent away; or, if she ate a small bit of dried toast, it was considered badly made, and a fresh piece was ordered, perhaps not to be touched. This being removed, the maid would again go away, and throw herself on her bed; and, as she wanted no rocking, in ten minutes would be sound asleep. But in the mean time her mistress has felt a twitch in some part of her body, and ding ding goes the bell again. Now, as servants, when fatigued, do sometimes sleep so sound as not to hear, and sometimes are purposely deaf, Lady Hester Stanhope had got in the quadrangle of her own apartments a couple of active fellows, a part of whose business it was to watch by turns during the night, and see that the maids answered the bell: they were, therefore, sure to be roughly shaken out of their sleep, and, on going, half stupid, into her ladyship's room, would be told to prepare a fomentation of chamomile, or elder-flowers, or mallows, or the like. The gardener was to be called, water was to be boiled, and the house again was all in motion. During these preparations, perhaps Lady Hester Stanhope would recollect some order she had previously given about some honey, or some flower, or some letter—no matter however trifling; and whoever had been charged with the execution of it was to be called out of his bed, whatever the hour of the night might be, to be cross-questioned about it. There was no rest for any body in her establishment, whether they were placed within her own quadrangle or outside of it. Der Jôon was in a state of incessant agitation all night. * * *

"No soul in her household was suffered to utter a suggestion on the most trivial matter—even on the driving-in of a nail in a bit of wood; none were permitted to exercise any discretion of their own, but strictly and solely to fulfil their orders. Nothing was allowed to be given out by any servant without her express directions. Her dragoman or secretary was enjoined to place on her table each day an account of every person's employment during the preceding twenty-four hours, and the names and business of all goers and comers. Her despotic humour would vent itself in such phrases as these. The maid one day entered with a message—'The gardener, my lady, is come to say that the piece of ground in the bottom is weeded and dug, and he says that it is only fit for lettuce, beans, or *selk* [a kind of lettuce], and such vegetables.' 'Tell the gardener,' she answered vehemently, 'that, when I order him to dig, he is to dig, and not to give his opinion what the ground is fit for. It may be for his grave that he digs, it may be for mine. He must know nothing until I send my orders, and so bid him go about his business.' The consequence of all this was, she was pestered from morning till night, always complaining she had not even time to get up, and always making work for herself. Here is another example. A maid, named Sâada, was desired to go to the store-room man, and ask for fourteen sponges. She went, and added, out of her own head, when she delivered the message, 'Fourteen to wipe the drawing-room mats with'—it being customary in the Levant (and an excellent custom it is) to clean mats with wet sponges. In the course of the day, this slight variation in the message came to Lady Hester's ears, and she instantly sent for the culprit, and, telling her that she would teach her for the future how she would dare to vary in a single word from any message she had to deliver, she ordered the girl's nose to be rubbed on the mats; while this injunction was impressed on her, that, whatever the words of a message might be, she was never to deviate from them, to add to them, nor to take from them, but to deliver them strictly as she received them. In fact, she maintained that the business of a servant was not to think, but simply to obey. Truly did old General Loustaunau say sometimes, that, with all her greatness and her talents, there was not a more wretched being on earth. People have often asked me how she spent her life in such a solitude. The little that has been already related will shew that time seldom hung heavily on her hands, either with her or those about her. In reference to the blind obedience she required from servants, Lady Hester Stanhope one day said to me, 'Did I ever tell you the lecture Lord S******* gave me? He and Lady S—— had taken me home to their house from the Opera. It was a cold snowy night; and, after I had remained and supped *tête-à-tête* with them, when it was time to go, owing to some mistake in the order, my carriage never came for me; so Lord S—— said his should take me home. When he rang for the footman to order it out, I happened to observe, 'The poor coachman, I dare say, is just got warm in his bed, and the horses are in the middle of their feed; I am sorry to call him out on such a night as this.' After the man had left the room, Lord S—— turned to me, and said, 'My dear Lady Hester, from a woman of your good sense, I should never have thought to hear such an observation. It is never right to give a reason for an order to a servant. Take it for a rule through life that you are never to allow servants to expect such a thing from you: they are paid for serving, and not for whys and wherefores.'' When Lady Hester Stanhope got up, increasing attention to her own personal wants through long years of bad health had rendered her a being of such sensitiveness, that a thousand preparations were necessary for her comfort; and herein consisted the irksomeness of the service for those about her. Yet this, if ever it was pardonable in any person, was surely so in her; for her nature seemed to lay claim to obedience from all inferior creatures, and to exact it by some talismanic power, as the genii in Eastern tales hold their familiar spirits in subjection."

May all such tyranny, again say we, meet with such return: where there is so little good, there can be no gratitude. But we have done with the *morale* of this miserable body; and would remind our readers that they must look for their entertainment in other features of the Memoirs, the multitude of piquant anecdotes, and variety of amusing descriptions, of which

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we shall reserve a few specimens for our next No.*

Travels in North America, with Geological Observations on the United States, Canada, and Nova Scotia. By C. Lyell, Esq., F.R.S., author of "The Principles of Geology." 2 vols. Murray.

Deeply stored with European geological knowledge, the author proceeded to extend it by a long and careful survey of the American quarter of our globe, and has here laid before the public the results of his scientific labours. But as the most prominent of these have cropped out in the Transactions of various societies at home and abroad, and the essential points of most of them, indeed, have appeared in our own pages, we should not have felt called upon to take such specific notice of this work as we are now about to do, were it confined to geological subjects. But Mr. Lyell has visited America, not merely as a man of science or a philosopher immersed in the investigation of inorganic matter and organic remains, but as a man of sense and of the world, eminently imbued with qualifications to constitute him an astute observer of nature, whether displayed in the forms of landscape scenery or unfolded by the conditions of his fellow-men; temperate, judicious, impartial, inclined to considerate and not extreme views, exercising the rare attribute of common sense, and sound in judgment, Mr. Lyell appears to us, as we have said, to be eminently qualified to convey to the world very accurate ideas of the state of any country through which he travels, and upon which he directs the attention of his fair mind and comprehensive understanding: and this we consider to be particularly valuable with regard to the United States, respecting which such opposite opinions and conflicting sentiments prevail on this side of the Atlantic. We therefore cordially recommend this book to the public, and shall as briefly as possible illustrate its character and support our encomium by quoting some passages from its contents; only premising, that Mr. Lyell's descriptions go back to 1841-2, and must have an allowance of political events and changed aspects made for them in the lapse of between three and four years. Our first stoppage, after very favourable accounts of Boston and the northern states, is of the date of September 5th, when the writer had been about a month in the country.

"At Bath (he informs us) I hired a private carriage for Corning. Although there are two railways here with locomotive engines, one leading to the south, the other for conveying the coal of Blossberg to the Erie canal, I looked in vain for the name of Corning in a newly-published map, and was informed that the town was only two years old. Already the school-house was finished, the spire of the Methodist church nearly complete, the Presbyterian one in the course of building, the site of the Episcopalian decided on. Wishing to have a carriage, I was taken to a large livery stable, where there were several vehicles and good horses. The stumps of trees, some six feet high, are still standing in the gardens and between the houses. Our innkeeper remarked that the cost of uprooting them would be nearly equal to that of erecting a log-house on the same place. I amused myself by counting the rings of annual growth in these trees, and found that some had been only forty years old when cut down; yet when these began to grow, no white man had approached within many leagues of this valley; most of the older stumps went back no farther than two centuries, or to the landing of the pilgrim fathers, some few to the time of Sir Walter Raleigh, and scarcely one to the days of Columbus. I had before remarked that very ancient trees seemed uncommon in the aboriginal forests of this part of America. They are usually tall and straight, with no grass growing under their dark shade, although the green herbage soon springs up when the wood is removed and the sun's rays allowed to penetrate. Some of the stumps, especially those of the fir tribe, take fifty years to rot away, though exposed in the air to alternations of rain and sunshine, a fact on which every geologist will do well to reflect, for it is clear that the trees of a forest submerged beneath the waters, or still more, if entirely excluded from air, by becoming embedded in sediment, may endure for centuries without decay, so that there may have been ample time for the slow petrifaction of erect fossil trees in the carboniferous and other formations, or for the slow accumulation around them of a great succession of strata. I asked the landlord of the Inn at Corning, who was very attentive to his guests, to find my coachman. He immediately called out in his bar-room, 'Where is the gentleman that brought this man here?' A few days before, a farmer in New York had styled my wife 'the woman,' though he called his own daughters *ladies*, and would, I believe, have freely extended that title to their maidservant. I was told of a witness in a late trial at Boston, who stated in evidence that 'while he and another gentleman were shovelling up mud,' &c.; from which it appears that the spirit of social equality has left no other signification to the terms 'gentleman' and 'lady,' but that of male and female individual."

This is a good specimen of general observation on natural history, and the delineation of national characteristics; and the following comparison on matters of public interest may well be thought of now when the past is clamorous for remedy, and yet the present is proceeding very like the past. Mr. Lyell gives an account of the Lowell Institute at Boston, and its plentiful provision for lectures (more than thrice as much as in England), arising out of a prohibition from building in the will of Mr. Lowell, who endowed it with above 70,000*l.*; and proceeds to offer his just remarks.

"In the present case, the testator provided that not a single dollar should be spent in brick and mortar, in consequence of which proviso, a spacious room was at once hired, and the intentions of the donor carried immediately into effect, without a year's delay. If there be any who imagine that a donation might be so splendid as to render an anti-building clause superfluous, let them remember the history of the Girard bequest in Philadelphia. Half a million sterling, with the express desire of the testator that the expenditure on architectural ornament should be moderate! Yet this vast sum is so nearly consumed, that it is doubtful whether the remaining funds will suffice for the completion of the palace—splendid, indeed, but extremely ill-fitted for a school-house! It is evident that when a passion so strong as that for building is to be resisted, total abstinence alone, as in the case of spirituous liquors, will prove an adequate safeguard. In the 'old country,' the same fatal propensity has stood in the way of all the most spirited efforts of modern times to establish and endow new institutions for the diffusion of knowledge. It is well known that the sum expended in the purchase of the ground, and in the erection of that part of University College, London, the exterior of which is nearly complete, exceeded 100,000*l.*, one-third of which was spent on the portico and dome, or the purely ornamental, the rooms under the dome having remained useless, and not even fitted up at the expiration of fifteen years. When the professor of chemistry inquired for the chimney of his laboratory, he was informed that there was none; and to remove the defect, a flue was run up which encroached on a handsome staircase, and destroyed the symmetry of the architect's design. Still greater was the dismay of the anatomical professor on learning that his lecture-room was to conform to the classical model of an ancient theatre, designed for the recitation of Greek plays. Sir Charles Bell remarked that an anatomical theatre, to be perfect, should approach as nearly as possible to the shape of a well, that every student might look down and see distinctly the subject under demonstration. At a considerable cost the room was altered, so as to serve the ends for which it was wanted. The liberal sums contributed by the public for the foundation of a rival college were expended in like manner long before the academical body came into existence. When the professor of chemistry at King's College asked for his laboratory, he was told it had been entirely forgotten in the plan, but that he might take the kitchen on the floor below, and by ingenious machinery carry up his apparatus for illustrating experiments through a trap door into an upper story, where his lecture-room was placed. Still these collegiate buildings, in support of which the public came forward so liberally, were left, like the Girard College, half finished; whereas, if the same funds had been devoted to the securing of teachers of high acquirements, station, character, and celebrity; and if rooms of moderate dimensions had been at first hired, while the classes of pupils remained small, a generation would not have been lost, the new institutions would have risen more rapidly to that high rank which they are one day destined to attain, and testamentary bequests would have flowed in more copiously for buildings well adapted to the known and ascertained wants of the establishment. None would then grudge the fluted column, the swelling dome, and the stately portico; and literature and science would continue to be the patrons of architecture, without being its victims."

The following is a remarkable fact; and we are not sure that it is touched upon by Mr. Scoresby:

"In New York the Roman Catholic priests have recently agitated with no small success for a separate allotment of their share of the education fund. They have allied themselves, as in the Belgian revolution, with the extreme democracy to carry their point, and may materially retard the general progress of education. But there is no reason to apprehend that any one sect in New England will have power to play the same game; and these states are the chief colonisers of the west—*gentis cunabula*, by the rapidity of whose multiplication and progress in civilisation the future prospects of the whole confederacy of republics will be mainly determined."

Does not the great influx of Irish emigrants partly account for the circumstances here noticed? but at all events it is not a holy alliance. The reflections on slavery are yet more important.

"Professor Tucker, of Virginia, has endeavoured to shew, that the density of population in the slave states will amount, in about sixty years, to fifty persons in a square mile. Long

* Since writing the foregoing, and questioning the extent of credit to be given to Lady Hester's revelations, we observe a letter from Lord Stanhope in the newspapers, in which his lordship contradicts several of the statements relating to him, and vouched for as emanating from Lady H. Stanhope.

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before that period arrives, the most productive lands will have been all cultivated, and some of the inferior soils resorted to: the price of labour will fall gradually as compared to the means of subsistence, and it will, at length, be for the interest of the masters to liberate their slaves, and to employ the more economical and productive labour of freemen. The same causes will then come into operation which formerly emancipated the villeins of western Europe, and will one day set free the serfs of Russia. It is to be hoped, however, that the planters will not wait for more than half a century for such an euthanasia of the institution of slavery; for the increase of the coloured population in sixty years would be a formidable evil, since in this instance they are not, like villeins and serfs, of the same race as their masters. They cannot be fused at once into the general mass, and become amalgamated with the whites, for their colour still remains as the badge of their former bondage, so that they continue, after their fetters are removed, to form a separate and inferior caste. How long this state of things would last must depend on their natural capabilities, moral, intellectual, and physical; but if in these they be equal to the whites, they would eventually become the dominant race, since the climate of the south, more congenial to their constitutions, would give them a decided advantage. A philanthropist may well be perplexed when he desires to devise some plan of interference which may really promote the true interests of the negro. But the way in which the planters would best consult their own interests appears to me very clear. They should exhibit more patience and courage towards the abolitionists, whose influence and numbers they greatly overrate, and lose no time in educating the slaves, and encouraging private manumission to prepare the way for general emancipation. All seem agreed that the states most ripe for this great reform are Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri. Experience has proved in the northern states that emancipation immediately checks the increase of the coloured population, and causes the relative number of the whites to augment very rapidly. Every year, in proportion as the north-western states fill up, and as the boundary of the new settlers in the west is removed farther and farther beyond the Mississippi and Missouri, the cheaper and more accessible lands south of the Potomac will offer a more tempting field for colonisation to the swarms of New Englanders, who are averse to migrating into slave-states. Before this influx of white labourers the coloured race will give way, and it will require the watchful care of the philanthropist, whether in the north or south, to prevent them from being thrown out of employment, and reduced to destitution. If due exertions be made to cultivate the minds and protect the rights and privileges of the negroes, and it nevertheless be found that they cannot contend, when free, with white competitors, but are superseded by them, still the cause of humanity will have gained. The coloured people, though their numbers remain stationary, or even diminish, may in the mean time be happier than now, and attain to a higher moral rank. They would, moreover, escape the cruelty and injustice which are the invariable consequences of the exercise of irresponsible power, especially where authority must be sometimes delegated by the planter to agents of inferior education and coarser feelings. And last, not least, emancipation would effectually put a stop to the breeding, selling, and exporting of slaves to the sugar-growing states of the south, where, unless the accounts we usually read of slavery be exaggerated and distorted, the life of the negro is shortened by severe toil and suffering. Had the white man never interposed to transplant the negro into the New World, the most generous asserters of the liberties of the coloured race would have conceded that Africa afforded space enough for their development. Neither in their new country, nor in that of their origin, whether in a condition of slavery or freedom, have they as yet exhibited such superior qualities and virtues as to make us anxious that additional millions of them should multiply in the southern states of the Union; still less, that they should overflow into Texas and Mexico."

The description of the fossil footsteps of enormous birds on the banks of the Connecticut river, almost tempts us into a long extract; but we must resist, in order to find room for more of that different order of topics to which we have dedicated this review. To these belong the following:

"When standing on the wharf at Three Rivers, I conversed with the proprietor of a large estate in the eastern townships, who complained to me that while crowds were passing up the river every week to remote districts, and sometimes returning disappointed, and even occasionally recrossing the Atlantic, he and other farmers were unable to get hands. While he was speaking, a large steamer, with several hundred Scotch emigrants from Ayrshire, came alongside the wharf. They were only to tarry there one hour to take in wood for the engines. My companion went on board, eagerly endeavouring to bribe some of the new comers to settle on his farm, but all in vain. They said they had cousins and friends in Upper Canada, and were all resolved to go there. I could not help sympathising with him in his disappointment, and the more so, as I had seen at Toronto large bands of Irish and Welsh peasants in a state of destitution for want of work; and in spite of the liberality of the citizens, several gangs of them, while we were there, committed robberies in the neighbourhood. It appears that during the late troubles in Canada the tide of immigration was almost entirely stopped for several years; now it is setting in more strongly than ever: but as they come from all parts of the British Isles, it is scarcely possible, unless the whole system of colonising were under government regulation, and conducted on arbitrary principles, to adjust the supply of labour to the various and ever fluctuating local demands. When passing in a carriage over the rich alluvial grounds on the left bank of the St. Lawrence, I expostulated with some of the English proprietors on the intolerable condition of the muddy roads. I reminded them that all this part of Canada was a cleared and cultivated country when half the United States was still a wilderness. They replied, that the French farmers, to whom most of the land belonged, refused to pay taxes for bettering the roads, contending that it was preferable to spend more time on the way, and to wear out their horses and vehicles somewhat faster, than to pay down money to a tax-gatherer. The anecdotes told us by the British settlers of the superstitious horror of the old Canadians at the new inventions and innovations of the Anglo-Americans, were very amusing. The river craft of the Canadian 'voyageurs' was so unrivalled in its way, that we may pardon them for beholding the first steamers with jealousy. One of them is said to have exclaimed, as he saw them ascending the St. Lawrance, 'Mais, croyez-vous que le bon Dieu permettra tout cela?' During this tour I often thought of the old story of the American, who said that 'if the United States ever got possession of Canada they would soon *improve* the French off the face of the earth.' The French partly speak of the late Lord Sydenham as if they really believed him capable of conceiving and executing such a project. On the other hand, not a few of the English settlers, while they praised his zeal and habits of business, and devotedness to the interests of Canada, took pains to persuade me that if his measures were enlightened, his means of carrying them through the legislature were equally unscrupulous. One of his admirers, deeply imbued with the spirit of his policy, is said to have declared, 'We shall never make any thing of Canada until we Anglicise and protestantise it;' to which a French seigneur rejoined with bitterness, 'Had you not better finish Ireland first?' Some of the American travellers whom we met here were extremely entertained with the military display of the large army now quartered in this province, the reviews, the bands of music, the trains of baggage-waggons, which they occasionally met on the roads, the barracks of infantry and cavalry, the new fortifications of Kingston, and the old ones of Quebec. All this warlike parade, after a sojourn of nine months in the United States, appeared almost as great a novelty to us as to them; but the resemblance of the colony to a garrison afforded me no pleasure. It was a perpetual remembrance of the late troubles, and of that former mismanagement of which a civil war, however unjustifiable, affords ample proof. It reminded me also of the difficulties with which the wisest and best intentioned government will have to contend, whose task it is to fuse into one harmonious whole two populations so dissimilar in origin and language as the French and British, and all whose ideas on social, political, and religious subjects, are so discordant. It recalled, moreover, to mind, the unwarrantable conduct of those turbulent borderers, the American 'sympathisers,' who poured in by thousands to aid the insurgents, and whose intervention alone rendered the rebellion formidable for a time. Great indignation was expressed to me by many Canadians, that these citizens should have been allowed with impunity, by the governor of New York, to take cannon out of a public arsenal, and invade a friendly territory in time of peace.

'Non cogente quidem sed nec prohibente tribuno.'

Some New Yorkers, on the other hand, while they freely condemned the sympathisers, and said they had rejoiced in their defeat, defended their governor, saying it was impossible for him to have foreseen and provided against so sudden a movement along so extensive a frontier; that neither he nor the federal government had troops enough at their command to act as a sufficient police; and that it was too much to expect of them to maintain, permanently, a large standing army for the sake of being prepared for such rare emergencies. That the whole of the British force now kept up in this colony is absolutely needed, I venture not to doubt; but they who refuse to hope for its speedy reduction appear to me to libel by anticipation our future colonial policy. I listened with no small impatience to the wishes expressed by some residents, that this full war-establishment should be permanent, and to their discussions on the desirableness of new fortifications, to be executed at great cost by England, and of fleets of war-steamers to be built on the lakes, in order that they might at

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all times be ready for an outbreak with the United States. The population of the British possessions in America, in 1842, amounted in round numbers to one million and a half.

Lower Canada . . .	690,000
Upper Canada . . .	526,000
New Brunswick . . .	156,000
Nova Scotia	180,000
	1,552,000

The annual growth of the population of the United States, with which their wealth and territory keep pace, exceeds at present 700,000 souls, so that every two years' increase is about equal to the number of all the present inhabitants of British America. The mere contemplation of these figures would seem to me enough to convince a reasonable man, that Canada must owe her security from external aggression, not to local armaments and provincial demonstrations, but to the resources of the whole British empire. A surplus revenue at home, or the remission of taxes which press heavily on industry and commerce, and economy in administering our colonial affairs in times of peace, are the true means of fortifying the Canadian frontier. The legislature of Canada have lately voted a sum of money for a geological survey of the province, which has been placed under the direction of Mr. Logan, from whose labours we may soon expect an accurate map, with a description of the rocks and their organic remains, and a comparison of them with the equivalent formations in the United States. My own observations were confined to the valley of the St. Lawrence and its environs, where I was struck with the remarkable analogy between the structure of this part of North America and those portions of Scandinavia which I visited in 1834 and 1836. I seemed to have got back to Norway and Sweden."

And we must return to England, leaving this desirable and instructive publication to the popularity it so well deserves, both from the scientific and the general reader, and its author in the very singular situation of which we are told in the annexed and concluding extract:

"At the falls of Niagara, where we next spent a week, residing in a hotel on the Canada side, I resumed my geological explorations of last summer. Every part of the scenery, from Grand Island above the Falls to the ferry at Queenstown, seven miles below, deserves to be studied at leisure. We visited the 'burning spring' at the edge of the river above the rapids, where carburetted hydrogen, or, in the modern chemical phraseology, a light hydro-carbon, similar to that before mentioned at Fredonia, rises from beneath the water out of the limestone rock. The bituminous matter supplying this gas is probably of animal origin, as this limestone is full of marine mollusca, crustacea, and corals, without vegetable remains, unless some fucoids may have decomposed in the same strata. The invisible gas makes its way in countless bubbles through the clear transparent waters of the Niagara. On the application of a lighted candle, it takes fire, and plays about with a lambent flickering flame, which seldom touches the water, the gas being at first too pure to be inflammable, and only obtaining sufficient oxygen after mingling with the atmosphere at the height of several inches above the surface of the stream. At noon, on a hot summer's day, we were tempted, contrary to my previous resolution, to perform the exploit of passing under the great sheet of water between the precipice and the Horse-shoe Fall. We were in some degree rewarded for this feat by the singularity of the scene, and the occasional openings in the curtain of white foam and arch of green water, which afforded momentary glimpses of the woody ravine and river below, fortunately for us lighted up most brilliantly by a mid-day sun. We had only one guide, which is barely sufficient for safety when there are two persons, for a stranger requires support when he loses his breath by the violent gusts of wind dashing the spray and water in his face. If he turns round to recover, the blast often changes in an instant, and blows as impetuously against him in the opposite direction."

The Mission; or, Scenes in Africa. Written for Young People. By Capt. Marryat. 2 vols. 12mo. Longmans.

In the literary vocation which Capt. Marryat has recently adopted, for the instruction of the young in the pleasantest manner, and not forgetting much to inform and interest their seniors, he has not done any thing superior to the *Mission.* Its simple narrative style, and its Daniel-de-Foe-like verisimilitude, carry the reader through all the scenes with the ease of an ambling steed; and at the end he finds that his amusement is attended by a very clear notion of the interior of South Africa, its geography, its people, its natural history, its habits, and its adventures for European explorers. By means of an interesting framework, the author superadds an English and humane feeling; for the mission is in search of the descendants, if any, of a young lady of good family, wrecked among the unfortunate sufferers in the Grosvenor East-Indiaman. To satisfy her father on this doubtful and painful subject, Alexander Wilmot traverses Caffraria, in company with Mr. Swinton, an enthusiastic naturalist, and Major Henderson, an equally enthusiastic hunter. Having thrown them into the field, Capt. Marryat, from many publications on the Cape, puts skilfully together the story of their marches, troubles, giraffe-pursuits, lion-fights, affairs with natives, &c. &c., and thus combines into one panoramic view a striking picture of the country, from Cape Town deep into the interior.

It is not easy to illustrate a production of this kind; but we will detach a few passages to avoid the baldness of a mere notice.

"You are well aware how long and strong are the thorns of the mimosa (or kamel-tree, as the Dutch call it, from the giraffe browsing upon it), and how the boughs of these trees lie like an umbrella, close upon one another. A native chief informed me, that he witnessed a lion attacking a giraffe. The lion always springs at the head or neck, and seizes the animal by that part, riding him, as it were. The giraffe sets off at full speed with its enemy, and is so powerful as often to get rid of him; for I have seen giraffes killed which had the marks of the lion's teeth and claws upon them. In this instance the lion made a spring; but the giraffe at that very moment turning sharp round, the lion missed his aim, and by the blow it received was tossed in the air, so that he fell upon the boughs of the mimosa on his back. The boughs were not only compact enough to bear his weight, but the thorns that pierced through his body were so strong as to hold the enormous animal where he lay. He could not disengage himself; and they pointed out to me the skeleton on the boughs of the tree, as a corroboration of the truth of the story. * * *

"They rose early the next morning, and leaving the wagon where it was, again proceeded on horseback in search of the giraffes. They rode at a slow pace for four or five miles before they could discover any. At last a herd of them were seen standing together browsing on the leaves of the mimosa. They made a long circuit to turn them and drive them towards the camp, and in this they succeeded. The animals set off at their usual rapid pace, but did not keep it up long, as there were several not full grown among them, which could not get over the ground so fast as the large male of the preceding day. After a chase of three miles, they found that the animals' speed was rapidly decreasing, and they were coming up with them. When within a hundred yards, Alexander fired, and wounded a female which was in the rear. The Major pushed on with the dogs after a large male, and it stopped at bay under a mimosa, kicking most furiously at the dogs. The Major levelled his rifle, and brought the animal down with his first shot. It rose again, however, and for a hundred yards went away at a fast pace; but it again fell to rise no more. The female which Alexander had wounded received another shot, and was then also prostrated. 'I have killed a *giraffe*,' said the Major, standing by the side of the one he had killed; 'it has been a long way to travel, and there have been some dangers to encounter for the sake of performing this feat; but we have all our follies, and are eager in the pursuit of just as great trifles through life; so that in this I am not perhaps more foolish than the rest of mankind. I have obtained my wishes—I have killed a giraffe; and now I don't care how soon we go back again.' 'Nor I,' replied Alexander; 'for I can say with you, when we arrive in England, I too have killed a giraffe; so you will not be able to boast over me. By Swinton's account, if we stay here much longer, we shall have to kill Matabili, which I am not anxious to do; therefore I now say with you, I don't care how soon we go back to the Cape.'"

The bushmen carry away their oxen, and are pursued and overtaken; and we conclude with a portion of the account.

"Having travelled till dark, they halted under a hill, and were soon afterwards joined by a party of bushwomen, who continued with them in spite of all their attempts to get rid of them. They were very small in person, well made, and the young were rather pretty in their features: but their ornaments were enough to disgust any one but a Hottentot; for they were smeared with grease and red-ochre, and were adorned with the entrails of animals as necklaces. The Hottentots, however, appeared to think this very delightful, and were pleased with their company; and as the women shewed them a pool of water, where the oxen could drink, it was not considered advisable to drive them away. But Swinton observed, that it would be necessary to keep a very sharp look-out, as the women were invariably sent by the bushmen as spies, that they might watch the opportunity for stealing cattle. They now resumed their former plan; starting at a very early hour, and travelling till afternoon, when the cattle were allowed several hours to feed, and were then tied up for the night to the wagons. Indeed, the lions were now not so numerous as they had been, and they had more to fear from the bushmen and the hyenas, which were very plentiful. The next day fully proved the truth of this; for the oxen, having been unyoked as usual to feed, about two o'clock in the afternoon, had been led to a hollow of luxuriant pasture by the cattle-keepers, where they could not be seen from the caravan, although they were not half a mile off. Towards dusk, when it was time to drive them in and tie them up to the wagons, it was found that

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the cattle-keepers, who had been in company with the bushwomen, had neglected their charge, and they were not to be found. The keepers came running in, stating that a lion had scared the cattle, and that the animals had galloped off to a great distance. But Omrah, who had gone to where the cattle had been feeding, returned to the camp and told Swinton that it was not lions, but bushmen, who had stolen them; and bringing the horses ready saddled to the Major and Alexander, said, that if they did not follow them immediately, the cattle would be all killed. It was also observed that the bushwomen had all disappeared. Swinton, who was well aware of the customs of the bushmen, immediately proposed that they should mount as many as they could, and go in chase, as there was not an hour to be lost. In half an hour a party, consisting of our three travellers, Bremen, Omrah, and three of the most trusty of the Hottentots, who were all that they could mount, set off in the direction which they knew must have been taken so as to conceal the cattle from the sight of those in the caravan; and it being a fine moonlight night, the keen eyes of Omrah tracked them for more than five miles, where they were at fault, as the traces of their hoofs were no longer to be seen. 'What shall we do now?' said the Major. 'We must trust to Omrah,' replied Swinton; 'he knows the habits of his people well; and they will not deceive him.' Omrah, who had been very busy kneeling on the ground and striking a light every now and then with a flint and steel, to ascertain the tract more distinctly, now came up and made them comprehend that the bushmen had turned back upon the very track they had gone upon, and that they must return and find where they diverged from it again. This created considerable delay, as they had to walk the horses back for more than a mile, when they again found the footing of the cattle diverging from the track to the southward and eastward, in the direction of some hills. They now made all the haste that they could, and proceeded so rapidly on the track, that in about an hour they perceived the whole herd of oxen driven up the side of a hill by a party of bushmen. They put spurs to their horses and galloped as fast as they could in pursuit, and soon came up with them; when a discharge of rifles left three bushmen on the ground, and put all the rest to flight. The cattle, which were much frightened, were with some difficulty turned and driven back towards the encampment. In the mean time the disappointed bushmen had turned upon those near, and were letting fly their arrows from the bushes in which they were concealed, and continued thus to assail them till the party arrived at the open plain. One of the Hottentots was wounded by an arrow in the neck; but that was the only accident which occurred to any of the party, and this was not known to our travellers until after their arrival at the encampment, when it was almost daybreak; and then, tired with the fatigues of the night, all were glad to obtain a few hours' rest. When they rose the next morning, Swanevelt informed them that nine of the oxen were so wounded with the poisoned arrows of the bushmen that they could not live; and also that Piets the Hottentot had been badly wounded in the neck with one of the arrows. Swinton immediately ordered the man to be brought to him, as he was well aware of the fatal effects of a wound from a bushman's arrow. It appeared that Piets had pulled the arrow out of his neck, but that some pieces of the barb had remained in the wound, and that these his companions had been extracting with their knives, and the wound was very much inflamed in consequence. Swinton immediately cut out as much of the affected part as he could, applied ammonia to the wound, and gave him laudanum to mitigate the pain, which was very acute; but the poor fellow lay groaning during the whole of the day. They now examined the wounded oxen, which were already so swollen with the poison that there were no hopes of saving them, and they were immediately put out of their pain. Several others were found slightly hurt, but not so as to lose all hopes of their recovery; but this unfortunate circumstance prevented them from continuing their journey for two days; as the whole of the oxen had been much harrassed and cut by the bushmen, although not wounded by poisoned arrows. During this delay, the poor Hottentot became hourly worse; his head and throat were much swollen, and he said that he felt the poison working within him. After many hours of suffering, during which swellings appeared in various parts of his body, the poor fellow breathed his last; and the next day being Sunday, they remained as usual, and the body of the unfortunate man was consigned to a grave. This event threw a cloud over the whole caravan; and whenever any of the bushwomen made their appearance at a distance, and made signs that they wished to come into the camp, an angry bullet was sent instantly over their heads, which made them take to their heels."

As usual, in this class of writing, with Captain Marryat, he has interspersed some excellent moral reflections and religious precepts; and the whole is written in a spirit to impress the mind with lessons of goodness and humanity.

The Philosophy of the Water-Cure: a Development of the True Principles of Health and Longevity. By John Balbirnie, M.A., M.D., &c. Sm. 8vo, pp. 386. Bath, Binns and Goodwin.

If, as we have frequently occasion to remark, the bigotry of the adversaries of innovation is reprehensible, the fanaticism of advocates is also, on the other hand, often so exalted as to counterbalance the evil, and thus leave us pretty nearly where we started.

Dr. John Balbirnie takes up the cause of hydropathy with the energy of one who sings all his lifetime, "Wha will not fecht for Charlie?"

"To the reflecting observer, the times we live in are pregnant with signs of momentous import. The whole world is in commotion—society is heaving to its centre—as if the throes of some great regenerating change, personal, political, and religious. An impulse is being communicated to the human intellect, that will be far greater in its results than that of the revival of letters. A reformation is in embryo, that will far exceed in depth, extent, and direction, that of the era of Luther." All this *apropos* of the water-cure!

"Long-constituted and long-venerated powers, civil and ecclesiastical, whose tenure of existence is held in popular prestige as much as public utility, are crumbling before the assaults of modern innovation, or falling asunder by their own internal divisions. Mere antiquity commands no reverence, and mere novelty conciliates no favour. Mind is gaining the ascendant over matter, moral power over physical force. The immunities of the privileged class are more closely than ever associated with its obligations—the rights of property with its duties. Individual emolument is being postponed to public advantage. Even the names and symbols of party, erewhile so talismanic, begin to lose their power; and its ancient distinctive tenets, whilom unyielding, are now forced to bend before the pressure from without. The *spirit* is taking the place of the *letter* in government, law, and literature; and both are once more earnestly contended for in religion."

The bathos to which is, "In such an eventful epoch as this comes forth the water-cure!"

If, however, notwithstanding the able, vigorous, and enthusiastic advocacy of Dr. J. Balbirnie, the water-cure has to wait till the Utopia above expounded is carried into practical operation, we fear very much for its triumphant progress to an universal adoption. Dr. B. entertains no apprehensions of the kind.

"It will behove," he says, "the present or a future home-secretary to look into this. Before twenty years elapse, all these matters, it is to be hoped, will be rectified. If Sir James Graham's 'Medical Bill' (which, so far as it goes, is a real godsend to the profession) passes this session, it will only be the precursor of a sweeping measure of medical police, which the progress of public opinion and its own interests will force the government to adopt. To 'honourable members,' ere long, 'coming events' will 'cast their shadows before' in the shape of visions of a '*Hospital Revenue Appropriation Clause*.'"

So much for enthusiasm in a cause. In the spirit of philosophical moderation which has ever been our guide, we shall only say with the immortal Bacon: "Surely every medicine is an innovation, and he that will not apply new remedies must expect new evils, for time is the greatest innovator; and if time, of course, alter things to the worse, and wisdom and counsel shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end?"

The Waverley Novels, Abbotsford Edition. Vol. VIII. Edinburgh, R. Cadell; London, Houlston and Stoneman.

QUENTIN DURWARD and St. Ronan's Well form the 8th vol. of this profusely illustrated edition. A very characteristic portrait of Louis XI. is the frontispiece, and four beautiful views of French scenes, Cologne, Tours, Liege, and Peronne, by Stanfield, are among the embellishments. Peebles and the Tweed from Neidpath Castle, by P. Paton, is another sweet and appropriate piece. The same artist gives us the pastoral landscape of St. Mary's Loch, and Mr. E. Terry two views of Abbotsford.

Researches, Historical and Critical, in Maritime International Law. By James Reddie, Esq., Advocate. Vol. II. 8vo. pp. 577. Edinburgh, T. Clarke, Benning & Co., Bigg & Son; London, Blackwoods; Dublin, Milliken.

THIS volume discusses the most recent questions, *i. e.* the questions which have arisen within the present century, on maritime international law; and like its predecessor, displays comprehensive research and strong and logical argument. It seems to place on indisputable foundations the rights of belligerents and of neutrals in maritime war, and points out meliorations which may be anticipated; and is altogether a very valuable treatise on a *subject* which involves *subjects* of the greatest weight and importance.

Eothen. Fourth Edit. London, J. Ollivier.

WE take credit to the *Literary Gazette*, whilst yet *Eothen* lay amid the chaos of publication on the bookseller's counter, unexplored and unnoticed, that it discovered the brilliant treasures of the mine, and hastened to bring them into the light of day. A fourth edition is the best and fittest sequel to the praise we so heartily bestowed upon it.

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ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

July 8, 1845.

SIR,—I have been much interested in certain letters which have appeared in the *Times* paper, fiercely incriminating Dr. Buckland for certain opinions that are maintained in his *Bridgewater Treatise.* I have carefully reconsidered that treatise, and rise from the perusal with surprise that any body should call the author's orthodoxy in question. It is true that Dr. Buckland believes that many thousands of years elapsed from the creation of the world to Adam, and I can find nothing in Scripture which impugns the fact. If Usher reckoned just so many years from the creation to the deluge, he reckoned from the time of Adam, and not of the world. Believing that the subcreations occupied merely *days*, the archbishop left them entirely out of his chronology, as any one will find from his Memoirs. As for the 'days,' as it is translated, it is impossible to say how long they were. Sir John F. W. Herschel, in his work on astronomy, defines time as motion. Now, we read in the Bible that God is every where; therefore there can be no time, which is motion, to Him. Dr. Buckland presumes and believes that Moses wrote by inspiration: and if so, the word translated *day* may mean any period short of the eternal. The term is not merely a figurative but arbitrary one, when judged by fact.

In conclusion, I would observe that Dr. Buckland's assailant is a wonderfully ill-taught man. I scorn to be hypercritical; but to call an Italian *Scoior* Recuperi, and the Jewish doctors *rabbis*, to say nothing of many other instances of uncommon ignorance, is really gross. I am, sir, your obliged subscriber, T. H.

[We cheerfully insert this pertinent letter, which takes up a strong insulated position; but, for the complete vindication of science against all the fooleries that have been uttered against it either by flippant presumption or well-meaning ignorance, we would desire every intelligent reader to consult the scourging and irrefragable review of *The Vestiges of Creation* in the *Edinburgh Review* just published, and which is attributed with truth, as will readily be seen in perusing the article, to the potent pen of Professor Sedgwick. As much doubt still obscures the authorship of that notorious and wonderfully successful work, we may venture to add another conjecture to the list of persons to whom it has been attributed, in the name of Mr. Newman of Manchester.]

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

SATURDAY (*continued*).

SECTION B.—(*Chemical Science.*)

1. Graham (Prof.) on a new property of gases.
2. Grove (Prof.), recent experiments on the gas voltaic battery.
3. Miller (Dr.) on the action of gases on the prismatic spectrum.
4. Schönbein (Prof.), experiments on ozone.
5. Boutigny (Prof.), experiments on the spheroidal state of bodies, and its application to steam boilers, and on the freezing of water in red-hot vessels.

1. Prof. Graham's new experiments on what he termed the *effusion* of gases into a vacuum were detailed, after a luminous introduction in which he summed up known properties of gases in their *diffusion* through porous bodies. The velocity of atmospheric air being 1, that of gas going out was (if we are not in *confusion*) 371; and the law of the velocities in the effusion of different gases accorded with their gravity, and the experiments upon them agreed with theory and calculation,—that is to say, with the theoretical law. The heavier the gas, it was the richer, and it was poor in proportion to its lightness. Having stated the different velocities of oxygen, carbonic acid, hydrogen, carburetted hydrogen, &c., the learned professor pointed out how the principle might be practically applied to the measure and value of the gas furnished by companies, by passing it through a vacuum before it entered the meter. He observed that the same test might be made useful in trying the air in mines, as of course the hydrogen and inflammable gas would pass quicker than any other of a heavier quality. Effusion obeyed the same law as diffusion; but the new property to which he more particularly directed attention, was that to which he gave the name of *transpiration*. This depended on quite a different law, a law of friction. His experiments on this were made on gas forced through the pores of a dense body under pressure. He had employed stucco, placed under an exhausted air-pump, and measured the velocity of the air forced through by the mercurial guage of the pump. Thus he found the transpiration of atmospheric air to exceed that of oxygen, and carbonic acid to be more transpirable than either; hydrogen was a third more rapid than oxygen; and the professor advised that liquids should be experimented upon in the same manner, from which he anticipated every advantageous results.

Mr. Bain offered a few remarks on this communication, and thought it would explain the suspension of aqueous vapour in the clouds and other meteorological phenomena; and

Mr. Vernon Harcourt noticed previous experiments of the same nature made by Mr. Cavendish.

2. Professor Grove's experiments involve, amongst others, two principal interesting points—the combination of phosphorus in one cell with the oxygen of another cell; and, if it may be so called, a self-acting constant battery action. Both are new arrangements or modifications of the gas-battery: the first a substitution of phosphorus in nitrogen gas as one element of the combination, instead of the hydrogen element of the oxygen and hydrogen series; the nitrogen plays the part only of an insulator, the phosphorus combining with the oxygen of the cell connected with it. This is another proof in support of the chemical theory of the battery which Professor Grove so ably advocates. One practical advantage to be derived from this novel series is, the power of measuring the minutest possible chemical action; the diminution of the phosphorus, divided by the time, would give, perhaps, a consumption of a millionth of a grain per second. The other arrangement, that we have termed a "self-acting constant battery," would require a diagram for accurate description; suffice it, then, to say merely, that the position of zinc to generate hydrogen, to supply its consumption in the gas-battery, is the principle upon which the "self-acting" rests. This combination carried with it markedly the favourable feelings of the whole section.

3. The author commenced by stating that, owing to the experiments of Dr. Wollaston and Fraunhofer, it is well known that if the prismatic spectrum of diffused daylight be examined with proper precaution, it is found not to present a continuous band of light, but a band interrupted at certain intervals by numerous sharp well-defined black lines, more distinctly visible at certain points than at others. On viewing the light transmitted through the red vapours of nitrous gas by a prism, Sir D. Brewster observed a multitude of other lines, very remarkable in their mode of arrangement. Dr. Miller was, however, induced to investigate this subject in its relations to the chemical composition of different gases, in consequence of the observation of Prof. Miller of Cambridge and the late Prof. Daniell, that the action of the vapours of iodine and bromine (two elementary substances presenting the closest chemical resemblances) was exactly similar, both in the arrangement and number of the lines produced. He therefore extended his observations to numerous compound bodies, both coloured and free from colour. From these experiments he found, that no depth of any colourless gas that he was able to employ produced any new series of lines, although, when examining the spectrum of diffused daylight during a thunder-shower, he found a new group of lines developed in the brightest portion of the yellow—these, as the rain passed off, gradually disappeared; that the simple fact, that a vapour or gas was coloured, was not sufficient to prove that these lines existed in light that had been submitted to its action—that, for instance, the green gas of chlorine, and the yellow vapour of sulphur and selenium, produced no such abrupt interruptions of the light. He observed likewise, that some simple substances, as bromine and iodine, whose coloured vapours produced dense and numerous lines, lost that property when they entered into combination and formed gases which, like the hydrobromic and hydriodic acids (combinations of these bodies with hydrogen), are colourless. The position of the lines in the spectrum, it also appeared, could not be predicted from the colour of the body; for with the red vapours of nitrous acid the lines were broadest and most numerous towards the blue end of the spectrum, whilst with the green vapour of the perchloride of manganese they were most marked in the green portion itself. Two bodies separately without action were found when combined frequently to produce lines, as occurs with combinations of oxygen with nitrogen and chlorine. Some interesting results were obtained on examining the different oxides of the same body—this is particularly the case with the oxides of chlorine; these substances possess bleaching powers more or less distinctly marked, have all a colour varying between orange and yellowish green, and detonate powerfully by a slight elevation of temperature. The *hypochlorous acid*, the active principle, as is believed, of common bleaching-powder, represented by the symbols Cl_2 O has no action of this kind on the spectrum. *Chlorous acid*, Cl O_3 a bright orange gas, produces a series of remarkable lines in the blue space. *Peroxide of chlorine*, Cl_2 O_8, produces the same series; and *euchlorine*, Cl_8 O_{13}, likewise produces the same series. It is remarkable that these two last-mentioned gases have been supposed, on chemical grounds, to contain chlorous acid in a state of combination; for when treated with alkalies, they yield compounds of that substance—a conclusion which the optical properties of the gases appear to confirm. The author described a remarkable series of lines as produced by the perchloride of manganese, which are most distinctly visible in the green and commencement of the blue spaces; and he found that the permanganic acid and perfluoride of manganese—bodies which respectively contain the same relative proportions of oxygen and fluorine that the perchloride does of chlorine—produce no corresponding effects on the spectrum.

A great variety of other coloured bodies, of most varied composition, were tried, but without yielding any indications of the existence of these lines. Among these were the vapours of

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selenious acid, chloride and oxychloride of tungsten, chloride of iron, indigo, alizarin (the orange colouring matter of madder), and several others. Drawings were exhibited, shewing the general grouping of the lines above described, and the relative position they bear, compared with the lines of the solar spectrum as determined by Fraunhofer.

The author also instituted a series of observations with the flame of alcohol coloured by the addition of various saline bodies, in which he found appearances of alternate bright and dark spaces in the spectra thus obtained, still more remarkable than those furnished by the action of coloured vapours on daylight: corresponding spectra were obtained if the coloured light were furnished by exposing the same salts to the heat of the oxyhydrogen jet. Drawings of the spectra furnished by chloride of copper, boracic acid, nitrate of strontia, chlorides of calcium, barium, and sodium, were exhibited in illustration of this part of the subject. The author, in conclusion, stated his intention of continuing his experiments in the same direction, on account of the important influence which the observations must exercise on the discussion of various points connected with the mathematical theories of light.

4. One of the most original papers, and fully reported in the *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1484.

5. Another interesting communication, and fully reported last week.

SECTION C.—(*Geology and Physical Geography.*)

1. Pratt (S. P.) on the coal deposits of the Asturias.
2. Ramsay (A. C.) on the denudation of South Wales and the adjacent counties.
3. Dieffenbach (E.) on the geology of the island of New Zealand.

1. The deposits illustrated by Mr. Pratt lay along the coast from near Leon through Oviedo. The strata rise below the tertiary, and consist of alternations of grit and shale, and thin layers of limestone; and contain a good bed of coal, about 9 feet in thickness. Nearer Oviedo are many, about 70, seams and rich deposits of coal. Abundance of fossils, chiefly shells and corals, is found; and the author concluded, from the whole of his observations, that this part of Spain contained not only coal-beds corresponding with those of England and other countries, but others belonging to an elder period. Below this coal lay prodigious strata of hæmatite, the pure unmixed ore being 50 feet thick, and apparently an aqueous or mechanical deposit. An interesting conversation ensued on coal and hæmatite formations, in which Professors Sedgwick and Buckland, and Sir H. de la Beche, took a share: the latter remarked on the hæmatites in England generally occurring in veins and fissures, and on a deposit in Dean Forest resembling this in Spain, and accounted for by the analogy to great masses of impure carbonate of iron, "bog ore," still in the process of formation in most of our bogs.

2. Mr. Ramsay's paper entered particularly into the extensive denudations observable in the districts to which it referred, and endeavoured to fix the geological periods at which they occurred. The older rocks he held to be quiet deposits, as was evidenced by their conformable nature; but afterwards disturbed by violent convulsions, which curved and contorted all the strata from the coal-measures downward, and put an end to the conditions on which the further formation of coal depended. This terrible disturbance he attributed to an immense lateral pressure, such as would result from the attempt of a solid crust to accommodate itself to a diminishing mass below in a refrigerating sphere, and not from forces acting on detached points. Mr. Ramsay then entered upon a calculation of the quondam heights of mountains in South Wales, from Cefu Cnib, in Monmouthshire, to the Severn, in two different lines, and assigned to them an elevation of at least 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, and a climate of every variety, from tropical heat to arctic cold. On this opinion he accounted for the fossil plants of the lias and oolites, and the insects mingling temperate with tropical types. The whole he attributed to the tertiary period, and immediately preceding our own present condition.

The broad questions involved in this able communication led to long discussion and some variety of opinion, upon which it is unnecessary for us to enter. Mr. Phillips observed, that Mr. Ramsay's data would equally apply to the Malvern hills, and to those of North Wales and Ireland.

3. Dr. Dieffenbach, whose work we recently reviewed, described the geological formation of New Zealand as resting throughout on clay-slate, containing green-stone dykes, roof-slate, &c. He stated the localities where boulders of trap, anthracite coal, limestone, volcanic conglomerate, active volcanos, lakes apparantly in ancient craters, vast extents of barren pumice-stone and gravel, quartzose sandstone, greywacke, mineral and hot springs, &c. exist; and, in conclusion, declared that the huge bird *moa* had never been seen alive by any native of the country; its bones were found in rivers flowing between high banks, and it was probable they might be derived from tertiary fluviatile strata.

Dr. Buckland concluded, from the account given of it, that New Zealand was not destined to be an agricultural country.

SECTION D.—(*Zoology and Botany.*)

1. Carpenter (Dr.), report on the microscopic structure of shells.
2. Ball (R.) on peculiar sounds produced by some of the *Notonectidae*.
3. Ogilby (W.) on principles of classification.
4. Forbes (Prof. E.), report of the dredging committee.
5. Portlock (Captain) on the dredging at Corfu.
6. Alder and Hancock (Messrs.) on the genus *Dendronotus*.
7. Trevelyan (W. C.) on the guano of the Faroe Islands.
8. Goadby (A.) on M. Fizeau's process of etching daguerreotype plates.

1. Dr. Carpenter's paper was substantially a repetition of that read in the Geological Section on Friday, and reported last week.

2. The peculiar sounds observed by Mr. Ball in the *N. affinis* were somewhat between the cricket and the landrail.

3. Mr. Ogilby pointed out the improvements which might be made in zoological classification by attending more minutely to the limbs and extremities of animals.*

7. Mr. Trevelyan spoke of the guano of the Faroe Islands, chiefly derived from cormorants, as an abundant resource for that kind of manure, now that Ichaboe and Peru were so nearly exhausted. He asserted it to possess equally fertilising qualities.

8. The process of etching daguerreotype plates has been already described in our pages. We are glad, however, to quote the authority of Mr. Goadby on the progress of the art as applied to a branch of research in which he so greatly excels. He says:—"The engravings produced of the nervous systems of *Aplysia* and *Tritonia*, the latter much magnified, and the nutrimental organs *in situ* of a caterpillar, sufficiently demonstrate the successful application of the daguerreotype to the purposes of natural history, the details being faithful and minute, and the texture of the several tissues represented to an extent that is truly wonderful."

SECTION E.—(*Medical Science.*)

1. Sibson (Mr.) on an apparatus for delineating external changes produced by disease of viscera.
2. Macdonald (Dr.) on the cranial vertebræ.
3. Brooke (Dr.) on the application of a sounding-board to instruments for detecting foreign bodies.

1. A very ingenious apparatus, consisting of a thin wire gauze in a frame, which being spread over the chest or any part of the human body affected by disease, enables the medical practitioner to trace its action, and discover the seat, nature, and progress of the malady. The exhibition of the instrument, and its application to a human subject, were much applauded by the section.

2. Dr. Macdonald's lecture displayed his original and characteristic views in a striking manner; demonstrating the back bone or central column in man to be a number of bones, which he denominated the *caulis centralis*.

3. Dr. Brooke exhibited a very clever invention for applying a sounding-board to the discovery of foreign bodies by auscultation. It consisted of a small silver tube curved at one end, and the sounding-board at the other; and the experiments gone through by the doctor proved the power and beautiful application of the instrument to ascertain the nature of internal disorders.

SECTION F.—(*Statistics.*)

1. Fletcher (J.), a statistical account of the ancient system of public charities in London.
2. Boileau (Sir J.), contributions to the agricultural statistics of Norfolk.
3. Nield (W.), police statistics of Manchester.

1. Mr. Fletcher stated that the necessity of systematic provision for the relief of the poor began to be felt after the suppression of monasteries. In 1544 the site of St. Bartholomew was granted to the corporation of London, but no provision made for its endowment and government till 1548. Christ's Hospital, for the education of destitute children, was founded in 1553; and about the same time St. Thomas's Hospital, for the same purpose as that of St. Bartholomew. Vagrants abounding very much at this period, Bridewell was established. By the charter of Edward VI., the government of these institutions was given to the corporation of London. He then explained the causes which placed these institutions in the hands of self-elect governors, between whom and the corporation a compromise was effected. He then detailed the various efforts that had been made to suppress mendicancy by penal enactments, some of which were so severe as to vest an arbitrary power of transportation in any two governors of Bridewell. In 1708 the London workhouse was first brought into full operation; but it fell into inefficiency, and was finally abolished.

The chairman (Prof. Pryme) said, that too much importance had been attributed to the suppression of monasteries as a cause of pauperism. Before that time repeated acts of parliament had been passed complaining of the increase of vagrancy and mendicancy. The great influx of the precious metals from America had lowered the value of money, and as there was no corresponding increase in the rate of wages, the condition of the labourer had been much deteriorated. This was further shewn by the fact, that similar complaints of the increase of vagrancy and beggary were made in Spain and Belgium, where monasteries were not sup-

* By mislaying some of our memoranda, we are prevented from being exactly regular with a few minor papers, &c.—*Ed. L. G.*

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pressed, at the same time as in England, and a similar course of legislation adopted.

2. Sir John Boileau read an interesting paper on the agricultural statistics of Norfolk.

3. Mr. Nield, for the year 1844, gave an account of the number of convictions, robberies, fines, property lost by parties and found or restored by the police; of the various classes of offenders—those of no trade preponderating; of the number of prostitutes, houses of ill-fame, lodging-houses, public-houses, beer-houses, &c. &c. This paper gave evidence of the vigilance, discretion, and efficacy of the Manchester police—their cost 57*l.* a-head each per annum on the average; their number 413; and the respect felt for them for their valuable services by the towns-people; Manchester being considerably improved by the force, the number of robberies being on the decrease, and a better state of things prevailing than before.

SECTION G.—(*Mechanics.*)

1. Booth (Mr.) on rectilinear and rotatory motion.
2. Greene (Dr.) on a paper by Mr. Nasmyth on pile-driving by the steam-hammer.
3. Fairbairn (W.) on experiments on railway gradients.

1. Mr. Booth exhibited a small instrument to illustrate his method of converting rectilinear into rotatory motion.

2. Dr. Greene repeated the description given at the York meeting, and read a letter from Mr. Nasmyth giving an account of the successful operation of the machine (see *L. G.* No. 1447). In the first trial with a part of the machine at the manufactory, it drove a pile, 14 inches square and 18 feet in length, 15 feet into the ground with 20 blows of the monkey, the machine then working 70 strokes a minute; the ground was a coarse ground, embedded in a strong tenacious clay, performing this work in 17 seconds. The entire machine is now in full action at Devonport for the embankment to be erected there to keep out the sea and form an immense wet dock to contain the royal steam navy. He describes it as going far beyond what he had dared even to hope for, and that it is truly laughable to see it stick vast 66 feet piles into the ground as a lady would stick pins into her pincushion. The entire of the operations required to be performed on each pile, from the time it is floated alongside of the stage, until it is embedded in the solid foundation of slate-rock, takes only 4½ minutes. The great stage which carries the machine, boiler, workmen, and every thing necessary, trots along on its railway like a wheelbarrow, and moves on the diameter of a pile the moment it has finished the last. It picks the pile up out of the water, hoists it high in the air, drops it into its exact place, then covers it with the great magic cap, which follows it as it sinks into the ground, then thump goes the monkey on its head, jumping away 75 jumps a minute. At the first stroke the pile sank 6 feet, its advance gradually diminishing until, in the hard ground above the solid slate-rock, it was reduced to 9 inches. Nothing can prove the superiority of the principle of Nasmyth's brilliant invention, of getting his momentum by a heavy weight moving with small velocity, over the same momentum as got on the old principle by a light weight moving with great velocity, than the state of the heads of the piles as driven by each process. A sketch was shewn of two heads of piles, one 56 feet long, driven by a monkey of 12 cwt. falling from a great height, and making only one blow in five minutes, and requiring 20 hours to drive it; this, though protected by a hoop of iron, is so split and shattered on the head that it would require to be reheaded to drive it any further. The other, although 66 feet long, was not even supported by an iron hoop, and the head is as smooth as if it were dressed off with a new plane. It was driven with a hammer 50 hundred weight, and only 3 feet fall, making 75 blows a minute, and was put in its place and finished in 4½ minutes. In addition to other great advantages of driving by a heavy weight over that of driving by a light weight, is the immense saving of labour or whatever moving power is employed. Momentum being the product of weight multiplied by velocity, you may get the same momentum in various ways by varying both the factors; but where the velocity employed is that produced by the action of gravitation, the greater the velocity employed the greater is the loss of power. Suppose, for example, we want a momentum 16, a weight 8 with velocity 2 will give it; and let us suppose that velocity created by the weight falling from a height of 3 feet: we can get the same velocity by employing a weight of 4 and velocity 4; but to create that velocity by falling, the body must fall from a height of 12 feet, or four times the former height, the velocities being only as the square roots of the heights: now it is evident that it will require double the power to raise 4lbs. 12 feet high as to raise 8lbs. 3 feet high, so that there is a loss of one-half of the power employed in the latter case. This new and powerful agent I expect will produce great national results in the contemplated harbours of refuge which are to be formed along our coasts, and the recovery of vast tracts of land from the sea, and which it will now be as easy to effect as, before the operation of this new power, it would have been difficult and in many instances impossible. I shall only add, in conclusion, that the site of that great national work, the royal steam-dock at Devonport, was actually planned and laid out on the faith of the powers of the pile-driver, as inferred from those of its sister-machine, the patent steam-hammer, with whose wonderful performance the Admiralty had been previously acquainted, and which is also the invention of the same able individual, to whom not only his own country, but the most remote regions of the civilised world, are so deeply indebted.

Since this first communication was received, in consequence of the men becoming more familiar with the manner of working the machine, some of these huge piles have actually had all the operations attending their being raised from the raft and put in their places completed in two minutes, and few exceeding four minutes; so that taking the fair average at three minutes, that is at the rate of 200 per day of 10 working hours. The fall of the monkey and length of stroke of the piston being represented as only 3 feet, it must seem almost incomprehensible how it can drive a pile down 6 feet with one blow. To accomplish this, while the piston is descending through the cylinder, the cylinder is allowed to follow it by sliding between the same uprights. The cap also which rests on the shoulders of the pile, whose head passes through a hole in the cap to receive the blow, and which weighs, I believe, upwards of four tons, is, by its inertia, left a little behind the descending pile; but following it quickly in its course, it falls upon its shoulder, and thus a second impulse is given to the pile with each stroke of the machine.

3. The author stated that the object of his communication was simply a notice of experiments then in progress, to determine the power of adhesion of the locomotive engine in the first instance, and the force of traction necessary to work gradients in the second. After a brief statement of the progress made in the development of different lines of communication, and the improvements effected in the locomotive engine, the paper went on to state the facilities with which even steep gradients were now surmounted by the enlarged powers of the engine, more particularly when compared with those in use at the commencement and subsequent extension of railway traffic. As near as we could collect, the subject was divided into the following heads, which may be denominated constants: 1. The resistance due to friction on the machinery or working parts of the engine; 2. The resistance of the engine considered as a carriage; 3. The resistance of the waggons, carriages, &c., composing a train; and lastly, the resistance of the air.

In treating of these separate heads, the writer instanced the experiments of the Comte de Pambour, Dr. Lardner, and Mr. Wood the engineer of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. According to those authorities, the resistances were variously stated; first by Pambour, who makes the friction of the waggons and steam-engine, when considered as a carriage, equal to 5·76lbs. per ton, and for the friction of the working parts of the engine, 7lbs. per ton. On this assumption, the resistance would be 5·76 + 7 = 12·76, or about 13lbs. per ton for the sum of the friction due to the engine (considered as a carriage) on the one hand, and the whole of the organic parts taken collectively on the other.

As respects the resistance of the air, the author gave results from similar experiments; and having assumed a velocity of thirty-three miles an hour, he found a mean resistance of 2·92, or nearly 3lbs. on every square foot of surface exposed to the action of the air. Mr. Wood, in some recent experiments, makes the resistance on a calm day (at the same velocity) 1-89th of the whole weight, which, compared with others, gives a total resistance (including friction) of 25lbs. per ton. This sum was considered a fair average of the experiments: and assuming 25lbs. as the maximum resistance to every ton of a railway-train, the author laid before the section a table of gradients, of which the following is an abstract:

Gradients.	Resistance in lbs. per ton.
1 in 20	137·00
1 „ 40	81·00
1 „ 60	62·33
1 „ 80	53·00
1 „ 100	47·40
1 „ 120	43·66
1 „ 140	40·71
1 „ 160	39·00
1 „ 180	37·44
1 „ 200	36·20

From the above it would appear that the resistance follows a certain ratio, as the numbers 137·, 81·, 62·, &c. &c.

In addition to the resistances, force of traction, &c., already described, the author briefly detailed several experiments made on the Hunts Bank incline with two locomotive engines belonging to the Manchester and Leeds Railway Company. Both engines had 14-inch cylinders, and 4-feet 8-inch driving-wheels. The first, with all the six wheels coupled, took a gross load of 82 tons 2 cwt. up a gradient of 1 in 60 for a distance of 1044 yards, and 1 in 46 for a distance of about 900 yards, and the whole distance of 2054 yards was accomplished in six minutes.

By the second engine, with only four wheels coupled, the same load was carried, and the same distance performed in 15 minutes and 30 seconds, being at the rate of nearly 12 miles an hour.

From these experiments, and others which are still in progress, it is inferred that a great saving may be effected in the first outlay and

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construction of railways; and instead of spending large sums in tunnels, cuttings and embankments (in order to attain easy gradients), it will ensure much greater economy, and prove more conducive to the public interests (leaving out of the question the merits of the atmospheric principle), to increase the powers of the locomotive engine, and work gradients varying from 1 in 100 to 1 in 30.

MONDAY.

SECTION A.—(*Mathematical and Physical Science.*)

1. Lloyd (Rev. H.), remarks on the periodicity of magnetic disturbances.
2. Brewster (Sir D.) on a new polarity of light, with an examination of Mr. Airey's explanation of it on the undulatory theory.
3. Brewster (Sir D.) on two new properties of the retina.
4. Challis (Prof.) on the aberration of light.
5. Stokes (G. G.) on the aberration of light.
6. Thomson (W.) on the elementary laws of statical electricity.
7. Rosse (the Earl of) on the nebula 25 Herschel, or 61 Messier, as seen in his great telescope.
8. Brewster (Sir D.) on the heat of the solar spots, a communication from Professor Henry, of Primitive College of New Jersey.
9. Brewster (Sir D.), notice of fog-rings observed in America.
10. Hill (T. W.) on a practically useful system of numerical notation.

1. In regard to Kreil's and Sabine's views of magnetic disturbances, two questions present themselves—whether the law of probability should be kept distinct, as dependent on the hour of the day or season of the year; and whether the excess of the disturbance should be separated from the mean; and if so, what would be the effect of the separation? Dr. Lloyd's object was to determine the law of probability. Leaving out the differences of individual observations, taking the mean of the disturbances from midday to midday, and projecting them in a curve, there appeared an increase of disturbance from six in the evening to about midnight, a decrease to six in the morning, and then almost a constant value during the day. The curve for direction, too, shewed almost a constant westerly deflection from four A.M. to six P.M., and an easterly one during the night. So that apparently there was distinct periodicity in the magnitude and direction of the disturbances; and the day and night results exhibited a remarkable relation in connexion with the presence or absence of the sun. The annual period as well as the diurnal period of mean disturbances also indicated a distinct relation between the disturbances and temperature, the numerical mean giving a minimum in winter and a maximum in summer. Thus, whether viewing the whole or part of the disturbances, they seem to possess a periodical character. Dr. Lloyd, however, thinks they are of two kinds—irregular, without period, and regular, or periodical; and that to determine or distinguish these two would be of extreme interest. Their separation would probably lead directly to explain their physical causes. The general result of Dr. Lloyd's valuable investigations is, that magnetic disturbances hitherto mysterious appear to be in part dependent on the calorific effects of the sun. Their reduction to any kind of law, as Sir J. Herschel observed, is a remarkable fact, and their division into classes a first great step to their elucidation.

2. Notwithstanding the great power, said Sir D. Brewster, of the undulatory theory of light, he did not consider that it represents the facts of physical optics. Not wholly abandoning Newton and Laplace, it has been his lot, he said, to make public numerous facts; and he would mention two classes which the undulatory theory failed to explain. These were the phenomena of transverse fringes, which, he asserted, it was beyond the power of the undulatory theory to account for; and the new polarity, the subject of this notice. This latter group was observable on looking at a perfect solar spectrum through the edge of a plate of glass or quartz or mica, covering one half of the eye. If the eye were half covered on the violet side of the spectrum, black bands were seen; but if the half on the red side were covered, no bands or traces of bands are seen; if the plate be thin, fringes are seen, but only on one side, and hence apparently is exhibited a new polarity. These phenomena, first brought forward by Sir D. B. in 1837, though pressed upon the attention of the undulatory theorists, were not attempted to be explained for three years; but in 1840 they were taken up by Prof. Airey and Prof. Powell, and had been made the subject of two elaborate papers by the former. These were read in extract by Sir D. Brewster; and their insufficiency, according to his views, to explain the phenomena, commented upon. Especial attention was directed to two points in the second paper: 1st, the assumption therein, necessary for the explanation—a diffused image round a pencil of homogeneous light; and 2d, the expression for the interval—inversely as the area of the pupil. In regard to the first, Sir D. Brewster said that it was untenable, that there was no such physical affect, and that the assumption was only a process of getting over the difficulty; and to the second, that the interval in the bands exhibited no such relation, and that the fringes do not vary with the diameter of the retina or of the aperture of the object-glass. The phenomena, a true class of interferences, Sir David repeated, were yet unexplained.

The discussion that ensued was participated in by Profs. Airey, Powell, and Challis; but the subject is more suitable for closet-examination and study than verbal argument or popular account. Prof. Airey had been taken by surprise; he had not recently been occupied with the question; he had forgotten the algebraic expressions, but he had no doubt of the diffusion of a pencil of light on the retina. He was fully satisfied, however, of the powers of the undulatory theory to explain these and all other phenomena, transverse fringes, &c. Professor Powell's impression was, that the results brought forward by Sir David Brewster were not single, but a complication of, phenomena. Prof. Airey's memoirs, he thought, perfectly explained the phenomena described in them, but it does not follow that all the phenomena were therein expressed. Sir David still dissented *in toto*, denied complexity, as well as that any part of the phenomena had been explained by Prof. Airey.

3. The first property described by Sir David Brewster had relation to the foramen of the retina—a small hole directly in front, looking at an object, and entirely deprived of nervous matter. When the eyes were first opened in the morning, this property was observed, viz. a shaded spot on a white ground changing gradually into light. This effect can be reproduced after closing the eyes for a quarter of an hour. The second property was seen only when travelling at great velocity. Looking out of a railway-carriage, the white objects presented themselves in rows of parallel lines; but on shutting the eyes, oscillations are seen in the reverse direction; and when very brilliant, blue lines transverse the direction of the white lines are seen.

Prof. Dove mentioned, as bearing on these questions, a phenomenon observed at Stockholm. If two lines in line, with the space between them covered, be looked at, and the covering taken off the part that divides them, a continuous line is seen.

4. Prof. Challis in his verbal communication assumed the direction of vision to be determined by the direction of the propagation of the waves; and applying this to determine the relative position of a star and of the wire of a telescope, drew, as a first consequence, that the star being at rest in reference to the earth, and the waves propagated rectilineally, the star was seen in its proper place; and as a second, that the wire, partaking of the motion of the spectator, was not seen in its proper place, but behind its true place, proportionate to the relative velocities of the spectator and of light. If it be assumed that the wire is seen in its true place, then it must be inferred that the star is seen in advance; but Prof. Challis considers that the phenomenon is explained much more simply by the wire being out of place. This subject, "aberration of light," is the object of a paper by Prof. Challis on the undulatory theory.

5. Mr. Stokes gave briefly a verbal abstract of his mathematical discussions of the same subject, which will shortly be published.

6. Of late years some eminent experimentalists, and especially Snow Harris and Faraday, have begun to doubt, to a certain extent, the truth of Coulomb's laws, and have entered upon the investigation of various phenomena which appeared to be incompatible with them. The principal subject of this paper is an attempt to shew that almost all the results adduced in their memoirs which refer to electricity in equilibrium are necessary consequences of the mathematical theory, and that none are at variance with it. In the first part of the paper a number of laws of a very simple nature, arrived at by Snow Harris, are shewn to be approximate results of Coulomb's theory. There is, however, one part of Mr. Harris's investigations—that which refers to the "striking distance," or to the insulating power of the atmosphere—which, though it does not bear directly upon the laws of statical electricity, is yet of great importance in enabling us to fix upon an absolute standard of electrical density or intensity. The result which Mr. Harris arrives at is, that the intensity necessary to produce a spark depends solely upon the density of the air, being otherwise independent of the pressure and temperature. In the second part of the paper, Faraday's researches on electrical induction are considered; and it is attempted to shew that the theory there developed is one of two elementary methods of viewing the phenomena of statical electricity, or, in fact, generally of attraction, varying inversely as the square of the distance. Either of these views—one of which has presented itself to Coulomb, and the other to Faraday—may be made the foundation of the present mathematical theory; and therefore, as far as this is concerned, they may be adopted indifferently. It must be admitted, however, that, for simplicity of conception, the elementary laws of Coulomb have great advantage; and from them, by very simple analysis given first by Green, we arrive at the elementary laws of Faraday as theorems. Faraday's memoir also contains the account of an investigation which brings to light a very remarkable electrical action, which he terms that of dielectrics, hitherto entirely unknown (if we except the observation of Nicholson, that the dissimulating power of a Leyden phial depends on the kind of glass of which it

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is made, as well as on the thickness). In the present paper a short account of the results of these results of Faraday is given, and their relation with the general theory explained. The laws of the dielectric action have not yet been fully determined by experiment; but it seems probable that it may be perfectly assimilated to that of soft iron when under the influence of magnetic bodies. An extensive and rigorous series of experiments and measurements would, however, be required to establish this or any other hypothesis on the subject; but still the idea might be adopted to indicate the nature of the experiments from which it would receive its most decided test. There are, besides, some remarkable questions relative to the physical state of dielectrics, which present themselves as objects for experimental inquiry. Thus it may be conceived that a dielectric in motion might present properties analogous to those discovered by Airey in magnetism, and exhibited in his experiment of the revolving disc. As, however, a very distinct element—that of electrical currents—enters in the latter case, in a way which could probably have no analogy in the former, it could hardly be expected that any remarkable agreement should be found to exist. Another question, which can only be decided by experiment, is, whether a transparent dielectric in a highly polarised state affects light transmitted in the same manner as a uniaxal crystal. All analogy would certainly lead us at least to look for such an action in a plate of glass of which the particles are kept in a constrained state by means of opposite electrical charges on the two faces, especially when we consider that the constraint may be elevated to such an extent as to make the substance be on the point of cracking. In concluding the abstract, Mr. Thomson called attention to another object of experimental research. All the measurements of Coulomb have been made solely for the purpose of comparing electrical forces with one another; but to complete the theory, we should have the means of comparing electrical forces with weights, to which every other kind of force is ultimately referred. For this purpose a standard intensity must be chosen, and the diminution of atmospheric pressure at a point of a conducting surface possessing this intensity, either determined by direct measurement, or deduced from experiments in which the repulsion between bodies charged to a given intensity is measured by weights. The standard intensity is furnished by the result of Mr. Harris, mentioned above; and might be taken as the intensity immediately before a spark, in a given state of the atmosphere. The series of experiments necessary to complete the investigation would be of an extremely delicate nature, and might be long and laborious; but if the results were arrived at, and if the laws of actions of dielectrics were thoroughly known, the experimental elements of the theory would be complete.

7. Sir David Brewster exhibited a drawing of the nebulæ No. 51 of Messier's catalogue, and 25 of Sir John Herschel's, as seen by Lord Rosse's six-feet telescope. This same nebulæ had been observed and drawn by both Sir William and Sir John Herschel; and the differences were extremely great. The former had seen it as a single nucleus, with a large halo; the latter, besides this and the general nebulous appearance, had noticed a portion of a second circle: but by the powers of Lord Rosse's large telescope the greatest part of the nebulosity is resolved into thousands of stars, thrown off, as it were, from central masses in two spiral curves, one of them apparently proceeding from an outer nucleus, distinctly seen, and connected in one general nebulæ.

Lord Rosse explained, that the drawing exhibited was not only a working memorandum, but a faithful representation of the appearances which he had been desirous that Sir J. Herschel should see.

Sir John Herschel said, that he beheld with perfect astonishment the new aspect of an old friend. An account of this nebulæ had been given first by Messier, and next by his father. He himself had observed it, and suggested the possibility of the nebulous rings being all stars, like the milky way; he had also, we believe, observed an outer nucleus. But he said, now it is quite a new thing—two connected systems, not with connecting circles, but spirals; a phenomenon for which he was perfectly unprepared. It exhibited now a world of particulars, and an extremely curious connexion with the outer nebulæ. As to the general spiral form, it bore an analogy to the nebulæ of Orion; but it comes out with a degree of impressiveness quite astounding.

8. Was a mere notice in a private letter to Sir David Brewster of a series of experiments with a thermo-electric apparatus, one result of which was to shew that the spots were colder than the other surface of the sun. Professor Henry's thermopile, placed in the telescope for these observations, was so delicate, that the heat of the smallest cloud or of a house was perceptible—the heat of a house four or five miles off readily affected the instrument.

Sir J. Herschel remarked, that the spots of the sun should be colder might be expected, but the delicacy of the means said to have detected it must be great. He asked whether any trial has ever been made to project the sun's disc on the incandescent ball of Drummond's light. He had suggested this to test the intensity of the sun's heat. At Turin a thermometer had been so arranged that the distant Alps had affected it. But no instrument, however delicate, had as yet been acted upon by heat from the moon. We doubtless ought, he said, to get heat from the moon; but perhaps, like culinary heat, different from solar, or changed so as not to be able to pass through the gaseous matter of our atmosphere.

9. The subject of this notice was a milk-white fog observed in 1808; but still not of uncommon occurrence in America. The vessel in which was the observer and correspondent of Sir D. Brewster was compelled, by the density of the fog, to bring up. After some time, it was remarked that it would soon now be all clear, as the fog-eater was come. This was pointed out to be a ring of thicker fog, with an internal ring of prismatic colours. This peculiarity lasted about twenty minutes, and then the fog entirely cleared away: the next day was a severe frost. The idea of an ice-bow, or prismatic halo, Sir David said, naturally occurs for explanation.

10. No verbal description within our limits could convey a knowledge of the "useful system of numerical notation."

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

May 22d.—Mr. H. Hallam, president, in the chair. Mr. W. R. Hamilton read a further portion of Mr. G. Burges's remarks on *lacunæ* in ancient authors, two portions of which, relating to Thucydides, have already been reported as read at previous meetings. The present paper was chiefly occupied with the work of the same great classic, presenting restorations of several defective passages, the aptness and ingenuity of which were undeniable. Perhaps, however, a more interesting emendation was one given by Mr. Burges in a supplement to a passage in the *Medea* of Euripides. At the close of the speech where the messenger details the death of Creon and his daughter, the Greek is at present—

κεῖνται δὲ νεκροὶ παῖς τε καὶ γέρων πατὴρ
πέλας· ποθεινὴ δακρύοισι συμφορά.

The editors have suspected some corruption here; but have not perceived, said Mr. Burges, that Euripides wrote—

κεῖνται δὲ νεκροὶ παῖς τε χὼ γέρων πατὴρ
γελῶς, πυθομένη δακρύοις τῇ συμφορᾷ;
οὕτως γ' ἂν ἐφάνη πᾶσι καὶ τοῖς μὴ φίλοις,
θέαμ' ἰδοῦσι πολλ' ἐλεινόν, εἴ τί γ' ἦν.

The change of *πέλας ποθεινὴ* into *γελῶς πυθομένη*, the writer stated, had been suggested by himself many years since; but he did not then perceive, what he afterwards discovered, that in the words of the scholiast—*οὓς ἄν τις ἰδὼν ποθήσειε δακρῦσαι ἐλεινοὺς ὄντας τῷ θεάματι*—there lay hid, *θέαμ' ἰδοῦσι πόλλ' ἐλεινόν*· while from the distich *οὕτως ἐφάνης, κ. τ. λ.* in the drama under the title of *Χριστὸς πάσχων* (v. 1107) it is easy to elicit the lost line of Euripides—

οὕτως γ' ἂν ἐφάνη πᾶσι, καὶ τοῖς μὴ φίλοις.

June 12th.—The president in the chair. The secretary read a memoir "On a Greek inscription discovered at the baths and on the temple of Segesta," by Mr. J. Hogg. The inscription, as seen by Mr. Hogg, consists of two lines, and reads,

ΑϹΩΤΗΡΙΑ
ΙΑϹΧΑΡΙΝ

At the commencement of each of which lines, a former transcript gives what appears to have been a portion of another letter. The inscription was found near the remains of baths belonging to the thermæ or hot springs on the supposed site of the ancient Aquæ Segestanæ, distant a few miles south-west of Alcamo, in the Valle di Trapani.

Having noticed some previous attempts to explain this monument by D. Di Blasi in 1756, which do not appear satisfactory, Mr. Hogg proceeded to state that, following his own transcript, he had been at first inclined to interpret it either, 1st, *Ασωτηριδίας χάριν*, "for the sake of Asoteridia;" or 2dly, *ἀσωτηρίας ἰδίας χάριν*, "on account of his own ill health." A second translation which occurred to him was, "of his own sickness or ill health," on the supposition that some invalid had dedicated it as a votive tablet, after he had received a cure at the baths of Segesta. Both of these explanations he, for reasons rendered at large, abandoned as untenable; and adopting the form of the inscription as previously published by Di Blasi, and again by the Prince of Torremuzza, in the last century, he regarded the stone as a fragment broken off at the beginning, and consequently the inscription itself as imperfect. He now proposed to restore the inscription as follows:

ΑΙΝΕΙΑϹΩΤΗΡΙΑ
ΟϹΙΘΙΑϹΧΑΡΙΝ

"To Eneas, the saviour, for the sake of Dosithea."

The statement of the grounds on which this restoration rests, as assigned in detail by Mr. Hogg, occupied the remainder of his very ingenious and scholar-like communication. He proved the following facts: that Segesta, on the site of the baths of which place the stone was discovered, was founded by Eneas; and that the magnificent Doric temple, standing on what is now a barren hill, marks the position of the

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town, and was actually dedicated to Eneas. The extremely ancient and venerable appearance of the present temple, and the want of flutings in its pillars (in which respect it is unique amongst the temples of Sicily), were noticed as circumstances that, in addition to the mass of direct historical evidence collected by the writer, had induced him to consider this edifice as the one which was erected to Eneas. He next answered an objection which might possibly be raised, that Eneas ought not to be accounted a deity, by shewing that that celebrated person was not only a founder of cities, but also a hero, a demi-god, being the son of Venus, and in reality the very Σωτήρ, or Saviour, of the Trojan race. In conclusion, he referred to the circumstance that the Segestan inscription is worthy of peculiar attention on account of the remarkable form it presents of the P, which is square; a form of such very rare occurrence, that no other example of it would appear to exist on the monuments of Sicily, and only two are known to have been met with elsewhere.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

June 21*st*.—Sir G. T. Staunton, Bart., in the chair. Mr. Albemarle Bettington, of the Bombay Civil Service, read an interesting paper on certain fossils procured by himself on the island of Perim, in the Gulf of Cambay; more particularly on a gigantic ruminant, having some affinities to the sivatherium and to the giraffe. After adverting to former notices of fossils obtained on this island, the writer described its situation in the midst of the gulf-stream of Cambay, which separates it from the mainland, and deposits large quantities of alluvium brought down by the rivers emptying themselves into it. These rivers in the present day, in the freshes, transport into the gulf large trees, and the bodies of oxen, deer, bears, and other animals; and, in the great floods of past ages, are considered to have brought down and deposited, as now discovered, the remains of ruminants and pachydermata, some extinct and unheard-of, others having in the present day their cogeners in the Indian rivers; the whole, from the facts to be established from this heterogenous collection, being of considerable interest. The bed from which the writer obtained the fossil specimens exhibited to the meeting is below the usual water-mark, and is inaccessible except at the ebb of neap-tides. A portion only of those obtained were brought to England, the remainder were left in India. The most remarkable of those in this country was the large skull on the table, which is now, by competent judges, pronounced to be the first specimen of a new genus. The mass of conglomerate which contained it weighed about 170 lbs.: and the separation of the skull from near 100 lbs. of matrix occupied Mr. Bettington many weeks. The skull, on the whole, is exceedingly well preserved, though a portion has suffered from the action of water. The lines of teeth on the two sides of the palate are unconformable: and it has been conjectured that the head must, at this part, have suffered from violence; but there is no appearance of fracture in any portion. For the purposes of comparison, Mr. Bettington had made a close measurement of every part of the Perim fossil, of the sivatherium, and of the skull of the adult giraffe in the British Museum; from all which it appeared that the Perim fossil is the smaller. The teeth are similar in number and character to those of the sivatherium; and are somewhat smaller, as the comparative size of the heads would lead us to expect. A marked distinction between the two is found in the great excess in width of the cranium at the vertex, being in the sivatherium twenty-two inches, and in the Perim fossil very little more than eleven inches, in which character the latter approaches nearer to the giraffe. But the greatest point of difference is in the form and position of the horns. In the sivatherium the horns bear somewhat the same relation to each other as in the four-horned antelope; whereas in the fossil under consideration the anterior horns rise from a confluent base measuring twenty-five inches; the horns above the line of division measuring eighteen inches. This formation the writer considers to be without precedent in the animal kingdom, fossil or recent. The general character, cancellar structure, and extensive development of the protuberance at the lower edge of the transverse ridge of the occiput, compel the conviction that it was a posterior horn *reflected*, as in the common Indian buffalo, and must have produced an appearance truly monstrous. The whole formation indicates great force and power.

Among the fossils on the table, there were some identical with those of the Sevalic Hills, and others peculiar as yet to Perim. Among the latter was a new crocodilean. There were specimens of three species of mastodon, gariols, and rhinoceros; and the heads, horns, and teeth of stags, antelopes, oxen, &c. &c. The writer concluded with the observation, that there was still a rich field of research remaining at this interesting deposit; and that he had sent to India, not only for some of the specimens before referred to, but also making arrangements for prosecuting further search. The subject is one to which he purposed devoting his best attention; and he would have great satisfaction in acquainting the society with the results.

Dr. Mantell, who was present at the meeting by invitation, remarked that the specimens before the society afforded additional confirmation of the interesting fact first pointed out by Capt. Cautley and Dr. Falconer, that in the tertiary formations of India were collocated the remains of several recent species of reptiles and of mammalia, with those of extinct species and genera belonging to the most ancient European deposits of the same geological group (the *eocene*); as, for example, the teeth and bones of the chieropotamus, and other pachyderms of the Paris basin, with those of the existing gariol of India.

Dr. Mantell then offered some observations on the analogy which these specimens from the island of Perim, collected by Mr. Bettington, as well as those from Ava and the Sevalic Hills, presented, in the mineralogical condition and the mechanical action to which they had been subjected, with those more ancient fossil bones and teeth that abound in the Wealden deposits of the south-east of England; particularly with those obtained from the conglomerates and grits of Tilgate Forest. The Indian and the British fossils are alike mineralised by iron, and have an investment of indurated ferruginous sand, interspersed with quartz, pebbles, and rolled fragments of other rocks; and the bones are for the most part mutilated and much water-worn; proving that, previous to their mineralisation, they had been exposed to abrasion from streams and rivers, and were transported from a great distance by currents. Dr. Mantell dwelt on the remarkable discrepancy between the faunas of the two epochs, although that of the Wealden was as decidedly of a tropical character as that of the tertiary strata of India: but in the latter large mammalia prevailed; while in the far more ancient secondary formation of England, mammalia were absent, and the place of the gigantic ruminants and pachyderms was occupied by herbiverous reptiles of appalling magnitude.

The thanks of the meeting were voted to Dr. Mantell for these communications; and the meetings of the society were adjourned till November.

FINE ARTS.

Royal Academy: the President.—We are sorry to hear the report that Sir M. A. Shee has adhered to his resolution to resign the president's chair of the Royal Academy (see *L. G.* No. 1484); and it is added, that his successor will either be Sir R. Westmacott or Mr. Eastlake. We have heard of no other name.

FRESCO EXHIBITION.

In our last *Gazette* we went over the six commissioned cartoons; and we have now to continue our remarks on the three to which prizes of 200*l*. each have been awarded, viz. the productions of Mr. E. Armitage, Mr. J. N. Paton, jun., and Mr. John Tenniel, jun.

The first of these in nominal alphabetic order is No. 46, "The Spirit of Religion," by Mr. Armitage, to which, with all its merits, we do not think we could have adjudged the superiority assigned to it by the Fine Arts' Commission. It imitates too closely the performances of the French Blondell; and the figure of Religion revealing herself to mankind (with the commonplaces of the Clouds of Error receding before the Star of Truth) is defective in power and dignity. The head of the dying man on the left is literally painful; and in that group is a third hand, apparently to let, in the cartoon, though in the coloured sketch it is possible to appropriate it to a body. Faith, Hope, and Charity, are delineated with talent and effect; but, we repeat, this performance is not a leading favourite in our sight.

No. 11. The same subject, treated by Mr. Paton, as we are told, a very young Scottish artist, nearly or just of age. Were he ten years older, this work would redound to his honour; for he has boldly grappled with his task, and filled his paper with a spirited and inventive representation. The human soul, typified as a struggling warrior guided by religious influence, is fighting the good fight with a Bunyan-like intensity, and is conquering the besetting perils of the world, the flesh, and the devil, all personified in a vigorous and original style. Fame, Pleasure, and other seductions, are also allegorised and engaged in striking action. No where has the artist shrunk from the question, but, if any thing, has rather overdone and crowded his conceptions, than fallen short of illustration. On the whole, and in spite of certain defects in execution and the formal winged angels above, like rows of birds, we deem this to be, not only a work of great promise, but one of performance, which is most laudable and deserving of the place it has achieved.

No. 85, by Mr. Tenniel, also, we believe, a very young candidate, is an "Allegory of Justice," the cartoon in outline, and the design better understood from the coloured sketch. It is a fine composition, and expresses the subject forcibly. Justice is protecting on one hand, and punishing on the other; and the various forms and expression of those who are pleading for mercy, or cowering under the awful consciousness and heavy responsibility of guilt, are executed with great feeling and truth.

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Most of the attitudes are admirably studied, the countenances animated with indications appropriate to the several conditions of the parties, and the whole combined in an artistical manner. It is another production of more than promise.

Proceeding in our examination of the unsuccessful competitors, we find in several instances so much to praise, that we cannot help regretting their lot. Thus—

No. 52. "The abstract Personification of Religion," by Charles Lucy, is, in our judgment, the finest and most impressive realisation of that idea in the whole hall. There is great sublimity in it, tempered with great sweetness, and loveliness, and heavenly grace. The whole design, too, is extremely simple, this central figure being supported by her three immortal attributes, Faith, Hope, and Charity. These are ably cast in their general features; but will the artist forgive us for going so low in our criticism as to object to the ugly toe-nails, and other defects in the limbs, which detract somewhat from the decided beauties of his conception and skill in the management of what he has so nobly invented? We think he ought to have had a prize.

At the top of the Hall, and in the centre, is conspicuous a "St. George, the Champion of England against all Comers," E. H. Corbould. It is a gallant exploit, but all in such a flutter that we know not where all the feathers come from, or whither they are flying. We perceive, however, that a perverse wind blows them one way, and the tail of St. George's courser another. In short, we fear that this is rather a grotesque impersonation of romance, displaying more dashing talent than sound discretion.

No. 114. "Justice," cartoon, &c., by William Johnston, is a curiosity. The arbiter is bestowing laurel crowns on literary and artistic merit, protecting the widow and fatherless, and punishing their oppressors, Fraud and Chicanery. In the middle, Violence, the persecutor of Innocence, is arrested. The entire scene is as like a masquerade as ever law or justice in their vagaries and disguises performed for the diversion of mankind.

No. 29. "Prince Henry and Chief-Justice Gascoigne," by R. W. Buss, is a cartoon of considerable merit; and we can bestow the same eulogy on the "Baptism of Ethelbert in the river Glen" (No. 32), by Joseph Severn. He has adhered to the form of the rite according to the historical account, which has not been done by others who have occupied themselves with this subject. We purpose to devote another paper to this branch of the exhibition, throughout the whole series, where it is concerned.

No. 20. "Chivalry," &c., James and George Foggo. With powers apt to run into exaggeration, this Adelphi in art have here produced a striking design. There is a high grappling with difficulties, and some bold anatomical displays and foreshortening; but we cannot feel satisfied with the distorted eyeballs and contorted limbs of the violent Passions.

Panorama of Athens.—On Wednesday there was a private view of this highly interesting panorama, in the lesser circle, Leicester Square, which is nearly 35 feet in diameter, whilst that of Naples in the upper circle is about 54 feet, and Nanking in the large circle above 70 feet. But what it may want in extent is compensated in beauty and novelty; for it is near 30 years ago since a view of Athens was exhibited at the old panorama locality in the Strand. The sketches for the present picture were made by Mr. Knowles, who has also superintended the painting by Mr. R. Burford, assisted by Mr. Selous. The point from which it is taken is the Hill of Musæus, near the monument of Philopappus, and thus the artist has been enabled to present to the spectator the whole of the grand amphitheatre on which the city of Minerva stands, crowning the central height, and covered with the glorious remains of antiquity. The near monument of Philopappus is consequently a prominent object, from which the eye ranges to the Temple of Erechtheus, the Parthenon, the Odeum of Herodes Atticus, the Temple of Jupiter Olympius, the Temple of Victory, and all the more distant mountains rendered memorable and illustrious in classic story. There is every thing to excite the imagination and fill the mind in this delightful panorama, which affords a perfect idea of Athens as it is now seen, and of the circumjacent country. It is enlivened with groups in their national costume, and is altogether as rich a treat as Mr. Burford, with all his taste and talent, has ever produced for the public gratification.

Hindostan. Part I. 4to. Fisher, Son, and Co.

This is the first part of a companion-work to the very popular *China, its Scenery, &c.*, by the same publishers, and which has frequently, in its course, demanded our hearty praise. The *Hindostan*, to judge by this sample, is well calculated to succeed and rival that publication. The descriptions are by the lamented Emma Roberts, and possess the freshness of her feeling and the intelligence of her talent. From the Red Sea to the Himalaya chain, as the title-page states, the range of landscape, temples, and tombs, is embraced; and when we name such artists as Turner, Stanfield, Prout, Cattermole, Roberts, Allom, &c., who have made the drawings from original sketches by Commander Robt. Elliot, R.N., and Lieut. G. F. White, we have intimated enough to teach the public what to expect from the engravings. The marvellously low price at which they are sold will be another great recommendation; but without their being seen, we can hardly expect to be believed when we mention that four beautiful and finished productions of this kind are at the cost of only sixpence a piece!

France Illustrated. Drawings by T. Allom, Esq.; Descriptions by the Rev. G. N. Wright, M.A. 4to. Divisions 1 and 2. Fisher, Son, and Co.

As the preceding is a monthly, so is this a quarterly, publication, and one profusely enriched with all that is picturesque in kind throughout *la belle France*. Cathedrals, churches, exteriors, interiors, palaces, parks, bridges, towns, rivers, mountain-scenery, ancient gates and temples, all executed in Mr. Allom's best style, illustrate almost every second page, and are altogether a charming display of the architectural, antiquarian, and natural treasures of the country. The historical *résumé* and descriptive accounts are written with Mr. Wright's well-known care and precision: and well does the design merit encouragement, not only in France, for its subjects, and in England for its artistical excellence, but throughout the other states of Europe and America for its union of these universally appreciated qualities.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

MEMORIAL TO MR. J. BRITTON.

On Monday, in connexion with this design, a dinner of Mr. Britton's friends and the admirers of his literary labours, during a long life, and which raised him from a humble condition to the esteem and respect he now enjoys in his old age (74 years completed), took place at Richmond, and was attended by about a hundred gentlemen, the majority of them well known to the public in various walks of literature and the arts. Mr. Wyse was to have presided, but was detained by parliamentary business; and the chair was taken by Mr. Gould, near whom sat Mr. Britton, the Dean of Hereford, Mr. Ingram the Anglo-Saxon antiquary, Mr. Tite the architect, Mr. David Roberts, Mr. B. Nichol of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Mr. Rainy the eminent auctioneer,* and around in various places Mr. W. Tooke, Mr. Brayley, Capt. W. H. Smyth, R.N., Lieut. W. S. Stratford, Mr. S. C. Hall, Mr. Thomas Brown of Messrs. Longman's house, and many others of similar station in society, and all desirous of paying this tribute of regard to their veteran contemporary. Not expecting so numerous a gathering, preparations were made for only two-thirds of the company, and some inconveniences were consequently experienced in frequent prolongations of the two horse-shoe ends of the table, not to mention the shifting of dishes provided for the more limited demand. Still matters went off very well; and but for the earlier speakers to toasts forgetting that, at twelve or fourteen miles distance from home, the hours of guests are necessarily curtailed for the enjoyment of oratory, the entertainment would have been more agreeable in itself, and more applicable to the object in view. As it was, the party began to break up before half the toasts were given: and we fear the house might almost have been counted out or dispersed by a Brotherton motion before they came to a conclusion. This was certainly to be regretted; and we are bound to record it as a warning to other gentlemen who occupy the floor first after extra-mural festivals, to consider that "brevity is the soul of wit."

When Mr. Britton's health was drank he returned thanks in a feeling manner, and, taking a brief retrospect of his career, earnestly enforced the lesson of industry and perseverance as the surest means of raising an individual in this country to independence and consideration. Whilst he was speaking, we noticed a link-boy lighting the lamps on the picturesque bridge of Richmond, casting the beautiful scenery around into a bright and glowing landscape, and enabling the passing multitude to guide their steps aright; and we could not help fancying, at the moment, how curious an analogy it held to his beginning course (and the course of all those which have resembled his), climbing the ladder of young ambition, and throwing out the light which should adorn a darkling world and serve to assist their fellow-creatures on their way through the devious paths of human existence.

Of the other addresses we shall say nothing, but conclude with noticing that some of them bore grateful testimony to the merits of Mr. Britton: they partly diverged into extraneous matter; and therefore we might remark [*si monumentum quæris, circumspice*], the living Monument around him was the best organ in expressing the sentiment of the meeting; and

* On the following day Mr. Rainy delivered a public discourse in his own auction-room (which was attended by about sixty or seventy persons) on the abuses which prevailed in the transfer of property, in consequence of collusions between attorneys and auctioneers, and the division of premiums, to the cost of vendors. To use a vulgarism, Mr. R. *pitched it* into the system pretty generally, and into individuals so strongly that we presume much more will be heard of this unique lecture.—*Ed. L. G.*

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being infinitely preferable to one of marble or bronze, we only express the hearty wish of all who were present in hoping he may long enjoy the honours his useful, meritorious, and exemplary life has so justly earned for him.

SELTZER WATER.

We last week briefly alluded to an improvement in the importation of this agreeable and wholesome beverage, respecting which a very eminent physician has declared, that no one who drank it daily would ever be troubled with gout, or several other of the most prevalent painful diseases which make invalids of so many luxurious-living Englishmen. On this we cannot pronounce; but with the old trite adage of "taste and try before ye buy," put in practice since Saturday, we can say that this water is most refreshing and delicious, either *per se* or dashed with a little wine or spirits. To Mr. Betts' Metallic Capsule is due this praise; for it not only ensures the pure and genuine supply from the springs, and hermetically seals the bottles so as to preserve the fluid in all its original briskness and flavour, but it renders unnecessary and prevents the piercing and tampering with the corks, heretofore so usual at custom-houses (in order to ascertain that no different article was smuggled in), and which generally spoilt, by the admission of air, one vessel in every three imported. Now there is no vapid drink to disappoint us; every drop may be depended upon in its native lightness and healthy brilliancy. And we ought to note, that this assurance depends entirely on the capsule and agreement respecting it between the patentee and the Duke of Nassau; for bottles that have been used are greedily bought up and employed in a deceptive traffic, so that there is no security in them. Neither has any analysis yet sufficed to enable chemists to produce artificial Seltzer water, possessing the properties of the natural spring. On the contrary, they have been stated, on the high authority of M. Caventou, to produce very often opposite and injurious affects on the constitution; whereas the real element is efficaciously curative in the majority of disorders affecting the liver and the chest. It is this medical importance, more than the agreeable nature of the waters, which induces us to offer these observations to our readers, and cordially to recommend the matter to their attention. For further information they may consult the "Short Essay" (pp. 19, published by H. Baillière), which details the properties of the copious "Nieder-Selters" flow, and quotes the opinions of many celebrated writers respecting it. For ourselves, we shall only say "Ditto to Mr. Burke," and record our personal experience of the very grateful and beneficial qualities of the *Capsuled Seltzer*.

VARIETIES.

Lyceum.—An attempt has been made to dramatise Mrs. Caudle's lectures at this theatre, but the subject is utterly impracticable for the stage; and but for the humour and quaintness of Keeley, the failure here would have been as complete as at the Princess's. As it was, it was failure enough.

Knight's Weekly Volume.—The last two Nos. we have received contain Lord Brougham's "Historical Sketches of the Statesmen who flourished in the Time of George III."—a most welcome diffusion of that instructive work, thus brought within the means of the humblest class of readers.

Fine-Art Sales.—Above a hundred pictures from the collection of Mr. E. W. Lake have this week been on view at Messrs. Christie's; and one moiety will have changed hands before this sheet appears. But we may mention to such of our readers as feel an interest in such matters, that they may still (*i. e.* to-day) see some interesting works as they are dispersed into new quarters. Among these we would point their notice to "An Officer," by F. Bol (No. 69), not unworthy of pairing with the famous "Cook" of Rembrandt, to match which it was hung up on Messrs. Christie's walls. Some fair Grauzes are also deserving of attention; a remarkable "Ram and two Sheep," as a specimen of Van Stry; "The great Square of St. Mark," a fine Canaletti, especially in the sky melting behind the buildings on the right; 114, "An approaching Storm," a capital Lud. Backhuysen, the tempestuous clouds of the highest order; "The Blacksmith's Yard," by Gabriel Metzu, a masterly work; "Five Boors at a Window," a small but perfect piece of colour by Ad. Ostade; a surpassing "Peacock," &c. by Houdikoeter; "The Alpine Pass" (123), an admirable example of N. Berghem; and other little gems, chiefly of the Flemish school, which well illustrate many of the famous artists who have adorned it; including Teniers, Jan Steen, Van de Velde, and others, besides those whose peculiarly striking productions we have named above.

Spitalfields School of Design.—The prizes to the successful candidates in this useful school were distributed at Crosby Hall, on Wednesday, by Lord Robert Grosvenor. They ranged between 1*l.* and 4*l.* in money, and books were also adjudged to the meritorious pupils. The condition of the school and its 200 students was declared to be satisfactory; the whole revenue of the year 282*l.*, of which the pupils themselves had subscribed 82*l.*, and the council of Somerset House 135*l.* It will be learnt with some surprise that the silk-trade, so much interested in the progress of such an institution, have contributed very little to its support.

Salamanders.—In the discussion upon the agency of land-snails in making holes in compact limestone, Dr. Buckland mentioned instances of scepticism in similar matters, which had been converted into belief. Thus the existence of salamanders had been denied; but there were five species ascertained in England, and Siebold described a species in Japan as large as a man. Two new species were being brought to Europe: but the male ate his wife up in the tub on their voyage home. In the way of facetiæ, Dr. B. mentioned that they made *oyster patties* of snails in the neighbourhood of Vienna, and the Fellows of Cambridge might do the same if so disposed.

General Nott.—The Queen has subscribed 200 guineas to the proposed monument to the memory of General Nott, near his birthplace in Wales; the total amount of which subscription has now reached nearly 2000*l.*

The Queen has appointed Lt.-Col. Smith of the Engineers, late inspector-general of railways, Mr. Airey the astronomer royal, and Prof. Barlow of the R. Military Academy at Woolwich, commissioners to devise means for obtaining a uniform gauge in the construction of railroads.

Installation of the Jewish Chief Rabbi.—This imposing ceremony took place at the great synagogue, Aldgate, on Wednesday afternoon; when Dr. N. M. Alder, the candidate elected to succeed Dr. Herschel, was installed with all the impressive forms and pomp usual on the solemn occasion. The embellishment and lighting of the synagogue, the profusion of scattered flowers, and the chanting and music, and the richly dressed show of ladies who filled the galleries, &c., rendered the whole a very splendid spectacle. After the closing of the ark, the chief rabbi preached a sermon in the German language.

M. Raban, a hunchbacked revolutionist, and known as the engraver of many Parisian prints, died a few days ago; and among the gossip of the French capital is the rumour of

An affair likely to lead to the divorce of an eminent artist—the wife of his bosom having formed a connexion with a poet lately elevated in rank.

Meteorology.—Throughout France, as in various parts of England, severe storms have raged within the last fortnight, and heavy floods and much destruction have been the consequence. Among the curious effects, we may notice, that a lightning flash from *heaven* struck a small church in the street called "*d'Enfer.*"

African Antiquities.—Three hundred cases of African antiquities have been sent to Paris from Algeria, and are to form a separate museum in the Louvre. Our readers are aware that many very interesting remains have been found in the province of Constantina, both Roman and Punic, anterior to the Roman period.

Mr. Andrew Picken.—In the obituary we observed lately with regret the death of Mr. Andrew Picken, an artist of considerable talent, and the son of the late Mr. Andrew Picken, so favourably known to the literary world by his amiable disposition, as well as by his sweet poetry, and productions in other classes, particularly such as related to the Cape of Good Hope, where he resided for several years. His son only reached the early age of thirty, and died after protracted and severe sufferings.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Practice of Angling, particularly as regards Ireland, by O'Gorman, 2 vols. post 8vo, 21*s.*—Letters on the Unhealthy Condition of the Lower Class of Dwellings, by the Rev. C. Girdlestone, 8vo, 1*s.* 6*d.*—Four Lectures on Civil Liberty and Expansion of Intellect, by J. H. Harvey, post 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*—Correspondance suivie et variée, par Mlle. E. Benoist de Malroy, 18mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—German Anthology: a Series of Translations, by James C. Mangan, 2 vols. 12mo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Maro; or Poetic Irritability, in Four Cantos, post 8vo, 5*s.*—Arithmetical Questions, by W. M'Leod, Part II., 1*s.*—Felix on the Bat: an Inquiry into the use of the Cricket-Bat, 4to, 12*s.*—The United States Exploring Expedition; abridged, Part I., 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—The Anglo-Indian Passage, by D. L. Richardson, post 8vo, 5*s.*—Manual of Equity Jurisprudence, by J. W. Smith, 12mo, 8*s.*—Treasury of Biblical and Theological Literature, by Rev. J. Wilson, Book I., 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*—Maxims and Opinions of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, 2d edition, 8vo, 12*s.*—Contributions to Vital Statistics, by G. P. Neison, 4to, 21*s.*—Tour through the Valley of the Meuse, by Dudley Costello, post 8vo, 14*s.*—Barnes on Ephesians, Philippians, &c. &c., post 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*—The Statute Laws relating to Railways in England and Ireland, by W. Hodges, 8vo, 12*s.*—James's Christian Charity, 5th edit. fcp. 4*s.*—Coles on the Spine and the Prone System, 12mo, 6*s.*—The Half-Yearly Abstract of the Medical Sciences, by W. H. Ranking, M.D., post 8vo, 6*s.* 6*d.*—An Essay on Animal and Vegetable Life, by E. J. Shearman, M.D., post 8vo, 5*s.* 6*d.*—The Meuse, the Moselle, and the Rhine, by B. S., fcp., 4*s.*—Lectures on the Acts of the Apostles, by the late Dr. Hodgson, Dean of Carlisle, 8vo, 12*s.*—Diary in France, by the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, mainly on Education and the Church, 8vo, 6*s.* 6*d.*—History of the Martin Marprelate Controversy, by the Rev. W. Maskell, post 8vo, 8*s.*—Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, by Robert Snow, post 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—The Borgias, or Italy in the Fifteenth Century, an Historical Drama, royal 8vo, 5*s.*—The Mountains and the Lakes of Switzerland, Italy, &c., by G. E. Hering, 4to, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* plain; folio, 6*l.* 6*s.* coloured.—Illustrations to Sir W. C. Harris' Highlands of Ethiopia, 4to, 2*l.* 2*s.* plain.—New Illustrations of Shakspeare, by J. Hunter, 2 vols. 8vo, 21*s.*—Treatise on Contracts of Sale, by C. Blackburn, 8vo, 12*s.*—Fruits and Farinacea the proper Food of Man, by J. Smith, post 8vo, 9*s.*

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
This Evening, SATURDAY, July 12, will be performed Donizetti's celebrated opera, "Anna Bolena." Henry VIII., Sig. Lablache; Percy, Sig. Moriani; Smeaton, Signora Brambilla; Anna Bolena, Made. Grisi; and Jane Seymour, Mdlle. Rossetti.

Between the acts of the opera will be presented, for the first time, a new "Pas de Quatre," composed expressly by M. Perrot for Mdlle. Taglioni, Mdlle. Cerito, Mdlle. Grahn, and Mdlle. Carlotta Grisi (her last appearance but three).

To conclude with the First Tableau of the admired ballet of "La Esmeralda." La Esmeralda, Mdlle. Carlotta Grisi.

Applications for boxes, pit-stalls, and tickets, to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.—Doors open at seven, and the Opera will commence at half-past seven o'clock.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
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THE PROPERTY OF THE

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Servia; or a Residence in Belgrade, and Travels in the Highlands and Woodlands of the Interior, during the years 1843 *and* 1844. By A. A. Paton, Esq., author of "The Modern Syrians." Pp. 352. Longmans.

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"The Servians are a remarkably tall and robust race of men; in form and feature they bespeak strength of body and energy of mind: but one seldom sees that thorough-bred look which, so frequently found in the poorest peasants of Italy and Greece, shews that the descendants of the most polite of the ancients, although disinherited of dominion, have not lost the corporeal attributes of dominion. But the women of Servia I think very pretty. In body they are not so well shaped as the Greek women; but their complexions are fine, the hair generally black and glossy, and their head-dress particularly graceful. Not being addicted to the bath, like other Eastern women, they prolong their beauty beyond the average climacteric; and their houses, with rooms opening on a courtyard and small garden, are favourable to health and beauty. They are not exposed to the elements as the men; nor are they cooped up within four walls like many Eastern women, without a sufficient circulation of air. Through all the interior of Servia the female is reckoned an inferior being, and it is only to be the plaything of youth and the nurse of old age. This peculiarity of manners has not sprung from the four centuries of Turkish occupation, but appears to have been inherent in old Slaavic manners, and such as we read of in Russia, a very few generations ago; but as the European standard is now rapidly adopted at Belgrade, there can be little doubt that it will thence, in the course of time, spread over all Servia. The character of the Servian closely resembles that of the Scottish Highlander. He is brave in battle; highly hospitable; delights in simple and plaintive music and poetry, his favourite instruments being the bagpipe and fiddle: but, unlike the Greek, he shews little aptitude for trade; and, unlike the Bulgarian, he is very lazy in agricultural operations. All this corresponds with the Scottish Celtic character; and, without absolute dishonesty, a certain low cunning in the prosecution of his material interests completes the parallel. The old customs of Servia are rapidly disappearing under the pressure of laws and European institutions. Many of these could not have existed except in a society in which might made right. One of these was the vow of eternal brotherhood and friendship between two individuals; a treaty, offensive and defensive, to assist each other in the difficult passages of life. This bond is considered sacred and indissoluble. Frequently remarkable instances of it are found in the wars of Kara Georg. But now that regular guarantees for the security of life and property exist, the custom appears to have fallen into desuetude. These confederacies in the dual state, as in Servia, or multiple, as in the clan-system of Scotland and Albania, are always strongest in turbulent times and regions. Another of the old customs of Servia was sufficiently characteristic of its lawless state. Abduction of females was common. Sometimes a young man would collect a party of his companions, break into a village, and carry off a maiden. To prevent recapture, they generally went into the woods, where the nuptial knot was tied by a priest *volens volens*. Then commenced the negotiation for a reconciliation with the parents, which was generally successful, as in many instances the female had been the secret lover of the young man, and the other villagers used to add their persuasion, in order to bring about a pacific solution. But if the relations of the girl made a legal affair of it, the young woman was asked if it was by her own will that she was taken away; and if she made the admission, then a reconciliation took place: if not, those concerned in the abduction were fined. Kara Georg put a stop to this by proclamation, punishing the author of an abduction with death, the priest with dismissal, and the assistants with the bastinado. The Haiducks, or outlawed robbers, who during the first quarter of the present century infested the woods of Servia, resembled the Caterans of the Highlands of Scotland, being as much rebels as robbers, and imagined that in setting authority at defiance they were not acting dishonourably, but combating for a principle of independence. They robbed only the rich Moslems, and were often generous to the poor. Thus robbery and rebellion being confounded, the term Haiduck is not considered opprobrious; and several old Servians have confessed to me that they had been Haiducks in their youth. I am sure that the adventures of a Servian Rob Roy might form the materials of a stirring romance. There are many Haiducks still in Bosnia, Herzegovina, and on the western Balkan; but the race in Servia is extinct, and plunder is the only object of the few robbers who now infest the woods in the west of Servia. Such are the customs that have just disappeared; but many national peculiarities still remain. At Christmas, for instance, every peasant goes to the woods, and cuts down a young oak; as soon as he returns home, which is in the twilight, he says to the assembled family, 'A happy Christmas-eve to the house;' on which a male of the family scatters a little grain on the ground, and answers, 'God be gracious to you, our happy and honoured father.' The housewife then lays the young oak on the fire, to which are thrown a few nuts and a little straw, and the evening ends in merriment. Next day, after divine service, the family assemble around the dinner-table, each bearing a lighted candle; and they say aloud, 'Christ is born: let us honour Christ and his birth.' The usual Christmas drink is hot wine mixed with honey. They have also the custom of First-Foot. This personage is selected beforehand, under the idea that he will bring luck with him for the ensuing year. On entering, the First-Foot says, 'Christ is born!' and receives for answer, 'Yes, he is born!' while the First-Foot scatters a few grains of corn on the floor. He then advances and stirs up the wood on the fire, so that it crackles and emits sparks; on which the First-Foot says, 'As many sparks so many cattle, so many horses, so many goats, so many sheep, so many boars, so many bee-hives, and so much luck and prosperity.' He then throws a little money into the ashes, or hangs some hemp on the door; and Christmas ends with presents and festivities. At Easter they amuse themselves with the game of breaking hard-boiled eggs, having first examined those of an opponent to see that they are not filled with wax. From this time until Ascension-day the common formula of greeting is, 'Christ has arisen!' to which answer is made, 'Yes; he has truly arisen or ascended!' And on the second Monday after Easter the graves of dead relations are visited. One of the most extraordinary customs of Servia is that of the Dodola. When a long drought has taken place, a handsome young woman is stripped, and so dressed up with grass, flowers, cabbage and other leaves, that her face is scarcely visible; she then, in company with several girls of twelve or fifteen years of age, goes from house to house singing a song, the burden of which is a wish for rain. It is then the custom of the mistress of the house at which the Dodola is stopped to throw a little water on her. This custom used also to be kept up in the Servian districts of Hungary, but has been forbidden by the priests."

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This comprehensive sketch might be enough to satisfy readers as an example of the author; but we are induced by their novelty to add a selection of characteristic passages, as they occur on the writer's journey from Varna through Bulgaria to Belgrade, and thence to Shabatz into Bosnia; his subsequent visit to Losnitza, Sokol, Ushitza, Novibazar, Ravinitza, Manasia, and other places marked on maps, but names quite unfamiliar to British ears. In six hours from Widdin in Bulgaria, Mr. Paton, having agreeable glimpses of the Danube on his way, reached Timok, the river which separates Servia from that pashalik, and tells us:

"The only habitation in the place was a log-house for the Turkish customhouse-officer. We were more than an hour in getting our equipage across the ferry, for the long drought had so reduced the water that the boat was unable to meet the usual landing-place by at least four feet of steep embankment; in vain did the horses attempt to mount the acclivity; every spring was followed by a relapse, and at last one horse sunk jammed in between the ferry-boat and the bank; so that we were obliged to loose the harness, send the horses on shore, and drag the dirty car as we best could up the half-dried muddy slope. At last we succeeded, and a smart trot along the Danube brought us to the Servian lazaretto, which was a new symmetrical building, the promenade of which, on the Danube, shewed an attempt at a sort of pleasure-ground. I entered at sunset, and next morning, on shewing my tongue to the doctor, and paying a fee of one piastre (twopence), was free, and again put myself in motion. Lofty mountains seemed to rise to the west, and the cultivated plain now became broken into small ridges, partly covered with forest-trees. The ploughing oxen now became rarer; but herds of swine, grubbing at acorns and the roots of bushes, shewed that I was changing the scene, and making the acquaintance not only of a new country, but of a new people. The peasants, instead of having woolly caps and frieze clothes as in Bulgaria, all wore the red fez, and were dressed mostly in blue cloth; some of those in the villages wore black glazed caps; and in general the race appeared to be physically stronger and nobler than that which I had left. The Bulgarians seemed to be a set of silent serfs, deserving (when not roused by some unusual circumstance) rather the name of machines than of men: these Servian fellows seemed lazier; but all possessed a manliness of address and demeanour, which cannot be discovered in the Bulgarian. Brza Palanka, at which we now arrived, is the only Danubian port which the Servians possess below the Iron Gates; consequently the only one which is in uninterrupted communication with Galatz and the sea."

At Belgrade he met our old and estimable friend Mr. Holman, the blind traveller; and we are sure any news of him and his extraordinary peregrinations will be most welcome to the English reader.

"One day (says Mr. Paton) I was going out at the gateway, and saw a strange figure, with a long white beard and a Spanish cap, mounted on a sorry horse, and at once recognised it to be that of Holman, the blind traveller. 'How do you do, Mr. Holman?' said I. 'I know that voice well.' 'I last saw you in Aleppo,' said I; and he at once named me. I then got him off his horse, and into quarters. This singular individual had just come through the most dangerous parts of Bosnia in perfect safety; a feat which a blind man can perform more easily than one who enjoys the most perfect vision; for all compassionate and assist a fellow-creature in this deplorable plight. Next day I took Mr. Holman through the town, and described to him the lions of Belgrade; and taking a walk on the esplanade, I turned his face to the cardinal points of the compass, successively explaining the objects lying in each direction; and, after answering a few of his cross questions, the blind traveller seemed to know as much of Belgrade as was possible for a person in his condition. He related to me, that, since our meeting at Aleppo, he had visited Damascus and other Eastern cities; and at length, after sundry adventures, had arrived on the Adriatic, and visited the Vladika of Montenegro, who had given him a good reception. He then proceeded through Herzegovina and Bosnia to Seraievo, where he passed three days; and he informed me that from Seraievo to the frontiers of Servia was nearly all forest, with here and there the skeletons of robbers hung up in chains. Mr. Holman subsequently went, as I understood, to Wallachia and Transylvania."

Travelling onward to Skela, on the Save, Mr. P. relates:

"Here we met a very pretty girl, who, in answer to the salute of my fellow-travellers, bent herself almost to the earth. On asking the reason, I was told that she was a bride, whom custom compels, for a stated period, to make this humble reverence. We then came to the Skela; and seeing a large house within an enclosure, I asked what it was, and was told that it was the reconciliation-house (*primiritelnj sud*), a court of first instance, in which cases are decided by the village elders, without expense to the litigants, and beyond which suits are seldom carried to the higher courts. There is throughout all the interior of Servia a stout opposition to the nascent lawyer-class in Belgrade. I have been more than once amused on hearing an advocate, greedy of practice, style this laudible economy and patriarchal simplicity 'avarice and aversion from civilisation.' As it began to rain, we entered a tavern, and ordered a fowl to be roasted, as the soup and stews of yester-even were not to my taste. A booby, with idiocy marked on his countenance, was lounging about the door; and when our mid-day meal was done, I ordered the man to give him a glass of *slivovitsa*, as plum-brandy is called. He then came forward, trembling, as if about to receive sentence of death, and taking off his greasy fez, said, 'I drink to our prince Kara Georgovich, and to the progress and enlightenment of the nation.' I looked with astonishment at the torn, wretched habiliments of this idiot swineherd. He was too stupid to entertain these sentiments himself; but this trifling circumstance was the feather which indicated how the wind blew. The Servians are by no means a nation of talkers; they are a serious people; and if the determination to rise were not in the minds of the people, it would not be on the lips of the baboon-visaged oaf of an insignificant hamlet."

Of the dilapidated condition of once-flourishing places, the following is an example:

"A Turk, about fifty years of age, now entered. His habiliments were somewhere between decent and shabby-genteel, and his voice and manners had that distinguished gentleness which wins—because it feels—its way. This was the Disdar Aga, the last relic of the wealthy Turks of the place: for before the Servian revolution Shabatz had its twenty thousand Osmanlis; and a tract of gardens on the other side of the *Polje* was pointed out as having been covered with the villas of the wealthy, which were subsequently burnt down."

But the feeding was plentiful, though strange:

"Our boat provided most ample fare for supper, preceded by a glass of slivovitsa. We began with soup, rendered slightly acid with lemon-juice; then came fowl, stewed with turnips and sugar. This was followed by pudding of almonds, raisins, and pancake. Roast capon brought up the rear. A white wine of the country was served during supper; but along with dessert we had a good red wine of Negotin, served in Bohemian coloured glasses. I have been thus minute on the subject of food, for the dinners I ate at Belgrade I do not count as Servian, having been all in the German fashion. The wife of the collector sat at dinner, but at the foot of the table; a position characteristic of that of women in Servia—midway between the graceful precedence of Europe and the contemptuous exclusion of the East."

In the divan, after the meal, the conversation turned on England:—

"After the usual salutations, the natchalnik [*i. e.* local governor] began: 'We have heard that Gospody Wallington has received from the English nation an estate for his distinguished services.' *Author:* 'That is true; but the presentation took place a great many years ago.' *Natch.:* 'What is the age of Gospody Wellington?' *Author:* 'About seventy-five. He was born in 1769, the year in which Napoleon and Mohammed Ali first saw the light.' This seemed to awaken the interest of the party. The roughly clad trooper drew in his chair, and leaning his elbow on his knees, opened wide a pair of expectant eyes; the natchalnik, after a long puff of his pipe, said, with some magisterial decision, 'That was a moment when Nature had her sleeves tucked up. I think our Kara Georg must also have been born about that time.' *Natch.:* 'Is Gospody Wellington still in service?' *Author:* 'Yes; he is commander-in-chief.' *Natch.:* 'Well, God grant that his sons, and his sons' sons, may render as great services to the nation.' Our conversation was prolonged to a late hour in the evening, in which a variety of anecdotes were related of the ingenious methods employed by Milosh to fill his coffers as rapidly as possible."*

The bishop at Shabatz is a grand dignitary, and "the Moslems of Shabatz pay no taxes, either to the Servian government or the sultan; for they are accounted *redif*, or militia, for which they receive a ducat a year from the sultan, as a retaining fee. The Christian peasants here are very rich; some of them have

* In another bit of the gossip, the natchalnik says: "All we know of London is the wonderful bridge that goes under the water, where an army can pass from one side to the other, while the fleet lies anchored over their heads." Morrison's pills seem to have been equally famous: the poor ignorant natives fancying, from his puff advertisements of "Royal College of Surgeons," that he was the head and chief of all English physicians! and must, consequently, be a great doctor, and not an errant quack! Another proof of their knowledge occurred in a speech made to our countryman on proposing to drink his health:—"After dinner, a strong broad-faced monk, whom I recognised as having been of the company at Ravanitza, called for a bumper, and began, in a solemn matter-of-fact way, the following speech: 'You are a great traveller in our eyes; for none of us ever went further than Syrmium. The greatest traveller of your country that we know of was that wonderful navigator, Robinson Crusoe, of York, who, poor man, met with many and great difficulties, but at length, by the blessing of God, was restored to his native country, his family, and his friends. We trust that the Almighty will guard over you, and that you will never, in the course of your voyages and travels, be thrown like him on a desert island; and now we drink your health, and long life to you.' When the toast was drunk, I thanked the company; but added, that from the revolutions in locomotion, I ran a far greater chance now-o'-days of being blown out of a steam-boat, or smashed to pieces on a railway."

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ten and twenty thousand ducats buried under the earth; but these impoverished Bosniacs in the fortress are as proud and insolent as ever. *Author:* 'You say Bosniacs! Are they not Turks?' *Collector:* 'No, the only Turks here are the Aga and the Cadi; all the rest are Bosniacs, the descendants of men of our own race and language, who on the Turkish invasion accepted Islamism, but retained the language, and many Christian customs, such as saints' days, Christian names, and in most cases monogamy.' *Author:* 'That is very curious; then, perhaps, as they are not full Moslems, they may be more tolerant of Christians.' *Collector:* 'The very reverse. The Bosniac Christians are not half so well off as the Bulgarians, who have to deal with the real Turks. The arch-priest will be here to dinner, and he will be able to give you some account of the Bosniac Christians. But Bosnia is a beautiful country; how do you intend to proceed from here?' *Author:* 'I intend to go to Vallievo and Ushitza.' *Collector:* 'He that leaves Servia without seeing Sokol has seen nothing.' *Author:* 'What is to be seen at Sokol?' *Collector:* 'The most wonderful place in the world, a perfect eagles' eyrie. A whole town and castle built on the capital of a column of rock.' *Author:* 'But I did not contemplate going there; so I must change my route: I took no letters for that quarter.' *Collector:* 'Leave all that to me; you will first go to Losnitza, on the banks of the Drina, and I will despatch a messenger to-night, apprising the authorities of your approach. When you have seen Sokol, you will admit that it was worth the journey.'"

Sokol is in reality a marvellous site, the vayvode of which "had a curious mental malady. Having lately lost a son, a daughter, and a grandson, he could no longer smoke; for when his servant entered with a pipe, he imagined he saw his children burning in the tobacco."

[It were to be wished that the disease should become contagious, and affect all the nasty puffers in the streets and public places throughout England.]

But a more sublime view than that from Sokol, whose appearance is compared to that of Edinburgh Castle, is obtained from the mountain Kopaunik, in a range above the river Ybar:—

"A gentle wind skimmed the white straggling clouds from the blue sky. Warmer and warmer grew the sunlit valleys; wider and wider grew the prospect as we ascended. Balkan after balkan rose on the distant horizon. Ever and anon I paused and looked round with delight; but before reaching the summit I tantalised myself with a few hundred yards of ascent, to treasure the glories in store for the pause, the turn, and the view. When, at length, I stood on the highest peak, the prospect was literally gorgeous. Servia lay rolled out at my feet. There was the field of Kossovo, where Amurath defeated Lazar and entombed the ancient empire of Servia. I mused an instant on this great landmark of European history; and following the finger of an old peasant who accompanied us, I looked eastwards, and saw Deligrad—the scene of one of the bloodiest fights that preceded the resurrection of Servia as a principality. The Morava glistened in its wide valley like a silver thread in a carpet of green, beyond which the dark mountains of Rudnik rose to the north, while the frontiers of Bosnia, Albania, Macedonia, and Bulgaria walled in the prospect. '*Nogo Svet.* This is the whole world,' said the peasant, who stood by me. I myself thought, that if an artist wished for a landscape as the scene of Satan taking up our Saviour into a high mountain, he could find none more appropriate than this. The Kopaunik is not lofty; not much above six thousand English feet above the level of the sea; but it is so placed in the Servian basin that the eye embraces the whole breadth from Bosnia to Bulgaria, and very nearly the whole length from Macedonia to Hungary."

All Servia is densely wooded; but we have no more room for descriptions, and must bid adieu to this pleasant volume with quoting a few characteristic proverbs which are current in Servia:—

"'Kiss the hand thou hast not been able to cut.' 'Hide thy friend's name from thine enemy.' 'Eat and drink with thy friend; never buy and sell with him.' 'This is a fast-day, said the cat, seeing the liver she could not get at.' 'Of three things one—power, gold, or quit the town.' 'The candle does not light its base.' 'The orphan cuts his own navel-string.'"

Memoirs of the Pretenders and their Adherents. By John Heneage Jesse, author of "Memoirs of the Court of England," "George Selwyn and his Contemporaries," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

The Fifteen and the Forty-five will never fail in their historical attraction, nor the principal actors in their deep individual interest. It would be difficult to produce aught very new respecting either; but there is an agreeable manner of putting even familiar matters before us, and of that manner Mr. Jesse is a popular master, which is a sure passport to favour. Such is this work, gathered chiefly from publications generally known, but neatly and clearly arranged so as to convey a very distinct idea of the tragic events recorded, and of the persons who figured in these unfortunate and dismal struggles. We will not waste time by descanting on any political questions involved in the Memoirs; but simply say, that the author appears to us to have taken a very impartial view of them, and sought throughout only the truth. He begins with the birth of the prince, son of James II., so soon followed by the Revolution; runs over the reign of Anne to the accession of the House of Hanover; and then describes the miscarriage of the first (shall we call it) rebellion. Short biographies of the Earl of Derwentwater, Lord Nithsdale, Lord Lovat, Lord Kenmure, Lord Mar, and other leading adherents of the luckless race of Stuart, are added; and we are brought to the entrance into the unpropitious scene of Charles Edward, the hero of the bloody romance of thirty years later date. A similar account of him is given, and his gallant attempt to regain the crown of his ancestors. To this is appended, as before to his father's history, notices of his faithful followers, such as Lords Balmerino, Kilmarnock, Cromartie, and George Murray, Flora Macdonald, the Duke of Perth, Marquis of Tullibardine, and others who were distinguished in these fatal times. The whole, as we have said, is executed in a very appropriate and acceptable style; but we have few opportunities afforded us for selection of what we could presume to possess the charm of novelty for our readers. The following, however, may be quoted. Of Flora Macdonald, after passing some years in America with her husband, Macdonald of Kingsburgh, we are told:

"The remainder of her eventful life was passed by Flora Macdonald in the Isle of Skye, where she died at the age of seventy, on the 4th of March, 1790. At her particular request, her body was wrapped in one of the sheets that had been used by the unfortunate grandson of James the Second during the night he rested at Kingsburgh, which, as we have already mentioned, had been presented to her by her mother-in-law, Mrs. Macdonald. She was the mother of five sons, all of whom held commissions either in the military or naval service of the reigning sovereign. The eldest, Charles Macdonald, who was a captain in the Queen's Rangers, was a person highly distinguished for his accomplishments and graceful manners. When the grave closed upon his remains, his kinsman, the late Lord Macdonald, paid a pleasing tribute to his worth. 'There lies,' he said, 'the most finished gentleman of my family and name.' Flora Macdonald was also the mother of two daughters, the last survivor of whom—the widow of Major Macleod of Lochbay, in the Isle of Skye—I had the pleasure, some years since, of accompanying in a voyage through a part of the Western Islands. I had also the additional pleasure of hearing from her own lips the tale of her mother's adventures and escapes with Prince Charles, and of having some of the scenes where they occurred pointed out by her own hand. One of the first questions which she put to me was, 'where I had been staying?' When I told her 'at Raasay'—'Ah!' she said, in a tone which plainly told that she inherited the principles of her race, 'you saw no *red* roses at Rassay!' This interesting lady was then, I think, in her seventy-fourth year; she had pleasing, and even polished, manners; was full of anecdote of the past, and had still the remains of beauty. She remembered the visit of Dr. Johnson and Boswell to Kingsburgh, and had been the companion of her parents when they emigrated to America. She spoke of her mother as a small, but neat figure; and when I questioned her whether there was any resemblance between them, she told me that they were reckoned so alike, that, half a century before, happening to be looking at a print of her mother in the window of a shop in the Strand, the celebrated General Burgoyne, who chanced to be passing at the time, was so struck with the resemblance, that he accosted her, and taxed her with the relationship. Her mother's escape with Charles Edward was then an event, she said, sufficiently recent to render her an object of considerable curiosity; and consequently, had her identity been proclaimed to the bystanders, she had little doubt, she added, but that she would have been followed by an inquisitive and disagreeable crowd. The few hours which I passed in the society of this interesting lady I have always looked back upon with satisfaction and pleasure. She died a few years afterwards, at an advanced age."

The most valuable and original portion of the work consists of correspondence relative to the suppression of the rebellion, hitherto unpublished, and occupying nearly 150 pages of the last volume. The letters, Mr. Jesse states, "are preserved in the library at Glendoick. The collection was formerly far more voluminous; but unfortunately, from feelings of a laudable but mistaken delicacy, one of the descendants of the lord advocate (probably the late Lord Craigie)—dreading lest certain families, who had been concerned in the rising of 1745, might become implicated by the entire collection seeing the light,—thought proper to commit perhaps not the least interesting portion of it to the flames. Those letters and documents, however, which still remain, though far from comprising an uninterrupted series

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of correspondence, will nevertheless be found highly valuable and interesting, from the insight which they give into the measures adopted for the suppression of the rebellion, and the light which they throw on the events of a stirring and memorable period."

We annex some interesting specimens:

"*The Lord Advocate to Captain Campbell of Inveraw.*
"Edinburgh [24th June, 1745].

"Sir,—I have certain informations that Donald Cameron, younger, of Lochiel; James Graham, alias M'Gregor, of Glengyle; Alexander Macdonald, younger, of Glengarry; and the Captain of Clanranald, are officers in the French service, and that they are now in Scotland raising recruits;—that it is thought to be of great importance to the peace and safety of the government that a check should be put to this practice by securing the persons concerned; and that you and the other gentlemen in the new-raised Highland companies are able to discover these gentlemen and secure them; and that neither the other military officers in this country, nor the civil officers, are able to perform that service. I have therefore addressed the warrants enclosed to you, and if you can be so lucky as to be able effectually to execute them, I dare adventure to assure you it will be looked upon as acceptable service by his majesty and his servants; and I must own, I think it will in the event be found to be an act of real benefit to the gentlemen themselves, as it will prevent their going on in an affair which I believe will in the end be ruinous to them and their families. At the same time I am sensible of the difficulties of the undertaking. I think there is no prospect of apprehending them by open force, and therefore I must particularly recommend secrecy to you, that they may not know that it is intended they should be secured; and I can have no doubt but that you will be cautious in the choice of the persons you employ to find out their haunts, and in the methods you take to come at them. However, as I am fully satisfied of your zeal for his majesty's service, I think the thing is not impracticable to gentlemen of your knowledge of, and interest in, the Highlands;—since now Sir John Cope will recommend this service to you in the strongest manner, and will give directions to the other military officers in your bounds to give you all necessary assistance that you shall desire from time to time.—I am, sir, &c. • • •

"*Captain Campbell, of Inveraw, to the Lord Advocate.*
"Inverary, 26th June, 1745.

"My lord,—I have this morning received your letter and warrants for securing the persons of Lochiel, Glengarry, Clanranald, and Glengyle, as officers in the French service, and raising recruits in Scotland for that service; and as I take it to be absolutely necessary for that purpose that the gentlemen commanding the other two Highland companies, and I, should meet in the first place and concert the most secret and prudent schemes, I have, upon receipt of letters, run expresses to them, in order to come to the most convenient place for a speedy meeting, in a manner that, I think, can give no suspicion of our design. Your lordship observes, very justly, that we are not to expect success by open force. Secrecy and stratagems we must only have recourse to; and I am hopeful we may succeed by that, so as to secure some of them, and perhaps all. I beg leave to observe to your lordship, that some of the warrants are to be executed with greater certainty and much less difficulty than others, particularly Glengyle. Would it be right to secure him, or any one of them, as opportunities will offer, without regard to the danger of alarming the rest?—or should we wait for the execution of some scheme by which they may be all attacked as near the same time as possible?—though, indeed, Clanranald's situation, if he keeps in his own country, makes it very difficult as to him. In this I shall be glad to have your lordship's advice; and as my meeting with M'Intosh and Sir Patrick Murray must be in the braes of Perthshire, you will please direct by Castle Menzies, where I purpose to be on Saturday next, on my way to meet them, and where notice will be had where to find me. I can assure you, my lord, for myself, that I shall use all endeavours, with the utmost diligence and application, to have all the warrants effectually put in execution, and I make no doubt the other gentlemen employed will do the same.—I am, my lord, &c.
DUN. CAMPBELL."

The subjoined are very characteristic, when the motions of *the* Prince were uncertain, and every effort was making to arrest his suspected friends, find out the truth, and be prepared to meet the hazard.

"*The Duke of Argyll to the Lord Advocate.*
"Rosneath, August 10, 1745.

"My lord,—I yesterday received your letter without date, but I take it to be of the 7th. The news from the Highlands vary strangely; for, having waited till this morning for my letters from Argyllshire, I find it now believed that a ship landed men at Uist, an island of the Clanranald family. Young Lochiel dined last week at Fort William with the officers there, and does not seem to conceal himself at all. I intend to go to Inverary next week, if these rumours blow over. If the matter grows serious, I shall not be in safety there.—I am, my lord, your most obedient, humble servant,
ARGYLL."

"*The Earl of Sutherland to the Lord Advocate.*
"Dunrobin, 11th August [1745].

"My lord,—Your favour is now before me, by which you inform me that the lords justices had intelligence that a report was current at Paris that the Pretender's eldest son had embarked with an intention to land in Scotland, where he expected to be joined by the Highlanders. This intelligence I have many reasons to apprehend is but too well founded. I have had private intelligence to the same purpose within these two days, and have sent to acquaint the Duke of Argyll of it; and I have several reasons to think that the Pretender's son expects to be joined by too many in the Lowlands as well as in the Highlands, and that a general insurrection is designed of the disaffected party both south and north. It happens greatly amiss, in such an emergency, that his majesty's firmest friends in the Highlands are destitute of arms and ammunition for their own defence and his majesty's service, when his most inveterate enemies are too well provided, and threaten, as I am certainly informed, in less than a fortnight's time, to do all the mischief that their malice, armed with fire and sword, can effect, to such of their neighbours as are most attached to his majesty's person and government. I and Lord Reay, with our vassals, could raise eighteen hundred or two thousand men, and with these could effectually bridle all the public enemies north of us, and do considerable service also against the more numerous enemies on the other hand of us. But what can we do without arms or ammunition? I made early application to Sir John Cope for a proper supply, on the surmises we had of a French invasion near two years ago; but my applications have unhappily been neglected, till now there is danger that a supply will come too late. I am causing to be gathered in and brushed up all the arms in this country, which, between me and Lord Reay, I doubt not will make above two hundred stand, and we shall need at least sixteen hundred more of swords and guns, with proportional ammunition. I pray, by all the regard you and others of his majesty's ministers have for his majesty's service and interest, that you will instantly order a sloop here with arms and ammunition as above, to be delivered to me on my receipt. It will be further necessary, my lord, that a proper person have a commission directly sent to him, to act as lord lieutenant of the northern shires. If I am honoured with that commission, I shall take the utmost care to fulfil it with equal zeal and fidelity as my grandfather did in the time of the former rebellion. You have enclosed, my lord, a true copy of a contract of mutual friendship I entered into with Lord Reay, in prospect of the invasion and rebellion that seems to be on the point of breaking out. I again entreat, in the most earnest manner, that a proper supply may be sent me of arms and ammunition, as above, without any loss of time. If that supply does not come within twenty days at farthest, it may cost his majesty abundance of men and money to recover the loss his interest may sustain in the north, which the supply mentioned, coming timeously, might enable me, with Lord Reay's assistance, to prevent. I shall take care, from time to time, to communicate to you and others of his majesty's servants any motions that may be in the Highlands at this juncture, and take proper measures to get the best intelligence I can for that purpose. I am, with great respect, &c.
SUTHERLAND."

Lord Glenorchy also writes:

"I cannot express how much uneasiness I am under in not being able to do the government any service, for want of arms and ammunition: and I desire you to represent it so as I may be supplied."

"*The Earl of Findlater to the Lord Advocate.*
"15th August, 1745.

"My lord,—On Monday last I was alarmed by a letter from my son-in-law, Mr. Grant, informing me of a report that some French ships, with arms, officers, and money, were come to the Isle of Skye, and that the Pretender's son was said to be amongst them, and that many of the Highlanders in that neighbourhood appeared determined to join them. I would immediately have despatched an express to your lordship with this account, if I had not known that Major Grant had sent one to General Cope. The news surprised me extremely, because I had not the least suspicion of any disturbance. The Jacobites in this country, though elevated by the success of the French abroad, have of late had no remarkable caballings that I have heard of. I immediately made what inquiries I could for intelligence, but have not heard anything considerable. In general, the Jacobites want to keep us secure. Their language is, that it was only two privateers, who seized some victual-ships bound for Ireland, and sent their boats ashore for provisions. But if the Pretender's son is there with arms and money, or any officers from him, I am well convinced that great numbers will soon flock to him; and although some of the Jacobite chieftains should not venture to appear publicly themselves, they will by their demi-vassals effectually send out their men. My humble opinion is, that all care ought to be taken to crush it in the bud, which I imagine may very possibly be effected.

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As all the well-affected chieftains are now in the country, I am convinced they will be zealous to exert themselves; and if some few regiments were immediately sent north, to pursue and bear down the rebels, I think it would be in their power to quell the insurrection before it can be brought to any great length. Yesterday I went to Gordon Castle, and found the duke determined to set out for Edinburgh this day, which he has accordingly done. I used, in the most prudent manner I could, all sorts of arguments to persuade him to stay at home, and effectually to exercise his power and interest to restrain his people from going out; but he said his private business necessarily obliged him to go south. I think that possibly it is not in his grace's power to restrain all his Highlanders; but I am really of opinion that his presence and commands could keep at home the people of Euzie and Strathbogy, in which there are near three thousand Papists, besides other Jacobites; and that he would have great weight with the people of Strathaiven, Glenlivat, and Badenoch; besides, if any of them should disobey him, he could make them feel the weight of his resentment severely. If any of the Mariachal family is in Scotland, it will certainly draw great numbers from Aberdeenshire and Mearns. The state of this corner is, that though many of the commons are very well affected, they have no arms. All the arms in the country are in the hands of the disaffected, which makes my situation very bad."

The Marquis of Tweedale, secretary of state, writes from London, August 27:

"We are sorry to find the accident that happened to the two additional companies confirmed, and were not less surprised at what Sir John writes, of his having no hopes of getting assistance of men from either the Duke of Atholl or Lord Glenorchy, notwithstanding their former letters representing what great things they could do, provided their men were furnished with arms. From this it appears that they either cannot get their men to follow them, which is a proof of how delicate a nature, as your lordship expresses it, the distributing of arms in general is, and therefore I have recommended it to Sir John Cope to be very cautious how he gives arms to any but such as are willing to associate themselves with the king's troops, and this will be a proper condition in your answers to any who apply to you for arms."

And soon after:

"We are amused every day with reports of the Ferrol squadron, but I hear nothing certain about it. I wish the wind was favourable for Admiral Vernon to sail: the said wind would bring over the Dutch troops, and I hope allay the panic that seems to have seized this nation to such a degree that it is almost impudence to pray for success in such a state of trepidation."

We conclude with a capital sample of the provost of Perth, almost equal to one we have seen from the same functionary (though another individual) to the chief of the Drummond clan, on lending him the use of the city hangman. This is addressed to the lord advocate:

"Strathringlo, 4th September, 1745.

"My lord,—Last night, about nine o'clock, Lochiel came here with about three hundred Highlanders, and promised all civilities; but as they began this morning to press our wrights to make targets, and our drummers and pipers to go and proclaim their prince and manifestos, beginning at the foot, I did not know but what they might come to the head; therefore I thought fit to leave the town, and am so far on my way for the East Nook of Fife. They are very civil, and promise to pay for every thing they have occasion for. The prince, with the whole army, is to be in our town this night. I am, my lord, &c. JAMES CRIE."

After September 1745, there are only some half-dozen brief and unimportant letters, so that all the concluding acts and *dénouement* of this national tragedy are left without further light or comment. This is much to be regretted; for what we have quoted will shew how cleverly the Highlanders mystified the government, and how little was really known of their earlier proceedings; how lukewarm were many whom another turn of the die would have ranged on the Stuart side; how powerless was the condition of the country where they durst not trust even those who were deemed loyal with arms; and how near a toss it was which dynasty should wear the crown of the three kingdoms.

The Practice of Angling, particularly as regards Ireland. By O'Gorman. 2 vols. Dublin, Curry; London, Longmans.

THIS is a work *sui generis*, the author in style and subject reminding us strongly of the unique and matchless editor of the *Cork Sentinel*, Mr. Curtayne. Like that learned Theban, the O'Gorman is an original, and fishes and writes like nobody else: in short,

"None but himself can be his parallel;"

and his portrait on the frontispiece shews it, though in spite thereof, and having published two volumes, he declares:

"I really hate writing, and dread notoriety. My wish would be, to steal to my grave, and not a stone to tell where I lie. Shall I invoke the shade of Livy? He was a good preface-writer, and a modest; or Samuel Johnson?—his preface to Shakspeare's works is a good one. It is likely I may borrow an observation from him, though he is no favourite of mine. No; I will not plagiarise from any one, at least without due acknowledgment; but I will apostrophise the best, the fairest, the loveliest, the gentlest beings of our world—the angels provided by the Almighty for our happiness and companionship here,

'To make the bitter draught of life go down.'

Those gentle and amiable creatures do I invoke for their protection, favour, and patronage; convinced that, if I am so fortunate as to attain this my primary object, the approbation of all other classes must necessarily follow. How often have I witnessed the utmost patience and resignation in the fair sex under the most distressing circumstances! Have I not seen them bear wet and cold most philosophically, often stung and bitten by insects as large and venomous as the musquitoes, without complaint; sometimes drenched with awful showers, and declaring themselves comfortable under the infliction; often splashed by the merciless waves, when crossing large sheets of water, without a murmur; sometimes when angling (for I *have* seen one or two lady-anglers) scolded for wheeling in the casting-line, which was a knotted one, when a trout was hooked, and the top of the rod broken, when all the blame should attach to the brute that gave the good and gentle creature an ill-constructed casting-line; but I really must forbear, for such reflections are too melancholy."

We can sympathise with the O'Gorman as heartily as the people on the United States' frontier sympathised with Papineau and the Canadian rebels, instead of giving them, as they deserved, at least one knot in their last casting-line! Nor can we dismiss the preface without farther remarking on the peculiar modesty of the author, who, with a diffidence the more becoming because it is not at all required, says:

"I am almost tempted to regret having undertaken the task at all, lest my performance should prove to have fallen short of the expectations formed of it; particularly as I have neither had nor sought assistance, and I fear I may be found 'd——d ungrammatical' in many instances, as Counsellor J. H. would say; but it can't be now helped—it is too late for regret. Of the practical part I have no fear, and I hope such may be accepted as a palliative for my many classical delinquencies. If I have too often appeared in *propria persona*, it has been done very unwillingly; but from the nature of the work, it could not at all times be avoided. And now by writing a book, having with all other necessary antecedents according to the best authorities fulfilled the various purposes of my creation, and fearing the approaches

'Of death's inevitable doom,'

I will hasten to conclude."

Which he does in a very affecting manner: we abstain from quoting, in consideration of our readers' nerves. And now for a taste of the fishing in the Shannon, and in lakes and streams of Clare and Galway, &c. The first good advice we come to is, "that in case of wet weather, a time when there may be very good fishing, you should be always provided with a bit of sponge, so perforated that it may be slipped on the butt of your rod, just above the wheel, the line to run over it; it will absorb the water that would otherwise find its way into your sleeve; and whenever it becomes saturated, a single squeeze will rid you of its effects for a considerable time."

Having instructed us in the fashioning of rods, twisting of lines, tying of hooks, and other needful particulars, the sage piscator advises:

"Go not to a tackle-shop to throw away your money on ill-formed and inefficient pocket-books, where the flies are all made up in small rolls. Nothing can be more distressing to a good angler than the trouble necessary to be taken in straightening the links before fishing with them. Now do as I shall direct:—Try to procure three or four well-bound novels, but lay not your unhallowed hands on the standard ones, and by these I mean the Vicar of Wakefield, Fielding, Smollett's, and Sterne's works, Richardson's Clarissa and Sir Charles (though this latter is too much ornamented for my taste), Caleb Williams, many of Scott's—for instance, Old Mortality, Waverley, Rob Roy, Heart of Mid Lothian, Quentin Durward, Peveril of the Peak, Guy Mannering, The Abbot; do as you please with the Monastery (I hate monasteries and nunneries); spare not Scott's rubbish, for there is a great deal of it in prose and verse; spare Anastatius, Cyril Thornton, and most of Bulwer's works; the latter are true pictures of English life; spare Banim's, they are Irish life; spare Lover's too; spare all Campbell's works—he has written too little; also Moore's, except his paltry Fadladeen prose story, miscalled Lalla Rookh: he is our countryman, and the sacred fire of liberty illumines his works; spare Lord Byron's, except his ode to Napoleon (it has disgraced him)—tear out that ode, and put a parchment in its place. Could he dare accuse Izaak Walton of cruelty, and yet have written such a poem? Melancholy to think that our greatest men should in so many instances have laid themselves open to the charge of cruelty; but, alas, the page of history bears witness against them! Lord Byron has made some amends by his forgiveness of the spider—

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'Go, poor spider, go;
But take care how you bite Sir Hudson Lowe.'

I find myself getting critical, instead of continuing my instructions; so I must resume. Tear, then, as many leaves out of any novels which you may find on perusal worthless or abounding with immoral descriptions, and fill their places with parchment covers, open at one end, and the full height and size of the binding of the volume; by these means your flies can be made up tolerably large, full as large as the breadth of the book: then for colours, you need only sew some leather ends to prevent them from flying out, in any of those works that may be of little or no value as food for the mind.—I perceive, by the way, that I have been guilty of great remissness in not noticing some admirable works by women, such as Evelina, by Madame D'Arblay, and Discipline, by Miss Brunton. As to Self-Control, 'I shall not presume to control your judgment, reader.' Miss Edgeworth has also written many admirable works, as have several others, whom your taste will lead you to appreciate as they deserve. Two or three of the books I allude to will hold your colours, flies, and hooks."

Izaac himself was not more fresh and literary, more delightfully desultory, than this: in fact, for critical acumen and the cutting up of bad novels and poetry, we are of opinion not only that O'Gorman excels him, but is superior to a vast majority of the periodical critics of the age. Elsewhere he writes: "Let it not be supposed that I have a general objection to all novels—far from it; many of them present true and vivid pictures of life as it is, but many more are—what you may please to call them." And only look at the utility into which he can convert the most trumpery and useless, while he spares the truly deserving! The *Monastery*, having its scene laid on the Tweed, is consigned to *flies*; Moore's Fadladeen, miscalled *Lalla Rookh*, is appropriately abandoned to feathers, &c. of the gayest colours; Lord Byron's *Napoleon* has a hook in his eye; and *Self-Control* is left *ad libitum*, as a fit receptacle for every thing except what you should always have in your bag, videlicet "a *priest*," which is, says the great O, "the name we anglers usually give a short stout stick, about eighteen inches in length, with which we strike the salmon to kill him, just at the junction of the neck and head, where Homer's heroes frequently operated. This is an instrument it is cruel to want. What can be more distressing to a humane mind than seeking for a large stone, or waiting to cut a bush or bramble, to put the poor animal out of pain, and all the time your fly and hook in the utmost danger? The fish should be always killed before you attempt to extricate the fly."

If you happen to miss a fish that rises at your fly, there is a manœuvre recommended, the result of which seems terrible: we give it in the author's own words, only marking the catastrophe in italics:—"If the river is narrow, and that you can get over to the off side, throw from thence, so that the fly may come over him the reverse way to that he first observed, *and it is ten to one he will then have you*."

Only consider this perilous *quid pro quo*; and the author assures us of its actuality, for he continues:—"I have witnessed the most decided success from this method, both in my own case and in that of others with whom I have angled, and who have tried this practice. If all fails at that time [*i. e.* if he has not got you, instead of your getting him], and that you purpose returning to where you had risen him, which may not be much out of your way, let him alone till, in the common phrase, *the sun goes back of him*."

A common phrase, the mysterious meaning of which we confess we do not understand; though we have a confused remembrance of the Sun and Fish being mingled somehow together in heathen mythology. With respect to morals, O'Gorman does not appear to be very rigid. He counsels: "Whenever you meet an old cock—a game cock is the best—with deep-red heckle, buy or steal him: he is invaluable for either salmon or trout-flies." And upon this furtive advice a few knotty points arise; for the thief is told to "beware of St. Martin's day, which is generally fatal to this bird. The common Irish are as intent on the sacrifice of a cock to Saint Martin, as Socrates was to Æsculapius. Perhaps the saint was a descendant of the physician; and many pious divines, indeed, have imagined that Socrates was a Christian. This subject may be worth the attention of Judge Jackson and the Bible Society, to whom I cheerfully refer it, not being at present disposed to give it further consideration."

The following is more to the purpose; no wonder that the wise Egyptians worshipped the bull:

"In case of sudden cold or wet, if you have or can procure a raw onion or two, eat it by all means; nothing will keep the cold more effectually from your stomach. Of this, Colonel R. G. Hare (now major-general) and I had a most convincing proof, having fished an entire day, wet throughout, and walked five miles afterwards, without catching cold, though we took no other precaution until the end of our walk."

We wonder what the dear ladies said to this in the breathing world! But to return to angling: here are baits!

"First get a small or middle-sized silver eel, or small lamprey if possible; cut it to a proper length, to form what is called the tail of an eel; cut some of the upper part away, but not the skin, which must be well tied to form the head; let it be properly put on the hook, curved, and secured; after which, get some strong silver tinsel or cord, begin at the head, where it is to be tied, then cross it regularly on the body of the bait, till you knot and secure it on the bow of the hook. Sew a couple of silver spangles in the formed head as eyes, and put a few more between the crossings of the silver cord. Here is a most splendid bait for salmon, pike, and I believe large trout; for pike I have tried it with the greatest success—this is a secret only fit for the *élite*. I have before alluded, I believe, to the shrimp in its natural state, but to my great surprise have had great success with boiled ones for salmon; they take them well in all running streams. The use of them is now interdicted in Galway."

We had almost forgot to state that in politics, as in fishing, the O'Gorman is a stanch Whig. At Lough Doologh (he tells us) "the natives looked on me as a wonder in the way of angling, and were astonished at our various arrangements; but were positive that salmon were in the lakes, which I could not be prevailed on to believe. Large-sized Inchiquin flies much the best. A classical dissertation after dinner. Achilles and Sylla, in my opinion, the finest characters in antiquity. They always performed their promises, and helped their friends. Rare virtues both. Night stormy and cool, but no sign of rain or thunder, much to my comfort. Slept soundly upon my conductor. 25th. Breakfast—porter again—boats not up early—went into the library—read records of criminal trials during the reigns of the Guelphs—mere registers of slaughter, hanging the cure for all offences. Legislators in those days certainly a bloody race—one girl hanged for cutting off her mistress's pocket—others for having goods in their hands which they had *not* taken away—others for stealing bread—to say nothing of their laws of violated majesty (the Habeas Corpus Suspension Acts). Tiberius's and Nero's not a bit better. Persons bit by mad dogs, smothered between beds—nothing but brute force resorted to on all occasions. But why do I wonder at all this? Have I not witnessed a sufficiency of wickedness and mischief of the same kind in my own days, and during Tory rule?"

Let the Tories, planning the improvement of Ireland, remember this; and also try to comprehend the real character of the people for whom they are darkly attempting to legislate. Thus: "At Lahinch every one is hospitable—this truly Christian virtue prevails in the entire district, and excuses many failings. It is, moreover, a fine bathing-place, having a good strand and fine waves; and all the visitors, men and women, bathe, for the most part, at no very great distance from one another; for there are particular times of the tide when bathing is alone agreeable, and it is then taken advantage of without any fastidiousness or false delicacy on the part of men or women."

Giving us thus distinctly his views of society, the O. warns us against being misled by others; and he does so in his own, his very own, way: "This long chapter may not be considered quite to the point; but I have thought that many of my readers may be as well employed in reading this prospective tour as if they were suffering their imaginations to gloat over the various productions of the many 'male and female flesh-flies' which inundate these countries with their productions, and which have inordinately increased the price of paper, without a proportionate profit to the minds of their readers."

Now, having in this article taken especial care that our readers shall not stand in so unsatisfactory a predicament either with the author or ourselves, we shut the book, without tearing out one leaf to fit it for a fisherman's tackle-board.

MEMOIRS OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE.
(Second notice.)

We return to these Memoirs for the purpose of quoting a few of the more entertaining portions, to which we alluded at the close of our last week's notice; and commence with a bit about spies.

"She made the following remark:—'The peers in England may be compared to doctors who have made their fortunes: if they continue to practise, they do it out of regard to some particular families, or from humane motives. They know better than those who are sick what is good for them, because they have had long practice; and if their sons are no doctors, they have heard so much talk about the matter that they sit in a corner and watch the effect of the medicine.' I was struck with the resemblance of Lady Hester's style to Junius's in her letter to Sir Edward. This led me to reflect, as I had observed on many occasions that Lady Hester's language was the counterpart of her grandfather's, whether Lord Chatham might not have been the author of Junius's Letters; but it has since been suggested to me that there would be an absurdity in such a supposition (for I had no opportunity of consulting books where I was), because some of the most eloquent passages of Junius are his panegyrics on Lord Chatham, and it is not likely that he would have

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been guilty of writing an eulogium on himself; however, I mentioned it to her. She answered: 'My grandfather was perfectly capable and likely to write and do things which no human being would dream came from his hands. I once met with one of his spies,' continued she, 'a woman of the common class, who had passed her life dressed in man's clothes. In this way she went, as a sailor, to America, and used to write him letters as if to a sweetheart, giving an account of the enemy's ships and plans in a most masterly way, in the description of a box of tools, or in something so unlike the thing in question that no suspicion could be had of the meaning of the contents. This woman by accident passed me at a watering-place, whilst I was sitting near the sea-side talking to my brother, and stopped short on hearing the sound of my voice, which was so much like my grandfather's that it struck her. And there is nothing extraordinary in this: I have known a horse do the same thing. My father had two piebald horses: they were very vicious, and hated one of the grooms so, that, one day, whilst he was taking them out for exercise, one threw him, and the other flew at him, and attempted to strike him with his fore-feet; but, as he could not succeed, the other, that had run off, turned back, seized the groom with his teeth, and hit him and shook him. That very horse went blind, and got into an innkeeper's hands, who made a post-horse of him. One day, on the high road, I saw him, and made an exclamation to somebody who was with me. The horse, although blind, knew my voice, and stopped short, just like the woman. I too was struck with the woman's manner; and, without saying anything, went next morning at daylight, before anybody was about, to the same spot, and, finding the woman there again, inquired who and what she was. A conversation ensued; and the woman was delighted, she said, to behold once again something that reminded her of her old employer. 'As for the ministers of the present day,' she observed, 'they are good for nothing. When I went to prefer my claim for a pension, one called me Goody-two-shoes, and told me to go about my business.' A government should never employ spies of the description generally chosen—men of a certain appearance and information, who may be enabled to mix in genteel society: they are always known or suspected. My grandfather pursued quite a different plan. His spies were among such people as Logmagi—a hardy sailor, who would get at any risk into a port to see how many ships there were, and how many effective men—or a pedlar, to enter a camp—and the like. This was the way he got information as to the armament at Toulon: and such a one was the woman I have just told you about, who knew me by the sound of my voice. There were two hairdressers in London, the best spies Bonaparte had. A hairdresser, generally speaking, must be a man of talent; so must a cook; for a cook must know such a variety of things about which no settled rules can be laid down, and he must have great judgment. Do you think I did not immediately perceive that those four Germans we met at —— were spies? directly. I never told B— and Lord S—, because they would have let it out again. François was the only one who knew it besides myself. He took an opportunity one day of saying to me, when nobody was by, 'My lady, one of those Germans......' 'Yes, yes, François, I understand you,' answered I, before he had said three words: 'you need not put me on my guard, but am I much obliged to you.' 'Why, my lady,' said François, 'when I was one day standing sentry at Bonaparte's tent, there was one of those very gentlemen I have seen go in and out: I recollect his face perfectly.' François was right, doctor: there they were, there was the sick one, and the learned one, and the musician, and the officer, for all sorts of persons. You recollect, when we were at Constantinople, one day I went to meet the Count de la Tour Maubourg on the banks of the Bosphorus, and he intimated to me that I had kept him waiting. 'Yes,' said I, 'there was a spy following my boat: I knew him directly, and wanted to prevent his dogging me.' 'Pooh! nonsense,' replied Mr. de la T. M: but we had not talked for an half hour, when, lo! there he was, taking a look at us. Next day, when I saw Mr. Canning, 'Oh! Lady Hester,' said he, 'how did you spend your day yesterday?' 'Why,' answered I, 'your spy did not spoil it.' 'Ah!' rejoined he, laughing, for he perceived at once it was of no use to make a mystery of what he had done, 'you should not do such things; I must write it home to government.' 'Yes,' said I, 'I'll write a letter too, in this way:—My lord, your excellent young minister, to shew his gallantry, has begun his diplomatic career by watching ladies in their assignations,' &c. &c. And then I laughed at him, and then I talked seriously with him, till I made him cry—yes, doctor, made him cry. Spies, as I said before, should never be what are called gentlemen, or have the appearance of such; for, however well they may be paid, somebody else will always pay them better;—unless fortune should throw in your way a man of integrity, who, from loyalty or love of his country, will adventure every thing for the cause he is engaged in: such a man is another sort of a thing!'"

Of Mr. Pitt we are told:—

"She denied that Mr. Dundas had any direct influence over Mr. Pitt, as Wraxall avers. Her words were: 'Because Mr. Dundas was a man of sense, and Mr. Pitt approved of his ideas on many subjects, it does not follow, therefore, that he was influenced by him.' With the exception of Mr. Dundas, Lord —, and another that she named, 'all the rest,' said Lady Hester, 'were a rabble—a rabble. It was necessary to have some one at their head to lead them, or else they were always going out of the right road, just as, you know, a mule with a good star must go before a caravan of mules, to shew them the way. Look at a flight of geese in the air: there must always be one to head them, or else they would not know in what direction to fly. Mr. Pitt's consideration for age was very marked. He had, exclusive of Walmer, a house in the village, for the reception of those whom the castle could not hold. If a respectable commoner advanced in years and a young duke arrived at the same time, and there happened to be but one room vacant in the castle, he would be sure to assign it to the senior; for it is better (he would say) that these young lords should walk home on a rainy night than old men: they can bear it more easily. Mr. Pitt was accustomed to say that he always conceived more favourably of that man's understanding who talked agreeable nonsense, than of his who talked sensibly only; for the latter might come from books and study, while the former could only be the natural fruit of imagination. Mr. Pitt was never inattentive to what was passing around him, though he often thought proper to appear so. On one occasion Sir Ed. K. took him to the Ashford ball to shew him off to the yeomen and their wives. Though sitting in the room in all his senatorial seriousness, he contrived to observe every thing; and nobody (Lady Hester said) could give a more lively account of a ball than he. He told who was rather fond of a certain captain; how Mrs. K. was dressed; how Miss Jones, Miss Johnson, or Miss Anybody, danced; and had all the minutiæ of the night, as if he had been no more than an idle looker-on. He was not fond of the applause of a mob. One day, in going down to Weymouth, he was recognised in some town; and, whilst the carriage stopped to change horses, a vast number of people gathered round us; they insisted on dragging the carriage, and would do so for some time, all he could say. Oh, doctor! what a fright I was in! Mr. Pitt bore with ceremony as a thing necessary. On some occasions I was obliged to pinch his arm, to make him not appear uncivil to people: 'There's a baronet,' I would say; or, 'That's Mr. So-and-so.' I never saw Mr. Pitt shed tears but twice.'"

Of Lord Chatham:—

"Lord Chatham never travelled without a mistress. He was a man of no merit, but of great *saad* (luck). He used to keep people waiting and waiting whilst he was talking and breakfasting with her. He would keep his aide-de-camps till two or three in the morning. How often would the servant come in, and say supper was ready, and he would answer, 'Ah! well, in half an hour.' Then the servant would say, 'Supper is on the table;' and then it would be, 'Ah! well, in a quarter of an hour.' An aide-de-camp would come in with a paper to sign, and perhaps Lord Chatham would say, 'Oh, dear! that's too long; I can't possibly look at it now: you must bring it to-morrow.' The aide-de-camp would present it next day; and he would cry, 'Good God! how can you think of bringing it now? don't you know there's a review to-day?' Then, the day after, he was going to Woolwich. 'Well, never mind,' he would say; 'have you got a short one?—well, bring that.'"

A personal hit or two:—

"I recollect once, at Ramsgate, five of the Blues, half-drunk, not knowing who I was, walked after me, and pursued me to my door. They had the impertinence to follow me upstairs, and one of them took hold of my gown. The maid came out frightened out of her senses; but, just at the moment, with my arm I gave the foremost of them such a push, that I sent him rolling over the others down stairs, with their swords rattling against the balusters. Next day he appeared with a black patch as big as a saucer over his face; and, when I went out, there were the glasses looking at me, and the footmen pointing me out—quite a sensation! * * *

"After Mr. Pitt's death I could not cry for a whole month and more. I never shed a tear until one day Lord Melville came to see me; and the sight of his eyebrows turned grey, and his changed face, made me burst into tears. I felt much better for it after it was over. * * *

"On some occasions she had singular ways of talking; sometimes as if she were addressing herself to the wall, sometimes to her lap; and latterly, when most of her teeth were gone, she mumbled a great deal."

As varieties, we quote:—

"In the cottages of Mount Lebanon there are many things occurring daily which would greatly surprise an English practitioner. A luxation of the shoulder-joint in an infant, real or supposed, was cured, they told me, by taking the child by the wrist and swinging it round with its feet off the ground, until the bone got into place again. I assisted, the second time, at the cure of a sore throat, in a man thirty-six years of age, who suffered a pocket-handker-

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chief to be drawn tightly round his neck until his face turned black and he was half-strangled. The man declared next day he was well, and the operator assured me it was a never-failing remedy."

Not knowing exactly how much dependence we can repose in Lady Hester's recollections, we are not sure whether we may return to these volumes or not. They ought to be better than the common run to deserve serious consideration; for Lady H. is herself a tolerable critic. On one occasion we read:

"Some one—I suppose you—sent me the 'Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.' It is *I* who could give a true and most extraordinary history of all those transactions. The book is all stuff. The duchess (Lord Edward's mother) was my particular friend, as was also his aunt: I was intimate with all the family, and knew that noted Pamela. All the books I see make me sick—only catchpenny nonsense. A thousand thanks for the promise of my grandfather's letters; but the book will be all spoilt by being edited by young men. First, they are totally ignorant of the politics of my grandfather's age; secondly, of the style of the language used at that period; and absolutely ignorant of his secret reasons and intentions, and the *real* or apparent footing he was upon with many people, friends and foes. I know all that from my grandmother, who was his secretary, and, Coutts used to say, the cleverest *man* of her time, in politics, business, &c. Even the late Lord Chatham, his son, had but an imperfect idea of all that took place; for he was either absent, or, when not so, taken up by dissipation."

To finish: "The Memoirs of a Peeress," ascribed to Lady C. Bury, was among the books sent to Lebanon; and Dr. M. says:

"I began reading it to her to-day. She was calm and composed. The history of events, so well known to her, seemed to afford her singular pleasure; and it was evident that if she had always sought for amusement in books, instead of spending her time in disciplining incorrigible knaves and wenches, she might have found many happy hours even in the midst of sickness and solitude. Lady Hester had been looking into the book in the course of the day. 'I do not think,' observed she, 'that the heroine's character is hers; it seems to me a fictitious one, made up partly of her own observations, partly of what has happened to herself: if it is any body, it must mean Lady Caber. Perhaps Lady Charlotte's husband writes the books, and she supplies the materials. The style is not that of a woman like her; she is more likely to set off on foot three or four miles to see how they ploughed at Abra, for example, like an active Scotch woman; but as for writing a book, I think she was no more likely to do it than I am.* I could not write a book, doctor, if you would give me the world. Ah! I could dictate a little to anybody who wanted to write down a correct account of circumstances that I know. I remember Lady Charlotte's first going to court, and the effect was very much what she describes of Miss Mordaunt:—that is, somebody said, 'She is too thin—very handsome to be sure, but too thin:' and somebody else observed, that in a year's time, when she filled out, she would be remarkably beautiful, which turned out to be the case. She was three years older than me; but she had such a hand and arm, and such a leg! she had beautiful hair too, gold colour, and a finely shaped nose, and fine complexion. In about three years she all at once disappeared from the *beau monde*: she married her cousin, who was poor, and was still Lady Charlotte Campbell, but always in uneasy circumstances. When he died, she travelled into Italy for the sake of educating her children, and there she married the tutor: some of those tutors are very good-looking men. There was a daughter of the D*** of B*******, who married a tutor. To be sure they were carroty, although she was the prettiest; but the D*** would not see her for three years, and at last they gave him a living. One of the R****** family also married a tutor.'"

Readers will not be surprised to be told, that, in spite of Lady H. and her biographer, we still hold by the opinions of the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Literary Gazette*.

* "On returning to Europe, I discovered that this novel, although edited by Lady C. Bury, was the production of another lady, Mrs. C. Gore. Nevertheless, the observations made on it and on its supposed author are retained, in the hope that each of these highly gifted persons, as well as the reader, will be amused in hearing Lady Hester's comments, made in a different spirit from a critic's in the 'Edinburgh Review,' or the office of the 'Literary Gazette.'"

Dialogues of the Living upon our Colonies, &c. Pp. 19. London, Pelham Richardson.

A SMART and amusing political squib; Sir R. Peel, Lord Ripon, and Lord Stanley, being the interlocutors. The spirit of the whole, and the best bit of satire, may be gathered from the following quotation. Lord Ripon is made to say to Sir Robert:

"Here you are again, opening a more furious war against old friends than you are aware of. The *red-tapes*—very respectable persons—have been your slaves ever since you were a first-class man at Oxford; and from the moment that you played so well the rather unamiable scene in Lucretius, about the happiness to be enjoyed by the philosopher in looking from his safe seat on *terra firma* at the 'buffetings of other men upon the troubled sea of life.' I see plainly enough, that you have called Lord Stanley and myself to hear your decision upon the Colonial Office, which you will hand over to its enemies; whilst you are snug enough among the reformers—Saul among the prophets.

Sir Robert Peel.—Not quite so. But I will be candid. Things, then, are come to this: we must choose between two evils. We must either give up the system of the Colonial Office, or give up Lord Stanley. Now I cannot abandon my colleague.

Baron Stanley (furious). What's that? not abandon me! Who asked you to save me? I shall go mad, and want a keeper worse than Governor Fitzroy in New Zealand can do.

Sir Robert Peel.—My Lord Stanley, I do not presume to be your protector. But your representative in the House of Commons, Mr. Under-secretary Hope, is hardly equal to his task; and I have already declared there that the colonies must be made an integral part of the empire. My mind is made up to follow out that principle in due time; and the first step to it is to reform the Colonial Office. Lord Glenelg—an excellent man—was crushed by its system; and did not dare to struggle against what ruined him, because he was personally in a false, feeble position. He acted nobly in the great Caffre case of 1835. But he was undermined by false friends, who sowed the tares whilst he slept. Your lordship has deeper roots; and will move more earth at a fall. So it must be prevented.

Baron Stanley.—I will fight my own battle. Not one word more."

The whole seems in aid of a notice of motion in the House, given by Mr. Mangles, the member for Guilford.

The Narrow and Wide Guages considered: also, Effects of Competition and Government Supervision. London, Effingham Wilson.

A PAMPHLET well worthy attentive perusal and serious reflection by all interested in this important question, and especially by legislators and landowners. Strongly in favour of the narrow guage, the writer has discussed the subject sensibly and moderately.

Gilbert's Geography for Families and Schools. Pp. 172. London, J. Gilbert.

A VERY neatly got up and very excellently digested and usefully illustrated little volume, than which we can hardly recommend our young readers to a more serviceable and pleasant guide to one of the most necessary and agreeable of studies.

On Certain Tests of a Thriving Population: Four Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford. By Travers Twiss, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. 8vo, pp. 107. Longmans.

FULL of useful information, with clear and moderate views. Readers abroad and at home may consult it with benefit; for it embraces leading statistics of several states.

The Irish Watering-Places, their Climate, Scenery, Accommodations, &c. By Alex. Knox, M.D. Pp. 336. Dublin, Curry; London, Longmans.

DR. KNOX, *enjoying*, as people say, indifferent health, made a tour among Irish watering-places to restore himself, and has here laid before us an account of his observations. In his preface he says:—"In arranging for the press the matter thus collected, it has been a leading object with the writer, whilst omitting nothing of importance to the physician, to render the work at the same time attractive to the general reader by some modification of style, and the introduction of such passing notices of scenery, history, and antiquities, as may serve, without overlaying the subject, to direct attention to the most interesting features of the country. To this has been added such information on the accommodation for visitors, and modes and expense of travelling, as may prove, it is presumed, of no little use to those who resort to such places in pursuit of amusement or health." This, we opine, is a circumlocutory mode of stating how to make a book, and in truth we could have wished the doctor to have been more concise and yet more communicative of valuable intelligence. Poor torn Ireland, with all her lovely scenery and natural advantages, presents little to tempt visitors to her watering-places; but whoever may be induced to try them—shores almost matchless for beauty and grandeur—will do well to consult the volume before us; which is, in fact, the only general guide to inform us of their whereabouts and particular attractions.

The Nursery Governess. By the Author of "The Week." Pp. 108. Seeley, Burnside, and Seeley.

AN exceedingly religious inculcation of the duties of a nursery governess, occasionally (as is too frequently the case in similar well-meant efforts) sacrificing other excellent principles to the main object in view. Thus, in this little volume, the mother of a child is made a blameable contrast to a pious attendant, and filial love is superseded by attachment to a stranger: the mother all the while being most affectionate and good, but only not sufficiently imbued with piety for the taste of the writer.

First Greek Construing Book. By G. Renaud, M.A. Pp. 67. Simpkin and Marshall.

A NICE simple little guide.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

We have kept back the section-details this week, and devoted our space to three important and interesting papers: the Extinct Mammals of Australia; Shooting Stars; and the Working and Ventilation of Coal Mines. The first is a continuation of Professor Owen's valuable reports, all of which we have been enabled fortunately to give at length: the second is the only hitherto published account of three years' unremitting observations of those meteoric bodies that attract so much attention in August and November; and the third is an admirable sequel to the report of Professors Faraday and Lyell on the causes, &c. of the accident in Halswell Colliery, noticed in a recent number.

Second Report on the Extinct Mammals of Australia, with additional observations on the genus Dinornis of New Zealand. By Prof. Owen.

The idea of a marsupial quadruped as large as a rhinoceros is so novel and extraordinary in zoology, that it can scarcely be expected to be received with confidence unless supported by very strong and clear evidence.

In reference to the extinct genera *Nototherium* and *Diprotodon*, introduced in my former Report on the extinct mammals of Australia as marsupial representatives of the pachydermal order in that continent during the newer pliocene period, I have been asked if the fossil marsupial bones had been obtained, by those who are unwilling to admit less decisive evidence than that to which Cuvier so triumphantly appealed in proof of the marsupial character of the little *Didelphys* of the eocene gypsum of Montmartre. These bones have not yet been discovered; but, freely acknowledging all the satisfaction with which I should receive such additional evidence of the marsupiality of the *Diprotodon*, I must say that it would arise out of the proof which would thereby be afforded to others of the accuracy of the deductions from the osteological characters already relied upon, and not from the dissipation of any doubt as to the value of those characters in determining the true affinities of the *Diprotodon* and *Nototherium*. A quadruped may, in fact, be strictly marsupial in all its organisation, and yet *not possess the marsupial bones*, as is exemplified in the *Thylacine*, the largest of the carnivorous marsupials, and in the pouch of which I have found three young ones; and, on the other hand, the *Ornithrohynchus* and *Echidna*, which have no marsupial pouch, and are very different from the *Marsupialia* in some important parts of their organisation, possess well-developed marsupial bones. These facts led me to pay particular attention to other characters of the skeleton of the true *Marsupialia* in preparing for the task of interpreting the fossil remains of Australia, which Colonel Mitchell's discovery of the ossiferous caves in Wellington Valley indicated some years ago to be tolerably abundant in that continent: and I believe that I have found, in the modification of the angle of the jaw, and in certain peculiarities of the tarsal bones, evidences of the marsupial character quite as conclusive as that which the supplementary ossicles of the pelvis would afford. The modifications of the astralagus and calcaneum, which are detailed in the former report, are those on which I more especially rely, in connexion with the flattened and inflected angle of the jaw, in proof of the marsupial affinities of the extinct quadrupeds of Australia, which rivalled or surpassed in bulk the rhinoceros and hippopotamus of the old continents: and I have now to submit an account of some fossil remains of the same great quadrupeds, which, though few, include some parts not hitherto transmitted to England, and, whilst they confirm that conclusion, give further evidence of the special affinities of the *Diprotodon* in the marsupial order.

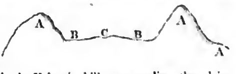
The molar teeth described in the former report were all from the lower jaw. I have since received from my friend Dr. Hobson of Melbourne, South Australia, three specimens of the molar teeth of the upper jaw belonging to the same animal, being the antepenultimate, penultimate, and last true molars of the right side. The crown in each tooth is divided into two principal transverse wedge-shaped ridges, like those of the lower jaw of both *Diprotodon* and *Nototherium*; but the enamel, instead of the smooth surface which characterises it in the *Notothere*, presents the peculiar wrinkled and punctate, as if worm-eaten, surface which distinguishes the teeth of the *Diprotodon*. In further proof of the generic nature of these upper molar teeth, a large scalpriform incisor, belonging also to the right side of the upper jaw, was found near them: and the bevelled cutting edge of this tooth shews that it worked upon a tooth of similar size and character in the lower jaw. The former fossils demonstrated the existence of such a tooth on each side of the symphysis in the *Diprotodon*;* and the principal generic distinction of the *Nototherium* is the absence of the incisive tusks. Thus the combination of the upper incisor with the peculiar character of the enamel in the present molar teeth of the upper jaw establishes their generic identity with the lower jaw and teeth referred to *Diprotodon*; and the close agreement in size renders it highly probable that they belong to the same species.

[Here the professor enters into minute details, and clearly makes out his proposition from them.]

The portion of the superior maxillary bone preserved with the molar teeth above described fortunately includes part of the molar process of that bone, which extends outwards from the socket of the penultimate molar, and, at a distance about equal to the breadth of that tooth, bends down to nearly the level of its grinding surface, where the end of this descending process is broken off. This is a very rare form of the process in question in the mammalian class. There is a descending process from the zygoma, outside the molar teeth, in the existing sloths and the extinct megatherioids; but it is developed exclusively from the molar bone, not from the molar process of the maxillary: and it is compressed from side to side, not from before backwards, as in the present case. The *Glyptodon* has a long descending process from the same part of the maxillary bone as the *Diprotodon*, but it is perforated near its lower border by the large suborbital canal; whilst in the two inches of vertical extent that remains of the process in the present fossil, there is no trace of such perforation. In this imperforate character, and in the general form of the process, the present fossil agrees most closely with the kangaroo, which is the only existing marsupial, and I believe the only existing mammal, that has a process descending from the molar process of the maxillary to below the level of the grinding surface of the teeth. Further details corroborate this.

The fossils above described were found at Mount Macedon, in the district of Melbourne, and my friend Dr. Hobson has sent me the following account of the locality:—

"The country from Melbourne is volcanic the whole way: indeed, the bank which borders the estuary on which the town is built is the commencement of vast elevated plains of volcanic origin covered with vesicular lava, scoriæ, and in many places interrupted by deep ravines, which shew on their steep sides in many places a regular columnar basaltic arrangement. Of this nature is the entire country between Mount Macedon and Melbourne; gradually rising, but so slightly as to be almost imperceptible till you arrive at the volcanic hills that immediately surround Mount Macedon, which I believe, is composed of granite on its top, and of schistose slates on its sides. Amongst the secondary hills which skirt the base of Mount Macedon, there is a considerable circular plain, which is more elevated at its centre than its circumference: as the subjoined diagram will explain.



A. A. Volcanic hills surrounding the plain. B. B. The plain. C. A swamp or bog in which are found the bones; here, after digging through a solid peaty soil for 3 feet, you then arrive at a stratum of gravel about 18 inches thick, in which the bones are deposited. This layer of gravel rests upon a bed of firm clay which is non-fossiliferous. The bog or marsh in which the bones are found is about 4 acres in extent, and appears to contain bones at every point. I opened two pits at 150 yards distance from each other, and found bones in both, in the same stratum of gravel. The country was too wet for working at the season I visited it; notwithstanding, I succeeded in getting the interesting bones I now send you. The incisor is evidently that of some immense Rodent, and the molars were found associated, and I have no doubt belong to the same animal. The bones of kangaroos and of some large bird, I presume an emeu, are also abundant. In a space of 4 feet square I suppose there were not fewer than the jaws of thirty kangaroos."

In my acknowledgment of this most interesting and valuable contribution, I have requested my friend Dr. Hobson to collect and preserve all the shells which may be found in the ossiferous gravel, with a view to their comparison with the existing species.

The next fossil referrible to the genus *Diprotodon* which I have to notice is, a beautifully perfect specimen of the right ramus of the lower jaw of a young individual of the genus *Diprotodon*. This fossil was discovered by Dr. Leichhardt in the fresh-water deposits of the Darling Downs; the same locality from which Lieut.-Col. Mitchell derived his specimens of the lower jaws of *Diprotodon* and *Nototherium* described in my former report.

The letter which accompanied these fossils contains so much interesting and valuable information, and indicates so feelingly and truly the difficulties of the researches to which we must owe further advance in this most interesting department of paleontology, that I cannot but strongly recommend it to the favourable attention of the committee of the Geological Section.

"Sydney, 10th July, 1844.

"My dear Sir,—You have probably forgotten the German student to whom you were so kind as to give a letter of introduction to Sir

* The name originally proposed for this genus was indicated by the inferior incisive tusks discovered by Major (now Lieut.-Col.) Mitchell in the cave of Wellington Valley. See his *Expeditions into Australia*, 8vo, 1838, vol. ii. p. 362.

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Thomas Mitchell, in Sydney. I am desirous of rivetting my name more deeply into your memory; and, in order to do so, I take the liberty of sending you one or two specimens of the collection of fossil bones I made in Darling Downs. It is one branch of the lower jaw of the young gigantic pachyderm which once lived near and in the swamps and lagoons which must have covered those rich plains.

"These plains are formed by broad shallow valleys, without trees, covered only with grass and herbage, which grow luxuriantly on the rich black soil, in which concretions of carbonate of lime are frequently found. Ranges of low hills, forming long simple lines with sudden slopes and flat-topped cones, accompany these valleys, and bear an open forest formed of various species of rather stunted *Eucalyptus*. All these hills are formed by a basaltic rock, containing frequently crystals of peridot, and being often cellular, sometimes real scoria. The base of the rock is, however, feldspathic, and as the peridot is frequently absent, the rock becomes uniformly grey, forms a white globula before the blowpipe, and is therefore to be classed amongst the trachytes or pheriolithes. The plains are filled by an alluvium of considerable depth, as wells dug 50 or 60 feet deep have been still within it. The plains and creeks in which the fossil bones have been found are Mr. Hodgson's creek, Campbell's creek, Mr. Isack's creek, and Oaky creek. They pass all into and through immense plains on the west side of the Condamine, into which they fall. The bones are either found in the bed of the creek, particularly in the mud of dried-up water-holes, or in the banks of the creeks in a red loamy breccia, or in a bed of pebbles, containing many trachytic pebbles of the coast range from the west side of which these creeks descend.

"In the banks of the creeks you find at first the rich black soil of the plain, about 3 feet thick; then layers of clay and of loam, here and there, particularly at Isack's creek, with marly concretions of strange, irregular forms. The masses of these concretions are often of considerable thickness, though not extending far horizontally: the loam contains small broken pieces of ironstone (*breccia*), and is equally local. Below these the bed of pebbles lies; the bones are found in the *breccia*, generally near the concretions, but not with them, or they occur amongst the pebbles. A very interesting fact is the presence of univalve and bivalve shells, which live still in the neighbouring water-holes, in the same beds in which the bones are found; they are either intimately united with the bones by a marly cement, or they occur independent. The greatest depth in which bones are found is 12 feet; at Oaky creek we find them at the surface. Beside the bones of the gigantic animal, there are lower jaws and different parts of the skeleton of four other kangaroos, many of them little different from the living ones, and probably identical with those of Wellington Valley. It seems to me that the conditions of life can have very little changed, as the same shells live still in similar water-holes; the want of food can scarcely be the cause of their disappearing, as flocks of sheep and cattle pasture over their fossil remains. But as such an herbivore must have required a large body of water for his sustenance, the drainage of these plains, or the failing of those springs, the calcareous water of which formed the concretions in the banks of the creeks, has been probably the cause of their retiring to more favourable localities; and I should not be surprised if I found them in the tropical interior through which I am going to find my way to Port Essington. I have put a caudal vertebra into the little box, more in order to fill it than as valuable to you, as Sir Thomas Mitchell told me that he has sent you a fine collection of almost every part of the body. * * * Living here as the bird lives who flies from tree to tree, living on the kindness of a friend fond of my science, or on the hospitality of the settler and squatter, with a little mare I travelled more than 2500 miles zigzag, from Newcastle to Wide Bay, being often groom and cook, washerwoman, geologist and botanist, at the same time, and I delighted in this life; but I felt too deeply that ampler means would enable me to do more, and to do it better. When you hear next of me, it will be either that I am lost and dead, or that I have succeeded to penetrate through the interior to Port Essington.—Believe me ever to be, my dear sir, yours most truly,

"LUDWIG LEICHHARDT."

The only comment that I have to add to these communications from my zealous and able correspondents is, that with a little timely aid applied in the exploration of the ossiferous gravel in the valley near Mount Macedon, or in the more systematic exploration of the newer pliocene deposits on the Darling Downs, we might reasonably expect to recover as complete skeletons of the extraordinary pachydermal marsupials of ancient Australia as any of those of the extinct edentata which have been recovered from the corresponding formations of South America.

Before concluding this report on the extinct mammals of Australia, I may perhaps be permitted to add a few words on the apparently contemporary remains in the island of New Zealand, which bear the same relation to the peculiar and characteristic existing wingless birds of that island as the marsupial fossils of Australia do to the existing aboriginal quadrupeds of that continent. Since my memoir on the *Dinornis* was published in the Zoological Transactions, and the general results communicated to the British Association in 1843, and at the last meeting, a new locality of the remains of the great extinct wingless birds has been discovered, and some interesting additions have been received in this country to both the genus *Dinornis* and to the osteology of particular species. These remains were discovered by Mr. Percy Earl in a tertiary formation, near the seashore at Waikewaite, in the south island of New Zealand, and they are more recent in their physical and chemical characters than were the bones from the north island, which have been already described. The collection which Mr. Earl has brought over is a very large one, and has enabled me to test very completely the results arrived at from the examination of the previous scantier collections. I had no difficulty in picking out from Mr. Earl's collection the bones of the species which I have named 1. *Dinornis giganteus*; 2. *D. ingens*; 3. *D. struthoides*; 4. *D. dromioides*. Of the second of these species, of which I had only the femur and tibia from the north island, Mr. Earl's collection contained the tarso-metatarsal bones, besides very perfect specimens of femora and tibiæ. Thus it appears that four species of *Dinornis*, including the three most remarkable for their gigantic stature, were common to both the north and south islands. Mr. Earl's collection did not contain any specimen of 5. *Dinornis didiformis*, or of *D. otidiformis*. But, after selecting those bones which agreed with the previously determined species, there remained a considerable number of most perfect specimens of femora, tibiæ, and tarso-metatarsal bones of unquestionably full-grown individuals, which differed as much in configuration and proportions from the previously determined species as these did from one another.

The particular descriptions and characteristics of these new species of *Dinornis* will be given in the second memoir on that genus which I am preparing for the Zoological Society, and I shall here limit myself to a brief indication of them. The most extraordinary is the species which I propose to call *Dinornis crassus*. It is intermediate in size between *D. ingens* and *D. struthoides*, with a stature nearly equal in height to that of the ostrich; all the bones of its leg present double the thickness in proportion to their length. It must have been the strongest and most robust bird, in proportion to its size, that ever existed; and may be said to have exhibited the pachydermal type and proportions in the feathered class. The next two species combined the stature of the rhea and cassowary with more robust proportions, and especially more gallinaceous character of the feet. I propose to name them *Dinornis rheides* and *Dinornis casuarinus*. The fourth new species is intermediate in size between the *D. didiformis* and *D. otidiformis*, and I propose to name it *Dinornis curtus*. Of this species and *D. casuarinus* I had received specimens from the north island. The *D. crassus* and *D. rheides* have hitherto been found only in the south island. The errors in my former memoir which the rich accession of evidence has enabled me to recognise and correct, are on the safe side, and arose from anxiety to avoid making nominal species. Thus the tarso-metatarsal bone in Pl. 20 *a*, fig. 2, which I thought might have belonged to a large male of the *D. didiformis*, is now proved to belong to the *D. casuarinus*; and the femur in Pl. 23, fig. 1, which I thought might have belonged to a young individual of the *D. struthoides*, is also referrible to *D. casuarinus*. I have not the least misgivings of the reality of the ten species of this remarkable genus of tridactyle wingless bird, now established, to wit:—1. *D. giganteus*; 2. *D. ingens*; 3. *D. crassus*; 4. *D. struthoides*; 5. *D. rheides*; 6. *D. casuarinus*; 7. *D. dromioides*; 8. *D. didiformis*; 9. *D. curtus*; 10. *D. otidiformis*; and a most extraordinary picture of animal life presents itself to the mind's eye, when we think of the time when the fern-clad valleys of New Zealand were exclusively tenanted by these feathered wingless bipeds.

Among the most interesting accessory portions of the skeleton of the gigantic species are some vertebræ, ribs, and an almost entire sternum. This is a sub-quadrated, slightly convex, keel-less, bony shield: with two wide and deep posterior emarginations: most resembling the sternum of the *Apteryx*, and with cavities for coraioids, which must have been relatively much smaller than in the ostrich, but a little larger in proportion than in the apteryx. Since my first memoir was printed, the Rev. Mr. Williams has transmitted a portion of the skull, which from its size I take to belong to the *Din. struthoides*; it is unfortunately the cranial, not the rostral part. Yet it manifests so many peculiarities, and so striking a resemblance to the same part in the dodo and apteryx, that I venture to trespass with a more detailed description of it.

It is remarkably depressed, very broad, subquadrate, in size and shape most like the corresponding part of the head of the dodo, but greatly and equably convex above, the cerebral hemispheres not raising their bony covering above the level of the rest of the calvarium, as in the dodo; and the frontal region, though more elevated than in the existing struthious

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birds, is apparently less suddenly raised than in the dodo. The length of the present fossil is 3 inches, its greatest breadth 3½ inches, but the prominent parts of the sides of the skull are broken away; its breadth between the temporal fossæ, which are large and deep, is 2 inches 5 lines; its vertical diameter at the deepest part, from the upper occipital ridge to the under surface of the basi-sphenoid, is one inch and a half. The great occipital foramen is sub-circular, and 7 lines in diameter: its plane is vertical, and the single occipital condyle projects more freely backwards than in other birds beyond the upper margin of the hole, from which the occipital surface of the skull slopes forwards as it rises to join the upper surface. This inclination, with the slight depth and great breadth of the occiput, and the great breadth of the fore part of the frontal region, form the most peculiar features of the present cranium. The occipital region above the *foramen magnum* is divided by three short obtuse vertical processes into four depressions, the two medium ones being half the breadth of the two lateral ones, which are deeper than usual; each depression is bounded above by a convex border, which does not rise above the level of the calvarium to form a crest, but defines the occipital from the coronal surface.

A broad and deep depression separates the condyle on each side from the ex-occipital process, forming the posterior boundary of the tympanum; the broad basi-sphenoid descends vertically for a quarter of an inch below and at right angles with the basi-occipital, separated from the condyle by two small but deep depressions; this development of the base of the skull is peculiar to the *Dinornis* among birds, and resembles that in the crocodile. The upper boundary of each temporal fossa is well defined, but not elevated into a ridge; a smooth and very slightly convex surface of the cranium, 1 inch 10 lines in breadth, intervenes between them: a continuation of the same surface, 4 lines in breadth, separates the temporal from the occipital fossæ. A cellular air-diploë, from 2 to 6 lines thick, divides the outer from the inner table of the cranium.

The mutilated base of the present specimen exposes the upper border of the pituitary depression, bounded anteriorly by the groove which lodged the optic chiasma, and from which the optic foramina are continued outwards and forwards to the orbits. The outlets of the optic foramina are separated by an interspace of one inch. The apteryx, amongst existing birds, approaches nearest to the *Dinornis* in this peculiarity; but the dodo most probably still more closely resembled the *Dinornis* in the distinctness of, and distance between, the two optic foramina. These foramina, in the present cranium of the *Dinornis*, are smaller than those in the skull of the ostrich, and indicate it to have had a smaller eye, in which it must have resembled the dodo. The olfactory foramina are sub-circular, 3 lines in diameter, separated by an interspace of 2 lines; the olfactory cavities extend backwards behind these foramina upon the under surface of the cranium to within 4 lines of the optic groove; a feature which, with the large size of the olfactory nerves, indicates a development of the organ of smell approaching that most remarkable one in the apteryx. Of the other outlets of the cerebral nerves, those for the ninth pair are alone remarkable for any increase beyond the ordinary size.

The articular depression for the tympanic or quadrate bones are imperforate, 8 lines long, from 3 to 4 lines wide, bounded externally by a very short angular process.

The depressions on the occiput for the insertion of the nuchal muscles indicate the force with which they must have habitually operated upon the head; and the unusual size and depth of the temporal fossæ equally indicate the great strength of the gripe of the bill. Such a combination of powerful muscles of the head and the beak accords with the indications which the vertebræ of the neck and the short and strong matatarsi afford of habits of scratching and uprooting ferns for food.

Remarks on Shooting Stars. By M. Coulvier-Gravier.

Hitherto, says the author of the memoir, shooting stars have not been the object of observation sufficiently regular, and continued during a time sufficiently long, to enable any general law to be obtained. It is true, it has been supposed to be ascertained that there are determinate epochs in which these meteors appear infinitely more numerous than on ordinary occasions; but the periodical returns to which they had been thought subjected begin to appear problematical, and perhaps they never would have been admitted, had, in the first instance, an endeavour been made to ascertain the apparitions every night of the year. A labour like this, it is true, would have been very wearisome, and doubtless it is this which has discouraged observers. For my own part, occupied since 1829 with researches of this kind, to which I devoted myself with a particular object, I have since pursued them for themselves, and since 1841 I have kept regular registers of my observations. For this purpose I found it necessary to avail myself of the assistance of M. Chartiaux, who observes one half of the heavens whilst I am engaged with the other; I write down each apparition myself, as well those which my assistant announces with a loud voice as those which I see myself. In this manner it is impossible to make a double entry, which, on the contrary, is almost inevitable when, several persons observing at once, each separately notes that which he perceives in the portion of the sky which is allotted to him. I might perhaps thus explain the extraordinary number noted by four persons who simultaneously observed in the same place.

In general, observers have chosen their time to make these researches; with respect to us, it is only a clouded sky that can interrupt our observations, to which we return, whatever may be the hour of the night, whenever the state of the sky permits. My registers furnish me, from the month of July 1841 to the month of February 1845, with 5302 shooting stars observed in 1054 hours. I have grouped, in the different tables which my memoir contains, these observations so as to be able to deduce from them results relative to the greater or less frequency of these meteors according to the hours of the day, months, and years. With reference to this last point, I do not pretend to draw any conclusions from researches which do not extend in a regular manner beyond four years; but for the horary and mensual variations, I believe that I have already succeeded in ascertaining two general laws. Thus, in each month comprised between the winter and summer solstices, the mean number of shooting stars for one hour is sensibly the same; and this also takes place during the six other months; but with this difference, that for the latter the mean is nearly double what it is for the others, and the change is effected, as it were, without transition. For the horary variations, on the contrary, there is a gradual change; and from six o'clock in the evening, which is the hour of the minimum, the number of apparitions continue to increase until six o'clock in the morning, which is the moment of the maximum.

In the second part of his memoir the author occupies himself with the directions of the shooting stars. The distribution of 1000 of these meteors relatively to the sixteen angular spaces into which he divides the horizon, proceeding in the order north, east, south, west, is as follows:—74, 90, 82, 91, 114, 86, 70, 79, 63, 34, 29, 28, 33, 28, 35, 64; which shews that a much greater number of stars proceed from the east than from the west, and nearly as many from the north as from the south. The author thinks that the difference between the number of stars observed in the two directions, east and west, is due to the double movement of the earth.

There are mensual variations somewhat difficult to determine. In winter, the influence of the south is the greatest possible; in summer, the influence of the north is most sensible. As to the influence of the east, it is the weakest in summer, and the strongest in spring and autumn. The horary variations are more decided. The north directions are more numerous towards midnight, and least in the morning; as to the east, they are most numerous in the morning, and least in the evening; from the south they are most frequent in the morning; lastly, from the west there are more in the evening.

In the third part of his memoir, the author first occupies himself with the magnitudes of the shooting stars: he calls every meteor which presents a sensible disc a *shooting globe*, and reserves the name of *shooting stars* to the meteors which have an aspect analogous to the fixed stars and planets. He calls them of the first magnitude when they have the brilliancy of Venus or of Jupiter; of the second magnitude when they resemble fixed stars of the first magnitude, and so on. Among 5302 meteors, the author has counted 8 shooting globes, and 80 shooting stars of the first magnitude; whence it follows, that if no obstacle were opposed, an observer would see one shooting globe per week, and one shooting star of the first magnitude every night of eleven hours.

Shooting stars have generally the same colour as the fixed stars. Sometimes this colour changes to yellow, then to bluish and to greenish, in proportion as the meteor approaches the horizon. Among all these meteors there are some which are red, which move slowly, and have a globular form analogous to that of a billiard-ball coloured red. The author thinks that they play a particular part. Lastly, he distinguishes others which become extinguished at the moment of their greatest brilliancy, as if they were plunged in a mass of water.

With respect to the trains which some stars leave behind them, they cannot be compared with smoke, but rather with a shower of sparks analogous to that of rockets. The train commences and terminates with the star which has produced it, but it persists one or two seconds after the disappearance of this star. Sometimes the star breaks into fragments, which succeed the train, and which vanish almost as soon. A star is never accompanied with noise, whether it remains simple, produces a train, or breaks into fragments. In general, the path of a shooting star is rectilinear, or rather in the arc of a great circle. The author has seen fifteen whose paths have been curvilinear.

At the conclusion of his memoir the author has given a catalogue of the most remarkable shooting stars, with the indication of the characters they have presented. Before passing

to the theoretical part, he announces some historical researches on the subject.

The Methods of Working and Ventilating Coal-Mines, considered with reference to the Accidents that occur in such Mines from the presence of noxious Gases. By Prof. Ansted.

This subject is of the deepest and most vital interest, little understood, but lately much talked of, and one which is occasionally presented to the public notice in connexion with some of the most frightful accidents incident to any mechanical employment. During a visit lately paid to the coal-mining district near Newcastle, Professor Ansted made himself acquainted with the nature of underground work in coal-mines, and learned from those engaged in this work their feelings with regard to any suggested alterations in the system of working and ventilation at present followed. The paper was illustrated by diagrams, and supported by numerous cases. Into the details we have not space to enter; we give, however, the main points and general conclusions.

Certain kinds of coal, under certain conditions, are well known to give off a quantity of gas, consisting for the most part of carburetted hydrogen, mixed occasionally with small proportions of sulphuretted hydrogen, and even of olefiant gas. These gases, when mixed with a sufficient quantity of atmospheric air, become highly explosive, and explode with great violence at the contact either of open flame or of iron at white heat; but, except in the case where there is a sensible quantity of olefiant gas or sulphuretted hydrogen, the mixture will not explode by contact with iron of red heat; and in all cases the gases seem to be far less explosive when mixed with carbonic acid gas. Now, if it were the case that this dangerous gas, commonly known by the name of firedamp, were given off in the same mine equably, or if it exuded much more at certain known spots, or under certain understood conditions, than under other circumstances, it might be possible so to contrive the ventilation as to meet these conditions and do away with the danger; but since it is most unquestionably the case, that large quantities of it are from time to time poured out suddenly into the workings of a mine without previous warning, and in a manner at present quite inexplicable, something more should be contrived than mere ordinary ventilation, however good. This also is the more necessary, since the gas formed after an explosion is, if possible, yet more fatal than the firedamp itself; and it has not unfrequently happened that, after an explosion has taken place, and but few comparatively have been killed by the accident, all, or nearly all, the remainder of the party have been hopelessly stifled by exposure to this terrible *after-damp*, from which there is no escape, because, according to the present method of working, it invariably intervenes between the place of the accident and the shaft.

The main objects in coal-mining are, to get as much of the coal as possible, as little of it broken as possible, and the whole as cheaply as possible. To arrange the workings in such manner that these objects may be attained, and the safety of those employed properly looked after, great regard has to be paid to ventilation, a current of air being essential in every part of the workings, and this current being required to move with sufficient rapidity to carry away the air that has become unfit for breathing, whether by the exudation of gas or from the presence of men and horses employed below. The different contrivances made use of for this purpose—the adaptation of the system of working to them—the nature, extent, and degree of perfection of the ventilation,—all form part of the regular and ordinary coal-engineering; but it can scarcely be said that any attempt whatever is made to escape either from the immediate danger of explosion or the immediate consequences of explosion, so far as regards those sudden and occasional outbursts of gaseous matter locally spoken of as bags of foulness, blowers, &c. It is chiefly with reference to these that I shall venture to suggest some change in the methods of working; but I am anxious first of all to remind those to whom this subject is only one of occasional reference of the actual nature of the ventilation obtained at present in mines considered safe and properly worked.

When two pits are sunk, and a gallery, tunnel, or drift is cut to communicate between them on the rise of a seam of coal, a certain amount of ventilation would no doubt be produced, the air descending down one and ascending up another of these shafts. If a furnace were placed at the bottom of one, the air would necessarily rush down the other more rapidly, and produce a stronger current; and if in a single shaft a partition were built, and the furnace placed at the bottom of the partition, the air would ascend one and descend the other. On this principle a supply of air is kept constantly in motion in every mine. As the works advance, the air can without much difficulty be forced to pass through the different drifts, and in some cases a distance of as much as seventy miles has been traversed by the air before its return to the upcast shaft. Now, it is clear that the air, even supposing it to move at all at the sides, roof, and the floor of the passage, under these circumstances carries with it a gradually increasing load of impurities, each mile rendering it more and more unfit for supporting life; and if a dangerous and sudden issue of gas takes place in the mine, it cannot fail to render dangerous the whole of the rest of the air-courses as far as the pit-bottom. Still, no better means than this was followed for a long time in the north of England, and the ventilation was consequently lamentably imperfect and insufficient. The first step made in advance was in consequence of the discovery, that if free opportunity is given to the air to pass in two or three directions, the quantity introduced into the whole working is greatly increased. In other words, if at or near the bottom of a shaft there are two or three distinct courses which the air may take, each communicating separately with the ultimate current of air into the upcast, much more air could be introduced by a furnace of a certain size than by keeping a single current. This method is called *splitting* the air, and it is now carried to such an extent, that in few works of any magnitude are the air-courses or length of the current more than five miles in length, instead of being upwards of seventy, as formerly.

It is very desirable that experiments should be instituted by which the true limits of the value of this method might be determined; for I am quite certain that short air-courses would tend far more to keep mines in a safe state, and under perfect command, than any contrivances that could be imagined for increasing the rate of motion of the air, or even for draining off particular portions sometimes especially dangerous.

In working the whole coal, or, in other words, obtaining a proportion of the coal by running drifts and headways, it is found convenient at present to mark out a certain district under the name of a *panel*, and work this as an independent section of the whole field, in the particular seam being obtained. This system of panel-working effectually builds off, at the time of working, a comparatively small area of the coal to be extracted. It limits, and, under proper management, might almost entirely preclude, the fatal consequences often arising from after-damp, when an accident has taken place in a distant part of the workings; and it might be very well made use of to prevent danger in some particular cases even of pillar-working. The extraction of the rest of the coal, or the broken, after the whole coal-workings are completed, is accomplished according to very different methods in different cases; and there seems to be no agreement of opinion in the north of England, among practical men, as to what is the best system so far as ventilation is concerned. When the pillars have been extracted, and the roof is allowed to fall, there will necessarily remain a considerable space somewhat above the general level of the working, and only partially filled with rubbish. This space is called the *goaf*, and the goaf may be left either behind the workings entirely on the rise side of the coal, in the middle of a panel surrounded with ventilation, or sometimes, when little gas is present in the mine, in any other place where it may be convenient.

With regard to the goaf itself, it is sometimes left simply ventilated by the passage of a slow current entering at one point and emerging from another; sometimes it is closely walled up, and sometimes the ventilation is carried simply round it as in ordinary cases; while, also, there is a compound ventilation, by which the injury that might arise from the drainage of foul air into the ventilating current, called technically scaling, is prevented by an intervening drift.

It will be understood now what are the peculiar conditions of a coal-mine with regard to ventilation. There are numerous galleries, at the end of each of which coal is being hewed. Whenever a fresh face of coal is exposed, the gas issues out, making a slight hissing or singing sound, and, being lighter than air, ascends to the roof, and there accumulates, or is carried away with the general current of air passing through the working—the current is produced by a furnace creating a powerful draught in one shaft, which serves as a chimney, and bringing down through the other shaft a corresponding current of fresh cool air; the temperature in the upcast shaft being generally about 100. This is the first state of working. After this is completed to a certain extent in a district, the next step is proceeded with, namely, the extraction of the pillars and the commencement of the formation of the goaf. With this enters a new element of danger; for the goaf must in all cases act, more or less, as a reservoir of gas in its upper part: and the explanation given by Messrs. Lyell and Faraday, in their report on the Haswell accident, as to the way in which the goaf then acts, is too manifestly correct not to be at once received. The goaf is doubtless of the nature of an inverted basin, its rim having a slant corresponding to the dip of the coal-seam; but it ought not to be forgotten, that while theoretically and in experimental investigations this explains and illustrates the nature of the case, in reality it by no means solves the practical difficulty, because it may safely be said that scarcely a goaf exists in any colliery of the north of England in which this ideal basin is not so cracked and its rim so displaced that the gas will generally leak much sooner at the sides when there may

be a fault, than on the higher edge of the inclined rim, as suggested. I mention this because of the importance of such consideration in any practical attempt to drain the gas, and because also I believe it will be found that in most cases the rise side of the goaf is by no means the place to look for the chief issue of gas.

Such being the circumstances of the case, let me now direct your attention to a few simple plans which I would submit to the careful consideration of practical men, as likely to be useful, and as not seriously interfering with the value of collieries in a commercial sense.

First of all, then, I would press upon all those who have influence and interest in coal-mining the absolute necessity of sinking two shafts at least in each colliery. I am well aware that in most of the principal collieries no suggestion of this kind is wanted; but it should be insisted on in every case: and I do not hesitate to say, that a proprietor who obtains coal from a working only reached by a single shaft is as culpable as a merchant who sends a ship to sea knowing it to be out of repair and not seaworthy. For consider the consequences of an accident in such a mine; whenever it happens, however many persons may be employed, and however far removed they may be from the accident, it is scarcely possible that an explosion should not destroy the partition at the bottom of the shaft and thus lay dead the whole working, by checking or entirely stopping the ventilation, and causing the entering current to be itself poisonous. But, besides this, there are also many accidents which may happen to a shaft; and where there is but one, each such accident becomes the cause of an almost certain destruction of human life.

The next thing to be suggested requires, I think, to be enforced not less urgently than the former. It is, that the panels worked should be of moderate size, and the air-passages in no case exceeding a certain length of course. The principle of panel-working, and the advantage gained by splitting the main current of air with advantage, are matters now so well known and generally acknowledged to be useful, that no excuse can be received for neglect concerning them. That many collieries are conducted with no regard to them, is, however, but too true; and here, as in the former case, the method pursued, in spite of improvements universally recognised, is scarcely different in many workings from that followed by the miners half a century ago.

The advantage of moderate sized panels and short air-courses it would be difficult to overrate. The air, whatever its rate of motion, is kept far purer, and the danger of explosion more diminished in this way, than by an increase in velocity to any practical extent, while, by reducing the area of each panel, the extent of mischief from an accident is reduced almost in the same degree. I do not mean to assert that, in well-conducted collieries in Northumberland and Durham, any modification of the present practice is required on this score; but I have reason to fear that there are many others in the district to which my remarks are immediately applicable.

The suggestions hitherto made apply rather to the case of those collieries in which the acknowledged principles of coal-mining, as at present recognised by the principal viewers, are not fully carried out; but I have also other points to suggest, which seem to me at least equally important, and which are, I believe, new. Let us first take the case of the Haswell colliery. I need not describe at any length the accident of the 28th of September last, as the details of it are already before the world. Now in this mine there are two panels worked, marked by the two goaves; and the accident, by which ninety-five lives were lost, took place in the one nearest the pit-bottom. Of the whole number of sufferers, only twenty-five seem to have been killed by the explosion; the rest being all choked by the after-damp, and not less than thirty of them in a working or panel distinct from that in which the explosion certainly took place. Thirty, therefore, at least, might have been saved, had there been a separate communication or air-drift from this further panel to the pit-bottom. Now, to cut an air-drift through coal in a coal-mine need not interfere with the regular working of a panel, and cannot be said to cost any thing, since the coal is extracted. Whatever, therefore, may have been the cause of the discharge of gas in this pit, and whether it had reference to the goaf or not, one thing is certain, that by a perfectly practical pre-arrangement of the simplest character nearly one-third of the sufferers might have escaped. *An air-drift, therefore, from distant workings direct to the pit-bottom*, is one of the methods I would suggest to the consideration of practical men, as likely, in case of accident by explosion, to alleviate, if it cannot prevent, the fatal consequences.

But I am by no means inclined to refer to working in the broken, or to pillar-working and the goaf, as the source of any considerable proportion of firedamp accidents. Most of those on record have happened in the whole-coal workings, and arise from sudden and totally unexpected issues of gas, which no knowledge we at present possess can enable us to foretell, and which no amount of ventilation can possibly provide against. There can, I think, be no doubt that the ventilation now employed in what are considered well-ventilated mines is sufficient for ordinary purposes. It is enough, for instance, to remove gradually and safely the gas that escapes from the coal, and even from some small jets of gas or blowers; and it seemed to me, as well from my own feelings as from the indications of the lamp, that the air was perfectly free from any deleterious mixture throughout. But when a sudden and considerable addition is made to this quantity of noxious gas, no ventilation could carry it off without mischief, if open lights are to be any where exposed to it, and the more rapid the current of air the greater in some respects the danger would be. An instance of this occurred at Haswell pit. Such instances of escape are rare, but it is certain that sudden issues of gas of this kind are comparatively common. Now in all these cases there is one means of safety which might most certainly be adopted with great advantage: I mean the exclusive use of the safety-lamp. This is a measure which at present has scarcely been adopted in full in any mine, but which is certainly well worthy of consideration. There may be mentioned, I am aware, two very different objections to its use, but I have good reason to believe that neither of them is very valid, and I am therefore anxious to press most earnestly on the consideration of all those engaged in coal-mining operations the importance of this plan. It will be said, on one hand, that the expense is too great, and that the men object; and on the other hand, that the Davy is by no means a perfect instrument. To the first objection I can refer, in reply, to the experience of more than one of the best-regulated collieries of the north of England, where a vast number of Davies are in daily use. About 130 of these instruments are employed in the Wallsend pit, and in others a still larger number. The workmen also, on the whole, prefer to work at the same wages with the rest, with the comparatively obscure light, and the greater danger because the coal is somewhat more tender. For the other objection, that the Davy is useless, I can only say that, with regard to all cases of explosive mixture that have been fairly met with underground, and all rates of motion hitherto attempted, the united experience of wastemen and viewers for the last thirty years cannot but be considered of some value, and is unanimously, so far as I can learn, on the side of its great practical value. I have trusted my own life to these instruments, and would do so again without the slightest hesitation, provided, of course, that proper care is employed. The instrument is simple, easily kept in order, and, what is perhaps of yet more importance, easily and quickly examined; and if, as is done in well-regulated pits, the gauze of every lamp was examined and locked before being delivered to the men, I cannot believe that an accident could happen except by such a falling of the roof as would injure the gauze, and this would also destroy every other contrivance hitherto imagined for giving safe light.

I would therefore suggest, with reference to this subject, that no dangerous mine should be worked with open lights.

In conclusion, I am anxious to express my own firm conviction that no great improvement can take place in coal-working generally without some external interference. The coal-trade is now hardly remunerative. It is a struggle in which every one endeavours to bring into the market saleable coal at a low price, and a struggle obliging those concerned to compete with the utmost energy. Such a state of things is not likely to admit of any great improvement of the kind here advocated, since the supply and labour are greater than the demand, and few proprietors will be found to risk money where the return is so doubtful. But the interests at stake are not only those of moneyed men. The lives of thousands, and the well-being of the population of large districts, are also involved; and it is the duty of government to watch over and protect these. This can be done properly only by a most careful superintendence over *all* those engaged in the employment. It ought to be considered absolutely necessary that ventilation should be conducted in every individual mine on the best principles; that in each the safety of the pitman should be secured, by insisting that every reasonable means of preventing accidents should be equally adopted by all. But this can only be done by the aid of government, and the need of it can only be learnt by a strict and careful investigation, since it would be impossible to ascertain otherwise how far the greater number of the collieries (amounting in the Newcastle district to nearly 200) are properly conducted or not.

My object has been to shew that much may be done, by simple, practical, and inexpensive methods, to diminish the loss of life in collieries arising from noxious gases. Experiments, however, are still greatly needed, not only in picked mines, where the ventilation is as good as under the circumstances it can be, but also in the numerous other pits little heard of, but still employing an important proportion of the whole colliery population. These experiments should be made with a view to the solution of various questions not at present fully determined; among which I would instance—1. the actual nature of the gas given off by the coal when the

singing noise is chiefly heard; 2. the real extent to which splitting the air may be carried with a view to shortening the air-courses; and 3. the extent of the ventilation at the floor, the walls, and the roof of a mine, when an ordinary current is passing along the middle. I mention these, but they are only a few among many points hitherto undecided in coal-working, and yet bearing most importantly on the subject of ventilation: but I might greatly extend the list; and I feel quite certain that, when the attention of competent chemists and practical geologists is directed not only to the one, which I must consider, from documentary evidence, the least important subject, of the goaf, but also to the whole-coal when first worked, and the small hitches and faults so abundant in it in every coal-field, there will be accumulated a heap of evidence bearing on these points, and leading ultimately to some important practical result. At present, I can only suggest the methods which have struck me as at once reasonable and useful. I mean, the not working too large an area of coal from one pair of shafts, never working at all with less than a pair, working the panels or districts of coal perfectly distinct from one another, and each communicating by its own drift with the upcast, and the working in fiery mines only with the safety-lamp, and with no open lights whatever.

These are all points which are, in the strictest sense of the words, practical and economical. They would not entirely prevent the occurrence of accidents, nor do I believe that any human means can ever do so; for, so long as men are careless and ignorant, so long will this carelessness and ignorance produce its usual effects. But they would, I am convinced, diminish greatly the frequency of accidents; and they would diminish also, in some measure, their extent; and these are certainly objects worthy of the most careful attention.

MONDAY (*continued*).

SECTION B.—(*Chemical Science.*)

1. Kemp (Dr.), outlines of a natural system of organic chemistry.
2. Wrightson (F.), analysis of the ashes of narcotic plants.
3. Johnston (Prof.), observations on the ashes of plants.
4. Norton (J. P., Connecticut, U.S.) on the ashes of oats.
5. Way (J. T.) on the analysis of the ashes of plants.
6. Liebig (Prof.) on mineral manure.
7. Solly (E.) on gutta percha, a new variety of caoutchouc.
8. Playfair (Dr. L.), and Bunsen (Prof.)—Report, 2d part, on the chemical changes occurring in iron furnaces.

1. Read by Mr. Solly.

2. Mr. Wrightson gave the following as the result of the first analysis of the ashes of narcotic plants:

Carbonic acid	13·68
Carbon and sand	4·87
Silica	2·11
Chlorine	8·10
Peroxide of iron	1·25
Lime	20·02
Magnesia	6·78
Phosphoric acid	9·13
Potass	17·52
Soda	14·95
Sulphuric acid	2·76
	101·17

Deducting 1·82 for the equivalent of chlorine combined with the soda, gives 99·35 as the true result of the analysis; the analysis of the *digitalis purpurea*, or foxglove, gives the following as the components:

Carbonic acid	13·15
Chlorine	4·09
Carbon and sand	10·94
Oxide of iron	1·46
Silica	2·56
Sulphuric acid	2·84
Phosphoric acid	9·39
Lime	11·82
Magnesia	4·90
Potass	32·64
Soda	6·39
	100·20

Which, deducting 0·92 for the same reason as that given in the last example, leaves 99·28. It is remarkable that these plants contain more nitrogen than any other, so that their presence in the fields robs the farmer most seriously of what would conduce to the growth of his crops.

3. The most important facts in Professor Johnston's paper were: 1st, That the quantity of ash varied very much in different samples of the same part of a plant; some samples of wheat-straw, for example, leaving less than three, others as much as eighteen, per cent of ash when burned. 2d, That the several portions of the straw, the upper, the middle, and the lower portions, leave very different quantities of ash. In a wheat-straw, for example, the upper part of which left nearly nine, the lower left less than four, per cent; and in ripe wheat-straw, in general the upper part appears, from these experiments, to contain more inorganic matter than the lower part. The converse was, in many examples quoted, the case with oats, as it was also with bean-straw. Other plants were adverted to, in which similar differences were observed. This fact was stated to be very interesting in reference both to vegetable physiology and to practical agriculture: only that inorganic matter which is found in all straw can be essential to its existence; and in determining from the constitution of its ash what a plant requires to be manured with, we must consider only what is absolutely essential to its healthy growth. Professor Johnston then stated that the quality or chemical constitution of the ash left by different parts of the straw and leaf were also different—a fact which, he said, would be more fully illustrated in the succeeding paper of Mr. Norton.

4. Mr. Norton presented some results of an elaborate examination of the *oat*, in which he had been engaged during the past year. He had found the inorganic matter to vary both in quantity and in quality in the several parts of the plant, and in different portions of the same part. The differences stated in this valuable paper were very remarkable, and shewed how far our knowledge of the nature and functions of the ash of plants still is from being complete, and how much light is likely to be thrown upon practical agriculture by the farther prosecution of the subject. Mr. Norton recommended that the analysis should be conducted separately on the stem, the knots, and the leaves.

5. The communication from Mr. Way was on the determination of the phosphoric acid in the ashes of plants, in which he recommended the adoption of the methods of Will and Berthier united.

6. Dr. Dieffenbach, having received a communication from Professor Liebig regarding mineral manures, which should have been laid before the British Association, but which had reached him by mistake in an incomplete state, proceeded to give some account of experiments which he had been lately carrying on with Professor Knapp, to shew the practicability of combining all the elements which the plants remove from the soil into a compound less soluble than guano, and supplying that in which the latter is deficient, especially alkalis. These experiments had been successful, as far as the manufacture went, in obtaining highly crystalline salts, of solubility well adapted to our climates. Professor Dieffenbach then gave a brief account of the composition of the mineral manure lately patented in this country by Professor Liebig. It is produced by melting together the phosphates, sulphates, and other salts, in such proportions as to make up a mixture which shall contain all that the plant is likely to require. They are so fused together in order that they may dissolve less rapidly in the soil, and be less likely therefore to be washed away by the rains. Dr. Dieffenbach referred to the importance of the experiments to practical agriculturists, and expressed a wish that this manure should be tried, in order to put to the test of practice and experiment the truth of Professor Liebig's theories regarding the nourishment of plants. These several papers led to some interesting discussion.

7. Mr. Solly exhibited a specimen of the gutta percha, and pointed out its properties. It could be obtained in large quantities in Singapore, and used as a substitute for horn and wood. It is procured from a tree which is cut down for that purpose. It is insoluble in water, will melt at a temperature of 140° to 160°, and pieces may then be amalgamated to any extent: it is elastic in its nature, but will not contract of itself when the force used to extend it is removed. Mr. Solly exhibited a walking-stick and riding-whip made of it, and shewed how applicable it must be in many of the useful arts, and particularly where leather was employed. He finally appealed to Mr. Whishaw (the zealous secretary to the Society of Arts, who was present) to corroborate his views. Mr. Whishaw rose with considerable anger, and charged Mr. Solly with having obtained his information respecting the gutta percha as a governor of the Society of Arts, and having no right to bring it forward as a communication at the British Association. An account was preparing for publication in their forthcoming volume of Transactions, and it was a breach of confidence to anticipate the statements. The matter had been made known to the society above a year ago by Dr. Montgomery, who had their gold medal awarded to him for it: and he reclaimed the paper as their property. A sharp conversation ensued, during which we were glad to see the Whip and Stick of the article in question retained near the chair. One gentleman thought the Society of Arts rightly served for their delay in publishing a notice of what would be so useful to the public, and said the section were much obliged to Mr. Solly for the information he had given them. Mr. Whishaw: "The British Association may be; but the Society of Arts will not!" The dispute then dropt.*

8. Read at two meetings, and a full report being prepared, as the subject of working iron is of great practical and commercial importance.—*Ed. L. G.*

SECTION C.—(*Geology and Physical Geography.*)

1. Schomburgk (Sir R.) on the Lake Parima, the El Dorado of Sir Walter Raleigh, and the geography of Guiana, illustrated by maps and drawings.
2. Cumming (Rev. J. G.) on posidonia schist amidst trappean beds, and on traces of drift ice in the south of the Isle of Man.
3. Forbes (Prof. E.) and Spratt (Lieut.) on a remarkable phenomenon connected with the freshwater tertiary of the island of Cos.
4. Forbes (Prof. E.), communication from the dredging committee.
5. Charlesworth (E.) on the occurrence of the genus *Mososaurus* in the Kentish chalk, and on the discovery of flint within the pulp cavities of its teeth.
6. Carter (J.) on the remains of an *Ichthyosaurus* recently discovered in the chalk of Cambridge.

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* *Apropos* of this substance, by referring to the *Lit. Gaz.*, No. 1470, it will be found accurately described. —*Ed. L. G.*

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7. Strickland (H. E.) on recent additions to our knowledge of fossil insects from the Wealden and Oolitic systems.

8. Strickland (H. E.), to exhibit some drawings of footsteps from the new red sandstone of Corncockle Muir.

1. No popular illusion ever occasioned such a waste of human life as the expeditions in search of El Dorado. The name of our chivalric and unfortunate Raleigh is closely connected with it; and as the locality of the fable was shifted to Guiana, he either undertook himself or caused four expeditions to be undertaken, which had for their object to achieve the discovery of the capital of El Dorado, called Manoa, and paid the failure with his life. After generations of fable, Humboldt, partly by personal investigation, partly by deep reasoning, proved that such an inland lake could not exist. Nevertheless, a Mr. Van Heuvel has lately attempted to restore it, and a map of Guiana which accompanies his work on El Dorado exhibits again the Laguna de Parima. Sir R. Schomburgk demonstrated from his map (which covers a hundred square feet, and which was constructed upon his astronomical observations during his exploring tours in Guiana from 1835 to 1843) that such a lake could not exist, and that M. de Humboldt, with his general sagacity, had likewise in this regard arrived at correct conclusions. He dwelt afterwards upon some of the most striking points in the geography of Guiana, referred to its fertility, and regretted that he did not consider the climate favourable to a European constitution; and he wished that it should go forth as his opinion that an inhabitant from the northern parts of Europe was not able to labour in the open air under the tropics. His assertion is borne out by all attempts which have been made hitherto to settle European labourers in Guiana, St. Lucia, Guatemala, Jamaica, &c.

Guiana, comprising the possessions of Great Britain and the other European powers, contains 690,000 square miles, and is bounded by the Amazon and the Orinoco. By means of that remarkable canal, the Casiquiare, which connects the Orinoco with the Rio Negro and the Amazon, it may be circumnavigated. With the assistance of short portages over land, starting in a canoe from Demerara, the mouth of the Rio Plata, Cuzco, Lima, Santa Fé de Bogota may be reached by inland navigation. The highest mountains in Guiana are, the Maravacca, which is about 11,000 feet, and Roraime about 8000 feet above the sea. The largest river in British Guiana is the Essequibo; its length is computed at 650 miles, and it drains an area of 42,800 square miles.

A conversation ensued, in which it appeared that there was a branch river between the Amazon and Orinoco, as stated by Humboldt.

2. The rev. gentleman exhibited some of the black limestone or schist, and stated that the steps at the entrance of St. Paul's were composed of it, and that they were presented by Bishop Wilson. He then described the geology of the island, traced out the basin in which the schist had been deposited in the shape of black mud, and then exhibited some deep scratches in its surface in parallel lines, which he attributed to the boulders with which the top was strewed being rubbed against the substance while frozen into icebergs. The older limestone very much resembles the limestone of Ireland. Some curious phenomena were next explained, as the occurrence of strata of limestones of 50 or 60, and another from 120 to 130 feet in thickness; and some peculiar circumstances, as the formation of a number of little troughs, which were filled with volcanic ashes, the trap getting in between the sandstone and schist. He also stated his opinion that the Isle of Man was formerly three or more islands, and gave his reasons for supposing it had an arctic climate. The paper was illustrated by an extensive and well-defined geological map of the island.

Mr. Lyell mentioned similar instances to those of the parallel scratches he had met with in Canada and Nova Scotia, where rocks had been graven by pebbles frozen into icebergs, and where glaciers were out of the question, because the mountains were not of sufficient height. On the shores of the Bay of Fundy he had met with similar corroborations.

It was suggested that the scratches might have been produced by the pebbles being inserted in masses of mud, which seemed to have existed, sliding down the rocks. Blows from icebergs would not produce these scratches, which were nearly parallel lines; and Professor Sedgwick was inclined to the *mud glacier*, which he thought carried the day.

3. Prof. E. Forbes, illustrating his subject by a large coloured drawing, described this remarkable decline of organic structure, which bears strikingly on the great dispute of the day, as to transmutation of species, or new creations. In the island of Cos there is an extensive deposit of fresh-water tertiary, apparently agreeing in age with the fresh-water tertiaries of Lycia, which the authors had shewn to be of an age subsequent to the miocene, and certainly of older date than the newer pliocene period, as these fresh-water beds are anterior to, and form the unconformable walls of, a well-defined marine formation, containing numerous newer pliocene fossils. In the fresh-water strata are found abundant and well-preserved shells of the genera *paludina*, *neritina*, *melanopsis*, *melania*, *valvata*, and *unio*. Examples of the first three of these genera are most numerous, and are found throughout the vertical extent of the formation, distributed in three successive series of horizons. In each of these horizons is a species of *paludina* and of *neritina*, and in each of the two lower ones are two species of *melanopsis*. The lowermost species of each genus are smooth, those of the centre partially plicated, and those of the upper part strongly and regularly ribbed. The forms of the examples of these several genera in the several zones are so very distinct and well marked, that at first examination it would appear that each series of horizons was characterised by a *paludina*, *neritina*, and *melanopsis* peculiar to itself and representative of each other—a very strange phenomenon in so limited an area. If the species are regarded as distinct, either such a conclusion must be come to, involving the supposition of a succession of creations and extinctions during the (geologically) short period in which the lake existed, or a transmutation of species must be held.

The authors propose the following solution of this geological problem, without having recourse to such extreme suppositions. In the uppermost part of these beds there is evidence of the influx of the sea, converting the fresh into brackish water. The *cardum edule* occurs there. Finding that the smooth shells of several existing mollusca under such conditions become distorted and plicated, they are inclined to refer the apparent changes of character and appearance of new species to such a cause, and to regard the three *paludinæ* as one species; so also with the other genera. Referring to the fact made known by Mr. Forbes, that races of mollusca cannot remain for more than a limited time on the same horizontal area, though they may reappear when the ground is sufficiently changed—their embryos, which have been swimming free under a rudimentary and pleropodous form, in the mean time developing themselves on the new ground,—the authors hold that, by the time the ground was renewed for the development of the progeny of the lowermost of the *paludinæ* for instance, the composition of the water had changed so far as to affect, though not destroy, their form during their development; and that this was again and still more the case when the germs of the middle *paludinæ*, &c., assumed the last form under which the several species appeared.

4. Prof. E. Forbes's brief report of the dredging committee (also previously given in Sect. D. on Saturday, see note, p. 456) requires no further notice (especially as a sum has been voted for a detailed account next year), than that a coral, *Turbinalia Milletiana*, hitherto known only as a fossil of the crag and eocene tertiaries, has been taken alive by Mr. M'Andrew, off the Scilly Isles, in forty-six fathoms water; and that a new and very remarkable fish, which has been named the *Amphioxus*, has been discovered. [We believe, though classed with vertebrate and cerebrate animals, that neither vertebræ nor brain can be detected in this singular creature.—*Ed. L. G.*]

5. Mr. Charlesworth exhibited to the section a portion of a reptilian jaw found in one of the chalk quarries on the banks of the Thames, and pointed out its generic identity with the mososaurus, or great fossil lizard of Maestricht. This specimen he regarded as a great acquisition to the science of palæontology, because its characters clearly entitled it to specific distinction, and it thus added another form to the mososaurian type, previously represented by only a single species. Prof. Owen had proposed to place it in a separate genus, under the name Leiodon; but Mr. Charlesworth totally differed from him in the propriety of this separation, and proposed to retain the English fossil in the genus *Mososaurus*, with the specific name *stenodon* (narrow-toothed). He then proceeded to detail to the meeting a curious discovery which this fossil had brought to light in the history of flint. He had cut through the jaw, in the expectation of finding fresh teeth in progress of formation, when the transverse section made for this purpose exposed a nodule of black flint deposited in the pulp cavity of the tooth, and filling the extension of this cavity downwards into the jaw; but no traces of flint whatever were to be detected in the cancellated structure of the bone itself. Upon further examination, all the pulp cavities were found filled with flint in the same manner. This circumstance must he regarded as one of the most valuable discoveries yet made known in the history of flint, because it proved to demonstration that the mineral matter, before its deposition, must have been in a state of solution, or it could not have permeated the bony material of the jaw. He then gave a sketch of the views which various chemists or geologists had advanced to explain the formation of flint in chalk, more especially those of Ehrenberg and Mr. Bowerbank, and shewed how impossible it was to reconcile the theories of either of these investigators with the facts which he had detailed.

Prof. Sedgwick said, this discovery would throw great light upon the theory of the formation of flinty matter.

6. Mr. Carter of Cambridge displayed a fine fossil which he had recently procured from the lower chalk of Cambridge, and which consisted of the anterior portion of the head and

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parts of the upper and lower jaws of a very large saurian animal belonging to the genus *Ichthyosaurus*. Hitherto only detached teeth and bones of this genus of reptiles had been found in the cretaceous formation; and the characters by which it was distinguished from any of those previously described were detailed by Mr. C. at considerable length. The most striking of these were the peculiarly quadrate shape of the fangs of the upper teeth, the remarkable curvature of those of the lower jaw, and the difference in size between the upper and lower teeth, the latter being considerably the smaller. The name which Mr. C. proposed for this new species was *Ichthyosaurus campylodon*, in reference to the curved form of the lower teeth. Mr. C. also remarked that the discovery of this specimen was particularly interesting, as it proved that the *Ichthyosaurus* of the chalk was different from any of the species found in the lias and oolitic formations, and so far confirmed the observations of geologists, that hitherto no fossil has been discovered which was common to any two great geological formations.

Prof. Sedgwick commented at considerable length on the specimen, and he fully agreed with Mr. C. that it belonged to the genus *Ichthyosaurus*, and also believed it to be an entirely new species.

Dr. Buckland and Sir H. de la Beche also spoke on the subject; and

Mr. Charlesworth remarked, that this fossil proved the extreme caution which ought to be exercised in admitting genera that are established only upon the characters of detached teeth; as in this instance, if the jaws had not been discovered with some of the teeth *in situ*, no one would have supposed these teeth to be those of an *ichthyosaurus*.

7. The principal object of Mr. Strickland's paper was to make known the fact, that nearly all the fossil insects discovered in the different strata were referrible to existing forms, and to call public attention to the explanation given by the Rev. Mr. Brodie in his recently published work of the finding of fossil insects belonging to temperate or arctic climates along with fossils clearly belonging to the hottest climates; the explanation was their being drifted by the streams from the mountains to the sea.

8. This paper, also by Mr. Strickland, pointed out the singular fact, that in this formation there were such a number of impressions to be found, that, at the time the process of formation was going on, there must have been a considerable *fauna*, although not a single bone had been discovered.

COLLEGE FOR CIVIL ENGINEERS.

The yearly distribution of prizes took place at Putney on Tuesday last; which (through inadvertence) we failed to attend. The chair was taken by the Hon. R. E. Howard, Lord Devon not arriving till near the conclusion of the business. The report of the principal, the Rev. M. Cowie, gave a very favourable account of the working of the institution, the good conduct and improvement of the pupils, and the general prosperity of the establishment. The prizes for superior proficiency in mathematics, the manufacture of iron, ventilation, chemistry, geodesy, machinery, classics and modern languages, geography, &c., were then presented, with appropriate remarks. The whole went off well; but the *Times* newspaper states, that notwithstanding these appearances, there is something rotten in the state of Denmark concealed from the public, and which must be remedied before the design can succeed according to its earlier promise.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Cambridge, *June* 28.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. J. E. Bromby, St. John's College.

Bachelor in the Civil Law.—Rev. J. Gillbanks, St. John's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Jefferson, R. L. King, St. John's College.

Ad eundem.—R. S. Ireland, M.A., Trinity College, Dublin.

June 30.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. E. J. Raines, Queen's College, grand compounder; Rev. H. Sewell, St. Peter's College.

Bachelors in the Civil Law.—D. H. Cotes, Catherine Hall; W. H. Cooper, F. Howes, Trinity Hall.

Bachelor in Arts.—T. Howarth, St. John's College.

Ad eundem.—G. N. Barrow, M.A., University College, Oxford; T. Brancker, M.A., C. Nevinson, M.A., Wadham College, Oxford.

July 1, *Commencement-day.*—The following Doctors and Masters of Arts were created:—

Doctors in Divinity.—Rev. T. F. Layng, Sidney Sussex College; Rev. R. Hayne, St. Peter's College, grand compounder.

Doctor in Physic.—W. F. Price, Emmanuel College, grand compounder.

Masters of Arts.—A. Williams, W. F. Witts, grand compounder, King's College; G. D. Dawes, R. Hamilton, A. Leith, T. A. L. Marsden, T. Mills, J. M. Neale, T. Sheepshanks, S. Smith, E. K. Tenison, grand compounders, B. Babington, C. W. Blunt, E. E. Bowes, N. Bridges, G. Brimley, J. B. R. Bulwer, T. H. B. Bund, W. J. Butler, A. Caley, E. A. P. Campbell, S. Charles, J. Cockle, W. Crouch, G. H. Deffell, G. Denman, J. F. Fenn, W. Felgate, E. G. Griffith, E. S. E. Hartopp, E. J. Hawker, H. W. Hodgson, R. M. Hutchins, J. W. Irving, J. Kinder, T. Lighton, J. G. Lonsdale, A. W. Mactier, H. Mansfield, E. Marston, C. M. McNeven, H. A. J. Munro, J. G. C. L. Newnham, W. W. Newbould, G. B. Norman, G. D. W. Ommaney, J. Riley, E. A. Sandford, R. W. Sheldon, W. H. Sherer, B. F. Smith, H. B. Smith, D. Thompson, C. J. Thrupp, T. Troughton, I. B. Turner, G. Wagner, B. Webb, G. F. Williamson, T. L. Yeoman, Trinity College; J. Fleming, P. Jennings, W. Kerry, J. M. Pratt, O. E. Vidal, grand compounders, G. H. Angier, C. Bird, J. Buckham, C. Charlton, J. H. Clubbe, E. W. Cook, J. Davies, H. W. De Winton, T. Drake, J. T. Exley, H. Fenwicke, J. Green, T. Greenwell, W. B. Hewson, R. Hey, J. S. Hiley, R. Inchbald, W. H. Johnstone, H. Langdon, D. P. Lewis, W. E. Light, W. A. Mackinnon, C. L. Maltby, H. J. Marshall, C. Mayor, R. B. Mayor, W. J. Metcalfe, J. A. Moore, F. Morse, H. S. Mott, H. Parnell, J. Penny, C. F. Rothery, H. C. Rothery, R. J. Rowton, T. J. Rowsell, C. Sangster, C. T. Simpson, W. Smithson, J. Stansfield, J. H. Vidal, T. Vincent, B. Whitelock, W. G. Wilson, St. John's College; A. W. Hall, W. Wright, grand compounders, W. Austin, A. F. Boucher, H. V. Broughton, F. Fuller, J. Gordon, F. Haggitt, F. P. Pocock, St. Peter's College; H. S. Matthews, grand compounder, E. Atkinson, R. J. P. Broughton, J. Earle, C. J. G. Jones, J. Taddy, A. Wolfe, B. W. Wright, Clare Hall; S. Cumming, F. G. Nash, P. F. Shortland, E. Venables, J. R. Woodford, Pembroke College; W. S. Chalk, R. S. Eastwood, grand compounders, B. J. Armstrong, H. C. Barker, W. B. Brett, C. S. Caffin, A. Hamilton, T. G. P. Hough, T. T. Leete, E. W. Montague, R. S. Smith, J. B. Turner, R. R. Walpole, Caius College; H. E. Rackham, Trinity Hall; J. Fenwick, grand compounder, W. Bishop, M. Booth, B. Cobb, W. S. Dumergue, T. K. Drake, R. Foster, W. Gower, G. C. Gordon, D. S. Hodgson, G. Jarvis, J. B. Johnson, T. G. Ragland, J. B. Webb, Corpus Christi College; S. Alford, grand compounder, C. Clarke, W. Elliott, R. H. Killick, R. W. Stevens, J. Till, Queen's College; H. E. Bullivant, T. G. Fearne, M. I. Finch, W. H. Parr, C. Richson, W. Shackleton, W. Waller, Catherine Hall; J. M. Ridley, grand compounder, C. T. J. Blake, R. Lloyd, R. G. Peter, A. Westmorland, Jesus College; H. G. Bailey, R. Burgess, J. Griffith, S. K. Swann, E. H. Vaughan, Christ's College; C. H. G. Butson, J. B. Harrison, F. L. Spinks, G. H. Stevens, Magdalene College; C. Parker, W. B. Young, grand compounders, R. Ainslie, H. M. Blakeston, S. R. Carter, W. Castlehow, C. J. Drage, A. Easther, E. Gillett, E. Grassett, J. Green, R. J. Harrison, L. L. Hogg, W. L. Onslow, G. Ridout, T. Tudball, C. Thornhill, S. H. Webster, Emmanuel College; W. G. Goodchild, grand compounder, W. R. Ick, Sidney College; J C. Conybeare, E. B. Wheatley, Downing College.

The following gentlemen had previously been admitted to the degree of Masters of Arts, but did not present themselves for creation on Tuesday last:—

G. B. Allen, T. I. Barstow, W. W. Blackwell, G. Boden, W. N. Harriott, E. O. Morgan, T. Preston, O. Robinson, J. W. Stockdale, G. N. Vansittart, grand compounder, Trinity College; C. Brady, S. Doria, T. S. Evans, C. Gilmore (incorp.), T. H. N. Hill, J. Kempthorne, W. Laing, H. F. Mogridge, J. R. Pitman, J. H. Sharples, T. J. E. Steele, B. Wake, A. Wrigley, grand compounder, St. John's College; R. L. Allnutt, grand compounder, C. W. Green, J. H. Titcomb, St. Peter's College; J. T. W. Barker, W. C. Green, Clare Hall; J. Jagg, Pembroke College; W. L. Scott, R. Woosnam, grand compounder, Caius College; H. Parker, R. Surtees, Corpus Christi College; T. Bennett, T. B. Foulkes, J. Harrison, J. C. Street, Queen's College; J. A. Ashley, T. F. Eade, Jesus College; M. S. Cole, J. C. Dean, L. Spencer, Christ's College; J. D. Raven, Magdalene College; W. Baxter, J. W. Clarke, Sidney College.

July 2.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—A. H. Frost, T. R. Wyer, St. John's College; T. B. Parkinson, grand compounder, Queen's College.

Ad eundem.—Sir W. R. Hamilton, LL.D., W. M. H. Williams, M.A., Trinity College, Dublin; W. S. Newman, M.A., Wadham College, Oxford.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL CONVERSAZIONE.

The third evening meeting at Mr. Pettigrew's (the treasurer's), on Wednesday evening, was fully attended, and among others by Lord A. Conyngham, the president, and leading members of the Association, not only in London, but from distances in the country, which, but for railroads, would make such visits impossible. Many interesting drawings and beautiful rubbings of brasses were exhibited; and the conversation, apart from them and other objects of antiquity, related chiefly to the approaching meeting at Winchester, the programme of which appears in another page of the *Gazette*. Upon this we may remark, that we have a higher relish, by anticipation, for such contributions to be read and works done, than for any parade of names; and we think the Association has acted wisely in adopting this course, and promulgating what is to be its business among the ancient remains and records of Winchester and Southampton. There will be instruction as well as pleasure; and archæology will flourish in the restoration to light of British, Roman, Saxon, and medieval antiquities, whilst varied excursions and entertainments are prepared to relieve what is studious by what is social and delightful.

Being on this subject, we may revert to Mr. Way's correspondence in our No. 1455, to which we have not found time to give the attention we purposed. From the slight inquiry we could devote to it we learn, that the lady in the west of England had herself made the mistake there alluded to, and into which she was betrayed by her name appearing in their Journal, No. 5, where they not very ingenuously published a list of *all* the members of the Association, as if they had adhered to their offshoot and division.

With respect to the three members who were reported to have paid them by mistake, we were offered their names at the time; and have had no opportunity since of ascertaining them.

Regarding the Rev. John Hodgson, we have been favoured with the following explanation from Mr. Roach Smith; and from which it would appear that they had obtained his name through a blunder, and that he really belonged to the other side.

The Rev. Mr. Hodgson *was proposed a member by Mr. Smith*, who had long been in friendly correspondence with him. Mr. Smith *also* proposed him as a *local member of the Central Committee* long ago; and we believe that Mr. Hodgson never corresponded with, or was known to, *any other officer* of the committee. His letters to Mr. Smith shew that his heart was entirely with *the* Association; in them be states his concurrence with those members who called the general meeting; and, immediately after, he

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wrote to Mr. Smith, desiring to be confirmed in the list of adherents to the legitimate body as a corresponding member. A short time before his death, he ordered Mr. Smith to make some trifling alterations in his style in the printed papers in which his name appears as member of the local committee; and although he may have been deceived by an individual (who was never a member of the Association) addressing him on the same subject, it is clear that the learned and reverend gentleman was not deceived as to which was the *real Association*; for, only a few days before his death, he wrote most kindly to Mr. Smith, and stated that, although he feared he himself, from ill health, could not contribute towards the Winchester meeting, yet he trusted to be able to forward a paper by the assistance of some friends in his neighbourhood.

Mr. Hodgson may have known Mr. Turner as a private friend; but he could never have understood him to be in authority in the British Archæological Association, as he was never even a member, and was totally unknown to the Association. It is said he is a paid secretary to the new society, Mr. Way being unable to do even the trifling work that fell to his lot as secretary.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

The den or cellar in which the sculpture of the year is placed, not exhibited, renders it impossible to do justice to what is consigned to that gloomy cell. As in the octagon-room of paintings up-stairs, we must grope our way, and criticise by touch almost as much as by sight. Probably it may be owing to this circumstance that the collection *appears* to us to be below, rather than above, the average standard of merit; that is to say, there are fewer works which stand prominently forward to claim our especial admiration. Yet we have names almost new to us, young and rising men, whose productions shew satisfactorily that they are on the advance; and therefore, when we complain of the want of merit, it must be understood that we mean statues and groups; for we have, as heretofore, plenty, perhaps more than plenty, of busts. There are amongst them some very fine ones; nor is the want of higher art a matter for much surprise, when we remember the inducement held out (in preference to this dreary receptacle) for Westminster Hall.

No. 1324 is the first completed of the three commissions given by the government; namely, a marble statue of Sir Sidney Smith. T. Kirk (whose death we mentioned since the opening of the Exhibition).—And if the execution in marble had equalled the modelling, which can be traced as very spirited, it must have been acknowledged to be one of the finest of its class.

No. 1325. A marble statue of the Marquis Wellesley, representing his lordship at that period of life when governor-general of India. H. Weekes.—And it also represents his lordship at that period of life when he could enjoy a quadrille, for which he seems to be preparing. It has, nevertheless, the merit of careful execution, though quite deficient in that character which would become the subject and the high office he held. When the model was exhibited at Westminster Hall, we said it was a gentlemanly figure, and the head from Nollekins; such it appears to us still to be.

No. 1338. Marble statue of Dr. Goodall, by the same, is very like, but very heavy. There is too much of the same tone of colour about it, owing to the want of relief, for the provost's gown is not made the most of. Mr. Weekes has 1460, a bust of His Grace the Duke of Richmond, very fine; and 1469, the late Charles Greenlaw, for Calcutta, is to our mind a first-rate bust.

No. 1326. A half-size model of a statue in honour of Lord Metcalfe, for Jamaica. E. H. Baily, R.A.—This does not give the slightest idea of the size or dignity of the marble, which we saw during its progress, and were pleased to see so excellent a statue to so excellent a man; nevertheless, this small model has a merit over some other portrait-statues, viz. that it really is standing.

No. 1327. Statue in marble of "A Nymph preparing for the Bath." By the same.—This is the oft-told subject; but it is very charming, for it belongs to the highest school of art, and possesses all that justness of proportion, elegance of carriage, and grace of form, for which its gifted author stands so pre-eminent. Baily has almost formed our school of female beauty; and of this school we see in the nymph before us an admirable specimen.

No. 1442. Bust of T. J. Judkin, M.A. Also by Baily.—A fine characteristic head, and very like.

No. 1329. "Paul and Virginia." W. C. Marshall, A.—This is one of the most attractive groups in the room. Though it is not of the most elevated class of art, it yet belongs to a class which all can feel; and it must find favour in the eyes of every lover of the purely beautiful: in the first place, from the incident which it tells so forcibly; and, in the next place, from the grace and fear of Virginia, and the boyish energy of Paul. Then, again, we have admirable composition and careful execution; and the whole crowned by as choice a piece of marble as ever rewarded a sculptor's labours. Lord F. Egerton is fortunate in being its possessor.

No. 1333. "The First Whisper of Love." By the same.—This is not so thoroughly successful as the marble group; there are parts that shew the want of study; the girl is a little too womanish, and the hands lack refinement. There is much to admire in this very pretty thought; and, when translated into marble, we trust more care will be bestowed upon it.

No. 1330. Marble statue of Her Majesty, for the new Royal Exchange. S. G. Lough.—If we had not seen this imposing figure of royalty before, we could not have made it out here. As it is, we have only to refer to our former accounts of its skilful adaptation for the position it was destined to occupy, and its high deserts as a monument of art.

No. 1334. The "Lady Macbeth," by the same, has also previously received an exalted meed of praise.

No. 1335. "A recumbent figure of Dr. Southey; being part of the monument about to be erected to him in Keswick Church." By the same.—The likeness of the departed poet is perhaps the best that has been executed to transmit his features to future ages; and, peacefully reclining in the rural church, amid the scenery he loved and adorned in life, this grateful memorial will, at the same time, recall the excellence of the artist chosen to impart to the stone the natural resemblance of the sleeper below. 1435, 1436. The latter a fine bust of Southey; and the former a yet more striking one of the late Lord Collingwood, by the same.

No. 1331. Marble statue of "A Dancing Nymph." J. Gott.—Although we have here a great flutter of drapery, and limbs in all directions, to give lightness and action, yet the statue is lifeless. There is a want of that buoyancy and vitality required to make it an acceptable figure. The coloured armlets, and tawdry fringe to the drapery, and its gilt triangle, evinces a total depravity of taste.

No. 1332. Marble statue of Psyche. W. Theed.—So much do we prefer even a part that is good to a bad whole, that were this Psyche in our possession, the head and arms should be knocked away, and we would only have the torso. If those two latter figures be specimens of what a residence in Italy will do, our advice would be, "Touch not classic ground, but study homely English."

No. 1336. "Cupid," a statue in marble. P. MacDowell, A.—The head does not appear to us exactly to express the same age and character as the rest of the figure, though it is so very clever, very arch, and very roguish, that it produces a smile upon the face of all who look at it. It strikes us as that of a boy about 10 years old, while the other portions are those of a lad of 15 or 16; but possibly Cupid's form developed more early than those of human beings. The marble and execution are both exquisite, and the performance altogether is greatly and justly admired.

No. 1452. Marble bust of James Hartley, Esq. The same.—A most characteristic head of the intelligent and respected merchant; whose services in advancing the interests and welfare of his native Ireland make him a public man whose effigies well deserve a marble perpetuity like this.

No. 1337. A marble statue of the late Col. Conway. J. Ternouth.—Poor and feeble.

No. 1339. "His Majesty Louis Philippe." J. E. Jones.—Here we pause with wonder,—this is a most excellent bust;—we say with wonder, for we vividly remember how severe we were upon the productions of this gentleman last year; and remembering that critique, and the works which called it forth, we cannot but now express our astonishment at the vast change and improvement in the works before us. The doctrine has been preached time out of mind, that it is essential in the first place to have the genius to create, and the talent to produce is only to be acquired by years and years of close application:—then how is this, that, in contradistinction to last year, we have from Mr. Jones' hands several busts among the finest in the exhibition? "The King of the French" is a fine artistically-arranged portrait. 1364. "Earl of Scarborough," and 1372. "Lord Rossmore," are extremely spirited proofs of this. 1385. "Sir Wm. Magnay (as Lord Mayor)" is a beautiful performance, and the insignia of civic dignity treated with perfect taste and good effect. 1393 is a charming bust of the handsome Signora Favanti. 1417, a forcible likeness of Dr. Cooke Taylor; and 1456, an excellent resemblance of Lord Denman. The execution in all is of a superior order; and the artist is very happy in copying the features and expression of his originals.

No. 1349. "The Attendant Spirit and the Lady," from *Comus*. E. B. Stephens.—Two pretty bas-reliefs.

No. 1407. Bust of the Bishop of Exeter. 1408. Marble bust of Gen. Gage Hall. Both by the same.—The first is a good one, and there is something very fine about the head of General Hall. We could have wished the drapery had not been so hard and angular.

No. 1351. "Prometheus." S. Manning.—This is rather an ambitious figure in its anatomical display, but too small; for it is of that unfortunate size, whatever may be the merit, which always gives the idea of a little man.

No. 1363. "A Child's Attitude." J. Bell.—A very natural and pleasing study.

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No. 1386. Posthumous bust of Mrs. Prendergast. J. H. Foley.—A careful and very pleasing performance.

No. 1389. A Study. J. Durham.—Assuredly one of the sweetest things in the Gallery, and more than the promise of an artist whose forms of loveliness and grace and nature will (if he proceed as he has begun) be distinguished ornaments to our English school. The present is a charming specimen of the qualities we have indicated; and the modesty of the title has increased our admiration.

No. 1402. "His Grace the Archbishop of York." M. Noble.—Very like, and gives an earnest of talent.

No. 1439. Bust of Mr. Thorburn. J. Edwards.—An amusingly clever head of an amazingly clever man and most excellent painter.

Nos. 1370, 1380, 1391, 1440, 1446, 1462, and 1464, are seven busts by R. Westmacott, A. The chief of which are, Sir F. Burdett (posthumous), Mr. Packe, M.P., Major-General Lord W. Russell, the Rev. Lord Wriothesley Russell, and Mr. Gray, M.P. None of which are remarkable, nor treated in a style to require any particular comment.

No. 1448. An unfinished marble bust of Mrs. Legh, Cheshire. A. Gatley.—Very modest and ladylike, displaying much skill and feeling.

No. 1454. "The Countess of Chesterfield." W. Behnes.—Behnes has only this one, but it is a treat.

No. 1470. "Literature, a basso-relievo in marble, forming part of a monument in memory of the late Allan Cunningham." M. L. Watson.—This gentleman is fortunate in being awarded the same spot on the wall as he occupied last year, again the last in the catalogue, and the remembrance in consequence lingers upon the mind; and well it may—there is much purity and simplicity in the design, and a thorough knowledge of art in the treatment.

WESTMINSTER-HALL: FRESCOES, &c.

To bring up our detailed notice, and especially with reference to the slurring by or anomalous incongruities of costume in the historical subjects: of which *apropos* we must repeat, that we do not consider them to have been well chosen for the display of artists' powers.

No. 1. "Baptism of Ethelbert." W. B. Spence.—Here we have church-architecture over the heads of the saint who came to found churches, and the first king be persuaded to adopt his proposition. It must have been a miracle to have met with one so substantial, ready-built.

No. 2. "Religion," a coloured sketch, cartoon, &c. F. Fortt.—Three figures, in which poverty stands for simplicity.

No. 5. "Religion," &c. A. Aglio.—The allegorised religion in this composition is the ideal of the Bleeding Nun; and the animal symbols of the four evangelists and the black and white boys, though evincing some spirit, do not reconcile us to the general design.

No. 8. "Religion," &c. E. B. Morris.—The base represents Joseph reading the Scriptures (what Scriptures, since the New Testament had not been written?) to the Virgin and infant Jesus. Mary is a sad failure; and the only recommendation of the artist is to be found in his colouring. In this respect, we may here take the opportunity to say, there are hardly three pieces which can be called tolerable in the hall. The vast majority have draperies of the lowest browns and greens, and dirtiest reds, blues, and yellows; and the flesh in most of them resembles ill-tanned leather. These would be miserable in fresco-paintings.

No. 14. "Justice." J. Z. Bell.—Justice is a substantial broad-bottomed administration, and no abstract. The kneeling figure very fine. The whole is simple and well composed of three figures; with the shadowing form behind in the act of drawing a sword.

No. 17. "Prince Henry and Gascoigne." Alexander Blaikley.—What authority Mr. Blaikley has for his capped and wigged court (one like the late Lord Eldon), we know not; but sure we are that the cowls, if not the tippets, did not pertain to the place nor the period.

No. 23. "Justice." E. H. Wehnert.—There is an unlucky naked boy of the Hottentot genus in this cartoon, from which one cannot take the eye; and the whole allegory is crowded, or, as the description properly expresses it, "indiscriminately grouped together." The females are redundant in mammal charms—the whole confused and unsatisfactory.

No. 26. "Religion." No name, and a very queer performance.

No. 29. "Prince Henry," &c. W. Buss.—Noticed in our last, and only recalled to notice that here the artist has represented the judge in a cap and wearing a dagger, and the prince in full court-dress, both adorned with collars of S.S. and eagles pendant. Now, we hardly think the prince should have been so clothed; nor the officers of the King's Bench in mail-armour. Every artist seems to have adopted the style most suited to his fancy and talents; at any rate, all are different, as if there were no faithful record to reward research into the actual circumstances and costume of the age. Here we have spears; in another Lochaber-axes! and in a third such weapons as never belonged to any era or country.

No. 32. "Baptism of Ethelbert." J. Severn.—We could have desired greater firmness and decision in this well-designed group, in which the king is submitting to the rite (as he really did, according to Bede's history) in the open air. The sylvan scenery is pleasing and accordant; but again, we question the boys with the censer and salver, richly ornamented. These surely are the pages of a modern archbishop—not the attendants of apostles baptising in the fields, when Ethelbert and his subjects were plunged into the river Swale.

No. 44. "Ethelbert." E. H. Corbould.—The saint here is a bishop of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, with a mitre certainly not before that epoch. The costume throughout is mixed and erroneous.

No. 55. "Prince Henry," &c. W. Riviere.—The judge is blessed with a capacious head, and has two dogs at his feet, with heads of a magnitude to correspond. We have heard of the dogs of war, and of bloodhounds to hunt criminals; but this is the first instance we have encountered of mastiffs in a court of law.* Here also we have officers with naked limbs, the judge and prince in collars of crosses with St. George and the Dragon hanging to them, and the jailor apparently going to put the prince in irons. It is a strange variety of the subject.

No. 57. "The Black Prince," C. W. Cope (noticed before), who has three feathers emblazoned on his breast! The bishop a plain mitre! How justified?

No. 60. "Prince Henry," (also noticed before). R. Redgrave.—The prince wears his crown; an obvious absurdity. The judge in this has a purse as well as a dagger at his girdle.

No. 63. "Ethelbert." Dyce (noticed before).—The king is naked, and yet crowned; and the saint in an old yellow cloak; two features which detract from a beautiful composition of its kind.

No. 66. "Justice." R. Caunter.—Cannot be praised, nor

No. 69. "Religion," G. Smith, where the impersonation stands on a huge coiled serpent. Peace is a bacchante, and Mercy, Truth, and Righteousness, all alike meretricious.

No. 72. "Ethelbert." Frank Howard.—Not what we could have expected from his known abilities. The king's toe touching the water is a ludicrous morsel; and the queen is in the dress of seven or eight centuries later. The hair of the pages, and their garb altogether, are incongruous.

No. 75. "Justice," &c. Phil. Salter.—Resembles a slave-market. Justice is irreverently supported by our Saviour, as a type of the new law, Moses being the type of the old; and below we have the Genius of Britain, something like the Queen, said to be introducing religious liberty, but by no means to be discovered from the figures.

No. 79. "Religion," S. Bendixen, is likewise supported by the Old and New Testaments, the trio being *très jolies femmes*, of genuine flesh and blood, exceeding good-looking and very well painted. The want here is the want of the ideal: otherwise the work does credit to the artist.

No. 82. "Prince Henry." J. Bridges.—The prince is in a close jerkin or undress, and yet crowned and with a collar of S.S. There is a monk, but what doing there we cannot tell; for these religious individuals are not mere spectators. All the attitudes are bad; and the countenances of the man taking the sword, and the prince's companion, are ill imagined.

No. 88. "Justice." John Marshall.—The centre figure is a Meg Merrilies, and the allegory of Justice is stretching out his arms as if helpless and seeking aid. There is a substitute figure for an ancient wintry-looking gentleman in the original (representing the courts of civil law), but it is not much better than the first.

No. 92. "The Spirit of Chivalry," J. West, we do not understand. There is a giant armed knight asleep in the foreground, watched by a girl in considerable agitation; and above is a naked Colossus with a shield, and an arrow stuck in it, who is stated to be "stepping forward to protect the helpless and the oppressed." It would seem as if the man in shirt of mail might do it with less risk and more power than the large fellow without a shirt at all.

No. 95. "Justice." E. B. Morris.—Violent in gesture, with a copper-coloured figure among the whites in the foreground, for the sake of contrast. The angels' wings grow out of their clothes.

No. 98. "Justice," F. M. Brown, high German and grotesque (far beyond the Retzsch-like 85 of Tenniel).—A child is curiously tucked under the arm of an oppressed widow; but the whole is a mistake.

No. 102. "Chivalry." F. Howard.—The knight is seating a lady he has rescued on a horse, and his foot tramples on the ugly head of her oppressor, whom he has brought (thus literally) "to the foot of the throne."

No. 105. "Religion." H. Cook.—Above, below, all's ill. The anatomy is shocking; in

* The story of Judge Parke was the exception, when he told the officer not to clear out the little dog, which had been quite quiet and fixed his attention during the whole time of the trial.

the dead repulsive, and every where strained and disagreeable.

No. 108. "Justice," J. G. Weller, consists of three figures, one of them hid, and another writing; the meaning of which we cannot explain.

No. 111. "Justice." T. Y. Hurlstone.—Mercy, the prerogative of the crown, is pleading for a criminal bound below.

No. 114. W. Johnston, is the droll masquerade of Justice noticed last week, in which the poor lawyer, tumbled down in his wig, and the many-coloured pantaloon, are among the most amusing and observable features—the abstract of Justice aloft being balancing herself, instead of holding a balance, like all the rest of her brethren and sisterhood in the hall—it being remarkable that both sexes have been adopted by the artists, and both invariably hold the scales quite even.

Illustrations of the Rock-cut Temples of India. By J. Fergusson, Esq. London, J. Weale.

This production, so worthy of the grandeur and interest of its subject-matter, is a sequel to a communication by the author to the Asiatic Society; which having reported in the *Literary Gazette*, we hastily thought that it would not be necessary for us to go at large into the separate publication. But on looking into the magnificent folio plates with which Mr. Fergusson has illustrated his very valuable and important essay, and considering the ramifications of his bearing upon all the antiquities of Asia, we have felt bound to pause; and only throw out this brief notice lest it should be imagined that such a publication had not immediately attracted and fixed our attention. At present we can say no more, but repeat that the work is of first-rate consequence to the literature of our Indian empire.

Finden's Beauties of the Poets: Moore. Part II. Chapman and Hall.

The four plates in the present number are all very graceful and expressive: two of them, to our taste, particularly so. "The Evening Star," by F. Stone, is exquisitely sweet: it is the ideal of tenderness and beauty. Would the hands were more accurately finished; but the blemish is so slight as only to be noticeable where the head and countenance are so perfect. "Holy Eyes," by G. Middleton, is another excellence: the features even finer than in the preceding, and the expression not less true to the highest imaginings of the poet. The framework is also most elegant and appropriate. Of the other two subjects, though we can justly praise them much, we cannot speak with such entire approbation. "The Exile," by W. Frith, is sad and tearful, and her harp is neglected; but there is not much distinctive character in the face, and the drapery, though free and artistic, appears to us to be too loose for reality, and not redeemed by fancy. The hands, especially the prominent right hand, are ill drawn: the borders admirable. "The Irish Girl," A. Elmore, is replete with mirthful lineaments, large laughing eyes, and captivating bust. Our only exceptionable criticism is to the position or foreshortening of the left arm, which is made to cut across the latter delicious feature as if both sides were not alike; and there seems to be a partial defect in the distribution of the lights and shadows. Still it is one of the *truest* compositions in the series, and surrounded by an exceedingly pleasing border.

Four Views of Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope. Drawn from Nature. By T. W. Bowler. Large folio. Cape Town, J. H. Collard; London, J. Snow.

Four admirable lithographs, by Day and Haghe, affording a perfect picture of the splendid bay, the town, and the remarkable mountain background of the Cape. All who are interested in the locality must welcome the publication; but simply as a performance of art it is most deserving of a place in the portfolio of amateurs.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE TOMB OF L. E. L.*

"*May* 3.—At Cape Coast Castle. The landing is effected in large canoes, which convey passengers close to the rocks, safely and without being drenched, although the surf dashes fifty feet in height. There is a peculiar enjoyment in being raised, by an irresistible power beneath you, upon the tops of the high rollers, and then dropped into the profound hollow of the waves, as if to visit the bottom of the ocean, at whatever depth it might be. We landed at the castle-gate, and were ushered into the castle itself, where the commander of the troops received us in his apartment. I took the first opportunity to steal away, to look at the burial-place of L. E. L., who died here, after a residence of only two months, and within a year after becoming the wife of Governor McLean. A small white-marble tablet (inserted among the massive grey stones of the castle-wall, where it faces the area of the fort) bears the following inscription:—

Hic jacet sepultum
Omne quod mortale fuit
Letitiae Elizabethae McLean,
Quam, egregiâ ornatam indole,
Musis unicè amatam,
Omniumque amores secum trahentem,
In ipso aetatis flore,
Mors immatura rapuit,
Die Octobris xv., A. D. MDCCCXXXVIII.
Ætat. 36.

Quod spectas viator marmor,
Vanum heu doloris monumentum,
Conjux moerens erexit.

"The first thought that struck me was, the inappropriateness of the spot for a grave, and especially for the grave of a woman, and, most of all, a woman of poetic temperament. In the open area of the fort, at some distance from the castle-wall, the stone pavement had been removed in several spots, and replaced with plain tiles. Here lie buried some of the many British officers who have fallen victims to the deadly atmosphere of this region; and among them rests L. E. L. Her grave is distinguishable by the ten red tiles which cover it. Daily the tropic sunshine blazes down upon the spot. Daily, at the hour of parade, the peal of military music resounds above her head, and the garrison marches and countermarches through the area of the fortress, nor shuns to tread upon the ten red tiles, any more than upon the insensible stones of the pavement. It may be well for the fallen commander to be buried at his post, and sleep where the *réveille* and roll-call may be heard, and the tramp of his fellow-soldiers echo and re-echo over him. All this is in unison with his profession; the drum and trumpet are his perpetual requiem; the soldier's honourable tread leaves no indignity upon the dead warrior's dust. But who has a right to trample on a woman's breast? And what had L. E. L. to do with warlike parade? And wherefore was she buried beneath this scorching pavement, and not in the retired shadow of a garden, where seldom any footstep would come stealing through the grass, and pause before her tablet? There her heart, while in one sense it decayed, would burst forth afresh from the sod in a profusion of spontaneous flowers, such as her living fancy lavished throughout the world. But now no verdure nor blossom will ever grow upon her grave. If a man may ever indulge in sentiment, it is over the ashes of a woman whose poetry touched him in his early youth, while he yet cared anything about either sentiment or poetry. Thus much the reader will pardon. In reference to Mrs. McLean, it may be added that, subsequently to her unhappy death, different rumours were afloat as to its cause, some of them cruel to her own memory, others to the conduct of her husband. All these reports appear to have been equally and entirely unfounded. It is well established here that her death was accidental."

* From Wiley and Putnam's Library of American Books, *Journal of an Officer of the U. S. Navy*; and a work, though of slight pretensions, which appears to us to be as pleasant and intelligent a specimen of American literature, written in a candid, observant, and gentlemanly spirit, as has appeared since first the *Literary Gazette* welcomed Washington Irving to the British shore.

Subjoined is a translation of the epitaph for those not acquainted with the Latin text:—

Here lies buried
All that was mortal
Of Letitia Elizabeth McLean,
Whom, adorned with splendid intellect,
Dearly beloved by the Muses,
And attracting around her the affections of all,
In the very flower of her age,
Premature death snatched away,
Oct. 15, 1838,
Aged 36.

Traveller, the marble which thou beholdest,
Imperfect monument, alas! of his grief,
Her sorrowing husband erected.

THE DRAMA.

Adelphi.—*Marie Ducange* has been revived here; and Wright supplies the place of poor Wrench, so happy in the character of *Prong*. It is hardly needful to say, that he is most successful in the part; for the stage does not boast a more humorous actor in farce or low comedy. His talent for keeping audiences in the merriest of merry moods, from the beginning to the end of a piece, has full scope in *Marie Ducange*.

Lyceum.—The succession, and we are glad to add the general merit and success, of novelties at this theatre reflects great credit on the taste and enterprise of Mrs. and Mr. Keeley. A new piece, called *An Object of Interest*, has been produced this week, with a part well suited to the versatile talent of the former, and in which she diverts the audience from beginning to end by her whimsical adaptation of herself to the varying situations in which she is the *Object* designated by the title. Nothing can be more true to life, nor more humorous. There is not much in the rest.

Princess's.—In the *Syren*, played here last week and since repeated, the part of *Zerlina* was sustained by Miss Georgiana Smithson, a *débutante* new to the stage. She possesses a nice clear soprano voice, is young, pretty, and a very pleasing actress.

Adelaide Gallery.—We are glad to find that under the new proprietary the Adelaide Gallery is returning, in some degree at least, to its original and more legitimate objects, and that spirit rightly directed is visible in the management. These remarks are called forth by an invitation and visit this week to see a working model of Pilbrow's atmospheric railway. No expense seems to have been spared in the laying down of the line, with its closed tube, working pinions, the fitting-up of the carriage with its ratchet-rod, the exhausting apparatus, &c.—(we have already described the

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principle, when a model was exhibited at the Marquis of Northampton's *soirée.*) On the floor and round the gallery is also Kohlman's patent railway and working model. These novelties on a working scale are attracting many visitors.

VARIETIES.

Joseph Augustine Wade.—It is with deep emotion we record the deplorable death of this accomplished individual; a fine musician, a pleasing poet, and no mean scholar. He died at his lodging, 340 Strand, on Tuesday, under the most distressing circumstances, having suffered a long and severe illness, ending in mental derangement, brought on by incessant study, and, we fear, by habits or feelings which made the destructive resource to opium but too acceptable. Mr. Wade's musical compositions and poetical and other literary productions were of a high and pure order, nearly allied to that genius which is too much for the oppressed mind to struggle with. He has left a widow and two children utterly destitute, threatened with an execution for rent, and without the means of burying his remains! It is a sad world where such fatal wrecks are made of every earthly hope and happiness!

John Adolphus, Esq.—The death of this learned gentleman, the author of the *History of the Reign of George III.* and other valuable works, is announced in the newspapers of yesterday. He died suddenly at the residence of his son. We are informed that he complained of heaviness and thirst, and on attempting to swallow a glass of water, expired without a struggle. Mr. Adolphus was seventy-six years of age; and had mixed constantly with busy life and literary men for more than half a century; first as a solicitor, and afterwards as a barrister.

General Jackson, alias "Old Hiccory," the ex-American president, an individual throughout life very hostile to England, and the author of a number of political pamphlets, died on the 8th ult. at his residence in Tennessee.

M. Auber.—It is stated in the Paris journals that M. Auber, the celebrated composer, is seriously indisposed.

Mr. G. P. R. James and Ainsworth's Magazine.—After the recent change of proprietary in the magazines (Mr. Ainsworth, whose name is attached to one, having left it and purchased the New Monthly), a rumour has been set afloat that Mr. James had become editor of the former. But this, we can assure our readers, is not only not the fact, but the question of our most distinguished historical novelist undertaking the office was never so much as mooted. We consider the invention of such reports to be very disgraceful, and their circulation a trick, whose only result is to confuse and mislead the public.

Roman Remains.—A number of gold and silver coins of Constantine, Samian ware and tiles, have been found this week in digging the foundations for houses in Maiden Lane, Battle Bridge. The coins of the beginning of the fourth century were in an iron vessel, about ten or twelve feet below the surface of the round.

The June Comet.—Mr. Hind has calculated the elements of the June comet, and compared them with those of the comet observed by Tycho Brahe in 1596; and he concludes that they are, in all probability, identical, and the period of revolution 249 years.

Medieval Latin.—[From the *Journal des Débats.*]—The new edition of Du Cange's celebrated Glossary of the Middle-age Latin, which has been announced some years ago as forthcoming, is now as far advanced as the letter S, five vols. being completed, and two more to come. The article "*Moneta*" has received valuable illustrations, through the care of M. de Saulcy of the Academy, in a great many coins copied from originals in the King's Library, which were unknown to Du Cange and his continuators. This new edition has also received other important additions from recent discoveries of documents brought to light by Pertz, Angelo Mai, and others.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Questions and Answers on the Bible, by M. H. and J. H. Myers, 2 vols. 3s. 6d., or in 1 vol. 5s.—Dr. J. Abercrombie's Researches on Diseases of the Brain and the Spinal Cord, 4th edit., 12mo, 6s.—The Sark Guide: an Historical Notice of the Island and Description of its Scenery, &c., by G. W. James, 18mo, 2s. 6d.—Chronicles of the Bastille, 8vo, with 40 illustrations, 21s.—Narrative of a Mission to Bokhara 1843-45, by the Rev. Joseph Wolff, D.D., 2 vols. 8vo, 25s.—The English Gentlewoman, or Hints to Young Ladies, post 8vo, 8s. 6d.—Count Konigsmark, by Capt. Chamier, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1l. 11s. 6d.—The Tiara and the Turban, by S. S. Hill, 2 vols. post 8vo, 21s.—Syriac Version of the Epistle of St. Ignatius, with English, by W. Cureton, 8vo, 10s. 6d.—The Bosom Friend, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1l. 11s. 6d.—Stanhope, a Domestic Novel, by Joseph Middleton, post 8vo, 8s. 6d.—Major-General Napier's Conquest of Scinde, 2d edit., 8vo, 20s.—The Literary History of the New Testament, 8vo, 14s.—Edgeworth's Parent's Assistant, new edit., 3 vols 18mo, 7s. 6d.—Pupil's Manual of Mental Arithmetic, by H. Hopkins, fcp., 2s.; Teacher's Manual, 3s 6d.—Catechism of Astronomy and the Use of the Globes, by W. Hardcastle, 18mo, 2s.—Legends of the Isles, and other Poems, by C. Mackay, post 8vo, 7s. 6d.—The Pulpit, Vol. XLVII., 8vo, 7s. 6d.—Bell's Stream of Time, continued to 1845, on roller and varnished, 2l. 2s.—Daniell's Elements of Meteorology (being the third edition of "Meteorological Essays"), 2 vols. 8vo, 32s.—Gray's Poetical Works illustrated, edited by the Rev. J. Moultrie, 8vo, 10s. 6d.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PALLADIUM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

7 Waterloo Place, London.

Directors.

Sir John Barrow, Bart., F.R.S.
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Bankers—The London and Westminster Bank.

Physician—Seth Thompson, M.D.

The TWENTIETH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of this Society was held on the 10th of April last, when a highly satisfactory REPORT was laid before the Proprietors and Policy Holders, and unanimously adopted.

The Public will see the advantage of selecting, in so important a matter as Life Assurance, a well-established office, which, from its continued prosperity, and its large additions to policies, offers the greatest inducement to Assurers, combined with the undoubted security of a numerous and wealthy proprietary.

ADDITIONS TO POLICIES.

The following Table shews the additions made to Policies for £5000, which had been in force for Fourteen Years, to the 31st December 1838;—

Age at commencement.	Premiums paid in the Fourteen Years.	Additions made to the Sum Assured in the Fourteen Years.	Total Sums now payable in case of Death.
10	£1192 15 4	£596 8 7	£5596 8 7
15	1350 8 4	681 2 7	5681 2 7
20	1525 8 4	708 5 1	5708 5 1
25	1682 18 4	737 2 8	5737 2 8
30	1969 11 8	813 15 8	5813 15 8
35	2094 3 4	864 8 5	5864 8 5
40	2377 1 8	923 18 1	5923 18 1
45	2727 1 8	1011 2 9	6011 2 9
50	3173 8 8	1129 15 7	6129 15 7

A Bonus of Four-fifths, or Eighty per cent of the estimated Profits, is added to Policies entitled, every seventh year; or an equivalent reduction made in future Premiums.

The Third Septennial Division of Profits will be declared to the 31st December, 1845. Persons assuring previous to that date will have their proportion of profit appropriated.

Parties travelling in Europe by sea or land, in time of peace, are not charged any extra premium.

Applications for Agencies, in places where none are established, to be addressed to the Secretary.

NICHOLAS GRUT, Secretary and Actuary.

SELTERS WATER.
(In England called Seltzer Water.)

DECLARATION OF THE NASSAU GOVERNMENT.

The General Direction of the Domains of His Highness the Duke of Nassau

DECLARE, by these presents, that being desirous to prevent and put a stop to the numerous falsifications committed in respect to the Waters of Selters (in England called Seltzer Water) in the Kingdom of Great Britain, its Colonies and Dependencies, which have been made known to them on indisputable evidence, and wishing by every means in their power to secure for the future to the consumers of the Waters of Selters (Seltzer Water) in the Kingdom of Great Britain, its Colonies and Dependencies, the enjoyment of the genuine Water of that Spring, as also of the Springs of Fachingen, Schwalbach, and Weilbach, likewise the property of His Highness the Duke of Nassau, they have resolved, from the 1st of January 1845, to use the Metallic Capsules of Mr. John Thomas Betts, of London, known under the name of "BETTS'S PATENT METALLIC CAPSULE," as a top covering for all the Bottles, both large and small, filled with the said Mineral Waters for Mr. John Thomas Betts, and intended for the Kingdom of Great Britain, its Colonies and Dependencies.

On these Capsules are to be impressed the Arms of Nassau, and under the arms the name of the Water contained in the bottle, with the words "BETTS, IMPORTER," and "BETTS'S PATENT" around.

The above-named Bottles, capsuled in such a manner, will likewise bear, as heretofore, the usual marks, consisting of a Shield impressed on the Bottle, containing the Arms of Nassau, or a Crown, under which are the initials H. N., and around the name of the Mineral Water contained in the Bottle, and also the usual burnt mark on the lower end of the cork.

The General Direction of the Domains further DECLARE by these presents, that they have granted to the said John Thomas Betts, Patentee of the above-described Capsules, *and to no one else* in the Kingdom of Great Britain, its Colonies and Dependencies, the exclusive right to purchase and export, direct from the Springs, the Waters of Selters, Schwalbach, Fachingen, and Weilbach.

They DECLARE further, that the Bottles, after being filled with the respective Mineral Waters, are to be immediately, and in the presence of their officers, closed with the above-named Capsules, which bear the impression of the drawing beneath.

This present Declaration is granted to Mr. John Thomas Betts, with authority to publish the same.

Given at Wiesbaden this 19th day of December, 1844.

The President of the Direction-General of the Ducal Domains of Nassau, BARON DE BOCK HERMSDORFF.

HENRY HENDEL, Secretary.

The Public will observe, by the above Declaration, that these Waters, protected and hermetically closed by the PATENT METALLIC CAPSULES, may now be obtained in the same state of freshness and perfection, irrespective of time or temperature, as at the first moment when taken from the Springs, without the possibility of fraudulent substitution.

These Waters are imported in Hampers containing Four Dozen large or Five Dozen small Bottles, at the rate of 10s. per Dozen, and 2s. the Hamper for the former, and 7s. per Dozen, and 1s. 6d. the Hamper for the latter—Bottles and Hampers not returnable. And as the sale must inevitably extend to many thousand persons, CASH PAYMENTS WILL BE INDISPENSABLE; on the receipt of which, Hampers will be delivered at the Railway Receiving Houses, and to any part of the Metropolis, exclusive of the Railway Stations, where carts are liable to detention.

Mr. Betts respectfully informs the Public that the first importation having arrived, Orders will be received, addressed No 1 Wharf Road, City Road; and to prevent disappointment, he begs further to state that they will be executed consecutively with reference to priority of date.

Special Agents, from whom the smallest quantity may be obtained, are in course of appointment in Town and Country. And applications for Agencies from respectable persons, where appointments are not already made, may obtain particulars by addressing Letters (paid) to No. 1 Wharf Road, City Road, London.

N.B. Dealers in other Mineral and Effervescent Waters will be ineligible.

R. HENDRIE,

Perfumer to Her Majesty, 12 *Tichborne Street, London.*

HENDRIE'S OLD BROWN WINDSOR SOAP, so long celebrated for improvement, retains its superiority as a perfectly mild emollient Soap, highly salutary to the skin, possessing an aromatic and lasting perfume: each Packet is labeled with Perkins's steel plate of Windsor Castle.

A variety of highly perfumed Soap Tablets, Sand Balls, &c., prepared without angular corners.

HENDRIE'S PRESERVATIVE TOOTH-POWDER, an effectual preparation for beautifying the Teeth, and preserving them in a sound and healthy condition, is exceedingly agreeable to the mouth, and divesting the Teeth of every impurity, increases the beauty of the enamel in polish and colour.

HENDRIE'S MOELLINE is the most beneficial extract of oleaginous substances for maintaining the beauty and luxuriance of the Hair, having also a delightful perfume.

His Germinative Liquid is a certain specific for producing a new growth where the Hair is falling.

HENDRIE'S COLD CREAM OF ROSES, prepared in great perfection.

IMPROVED SCOURING DROPS, for removing greasy spots from Silk.

INDELIBLE MARKING INK, for Linen, to be used without preparation, 1s. a bottle.

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British Archaeological Association.

ESTABLISHED 1843.

SECOND ANNUAL CONGRESS,

TO BE HELD IN THE TOWN HALL, WINCHESTER,

Monday, August 4th, 1845, to August 9th, inclusive.

PATRONS.

THE MARQUESS OF NORMANBY. | THE LORD JOHN MANNERS.
THE LORD SOUTHAMPTON. | THE EARL ZETLAND.
THE EARL STRADBROKE. | THE EARL EFFINGHAM.
THE EARL MALMESBURY. | THE LORD RENDLESHAM.
THE VISCOUNT NEWPORT.

PRESIDENT.
THE LORD ALBERT DENISON CONYNGHAM, K.C.H. F.S.A.

TREASURER.
THOMAS JOSEPH PETTIGREW, Esq., F.R.S. F.S.A.

SECRETARIES.
THOMAS CROFTON CROKER, Esq., F.S.A. M.R.I.A. | CHARLES ROACH SMITH, Esq., F.S.A.

LIST of PAPERS already received for the CONGRESS.

1. On the Objects and Pursuit of Antiquarian Researches. By T. J. Pettigrew, Esq., F.R.S. F.S.A.

PRIMÆVAL.

2. On the Ancient Hill Burials in the Isle of Wight. By John Dennett, Esq.
3. Notices of Barrows recently excavated in Dorsetshire. By Charles Warne, Esq.
4. Observations on the general character of the Barrow Interments of the West of England. By John Sydenham, Esq.
5. The Primeval Antiquities of Stanton and Hart-Hill Moors, near Bakewell, Derbyshire. By Thomas Bateman, jun., Esq.
6. General account of Barrows opened in Derbyshire and Staffordshire during the season of 1845. By T. Bateman, jun., Esq., and the Rev. S. Isaacson, M.A.
7. On the Ancient Druidical Temple at Arbor-Low, Derbyshire, with incidental remarks on similar circular works. By the Rev. S. Isaacson, M.A.
8. An account of discoveries of Roman and other Antiquities made in Winchester during the last few years. By W. B. Bradfield, Esq.
9. On the Roman Roads and Stations in Hampshire. By Henry Hatcher, Esq.
10. On the Roman Roads in relation to Winchester. By James Puttock, Esq.
11. On Roman Tessellated Pavements in Hampshire, and in the adjoining Counties. By C. Roach Smith, Esq., F.S.A.
12. On a Roman Tessellated Pavement recently excavated at West Dean, Hants. By Henry Hatchard, Esq.
13. On Roman Remains at Bittern, near Southampton. By C. Roach Smith, Esq.
14. On Roman Remains recently discovered in the neighbourhood of Blandford, Dorset. By C. Hall, and C. Warne, Esq.
15. On the Barberini Inscription as tending to throw a light on the Invasion of Britain by the Emperor Claudius. By the Rev. Beale Post, M.A.
16. On the War of Vespasian against the Belgæ, the ancient inhabitants of Hampshire and Wiltshire. By the Rev. Beale Post, M.A.
17. Account of a recent discovery of an Anglo-Saxon Cemetry in the Isle of Thanet. By William Henry Rolfe, Esq.

MEDIÆVAL.

18. On the Ancient Paintings on the Walls of Winchester Cathedral. By John Green Waller, Esq.
19. Observations on Fresco Painting. By R. W. Buss, Esq.
20. Notes relating to Monasteries in Hampshire, Dorset, and Sussex, from Chartularies in Normandy. By Monsieur De Gerville, Hon. F.S.A., Foreign Member of the Association.
21. Inventories of Goods in the Monastic Houses in Winchester at the time of their dissolution. By W. H. Black, Esq., Assistant Keeper of the Records.
22. Notes on a richly ornamented incised Slab of the fifteenth century in Brading Church in the Isle of Wight. By William Henry Rosser, Esq., F.S.A.
23. Brief notice of some beautifully incised Slabs, &c. in Darley Church, Derbyshire. By the Rev. S. Isaacson, M.A.
24. Account of the Hermitage at Carcliffe, Derbyshire, near Robin Hood's Stride. By F. W. Lock, Esq.
25. An account of the musters of able men within the county of Southampton, taken in the 14th Henry VIII., and certified by Commissioners unto the Star Chamber; with an extract of so much as relates to the city of Winchester. By W. H. Black, Esq.
26. Notice of the ancient family of Stuteville, of Dalham Hall, Suffolk, who came over with the Conqueror, with interesting original letters, and curious customs of their manor there. By the Rev. S. Isaacson, M.A.
27. On Isle of Wight Provincialisms. By Captain Henry Smith, R.M.
28. The Monumental Antiquities of Lewes. By Mark Antony Lower, Esq.

ARCHITECTURAL.

29. The Architectural History of Winchester Cathedral. By Edward Cresy, Esq., F.S.A.
30. On the Hospital of Saint-Cross, near Winchester. By the Rev. Stephen Jackson, M.A.
31. Historical account of the Monasteries of SS. Peter and Paul, founded in the seventh century, at Wearmouth and Jarrow, by Benedict Biscop; with a descriptive notice of their present state. By Daniel Henry Haigh, Esq.
32. Architectural account of the Church of the Holy Trinity, at Acaster Malbis, near York. By E. Bruce, Esq.
33. On the Crypt beneath Ripon Cathedral, called St. Wilfred's Needle. By J. R. Walbran, Esq.
34. The History and Position of Organs in Churches. By Arthur Ashpitel, Esq.
35. Suggestions upon Chancels. By Arthur Ashpitel, Esq.
36. On the Architectural character of Windows from the Conquest to the time of Henry VIII. By John Adey Repton, Esq., F.S.A.

HISTORICAL.

37. On the mode in which a town in the Middle Ages gained its chartered privileges; illustrated by the municipal archives of Winchester. By Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A. F.S.A., Member of the Institute of France.
38. Notice of the unpublished Fairfax Letters and Documents in the collection of John Newington Hughes, Esq., of St. Michael's, Winchester. By Thomas Wright, Esq.
39. On the Municipal Archives of the City of Leicester. By James Thompson, Esq.
40. An inquiry relative to the exact situation of the Monastery founded in the province of Lindsay by St. Ceadda, as related in the Ecclesiastical History of the Venerable Bede. By Daniel Henry Haigh, Esq.
41. Report on the Municipal Archives of the City of Winchester. By Thomas Wright, Esq.
42. Historical and Descriptive Notes of the ancient Benedictine Monastery of Repton in Derbyshire. By D. H. Haigh, Esq.
43. Report on the Municipal Archives of Southampton. By Thomas Wright, Esq.

Tickets (price One Guinea) to be had of the Treasurer, 8 Saville Row; or of the Secretaries, T. C. CROKER, Esq., Admiralty, and C. R. SMITH, Esq., 5 Liverpool Street, City. The Ticket will enable the bearer and a lady to be present at the Meetings, Excursions, Soirées, &c.; and to visit the Cathedral and other public buildings. A Programme of the distribution of the week will be forwarded to the Members and Visitors who take Tickets. It will also be printed, together with a revised list of Members, in the number of the Journal of the Association to be published during the present month, by H. G. BOHN, at the Office of the Association, York Street, Covent Garden.

July 16, 1845.

THOMAS CROFTON CROKER } Honorary Secretaries.
CHARLES ROACH SMITH }

ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL for the DESTITUTE SICK, GRAY'S INN ROAD.

PATRON—THE QUEEN.

The numerous and urgent claims on this Hospital, of unhappy persons in extreme destitution and sickness, compel the Committee of Management to beg assistance from the affluent and humane towards their relief. The doors of this "Free Establishment" are opened night and day for the instant reception of the wretched suppliants, so far as the means of the Charity will admit, without "letter of recommendation," or any other form of admission whatever.

The number of In-patients relieved in the last year was 1794; of Out-patients, 27,262.

Contributions are kindly received by most of the London Bankers; and at the Hospital, by the Rev. R. C. Packman, the Secretary.

ASYLUM for the INSANE of the MIDDLE CLASSES of SOCIETY.—At a PUBLIC MEETING, held at Freemasons' Hall, on Thursday, 10th July, 1845,

LORD ASHLEY, M.P., in the Chair,

the Prospectus of an Asylum for the Insane of the Middle Classes having been read, the following resolutions were carried unanimously:—

1. Moved by Samuel Gurney, Esq.; seconded by W. Tite, Esq.

That it is highly desirable to establish an asylum in the neighbourhood of London for the reception and cure of insane persons belonging to the middle classes of society, whose circumstances are too limited to meet the unavoidable expense of private asylums.

2. Moved by Dr. Southwood Smith; seconded by R. Grainger, Esq.

That patients in every stage, form, and complication of the disorder should be admissible to such an asylum, when recommended by a governor, subject to the decision of the Committee of Management.

3. Moved by Viscount Ebrington, M.P.; seconded by J. Hancock Hall, Esq.

That a Provisional Committee, consisting of the following persons, with power to add to their number, be appointed to carry this object into effect; and that an appeal be made to the nobility, clergy, and public in general, for donations and subscriptions:

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4. Moved by John Wilks, Esq.; seconded by Dr. Winslow.

That Lord Ashley, Benjamin Bond Cabbell, Esq., and Samuel Gurney, Esq., be appointed Trustees of the Asylum.

5. Moved by Samuel Solly, Esq.; seconded by Dr. Bevan.

That there shall be established, in connexion with the Asylum, a charitable fund, raised by means of donations, subscriptions, and bequests, which shall be funded in the names of trustees specially appointed, and the interest applied to the relief of a certain number of persons to be elected from the patients who have been one year or more in the Asylum, and placed on the list of patients received for a lower payment, or even without any payment whatever.

6. Moved by Dr. Conolly; seconded by Dr. Webster.

That the grateful and cordial thanks of the Meeting be given to Earl Spencer and Lord Ashley for their kind patronage of the proposed Asylum; and to Lord Ashley for having given his valuable assistance on the present occasion, and for his zealous, benevolent, and efficient exertions on all occasions affecting the protection and welfare of those afflicted with insanity.

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs and Correspondence of George, Lord Lyttelton from 1734 *to* 1773. Compiled and Edited by Robert Phillimore, late Student of Christ Church. 2 vols. 8vo. London, James Ridgway.

INTO a biographical sketch of Lord Lyttelton, the editor has interwoven his corraspondence with the most memorable men of the period in which he lived, so (as he says) to present to the reader each letter set, however inartificially, in the history of the time to which it relates. Though this method takes us backwards and forwards in regard to dates, we think it will be found to deserve the prafarence adopted for it; and the separate chapters seem to possess an entire interest, and may be so enjoyed with very little reference to the rest.

The politics of tha age necessarily figure at considerable length in these volumes: but were we not aversa from such troubled subjects as matters for discussion in our page, we should be deterred from meddling with these by the recollection how they had been revealed, and sifted, and debated, in tha well-known publications of Marchmont, Swift, Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, Bubb Doddington, Walpole, and many other writers. We therefore gladly leave them to be gleaned by the quidnuncs, for any stray light they may cast on points which have been handled by all parties and their partisans, till, we should think, there can hardly be a new point to discover, turn, or handle.

But for literary and social illustrations the manuscripts of Hagley have supplied some vary interesting materials, and no public institution nor good library, in which the *belles lettres* are appreciated, can help the placing of this work by the side of the historians and classics whose names we have instanced above. Lord Lyttelton was not only the patron but the personal friend of the distinguished authors of the last century. He and others of the great official personages of that era lived on terms of intimacy with the children of the pen, many of whom they thought it their public duty to advance to situations of emolument, which enabled them to maintain the rank and station of gentlemen, whilst they devoted their talents to the service of their country. Church-preferments to some, appointments and pensions to others, were the practice of the statesmen of that day. Thomson, Mallet, West, and many of their contemporaries, were placemen: in short, strange as it may seem, to be a poet or a man of letters then was rather a passport than a bar to ministerial favour, and the literati of the age absolutely dwelt in genial communion with the rulers of the realm. Among the most eminent of these for his attachment to their interests was George, Lord Lyttalton, who began life with a love of literatura, and was hailed by every muse as one over whom neither envy nor jealousy exercised any power, and who, though an author himself, was the constant friend of authors.

"It is very probable (observes Mr. Phillimore) that Lyttelton's abilities as a statesman and politician were overrated then, as I must think they have been unduly depreciated since; but I have no [illegible] intention to d[illegible] that the scenes in which he most shone, and for which he was best adapted, were those of domestic a[illegible] life.

"His acquaintance with Pope began before his expedition to the continent, and from the period of his return to England, to the death of that poet, in 1744, he appeara to have been among the most welcome and most honoured guests who sought tha classic bowers of Twickenham; and surely they were a brilliant company. Deeper and purer philosophy, alas! might well have been drunk at other fountains; but poetry, wit, learning, eloquence, and genius of many kinds, flowed here in no scanty streams. Here, too, high birth and great station aided by their wealth, and encouraged by their advice, the development of those gifts in others which largely adorned themselves. Here it was that Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, Bathurst, Pulteney, Orrery, Horace Walpole, Wyndham, Marchmont, Murray, Queensbury, Cobham, and his kinsman, 'young Lyttelton,' mingled in all the gaiety and freedom of social intercourse with Pope, Gay, Thomson, Glover, Mallet, Hammond, Moora, and sometimes Swift—at an earlier period, with Kneller, the painter of his day—and foreigners of no mean note, Algarotti, Voltaire, then rising into celebrity as the author of the 'Henriade,' and the illustrious Montesquieu. About this time, Lyttalton wrota his 'Advice to Belinda, or to a Lady,' a poem, as it appears to me, of great merit. 'It contains,' says Dr. Johnson, 'much truth and much prudence, very elegantly and vigorously expressed; and shews a mind attentive to life, and a power of poetry which cultivation might have raised to excellence.'"

At a later period, a long list of distinguished writers, such as Fielding, Shanstone, &c. &c., are to be added to this gallaxy; and it is from their letters, and Lord Lyttelton's letters to them, that we shall endeavour to make a selection as examples of the "Memoirs," and in themselves an agreeable offering to the taste of avery literary reader. We pass over, though well deserving of attention, not only from the fame of the parties, but from the importance of the topics discussed, the correspondence of Warburton, Middleton, Doddridge, and others in religious precept and controversy, and adopt, as better suited to our miscellany, some of the lighter specimens which the MSS. offer to our curiosity. In 1741 (Bath, November 3), we find the following from Pope:

"Dear sir,—I have lately received a letter in which are these words—'suffer not Mr. Lyttelton to forget me.' It made me reflect I am as unwilling to be forgotten by you, though I do not deserve so well to be remembered on any account but that of an early, a well-grounded, and (let me add) a well-judged, esteem of you. I do not ask what you are doing; I am sure it is all the good you can do. I do not ask any thing but to know that you are well. I see no use to be drawn from the knowledge of any public events: I see most honest men melancholy, and that's enough to make me inquire no mora: when I can do any thing either to assist, or, not assisting, to comfort them, I will. But I fear I live in vain, that is, must live only to myself. Yet I feel every day what the Puritans called outgoings of my soul, in the concern I take for some of you, which, upon my word, is a warmer sensation than any I feel in my own and for my own being. Why are you a courtier? Why is Murray a lawyer? It may be well for other people, but what is that to your own enjoyment, to mine? I would have you both pass as happy and as satisfied a life as I have done. You will both laugh at this, but I would have you know had I been tempted by nature and providence, with the same talents that he and you have, I would have done as you do. But if either of you ever become tired or stupid, God send you my quiet and my resignation. I think I've nothing mora to say, but to add with how full a heart I am, dear sir, ever yours, A. POPE.

"Pray let Mr. West know I am alive, and while I am alive, warmly his.

"To the Hon. George Lyttelton, Esq.
Pall Mall, London."

Lyttelton answers:

"Nov. 7, 1741.

"Dear sir,—I received your obliging letter with that pleasure and pride I always feel in every mark of your friendship. As much a courtier as I am, I have no higher ambition than to deserve your esteem, and that of a few honest men more, among whom I desire you to tell Mr. Allen I reckon him, though he is so little in my way that I cannot cultivate his friendship as I wish to do. I envy you the quiet and happiness you enjoy at his house, where you are escaped from the vice, the folly, and the noise of the world, almost as much as if you were dead, and in the region of pure and happy spirits. What a different scene am I forced to sit in! But I won't recal evan your thoughts to it, I will only tell you that I am well, and that I have lately heard from Mr. Warburton, who desires me to acquaint you that he has dropt his dispute with Dr. Middleton as you advised him to do; though he has convinced me he could well have maintained it, if he had not loved peace and friendship better than victory, which is a temper of mind so becoming in a divine, and so rare in an author, that I think you should express your approbation of it the first time you write to him. If the person who bid you not suffer me to forget him was Lord Bolingbroke, I beg you would say in your answer that I gave a letter two months ago to Mr. Brindsden to be conveyed to him, which by those words to you I should apprehend he has not received: if you add, that I always remember his lordship with the highest veneration and kindest regards, you will do me but justice. I wish he was in England upon many accounts, but for nothing more than to exhort and animate you not to bury your excellent talents in a philosophical indolence, but to employ them, as you have often done, in the service of virtue. The corruption and hardness of the present age is no excusa; for your writings will last to ages to come, and do good a thousand years hence, if they can't now; but I believe they would be of great present benefit: some sparks of public virtue are yet alive, which such a spirit as yours might blow into a flame, among the young

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men especially; and even granting an impossibility of reforming the public, your writings may be of use to private society. The moral song may steal into our hearts, and teach us to be as good sons, as good friends, as beneficent, as charitable, as Mr. Pope, and sure that would be serving your country, though you can't raise her up such ministers or such senators as you desire. In short, my dear friend, though I am far from supposing that if you don't write you live in vain, though the influence of your virtues is felt among all your friends and acquaintance, and the whole circle of society within which you live, yet as your writings will have a still more extensive and permanent influence, as they will be an honour to your country, at a time when it has hardly any thing else to be proud of, and may do good to mankind in better ages and countries, if not in this, I would have you write till a decay of your parts, or at least weakness of health, shall oblige and authorise you to lay down your pen. But though in my zeal for your glory I tell you this, I shall love and esteem you just as well, whether you mind it or not: I have long since forgot the author in the companion and friend, and though I shall read whatever you write with a great deal of pleasure, and feel a sort of pride for you in hearing it praised, I had rather you should tell me, as you do in your last letter, that you are happy and satisfied, than be told you had written the finest thing in the world. I was last night at West's, he and his wife are much yours. I wish I could write to you longer: I feel those same outgoings of the soul, which you speak of, very strong in me now, and should like to prate to you through a page or two more, but here are people breaking in upon me, so I can only assure you I am most sincerely, dear sir, your very affectionate, humble servant, G. Lyttelton."

But the earlier correspondence between these two celebrated persons is still more interesting; and we return for it, to the year 1738:

"After the session of 1738, Lyttelton went down to Hagley, where he invited Pope to join him, and received for answer the following letter:

"Dear sir,—I hope this will find you in all those pleasures which a good mind takes in its duties and affections, which in such an one go together. The satisfaction of a father, who loves you not more tenderly than you love him, and of such brothers as you make glad, though their elder, and such sisters, whom you count as riches, not taxes upon your estate. I wish you all joy of one another. I am truly sorry to want the joy I proposed, and had placed in my heart, of seeing this in person. You do me justice I doubt not, and know 'tis a concern to me not to be able to reach you before you are obliged to leave that agreeable scene. What puts it past any hope I had is, that yesterday my guest here was seized with a sort of fever, the concomitant of a bilious distemper, which has formerly attacked him, and generally holds some weeks. He is unable to leave this place, and that will retard his business in town a week or two longer than I imagined when we parted. I can have no prospect of seeing you sooner than at Stowe, if then: but I desire to know by a line, six or seven days before you go thither. * * * I have had but very bad health since you left me, but 'tis no matter, 'tis all in the way to immortality. However, I advise you to live for the sake of this pretty world, and the prettiest things in it. Adieu. I am Sir Thomas's most obliged servant, for getting such a son as you, and your most faithful and ever truly most affectionate friend,

A. Pope."

Next year a letter from Lyttelton to Pope contains a ludicrous account of Dr. Cheyney and the fashionables and rank of Bath.

"I am (he writes) so vastly recovered by these waters, that I can now enjoy the kindness of my friends without fearing they should suffer by their concern for me. I can hardly think of being ever ill again, after drinking down health another month; and must desire you for the future to consider me as being, next to the royal family, the most incapable of sickness, pain, or any bodily infirmity, of all the men you ever knew, excepting only the immortal Dr. Cheyney, who desires his compliments to you, and bids me tell you that he shall live at least two centuries, by being a real and practical philosopher, while such gluttonous pretenders to philosophy as you, Dr. Swift, and my lord Bolingbroke, die of eating and drinking at fourscore. The Doctor is the greatest singularity, and the most delightful, I ever met with. I am not his patient, but am to be his disciple, and to see a manuscript of his which comprehends all that is necessary, salutary, or useful, either for the body or the soul! Lord Burlington has left Bath a great deal sooner than I had hoped, or he intended, for fear of my lady's catching the small-pox, which is very much here, and a bad sort. I refer you to him for all the news this place affords, which he will give you much more agreeably than I can, and must beg you to make my compliments to Lady Suffolk, Mr. Murray, and Mrs. Blount, the last of whom I am particularly obliged to, and would always have her see with your eyes, that she may not only be very partial to me, but perceive, notwithstanding all her modesty, that there is none of her sex upon whose friendship I set a greater, or perhaps equal, value. George Grenville is in a fair way of recovery; the waters agree with him, and he mends in all respects. Cheyney says he is a giant, a son of Anak, made like Gilbert, the late lord bishop of Sarum, and may therefore if he pleases live for ever; his present sickness being nothing but a fillup, which Providence gave him for his good to make him temperate, and put him under the care of Dr. Cheyney. When we tell the Doctor that he always has been temperate, a water-drinker, and eater of white meats, he roars like a bull, and says we are all liars: for had he been so, he could not have had an inflammation, which he is ready to prove by all the rules of philosophy, mathematics, and religion. Lord Orkney may just keep life enough to be in pain a year or two longer: I am sorry for him with all my soul, for he is a man of great merit to the public, and who has been little rewarded in proportion to the services he has done. Adieu, my dear Mr. Pope, take care of yourself, that we may have some eminent men left among us, and to make a great part of the happiness of your most faithful and obliged humble servant, G. Lyttelton."

Pope's answer was as follows:

"Bath, Dec. 12th, 1739.

"Dear sir,—I write to you so soon, because I know it will please you to hear I am not ill, nor ill at ease; either my lord Cornbury mistook my letter, or you him. I think that ever since I was a poet, nay, ever since I have ceased to be one, I have not experienced so much quiet as at this place. Though I let the world alone, from my very entrance into it I found as much envy and opposition as if my ambition had designed me to overturn it; and since I chanced to succeed in my own low walk, as much solicitation and vile flattery, as if I had places and preferments to bestow; I never deserved or desired either. If I deserve any thing, it is from a constancy to my first philosophical principles, a general benevolence, and fixed friendships, whenever I have had the luck to know any honest or meritorious men. I am yours by every tie; few have, or ought to have, so great a share of me, if I say two or three more, I should correct myself, and say rather one or two. Were it not for a hankering ('tis a good, expressive English word) after these, I could live with honest Mr. Allen all my life. Though I enjoy deep quiet, I can't say I have much pleasure, or even any object that obliges me to smile, except Dr. Cheyney, who is yet so very a child in true simplicity of heart, that I love him as he loves Don Quixote, for the most moral and reasoning madman in the world. For I maintain, and I know it, that one may smile at those one loves, nay, esteems, and with no more malice or contempt than one bears to an amiable schoolboy. He is, in Scripture language, an 'Israelite in whom there is no guile,' or in Shakspeare's, 'as foolish a good kind of Christian creature as one shall meet with.'"

The railway speed of a century ago may be calculated from the annexed passage from the letter of a prime minister, H. Pelham:

"I have seen nothing of Pitt for some time. He has been a rambler; and, amongst the various places he has visited, I am sure he cannot have forgot Hagley; which, though you call a farm, all your impartial friends tell me is an exceeding fine place. You say it is one hundred miles off; what is that to me, who can travel a thousand miles in less than three weeks?"

Our next extract is a letter from Bolingbroke in answer to an inquiry from Lyttelton respecting his health. It is very characteristic:

"Battersea, August the 20th, 17[illegible].

"Dear sir,—Mr. Lynn tells me that you desire to be informed of the state of my health, it is reasonable, therefore, that I should say something to you on a subject which I should have thought otherwise of too little importance to have troubled you about it. My pains and my lameness continue, but they are both diminished since the humour, whatever it be that causes y^{m}, is removed from the reins, and fallen into the thigh and knee. I shall set out on Monday for the Bath, in a confidence the physicians give me that those waters will destroy the cause, if it be rheumatick; and that if it be gouty, they will drive it into an extream part, where it may spend itself more safely at least. If I am disappointed in this confidence, I must submit necessarily, and I will endeavour to submit chearfully. All the dispensations of Providence, whether general or particular, are imposed by infinite power, and directed by infinite wisdom. Resignation is as reasonable as necessary. If I am not disappointed, if physical evils can be removed or softened, I may hope to slide smoothly into my grave, forgetting or forgiving, and sure to be soon forgotten. The whole stock of moral evil which severity of government, inveteracy of party resentments, negligence or treachery of relations and friends, could bring upon me, seems to be at last exhausted. In this temper of mind I wait for my own dissolution, and wish I did not foresee another. Your friendship will be an honour to me when I am dead, as it is an advantage and pleasure to me whilst I live. I can say the same of only few besides you. I do not overvalue myself, for I value myself att a very low rate; but the truth is, y^{t} I do not value my contemporarys att an higher, and that I shall think myself going out of much bad company when I dye: from a generation of men among whom every

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inciple and habit y^t stands in opposition to ublic and private morality, prevails. Whilst ive in the same country with y^m and continue oscribed by y^m, I shall keep in mind a passge in one of Cicero's letters, *semi liberi saltem mus, quod assequemur et tacendo et latendo.* I ope you was so kind as to let Mr. Pelham now that I am his servant and much obliged him for giving bread to a man from whom Vager took it away most unjustly. Make ye ost of this vacation, amuse yourself, and lay a new stock of spirits against ye time that ou return to publick business: you will have ecasion for them all. I am, most faithfully, ear s^r, your most humble and obedient serant, H. St. J. Bolingbroke."

Of Thomson we have a good deal that is exeedingly interesting; but this, and more, must e reserved for future *Gazettes*.

ount Königsmark: an Historical Romance. By Capt. Chamier, R.N., author of "The Life of a Sailor," "Ben Brace," "Jack Adams," &c. &c. 3 vols. H. Colburn.

Count Konigsmark was one of the most remarkable characters of a wild and adventurous ge: in his own profligate and reckless way a ery admirable Crichton! His extraordinary areer in many a quarter of the globe—in Italy, Sicily, Egypt, Malta, France, Spain, England, and Denmark—is traced by Capt. Chamier with a vigorous hand, and the interest of the reader s never suffered to flag for a moment, as the ero rushes from peril to peril in love, war, gambling, riot, or murder. His gallant exploits against the Turks, and indeed his indomitable bravery throughout, which made him o successful in his amours, furnish new and urious matter for every chapter; but the character of his faithful and deceived follower, Vratz, is drawn with equal force, and keeps early as strong a hold upon the imagination. And there is another person in the drama, the Italian Isabella, the devoted mistress of Konigsmark, than whom the pages of romance do not present a more effective female portrait, with every trait detailed and a power and influence belonging to the whole which throws even prominent actors in the surrounding groups into the shade. Next to her is Donna Maria, a noble Spanish senora whose destinies are commingled with those of Konigsmark; and, towards the close, the princess, in whose secret ower his false intrigues and daring deeds came to their bloody close. In addition to the glowing materials to which we have pointed, the story is enriched by a number of historical personages of the age of Charles II. We have the king himself, Monmouth, the Duchess of Cleveland, Ralph Montague and his countess, her daughter (the wealthiest heiress of the Percies, and the child-wife of two husbands, Lord Ogle and Mr. Thynne), the Countess of Sussex, and others who figure in the lively memoirs of Grammont. Konigsmark's ambition to win and wed the heiress, which led to the assassination of Mr. Thynne (see his monument in Westminster Abbey), works all through the tale; and is founded on a marvellous supernatural event, with the description of which it sets out. This is a visit to certain Lapland sorcerers to have his future fortunes told, and in which Konigsmark's fate is unfolded by means of Macbeth-like magic. For Capt. C. has not scrupled to call in the concert of the strangest superstitions believed at this period; and witch and ghost, with toil and trouble, direct and control the tide of human events like the Fates in Greek tragedy and epos. Konigsmark's trial for the murder of Mr. Thynne ends the second volume.

In the midst of such stirring scenes it is difficult to say what is most interesting; but if called upon to choose a part, we would point out the sojourn at Madrid in the second volume as the portion which had most completely riveted our attention. Without trenching too much on the incidents, we will select a few passages to indicate (for we cannot adequately illustrate) the skill and talent displayed by the author.

"The biographers of Konigsmark differ vastly as to his character; some make him nearly a saint, whilst others revile him as a sinner, and make a Don Giovanni a pattern of purity in comparison; but all agree in his heroic bravery, his scorn of all danger, his coolness, and his presence of mind. The bull-bait was now uppermost in his mind. Having seen the mules unladen, and recompensed the arriero, Konigsmark ascended the staircase, and walking along the corridor, arrived at his apartment. This corridor ran the whole length of the square of the building; below was a garden, in the centre of which was a fountain; the dripping of the water added much to the imaginary coolness, and the incessant fall during the hot hours of the day invited much to sleep. The fatigue and heat of the weather had overcome the tender strength of Isabella, who, in her boy's attire, now slept soundly, nor stirred at the entrance of her lover. There reposed as true, as faithful a heart as ever responded to the warm pulse of love; there, with flushed cheek, and with the secret of her sex betrayed in the palpitating bosom, which had liberated itself from the scanty vest, reclined the girl who had withstood or escaped all danger, until the smooth voice of Konigsmark had sounded in her ear. Even now she dreamt of him; the perils of the road, the fatigue of the voyage over, she only dreamt of him to whom she had yielded up all that a woman can give to prove her love, and who never as yet had regretted the gift. Konigsmark stood for a minute surveying the recumbent form of the girl whose heart and soul was his; the long luxuriant hair, which had been interwoven into a knot, and concealed in the broad-brimmed sombrero, had now fallen, and hung in rich clusters over her shoulders; her lips gave utterance to a sound, and that reached Konigsmark's ear as his own name. On earth she had no other stay or prop but him; his love alone ruled her heart, and throughout the wide universe there was none but he who retained authority over her. With light step, fearing to awake her, whose sound sleep had not been disturbed by the arriero who had deposited the luggage, Konigsmark crept to her side, and dwelling upon the lovely features before him, stooped down and imprinted a kiss, a fervent kiss, upon the red, pouting lips of his love. She never stirred, but a murmur of the name escaped her; she seemed to dream of happiness, nor started as those who find a feverish sleep from fatigue usually do; nor did the heat of the day, when sleep is scarcely ever sound, disturb the beautiful girl. With a lover's anxiety, Konigsmark opened the lattice, and with the hat which had fallen from her head, fanned her flushed cheeks; and, thus employed, the loud vivas which rent the air, the fire of artillery, the quick succeeding volley of musketry, or the loud music of military bands, neither disturbed the one in her slumbers nor awakened the attention of the other. It was a beautiful scene to gaze upon, and never had Isabella looked more invitingly beautiful, nor Konigsmark regarded her with fonder affection and more passionate love than at that moment. Those moments of supreme happiness, when the world and all its cares and troubles are forgotten, are so rare, are so refreshing to our nature, that we leave Konigsmark undisturbed in his avocation of circulating the cool air, to look outside of his inn, and trace a day of rejoicing in the proud city of the prouder inhabitants of Spain. Spaniards, unlike their neighbours, the French, are graver and more sedate in their amusements, and very few, even to the tune of their exciting boleros, dance themselves into feverish excitement. The graceful movements are all slow; and although the legs and arms are much employed, they are elegantly quiet. Then, again, a fiesta in Spain is another word for licensed gambling: here may be seen all sorts and conditions of men congregated together in silent expectation of sudden gain. To win or to lose seems indifferent; for whether Fortune is most kind or most adverse, the spectator could never judge from the countenance of the player. The last farthing of a mule-driver is staked and lost without the slightest betrayal of either apprehension or anger; and the poor victim of cupidity retires to his family without the means of support for a day, as coolly and as good humouredly as if he had won a fortune. The women at these fiestas also maintain a certain gravity; their dress adds much to the sombre appearance; and the loud laugh of contentment and happiness is heard only from the boys, who are as mischievous at Madrid as the urchins of London. Very different are these things in France; a fête-day at Paris is in reality a holyday. Every face seems beaming with contentment; there is an air of hilarity about the men which would degrade the character of a Spanish don. The lively dance is scarcely finished before it is renewed; and thousands of games, all ingeniously contrived to ruin the player, are constantly kept up. Then the women, in their best attire, wear always a jocund countenance; their small, mincing, but rapid step, the elegance of their costume, the liveliness of their manners, all tend to cheer the scene, and to banish for a day the world's cares and the world's frowns. There are no two countries where the manners and customs are so opposite in these respects as in France and Spain. Konigsmark, although so young, had learnt the necessity of conforming to the manners and customs of the people amidst whom he lived; and as drowsiness is a great feature in the Spanish character, he soon paid a compliment to the nation's customs, and fell asleep. He had never felt the danger of encountering the black eyes of a Spanish maiden; and, believing Isabella possessed his heart, he slept in tranquillity, regardless of the danger which surrounded him, who had every charm to lure the affections of women. He had escaped in France unscathed, but it was because he had no time to be idle. Ah, the bane of life is in that word 'idleness:' and thousands of times must that saying of Doctor Johnson have occurred in all its truth to every man—'It is better to do the idlest thing in the world than to sit idle for half an hour.'"

This is the introduction to the affair of Donna Maria, in which is first roused the Italian jealousy of Isabella and involved the wreck of her love. The adventures of this episode would make a Spanish play, fit for the stage. The opening of this jealousy is told with a fine perception of nature:

"In front of the window was the duenna, whilst behind her (the light of a lamp gently falling on her features) was the young girl,

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whose eager eyes seemed flashing, and, with her fan raised over the head of the duenna, the signal of pleasure was gracefully waved. Isabella saw this; and, closing her arm more firmly in Konigsmark's, she hastened his pace. 'You seem in a hurry, Isabella, to walk away from your love.' 'And you more inclined to linger with yours. Fool that I was thus to supply myself with a rival.' 'A rival!' said Konigsmark, with an attempted laugh. 'Women, good count, have keener eyes than men. I saw the motion of that fan; I understood it; I saw the quick glance of those burning eyes. Think you mine were riveted on that old fool, when, as if by instinct, I felt how I was periling my own happiness?' 'Surely my Isabella cannot be jealous?' 'Those who love fondly and wickedly, as I love, are always jealous. Your quiet wife, believing in the sacredness of the vow expressed at the altar, may feel secure in the honour and the oath of her husband; but I have no such religious word on which to cling. No; the persuasion which overcame me may as easily overcome her; and what could I answer to this remark — You have done the same thing; I have an equal right to his affections? But, count, know that the gentle Isabella is one who can revenge, and will not easily be supplanted. Come, let us return to our hotel. I will try, in the dress which best becomes my sex, to turn you from yonder enticement, and, in securing your love, save, perhaps, that poor girl's virtue.' 'Always in extremes, dear Isabella. Come, then, let us go home. The noise of musketry without ball does not sing sweetly to my ear, and those bright eyes which seem to have scared you have but little attraction for me. I thought this assumption of our sex's attire promised you much amusement, and I regret it has given you pain. Your jealousy is, however, a compliment to me, and I receive it as such. I had intended giving those delicate ladies a serenade, and whilst you sung the duenna to the window I should have conveyed a lesson in a song.' 'You have done that once already, dear count. I do not forget the hint you conveyed to me in a serenade; and when you want to practise, I will sit at the window and move my fan as she did.'"

We would fain afford some other specimens of the work, but find it impossible to do any thing like justice to its author by all the selections we could make, and must be content with a warm general panegyric and a few very brief characteristic quotations. Of the ambassador Montague, we are told:

"Life to him was like a game of chess; it was fair to avail one's self of every advantageous position; and if a knight or a bishop was sacrificed to defend either king or queen, or to gain any important point, why, the knight and the bishop might be honoured in history, whilst the game was won by their sacrifice."

Gaming in Sicily.—"In a room not magnificently furnished, and standing round a large table, were about forty men, all busy in the hope of increasing their wealth. Some, whose haggard eyes and clenched hands betrayed how heavy were their losses, looked idly on: they had been ruined, but still clung to the spot, fascinated even in destruction. Others laughed loudly, and made the merry jest; whilst some, with sanguine expectation, threw the dice violently, cursing and smiling as fortune was cruel or auspicious. Dice have been found in the ruins of Pompeii. They have contributed to suicide and plunder for years and years; and were invented by the devil to mar the happiness of man."

Part of a dialogue, in which the hero mystifies his adherent.—"As Konigsmark turned the angle of the wall, he saw Vratz, and recognised him. Instantly the former assumed a limp, and felt assured that even his own retainer would never discover him in his Maltese garb. 'It's well for you, old gentleman,' said Vratz, 'that you can make money out of that old jingling instrument, and by singing to no tune at all a pack of nonsense about birds and cages! By St. Francisco! I might sing my lungs out, and no one would give me a piastre.' 'It is not for the song, but for charity's sake, that old lady rewarded me.' 'Old!—by the mass! why her voice struck me as sweet as the nightingale note.' 'Between her coughs,' replied Konigsmark, 'her voice is better.' 'Do you take me, you old booby,' said Vratz, 'to be so deaf, that I cannot distinguish two voices from one? Why, I heard the young one ask the old one to let her pay, on account of the night air.' 'To one so old, and deaf, and blind, as I am, it matters little if the giver of charity is young or old.' 'You old fellows,' answered Vratz, 'seem to smell beauty as dogs do game. 'My thanks to you, fair lady,' did not seem like the words of one either old, deaf, or blind.' ''Tis our habitude; we call all who give, young and fair. It's marvellous how blind the world is, when they receive money from any hand—and no one likes to be called old, although she may have reached eighty.' 'So that your trade may be called, a little stock of music, a vast account of old songs, and a huge mass of lies and compliments.' 'Ay,' said Konigsmark gravely, 'and many have made a fortune with a less stock in trade; it's the staple commodity all over the world, and when well used is generally successful.' 'Why, you walk better than you did,' remarked Vratz. 'Even so,' returned Konigsmark, coolly; 'it is only the first step or two that's painful. Like a foundered horse, when I get warm, I recover my usual footing.'"

Love-making.—"'Ah! Vratz, my worthy companion in arms, but novice in love, know that there is a charm in the pale moonlight. There is a dangerous stillness when only the nightingale's note is heard, or the chirrup of the vigilant cricket disturbs all nature's repose; it is then that the calm air conveys more clearly our words, and then that women—dear, incautious women—listen with greater avidity to our declarations. Stars are admirable witnesses to attest our sentiments; they look so clear and quiet all the time, and never start from their spheres to give evidence of our perfidy.' 'But should a star fall at the moment you pointed to it?' 'All the better; it would be a proof how eager it was to be your witness, and had come down for the purpose. When a woman listens, you may tell her anything, and she will believe it. Isabella would believe you were in love with her, but that would not hinder her from believing me also an admirer of her beauty. Power is a woman's ambition, and she is content to exercise it on one, when she cannot get six to feel and acknowledge her sway. I know you at this moment to be under her power, but there is one thing which would break the charm. If you could sell her, and any one offered a round sum, my life to a ducat you would value the gold more than the maiden. Ay, Vratz, gold, gold, gold! that is your idol, and not a bad shrine to worship at either.' * *

"What is said in a whisper speaks more to the heart than the loudest voice supported by truth or sincerity."

Marriage.—"What happiness can be anticipated in the union of two persons of the same age, and before experience has lifted the ban age of ignorance? Is it reasonable to expe that even at the age of twenty-one—when boy is scarcely emancipated from the thrald which surrounds education, and the woman for woman she is at that age, and never will more of a woman—happiness will be perm nent? When she who ought to be ruled turally aspires to govern, in the struggle supremacy, all the charm of married life is l in the contest. I have lived long in this worl and I never yet knew one instance of early ma riages terminating happily. For a few ye the appearance may deceive the inquisitiv but when the charms fail which first attracte the desire, which was called love, ceases, coldness and indifference ensue. The m should always be ten years older than the w man, and no man should marry until he is least twenty-eight. * * * 'W invented marriage?' 'One of whom you kn little—Cecrops; and Pope Innocent III. ma it a holy ceremony amongst Christians. Befo that time (the eleventh century) men took wiv as they did their garments, wearing them, putting them away, as either caprice or nece sity suggested.' 'And the man who alter this pleasant fashion they call Innocent! my faith! he was guilty of the greatest fo and injustice—making both parties slaves, calling it a happy union.'"

These mere scraps must suffice us; and aga we can but cordially recommend *Königsmark* the public.

Tour through the Valley of the Meuse, &c. Dudley Costello. Pp. 316. London, Chap man and Hall.

WITH pleasure we approach the *Meuse*, and most agreeable cicerone, Mr. Dudley Costell a gentleman whose literary tastes are mo agreeably expended upon this attractive volum where the fine arts in embellishing, and th literature in describing, are so nearly on a pa that we can with equal voice recommend th one or the other, or more justly both, to th favour of the public. But we can give it example of the one, and, with all our ingenuit but little of the other; for our author's feelin descriptions of scenery, and charming legend of the ancient superstitions which abound this yet almost primitive locality (compare with other and near neighbours), are too ex tensive to be transferred to our columns. Wha then, can we do, but give a few waifs and stra from Mr. Costello's refreshing *tome*, as an i ducement to our readers to throw down o critical task without going further, and getti the book itself to amuse and delight them!

Averted from the usual route by some ac cidental circumstances, Mr. Costello took th Meuse instead of the Rhine for a pleasurab excursion, and he was much gratified by th *accident*. He got to Dunkirk, saw a little French Flanders, and of the Belgian dominion The beer of the latter is an abomination (eve after the chilliest *vin du pays* of extra France)

"After passing through Rousbrugge, th quantity of hop-gardens on every side plain intimated that we had exchanged the wine France for the beer of Belgium: it remaine to be seen whether the latter was likely to be tolerable substitute. Accordingly, at Poper inghes, where we stopped for half an hour bait our horses, I called for some of their bee which was handed to me in a glass mug wit a handle. One draught was sufficient; I the perfectly comprehended the reason why eve man we met had a pinched face and a shar nose,—with beer like that of Poperinghes su

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: inevitable. A word, *en passant*, ;ct of the staple drink of the Low There are great varieties of beer,— l being the Bière de Louvain, the ;st, the Faro and Lembick of Brux- articular kind, brewed in the latter Bière d'Orge ; the last of these the first only is good,—the rest e, at least to an English palate."
ourtrai, Bruges, Brussels, Ghent, se early bloody history makes a s in this work), need no comment e think every street, nay every m must be known through tourists ur *Lit. Gaz.* volumes during twenty we consequently proceed to par- other kinds which may possess elty.

chapter contains some examples of s upon the Walloon language, which iders to be what it has ever been, tpart, and resembling neither Ger- lemish, though it has the Prussian one side and that of Brabant on the on this disputed question of philo- re not space to sum up the argu- and *con;* and we must therefore yet undecided, though the author that the Liégeois assert its integrity, origin is undoubtedly Gaulish—in *Langue Romaine*, or French directly m the degenerate Latin, which be- revalent language of the Gauls. The the Lord's Prayer in this tongue :

r kest à cier, santifié se ti nom. Ti avienn. Ta volontei so faite en l'terr Dinė no nos pein k'tidien ajourdhu : et wehei com no pardonn no detteu. Et in en tentation, mein delivre no de mal.

present moment (we are informed) being made amongst the *littérateurs* revive, if not the Walloon language, nowledge of what it was, and foremost se literary patriots is the author of els of Alfred Nicolas,'—a work that ome celebrity in Belgium about ten The 'Wallonades,' which he has blished, are written in an easy, manner; and although the satire of pal poem, called 'Montfort,' is di- rely against the wandering propen- satiable curiosity of our countrymen, h reader will hardly fail to be amused Simonon has also in the press a of 'Poésies en Patois de Liége ;' a aire Etymologique de la langue Wal- in preparation ; and to the 'Etudes es et Littéraires par le Wallon,' by l Henaux, I have myself been much

I add here, that the illustration of the nd popular dance called *Cramignon* it accompanying which is quoted in oon dialect), gives us a very lively the national characteristics from niers, Ostade, Jan Stein, and others eir figures in Dutch and Flemish

the author's legendary stories we the following, short enough to be

e Pays Liégeois the domestic offices ed by spirits are performed by goblins growth : they correspond exactly to ase of the Scottish borders and the friend' of Milton. The name they otays. It is said of them, that no works so hard, is so active, and, above isinterested. The sotay thrashes the l winnows it, he mows, he cleans out the stable and the cowhouse, nor does he omit to curry and rub down the horses, for which he has a particular regard. By daylight all the work of the house is finished without any one having seen how or by whom. The sole reward, and all he asks for this labour, is a bowl of milk—the 'cream-bowl duly set.' Were these goblins numerous, their employment would render labour cheap. It would seem, however, that they are not always to be depended upon, for the Monk of St. Gall relates an anecdote of one of these spirits, whom he calls a demon, or larva, whose pursuits were somewhat questionable. He says that the goblin used to amuse himself by playing every night with the hammer and anvil of a smith, and, in return for the use of these instruments, was in the habit of filling the smith's pitcher with excellent wine, which he stole from the bishop's cellars hard by : that the bishop discovered the theft, and having exorcised the spirit, succeeded in making him assume the shape of a man, when he had him flogged and put in the pillory 'as if he had been a robber !' No one can say that the prelate's view of the case was not a sensible one."

Again: "The superstitious opinions which are generally held by the Walloon people are common to all the Belgian peasantry, as they originally were to all the nations claiming a northern origin. They believe much in omens, among which several that are local may be enumerated. For instance, to meet a priest, when on the way to accomplish any unusual undertaking, is held to be significant of its failure; and the experimentalist invariably turns back, looking upon his day as lost. Perhaps this superstition may arise from the supposition that the priest, as a spiritual director, is sent in opposition to the undertaking. The cries of owls, the howling of dogs, the crossing of forks, the spilling of salt, and the number thirteen at a feast, are here, as every where in the north, received omens. There are few who like to throw reeds into the fire, because they look upon them as contributing towards the support of oxen, and an ox was present at the birth of our Saviour—a *sequitur* which might save many other objects from conflagration! They are very careful in placing the bed of a dying person, lest the rafters of the room should be in a contrary direction; for they think that if so, the agonies of death would inevitably be protracted. In washing linen they are careful not to say, the *lessive* 'boils,' but that it 'plays,' otherwise the linen would be destroyed. To take a wren threatens misfortune or death in the family of the captor. The value of a caul is universally recognised, and the child that is *né coiffé* is looked upon as 'born to good luck.' Precious stones are supposed to possess, beyond their value in the market, uncommon virtues—the turquoise preserves the wearer from falls and other accidents; the magnet possesses properties still more precious; and the aerite is considered invaluable in the detection of thieves. The mode employed to discover them is, by grinding the metal to dust, and mixing it with bread, which is given to the suspected person, who, if he be 'a true thief,' is unable to swallow it. Diamonds, emeralds, and pearls—*precious* stones indeed among peasants—were formerly used to detect infidelity,—a fact that might readily be supposed if the peasants' wives wore them. On Easter Sunday it was, in many places, the custom to breakfast on two eggs laid on Good Friday, in order to keep off fever : perhaps if those who frequent the Kermesse at Easter were to drink rather less, the result would be no less satisfactory. There are many persons who still abstain from eating meat after Lent, to ward off the toothache : an equal abstinence from sweetmeats would doubtless be as effectual. On Christmas-eve the yule clog is burnt, and a fragment carefully kept and put under the bed, to act as a preservative against lightning, in the same way as the willow-branch, blest on Palm Sunday, is kept in a sacred corner. If the custom of affixing formularies against the incursions of rats and mice has vanished, and the prayer against the wolf has fallen into desuetude, we may easily believe that cats and mousetraps are more useful than heretofore, and wolves less frequent; but the peasants in some remote villages still smear the walls of their houses with chalk, in the form of a cross, to guard them against fire. It may be presumed that those who adhere to this custom have no faith in the efficacy of fire-insurances, or are unable to pay for their security. At the town of Fosses, in the province of Namur, a superstition exists which induces the women of the country round, at the period of the annual fair, to flock thither with osier-wands, with which they touch the image of St. Bridget—a saint highly venerated there. When they return home, they touch their cattle with the same wands, either to cure their ailments or preserve them from the murrain. Although the mountainous districts of all countries are the strongholds in which a belief in the intercourse with the world of spirits finds refuge, there is yet no want of this kind of faith in the lowlands. For instance, at Willsbeeck, Vyve St. Bavon, and other villages near Courtrai, a curious custom is observed, which obtains in other parts of Belgium. When a person dies, the clergy of the parish come in procession to conduct the body to the place of interment. If on their way they come to a spot where four roads meet, the bearers of the coffin set down their load, kneel in silence, and utter a short prayer. Their reason for doing so arises from the belief that those who have quitted this world may yet return to it; but as there might be some difficulty in the dead man finding his way home again, his friends pray for him in the cross roads, that he may hit upon his path the more readily, and not be misled by evil spirits—'Kwaede-geesten.' But at Oostmallen, near Turnhout, a far more extraordinary custom exists, for which it would be difficult to assign a satisfactory reason. When the husband dies, his widow seats herself astride upon the bier, and in this demonstrative manner accompanies the corpse to the grave! The ceremony called the Court of the Cuckoo, which used to take place annually at Polleur, was, however, amongst the most singular observances of the whole country. Polleur is a very ancient village, near the famous castle of Franchimont, at the bottom of the valley watered by the Hægne, lying between Verviers and Spa. Here, on the first Sunday after the 15th of August, was celebrated this remarkable fête ; and the concourse of people who came to it was immense. A mock court of justice was formed, with a regular president; and the members assembled, in the first instance, at the principal cabaret of the village, situated close to the bridge which joins the commune of Polleur to that of Sart. From the cabaret the court adjourned to the bridge itself; and here were summoned to appear before the tribunal all those husbands whom their wives had deceived, or beaten, or who had proved too complaisant in exercising their marital authority, or to whom, in short, was at-

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tached any ridiculous mark of notoriety. The proceedings began with pleadings of the most burlesque description, — not very dissimilar, perhaps, to those called 'judge and jury' clubs in London, — and the strangers who looked on were often appealed to, and absurd questions asked of them, not always of the most delicate nature, which provoked peals of laughter from the assembled crowds. The accused, who were of course always found guilty, were then condemned to pay a fine, the proceeds of which were expended at the cabaret; and now and then, to give variety to the scene, the delinquent was compelled to get into a cart, which was backed off the bridge till it reached a stagnant dung-pit, where it was tilted over, and the unhappy inmate was half smothered in a bed which was of any thing but roses. To close the proceedings out of doors, the last married man in the village was brought before the court, and the fact being clearly proved against him, he was very summarily thrown over the bridge into the waters of the Hægne; a process which, however, only ensured him a good ducking. The remainder of the day was passed in the cabaret—*how* it is scarcely necessary to say. There was another curious feature in the ceremonies of the 'Cour du Coucou:' this was the exhibition of a banner on which was painted the likeness of a monster called 'La Bête de Staneux.' It represented a kind of centaur, half woman and half horse, with the tail of a lion. The hair was long and floated down the back, and the feminine conformation very fully developed. The figure held a bow in its left hand, and an arrow in its right. This picture was exposed to view in the cabarets of the village, and continued to be produced in public until 1789, when the fête of the 'Cour du Coucou' was suppressed. From time immemorial it had been carefully preserved in the parish church; but it was only during the last sixty years that the curates had allowed it to be seen beyond its walls. At the same time there was also paraded a figure rudely carved in wood, which ordinarily stood in the porch of the church: this image was burnt. According to the most received opinions, the Bête de Staneux was supposed to represent the ancient goddess of the Ardennes, where Diana, under various forms, was worshipped. The people of Polleur have a tradition that the exhibition of the picture was made to commemorate the victory gained by their ancestors over a monster that formerly infested the forest of Staneux, hard by. There was, at one time, scarcely a house in the village of Polleur that did not possess a small framed picture of the Bête de Staneux."

From Liege Mr. Costello explored the picturesque valley of the Meuse, and varies his descriptions of scenery with tales of its now mouldering feudal castles, and the exploits of their owners. At Dinant he encounters the more modern race of huntsmen, who differ essentially from the wild-boar chasers of ancient times.

"It was on the 3d of September that we arrived at Dinant—the first day of the shooting season in Belgium—and it was not without difficulty that we succeeded in getting an apartment, the house being full of sportsmen. If we had not been told that this was the case, we might have guessed it from the endless howling of the *chiens de chasse*, who, locked up in their masters' bedrooms, gave utterance to every description of canine melody, rendering sleep impossible till long after midnight, when the festivities of the chasseurs, no less riotous than their dogs, broke up. If there is one thing more than another that distinguishes a modern Belgian from his kind, it is his excessive fondness for making a noise. No time or place appear to have any influence in subduing his clamorous tendencies, as if to howl and shout like an *enragé* were the great aim and object of his existence. These sportsmen, who were chiefly from Brussels, gave us another taste of their quality as soon as day began to break, and if they exercised their lungs to the same extent when they got to the field, unless the birds were deaf, their sport must have proved a blank."

Apropos des bottes.

"The means of living at Dinant are worth a passing comment. Nothing can equal the richness of the milk, the bread and butter are both excellent, the water is delicious, and the eggs and vegetables are plentiful and cheap. The Meuse and the many streams that water the valleys produce abundance of fish,—trout, grayling, and perch; and, for those who are fond of them, the ditches yield crawfish of enormous size, the largest being sent to Brussels, and often sold in the market there for twenty francs a piece. Hares, partridges, pigeons, *grèves*, and *gelinottes* are abundant, and of exquisite flavour; the mutton of the Ardennes vies with its venison, and for the epicure there is one dish that is incomparable: this is the *jambon de Bastogne*, which we found so good that we begged the *chef* to give us his receipt for curing it, and here it is:—'The ham is cured in a brine of salt, saltpetre, and aromatic herbs, viz. a few bay-leaves, wild thyme, a handful of juniper berries, and a little garlic. It is steeped for about six weeks, and then dried in the smoke of the chimney, over a wood fire. When wanted for dressing, it is buried in the ground for twenty-four hours, and then boiled, with the addition of the same aromatic herbs in the water. After boiling, the bone is taken out, and the ham is pressed under a heavy weight.' As a corollary to the dressing, it may be added, that it often happens that the ham, when produced at table, disappears at one sitting. As the late Lord Blayney did not think it beneath his military dignity to tell how hams were boiled in hock at Bayonne, this simple notice of the treatment of the ham of the Ardennes may be permitted here."

Rambling through the Ardennes completed this agreeable tour; but the account of their beauty, and all the rest of the author's pleasant sayings, we must leave to be perused in his most entertaining volume.

The Meuse, the Moselle, and the Rhine. By B. S., Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Pp. 171. Newby.

A GUIDE very suitable to the present period of the year, which directs any one desirous of the relaxation of foreign travel how to employ six weeks delightfully upon the three rivers named, and traversing some of the finest scenery in Europe, which the barrister somewhat oddly terms "a triple panorama." Indeed, his style is not very choice, for he also talks of "princes and other minor magnates," and falls desperately foul of the higher classes in England:

"Such preposterous magnificos as these (he bursts out), mere lay figures of pride and pomposity, dressed up and decked out to be stared at by the foolish, but avoided by the wise, are happily seldom to be met with in continental society. From such exhibitions of sullen and bloated pride, on the part of the noble and titled, and of cringing deference on the part of those less elevated in rank, you are generally free at those watering places on the continent, particularly in Germany, where all ranks, from the middling classes upwards, meet at table, and amuse themselves in the as-sembly-rooms, without any display of weening arrogance, or, what is proud and patronising condescension titled part of the company, or lowly and obsequiousness by the humbler visitors." sort of writing is not the best for a as truly the author seems to feel; for adds, "This, however, looks very sion, so we must turn from it, and principal object, the guiding of those pressed by our statement of the tages of making for the Rhine by the little frequented route of the Moselle, resolved to undertake that excursion."

Half a day he deems sufficient and at Liege he takes no notice of so enthusiastically praised by we give another short example of manner:

"The chief architectural attraction however, is the church of St. Jacques exhibits a very striking and elegant of the florid Gothic, blended with the and varied and almost coquettish the Arabic style. The foundation of dates back as far as the year 1014, of Henry II., emperor of Germany. few, perhaps, more brilliant, more a word can be applicable to a of a religious edifice than the view aisle presents."

The Moselle he magnifies thus:

"To convey some idea of its this respect, I am tempted to make rather violent metaphor or illustration request my readers to imagine the have been once an antediluvian many leagues in length, which amidst the closely surrounding when all their craters were in full and their torrents of lava flowing ley where it lay. Let them then huge reptile thus scorched and madness, turning, and twisting, in all the fantastic and frightful intense pain, its enormous length up into a thousand evolutions and itself, the head almost doubled back tail in the agonies of death, and stretched out in the exhaustion tense suffering. Such is the nitely intricate figure which this present to the eye, if seen from one glance throughout its course to Coblentz."

He attacks Dr. Granville's opinions ing the Brunnens of Nassau, and says: strictly confine my remarks to the *thurapetic** agents of the highest the aspect of the place, which is certain authors, and more particularly Granville, to be extremely disadvantageous

After all, the tables of distances, modes of travelling, and dispositions of the best portions of this book; and may fully consulted.

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* Sic in orig.; and only one instance of of misprints. *Ex. gr.* "There is a remarkable perty of the Ems waters, not, as far as I served, mentioned by any author, capable of almost every kind of cation, so as to become adapted to peculiar constitutions, and thus to serve as an for the exhibition of remedies of an Could any better vehicle be found for the tions of *Iodine* in *lymphatic engorgements*, in delicate female constitutions, or in certain of children, the precursors of tabes."

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ARTS AND SCIENCES.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

MONDAY (*continued*).

SECTION D.—(*Zoology and Botany.*)

1. Henfrey (A.) on vegetable physiology.
2. Lankester (Dr.) on phytelephas macrocarpa.
3. Allman (Professor) on the structure of fruit in the hepaticæ.
4. Latham (Dr. R. G.) on the ergot.
5. Taylor (R.), report on periodical phenomena in animals and vegetables.
6. Strickland (H. E.), report on the vitality of seeds.
7. Ball (J.) on reform in systematic botany.
8. Royle (Professor) on the geographical distribution of the Indian flora; with remarks on the vegetation of its lakes.

1. Mr. Henfrey treated of the structure of the cellular tissue of plants, and concluded that there was no interruption in the cells between the liber and alburnum, that Schleiden's theory of the black granules is not made out, and that the primordial utricle of Mohl is universal, and a true membrane, not a layer of mucilage. Prof. Forbes observed, that the light thrown upon that branch in botany by the diagrams and explanations given would enable the English botanist to proceed without the assistance of the German authors.

2. Dr. Lankester, on the vegetable ivory discovered at South America in 1760 by Humboldt, observed that it was remarkable in consequence of the peculiarity of its germination, the seed or fruit being found on the surface of the ground after it had germinated, and a young tree in a progressive state is to be seen. The fruit is occasionally eaten by the natives previous to the perisperm becoming so hard as to be cut for ornaments, when it becomes an article of commerce.

3. Prof. Allman, in his paper, stated that he discovered in the spiral tissue a fluid by which vitality is sustained, but was not sure whether the discovery was original or not.

4. Dr. Latham contended that the ergot was seen oftener than formerly. Professors Henslow and Liebig had thought this was not the case. He had for some years directed his attention to the subject, and last year he had found ergot every where, there not only being an increase in the number of localities, but in the species, of which he characterised 18. Its distribution was the greatest in the neighbourhood of London, particularly on the well-manured spots of hill-bottoms; and it was very plentiful at Primrose Hill, Hampstead, and the vicinity of Windsor. He had noticed one spot near the former, where, of several species, the canary grass was the only one which was not attacked.

These views having been confirmed by Mr. Babington, Dr. Lankester inquired what were the effects of this infected grass upon the lower animals who fed upon it; and whether it had been seen upon wheat, as, if so, it must have a bad effect upon man, the effects upon the human constitution being very distressing, producing mortification, &c. It was also desirable to point out what means could be adopted to get rid of it. M. Linck had described it as a low form of fungus, which, absorbed into the wheat, takes away the starch. The experiments of M. Quekett shewed that the sporules might be conveyed by water, and that plants on which this ergotised water was employed would become diseased, whilst those in their vicinity were quite free.

In the course of an interesting discussion, it was stated that Mr. Solly had recognised it as particularly prevalent in graveyards; and it was considered that the quantity in which it was found was owing to the great increase of animal manure.

5. Mr. Taylor, in his report, considered it to be extremely important to animal and vegetable life that a communication should be established with societies upon the continent and different parts of the world upon this subject, in order that every possible light might be thrown upon it.

6. Not sufficiently matured to arrive at any important conclusions.

7. Mr. J. Ball's paper consisted of a revision of the classification of plants, to which Mr. Babington did not perceive immediately any material objection on principle.

8. Dr. Royle read a long and interesting paper on the vegetation of India. He described the singular identity of much of the vegetation on the margins of the Indian lakes to that of those in the English coal-formations. Such was particularly the case with many of the ferns; but the plains of India were now becoming very dry, and many ferns were extinct. He also noticed the peculiarities of matted trees, the identity of which with many in northern America and the Brazils was pointed out by Mr. Richardson. Here in the woods these orchideous plants form large planks or bridges, by which the travellers in this district insensibly find themselves ascending the trees.

SECTION E.—(*Medical Science.*)

1. Leeson (Dr.) on the influence of galvanism in promoting endosmose and exosmose.
2. Fowler (Dr.), some additional facts relative to the case of deafness, dumbness, and blindness in Rotherhithe workhouse.
3. Fowler (Dr.) on the mental capacities of animals in reference to man.
4. Laycock (Dr.) on the communicative fibres of the brain in reference to thought and action.
5. Brooke (Dr.) on a new mode of suture applicable to plastic operations.

1. Dr. Leeson lectured rather with a view to promote discussion than from any particular point of originality, but not suited to popular publication.

2. 3. Dr. Fowler offered some observations relative to cases of deafness, dumbness, and blindness in Rotherhithe workhouse; and afterwards read a paper "On the mental capacities of animals in reference to man." Man stood pre-eminent as the possessor of mind, but many animals surpassed man in some one particular sense. The eye in the eagle and vulture was infinitely more acute; nature had provided the vulture with a covering, which lay over the eye like the folds of a lady's fan. But the vulture had no smell; and to prove this, some hogs in the highest state of putrefaction had been placed in a thicket where vultures abounded, and covered with boughs; at the same time an ass, stuffed with straw, was placed in the open plain. The hogs were left untouched, but the ass was torn to pieces, clearly shewing that the vulture was directed by sight, and not by smell. After giving other instances of the superiority of peculiar functions in animals—the lung of the horse, the dog, and the lion, for instance, so suited for the chase, and for enabling the latter animal to travel a great distance in search of prey—he pointed out the difference, both in size and structure, in the lung of the cow, so admirably adapted for the state of quietude in which that domestic animal exists. But he doubted if any animal, whatever its functions or sagacity, could be taught to know the dependance of one thing on another—cause and effect, such as a game of chess, for instance. The difference, therefore, between man and animals was this—various functions were as perfect in animals as in man, but they had no means of recording facts or drawing deductions.

4. An interesting paper, both physiologically and metaphysically.

5. The novelty consisted in placing two beads, and securing them by knots on the two ends of the thread passed through the parts to be united, which it was stated would hold the parts together until union was effected, without producing any irritation. An ingenious instrument was shewn for placing knots on the threads at any required point when out of reach of the fingers.

SECTION F.—(*Statistics.*)

1. Laycock (Dr.) on the sanatory condition of the city of York.
2. Watt (Dr.), statistics of the production of iron in Scotland.
3. Fletcher (J.), a statistical account of the colonisation of the north of Ireland by the corporation of London.
4. Pryme (Prof.) on the different modes of estimating the population of a country.

1. Dr. Laycock stated that the official returns as to the cause of death were erroneous.

2. Dr. Watt read an elaborate paper on the production of iron in Scotland, shewing the very improved state of the trade, and the increase of new works and additional furnaces, with every probability of continued prosperity. He stated that it required a million tons of coals to produce 400,000 tons of iron.

Mr. Porter remarked, that in the iron-works in Great Britain, for one year, 1,396,400 tons of iron were made from 4,877,000 tons of coals. This shewed a discrepancy according to the statement of Dr. Watt.

Prof. Pryme thought the discrepancy might arise in part from the impurity of the ore; upon the purity of which a good deal depended as to the quantity of coals required.

3. Mr. Fletcher's object was to shew the efforts made for colonisation two centuries ago.

4. Prof. Pryme stated that there were four methods by which the actual population of a country has been estimated; upon which a long conversation followed, and the section adjourned at half-past two.

TUESDAY.

SECTION A.—(*Mathematical and Physical Science.*)

1. Young (Prof.) on imaginary zeros and the theory of conjugate points.
2. Herschel (Sir J.), explanation of a model of the moon by Madame Witte.
3. Jarrett (Prof.) on algebraic equivalence.
4. Greaves (Prof.) on triplets.
5. Boole (G.) on the equation of Laplace's function.
6. Ronalds (F.), report of the electro-magnetical observations at Kew.
7. Boguslawski (Prof.) on the comet of 1843.
8. Brewster (Sir D.) on the rotation of minute crystals in the cavities of topaz under the influence of heat.
9. Brewster (Sir D.) on the condition of topaz subsequent to the formation of a certain class of cavities.
10. Lee (Dr.), account of meteorological observations made at Christiania.
11. Lee (Dr.), description of a storm of lightning and thunder at Alten.
12. Earnshaw (Rev. S.) on the rings which surround the image of a star formed by the object-glass of a telescope.
13. Stevelly (Prof.) on the projection of a star on the dark limb of the moon just before its occultation.

1. Prof. Young contended for the necessity of continuing the symbol for zero, and gave an example of a series leading to false conclusion, treated in the ordinary way. In the theory of conjugate points, the zero-point he thought most important, and discrepancies arise in consequence of not attending to it. Examples were given. Prof. Young, in concluding, wished to withdraw a statement reflecting on Dr. Peacocke's Algebra.

2. Sir John Herschel exhibited and enlarged upon the exceedingly beautiful model of the moon, the work of a female amateur astrono-

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mer. The figures of the mountains in relief were all taken by micrometrical measurements, and their precision in the model was most marvellous: the material employed was a composition of mastic and wax. In speaking of the atmosphere of the moon, Sir John Herschel again referred to the probable altered character of the heat reflected from the moon. He said, that during a fortnight's unmitigated day the moon must grow immensely hot, but that we had no experiments to shew this, and probably, though the heat may not be in a condition to penetrate our atmosphere, yet it may tend to clear it. He did not insist upon this, but thought it highly probable, and instanced in support of this view the remarkable quantity of clear sky prevailing just about full moon. The effect of this strong heat must be to evaporate all water; and if any remain, it must exist on the hinder part, and perhaps in the state of ice. Besides several other prominent and well-known mountains, Sir John pointed out Aristarchus, which glows at different times with a peculiar reflection, and which has been repeatedly mistaken for a volcano. A great many streaks down its sides are visible: these are not lava-streams, but lava-cracks filled with other matter. This and other peculiarities of the lunar craters resemble those of our earth, and reference was especially made for proof to the Baron Waltershausen's map of Etna.

The Baron said that in the moon there were two different systems of mountains: 1. mountain chains, not so extensive as those of the earth; 2. craters elliptic and circular, larger and more perfectly constructed. He pointed out the perfect analogies between the lunar and terrestrial volcanic formations, and especially the cracks mentioned by Sir J. Herschel. They were numerous on Etna, and filled with black hornblende. He supposed those of Aristarchus, the white streams, were feldspar.

3. Many algebraic series, when applied to particular cases, have been found to involve numerical absurdities. Attempts have been made to explain these contradictions by metaphysical refinements; but, in most cases, without success. The object of the paper was to remind mathematicians that the series in question arise, in most cases, from a succession of operations in each of which a portion of the result is neglected, and that the accumulated effect of these omissions shews itself in a numerical absurdity in particular cases. The writer took the binomial theorem as an instance, and shewed in what way the demonstration would most naturally proceed, from the simple case of the index being positive and integral, to the cases of a negative integer, and of fractions both positive and negative. This was done by means of a notation which expresses any series by its general term, and by means of which the operations of multiplication and involution can be as readily performed on a series as on a single term. The result arrived at was, that no dependence ought to be placed on, nor any use made of, the binomial theorem without the express limitation that either the index must be an integer, or that the second term must be less than the first. Many eminent mathematicians have explained the above-mentioned numerical absurdities by making a distinction between algebraic and arithmetical equality, as founded on an assumed difference between symbolical and arithmetical algebra, and resulting in a separation between equivalence and equality. The writer called in question the justice of this distinction, and asked for information on a point so important in estimating the truth and value of analytical investigations.

Nos. 4 and 5. Too abstruse for popular report.

6. The journal of the observations was submitted by Mr. Ronalds with little comment, other than the notice of the St. Elmo fire on the 23d and on the 26th of May.

7. This was one of the papers, and of some length, recommended to be printed verbatim in the next volume of the Reports.

8. At the last meeting of the Association, Sir D. Brewster described the existence of crystals in the cavities of topaz, which melted under the influence of heat. In pursuing this investigation, he observed a phenomenon produced by heat of the most novel and surprising kind, and one which he felt himself utterly unable to explain. Upon the first application of heat, one or two of the crystals leaped from their resting-place, and darted to the opposite side of the cavity. In a few seconds the others quitted their places, one after the other, performing the most rapid and extraordinary rotations. One crystal joined another, and four of them thus united revolved with such rapidity as completely to efface their respective shapes. They separated on the withdrawal of the heat, and took the position which their gravity assigned to them. Prisms also performed the same rotation; and the small crystals have been driven between the inclined edges of the cavity. The pyro-electricity of topaz suggests itself as a moving power: it may produce attractions and repulsions, or certain motions in straight lines; but how could it turn a crystal on its axis? The experiments of Libri and Fresnel on the repulsions which heated bodies exert upon each other at sensible distances, afford but little aid. They may assist to account for the mere displacement of the crystals by the application of heat, or for their sudden start from their places of rest, but they do not supply a force fitted to give and to sustain a rapid rotatory movement. Why the crystals rotate is not known.

9. The investigation of the second class of cavities in topaz, and the examination of 900 specimens, have led Sir D. Brewster to conclude the topaz must have been in a soft and plastic state when it yielded to the compressing force which emanated from the ordinary cavities; and that a mineral body thus acted upon could not have been formed, according to the received theory, by the aggregation of molecules having the primitive form of the crystal, or by deposition in aqueous fluids.

10. Was a continuation of the observations communicated at York; and

11. Interesting only as proof of the voluntary study of, and record of meteorological observations by, young Englishmen in the establishment of the British Mining Company at Alten. They had built an observatory there, and it was tolerably stocked with instruments. Dr. Lee suggested, on this account, Alten as a new station, if it were considered desirable to extend the system of simultaneous meteorological and magnetic observations.

12. Mr. Earnshaw treated the images seen in the telescope as tests of theory presenting broad features, and not minute differences.

13. The phenomenon, inexplicable to Sir J. South, according to his public opinion recently given, Prof. Stevelly considered to be the result of diffraction.

Sir D. Brewster differed, attributing the cause to the difference in the density of our atmosphere, viewing it as an instance of mirage.

SECTION B.—(*Chemical Science.*)

1. Percy (Dr.), contributions to the chemistry of diabetes.
2. Charlesworth (E.) on the secretion of flint in the pulp-cavities of the teeth of a fossil reptile.
3. Joule (J. P.) on the mechanical equivalent of heat.
4. Splittgerber (M.) on the manufacture of a coloured glass.
5. Schönbein (Prof.) on the presence of ozone in the atmosphere.
6. Armstrong (W.), description of a new colossal steam electrical machine; and on some phenomena attending the production of electricity.

1. Was a communication entirely medical, and better suited to Section E. Ladies were excluded.

2. The fossil reptile was found in a chalk-pit on the Thames, and was previously described in Section C.

3. Described new experiments, which Mr. Joule said confirmed his previous conclusions upon the heat evolved by magnetic electricity, and announced his intention to continue this investigation.

4. There were exhibited samples of white glass containing gold, which turned to a deep red when exposed to a certain degree of heat, but nearly lost it when raised almost to the point of fusion.

5. Fully reported in the *Literary Gazette*, No. 1484. Prof. Faraday spoke highly and hopefully of M. Schönbein's experiments, though he raised a smile at his poetical imagination. Ozone he held to be a compound of oxygen and water.

6. By this prodigious machine Mr. A. had succeeded in fully charging a battery of thirty-three square feet of coated surface above sixty times in a minute; and, by interrupting the electric current, and causing it to pass through Callan's thin wire-coil apparatus, had obtained a secondary current in the thick wire-coil of considerablo force, and answering in every way to an alternating voltaic current.

SECTION C.—(*Geology and Physical Geography.*)

1. Henslow (Rev. Prof.) on nodules, apparently coprolitic, from the red crag, London clay, and green sand.
2. Buckland (Dr.) on the mechanical action of animals on hard and soft substances during the progress of stratification, and on the distinction between cavities made by rain-drops and bubbles on red sandstone.
3. Forbes (Prof. E.), extract of a letter from Evan Hopkins, Esq., respecting traces resembling *Ornithichnites.*
4. Falconer (Dr.) on some new additions among the mammalia to the fossil fauna of India, from Perim Island in the Gulf of Cambay.
5. Binney (E. W.) on fossil trees at St. Helen's, Lancashire, which exhibit stigmariæ at their roots.
6. Whishaw (F., *Sec. of the Society of Arts*), mode of exhibiting at one view the results of a geological survey of any given district of country.
7. Smith (J.) on the subsidence of the land at Puzzuoli.

1. It was well known that the agriculturist made use of great quantities of phosphate of lime to enable him to increase the amount of his production. The source from whence this was obtained was bones, and as this source was beginning to fail, attention had been directed to another. Some years since, Dr. Daubeny had been sent over to Estramadura to inspect a vein, but that was found not sufficient, and it was again mooted to send another expedition to Spain to try and find another one. His attention had been directed to this matter, as he felt its importance for some time, and he now thought he had discovered a source in our own country which might be made available. On the Suffolk coast, in the red crag, round about Felixstow, were to be met with large quantities of various shaped nodules, which it struck him must have had animal origin. He had sent

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some of them to the Geological Society, and at the same time a very eminent chemist produced to the Society his analysis of them, and he found by his experiments that they contained between 50 and 60 per cent of phosphate of lime. The nodules did not originate in the red crag, but were clearly referrible to the London clay, and might be met with near Highgate. A gentleman in Suffolk had collected two tons of the Suffolk nodules, and the mean analysis gave 53½ phosphate of lime, 13 phosphate of iron, and the rest carbonate of lime. Now this, he thought, might be made available by the chemists instead of bones. The green sand of Cambridgeshire, which came to the surface in some places, and in which he had traced nodules, he found might be also made a source of phosphate of lime; for these nodules he had sent to Mr. Deck for analysis, and he had found them to contain 61 per cent of earthy phosphates and 13 per cent of carbonate of lime. As to the geological question, he had described these nodules as of coprolitic character, for, on breaking them open, he had found vertebræ of cartilaginous animals, a crab, shark's teeth, &c. It was true that they might have been re-aggregated, but when he took into consideration the fact made known by Col. Sykes, that on the coast of Norway there had been seen a stupendous shoal of sharks, of which 20,000 had been trapped, he did not think it improbable that these nodules should have had a coprolitic origin.

Dr. Buckland doubted this, especially when one of the nodules contained a crab perfect in its parts, which would not have been the case it not passed through the digestive organs of any animal. In another there were shark's teeth protruding out. He would give a theory for the origin. Liebig asserts that there is always phosphorus in iron ore; now there was a great deal of iron in solution when the red crag was formed, and if it were assumed that bodies existed in a condition to receive phosphorus, the wonder would cease.

Mr. Solly said, he regretted to differ from the great *Doctor of Coprolites!* but from seeing appearance on some of the nodules of partial digestion, he was inclined to side with Professor Henslow, especially when he bore in mind that if formed on the theory of Dr. Buckland, there would most probably have been a greater diversity of size.

Professor Sedgwick could not see how the phosphate of lime could be got at, so as to make it available for agricultural pursuits.

2. Dr. Buckland shewed the operations of insects through limestone and sandstone rocks, and said he could find no traces in the carboniferous series. He then pointed out that all the impressions said to be the impressions of rain on sandstone were really not so, but were often the effect of bubbles which arose to the top of mud containing perhaps decomposing vegetable matter, and they might be distinguished from each other by the jagged appearances of the edges of those caused by bubbles, and by the inequality of the size of those produced in the latter way. The slab in the Cambridge geological museum, which was a very curious one, was not indented by rain. He warned geologists again not to be misled by general conclusions.

Mr. Lyell stated he had seen impressions on the mud at Baltimore, and had asked some boys what occasioned them, and was told "bubbles." He had also lately heard of footsteps of *Cheirotheria* being found between the coal-seams of Pennsylvania, which was the first time clear evidence had been adduced of the existence of winds and reptiles at the time of the formation of the carboniferous series.

3. Reasoned that leaping quadrupeds might make the marks which had been attributed to bipeds. Dr. Falconer, however, overthrew the hypothesis by anatomical observation.

4. Is sufficiently explained by the title.

5. The paper clearly proved that a tree had been disembogned by Mr. Binney which had *Stigmariæ* at its roots, upon which subject naturalists had differed for many years, for although *Sigillaria* and *Stigmariæ* were found together, they were never found in sufficiently close approximation to shew that the latter formed part of the roots of the former.

6. The plan of constructing illuminated models for geological or mining purposes differs materially from that of the excellent system of Mr. Sopwith, well known to every geologist. The foundation is made of wood, having superposed a layer of *papier machée* or other suitable substance, moulded to the form of the bottom stratum or strata to be represented; the foundation is ¾-inch larger all round than the size of the intended model, and has grooves formed in it to receive upright sections of glass, on which are burnt-in the various colours corresponding with the different stratifications; these glass sections are placed in parallel lines, and are intersected at right angles by another series of sections, also of the same material, the upper edge of each corresponding with the conformation of the ground represented; when the different sections come together, they are connected by marine glue. The whole is covered either with wood overlaid with *papier machée*, or other substance suitable for the representation of the country, together with buildings, roads, &c., all properly coloured; or the whole top may perhaps be made of variously-coloured glass also. Both Dr. Buckland and Sir H. De la Beche approved of the plan; the latter, in particular, considered it would be especially useful for representing geologically mining districts of country.

7. The object of the paper was to shew that the subsidence of the land at Puzzuoli, in the Bay of Naples, was slow, and not, as some supposed, paroxismal.

SECTION D.—(*Zoology and Botany.*)

1. Falconer (Dr.) on the fossil elephantine animals of India.
2. Selys-Longchamps (Mons. E. de) on a reformed list of the *Libellulæ* and the *Arvicolæ*.
3. Lankester (Dr.) on the germination of plants.
4. Solly (E.) on the influence of voltaic electricity on the germination of seeds.
5. Westwood (J. O.) on a popular fallacy in the natural history of the honey-bee, and on the occurrence of a case of monstrosity observed in the same species.
6. Ball (J.) on specific characters of plants, considered in morphological connexion, illustrated by the description of a group of the genus *Polypogon*.
7. Peach (C. W.) on marine animals from the coast of Cornwall.

1. Dr. Falconer's interesting communications on this subject have been frequently reported in the *Literary Gazette;* and we rejoice that they are now commanding the attention and encouragement they so highly deserve. The drawings now exhibited imparted great additional interest to his descriptions of the various elephantine forms. There were, he stated, six distinct species; and those of the north of India were immense animals, some of them fourteen feet in height, much larger than the African elephant.

2. Was delivered in French; and nineteen specimens of the *Arvicolæ* (the field-mouse), collected from Sweden, the Pyrenees, Italy, Belgium, and Switzerland, exhibited. Mr. L. had obtained the genuine *mus agrestis* of Linnæus from Sweden; and fifteen other specimens were acknowledged to be certain. The lecturer then submitted to the section an able work, published by him, on the *Libellulæ*.

3. Dr. L. combated the universality of the opinion that the growth (of plants) proceeded from the embryos receiving their support from the oxygen through the agency of water, and carbonic acid gas from the decomposition of the perisperm or albumen contained in the seeds, until they obtained their support from the ammonia, &c., contained in the soil.

4. This paper described the sowing of certain seeds in garden-beds, all alike, and submitted to the same voltaic influence by means of electrical apparatus fixed in the ground; and other seeds of the same kind, equally sown, but left to the natural soil. The results did not seem to promise any advantage from employing electricity; and the story of a Scotch farmer who said he had, through this means, grown thirteen quarters of wheat per acre was only adduced to be laughed at.

5. Mr. Westwood declared that the bees did swarm with their old queen, but shewed their taste and gallantry by following a young one. Some amusing conversation ensued, in which Mr. Ogilby took part.

6. Threw much light on the genus discussed.

7. The author first mentioned and exhibited a specimen of *Natica* found on the Cornish coast, supposed by Mr. Couch to be *Natica intricata;* and also produced specimens of several of the rarer *Anatifera*, and described several particulars of their growth and habits—amongst them *Cineras vittata* of Leach, which he had taken from the bottom of a ship from Africa; and shewed how these shells, though natives of warm climates, continued to live and be perfectly strong and healthy, although introduced into this country in one of the severest winters remembered for many years. He introduced also specimens of what he considered as new of an *Alcyonium* and an bellanthoid animal, and then proceeded to describe several *Acalepha* and their habits, &c.

PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY.

WE are glad to hear that a change is about to be made at University College towards facilitating to pupils the study of practical chemistry —a matter just now of great importance. The Council have created a "Professorship of Practical Chemistry," in addition to the regular chemical professorship (held by Mr. Graham), and have judiciously given it to Mr. G. Fownes. They intend immediately to build (to be ready it is expected in November) a magnificent laboratory, with every accommodation for between twenty and thirty students, who will have the means of making all kinds of chemical research under the joint superintendence of Professors Graham and Fownes. And no expense nor trouble is to be spared, we are told, to give full effect to the wishes of the Council, and to raise up, if possible, a great English school of chemistry, adequate to the want so long felt. The Giessen plan, as far as convenient, is to be adopted, with very low fee, the pupils paying for their materials, &c., and replacing all apparatus destroyed; and those far enough advanced will be encouraged to attempt original research, and be assisted as much as possible.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

No fewer than forty-six writers, many of them distinguished antiquaries, have already contributed papers to be read at the approaching

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meeting of the Association at Winchester. There is first a general opening view of the objects, &c., of antiquarian research by the treasurer, Mr. Pettigrew; then twenty communications on primeval, sixteen on medieval, eleven on architectural, and thirteen on historical subjects; all of them well calculated to convey curious information, and some of them peculiarly interesting to Winchester and Southampton, Hampshire generally, and the localities where the meeting will be held. The programme includes the opening of barrows on the Chilcomb and Twyford downs, excursions to the Roman Silchester, Romsey, St. Cross, Southampton, Netley Abbey, &c.; a *soirée* given by Lord A. Conyngham, the president, *conversazioni*, and (we believe we may add) material entertainments of a social order. The railroad proprietors have behaved handsomely with regard to the continual conveyance of members to and fro throughout the period allotted for the congress; and the magistracy and leading citizens of the ancient city of Winchester, with the mayor, town-clerk, Alderman Benny, and four town-councillors (Forder, Ventham, Wickham, and Woodbridge,) at their head, have formed themselves into a local committee, to contribute every thing in their power to the success and *éclat* of the proceedings. This is as it should be; and Canterbury may look to its last year's laurels.

ARCHÆOLOGY: BRITISH BARROWS.

We have much satisfaction in copying from the *Chesterfield Reporter and Derbyshire Chronicle* the most interesting portions of an account of the continued barrow-opening operations of Mr. Bateman and the Rev. Mr. Isaacson. This is the true way to get over schism; and to the active zeal of these antiquaries the Archæological Association is deeply indebted. We ought to notice, and we do so with great pleasure, that no sooner was the Duke of Rutland made acquainted with the circumstances alluded to in the *Literary Gazette* of June 14th, than he gave directions to afford every facility for the examination of the numerous and remarkable national remains which exist on his princely property.

On the 9th June, a small barrow, in a field called "Painstor," near Alsop-in-the-Dale, was examined; but having been previously opened, nothing was found but the remains of two skeletons, and fragments of a coarse urn of red ware. On the same day, a second barrow, on Boston Farm, near Dovedale, was explored. In the centre was found a very large kist, covered with flat stones, and filled with soil, in which was a smaller kist, containing a deposit of burnt bones; and about a yard off, the remains of a man, with his knees drawn up, and two rude instruments of flint. On a rather higher level, but still within the large kist, were two more human skeletons, one directly over the small kist containing the burnt bones, and the other—which was that of a woman, who appeared to have been decapitated, no vestige of a head being found—lying midway between the burnt bones and the first-named skeleton, which was the only one accompanied by any kind of instrument. In the course of the excavation, stags' horns, animal teeth, and quantities of rats' bones, in excellent preservation, were met with in all directions.

June 11.—Mr. Bateman opened a lowe on Alsop Moor, which, on examination, proved to have been levelled previously, but still retained its circular form, from the circumstance of its having been raised on an elevated bed of rock. The only articles noticed were a few pieces of human skull, and many rats' bones.

June 12.—Having received information that some labourers in the employ of Mr. Wain, of Hart-hill Moor, had discovered an urn inverted over a deposit of burnt bones, at the outer edge of a small barrow, and Mr. Wain having in the most kind and considerate manner determined to stop proceedings till he had communicated with Mr. Bateman, that gentleman, accompanied by Mr. Isaacson, proceeded to the spot this day. After removing the pieces of the above-mentioned urn, which was of exceedingly rude workmanship, a cutting was made through the centre of the barrow, in which two most elaborately wrought urns, much broken, but repairable, were found, as well as a large quantity of burnt bones. On the south side of the centre of the barrow their operations were obstructed by an immense stone, having all the appearance of natural rock, near the edge of which was found a deposit of burnt bones, two rude instruments of flint, and two most elegant cups, of novel form, and superior in style of ornament to any hitherto discovered, at least in Derbyshire, and which were, in all probability, used as incense-cups, or on solemn Druidical festivals. On continuing their labours at the edge of the large stone, the gentlemen descried the top of another set up edgeways, which at once satisfied them that they had fallen in with an extraordinary large kist. This proved to be filled with fine sand, with which were mingled large quantities of calcined human bones, and some small pieces of urn; the whole having originally been laid on a bed of heather—a most singular, and, we believe, hitherto unheard-of, circumstance. The kist, which may be called a cromlech in miniature, was upwards of 3 feet in height, and about 4 feet 6 inches square in the interior; whilst the covering stone was at least 7 feet square by 2 thick, and presented, when fully exposed to view, a very striking appearance.

Saturday, June 14.—In consequence of information of the discovery of a second kist on the same ground by Mr. Wain, Mr. Isaacson proceeded thither, and at a very slight distance below the surface found a small kist, about 2 feet long by 1 in width, nearly in the shape of a parallelogram. A few fragments of pottery, one of which formed part of the top of the large urn, which covered the deposit mentioned above, were met with; whilst in the interior a large quantity of burnt bones was deposited, but neither flint nor any other article. Another reported barrow was subsequently tried, but nothing found. It may be proper to remark, that this neighbourhood abounds with early British remains; celts of stone and bronze, querns, rollers, rock basins, &c. &c., having been frequently dug up—specimens of all of which are in Mr. Bateman's extensive and valuable museum. On Mr. Bateman's proceeding to a field called "Castern," about a mile and a half from Wetton, he discovered an extensive barrow, measuring 35 yards in diameter, and 4½ feet in height. On the south side, about 4 yards from the centre, in a square kist formed of four flat limestones, were found a deposit of burnt bones, two bone pins (one of which was perforated, also calcined), a fine flint spear-head, and a small arrow-head of the same material. In the same kist, but on a higher level, were the remains of an infant. In the centre of the barrow, the skeleton of a female, with the knees drawn up, was completely *imbedded in rats' bones*, amongst which was the upper mandible of the beak of a bird of the hawk species. Beneath this, in a kist cut in the rock, a skeleton was found in a sitting position, evidently that of a man; near which was part of a broken spear-head of flint. In other parts of the tumulus, portions of the skeletons of two children and one adult, the bones of two human feet (in a perfect state), pieces of stags' horn, horses' teeth, a circular instrument and various fragments of flint, a small whetstone, a large piece of sandstone (which had been rubbed smooth), and the handle of a knife, composed of buck-horn, not unlike an old-fashioned table-knife, and very similar to the one engraved in Douglas's *Nenia Britannica* (plate 19, fig. 4), were found scattered in various directions.

June 16.—The excavations of the great barrow at Arbor Lowe were this day resumed by Mr. Isaacson, accompanied by Mr. Bateman, jun., Mr. R. Nesfield, and Mr. Francis Barker. A transverse section was made through the undisturbed portion, but nothing found, with the exception of a few pieces of stags' horn; from which we may conclude that the kist and urns formerly discovered were the primary and *only* deposit in this enormous and, from its vicinity to the druidical temple, most interesting barrow; which has now been thoroughly and scientifically explored.

June 19.—Mr. Bateman and Mr. Isaacson having kindly been permitted by the occupier, Mr. Hardy, to open a very inviting barrow situated near New Imes, and known as Stand Lowe, this morning commenced operations. The first objects that attracted their attention were numerous chippings of flints, mostly calcined, and six rude instruments of the same material, one of them a remarkably curious saw, and a portion of a whetstone. On approaching the centre of the barrow, an iron knife, of that description *hitherto* pronounced by antiquaries to be *Saxon*, was turned up; and immediately afterwards the remains of a small round bronze box, one end of the handle of which was ornamentally and chastely carved to represent a serpent, rewarded their labours, and gave promise of a rich *find*. The hinge of the lid of the box is quite perfect and of superior workmanship, and the sides are ornamented with rows of dots punched into the metal of which it is composed. Near this lay a small knife, which appears to have been protected by an iron sheath; two bronze rings, which have either been used as fibulæ or buckles, or attached to the sheath or scabbard by which the sword was suspended; and some other article of iron, which exhibits marks of having been wrapped in linen, but so defaced by rust, that, in its present misshapen form, it is impossible to describe its outline or character. In the same neighbourhood a fragment of a ribbed vessel of thin yellow glass was met with. Not discovering the least vestige of bone, or even any difference in the colour of the soil, the back was inadvertently struck into a necklace of glass beads, only one of which, however, was injured. On minute investigation, eleven were found perfect as on the day they were deposited, three being elegantly variegated, and of extreme variety; and amongst them a bead of silver wire twisted into a spiral form, and diminishing each way from the centre, together with a needle of the same metal with a curiously wrought eye. With these were found the enamel, or crown, of twenty-six human teeth; which, owing to some chemical action in the surrounding soil, were the only vestiges of the primeval beauty over whose mortal remains the hand of affection had raised the lasting monument. The beads were, undoubtedly, placed on the neck at the time of the inter-

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ment, and the position of the box and other articles was clearly on the left side. In Douglas's *Nenia Britannica* (plate 23, page 72) a somewhat similar box and needle are engraved, which were found in a barrow at Sibertswold, in Kent, opened in 1767. The discovery of flints with these articles is somewhat extraordinary, and goes far to shake the theory, that wherever bronze and iron articles are found the interment is Saxon. We know that the Phœnicians introduced these articles, as well as beads, and instruments of silver and other metals, in the manufacturing of which they excelled, into every part of the known world; and may not the deposit under consideration have been the offering of some wealthy hunter-chief to the manes of his departed wife or daughter, centuries before the Saxon intruder? And this may account for the entire absence of bones, and disappearance of animal matter.

June 28.—Mr. Bateman contemplated opening an immense barrow, called Steep Lowe, in the parish of Alstonefield, measuring 50 yards in diameter and 15 feet in height, and constructed almost entirely of loose stone. On arriving at the spot, he discovered that the natives, who certainly are the most barbarous specimen of humanity between this and New Zealand, had already commenced operations, as treasure-*seekers*, and exhumed a skeleton, which was extended at full length, a large spear, a small lance-head, and a knife, all of iron, together with three Roman coins—one of Constantine, one of Tetricus, and the other illegible; the spoilers having strenously applied sand-paper, in the hope of converting their brass into gold. A few pieces of highly ornamented urn, a curious fragment of ironstone, and a profusion of rats' bones and horses' teeth, had also been disturbed. A judicious tender of modern coin rescued these antiques from the uncouth aborigines. On carrying out the work, thus unjustifiably commenced, an amber ornament, perforated in precisely the same manner as those found on the 4th June on Alsop Moor, was met with; and in the opposite direction a large plain urn, with two perforations by which to suspend it (which has been restored, notwithstanding the violence it suffered at the hands of the unmannerly intruders), containing a deposit of burnt bones, two pebbles, and a piece of flint: it was not more than eighteen inches under the surface. An attempt was then made to cut through to the floor of the barrow; but, owing to the loose nature of the materials, and the crowd of ill-behaved people who thronged the edges of the cutting, and even sometimes fell into it—to the imminent danger of the diggers—the task was abandoned in disgust, after penetrating to the depth of six feet. It is evident there remain the principal, and most probably other, interments in this barrow, which would take several days to excavate with success; and perhaps some future archæologists may resume the undertaking, when the march of civilisation shall have penetrated into these benighted regions. On the same day, Mr. Bateman opened another small barrow on Gratton Hill, about half a mile from the latter. In the centre was found a kist cut in the rock, containing a skeleton, unaccompanied by any thing but fragments of a rudely ornamented urn. On a little higher level a deposit of burnt bones and two flint arrow-heads were discovered. Incidentally on the floor of the kist were horses' teeth, the skull of a polecat, and an infinity of rats' bones; whilst near the surface were portions of another skeleton, and a small piece of brass of indeterminable date and character.

FINE ARTS.

THE QUEEN'S PAVILION.

On Wednesday week we had the honour and pleasure of being invited to see the pavilion in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, which has been adorned with fresco paintings and other beauties of art by the command of her Majesty, and, we fancy we might almost say, under the royal superintendence of herself and Prince Albert. Mr. Gruner, whose admirable work on the fresco embellishments of Rome is on the eve of publication, received and shewed us the three apartments of which this little temple consists.

We presume that criticism was invited by thus throwing it open to the periodical press; but still we cannot consider ourselves at liberty to speak of such a production as we might of a public exhibition. But independently of this consideration, and the freedom of our remarks upon the competition in Westminster Hall, there is one other fact which rather disinclines us from playing "Absolute John" upon works of this kind. Fresco painting is a novelty in this country, and we confess it has often crossed our mind, that if the artists are inexperienced, so, at least in an equal degree, are their critics! But we are a presuming set; and seem to fancy we have a right to pronounce dogmatically upon every thing. Why the fit of diffidence has come over us near the palace, we cannot tell; but we feel that it would only be becoming to speak as if we might possibly be in error upon matters so imperfectly known to us by previous study or a more extensive acquaintance with the continental examples both ancient and modern.

The pavilion is smaller than we expected to find it, and the frescos consequently of a limited size. Eight of them from "Comus," by Stanfield, Uwins, Leslie, Sir W. Ross, Eastlake, Maclise, E. Landseer, and Dyce, are disposed of in the first room, an octagon, of 15 feet 8 by 15 feet 9 inches, and 14 feet 11 high from the floor to the vaulted dome, which is divided by 8 ribs, between each two of which the subject is seen in lunettes of 6 feet 3 inches below the cornice.

Stanfield's is a beautiful landscape on the right, splendidly wooded and brilliant with the sparkling fall of waters. The attendant spirit as a shepherd occupies the foreground on the left, and in the distance, the rabble rout are visible in their wild revels. "Mirth, admit me of thy crew," is no motto for them: the composition is chaste and charming, and worthy of the artist.

Uwins presents Comus and the Lady, a simple composition — the latter apparently soliloquising, and the former listening to catch words, and partly hidden by the trees. It gently foretells the danger of the temptation; and has no striking feature.

Leslie's is in our judgment finely treated. The brewed enchantment is offered to the spell-bound lady by Comus, and is rejected with all the indignation which innocence can express. A young satyr and bacchante in the foreground greatly enrich the scene, and add force to the incident.

Sir W. Ross. Comus is forcibly ejected by the two brothers, but escapes unscathed with his wand. It is rather a dramatic scene.

Eastlake's Celestial Pity, with angelic groups on either side, looks softly down on struggling Virtue. It looks better here than in the Royal Academy Exhibition.

Maclise is gifted with one of the grand requisites for fresco painting, a bold and firm hand, to dash off the outline in original vigour, without a necessity for re-touching, or hatching, or scambling, to conceal a weakness or blemish, which, reparable in oil, cannot be amended in fresco—for future times. In the present case, he has had no call to exercise the talent; and his fertile mind has, on the contrary, crowded the wall with characters, mortal and allegorical, full of beauty and charmingly grouped.

Also, in his own style, has Edwin Landseer revelled in the production of the changed countenances into brutish shapes of wolf, bear, tiger, hog, goat, and monkey. Teniers' "Temptation of St. Anthony" is not more imaginative than this; and never were animals more happily depicted, combining the utmost grotesque with the utmost truth.

And last, Mr. Dyce, a most appropriate termination of the series, and an admirable adaptation of design to fresco. It is the restoration of the lady and two brothers to their lordly parents; and nothing can excel the simplicity and gracefulness of the *dénouement*.

This piece superseded one by Etty, which was shewn us in the open air, and certainly appeared to be unworthy of his genius, if not unfit for modest decoration.

The floor of this room is highly polished, and the walls adorned with arabesques, medallions, masks, ciphers, and other graceful devices, so as to impart to the whole the single character (if we may coin a word after the German manner) of an Art-Shrine.

The chimney-piece opposite the door is covered by a mirror which reflects the frescos and partly the gardens in a very pleasing union; and on either side a door opens into the lesser apartments, about eight or nine feet in diameter. That on the left is illustrated by subjects from the Waverley novels, and is a feeling tribute to the memory of Scott. Among the artists who shine here, are the young brothers Doyle, the sons of the celebrated caricaturist, HB.; and here also the panels, the floor, the windows, &c. are tastefully and suitably embellished with Scottish allusions. The other room is Pompeian in all its parts, and affords a most correct and interesting idea of the furniture luxuries of ancient times. The designs, the urns, the scrolls, and all the varieties of Greek and Roman beauty lavished on such refinements, are here faithfully copied, and the *ensemble*, besides offering a charming contrast with the other portions of the building, is in itself exceedingly pleasing. It is like going into a museum of precious antiquities.

In the end, after spending two hours delightfully with these attractive works, we departed with a deep sense of gratitude to the royal personages who had set this valuable example before the wealthy and noble of the land. The object in supplying an opportunity, on a small scale, of calling forth the genius of our national school to imp its wings in a new style of art, before it adventured upon the wider field recently opened to its view, was worthy of our youthful Queen and her Consort, who has shewn himself so desirous to promote the fine arts of his adopted England; and we beg humbly to offer them the thanks of the country for this liberal and auspicious act.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

After a productive "season," the exhibition closes this evening; and we have only a few words to bestow on the drawings and miniatures, which are, however, productions of a high order, and such as would by themselves form a very delightful exhibition. They run from No. 677 to No. 1091.

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Among the *miniatures* are some of such large dimensions as to belie the appellation, and rebut the Shaksperian phrase of being "painted in little." In texture, too, and effect, they approach nearer than ever to oils. No. 885, the Marchioness of Waterford and the Viscountess Canning, by R. Thorburn, is a splendid specimen of this; and it is well companioned by other performances of the same artist, and by those of Sir W. J. Newton (see 825, the Christening of the Prince of Wales, and an extraordinary production on ivory) and Sir W. C. Ross. The light and gracefully fluttering portraits of A. E. Chalon and F. Rochard, the enamels by Bone and Essex, the contributions of Mrs. W. Carpenter, Miss Mary Ann Greener (for a clever and promising young Gipsy Head, No. 899), Miss F. Corbaux, C. Durham, &c., lend the charm of variety to this division of the gallery; and we may also specify as adding to this feature, and particularly courting observation at this moment, No. 1018, portrait of the King of Holland (our royal visitor), by W. Salter, painted by command. Nos. 710, the Huntsman's Rest, and 1085, the Solitary, by Alfred Crowquill, hung aloft, but still challenging our favourable notice by their merits in the line of pen-and-ink drawings. Pretty landscape sketches and fancy pieces are too numerous to be particularised; but we can truly repeat that this room affords abundant evidence of the high condition of those styles of art to which it is assigned.

The architectural department is, as usual, very mixed, and the anomalies do much to ruin the claims of every separate portion. History and landscape interfere with picturesque old buildings and new churches; and the flowing outlines of rustic views interfere sadly with the geometrical lines of projected schools, colleges, gateways, cathedrals, streets, theatres, &c. But we notice in the medley some good restorations by W. Railton, S. H. Hakewill; villas for Hampstead, by J. S. Gwilt; new church, by Cottingham; ancient ruins, by F. Arundale; gateway, Westminster, by Parris; triumphal arch, &c., by W. A. Papworth; tombs, by A. Boxall; design for a clubhouse, S. Beagley; medals, by Wyon; various designs by Finden and Lewis; and a design for the proposed Booksellers' Provident Retreat, on the site presented by Mr. John Dickinson, at Abbots Langley, Lahee and Mahin. It is the only one in the invited competition we have yet seen; and therefore we give no opinion upon it.

Upon the whole, the Exhibition of this year, though unmarked by any extraordinary production, is a fair average display of the talent belonging to the British School in every class of painting and sculpture.

Government School of Design.—Lord Colborne presided at the annual distribution of prizes at Somerset House on Wednesday; the rooms being hung round with most meritorious specimens of the progress made by the pupils. The prizes vary from 30*s.* to 8*l.* 8*s.*, and amounting to sixty in number, were presented with terse and appropriate comments by the noble chairman to the successful aspirants of both sexes; and the whole ceremony was one of great and satisfactory interest.

The Pencil of Nature. No. IV. By H. Fox Talbot, F.R.S. Longmans.

THE lights and shadows on the ancient cloisters of Lacock Abbey, the residence of the distinguished author of these most interesting works, and founded * by the widow of Longspec, son of the Fair Rosamond, are beautifully rendered in the first plate of this number, and remind us of the sweet and touching poetry of Bowles (now hardly heard of in the vale of years!), and the history of the abbey from his pen in 1835. A bust of Patroclus displays great force, and illustrates in another way, or at least another kind of subject, the truthfulness of the royal road to drawing for which we are so deeply indebted to Mr. Talbot. The third and last, and most striking representation, is one of the principal gates of Christchurch, Oxford. It is a fine example of the art.

* The present building is about the time of Henry VI.

Ecce Homo, from an original Picture by And. de Solarto, in the possession of Charles Herring, Esq. Engraved by W. D. Geller. Bogue.

A HEAD of much power and painful sorrow, with accessories which are curious attributes of an artist little known to us. The artificial gouts of blood from the crown of thorns, and position of the right hand, are inconsistent with the most elevated style; but there is something striking in the general tone and expression.

BIOGRAPHY.

CAPT. ROBERT ADAIR M'NAGHTEN.

IT is with much regret we copy from the *Englishman*, Calcutta journal, of which he was proprietor and editor, the announcement of the death of Captain R. A. M'Naghten. He was connected, too, with the literary cirles at home; for his first lady, Mrs. Newport, was the intimate friend of L. E. L.; and together with her sister, Emma Roberts, resided for a year or two in the same house with her in Hans Place. It was with Capt. M. and his wife that Miss Roberts paid her first visit to India, where she had too soon the misfortune to lose her amiable sister. After a period, Capt. M. again married Miss Susan Halford, a young lady who was also a companion-boarder with the Misses Lance; and she, with her two children, was on the eve of sailing in the Gloriana for Calcutta when this unhappy news arrived. The *Englishman* of June 2d, after announcing the fatal issue on the 18th of May, after an illness of two months' duration, adds: " It is not our purpose to say much of a man so well known to all who have taken any interest in the Indian press for the last twenty-five years; but we cannot pass over the event in silence, and we may say with perfect truth, that while there were few men in India with so extensive an acquaintance, there were still fewer so highly valued by those to whom they are best known. Capt. M'Naghten's connexion with the press has exposed his failings to the public in the broadest light, a test which very few could bear with impunity; but his active benevolence, his untiring exertions for all who claimed his assistance, have never been brought before the public, though we know that they are thoroughly appreciated by many a grateful heart. As a writer, he had long acquired in a remarkable manner the confidence of his own profession, of whose interests he was the warm and untiring advocate, and in gayer days he was fond of poetical composition, and wrote rapidly and agreeably in verse upon almost any subject that was proposed to him. The Indian army will long miss him, not only as their public advocate, and the bold and ready commentator upon all passing events in which they were concerned, but also as the private friend and adviser to whom many, very many, flew in the hour of difficulty, and from whom all who applied were sure of every assistance that it was in his power to give.

"The *Englishman*, according to the wish strongly expressed by Capt. M'Naghten in his will, and all the publications connected with it, are to be carried on as they have hitherto been conducted, but in future for the sole benefit of his widow and children, by the same editor who has been attached to the *Englishman* ever since Mr. Stephenson left it."

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—On Thursday, when Lablache took his benefit in his inimitable *Don Pasquale*, a new and charming divertissement was performed. It is an episode in the classic story of Endymion; and Taglioni, as the chaste *Diana*, a very goddess.

French Opera.—The Brussels company ended their short sojourn with us last evening. The week has been devoted to benefits; and the representations of *Robert le Diable*, *Les Huguenots*, *La Muette de Portici*, with a most lively *petite opera comique*, yclept *Le Panier Fleuri*, have produced brilliant and overflowing attendances. This was done at the Adelphi under the title of the *Fox and the Goose*, the sign of an inn kept by a bewitching widow, who has three aspirants for her house and hand. By the foreign performers it was most spiritedly given, both as to music and acting. Condere, in the soldier, who carries the prize, acted the character with all its native military bluntness, and has a very fair voice; Bellecour and Thirard were capital in their parts; and the widow *Angelique* was represented by Madame Guichard with provoking smartness. Of Mons. and Madame Laborde, Madame Jullien, and the rest of the principal artistes, we can but express our decided approbation; nor can we but do justice to the elegance and taste displayed in the inter-act divertissement by the English dancer, Mlle. Plunkett. Though discouraged at the outset through want of patronage, the public have of late made up for their neglect, which entirely arose from the merits of the Brussels company not becoming sooner known. We congratulate them on their tardy success, from which, however, we augur well for their future, should they again visit the metropolis.

Haymarket.—On Tuesday was revived, with a very strong cast, Farren, Buckstone, Mrs. Glover, Miss J. Bennett, and Miss Fortescue, Morton's *School for Grown-up Children*, brought out eighteen years ago at Covent Garden; since when too many of the original children of Thespis are dead, and a vast number of the world's children who composed their audiences also in their graves, or grown into more than middle-aged men and women. Webster's *Frank Ryland* is the most striking feature in the present instance; and we regret that he had to announce from the stage the part of young *Revel* by Hudson (who played it very well), in lieu of Mr. C. Mathews, who had refused the part, as Mr. W. stated, "in direct violation of his engagement."

VARIETIES.

Deaths in the Peerage, &c.—The obituary of the past ten days is marked by the decease of two members of the House of Commons (Mr. Clive and Mr. Murray, representatives of Hereford and Kirkcudbright), and three members of the House of Peers, two of whom are eminently distinguished in the political history of our country. The first, Earl Grey, had attained the patriarchal age of eighty-two; was the premier who carried through the Reform Bill, and whose published speeches on that and other occasions place his name also in the catalogue

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of noble authors and in the literature of his period. Viscount Canterbury, on the same ground of authorship, claims our record; but is farther entitled to a niche in the temple, from the intimacy he cultivated with literary men during the whole of his public career. He was partial to their society, and enjoyed it; whilst he contributed enjoyment to it by his courteous manners and fund of interesting anecdote. At Lady Blessington's, the sister of his lady, he had continual opportunities to indulge in this taste; and none who have partaken of the pleasure of his company in the intellectual parties of Gore House, where rank and talent are ever so happily united, but will heave a sincere sigh to the memory of the pleasant, kind-hearted, and intelligent Viscount Canterbury. Lord Bateman is the third on the fatal list. He was born in the same year as Lord Canterbury, and within a few months of him (1780), so that both were in their sixty-sixth year; and it is a remarkable fact that both died of apoplexy, with which they were suddenly seized whilst rapidly travelling by railroad-train! It was stated on high medical authority, that this giddy motion was dangerous where a disposition to the attack pre-existed; and it seems to receive some confirmation from these fatal coincidences.

British Museum.—The House of Commons has voted 52,020*l.* for additional rooms to the British Museum; and 6217*l.* for the purchase of certain collections in view by the trustees: one of which is of early Italian designers and engravers.

National Gallery.—1500*l.* has been voted for this establishment.

Geological Survey of Great Britain and Ireland: for the expense of this survey 8850*l.* has been granted; and for

Magnetic Observatories at home and abroad the sum of 5839*l.*

Monuments.—1500*l.* for the monuments to Lord de Saumarez, Lord Exmouth, and Sir Sydney Smith, to be placed in the hall of Greenwich Hospital, has also been voted among the annual supplies.

Public Works, &c.—Among the miscellaneous estimates voted by Parliament, we observe 150,000*l.* for harbours of refuge, including the sum of 30,000*l.* for the improvement of the harbour of Holyhead; 1200*l.* for the repair of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster; 2000*l.* towards the expense of the statues of Hampden, Lord Falkland, and the Earl of Clarendon, the models for which the Commissioners of the Fine Arts recommend to be prepared by Messrs. W. Calder Marshall, J. Bell, and J. H. Foley.

Police Theatricals.—At the season when some of the theatres are shutting, it would seem as if performances were transferred to the police-courts. In one day's report we find a real Mrs. Caudle figuring to the life, and the name of Keely brought forward in another!

American-English.—The *Broadway Journal*, a pleasant miscellany of New York, of June 21st, mentions the names of several literati announced as contributors to a new magazine called the *Harbinger*, and informs the public that "*we* know some of these *gentlemen* to be *matter-full men*"—no doubt vaccine!

Gazetta Italiana.—A file of this journal in the Italian language having been politely sent to us, we have made a selection of the following paragraphs:—

The Stone cured by Electricity.—We read in the "Commercial Journal of Florence" (*Giornale del Commercio di Firenze*), that at the meeting on the 12th of April of the members of the Medical and Physical Academy, Dr. J. Cervelleri, professor of anatomy, &c. at Naples, read a most learned dissertation upon the stone, wherein he asserts that it can be dispersed by means of electricity. The novelty and importance of the subject caused it to be received with the greatest applause.

Gas-lighting in Italy.—Milan was first lighted by gas on the first week of April; Florence during the same month.

Luther.—At Stockholm has been discovered Luther's original letter to the Archbishop of Magdeburgh, protesting against the sale of indulgences; it bears the date Oct. 31st, 1547.

Potato Paper.—A manufacturer of Vire, after six years' labour, has succeeded in producing excellent paper and pasteboard from a substance separated from the potato.

Two vases have been discovered by a peasant while digging a field at Boisconcourt; one containing 32 gold, and the other 300 silver, coins. The latter bear the image of John I. Duke of Lorraine, and Mary of Blois, regent during his minority, 1390. The gold are of various coinage—John I. Duke of Lorraine, Robert Duke of Bois, Louis of Flanders; some of Arragon, Guelders, and Lubeck.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil, by N. P. Willis, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Gertrude, by the author of "Amy Herbert," edited by the Rev. W. Sewell, 2 vols. fcp. 8vo, 9*s.*—Memoirs of the Life of John Constable, R.A., composed chiefly of his Letters, by C. R. Leslie, 2d edit., 4to, 21*s.*—The Parent's Assistant, or Stories for Children, by Maria Edgeworth, new edit., 3 vols. 18mo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Black's Tourist's Memorial of Scotland, a series of 20 views, royal 8vo, 5*s.*—The Isle of Wight System of Roads, and System of Guardians of the Poor, 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—The Book-Collectors, Hand-Book, 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Rev. C. E. Kennaway's Sermons at Brighton, fcp. 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Law of Fixtures and Dilapidations, by S. G. Grady, 12mo, 14*s.*—Days and Seasons, or Church Poetry for the Year, 18mo, 4*s.* 6*d.*—Some Account of the Abbey Church of St. Peter and St. Paul at Dorchester, by the Rev. H. Addington, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Memoirs and Correspondence of George Lord Lyttelton, 2 vols. 8vo, 24*s.*—The History of Our Own Times, Vol. II., post 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Thiers's History of the Consulate and the Empire, Vol. IV., 8vo, 5*s.*—Maxwell's Hector O'Halloran, 8vo, 9*s.*—Ocean Work, or Evenings on Sea and Land, by J. H. Wright, 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Six Discourses on Unitarianism, by W. Worsley, 12mo, 3*s.*—Lily M'Nab, a True Tale, by D. B. M'Leod, post 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—The Second Advent of Christ a Past Event, by R. Townley, 8vo, 5*s.*—Rev. J. M. M'Farlan's Version of the Prophecies of Ezekiel, 8vo, 5*s.*—Thoughts upon the Holy Spirit and His Work, by the author of "Thoughts upon Thought," post 8vo, 5*s.* 6*d.*—Goldsmith's Practice and Doctrine of Equity, 3d edit., 8vo, 9*s.*—Fouqué's Minstrel Love, 12mo, 7*s.*—Marco Visconti, from the Italian of T. Grossi, 12mo, 5*s.*—Rev. B. E. Nicholls' Practical Sermons, 12mo, 6*s.*—B. Harrison's Inquiry into the Interpretation of the Rubrics, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—My Marine Memorandum-Book, by H. Jennings, 3 vols., post 8vo., 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Memoirs of the Reign of George III., by Horace Walpole, Vols. III. and IV., 8vo, 28*s.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Nott's wishes will partly be met by the following extract from his communication: "I can now confidently state that the electric telegraph is carried to a degree of perfection beyond which, in the present state of our knowledge, it is not probable it will go; neither, indeed, under any circumstances, can I conceive it necessary that it should go beyond it." This has reference to a superior system of indication, designed by Mr. Nott, and working well in model. But until it be tried, as he wishes, and his reservation as to particular description be removed, we trust he will see the propriety of our reserving his objections to the present electric telegraph.

To Query by a Friend! No.—It has been the pleasant duty of the *Literary Gazette* from its commencement, to make known every improvement which, even in a slight degree, was calculated to benefit the public.

Errata.—In our last No., p. 482, col. 2, l. 7, for *shadowing* read *shadowy*; p. 483, col. 1, l. 4, for *hid* read *tied*.—If writers observed the good rule of always dotting their *i*'s and stroking their *t*'s, we should not have thus to apologise for ourselves and exonerate our careful and corrective printers.—*Ed. L. G.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

(By Desire.)

This Evening, Saturday, July 26, will be performed Bellini's opera, entitled "Il Pirata." Imogene, Madame Grisi; Gualtiero, Sig. Mario; Goffredo, Sig. A. Giubilei; Itulbo, Sig. Dai Fiori; and Ernesto, Sig. Fornasari.

Between the Acts a Divertissement, in which Mdlle. Cerito, Mdlle. Grahn, M. Perrot, and M. St. Leon will appear.

To conclude with the admired new Ballet Divertissement, composed by M. Perrot, the music by Sig. Pugni, and the scenery by Mr. Charles Marshall, entitled "Diane." Diane, Mdlle. Taglioni; Endymion, M. Perrot.

Applications for boxes, pit-stalls, and tickets, to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.—Doors open at seven, and the Opera will commence at half-past seven o'clock.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mdlle. TAGLIONI respectfully informs the nobility, subscribers to the Opera, and the public, that her BENEFIT (and last appearance but one, previously to quitting the Stage) will take place on Thursday next, July 31, when will be performed Rossini's opera, entitled "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." Rosina, Madame Grisi; Bertha, Madame Bellini; Il Conte d'Almaviva, Sig. Mario; Bartolo, Sig. Lablache; Basilio, Sig. F. Lablache; and Figaro, Sig. Fornasari.

With other Entertainments, in which Madame Anaide Castellan, Mdlle. Brambilla, Madame Rossi Caccia, and Sig. Moriani will appear.

Mdlle. Cerito and Mdlle. Lucile Grahn, M. St. Leon and M. Perrot will lend their valuable aid. In addition to which, Mdlle. Taglioni will have the honour of appearing in selections from various of her principal characters, which have been honoured with the most success.

Applications for boxes, pit-stalls, and tickets, to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.—Doors open at seven, and the Opera to commence at half-past seven o'clock.

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CHARLES EURLS, jun., Secretary.

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"As Faustina entered, a gentleman who had been wholly occupied with a game at chess and his fair antagonist, raised his eyes and recognised her. It was Count Mengen. She still looks like a beautiful statue, thought he, abiding by his first impression. Faustina was again dressed in white, and stood so gracefully! Many women dance well, a few walk well, still fewer stand well. The cause I do not know—whether it arises from want of habit, tight shoes, or deficient self-possession. The greater part are unquiet. To stand still is the chief point in standing; but it must not be done heavily, stiffly, doggedly, as if fixed and rivetted. It should seem a pause of rest between the by-gone and the coming movement; it must seem transient, not fast-rooted. A woman who stands well appears a queen, a sun, around whom her handmaidens, the planets, are revolving. Thus stood Faustina. Late and with effort she had forced herself to go; but once in society she was, as was her wont, animated and triumphant. So at least she appeared to the indifferent. If she could not so far command herself, she stayed at home."

After a good deal of such exquisite flirting comes the crowning interview; and the dialogue runs thus:—

"Faustina gazed speechlessly upon him, and then passed her hands over her eyes as if to certify herself that she was awake. 'Nothing! for you love me, and Andlau you love no longer. If you still loved him, your eyes would only have fallen upon me with the same kind but indifferent glance which you bestow on all—' 'Ah! that were indeed impossible!' exclaimed she. 'Now, Faustina, I love you: you know it, I have told you so, and you must be aware of it without words; but having told you so, never will I give you up! for nothing binds you to another from the moment your heart is unbound from him; and to be untrue to yourself, to retract, to talk of the necessity of self-sacrifice, is the proof of an exhausted love, that no longer feels within itself the energy to heave an old world from its axis, and poise for the beloved one a new world in its stead. He who has said to a woman, 'I love thee!' and is not prepared to follow her in any path, should it seem to lead even to hell,—joyfully prepared; because he feels confident of transforming that hell into a heaven of love,—he is a coward, Faustina; and a coward is not capable of love! I am no coward: I have the courage to reconcile you with every thing, with the past and the future, and with every tie that has hitherto wounded or oppressed you. You are my wife, Faustina.' 'Oh, but I were then so miserably false!' said she, gloomily. 'And what would you be if you remained hesitating between two men, fascinating both, belonging partly to one, wholly to neither? and what would you be if you turned back with a divided heart to him whom you first loved, and said, 'I love another, but I will be true to thee?' You love the beautiful, the good, and the elevated, wherever you find it, Faustina: this makes you so worthy to be loved; and you are too much under the influence of the present to attach yourself permanently to any individuality, unless it have the power to overwhelm you irresistibly: this makes you weak. I will not defend this weakness, lest you should accuse me of sophistry, or suspect me of speaking for my own advantage; but believe me, if you were my sister, I should still say what I now reiterate: falseness is a divided, incomplete, vacillating existence; it is a discord in the soul; annihilate it by some sharp decision, some irrevocable step, and you have set yourself free, restored your balance, dismissed the disturbing element, and grasped that which is essential. Decide! decide, Faustina!' exclaimed Mario; and the calm equanimity with which he had hitherto spoke was suddenly changed into the most passionate agitation. 'Decide now—instantly—on the spot! in half an hour I must leave this room, and it depends on you whether I ever enter it again or not. For since our confession of love has been uttered, things cannot now go on as they have done.' 'And why not?' interrupted Faustina; 'you are so strong, Mengen, you can be all things.' 'All things human, Faustina; nothing superhuman. I love you, and love thirsts to be one with the beloved object. To be near you, to live under the fascination of your loveliness, and not to feed this wish greedily with every breath as with the air that surrounds me; for this I am not strong enough. But if you have the conviction that your ties to Andlau can still afford to you and to him their former satisfaction, I will now sever myself from you for ever: this, indeed, I can do. But my love for you will not therefore end: so long as my heart beats, it will beat for you; so long as my eyes can open, they will watch over you; so long as a drop of blood flows in my veins, it belongs to you; so long as I continue in the path which I selected in childhood, followed in youth, and with which I am as it were blended in manhood, I must follow you.

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You belong to my inmost being, Faustina; for it is through you that I have arrived at the comprehension of love! And shall you not love me enough to belong to me wholly? Oh, that I will never believe; and if you were to say 'No' in word, and 'No' in deed, still I would not believe you!' 'There you are right, Mario!' exclaimed she. 'Now you have decided, Faustina, you will be mine! Angel, I thank thee, thou lovest me!' Mario's voice trembled, and his eyes were moist as he thus spoke; every trace of that self-possession had melted away which had made him appear so cold, so clad in steel, that it might have been thought his heart remained passive beneath his iron breastplate. Faustina gazed upon him; joy and sadness, bliss and sorrow, swelled in her bosom; she saw that his happiness was in her hands: that moment overpowered her, the present was triumphant; she forgot the past, and thought not of the future. She did not speak; but taking his two hands, she folded them together, and laid them on her neck as a yoke; then she said: 'Do you understand me, Mario?' But Mario answered not; and Faustina for the first time witnessed the outbreak of a passion, in comparison with which her own fervour seemed to her cold and colourless. 'Can love, then, really make you blessed?' asked she. 'Your love can, Faustina,' answered Mario; 'and yet I sue for one more proof of it.' She raised her eyes and gazed upon him in astonishment, as he took her by the hand and led her into her room. There he released her hand as he placed her at a writing-table, and said imploringly: 'Now write, Faustina.' 'O God!' said she, groaning as she sank into a chair, 'I cannot write.' 'Then I must do so,' said Mario, calmly. 'Are you mad?' exclaimed she, distractedly. 'No, no other hand than mine shall plunge the dagger into his heart; for that is what I am doing, and I know it.' 'Yes,' said Mario, 'into his or mine.' Faustina's teeth smote convulsively together, and her hands were icy cold. Mario continued: 'The half hour is almost expired, Faustina—write! You must decide. This torture will cease when decision is made. The irrevocable flows as soothingly over the pangs of hesitation as oil over the agitated waves. I do not wish to control your will; I only require you to express it. Write, Faustina!' She was completely mastered by him. The cool deliberation with which he fenced his passion, as a shield before a naked breast, abashed her, the waverer. 'Yes,' said she, 'you are confident, because you are Godlike in your truth.'"

Very like! and she, the false one, very like—a noble heroine of the Countess Ida's German creation!

Journal of an African Cruiser. By an Officer of the U. S. Navy. Pp. 179. Wiley and Putnam.

We briefly characterised this volume in our No. 1487, when copying from it the notice of a tomb which will ever be most interesting to the lovers of early and female genius; and from the opinion there expressed, our readers will naturally look for a further account of the publication. Of its merits we think the following selections will afford a tolerable idea; and, with very slight exception, confirm our verdict in respect to its gentlemanly tone and liberal feeling.

From New York the cruiser sailed for the African coast, touched in its various courses at the Canaries, Cape de Verd, and Madeira; and visited more or less Liberia, Sierra Leone, and many other ports on the western side of the sable continent. Our first extract is a touching instance of the writer's sensibility:

"The delicious atmosphere, and the amusements of the ship, bring not joy to all on board. There are sick men swinging uneasily in their hammocks; and one poor fellow, whose fever threatens to terminate fatally, tosses painfully in his cot. His messmates gently bathe his hot brow, and watching every movement, nurse him as tenderly as a woman. Strange that the rude heart of a sailor should be found to possess such tenderness as we seldom ask or find in those of our own sex on land! There we leave the gentler humanities of life to woman; here we are compelled to imitate her characteristics as well as our sterner nature will permit. The sick man died last night, and was buried to-day. His history was revealed to no one. Where was his home, or whether he has left friends to mourn his death, are alike unknown. Dying he kept his own counsel, and was content to vanish out of life even as a speck of foam melts back into the ocean. At 11 A.M., for the first time, in a cruise likely to be fatal to many on board, the boatswain piped 'all hands to bury the dead!' The sailor's corpse, covered with the union of his country's flag, was placed in the gangway. Two hundred and fifty officers and men stood around uncovered, and reverently listened to the beautiful and solemn burial service as it was read by one of the officers. The body was committed to the deep while the ship dashed onward, and had left the grave far behind even before the last words of the service were uttered. The boatswain 'piped down,' and all returned to their duties sadly, and with thoughtful countenances."

The author frequently speculates on what may have been the previous career of the crew of a ship of war. Thus, on encountering a murderer and deserter on one occasion, he says:

"That murderer was the man with whom I was speaking in the boat, now bearing another name, and a common sailor of our ship. He told me his real name; and I heard afterwards that when drunk he had confessed the murder to one of his messmates. This incident illustrates what I have often thought, that the private history of a man-of-war's crew, if truly told, would be full of high romance, varied with stirring incident, and too often darkened with deep and deadly crime. Many go to sea with the old Robinson Crusoe spirit, seeking adventure for its own sake; many to escape the punishment of guilt, which has made them outlaws of the land; some to drown the memory of slighted love; while others flee from the wreck of their broken fortunes ashore, to hazard another shipwreck on the deep. The jacket of the common sailor often covers a figure that has walked Broadway in a fashionable coat. An officer sometimes sees his old schoolfellow and playmate taken to the gangway and flogged. Many a blackguard on board has been bred in luxury; and many a good seaman has been a slaver and a pirate. It is well for the ship's company that the sins of individuals do not, as in the days of Jonas, stir up tempests that threaten the destruction of the whole."

But we must hasten to the coast, where, in speaking of the slave-trade, the author observes:

"It has been asserted that the colonists of Liberia favour the slave-trade. This is not true. The only places where the traffic is carried on north of the line are in the neighbourhood of the most powerful English settlements on the whole coast; while even British authority does not pretend that the vicinity of the American colonies is polluted by it. Individuals among the colonists, unprincipled men, may, in a very few instances, from love of gain, have given assistance to slavers, by supplying goods or provisions at high prices; but this must have been done secretly, or the law would have taken hold of them. Slavers, no doubt, have often watered at Monrovia, but never when their character was known. * * * The truth is, the slave-traders can dispense with assistance from the Liberian colonists. They procure goods, and every thing necessary to their trade, at Sierra Leone, or from any English or American vessel on the coast. If the merchantmen find a good market for their cargoes, they are satisfied, whatever be the character of their customers. This is well understood and openly avowed here. The English have no right to taunt the Americans, nor to claim higher integrity on their own part. They lend precisely the same indirect aid to the traffic that the Americans do, and furnish every thing except vessels, which likewise they would supply if they could build them. It is the policy of the English ship-masters on the coast to represent the Americans as engaged in the slave-trade; for if by such accusations they can induce British or American men-of-war to detain and examine the fair trader, they thus rid themselves of troublesome rivals. The natives are generally favourable to the slave-trade. It brings them many comforts and luxuries which the legitimate trade does not supply. Their argument is, that 'if a man goes into the bush and buys camwood, he must pay another to bring it to the beach; but if he buy a slave, this latter commodity will not only walk, but bring a load of camwood on his back.' All slaves exported are Bushmen; many of whom are brought from two or three hundred miles in the interior. The Fishmen and Kroomen are the agents between the slave-traders and the interior tribes. They will not permit the latter to become acquainted with the white men, lest their own agency and its profits should cease. A slave once sold seldom returns to his home. If transported to a foreign country, his case is of course hopeless; and even if recaptured on the coast, his return is almost impossible. His home, probably, is far distant from the sea. It can only be reached by traversing the territories of four or five nations, any one of whom would seize the hapless stranger, and either consign him to slavery among themselves, or send him again to a market on the coast. Hence, those recaptured by the English cruisers are either settled at Sierra Leone, or transported to some other of the colonies of Great Britain. The price paid to the native agents for a full-grown male slave, is about one musket, twelve pieces of romauls, one cutlass, a demijohn of rum, a bar of iron, a keg of powder, and ten bars of leaf-tobacco; the whole amounting to the value of from thirty to thirty-five dollars. A female is sold for about a quarter less; and boys of twelve or thirteen command only a musket and two pieces of romauls. Slave-vessels go from Havanna with nothing but dollars and doubloons. Other vessels go out with the above species of goods, and all others requisite for the trade. The slaver buys the goods on the coast, pays for them with specie, and lands them in payment for the slaves, money being but little used in traffic with the natives."

With regard to the latter we are told:

"It is a redeeming trait of the native character, so far as it goes, that women are not wholly without influence in the public councils. If, when a tribe is debating the expediency of going to war, the women come beneath the council-tree and represent the evils that will result, their opinion will have great weight, and may probably turn the scale in favour of peace.

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On the other hand, if the women express a wish that they were men, in order that they might go to war, the warriors declare for it at once. It is to be feared that there is an innate fierceness even in the gentler sex, which makes them as likely to give their voices for war as for peace. It is a feminine office and privilege on the African coast to torture prisoners taken in war, by sticking thorns in their flesh, and in various other modes, before they are put to death. The unfortunate Captain Farwell underwent three hours of torture at the hands of the women and children. So likewise did the mate of Captain Burke's vessel at Sinoe. The natives are very cruel in their fights, and spare neither age nor sex; they kill the women and female children lest they should be the mothers of future warriors, and the boys lest they should fight hereafter. If they take prisoners, it is either to torture them to death, or to sell them as slaves. The Fishmen have often evinced courage and obstinacy in war, as was the case in their assaults upon the Liberian settlers in the heroic age of the colony, when Ashman and his associates displayed such warlike ability in defeating them. The Bushmen are as cruel as the former, but appear to be more cowardly."

The American force had, it appears, to retaliate, or punish a tribe, for the murder, two years before, of the Captain Farwell above spoken of; so they held a palaver at Little Berebee, which terminated in a horrible slaughter:

"Our force (the author relates), on being disembarked, was stationed in line opposite the town of Little Berebee, and the wood in its immediate vicinity. Many of the officers went up to the palaver house—a temporary shed erected for the occasion, about fifty yards from the town-gate. King Ben Cracko now making his appearance, with five or six head men or kings of the neighbouring tribes, the palaver began. The interpreter, on this occasion, was well known to have been, in his own person, a leading character in the act of piracy and murder which it was the object of the palaver to investigate. He had therefore a difficult part to act; one that required great nerve, and such a talent of throwing a fair semblance over foul facts as few men, civilised or savage, are likely to possess. With the consciousness of guilt upon him, causing him to startle at the first aspect of peril, it is singular that the man should have had the temerity to trust himself in so trying a position. His version of the Mary Carver affair was a very wretched piece of fiction. He declared that Captain Farwell had killed two natives; and that old King Cracko, since deceased, had punished the captain by death, in the exercise of his legitimate authority. He denied that the tribe had participated in Captain Farwell's murder, or in those of the mate and crew, or in the robbery of the vessel; affirming that the schooner had gone ashore, and that every thing was lost. All this was a tissue of falsehood; it being notorious that a large quantity of goods from the wreck, and portions of the vessel itself, were distributed among the towns along the coast. It was well known, moreover, that these people had boasted of having 'caught' (to use their own phrase) an American vessel, and that the neighbouring tribes had threatened to follow Ben Cracko's example. Governor Roberts, who conducted the examination on our part, expressed to the man his utter disbelief of the above statements. The commodore likewise stepped hastily towards him, sternly warning him to utter no more falsehoods. The interpreter, perceiving that the impression was against him, and probably expecting to be instantly made prisoner or put to death, now lost the audacity that had hitherto sustained him. At this moment, it is said, a gun was fired at our party from the town; and, simultaneously with the report, the interpreter sprang away like a deer. There was a cry to stop him; two or three musket-bullets whistled after the fugitive as he ran; but he had nearly reached the town-gate, when his limbs, while strained to their utmost energy, suddenly failed beneath him. A rifle-shot had struck him in the vertebræ of the neck, causing instantaneous death. Meanwhile, King Ben Cracko had made a bolt to escape, but was seized by his long calico robe; which, however, gave way, leaving him literally naked in the midst of his enemies. A shot brought him to the ground; but he sprang to his feet, still struggling to escape. He next received two bayonet-wounds, but fought like a wild beast, until two or three men flung themselves upon him, and held him down by main force. Finding himself overpowered, he pretended to be dead, but was securely bound and taken to the beach. A lion of the African deserts could not have shewn a fiercer energy than this savage king; and those who gazed at him as he lay motionless on the sand confessed that they had never seen a frame of such masculine vigour as was here displayed. His wounds proved mortal. The *mêlée* had been as sudden as the explosion of gunpowder; it was wholly unexpected, but perhaps not to be wondered at, where two parties, with weapons in their hands, had met to discuss a question of robbery and murder. When the firing commenced, about two hundred natives were on the spot or in the vicinity; they were now flying in all directions—some along the beach, a few into the sea itself, but by far the greatest number to the woods. Many shots were fired, notwithstanding the commodore's orders to refrain. We were now directed to break down the palisades and set fire to the town. A breach of twenty or thirty feet was soon made in the wall by severing the withes that bound together the upright planks. Before this could be effected, another party crept through the small holes serving the purpose of gates, and penetrated to the centre of the town, where, assembling around the great council-tree, they gave three cheers. The houses were then set on fire, and within fifteen minutes presented one mass of conflagration. The palisades likewise caught the flames, and were consumed, leaving an open space of blackened and smoking ruins, where, half an hour before, the sun had shone upon a town. The natives did not remain idle spectators of the destruction of their houses. Advancing to the edge of the woods, they discharged their muskets at us, loaded not with Christian bullets, but with copper slugs, probably manufactured out of the spikes of the Mary Carver. A marine was struck in the side by one of these missiles, which tumbled him over, but without inflicting a serious wound. A party from our ship penetrated the woods behind the town, where one of them fired at an object which he perceived moving in the underbrush. Going up to the spot, it proved to be a very aged man, apparently on the verge of a century, much emaciated, and too feeble to crawl further in company with his flying townspeople. He was unharmed by the shot, but evidently expected instant death, and held up his hand in supplication. Our party placed the poor old patriarch in a more sheltered spot, and left him there, after supplying him with food; an act of humanity which must have seemed to him very singular, if not absurd, in contrast with the mischief which we had wrought upon his home and people. Meantime the ships were disposed to have a share in the fight, and opened a cannonade upon the woods, shattering the great branches of the trees, and adding to the terror, if not to the loss, of the enemy. Little Berebee being now a heap of ashes, we re-embarked, taking with us an American flag, probably that of the Mary Carver, which had been found in the town. We also made prizes of several canoes, one of which was built for war, and capable of carrying forty men. The wounded King Cracko likewise was taken on board the frigate, where, next morning, he breathed his last; thus expiating the outrage in which, two years before, he had been a principal actor. We afterwards understood that the natives suffered a loss of eight killed and two wounded.

"The season for palavers and diplomacy being now over, we landed at seven o'clock this morning, ten or twelve miles below Berebee, in order to measure out a further retribution to the natives. On approaching the beach, we were fired upon from the bushes, but without damage, although the enemy were sheltered within twenty yards of the water's edge. The boat's crew first ashore, together with two or three marines, charged into the shrubbery and drove off the assailants. All being disembarked, the detachment was formed in line, and marched to the nearest town, which was immediately attacked. Like the other native towns, it was protected by a wall of high palisades, planted firmly in the soil, and bound together by thongs of bamboo. Cutting a passage through these, we entered the place, which contained perhaps a hundred houses, neatly built of wicker-work, and having their high conical roofs thatched with palmetto-leaves. Such edifices were in the highest degree combustible, and being set on fire, it was worth while for a lover of the picturesque to watch the flames, as they ran up the conical roofs, and meeting at the apex, whirled themselves fiercely into the darkened air. While this was going on, the war-bells, drums, and war-horns of the natives were continually sounding; and flocks of vultures (perhaps a more accurate ornithologist might call them turkey-buzzards) appeared in the sky, wheeling slowly and heavily over our heads. These ravenous birds seemed to have a presentiment that there were deeds of valour to be done; nor was it quite a comfortable idea, that some of them, ere nightfall, might gratify their appetite at one's own personal expense. To confess the truth, however, they were probably attracted by the scent of some slaughtered bullocks; it being indifferent to a turkey-buzzard whether he prey on a cow or a Christian. After destroying the first town, we marched about a mile and a half up the beach, to attack a second. On our advance, the marine drummer and fifer were ordered from the front of the column to the rear, as being a position of less danger. They of course obeyed; but the little drummer deeming it a reflection upon his courage, burst into tears, and actually blubbered aloud as he beat the *pas de charge*. It was a strange operation of manly spirit in a boyish stage of development. As we approached the second town, our boat-keepers, who watched the scene, distinctly saw a party of thirty or forty natives lying behind a palisade, with their guns pointed at our advanced guard. Unconscious that the enemy were so near, we halted for an instant, about forty yards from the town, and then advanced at a run. This so disconcerted the defenders that they fled,

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after firing only a few shots, none of which took effect. In fact, the natives proved themselves but miserable marksmen. They can seldom hit an object in motion, although, if a man stand still, they sometimes manage to put a copper-slug into his body, by taking aim a long time. After firing, the savage runs a long distance before he ventures to load. Had their skill or their hardihood been greater, we must have suffered severely; for the woods extended nearly to the water's edge, and exposed us, during the whole day, to the fire of a sheltered and invisible enemy. After the storm and conflagration of the second town, we took a brief rest, and then proceeded to capture and burn another, situated about a mile to the northward. This accomplished, we judged it to be dinner-time. Indeed, we had done work enough to ensure an appetite; and history does not make mention, so far as I am aware, of such destruction of cities so expeditiously effected. Having emptied our baskets, we advanced about three miles along the beach—still with the slugs of the enemy whistling in our ears—and gave to the devouring element another town. Man is perhaps never happier than when his native destructiveness can be freely exercised, and with the benevolent complacency of performing a good action, instead of the remorse of perpetrating a bad one. It unites the charms of sin and virtue. Thus, in all probability, few of us had ever spent a day of higher enjoyment than this, when we roamed about, with a musket in one hand and a torch in the other, devastating what had hitherto been the homes of a people. One of the sweetest spots that I have seen in Africa was a little hamlet of three houses, standing apart from the four large towns above-mentioned, and surrounded by an impervious hedge of thorn-bushes, with two palisaded entrances. Forcing our way through one of these narrow portals, we beheld a grassy area of about fifty yards across, overshadowed by a tree of very dense foliage, which had its massive roots in the centre, and spread its great protecting branches over the whole enclosure. The three dwellings were of the same sort of basket-work as those already described, but particularly neat, and giving a pleasant impression of the domestic life of their inhabitants. This small, secluded hamlet had probably been the residence of one family, a patriarch, perhaps, with his descendants to the third or fourth generation—who, beneath that shadowy tree, must have enjoyed all the happiness of which uncultivated man is susceptible. Nor would it be too great a stretch of liberality to suppose that the green hedge of impervious thorns had kept out the vices of their race, and that the little area within was a sphere where all the virtues of the native African had been put in daily practice. These three dwellings, and the verdant wall around them, and the great tree that brooded over the whole, might unquestionably have been spared, with safety to our consciences. But when man takes upon himself the office of an avenger by the sword, he is not to be perplexed with such little scrupulosities, as whether one individual or family be less guilty than the rest. Providence, it is to be presumed, will find some method of setting such matters right. In fine, when the negro patriarch's strong sable sons supported their decrepit sire homeward, with their wives, 'black, but comely,' bearing the glistening, satin-skinned babies on their backs, and their other little ebony responsibilities trudging in the rear, there must have been a dismal wail; for there was the ancestral tree, its foliage shrivelled with fire, stretching out its desolate arms over the ashes of the three wicker dwellings. The business of the day was over."

Full time it were. These horrors of war, however glossed over, are enough to make humanity shudder and sicken. Yet they must be admired by men, since we see such pains taken to adorn their perpetrators with every attractive finery, attended by music and pomp, and, when victorious, rewarded and honoured far above all benefactors of their race—surely wholesale murder must be a universal passion! Peace, and good-will, and Christian charity are neither bedizened nor panegyrised—they walk lowly, humbly, and unnoticed, if not contemned, through the world; but let Africa, and India, and the Pacific Isles, and Algeria, tell of the glorious triumphs of the butchers whose training makes a holyday wherever they are assembled for their marches, reviews, and mock-fights. A case of singular and fatal disease may help us to step down from this sanguinary elevation, but our limits for the present are overstepped.

Dashes at Life with a free Pencil. By N. P. Willis. 3 vols. London, Longman and Co.

The injurious effect upon the literature of America by the unsatisfactory state of international copyright, is demonstrated in Mr. Willis's preface. Were it proposed to constitute, continue, and cherish a condition of things which should encourage pilfering and piracy, no better system could be devised than that which now exists in regard to intellectual production and literary property. But who are, in the first instance, affected by it? Only authors; and what government or people care for their interests! Were bales of cotton or casks of molasses liable to such swindling inroads, protection would soon be found for them, and we should hear enough of the violated laws of nations, and of squadrons sent out to burn, slay, and destroy the wrong-doers, and of courts presided over by the most learned judges to condemn those who were captured *flagrante delicto*, and of the public voice shouting in triumph over the deserving saved and the plunderers punished. But books are neither cotton nor molasses; and so they may take their chance; and a bad chance it is for the writers, besides hurting a harvest in which the world might rejoice for centuries to come. With at least a due share of confidence involved in the wording of the comparison, Mr. W. says:

"Like the sculptor who made toys of the fragments of his unsaleable Jupiter, the author, in the following collection of brief tales, gives material, that, but for a single objection, would have been moulded into works of larger design. That objection is the unmarketableness of American books in America, owing to our defective law of copyright. The foreign author being allowed no property in his books, the American publisher gets for nothing every new novel brought out in England. Of course, while he can have for publication, gratis, the new novels of Bulwer, Disraeli, James, and others, he will not pay an American author for a new book, even if it were equally good. The consequence is, that we must either write works to give away, or take some vein of literature where the competition is more equal—an alternative which makes almost all American authors mere contributors of short papers to periodicals. The portion of these volumes which has not before appeared in print is naturally of the same fragmentary character,—the length of literary efforts becoming, at last, a habit of mind difficult to alter. The author presents all the tales which follow as a parcel of fragments—chance views of life which have crossed his observation; each one, though a true copy of a part, conveying, of course, no portion of the meaning and moral of a whole."

Thus introduced, we have some twenty stories of European life, and an equal number of American and other sketches. As the author, though an acute observer, has not enjoyed so much opportunity of studying English character and manners as he has those of his native soil; and as the latter, if only equal, would possess greater novelty for this side of the globe, we leave the former, with all their cleverness, to be read in his volumes, and pass on to offer a brief notice of the transatlantic part. It begins at page 193, vol. ii., with "Meena Dimity, or why Mr. Brown Crash took the Tour," and the opening description is thoroughly local.

"Fashion is arbitrary, we all know. What it was that originally gave Sassafras Street the right to despise Pepperidge Street, the oldest inhabitant of the village of Slimford could not positively say. The court-house and gaol were in Sassafras Street; but the orthodox church and female seminary were in Pepperidge Street. Two directors of the Slimford bank lived in Sassafras Street—two in Pepperidge Street. The Dyaper family lived in Sassafras Street—the Dimity family in Pepperidge Street; and the fathers of the Dyaper girls and the Dimity girls were worth about the same money, and had both made it in the lumber line. There was no difference to speak of in their respective mode of living—none in the education of the girls—none in the family grave-stones or church-pews. Yet, deny it who liked, the Dyapers were the aristocracy of Slimford. It may be a prejudice, but I am inclined to think there is always something in a nose. (I am about to mention a trifle, but trifles are the beginning of most things, and I would account for the pride paramount of the Dyapers, if it is any way possible.) The most stylish of the Miss Dyapers—Harriet Dyaper—had a nose like his Grace the Duke of Wellington. Neither her father nor her mother had such a feature; but there was a foreign umbrella in the family with exactly the same shaped nose on the ivory handle. Old Dyaper had once kept a tavern, and he had taken this umbrella from a stranger for a night's lodging. But that is neither here nor there. To the nose of Harriet Dyaper, resistlessly and instinctively, the Dimity girls had knocked under at school. There was authority in it; for the American eagle had such a nose, and the Duke of Wellington had such a nose; and when to these two warlike instances was added the nose of Harriet Dyaper, the tripod stood firm. Am I visionary in believing that the authority introduced into that village by a foreigner's umbrella (so unaccountable is fate) gave the dynasty to the Dyapers? I have mentioned but two families—one in each of the two principal streets of Slimford. Having a little story to tell, I cannot afford to distract my narrative with unnecessary 'asides;' and I must not only omit all description of the other Sassafrasers and Pepperidgers, but I must leave to your imagination several Miss Dyapers and several Miss Dimities—Harriet Dyaper and Meena Dimity being the two exclusive objects of my hero's Sunday and evening attentions. For eleven months in the year the loves of the ladies of Slimford were presided over by indigenous Cupids. Brown Crash and the other boys of the village had the Dyapers and the Dimities for that respective period to themselves. The remaining month, when their sun

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of favour was eclipsed, was during the falling of the leaf, when the 'drummers' came up to dun. The townish clerks of the dry-goods merchants were too much for the provincials. Brown Crash knocked under and sulked, owing, as he said, to the melancholy depression accompanying the fall of the deciduous vegetation. But I have not yet introduced you to my hero. Brown Crash was the Slimford stage-agent. He was the son of a retired watchmaker, and had been laughed at in his boyhood for what they called his 'airs.' He loved, even as a lad, to be at the tavern when the stage came in, and help out the ladies. With instinctive leisureliness he pulled off his cap as soon after the 'whoa-hup' as was necessary (and no sooner), and asked the ladies if they would 'slight and take dinner,' with a seductive smile which began, as the landlord said, 'to pay.' Hence his promotion. At sixteen he was nominated stage-agent, and thenceforward was the most conspicuous man in the village; for 'man' he was, if speech and gait go for anything. But we must minister a moment to the reader's inner sense; for we do not write altogether for Slimford comprehension. Brown Crash had something in his composition 'above the vulgar.' If men's qualities were mixed like salads, and I were giving a 'recipe for Brown Crashes,' in Mrs. Glass's style, I should say his two principal ingredients were a dictionary and a dunghill cock—for his language was as ornate as his style of ambulation was deliberate and imposing. What Brown Crash would have been, born right honourable, I leave (with the smaller Dyapers and Dimities) to the reader's fancy. My object is to shew what he was, minus patrician nurture and valuation. Words, with Brown Crash, were susceptible of being dirtied by use. He liked a clean towel—he preferred an unused phrase. But here stopped his peculiarities. Below the epidermis he was, like other men, subject to like tastes and passions. And if he expressed his loves and hates with grandiloquent imagery, they were the honest loves and hates of a week-day world—no finer nor flimsier for their bedecked plumage. To use his own phrase, Brown frequented but two ladies in Slimford—Miss Harriet Dyaper, and Miss Meena Dimity. The first we have described in describing her nose, for her remainder was comparatively inconsiderable. The latter was 'a love,' and of course had nothing peculiar about her. She was a lamp—nothing till lighted. She was a mantle—nothing, except as worn by the owner. She was a mirror—blank and unconscious till something came to be reflected. She was anything, loved—unloved, nothing! And this (it is our opinion after half a life) is the most delicious and adorable variety of woman that has been spared to us from the museum of specimen angels. (A remark of Brown Crash's, by the way, of which he may as well have the credit.)"

We leave the rest of the tale, Mr. Crash's rise and speech, and the *dénouement*, to the inquisitive.

It is out of our power to give extracts which would convey a "notion" of the variety of these compositions; we must therefore rest satisfied with saying, that they are generally light and amusing,—the sort of matter for autumnal reading,—and conclude with two unconnected Yankee traits from "The Pharisee and the Barber."

"Sheafe Lane, in Boston, is an almost unmentionable and plebeian thoroughfare, between two very mentionable and patrician streets. It is mainly used by bakers, butchers, urchins going to school, and clerks carrying home parcels—in short, by those who care less for the beauty of the road than for economy of time and shoe-leather. If you please, it is a shabby hole. Children are born there, however, and people die and marry there, and are happy and sad there, and the great events of life, more important than our liking or disliking of Sheafe Lane, take place in it continually. It used not to be a very savoury place. Yet it has an indirect share of such glory as attaches to the birthplaces of men above the common. The (present) great light of the Unitarian church was born at one end of Sheafe Lane, and one of the most accomplished merchant-gentlemen in the gay world of New York was born at the other. And in the old Haymarket (a kind of *cul de sac*, buried in the side of Sheafe Lane) stood the dusty lists of chivalric old Roulstone, a gallant horseman, who in other days would have been a knight of noble devoir, though in the degeneracy of a Yankee lustrum, he devoted his soldierly abilities to the teaching of young ladies how to ride. Are you in Sheafe Lane? (as the magnetisers inquire.) Please to step back twenty-odd years, and take the hand of a lad with a rosy face (ourself—for we lived in Sheafe Lane twenty-odd years ago), and come to a small house, dingy yellow, with a white gate. The yard is below the level of the street. Mind the step. The family are at breakfast in the small parlour fronting on the street. But come up this dark staircase, to the bedroom over the parlour—a very neat room, plainly furnished; and the windows are curtained, and there is one large easy chair, and a stand with a Bible open upon it. In the bed lies an old man of seventy, deaf, nearly blind, and bed-ridden. * * * At four o'clock on the afternoon of the day before mentioned, Mr. Flint was to make a spiritual visit to the old man. Let us first introduce him to the reader. Mr. Asa Flint was a bachelor of about forty-five, and an 'active member' of a church famed for its zeal. He was a tall man, with a little bend in his back, and commonly walked with his eyes upon the ground, like one intent on meditation. His complexion was sallow, and his eyes dark and deeply set; but by dint of good teeth, and a little 'wintry redness in his cheek,' he was good-looking enough for all his ends. He dressed in black as all religious men must (in Boston), and wore shoes with black stockings the year round. In his worldly condition, Mr. Flint had always been prospered. He spent five hundred dollars a year in his personal expenses, and made five thousand in his business, and subscribed, say two hundred dollars a year, to such societies as printed the name of the donors. Mr. Flint had no worldly acquaintances. He lived in a pious boarding-house, and sold all his goods to the members of the country churches in communion with his own. He 'loved the brethren,' for he wished to converse with no one who did not see heaven and the church at his back—himself in the foreground, and the other two accessories in the perspective. Piety apart, he had found out at twenty-five, that, as a sinner, he would pass through the world simply Asa Flint—as a saint, he would be Asa Flint plus eternity and the respect of a large congregation. He was a shrewd man, and chose the better part. Also, he remembered, sin is more expensive than sanctity."

Some poetry on scriptural subjects closes the work; from which, however, we can extract no more than these very loose and imperfect specimens.

On the Remedial Influence of Oxygen or Vital Air, Nitrous Oxide, and other Gases, Electricity, and Galvanism, in restoring the Healthy Functions, &c. &c. By J. Evans Riadore, M.D., &c. 8vo, pp. 177. J. Churchill.

Dr. Riadore has entered here into a lengthened discussion concerning the remedial influence of the most subtle agents which exist in the whole range of therapeutics, and the general adoption of which has been long retarded by the difficulties and inconveniences attending their administration. Under such circumstances it is probable that the best thing the practitioner could do would be, to select from the vast multitude of disorders, in which a somewhat enthusiastic view of their beneficial powers would advocate their use, those forms of disease in the treatment of which they are to be considered most indispensable.

It is certain that the progress of animal chemistry and the application of chemical theories in producing a healthy change in diseases of the principal organs of the body, as more particularly expounded by Liebig, will gradually lead to much simplification in the treatment of disease, and, at the same time, to the use of more refined and more philosophical remedies than what are now commonly adopted. Dr. Riadore's attempt, therefore, to bring this as a separate and distinct subject before the profession, is highly deserving of commendation, and indicates a mind anxious to think and to act in consonance with the progress of knowledge.

In such investigations the starting-point must always be the chemical phenomena of respiration, the interruption of which necessarily produces disease and disorganisation. In such cases the direct local application of remedies to the blood, by the inhalation of gases, or of factitious vital air, appears by no means to have attracted that attention which Liebig's researches and theories fully entitle it to. Whether or not the normal action of all organs, and of the nervous system in particular, depends upon the healthy state of the blood, as advocated by Dr. Riadore, is a question which we are not prepared to admit in all its generality. It involves a variety of considerations concerning the vitality of the blood and the chemical phenomena of physiological actions, which have often been discussed in these pages, but which, in this case, are at the best of a secondary character, and therefore, in their multiplied ramifications, rather indirect than direct results either of disordered respiration or of diseased blood.

There is much in the application of chemical agents and chemical theories to the treatment of disease that would necessitate a new arrangement, if not a new classification; the basis of which, instead of being, as in old times, the forms of disease, or, as at present, a mere structural pathology, would be essentially chemical, and would have reference mainly to the changes in composition and decomposition which are going on in the human frame.

The question of food, as contributing, according to the Liebig theory, to nutrition or respiration, is next in importance in such an order of considerations, and upon it would rest the whole groundwork of a rational hygenic and medico-chemical treatment of disease. The extreme popularity of Liebig's works has, no doubt, caused this to pass through the minds of many persons; but as yet it cannot be said to have received any scientific or positive development in this or other countries. It is only a person who is in the habit of watching day by day, and year by year, the progress of

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discovery in all branches of knowledge, that can tell how long the simplest truths are in being generally received in this so-called literary and intellectual country. While a great many are always ready to rush at a novelty, especially if recommended by a mysterious or empirical dogma, as in the case of homœopathy, the greater part, from a kind of mental indolence, reject a thing merely because it is new, or complacently wait till time and experience (that is, the industry of others) shall have established its efficacy, or the reverse. As it is in medical science, so it is in all other branches of knowledge, in none more so than in geography, in which an astonishing progress is making every year, and yet the ensuing year, and the year after that, witnesses the publication of hundreds of compiled works in which materials obtained even years back find no place. A compendium of the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of London would be as different a thing from the systematic works of Murray, Bell, or Macculloch, as a compendium of the transactions of the British Association would be from the treatises of Ferguson, Young, Arnott, or Carpenter.

These reflections are forced upon us by contemplating the slow progress which chemical medicine is making. It involves considerations of far more importance than the host of ordinary hygenic works which pass before us for notice. The air we breathe, the food we eat, the temperature we live in, the exercise we give to mind or body, are all brought by its means into a rational and philosophical co-ordination; and nevertheless we have as yet no simple or practical treatise upon the subject. Dr. Riadore's, so far as it goes, is a very good beginning. It cannot be said to be deficient in philosophical inquiry, while it is rather in excess in its medical advocacy; but it is a very suggestive work, one which no educated person can read without feeling that he stands on a commanding and advantageous ground, from whence to view and understand the theory of the healthy functions and disorders of the human frame.

The Bosom Friend: a Novel. By the Author of "The Gambler's Wife," "The Young Prima Donna," &c. 3 vols. Newby.

THE author possesses a certain knowledge (as it is called) of the world—that is to say, a pretty distinct perception of some of the scenes which are acted around "life in London," and describes what he observes with considerable talent. If we look for the philosophy of human nature, or, generally speaking, the fine unwindings of the labyrinth-thread of human action, we have them not; but we have sufficient cause for the sufficient effect, which is sufficient for the readers of novels. There is an involution of circumstances, if not a plot; and there are situations of dramatic construction, if not exactly what are likely to happen in simple reality, which serve to entertain the inquisitiveness of readers, and in the end, neither to disappoint nor astonish them.

The staple of this story is a Romish intrigue upon a young English peeress (in her own right), carried on by an accomplished Jesuit, and a . . . . (we do not like to call females by the ugly names of fiends, demons, or worse) niece. The style has too much of the commonplace to merit our praise. In the first pages we find "bouleversement of ideas;" one "who once she had dearly loved;" rooks cawing vociferously in October (p. 6); "exigeante little sister;" "Francesca's own maid" in a situation of wrought-up distress, and other indications of this class of literature, which would alone remove it from critical dissection. For what it is, the *Bosom Friend*, or it happens here, dropping a letter, the Bosom Fiend, is as well told a tale, or rather a better, than most of its compeers; and we doubt not that many a sympathetic soul will (for the remains of the present, and part of the ensuing reading season) peruse it with all the interest it deserves.

A sororial jealousy of a girl of fifteen of a sister of nine years of age, seems to be an exaggerated idea, painted merely for the future development of the author's purpose; but the (equally exaggerated) picture of the wounded feelings of a neglected elder child (Giulia) embodies a great moral in domestic life, far beyond the efforts of our author to display in all its native force and truth. Some inconsistencies of character ought to be permitted to the writer of fiction; and therefore we cannot complain (as if in a solemn lecture) of the folly of the all-accomplished aunt-governess permitting the discussion between Romanism and Protestantism (p. 164, vol. i. *et seq.*) before the children over whom she was so judiciously and anxiously discriminating;—but are we to be induced to become critical on propositions like these, in a performance like this? Avaunt! If novelists were obliged to make the most perfect of their characters to be guided by common sense, we should like to see the first publication of that *genus*.

But this is really a clever production, and may be read with interest. We offer it the Literary *rites* of hospitality; not the "*rights*," as the *writer* calls them, by a vulgar error (p. 173, vol. i.).

The Astrologer's Daughter. An Historical Novel. By Rose Ellen Hendriks. 3 vols. Newby.

THIS is an Istorical Novel indeed, and is dedicated to the Duchess of Cambridge as followeth:—

"Duchess, whose name brings peace and joy,
Whose smiles are genius' store;
How sweet seclusion's hours t' employ
In study, books, and lore.
Perchance, 'tis small—the gift *I keep*—
'Tis here, *but not the whole;*
Mine is the *heart to never sleep*,
And mine the *burning* soul. [Poor soul!]

Oh! think upon the hours of youth;
Start not, if I should fail
Portraying scenes too sad in truth,
Whilst youthful joys I hail.
Forgive all faults—kind Duchess, look
And read, but not to blame;
Happy indeed should this, my book,
With *thy* wish, bring me *Fame!*"

Fame! who can doubt who reads an Istory beginning with Catherine de Medicis and the Cardinal de Lorraine, and ending with Philip and Mary and Bishop Bonner; and the poisoning of a truly romantic pair of youths, the fair heroine being a daughter of Cranmer, and her brave hero-lover a son of King Philip by one Mrs. Agnes Stracey? One very dark and stormy night Catherine de Medicis, with her pretty attendant Loretta, took a walk through the almost deserted streets of Paris to consult a conjuror; during which the waiting damsel makes a confidant of her royal mistress, and says *inter alia:*

"'Ah, queen, it were better had I not been so well educated; but my early life was prosperous and gay. I lived with a lady who was related to the pope; I performed no menial service, but lulled her to repose by singing to my little guitar, or reading in my infantine voice. Thus fleeted by the hours of my childhood; those sunny hours no more return. My girlhood's first dawn was as happily passed. Methinks the air of Italia is fecund with treasured lore; I grasped learning, and filled my mind until it was compelled to disburden itself by loving! loving a bright and intellectual being, whose very thoughts were twined round mine; whose dark orbs rested on my face, not in an amorous, but all-appreciating gaze. He loved not with that passionate, momentary fire, which hopes, and dares, and then forgets; but he loved me with that subdued and hallowed love which is all mental: and now—now. But, lady, I shall weep—what more? You know the rest.' * * * Our pedestrians were now at their journey's end; they had left the town, and were in the suburbs of Paris. Several watchmen had cast keen glances on them; but even surrounded by a large and rather coarse cloak, Catherine's commanding figure was conspicuous through her disguise; and those who observed her once with suspicion, looked not again."

This is a fair specimen of every page of this remorseless nonsense. Ah, Rose Ellen of the never-sleeping heart and burning soul, prithee never again print or publish your sleepless confusions and fit-for-burning balderdash!

LORD LYTTELTON'S MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE.
[Second notice.]

WE broke off in our last No. with reference to Lord Lyttelton's patronage of Thomson, and his design for a posthumous improvement of the *Seasons*. After mentioning the song to Amanda, given by the late Lord Lyttelton to Sir H. Nicolas for his edition of the poet, Mr. Phillimore goes on to state:

"It was doubtless Amanda also who inspired the following translation, which has never been printed, of Tibullus. The MS. is as follows:

"IN IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

"*Huc ades, et teneræ morbos expelle puellæ, &c.*

"Come, healing god, Apollo come and aid,
Moved by the tears of love, my tender maid;
No more let sickness dim those radiant eyes,
Which never know to cheat or to disguise.
If e'er my verse has pleased thy listening ear,
Oh, now be friendly, now propitious hear;
Bring every virtuous herb, each root and flower
Of cooling juice and salutary power;
Light is the task—to touch a hand so fair,
Divine Physician, will repay thy care.
My tears are fled; the god my suit approves,
He can't be wretched who sincerely loves;
Protecting Heaven with more than common care
Smiles on his hopes, and guards him from despair.
Raise from the pillow, raise thy languid head,
Come forth, my love, and quit thy sickly bed,
Come forth, my love; for thee the balmy spring
Breathes every sweet, for thee the zephyrs bring
Their healing gales, for thee the Graces lead
The smiling hours, and paint the flowery mead.
As Nature, drooping long beneath the reign
Of dreary winter, now revives again,
Calls all her beauties out, and charms us more
From what we suffered in their loss before;
So from thy tedious illness shalt thou rise
More sweetly fair, and in those languid eyes
And faded cheeks returning health shall place
A fresher bloom and more attractive grace:
Then shall my bounding heart forget its woe,
And think it never more a pain can know;
Then shall my muse thy charms more gaily sing,
And hail thee as the nightingale the spring.

It appears from the following letter that Lyttelton had urged his friend to marry. Thomson's recollection of 'Amanda' was probably the real, though not the assigned, cause why 'the result of his consideration' was unfavourable to the scheme.

"Kew Lane, Dec. 14, 1747.

"Dear sir,—I should have answered your kind and truly friendly letter some time ago. My not having answered it hitherto proceeded from my giving it mature and deep consideration. I have considered it in all lights and in all humours, by night and by day, even during these long evenings—that the result of my consideration is not such as you would wish. My

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judgment egrees with you, and you know I first impressed yours in her favour. She deserves a better than me, and has as many good and worthy qualities as any woman; nay, to others, and I hope too men of taste, she had charming and piquant ones. But every men has a singular and uncontrollable imagination of his own. Now, as I told you before, she does not pique mine. I wonder you should treat that objection so lightly as you seem to do in your last. To strike one's fancy is the same in love thet charity is in religion. Though a woman has the form, and spoke like the angels, though all divine gifts and graces were hers, yet without striking the fancy, she does nothing. I am too much advanced in life to venture to marry, without feeling myself invigorated and made as it were young again with a great flame of imagination. But we shell discuss this matter more fully when I have the happiness of seeing you at full leisure. What betwixt judgment and fancy, I shall run equal risque of never entering into the holy state. In the mean time, I wish to see you once more happy in it.* Forgive me if I say, it would be an ungrateful frowardness to refuse the bounty of Providence because you heve been deprived of former enjoyments. If you cannot again love so exquisitely as you have done, so much the better—you do not then risque being so miserable. To say that one cannot love twice is utterly unphilosophical, and, give me leave to say, contrary to my own experience. Can there not be more objects than one for the same passion? If so, why cannot the passion be renewed when I find e new object? The flame of any love was never so strong yet as to burn out the heart; so far from that, the powers of the mind rather grow by exercise. The truth is, it is not a former passion that prevents a second. It is only the hardening of the heart from years and harsh untender business. If you could get so much master of your just grief as to think of a second match, I may be tempted also to try to be happy with you. I wish you joy of the sun's now turning his all-enlivening and beautiful face towards us. Mey the genial spirit of the returning year animate and cheer you, and yet again make you happy! Than which nothing can give greater pleasure to yours,

"J. Thomson."

The death of Thomson, soon after this date, grievously afflicted Mr. Lyttelton, and was a source of regret to him to the end of his own life. His intermeddling with the posthumous editions of the author of the *Seasons* has been censured as a preposterous and presumptuous manifestation of affection. Of these labours we are now told:

"Some time after his death, Lyttelton prepared for the press a new edition of his 'Seasons,' the alterations, additions, and omissions, which this edition would have contained, have never been printed; they are written in Lyttelton's handwriting on the blank leaves of an interleaved copy of the 'Seasons,' now in the library at Hagley, to which it was presented by the late Lord Spencer, to whom it was a gift from 'Mathew Montague, who found it among the books of Mrs. Montague;' the date which it originally bears, MDCC.LII., is eltered, by a few strokes, into MDCC.LVIII. I have not been able to find any satisfactory reason why it was never published. In one of the blank sheets before the poem, Lyttelton has written as follows:

"'*Preface to the Seasons.*—In this edition, *conformably to the intention and will of the author,* which heve justly been thought ~~by good judges~~ too harsh or obscure, or not strictly grammatical, have been corrected, some lines transposed, and a few others left out. The hymn which was printed at the end of the 'Seasons,' in some of the last editions, le likewise omitted, because it appears to good judges that all the matter end thoughts in that hymn are much better exprest in the 'Seasons' themselves.'

"The alterations of single words are numerous, and generally are manifest improvements: *e. g.*, lines 621, 2, 3, in 'Winter,' Thomson writes,—

'While well attested and as well believed,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round,
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.'

Lyttelton corrects—,

'While well attested and as well believed,
The goblin tale goes round: till solemn fear
And superstitious horror,' &c. &c.

887, 8, the lines ere—

' . . . . with these at eve,
They *cheerful loaded* to their tents repair.'

'I wish this line altered,' Lyttelton writes; ''cheerful-loaded' is not English:

'They cheerful to their shady tents repair,'

would be better.' In a few instances whole passages are eltered, as in the following verses. In the printed editione of Thomson's 'Spring,' ere these lines:—

'Mean time the song went round, and dance and sport,
Wisdom and friendly tale successive stole
Their hours away: while in the rosy vale
Love breathed his infant sighs from anguish free,
And full replete with bliss, save the sweet pain,
254 That inly thrilling but exalts it more,' &c. &c.
260 The youthful sun
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds
Dropped fatness down, as o'er the swelling mead
The herds and flocks containing played secure.
264 This, when emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion saw; his horrid heart
Was meekened, and he joined his sullen joy,
For musick held the whole in perfect peace.
Soft sighed the flute, the tender voice was heard
Warbling the varied heart, the woodlands round
Applied their quire, and winds and waters flowed
271 In consonance. Such were those prime of days.'

In the interleaved copy Lyttelton obliteratee these lines from 249 to 254, and from 264 to 271, and reads:

'As o'er the *verdant* mead
The herds and flocks *promiscuous* played secure
On every hill beneath each spreading shade,
The swains and husbandmen rejoicing hymned
Their bounteous God; then festive dance and sport,
Kind deeds and friendly talk, successive showed
Their blissful hours; while in the rosy vale
Love breathed his tender sighs, from anguish free,
And free from guilt. Such were these prime of days.'

In 'Summer,' where the worthies of Britain are described, just before the description of Shakspere I find this intended insertion in Lytteltou's handwriting:

'How sweet the concert of thy various bards,
Poetick island! Hark, they strike the lyre!
Harmonious Dryden, Waller, Denham, Rowe,
Gay, Prior, and judicious Addison;
But see with perfect art the hand of Pope
Now tunes the strings! Onward the Graces dance,
And Wisdom's sober ear approves the song:
Of all thy numerous wits, Britannia, this
The most correct; but nobler fame
To genius more sublime,' &c. &c.

Then follows the description of Shakspere."

This edition was never completed, or, et any rate, never published; and Thomson has descended to posterity, heppily, unamended and unimproved.

Many years after his loss, "Lyttelton received the following letter from Voltaire. It is a very curious document; and regarding the subject rather than the date, I insert it in this place.

"à Paris, 17 May, 1750, n. st.

"You was beneficent to Mr. thomson when he liv'd, and you is so to me, in favouring me with his works. j was ecqnainted with the Author when j stayed in England. j discovered in him a great genius end a great simplicity. j lik'd in him the poet and the true philosopher, j mean the lover of mankind. I think that without a good stock of such a philosofy, a poet is just ebove a fidler, who amuses our ears and cannot go to our soul. I am not surpriz'd y^r^ nation has done more justice to Mr. thomson's Seasons than to his drametic performances, there is one kind of poetry of which the judicious readers and the men of taste are the proper judges, there is an other that depends upon the vulgar; great or small, tragedy and comedy are of these last species, they must be suited to the turn of mind and to the ability of the multitude and proportion'd to their taste, yr nation two hundred years since is us'd to a wild scene, to a croud of tumultuous events, to an emphatical poetry mix'd with lose and comical expressions, to murtherss, to a lively representation of bloody deeds, to a kind of horrour which seeme often barbarous and childish, all faults which never sully'd the greak, the roman, or the french Stage; and give me leave to say that the taste of y^r^ politest countrymen in point of tragedy differs not much in point of tragedy from the taste of a mob at Bear-garden, 'tis true we have too much of words, if you have too much of action, and perheps the perfection of the Art ehould consist in a due mixture of the french taste and english energy. Mr. Adisson who would have reach'd to that pitch of perfection had he succeeded in the emourous part of his tragedy as well as in the part of cato, warn'd often y^r^ nation against the corrupted state of the stage—and since he could not reform the genius of the country, j am affraid the contagious distemper is past curing. Mr. thompson's tragedies seems to me wisely intricated, and elegantly writ, they want perhape eome fire, and it may be that his heroes are neither moving nor busy enough, but taking him all in all, methinks he has the highest claim to the greatest esteem. Y^r^ friendship, Sir, is a good vouschafer for his merit. I know what reputation you have acquired, if I am not mistaken, you have writ for y^r^ own sport many a thing that would rouse a great fame to one who had in view thet vain rewerd call'd Glory. I have by me some verses that pass under y^r^ name, and which you are suppoe'd to have writ in a journey to peris, they reflect very justly on our nation, and they run thus—

'a nation here j pity and admire,
whom noblest sentiments of Glory fire,
yet taught by custom's force and bigot fear
to serve with pride, and boast the yoke they wear;
in courts a mean, in camps a generous band,
from priests and tax-jobbers content receive,
those laws their dreaded arms to Europe give,
whose people vain in war, in bondage blase,
tho' plundered gual, industrious tho' oppressed,' &c.

These verses deserve a good translator, and they should be learn'd by every frenchman. Give me leave to send you a little performance of mine, 'tis but a pebble I do offer you for y^r^ pretious stones, I am, with the highest respect, Sir, y^r^ most humble, obed. servent,

Voltaire."

With an extract from e letter by the celebrated Henry Fielding we conclude the first volume. It is dated Bow Street, 29th August, 1749, and congratulates Lyttelton on the felicity of his second (unfortunate!) marriage.

"How admirable (writes the unprophetic megistrate) is yr fortune in the matrimonial lottery! I will venture to say, there is no man

* "In an evil hour, it will be seen, Lyttelton followed this advice."

alive who exults more in this, or in any other happiness that can attend you, than myself; and you ought to believe me from the same reason that fully persuades me of the satisfaction you receive from any happiness of mine; this reason is, that you must be sensible how much of it I owe to your goodness; and there is a great pleasure in gratitude, tho' it is second, I believe, to that of benevolence, for, of all the delights upon earth, none can equal the raptures which a good mind feels in conferring happiness on those whom we think worthy of it. This is the sweetest ingredient in power; and I solemnly protest, I never wished for power more than a few days ago, for the sake of a man whom I love, and that more perhaps from the esteem I know he bears you than from any other reason. This man is in love with a young creature of the most apparent worth, who returns his affections. Nothing is wanting, to make two very miserable people extremely blessed but a moderate portion of the greatest of human evils, so philosophers call it, and so it is called by divines, whose word is the rather to be taken, as they are, many of them, more conversant with this evil than ever the philosophers were. The name of this man is Moore, to whom you kindly destined that laurel, which, though it hath long been withered, may not probably soon drop from the brow of its present possessor; but there is another place of much the same value now vacant; it is that of deputy-licensor to the stage. Be not offended at this hint; for, tho' I will own it impudent enough in one who hath so many obligations of his own to you, to venture to recommend another man to your favour, yet impudence itself may possibly be a virtue when exerted on the behalf a friend: at least, I am the less ashamed of it, as I have known men remarkable for the opposite modesty, possess it without the mixture of any other good quality. In this fault, then, you must indulge me; for, should I ever see you as high in power as I wish, and as it is perhaps more my interest than your own that you should be, I shall be guilty of the like as often as I find a man in whom I can, after much intimacy, discover no want but that of the evil above mentioned."

SIR R. ADAIR'S MISSION TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

HAVING pretty fully introduced this diplomatic *exposé* to our readers in No. 1485, we shall not enter much farther into its disclosures—such as they are, and rather belonging to a state of circumstances which have passed away and are not likely to be revived. Still, though new arrangements of condition have taken place, and must in the course of events give way to other arrangements, it is not a useless thing to have such a peep as is here afforded into the springs, the views, and the modes of proceeding of different nations in the European system. That Mr. Adair's position did not enable him to take very comprehensive views of them will, we think, be evident to all well-informed men who read these volumes; but upon his own sphere, including Turkey and Persia, he does afford us some curious glimpses of the balancing of power. The few additions we shall make to our last week's notice are directed to elucidate such points. On the 24th of April, 1810, the ambassador writes from Pera to Lord Wellesley:

"My lord,—The arrival of a confidential person from Vienna, by whose means I have had access to some papers of extreme importance, enables me to send to your lordship the enclosed account of a circumstance attending the marriage of Bonaparte with the Archduchess Louisa, which may not be wholly without its use. But what is of chief consequence at the present moment is, the disclosure he has made to me of the object of ****'s journey to Paris. It seems that Bonaparte has now seriously in agitation the re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland. With this view he has already proposed to Austria the cession of the two Galicias, and he is about to require from Russia the cession of her share of the second partition. The temptation held out to Austria for her consent was first a distant insinuation that the crown of Poland might be placed at the disposal of the house of Austria. It is now reduced to mere indemnification on the side of Turkey. What indemnification is to be offered to Russia I have not heard; but if she should not consent to the cession proposed, of which there is no probability, the plan is to compel her, and then Austria is to have Walachia and Moldavia, and the Turks are to be offered the Crimea. The task of re-establishing Poland is to be executed by France, and dispositions are making for it. The force already marched into Spain, amounting, since the Austrian peace, to about 60,000 men, is not to be augmented. The French still in Germany, amounting to 80,000, are destined for the duchy of Warsaw. In addition to this force, an army of native Poles is rapidly organising, and will amount to 140,000 men before the spring. To this will be added the Bavarian and Saxon contingents already under orders to march. With so large a regular force, and the expected insurrection of Russian Poland, success is reckoned upon as certain. Murat is to be the new king, and the whole of Italy to be incorporated with France. The task of securing her own indemnification devolves naturally on Austria. * * The approach of this new and dreadful storm which is gathering around us makes me, I confess, more than commonly anxious that the basis of the negotiation offered by Turkey to Russia, which I had the honour of explaining at large to your lordship in my despatch No. VII., may meet with his majesty's approbation. The state of public opinion in Russia, even among our own friends, is described to me to be such as to place it out of the power of any minister to consent to a peace with Turkey without something to shew for the expenses of the war; and since Russia must, as a military measure, evacuate Moldavia and Walachia whenever Austria comes forward, the contest may prove fatal to her unless Turkey be previously neutralised. On the other hand, the peace once made with Turkey, these provinces become a barrier for Russia towards the south, and will enable her to bring her whole force to act on one line for her defence.—I have the honour to be, &c. * *

"My lord,—When next I shall have the honour of writing to your lordship, it is my intention to submit to the consideration of his majesty's government some ideas respecting the re-establishment of the order of Saint John of Jerusalem. One object of this measure would be the keeping together the remainder of our interest on the continent; but its principal purpose would be that of laying the foundation for a totally new system of maritime warfare for the Mediterranean. The seat of sovereignty for the order might be transferred to Corfu, if ever that island should be rescued from the hands of France, or perhaps with more propriety to Minorca.—I have the honour to be, &c."

Whether Bonaparte was in earnest about Poland or not (as a counterpoise necessary for his interest and ambition at that time) does not come clearly out from the rest of the correspondence; but the bare rumour provoked the jealousy of Russia, and the marriage with the daughter of the emperor of Austria nearly alienated the new attachment of Tilsit and Erfurt. Strange that what Napoleon imagined would consolidate his gigantic supremacy should lead to its prostration, like that of the image which Nebuchadnezzar the king set up! Mr. Adair in several places speaks of the emperor Alexander as a very weak person;* but the whole fantocini or phantasmagoria is but a rapid illustration of the *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*. The strong of one year were the tremblers of the next; the bullies became the bullied; then were hopes and expediency, then *sauve qui peut*, and of a bad bargain make the best. When Lucien Bonaparte, in an American vessel (1810), was detained by the Pomone in Cagliari Bay, we have a curious account of the embarrassments to which it gave rise, and the difficulty of disposing of him. Thus Mr. Adair writes:

"Owing to his public character at the court of Cagliari, Mr. Hill had abstained from a personal interview with Lucien; but as the same objection was not applicable to me, I readily undertook to see him, with a view of enabling myself to state to your lordship any circumstances connected with this event which my own observation might help me to verify, and which might appear useful for the public service. In anticipation, indeed, of the possibility of such an interview, I had declined the customary salute from the Salsette on coming ashore. The slightest consideration of Lucien's request for permission to proceed to America was sufficient to convince me of its utter inadmissibility. But I was by no means sure that the very reasons which rendered it so, particularly Bonaparte's declaration concerning the eventual independence of Spanish America, joined with the known republicanism of Lucien and his intimate connexion with General Moreau, might not incline his majesty's government to think that a person of his description, and whom so many circumstances had contributed to render important, would be much more safely disposed of in England than in any other part of the world. His quarrel with his brother might be a mere pretence; at all events there was no reason to suppose it irreconcileable. There was no calculating the mischief, therefore, which such a man, leagued with one of the ablest of the French generals, might not effect in Spanish America, especially if the weakness of Ferdinand the Seventh should ever induce him to ally himself by marriage with the usurper of his European dominions. On the other hand, admitting that this would be the opinion of his majesty's government, it was evident that the residence of Lucien in England, without any tie over him except the Alien Act, would be liable to many serious objections. It was not probable, indeed, that he would be allowed to remain there at all, except as a prisoner of war. If Mr. Hill, therefore, should finally determine on detaining Lucien as a prisoner of war, it seemed but just, in communicating to him this resolution, to afford him at the same time the means of applying to his majesty's government for any alleviation which his circumstances might appear to claim. Under these impressions I went to meet Lucien at the Quarantine Office.

* "Austria is afraid, and very justly, of the engagements still subsisting between the emperor Alexander and Bonaparte, and of the undiminished influence of Bonaparte over his feeble and enervated mind. As long as that influence subsists, she can never be sure that Alexander will not take part with France in the impending war."

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He began by explaining to me the necessity he had been under of quitting the French territories, and of coming to Cagliari. He next mentioned his having obtained a passport, in 1808, to go to America; but he assured me that he had never received Mr. Hill's letter of the same year, giving him notice that it had been annulled by order of his majesty's government. This it was that had produced his present embarrassment; for at the time that he first applied to Mr. Hill, he applied also to his brother Napoleon for passports; and when these last were sent him, which was not until this present year 1810, they were sent in the belief of his being already possessed of his English one. On receiving the passports from his brother, therefore, he wrote immediately to Mr. Hill to request a renewal of that which had been sent him in 1808; and it was by Mr. Hill's answer to this letter that he first learned that the grant of it at that period had been disapproved. He then again wrote to Mr. Hill for a passport to Cagliari; but before he could receive an answer, a peremptory order from his brother Napoleon, which he could not disobey without danger to his person, compelled him to embark precipitately, and come to Cagliari at all hazards. He then stated, that the order sent him from Paris was in substance either to divorce himself from his wife and accept the government of Rome, or instantly to quit the French territories. He informed me further, that the hostility of his brother towards him had been greatly aggravated by the refusal of his daughter to marry Ferdinand VII. She had been sent for to Paris (as I understood him) in the spring; and when she was made acquainted with the intention of marrying her to Ferdinand VII. she positively refused to consent, and declared that she would follow her father's fortunes. On this she was sent back to Italy, and was then with him on board the American vessel. He then acknowledged that, after what had been communicated to him as the orders of his majesty's government, he could expect no passport from Mr. Hill for the prosecution of his voyage to Philadelphia. All he now asked, therefore, was a passport for Plymouth. He seemed to think that if he could have an opportunity of explaining the above circumstances to his majesty's government, he should be able to remove the objections to his being suffered to go on to America; or if not, that it might be allowed him to remain in England until the peace. After hearing all he had to say on this point, I answered, that Mr. Hill could grant him no passport for Plymouth nor for any other place; that, as I was then on my way home, Mr. Hill intended to write fully by me to his majesty's government, and to apply for instructions as to his future proceedings in this case. I told him fairly, however, that there was no chance of his being allowed to go on to America; that even if his request to proceed to Plymouth were granted, I could not answer for his being suffered to remain on English ground except as a prisoner of war; and that at all events he must expect to be placed under the superintendence of a severe and vigilant police. I added, however, that I would not refuse to be the bearer of any representation which he might wish to make to his majesty's government respecting his situation. He thanked me for this offer, and said that it would be indifferent to him under what restrictions he were allowed to remain in England, since all he sought was an asylum for himself and his family from the persecution of his brother. He then suggested, that as I was proceeding to England in a ship of war, I might conduct him thither with his American vessel. But this I could not undertake."

Poor Lucien was like Mahomet's coffin; he could neither get up nor down, but was hung suspended in the dome of ambassadorial doubts, till he fairly lost his philosophic temper, and "remarked with some asperity on the extreme harshness and injustice (as he called it) of not being suffered to land in Sardinia, when it must be evident, from all the circumstances attending his arrival at Cagliari, that he could have no other motive for desiring it than that which he had stated from the first. He remonstrated with equal warmth against the refusal to conduct him to Civita-Vecchia. It was clear, he observed, that if he had been met on his passage to America by an English cruiser, the captain of such cruiser, in obedience to his instructions of 1808, must have reconducted him to the port from whence he had sailed. Why, then, he asked, should his having renounced all intention of going to America without the consent of the British government, and his having trusted himself to its generosity by coming straight to Cagliari, place him in a worse situation than he would have stood in if he had taken his chance of escaping to America in defiance of its orders? He protested against being considered and treated as a prisoner of war at Malta, and implored me once more to speak to Mr. Hill, and endeavour to prevail on him to send him back to Civita-Vecchia, if he could neither send him on to Plymouth, nor obtain leave for him to wait in some part of Sardinia for the answer from his majesty's government respecting his future destination."

That our representatives should be suspicious of French manœuvres is not surprising, when we read in a letter from our minister:—

"I send you a curious document—no less than the falsification and forgery of the king's speech on closing the session, by the French government. When the Persian ministers read this, they will know what faith to put in the accounts which the French *chargé d'affaires* has just transmitted to the Persian camp."

And with this we conclude, only remarking, that Mr. Adair, like the political party to which he belonged, always undervalued and never was crossed with a thought of the wonderful effect which the war in Spain was destined to produce in the grand conflict of Europe's policies. He was deeply imbued with the importance of Cerigo, whilst Wellington was conquering the conqueror of the world.

The Physiology of the Human Voice; being a Treatise on the Natural Powers of the Vocal Organ, pointing out the difference between the speaking and singing Quality of Tone, and giving Laws for the proper production of the Musical Voice, from its lowest to its highest Pitch. By F. Romer. 8vo, pp. 68. London, Leader and Cock.

We would wish to call the attention of physiologists, as well as of the musical world, to this curious essay, the object of which is fully expressed in the title-page. We do not feel ourselves quite competent to give an opinion upon so abstruse a subject; in which the sciences of anatomy, physiology, acoustics, and music, are all brought to bear upon the points mooted. We are satisfied, however, by a perusal of the work, that the best and latest authorities have been consulted and carefully digested before Mr. Romer has ventured to put forth views which he has long entertained, and which appear to present quite a new field in the art of teaching. Mr. R. argues that the larynx and glottis are not the sole points which produce the musical tones of the voice; while his explanation of the said musical voice, as distinguished from the speaking voice, being a vibrated column of air, depending upon the openness of the tube, alone indicates what a change such considerations are calculated to induce in the system of vocal tuition.

Some Observations on Organic Alterations of the Heart, and particularly on the beneficial employment of Iron in the treatment of such cases. By S. Scott Alison, M.D., &c. Small 8vo, pp. 62. Longmans.

As remedial means can have but little effect where disease has proceeded so far as to produce organic alterations, most medical men will view Dr. Scott Alison's advocacy of the use of the iodide of iron in the treatment of such disorders as either palliative, or as, by increasing the tone generally, enabling the patient better to resist the inconveniences resulting from such affections. We have long entertained a notion that too much attention may be paid to the heart as well as to the stomach; and that as dyspepsia may most undoubtedly be induced by always thinking of the functions of the stomach, so it is highly probable that the functions of the heart may become disordered by too great anxiety upon that subject. We have also known medical men whose minds were too much occupied with the condition of their own hearts to diagnosticate hypertrophy in others even with the stethoscope, where subsequent events have by no means tended to substantiate their painful predictions. This, however, by no means militates against Dr. Scott's perfectly professional and thoroughly humane attempt to prove that positive cases of organic alteration may be more extensively benefited by medical treatment than has been hitherto supposed. The treatment proposed is the reverse of the gloomy one generally pursued, of an exclusive regard to abating inordinate action and nutrition; and, on the contrary, proposes to itself to impart vigour to the heart and system: and we gladly call the attention of professional men to what appears in a variety of cases, such as hypertrophy the sequelæ of disease, and hypertrophy accompanied by debility, to be a decidedly improved practice.

The English Gentlewoman; or, Hints to Young Ladies on their Entrance into Society. Pp. 257. H. Colburn.

Whether gentlemanlike or ladylike manners can be taught by books, is an inquiry which we fancy would most likely be answered in the negative, and to the discouragement of printing. Ease and quietude are the essence of good breeding, and the constraint of rules is not well calculated to accord with these qualifications. To these let us add, the right feeling which naturally recoils from hurting the *amour propre* of another in the slightest degree, an absence of or abstinence from selfishness, and the habit of mixing with polite society; and all else that can be *hinted* at is but leather and prunella. Yet the writer seems to expect so much from this volume, that "the time may not be far distant when we may find that they have not been deemed too rigid; and when the English lady, modest in principle, pure in thought, may again dress as a respectable woman ought ever to do, and dance like a gentlewoman; when the morning prayers of our own church may not be followed by the nightly waltz, or the indelicacy of the French play—when, in short, our amusements will be brought in unison with the tone of our own minds, and not our minds levelled to the vulgarity of foreign tastes."

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Waltzes, polkas, ballets, and French plays, are severely reprehended; and much good advice, not very original, is bestowed on young ladies from the age of sixteen or eighteen to one or two and twenty. In adopting and patronising the former exhibitions and amusements, our author hardly excuses Queen Victorie (see p. 116) on account of her "foreign notions." The opinions offered upon French and English literature display good sense and an ability to judge of the safe and vicious in both; and upon the whole, we may say that this is a useful, correct, and instructive publication.

Les Veillées du Dimanche. Par M. S. Wilberforce, &c. Pp. 174. London, Burns.

A GOOD translation into French, and consequently a good lesson-book for that language, of the pious and popular work by the Dean of Westminster.

Photography made Easy: a Practical Manual. By a Practical Chemist and Photographist.

THE date affixed to the introduction to this little work is "July 1845," and the same date is evidenced in the text of the manual by a relation of the most recently suggested improvements in manipulation. In proof of the truth of the date, as to the former, we may refer to the judicious comments of the writer on the "injustice and validity of the patent," especially in reference to the still pending proceedings, "Beard *v.* Egerton;" and as to the latter, to Sir David Brewster's improved method of taking positive talbotypes. Photography is truly made easy, clearly and comprehensively, and this will bring the manual into general favour.

Evenings in the Pyrenees, comprising the Stories of Wanderers from many Lands. Edited and arranged by Selina Bunbury, author of "Rides in the Pyrenees," &c. Pp. 307. Joseph Masters.

OUR gallantry is evoked by the fair authoress of this volume, containing tales of various character and country. They are natural and pleasing, and adorned with glyphographic engravings by Mr. E. Palmer, after designs by several artists, Spanish, French, German, Irish, &c., all treated with characteristic taste; and readers of the same sex as the writer may pass an agreeable hour over her diversified narratives of war, love, peril, common life, and tragical occurrences.

Stanhope: a Domestic Novel. By Joseph Middleton, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Pp. 264. Saunders and Otley.

IN Mr. Stanhope we have a man of genius and an author, and consequently not a few troubles and misfortunes. But they bring us into the circle of a number of sketches of character and life, shew the too common uncertainty of human fortune and happiness, and point with a good moral tendency to lessons inculcated by every change. There is also much interest involved in the story; and though some of the parties speak and act more as the author chooses to shape than as they would do in nature under the reality of the circumstances described, there is enough to gratify the not too fastidious reader in these pages.

The Anglo-Indian Passage Homeward and Outward; or, a Card for the Overland Traveller, &c. &c. By D. Lester Richardson, author of "Literary Leaves," &c. Pp. 190. London, Madden and Malcolm.

WITH many illustrations, and especial notices of Gibraltar, Malta, Cairo, Aden, and strongly recommends the overland transit between Great Britain and her great colonial empire. As a descriptive guide, it is pleasantly written, and seems to contain all the information requisite to facilitate and improve the enjoyments of the hasty travel. Once a poet, like once a captain always a captain, is we presume always a poet; but Mr. Richardson has not retired from the service on half or no pay. Even into his Handbook he has introduced some ocean-sketches in verse, sonnets, and other pieces, which afford pleasing indications of a well-harmonised mind and genuine feeling for natural beauties.

Gertrude. By the Author of "Amy Herbert," &c. Edited by the Rev. W. Sewell, B.D. 2 vols. Longmans.

BELONGS to the class which has become common in later times, under the form of fiction, to propagate the views on education, morals, and religion of a particular school.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

TUESDAY (*continued*).

SECTION E.—(*Medical Science.*)

1. Laycock (Dr.) on a case of hæmorrhagic affection of the heart.
2. Duncan (Dr.) on a peculiar form of epidemic affecting the teeth and gums of young children last winter in Dublin.
3. Fisher (Prof.) on the vascularity of the scrofulous tubercle.
4. Leeson (Dr.) on an apparatus for minute injection.
5. Thurnham (Dr.) on a case of *Spina bifida.*

1. A short communication from Mr. Spencer Wells, of the Naval Hospital, Malta.

2. The epidemic alluded to broke out among the children in a Dublin workhouse last winter, and the attacked were all females except one. The appearance was like that produced by an excessive use of mercury, and in some cases the face and neck were spotted. Dr. D. defended the discreet use of mercury, and contended that it could by no possibility have produced the disease in question.—Mr. Meyer, of Leghorn, had seen a similar disease in Vienna in 1838.

3. Strictly medical.

4. Dr. Leeson's apparatus for producing minute injection acts by hydrostatic pressure, water being kept in a limpid state.

5. The disease produced death.

Close of the Sitting.—Dr. Haviland explained the proposed alteration in the title of this section. But he wished it to be distinctly understood, that although they had slightly changed their names, they had not changed their constitution.

SECTION F.—(*Statistics.*)

1. Jullien (M.) on universal statistics.
2. Stark (Dr.) on statistics of small-pox.
3. Kenrick (G. S.) on the statistics of Merthyr Tydvil.
4. Laycock (Dr.), vital statistics of the United States.
5. Boys (Rev. T.), data for selecting sites for colonial towns.

1. M. Jullien's paper was a long one, in the French language, the gist of which was to propose that a union be effected of good statistical observers, and a collection of statistical abstracts formed in every country, and which would present to the reader progressive and comparative tables of observations and experiences. He proposed that the members should collect and transmit, to a central body, all the interesting and instructive facts relating to the advancement of comparative civilisation, which should then be classified, arranged, and in a way digested, so as to furnish a monthly magazine for the whole world, like an Encyclopædia, and embracing the following subjects: 1. health and population; 2. public works; 3. agriculture; 4. mines; 5. commerce; 6. colonies; 7. government plans for the benefit of the people; 8. poor-houses and asylums of different kinds; 9. courts of justice and prisons; 10. educational plans; 11. libraries and museums, and scientific institutions; 12. religions considered in their relations to the state of the people; 13. antiquities and the fine arts; 14. dramatical literature and theatres; 15 establishments and questions of domestic economy; 16. individuals who are benefactors to humanity, and who have rendered, or who will still render, important service to the public. He further proposed, that this magazine should appear at the same time every month, in English and French, in the capitals of London and Paris, and should form a sort of intellectual railway between the two countries; that there should be the statistics published of comparative civilisation, as well as the science of comparative anatomy and comparative geology.

2. The tables shewed a saving of 35 per cent of the population where vaccination prevailed, taking their data from the number of deaths which occurred previous to the introduction of vaccination. It was contended that the present prevalence of the small-pox [?] arose not from the inefficacy of the vaccine virus, or that its property became weakened by time, but from the neglect of parents in not having their children vaccinated; and when instances did occur of the small-pox seizing persons who had been previously vaccinated, the disease assumed a much milder form, and the deaths consequent upon it very rare.

3. The population of the place is 32,968; an immense number of whom were employed in the iron and coal trade. The country was bleak, and few persons lived in Merthyr Tydvil except those who were engaged in trade. 10,000 of the population were unable to speak English intelligibly; only 4000 were English persons; 11,000 could not read; 11,759 never attended a place of worship; 2587 were in the general habit of getting intoxicated; there were 2 churches and 15 chapels; intemperance prevailed to a great extent, and was increasing, and the morals of the people were of the lowest order. There were several schools, but of a very inferior description, some of the mistresses being unable to write their own names, —the object of parents appeared merely to keep the children out of mischief. The streets were not paved, and very dirty; the wages of the working classes varied from 70*s.* to 22*s.* per week; but they were very imprudent, especially those who were best paid; their object being to get drink—drink—drink; and yet the beer was of so disagreeable a flavour, that it would not be tolerated in England.—In the conversation which followed it transpired that those mechanics who were the best workmen were generally the most improvident. Men who earned, at Birmingham, from 5*l.* to 6*l.* weekly, if only out of work two or three days, from illness, were compelled to seek relief from the parish.

4. This paper divided the United States into three divisions, and contained tables of their population.

5. Read by Mr. Fletcher. Thanks were then passed for all the papers; and previous to the conclusion of the proceedings of the Section, Mr. Porter made some observations on the importance of statistics. The Section terminated its sittings at two o'clock.

SECTION G.—(*Mechanics.*)

Prof. Cowie, of the College of Civil Engineers at Putney, prepared to lay some re-

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marks before this section, on the subject of experiments on the strength of wood and cast iron, but the paucity of the audience, which has prevailed all the week, induced him to take his friend Prof. Willis's advice, and reserve his observations for another time.

WEDNESDAY.

The Sections A., B., C., and D. met, and also the sub-section Ethnology; but owing to the numbers who flocked to hear Prof. Ansted on coal-mine ventilation, the Chemical did not sit till between one and two o'clock.

SECTION A.—(*Mathematical and Physical Science.*)

1. Wedgwood (H.) on the premises of geometry.
2. Bashforth (A.), description of an engine for finding the numerical roots of equations, and tracing a variety of useful curves.
3. Everest (Col.) on the geodetical operations of India.
4. Fisher (G.) on the origin of the aurora borealis.
5. Gravier (M. C.) on shooting stars.
6. Edmunds (R.) on remarkable lunar periodicities in earthquakes, extraordinary oscillations of the sea, and great atmospherical changes.
7. Hamilton (Sir W. R.) on the system of quaternions.
8. Howard (L.) on a lunar meteorological cycle.

With the exception of No. 5, which we gave at length in our last number but one, the communications above described were either too abstruse for brief and popular notice, too voluminous and fanciful for any advantage to be derived from a mere account of the notions deduced, or too incomplete to be intelligible.

SECTION B.—(*Chemical Science.*)

1. Tilley and MacLagan (Drs.) on the oil of asafœtida.
2. Hunt (R.) on remarkable chemical and molecular changes produced by the solar rays; and on the powers of actinism in disturbing electrical forces.
3. Schonbein (Prof.) on the hydrate of nitric acid.
4. Johnston (Prof.) on the germination of barley, and the use of the husk to the young plant.
5. Norton (J. P.) on the composition of certain slate-rocks, and of the soils formed from them.

1. The oils of garlic, mustard, and asafœtida contain the same organic radical, as the tea-plant, coffee-plant, and Paraguan tea-plant contain *thein*, and are similarly used.

2. Mr. Hunt communicated to the section the results of his researches into the phenomena of chemical change produced by the sun's rays, this being a continuation of the subject brought forward by him at the York meeting of the British Association. The experiments described were in many respects very similar to those already published; but they were, for the most part, tried with the isolated rays of the prismatic spectrum. It was found that in all cases precipitation was accelerated by the action of the sun's rays, and that the colour of the precipitate was materially brightened by the action of strong light. Permanganate of potash in solution in tubes was placed in the different prismatic rays. In a few minutes a copious precipitation took place in the tubes exposed to the blue, indigo, and violet rays, but not any for some time in the tubes exposed to the yellow and red rays. The same results were obtained with the platinate of lime, and solutions of iron in water containing carbonic acid. It was also found that many solutions became chemically different after exposure to sunshine, and produced effects different from similar solutions preserved in darkness. Sulphate of iron dissolved in water in darkness requires some hours to precipitate gold or silver from their solutions. If, however, the same solution is exposed for a few hours to sunshine, it acquires the property of instantly precipitating gold or silver. This property was found by experiment to be entirely dependent upon the more refrangible rays of the spectrum; the most luminous rays producing no change, whereas the dark rays beyond the violet very speedily produce the required condition. This was found to be the case with many other bodies; and although the number of experiments yet made have been, compared with the numerous conditions of chemical combination, comparatively few, yet the author is of opinion that it will be found that in all cases the principle of the solar rays to which he has given the name of actinism will act as a great disturbing agent. A variety of experiments made with a view to determine the influence of the sun's rays on electrical manifestations were described. In every electrical arrangement made with a view to effect metallic precipitation, it was found that the solar beam retarded, and in some cases entirely stopped, the electro-chemical action. But where the electrical excitation was due to gaseous combination, as in Professor Grove's gas-battery, it appeared that light, or some principle associated with it, quickened the action. Being led by these discoveries to believe that it was not improbable but that the conditions of chemical combination would be materially modified, some experiments were made by Mr. Hunt with a view of determining this interesting question. Considering that already the evidence afforded by the very remarkable photographic phenomena of the chrysotype and other processes introduced by Sir John Herschel, and of the chromatype discovered by himself, afforded evidence of the kind alluded to, a solution of the bichromate of potash and sulphate of copper, such as is used for the chromatype, was made. One half was kept for a month in perfect darkness, and the other half exposed to daylight, under exactly the same conditions, for the same period. Both solutions were then evaporated at the same temperature, and it was found that the crystals afforded by the solution which had been kept in darkness were different in all their external characters, and in their chemically combining proportions, from those which had been exposed to daylight. In the first case, two salts—a peculiar double salt of copper and potash, and a new salt of chromium—are formed; whereas, in the other instance, four distinct salts of copper and of chromium result. Some other instances of like changes were alluded to, the investigations of which were not yet completed.

A number of very curious cases of spontaneous chemical change, brought about in the first instance by the influence of the sun's rays, shewing the silent and secret operation of some principle which is not yet satisfactorily understood, were then mentioned. The production of colour by the differently coloured rays and stated to have been discovered, particularly by the action of the prismatic spectrum on a photographic paper prepared with the fluate of soda and nitrate of silver, was described; and the probability of being enabled eventually to copy nature in the beauty of colour made the subject of speculation.

3. Results of chemical experiments. Nitrous acid absorbs ozone, and the peroxide of hydrogen is probably the active principle in the production of nitric acid.

4. The husk affords silica to the roots of young plants, which contain a large proportion of it — each, *i. e.* husk and root, having 16 per cent. The husk of the oat is easily detachable after the plant has germinated, while that of barley is not.

5. These analyses were undertaken to determine how far rocks of the same formation may vary in different strata as to their chemical composition, and with an especial view to the determination of the lime. The specimens were seven in number, and all from Wigtonshire, Scotland, being from different strata of the great clay-slate formation, which forms a broad belt from St. Abb's Head across to the Mull of Galloway. In analysis the finely powdered slate was first treated with hydrochloric acid, and afterwards filtered to separate the insoluble part, which was fused with carbonate of soda. This method was adopted because it gave in the acid solution that part of the slate immediately available to the plant, and, in the part afterwards fused, that which must first slowly decompose. In all other respects, the methods adopted in the analysis were such as are familiar to every chemist. The alkalies were determined by loss, and were derived chiefly from small scales of mica, which were abundantly disseminated through most of the specimens.

With these necessary explanations, I present a table of the whole seven analyses.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.
Silica	60·13	68·08	57·53	75·79	67·30	37·82	72·05
Iron and Alumina soluble in Hydrochloric Acid . . .	5·31	5·51	7·67	6·43	4·83	12·13	7·09
Iron and Alumina in insoluble portion after fusion	13·93	18·12	22·29	9·45	21·49	39·41	13·61
Carbonate of Lime	12·77	0·46	3·54	0·45	0·39	—	0·34
Carbonate of Magnesia . . .	3·43	0·39	1·73	2·15	1·06	—	0·35
Caustic Lime . . .	0·24	0·62	0·30	1·09	0·13	0·50	—
Caustic Magnesia .	1·25	1·07	1·89	0·44	2·90	6·13	2·79
Alkalies and loss .	2·94	5·75	5·05	4·20	0·72	4·01	3·77
	100·00	100·00	100·00	100·00	100·00	100·00	100·00

It will be seen from the above, that the differences in composition are remarkable. The carbonate of lime, for instance, in No. 1., is 12·77 per cent; in No. 2, 0·46; in No. 3, 3·54; in No. 6, none. The magnesia does not take so wide a range, but still presents marked variations. Both of these substances, given as carbonates, consisted partly of soluble silicates, the proportion being in every case quite small. The quantity of soluble iron and alumina is not larger than might have been expected, the highest being, in No. 6, 12·13 per cent. It is unnecessary to particularise the variations which occur in the insoluble part, as a glance at the table will shew that the great difference in the proportion of silica alone involves corresponding differences in the other substances. In directing attention to the character of the soils derived from the decomposition of these slates, we find that No. 1, with 12 per cent of lime, and a proper proportion of magnesia, alkalies, iron and alumina, and silica, is fitted to produce a very good soil. No. 6, with scarcely any lime, 6 per cent of magnesia, and more than 40 per cent of iron and alumina, is, on the other hand, likely to make a very bad

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one. Between these two extremes we have a gradation, only No 3 comparing well with No. 1. It is of importance to remember that these represent only a few of the many strata of the clay-slate formation; probably equal differences prevail among the others. How necessary is chemical investigation in such cases! The abundance of lime in one, and the almost total lack in another, shews how farmers in the same neighbourhood may entertain conflicting opinions as to its value. The farmer on No. 1 has already an abundance of lime, while No. 6 has scarcely any. They may be near neighbours; and the one may, from experience, say that it is wortbless, while the other extols its virtues; such is the source of very many of the conflicting opinions as to the use of lime. We also see how dangerous it is to say that any particular manure will economically render fertile every soil. In some of the soils derived from these slates there is a special deficiency of lime, and they can only be cultivated profitably by a supply of that special want. No compoond manure could add enough, unless at a ruinous expense. This may shew how indispensable is the union of practical experience with chemical theory.

The above analyses are not presented to the section as requiring any uncommon degree of chemical skill, but as bringing forward some important practical points, and as such, it is thought, may not be unworthy of their attention.

SECTION C.—(*Geology and Physical Geography.*)

1. Ansted (Prof.) on the ventilation of coal-mines, with suggestions concerning the method of working that might be adopted to prevent the frequent occurrence of accidents by noxious gases.
2. Owen (Prof.), report on the extinct animals of Australia, with additional observations on the genus *Dinornis* of New Zealand.
3. Salter (J. W.), notice of some important additions to the fossils of the silurian rocks.
4. Charlesworth (E.) on the fossil bodies regarded as the teeth of fish by M. Agassiz, and described in the *Poissons Fossiles* under the generic name *Sphenoncus;* and
5. On the oolites of fishes in the London clay.
6. Hall (E.) on the Derbyshire toadstones, basalt, trap, or whin.

1. See *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1487, for a full and faithful report of this important paper.

2. For this, in the same manner, see *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1487.

3. Went to shew the existence of the star-fish in silurian rocks, and led to the conclusion that there were more organic forms in that system approaching modern deposits than had been believed.

4. Animadverted on Agassiz' *Poissons Fossiles*, and especially on the genus *Sphenonchus*. Mr. C. contended that what Mr. A. considered to be teeth were in reality spines, and adduced an ichthyolite in the possession of Mr. Higgins of Clifton, in proof of this fact.

5. Mr. C., in this communication, stated that no booes were found where there were oolites, and *vice versâ.*

6. Treated of the existence of thick layers of toadstone between every stratum of limestone; and Mr. Hall was warmly complimented for his long life of geological labours.

The business concluded with thanks to Prof. Sedgwick.

SECTION D.—(*Zoology and Botany.*)

1. Denny (Mr.), report on the undescribed species of *Anoplura.*
2. Ibbetson (Capt.) on the preservation of plants by the means of the electrotype.

A very brief meeting, to which was communicated the progress made by Mr. Denny in describing and classing *Anoplura;* and Capt. Ibbetson exhibited his admirable specimens of electrotyped plants. Mr. Andrews made some observations on Irish saxifrages, which he held to be confined to only two true species, and, comparing them with those of the Pyrenees, differed from the conclusions come to by Mr. Babington.

A letter from Capt. Portlock, on the dredging at Corfu, stated a number of facts and observations, which led him to the conclusion that the distribution of species was rather governed by local peculiarities in the existence of food than by differences of depth.

Mr. Thompson read an extract from a letter addressed to him by Mr. Alder,* and dated Salcombe, June 17, 1845; in which it was stated that he had lately obtained at Torbay about a dozen species of *Mollusca nudibranchiata*, new to the British fauna. They consist of four species of *doris*, five or six of *eolis*, and an animal of an entirely new genus, approaching nearest to *tritonia* in form. A very curious little mollusk was also noticed as procured on the same occasion, presenting characters different from any described species, but resembling in general appearance the genus *pelta* of Quatrefages.

*** We have now, with only two or three postponements, reported the entire scientific business of the Cambridge meeting, excepting the sub-section Ethnology. As opportunity offers, we intend to notice the interesting proceedings of the latter; and also to complete the other transactions where aught of general importance has been slightly passed over or omitted.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

July 7th.—The Rev. F. W. Hope, president, in the chair. Mr. E. Doubleday exhibited a fine collection of nocturnal *Lepidoptera* from Sydney, including a new species of *Doratifera*, the larva of which stings very severely. Mr. Westwood exhibited two cases of monstrosity in the male of the honey-bee. A new British moth (*Eupithecia togata*) was exhibited by Mr. Devignes; several very rare Alpine species, from Scotland, captured by Mr. Weaver, by Mr. J. F. Stephens; numerous rare British *Coleoptera*, by Mr. Wollaston; both sexes of *Ino globulariæ*, by Mr. Weir (captured at Lewes); the preparatory states of *Prionus coriarius*, by Mr. Frend; several new and curious *Longicorn* beetles, from Hunter's River, by Mr. W. W. Saunders; and drawings and dissections of a new Indian species of *Trictenotoma*, by Mr. Westwood. A paper was read by Mr. W. W. Saunders, containing the description of the male of *Gastroxides*, an Indian genus of *Tabanidæ*, from Col. Hearsay's collection; and extracts from a letter addressed to the same gentleman by Capt. Boys, containing a notice of the different species of locusts in India, and a new species of *Idmars*, one of the pierideous butterflies.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

THE last *conversazione* at Mr. Pettigrew's, on Wednesday evening, previous to the Winchester meeting on Monday, was fully attended by gentlemen distinguished in the various walks of learning and science. The literary antiquaries were much gratified by the inspection of several curious manuscripts; and, among others, by the patent for Nell Gwynne's pension (for herself and her son Charles, afterwards created Earl of Burford), and the vouchers for its quarterly payment in sums of 1250*l.* The famous Chiffinch figures in these transactions; and the poet "*Thomas Otway*" signs one of the sheets as a witness. A yet more curious paper was the same Mrs. Eleanor Gwynne's apothecary's bill; a pretty long one, and full of amusing items, illustrative of the medical practice of that day. One of the tables was covered with Roman-London remains of Samian ware, &c.; some of it dug up within the last few weeks in making the city sewers between Fenchurch Street and the river. Two or three specimens of remarkable glass were amongst the number; and there were several little vessels of the rarest character, and fragments enriched with ornaments and figures of extraordinary beauty. A border with a series of female forms, nearly resembling the Venus de Medicis, and a single statue-like person in the grandest style (on a broken piece of pottery) attracted much notice, and are well worth being copied in other lines of art.

The majority of the party, from these and other indications of coming events, anticipated great enjoyment at the approaching congress.

We learn from Winchester that several members of the Central Committee have been there during the week, preparing every thing for the assemblage on Monday, and carrying the rest of the rich and tempting programme into effect. Drawings have been made of early paintings in the cathedral, and the town authorities are all on the alert with their good offices. We are also informed, that "Mr. Way's party, who talked so much derisively about the barrow-digging at Canterbury, have nevertheless been busily seeking barrows in Hampshire, as near to Winchester as possible, those in the immediate vicinity having been reserved for the approaching archæological meeting by the proprietor, who is a friend of the original institution. It is also currently rumoured, that Mr. Way, or one of his party, having heard of some barrows on a farm about five miles from Winchester, wrote very earnestly to the farmer to know if he had any. The farmer returned for answer that he had several on his farm, and that they were very good ones. The individual forthwith repaired to the spot, and on his arrival was shewn some excellent new wheel-barrows!"

The meeting, we believe it is decided, will be held in the County Hall, which is a very early and interesting building, with articles of antiquarian interest on every side. The bearers of tickets will be admitted to all parts of the cathedral, without payment to the vergers; and the visit to Netley Abbey will be enlivened by a regatta of the Isle of Wight Yacht Club, which happens to take place on the river of Southampton on the same day.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISPUTE.

OF this dispute we, and, we believe, the public, and especially every well-wisher to archæology, are completely tired, but we are forced to give place to an appeal to our justice. Mr. Turner writes us:

"Mr. Hodgson was furnished with a list of the officers of the association, when, by direction of the central committee, I wrote to solicit his co-operation. The name of Mr. Roach Smith did not appear in such list, therefore Mr. Hodgson was not attracted by it. Moreover, my letter to him was strictly official, and signed as assistant-secretary to the association;

* Mr. Thompson had previously read from the same naturalist a paper on a new genus, *Mollusca nudibranchiata*, allied to the *Tritonia arborescens*, and distinguished from the *Tritonia Hombergii* by the form of their tentacula and the free arborescent nature of their branchiæ. This new genus it was proposed to call *Dendronotus*, its internal structure appearing to remove it from the family of *Dorididæ* into that of *Eolididæ*, and to place it as the first in order of the connecting links between these two families.

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consequently, my friend could not 'have been deceived by an individual' unknown to that association. When you charged the central committee with improperly using Mr. Hodgson's name, Mr. Way forwarded to you copies of his letters addressed to me, fully authorising such use of it: these you politely inserted in the *Literary Gazette;* and it must be clear to every impartial person that no mere verbal assertion, not even the respectable assertion of Mr. Roach Smith, can disturb the affect of that documentary evidence. Mr. Smith may have such letters as he describes—why not publish them? As you have thought proper to charge me with deception, I rely on your sense of justice for the insertion of this reply.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, T. Hudson Turner."

FINE ARTS.

General Sir W. Nott. Painted by T. Brigstoke. Engraved by G. Raphael Ward.

This is a fine whole-length of a gallant soldier, which does great credit to both artists. The poise of the figure is extremely good; firm yet easy, and unaffected yet effective. The military character is evinced by it, as much as by the bold head and manly countenance; and the orders which deck the person, indications how bravely he had sustained many a hard-fought field. The accessories are few and simple, unobtrusive as they ought be, but also appropriate. A ruggedness in the foreground on the left, and a distance of Indian scenery on the right, are suitable to the principal object; and when we consider the national interest attached to this distinguished individual, we cannot but feel highly pleased by his transmission to the canvass in so excellent a manner by Mr. Brigstoke; and to the very able style in which Mr. Ward has employed his art in multiplying its attractions.

John Dalton, D.C.L. Drawn and Engraved by J. Stephenson. Manchester, J. Stephenson; London, R. Lloyd.

In this biographical portrait we find a good likeness of a man who did honour to science, and reflected it on Manchester; which populous place he helped much to elevate to the intellectual standard it occupies among the best informed places in England. There are his features and character; but, if any thing, we think the former too large, and we miss altogether a certain refinement which made his head, in life, so very striking. Mr. Stephenson's production is nevertheless quite faithful enough to hand down to posterity a pleasing memorial of the author of the Atomic Theory.

Picturesque Views of Windsor Castle and the surrounding Scenery, &c. Dedicated to the Queen. By Paul Gauci. No. I.

This fasciculus consists of six views on stone, viz. the Castle, from the Clewer fields and from the cross roads; two of Eton, from the North Terrace, the East Terrace, and the Long Walk. The execution is extremely good. The Castle, always a magnificent object, is finely seen in the first view, and beautifully in the second, as more distant, with a framework of noble trees in the foreground. The East Terrace has no remarkable feature as landscape, but is an accurate picture of the building. The view of Eton in the distance is the most interesting of the two representations, and, like the Long Walk of Windsor, a very pleasing subject. There is somewhat too much uniformity in the tinting of the skies; but the rural forms throughout appear to be true to nature, and consequently gratifying to the eye and sense.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

The Polynesian.—In one of a long file of this journal, which is "published weekly at Honolulu, Oahu, Hawaiian Islands," and with which we have been favoured by the editor, we find a review of a work entitled, "Notices of the Life, Character, and Labours of the late Bartimaus L. Puaaiki of Wailuku, Maui, by J. S. Green, Lahainaluna." It is not only characteristic of the state of society, but curiously descriptive of the literary progress of Polynesia, and begins thus:—

"We have had the pleasure of receiving from the author the above work. A book in English from a Hawaiian press was, not long since, a *rara avis;* but now the list of authors who clothe their thoughts in that language is very respectable. Literature is looking up among us. A very fair beginning has been made—the more creditable to those who have adventured in this field, as pay is altogether out of the question. We have few readers at these islands, and still fewer purchasers: but let not these obstacles discourage those who feel the true inspiration of '*cacoethes scribendi;*' for the taste for the one will increase with the means of gratifying it, and the number of the other with the betterment of their estates.—But to return to the subject before us. He (Puaaiki) was born at Maui about 1785, and when an infant his mother attempted to bury him alive; but a relative, more humane, rescued him. He early acquired great skill in the rude dance called '*hula pahua,*' and in the barbarous singing of the day, and was inordinately addicted to the use of the noxious and intoxicating '*awa.*' He was a proficient also in the use of '*kake,*' 'a language unintelligible to any but those initiated in its mysteries.' These accomplishments—if we may be allowed the term—were the means of securing him the patronage and favour of Kamamalu, queen of Liholiho, and he became the court-buffoon. Owing to his peculiar habits and exposure, he had almost entirely lost the use of his eyes. Soon after the arrival of the missionaries, he attracted the notice of Honolii, a Christian Hawaiian; and as soon as the new doctrine was made intelligible to him, he became a zealous and faithful convert. From this time he was, emphatically, a new man. * * * Such an example pleads eloquently the cause of missions. He spoke much and with great eloquence in his teaching; and died September 17th, 1843."

The following are from the miscellaneous paragraphs:—

"*Big Lip and Large Mouth.*—The lip of a right whale, taken on the north-west this season, gave eighteen barrels of oil, and the bone of his mouth measured seventeen feet in length. The body was lost; but he was said to be the monster of Kamtschatka."

"*Sudden fall, and up again.*—During the shower at noon on the 9th inst., the thermometer, in a few minutes, fell five and a half degrees."

MUSIC.

THE CONTRAPUNTAL AND MUSICAL REVIEW.

A Practical Analysis of the Elementary Principles of Harmony. By Mrs. Jos. Kirkman. London, Cramer, Beale, & Co.

The object of the present work is to simplify the rudiments of the science of music; and we are bound in justice to say, that the accomplished authoress of this, as well as a previous excellent work for the guitar, has achieved the end to which she aspired.

We find the terminology employed throughout this work divested of those superfluous technicalities which involve the study of harmony in mystery. We have, in an earlier stage of the "Contrapuntal and Musical Review," noticed many of those incongruous terms which are applied to express some of the most simple points in harmony, and consequently hail with pleasure a production disencumbered of them.

There is much originality and invention also displayed in this work; qualities which usually manifest a clear understanding, and generally prove an author to possess a comprehensive insight into the subject under consideration.

We generally look with suspicion on abridged and compiled musical works; because, unfortunately, they rarely if ever display good taste in selecting the most erudite and safe theories in music, nor can they be even of much service to their readers; for works which are neither over clear nor over sound, necessarily become more unintelligible when they are abridged. It is perfectly certain, also, that an author who has not the perception to detect the vagueness of the book he is wading through and curtailing, is a most incompetent person to impart knowledge to others.

The language of our authoress is simple and pleasing. The Model Scale, the Harmonical Circle, and the Practical Exercise-book, are very ingenious, clear, and instructive means for acquiring a practical and theoretical insight into harmony.

We would strongly recommend this work to governesses, and for class-teaching; and we conclude our remarks by advising Mrs. Kirkman to form classes herself.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ON VISITING THE PUBLIC CEMETERY AT NAPLES.

[The cemetery at Naples consists of fifty-two vaults (originally 365), each of which in rotation is open for a week for the reception of the dead, which are flung headlong into it without the slightest regard for feeling or decency. At the same time the corresponding vault of the previous year is opened from below, and the decayed remains carted away. The expression in the sonnet below, "without a home on earth," refers to the lazzaroni, who live entirely in the open streets of Naples.]

Have this gay people not a thought to spare
From life's vain dance and song, so quickly past?
Have those without a home on earth no care
To gain an undisturbed abode at last?
Within this noisome den behold, aghast,
Each humbling stage of man's decay laid bare!
From the grim skeleton still mouldering there,
To these yet taintless forms, so rudely cast
Within its jaws to-day!—then turn thine eye
From this, the dead's vile lodging, not abode,
To England's graves around the house of God;
And if a brighter sun, a bluer sky,
A kindlier breeze, have tempted thee abroad
In softer climes to live—stay not to die! R. F.

HOME AND FRIENDS.

Oh, there's a *power* to make each hour
  As sweet as heaven design'd it:
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
  Though few there be that find it!
We seek too high for things close by,
  And lose what nature found us;
For life hath here no charm so dear
  As Home and Friends around us!

We oft destroy the present joy
  For future hopes—and praise them;
Whilst flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,
  If we'd but stoop to raise them!
For things *afar* still sweetest are
  When youth's bright spell hath bound us;
But soon we're taught that earth hath nought
  Like Home and Friends around us!

The friends that speed in time of need,
  When Hope's last reed is shaken,
To shew us still, that, come what will,
  We are not quite forsaken:—

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Though all were night: if but the light
From *Friendship's* altar crown'd us,
'Twould prove the bliss of earth was this—
Our Home and Friends around us!
CHARLES SWAIN.

TELL ME, DEAREST.

TELL me, dearest, should I lose thee,
What is my poor heart to do?
Thou'lt not take me, nor refuse me—
Have me mute, nor hear me woo!
None, thou say'st, hath warmer greeting,
But for *love* 'tis yet too soon;—
Whilst we wait, love, time is fleeting—
Youth is not a fadeless boon.

'Tis as though the rose should say, love,
"Thou, bright sun, art *all* I see;
Yet, oh, take thy beams away, love—
Though so sweet, too soon for me!"
Should the bright sun *heed* the rose, love,
When so much she doth impart?
Can that come too soon which throws, love,
Constant sunlight o'er the heart?
CHARLES SWAIN.

VARIETIES.

Mr. Russell's Concert.—On Wednesday evening, Mr. Russell gave a concert at the Hanover-Square Rooms, the proceeds to be given to the subscription for the family of the late Thomas Hood. The "Song of a Shirt," and some other new pieces of music composed by Mr. Russell, were expressively sung by him on the occasion, and received with great applause. The concert was fairly attended; and, after paying the expenses of the rooms, &c., there will be a surplus, we understand, of some ten pounds to the fund.

Mr. A. Campbell, nephew of the poet, has been appointed to an office in the Customs by Sir Robert Peel.—*Globe.*

French Scientific Expedition.—The gun-brig Boulonnaise has arrived at Brest, after an absence of above three years, during which period she has made a hydrographic survey of immense extent within the tropics, including more than 250 leagues of the river Amazon and its principal tributaries.

The German Naturalists hold their next annual congress at Nuremburg, commencing the 13th of October, and lasting three weeks.

Libels in Newspapers.—The periodical press stands indeed on ticklish ground in respect to the publication of libels; and several recent cases of prosecution (or rather persecution and suffering) call aloud for the correction of this evil. Mr. Thomas Wood, the proprietor of the *Wolverhampton Chronicle*, has been convicted of a libel for copying some passages *verbatim* from the minutes of the Committee of Council on Education in an inquiry into the grammar-school at Lichfield. For this offence (?) 50*l.* damages were given; whilst for the original publication an apology is offered on the part of the crown, and 40*s.* awarded. Can anything *legal* be more monstrous? The *Warder* and *Statesman* newspapers also, in consequence of certain observations on abuses in the factory system, have been brought into court at Waterford, and a verdict of 500*l.*!! given against them. Feeling this to be a grinding oppression, a public subscription has been set on foot to raise the amount of this penalty, and about 500*l.* more of costs!!

Sea-Volcano.—On the 18th ult. the ship Victory, Capt. Caithness, encountered a remarkable phenomenon in the Mediterranean, lat. 36° 40′ 56″, and long. 13° 14′ 36″; whilst quite calm, a sudden blast of wind carried off her top-gallant and royal masts, and the gale continuing, the crew were almost choked with sulphureous exhalations and dust, accompanied by intense heat, and the issue of balls of fire from the sea.

Great Fires.—Smyrna, after Quebec, has been terribly desolated by a conflagration, which has caused a loss of property which is calculated at 200,000,000 piastres.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Indian Law.—We understand that Mr. William Morley, of the Middle Temple, has nearly completed an Analytical Digest of all the reported cases decided in the Queen's and Company's courts in India, and on appeal to the privy council here. A work of this kind has long been a desideratum; and the decisions of Sir E. West, Sir J. Macintosh, Sir A. Anstruther, and Sir Erskine Perry, never before published, must add much to its value and authority. An appendix, containing a collection of the *dicta* of the Hindû and Muhammedan law-officers attached to the different courts, is also announced.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The World Surveyed in the Nineteenth Century, by W. D. Cooley: Vol. I., Parrot's Journey to Ararat, 8vo, maps and cuts, 14*s.*—Alfred, a Drama, by Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart., fcp., 4*s.*—Twelve Hundred Questions and Answers on the Bible, intended principally for the use of Schools and Young Persons, by M. H. and J. H. Myers, 12mo, 5*s.*, or in 2 vols. 5*s.* 6*d.*—Hand Book of Spain, 2 vols. crown 8vo, 36*s.*—Peep into Architecture, by Eliza Chalk, with illustrations, square, 4*s.*—Barbarie Praticate à Roma, scritto da Raffaele Ciocci, 12mo, sd. 3*s.* 6*d.*—The Autobiography of Sir S. D'Ewes, edited by J. O. Halliwell, 2 vols. 8vo, 28*s.*—The Prince of Orange, an Historical Romance, 3 vols. post 8vo, 31*s.* 6*d.*—Credit the Life of Commerce, by J. H. Elliott, 12mo, 4*s.*—The Mysteries of Paris, Vol. II., royal 8vo, 18*s.*—The Whiteboy, Vol. II., post 8vo, 7*s.*—Jacob's Ladder: Eighteen Practical Addresses, by Rev. George Oliver, D.D., 12mo, 4*s.*—Commentaries on the Law of Promissary Notes, by J. Story, royal 8vo, 25*s.*—Stories of the Primitive and Early Church, by S. Woodrooffe, 16mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Rev. J. Hough's Christianity in India, Vol. XXXIV., 8vo, 24*s.*—A Voice from the East, by the Princess d'Asmar, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Elements of the Christian Religion, by Rev. Spencer Rodney Drummond, 12mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Haghe's Belgium, Vol. II., imp. folio, tinted, half-bd. 4*l.* 4*s.*—The Orders in Chancery, from 1828 to 1845, by R. Levinge Swift, Esq., 12mo, 12*s.*—Perceval's Plain Lectures on St. Matthew, Vol. III., fcp., 5*s.* 6*d.*—Hints on the Culture of Alpine Plants, by James Lothian, fcp., 3*s.* 6*d.*—Bray's Novels: Vol. IV., Fitz of Fitz-Ford, fcp., 6*s.*—The Law of Railways, by Leonard Shelford, Esq., 12mo, 16*s.*—Burke's Peerage and Baronetage, 1845, royal 8vo, 38*s.*—Retrospect of the Religious Life of England, by J. J. Taylor, B.A., post 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Bulwer's Works: Vol. XIV., Zanoni, fcp., 6*s.*—British Biography, by G. L. Smith, royal 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—The Lord our Shepherd, by Rev. J. Stephenson, post 8vo, 5*s.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Balloon, No. I.—We acknowledge the first flight of this aerostatic magazine. Its object is to cultivate and advance the science of aerostation.

Erratum in our last.—In notice of the architectural room of the Royal Academy exhibition, for *Samuel Beagley*, read *Samuel Beazley*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
Farewell of Mdlle. Taglioni.

This Evening, SATURDAY, August 2, will be performed, for the last time, Donizetti's opera, "Anna Bolena." Henry VIII., Signor Lablache; Percy, Signor Moriani; Smeaton, Mdlle. Brambilla; Jane Seymour, Mdlle. Rossetti; and Anna Bolena, Madame Grisi.

Between the acts will be presented the First Act of "La Sylphide." La Sylphide, Mdlle. Taglioni; Effie, Mdlle. Petit Stephan; La Sorcière, Madame Copere; Bertha, Mdlle. Berenger; James, M. Perrot; George, M. Toussaint.

To conclude with a Divertissement, comprising the Pas de la Bayadère, by Mdlle. Taglioni and Mdlle. Petit Stephan, in which will be introduced the variation as danced by Mdlle. Taglioni in the admired Pas de Quatre; the Pas de la Couronne, by Mdlle. Cerito and M. St. Leon; and La Masurka, from the Ballet Gitana, by Mdlle. Taglioni.

Applications for boxes, pit-stalls, and tickets, to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.—Doors open at seven, and the Opera will commence at half-past seven o'clock.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Sig. FORNASARI respectfully informs the nobility, subscribers to the Opera, his friends, and the public, that his BENEFIT will take place on THURSDAY next, August 7, when will be performed (for the last time this season) Rossini's opera of "La Gazza Ladra." Ninetta, Madame Grisi; Lucia, Madame Bellini; and Pippo, Mdlle. Brambilla; Giannetto, Sig. Mario; Podesta, Sig. Lablache; Isaac, Sig. Dal Fiori; Fabrizi Vingradito, Sig. A. Giubilei; and Fernando Villabella, Sig. Fornasari.

To be followed by Entertainments in which Mdlle. Lucile Grahn and Mdlle. Cerito will appear; and, also, Entertainments in which Madame Anaide Castellan and Madame Rossi Caccia, and also Signor Moriani, will appear.

When will be revived (first time this season) the admired ballet, "Alma; or, La Fille de Feu." Periphite, M. Perrot; Belfegor (Father of Alma), M. Gosselin; Burgomaster, M. Bertrand; Emazor (a Moorish Prince), M. St. Leon; Alma, Mdlle. Cerito.

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AND

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Whiteboy; a Story of Ireland in 1822. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. 2 vols. London, Chapman and Hall.

INWOVEN into a stirring tale of Whiteboy conspiracy, severe retribution, cruelty of middlemen, wild ravenge of the oppressed, indiscriminating rigour in asserting law and property, and destitution reckless of consequences, these volumes endeavour to point out the conflicting qualities of the Irish people, and suggest remedies for the evils which exist in that exeitable, uncertain, mercurial, and hard-to-govern country. The juxtaposition, not the fusion, of two distinct races and religions, so fiercely kept distinct, instead of being modified and amalgamated, enhances the difficulties of the people and of their rational rule; and whether Mrs. Hall, with her knowledge of their tempers and habits, and her kind and patriotic disposition to promote their welfare, has enabled us to solve the long-standing problems connected with both these desiderata, we must leave to the decision of her readers. It is ours to speak of the story.

It commences with the journey to Ireland of Mr. Spencer, a wealthy and well-intentioned English and Irish landlord, who is resolved to try residence, benevolence, patience, generosity, and perseverance, in making his tenantry comfortable, and the country about them quiet. He is forewarned of the impossibility of accomplishing his proposed task by a lady, Mary O'Brien, and introduced at once on the deck of the steamer to various characters who figure in the tale, and to others of the lower orders of Irish, children, nursemaids, &c. &c.

The scene then shifts to his seat in the south of Ireland; and he finds himself located in the midst of all the elements of insubordination and ruin, individual misconduct in rich and poor, hypocritical tyranny and Whiteboyism, aiming at revolution through wholesale murder and desolation.

We will not travel through the circumstances which attend his attempts at amelioration, nor describe the iniquities of Abel Richards, a villanous middleman, nor trench upon the love-affairs involved among the leading persons; but by means of a few specimens endeavour to indicate the nature of the authorship.

A night-meeting of Whiteboys is attended by Mr. Spencer, who has obtained the passwords; and we read, *inter alia:*

"'I want no man to defend me,' interrupted Louis, loudly, and unable to control himself: 'I want no man to defend me; I have done nothing to need defence; I abandoned all to organise the revolt of a brave and injured people; I trusted to the promises of others to assist in this, because I knew how little could be done without that aid, and I, as well as others, have been disappointed and deceived.' 'We have ourselves to the fore, ready and willing,' said the 'Limerick rake,' stepping forward. 'And a great thing it is to have; but not enough,' answered Louis, boldly, while Lawrence trembled for him; 'not enough to rid the land of the proud invader, and eject a mass of the population, unhappily your bitter enemies, from their holdings.' '[illegible] pick his man, and we'll soon be rid of them,' said the Whitefoot of [illegible]. 'By murder and by war!' replied Louis, [illegible]. There was a hush; and Lawrence, in an agony too deep for loud words, muttered, 'You will destroy yourself and me. Have you still to learn that they will fight—die—silently and bravely—but will not reason—cannot be thwarted?' 'Murder,' repeated the viperous-looking 'Leprehawn,' as he stretched out his long leathery arms and clutched and opened his bony fingers, as though it would have given him pleasure to tear Louis into pieces—'Murder, that's a mighty hard word intirely, boys dear, and one that was never evened to us before—murder is it, enagh?—don't we pisen rats, and varmint, and lay traps for foxes, and ferret rabbits—by law too—law—law!—do ye hear me, boys? and aint we to try to get rid of worse varmint without being called murderers—Oh! Yah, mellay!—did I tramp fresh and fasting mee ten good miles to be tould that it's murder to kill an Orangeman? Oh, boys dear, do ye hear me now? and that by a friend of the Macarthy; but he's not the right sort of a Macarthy,' continued the long-armed drunkard, who could hardly stand, but was tossing to and fro; 'he's not the right, true Macarthy; he came—you understand me—into the world—not wanted; his mother was—' what, was not permitted him to say, for Lawrence's hands were on his throat, and then he threw him from him as a dog flings away some disgusting thing which he loathes almost too much to destroy. This turned the attention of the people, who felt indignant as Lawrence himself could feel, and if Murtogh had not been restrained, there is little doubt he would have given full loose to his natural proponsity, and the Leprehawn would have been heard no more."

The debate goes on, and "there was a breathless silence while the huge 'Munster man' heaved himself forward; and though he stood upon no elevation, he was taller than Lawrence, who kept his position on the tomb; his enormous proportions made the more slender figures of the two leaders appear like those of boys. Byrne took off, first his hat, then his wig, which he must have worn because his father did so before him, for his hair was abundant, though somewhat frosted by time; he then looked round with a sheepish look, throwing a sidling glance over the crowd, which now appeared distinctly; for several, following Murtogh's example, had kindled torches of bogwood, that, as the wind lulled, burnt steadily enough. He spoke in English, and 'Doyle of the Cars' translated his words into Irish for the benefit of those who did not, as Master Mat would have said, understand 'the Vulgate.' He spoke slowly, as if resolved to curb his natural impetuosity. 'Boys,' he said, 'boys! I am no great hand at speech-making, though I believe it's pretty well known that I'm a good hand at the fist. Boys, what I have done is well understood by yez all. The blue wathers of my own lake could have informed (only they'd scorn it), ten years agone, where the process-server slept—who darkened my door a living man, and left it a dead one. He had his pistols and his *cutlash*, and above all, he was armed with the law at his back. I—I had *this*,' and he held forth his clenched hand, that could have felled a Goliah; 'these bones aginst his pistols, his cutlash, and his law. I never saw tithe-gatherer, taxman, or soldier, that would force me to turn my back.' 'We believe all that,' interrupted Lawrence, knowing, that if he got upon his feats of strength, there would be no termination to his harangue; 'we know that, good Byrne; but the night is passing, and our friends have far to go.' 'Young blood wants patience,' answered the man. 'Hours will pass, and friends will wait. But there's enough said; all know me, and all know Saint Columbkill's and Pasthorinis' prophecies, which are working round, glory be to the Lord! plain as the sun at noon-day. There's only a little management needful, to trap every one of our persecutors and their myrmidons. Why, look, boys, it's asy, and natural, and it shews how small a light may kindle a great fire. Look now, all the men in Munster and Leinster couldn't have saved our strange captain's life last week, an' he lying wounded in Labbig Owen's bed over there in Glen Flesk, but for the wisdom of Macarthy, and the 'cuteness of Murtogh, the Macarthy's foster-brother. Murtogh's a jewel, so he is!' said Byrne, pressing his hand down upon Murtogh's head with the fondness of a father for a child, though Murtogh staggered beneath the affectionate pressure. 'Murtogh's a jewel! There was more than ye know of, wishful that the captain should be left to lie asy; and one who, maybe, afther all, will turn out nothing but a bird of two weathers, would have given his breath to save him. But nothing could turn the devil's pack from the devil's hunt; and what did Murtogh, wild as he looks—faix it's proud I'd be of ye, if ye war my boy, Murtogh dear—but I've no boy now.' 'No, poor man, God help you, you have not,' exclaimed a sympathising voice, for the strong man remembered when he had two sons, who had been 'sacrificed' to the offended laws of their country. 'Oh, to see the nature of him, and he such a giant!' exclaimed another. 'Mr. Byrne, sir,' said a third, 'keep a good heart; for every drop of blood that was in their bodies we'll have a life yet.' 'Thank yez all for yer mercy, God bless yez, ye'r the right sort any way,' he replied; 'only the wakeness comes over me mighty strong, so it does, when I think of them; sometimes, I see 'em as plain as light—the rosy twins, sleeping on the white bosom of the mother who died, as ye all know, under the—' His emotions prevented his utterance, his huge features became convulsed, he struggled to speak; one of his friends handed him a noggin of whisky, he drank it off, and then, apparently relieved, returned to the subject which the remembrance of his own sorrow had drawn him from. 'Well, my friends (for friends yez are to every heart in trouble), well, what did he do, but he took the 'Natural' on himself,—the 'cutest lad in all Cork took the 'Natural' on himself,—and tumbled on before them just as a partridge or a lark (poor innocent birdeen) would do before a hound, just to 'tice it from its nest. Well, boys, he was the

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finest fool ye ever saw, and bore all the little innocent divarshin, such as prodding him with bagnetts and the like to make him jump and twist faces for their divarshin—most wonderful!' 'They'd have spitted me in earnest to make me spin like a cockchafer once,' put in Murtogh, 'but for Mr. Spencer, God reward him, who has a heart to the poor, though he didn't know me from Adam.' 'Well, the storm forced them to stop, and having written in their copies (they're larned men), that 'idleness is the root of all evil,' to keep their hand in, they set fire to two or three cabins, and Murtogh, one way or other, by seeming to encourage their going on in the glen, and letting on to have great fear if they turned the grey path (the mountain-road where the Banshee of the Macarthys do be wandering alone), made them think that the scent they were on was wrong; he knew more than he'd let on, so they threatened to shoot him, and got him on his knees, and at last, dear, he confessed, that he'd guided a stranger (giving all the marks that the major's own man had tould him was on the descriptions—he's been one of us these three years and more), and, my darling, he tould how he'd took him as far as the corpse-road, and left him there in the old mill.' 'And sure,' added Murtogh, 'it was de devil's bad luck both of us had to send dem dat road at all, at all; for when dey found noting in de mill, and see de square tower of de Macarthy a little way on, dey turned savage, and because (de Lord above knows it was in airnest I was den) I swore to dem he never sheltered dere good nor bad, and dat dere was nothing it but Molche Kavenagh and de bare walls, dey would not blive me, but purtended to tink we were still desaving dem—de tyrants of de world! to destroy de fine ould place. Master Lawrence says he knew how it 'ud be from de first, but de Lord above knows I'd no notion dey'd have done dat; and when it was done, de night was come, and dey'd noting for it but to get back as fast as dey could to Macroom.' 'A friend is better than a castle, new or old, any day,' said Lawrence, 'and if a hair of the head that has thought and risked so much for us were but injured, nothing could efface the scandal that would have fallen on us. I should not now have had my friend by my side if the scoundrels had taken their course through the glen.' Macarthy said this in his usual bold, frank tone; but Louis' eyes were suffused with tears; he rejoiced that the dim light prevented his emotion from being seen, and he whispered something of passionate gratitude and earnest regret. Byrne recommenced his explanation, which the few words of Lawrence had interrupted. 'Now, boys, attend to me, draw round—that's it. We all know the character that the lakes of Inchageela and these mountains have got; well, dears! you know the pass of Keim-an-eigh; you know how the rocks stand up each side of the mountains, and how the stones grew big as they grew old; you know its twists and turns, and how the ancient holly and yew-trees stand about, and the ivy makes hiding-places; you know, that when you get in you don't see ten yards afore ye the way to get out. Now, boys, this is it; the morning afther next, I've reason to know, the cut-throat soldiers mean to scour the country, and here's a list of the gentlemen (and Black Aby among them) that's to meet 'em at the end of the pass.' There was a rush forward, every face was turned towards Byrne; countenances deeply marked by strong and vehement passions, throbbing with anxiety, were all upturned towards him. 'I'll read my list in a minute, boys, as soon as ye'll hand me over one of them bog-lights, for the sight isn't what it was in my ould eyes; but before I begin that, or go any farther, so as to spread my plan before yez—how we'll betray them—tempt them—and set 'em and finish 'em, nor let one escape—give the ravens their prey, and thicken the mountain-streams with the blood of our tyrants—I'd be just glad to know on yer faith an' yer hope of salvation, if ye'r all book-sworn, in the face of God, man, and yer country? the true, free oath, which if every man present doesn't subscribe to, we know how to make him. I ask ye again, as yez shall answer before the Almighty at the last day, are yez all sworn, boys?' But though Byrne spoke at the top of his voice, he was answered by one less powerful, but more clear and more distinct, than his own—'No!'"

This is from Mr. Spencer, whose destiny hangs on a thread; he is, however, ultimately blindfolded and taken prisoner to a mountain-fastness, and the rebellion breaks out. With its progress and repression we have not room to meddle, but must pass towards the close for an application of the moral. The schoolmaster lays his cases before the lady:

"'I have it down on the slate, with one or two things to read before you go to the north; and 'deed it is a pity to take Master Edward off his Latin, though it's right for a landlord to be ever and always moving about among his own people, only while you're away I'll have a little ramble through the old places. Ah, that's it!' and taking up his slate, he read: 'Betty Lanagan is very sorry the master was angry about her bringing the pig into the house, instead of keeping it in the sty; but it was a young pig, and wilful, and fell off its flesh, because it wouldn't eat anywhere only just beside the childre; but she's got a new door to the sty in place of the one she hurnt, and as she'll do every thing to plase the master for the future, she hopes he'll forgive her.' 'She always was a thriftless, untidy woman, Matthew.' 'She was; but her children come regularly to school, and wear sound brogues.' 'Good! If we can get them to school, the rising *must* be better than the passing generation. Besides, we must have *patience*, Matthew; so, for the sake of the young Lanagans, and the old motto of our dear friend Dean Graves, we'll forgive Betty. I wonder how long it will be before she burns the new door?' 'The weather's warm just now, dear.' Ellen smiled. 'Well, Matthew, any thing else on the slate?' 'Yes, ma'am, plenty. Terrence Connolly and James Duffy can't agree about the turf-bog, but they came to me to say if his honour would settle it once more for them.' 'Mr. Spencer has done that three times already,' interrupted Ellen, 'but we must again have recourse to the old motto—*patience;* better that than a faction-fight between the Duffys and the Connollys; and as Mr. Spencer will no doubt adhere to his first decision, perhaps they may be satisfied at last.' 'Martin Murphy hopes the master will let him have half an acre more land.' 'I fear,' said Ellen, 'that will be impossible; if Martin gets half an acre more the tenants will all want additional half-acres, and there is no particular reason why he should have it; he has no claim, I think.' 'He has nine children.' 'Oh, as to that, Nelly Maginnis has ten, and Mary Dacey nine, and Norah Delaney eleven; if we begin to shew favouritism because of the number of children, there will be an end to good order; and, moreover, Martin Murphy was very obstinate about the green crops last year, and thwarted us sadly; but patience, Matthew, patience, the poor people suffer more in having their bad habits removed than we do in removing them.' 'God bless you!' said Matthew. 'Any thing else on your slate, my good master?' 'No, only I had a word to say. My deputy, as you call him, is a trifle too strict with the little boys: children are but children, and this new system of national education, though a great blessing, seems to me forcing; but it may do well, only I wish he would not be so hard on the *little* boys; say a word for them, dear, do, for he doesn't mind me—he thinks I'm foolish, 'deed does he. There's little Johnny Hay and his brother Jimmy, their father spoke to me yesterday about it before he went off to the funeral.' 'What funeral?' inquired Ellen. ''Deed, just then *her* funeral—the ould ancient sister Anne, where you were once, and where I remember your entreating the master to have patience with the people.' 'And has that worn-out, awful woman lived till now?' inquired Ellen; 'I thought she had died long since.' 'Her life was a long penance; and she's to have no tombstone, and not to be buried with her people—only alone, not so much as a raised grave. She must have been a great sinner, or they would let their bones rest together. Old Hay won't be back till to-morrow; it's a long, long journey. Here's the master himself, God bless him! and the two young ladies,' continued Matthew; 'it's enough to set any one mad to see how the people waylay him as he comes out of his own gate, and to see how he manages to hear just what is needful, and understands them as well as if he was born among them: and how they bless him, and have known him from first to last as the poor man's friend. That's a notorious Whiteboy that's talking to him now.' '*Was*, you mean,' said Ellen; 'I suspect that in his case, as well as in others, employment has superseded politics. He knows I know him well; and I am more pleased to see him well-dressed and cheerful, and to visit his farm, than almost any I know. 'There is more joy'—you remember the text, Matthew?' 'Ay,' added the old man, lifting his hat, 'more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety-and-nine just men that need no repentance.' * * *

"'Dear Lady Mary!' she exclaimed at last, 'I will write and ask her to come to us; she could not fail to be delighted with all you have done for the people, Edward, and with the admirable temper you have shewn—the judgment, the endurance, the wisdom, in not expecting too much, and understanding that there were quagmires as well as mountains in the way—but the people are improving, they want patient, *resident landlords*.' 'I consider,' said Edward, 'Catholic emancipation as only the first of a series of boons, or rather, the earliest demonstration of justice, wisely given: yet if they had not agitated for it, it would never have been obtained. As long as poor Paddy crouched in his hovel, and ate his potato, he was suffered to do so, and die there unnoticed, as his fathers had died before him: at last, agitation brought him relief; and my only fear is, that the malcontents of a party will continue this agitation for what may be unattainable, not for what all wise as well as all just Englishmen earnestly desire to give the Irish—perfect equality.' * *

"I have not suffered the Orange party of the north to persuade me that the people of the south are all violent and bigoted, nor have the southerns so entangled me as to make me consider the Orangemen as all bitter and destroying enemies. I do not look forward to the time when

'The emerald gem of the western world'

will sit on the billows like a halcyon on her nest, careless of storms; for I hear the quick beating

of their hearts, and make allowance for the richness and variety of their imaginings, while I strive to see their reason strengthened. But I am telling you all you already know, dearest, far better than I do myself. We shall do our duty if, by exhibiting the wilful or inconsiderate mistakes, the deliberate misguidance or ruinous mismanagement, of which Ireland has been for centuries the victim — we account for, if we cannot excuse, the terrible state of disruption in which at times we find this lovely and loving country. Let us endeavour to persuade England to try, or rather to continue, another course, by shewing the policy of generosity, and the wisdom of justice; and so reconcile the doubtful, or the suspicious, to the more liberal system which must be adopted in governing Ireland hereafter."

Narrative of a Mission to Bokhara in 1843-45. By the Rev. Joseph Wolff, D.D. LL.D. 2 vols. 8vo. J. W. Parker.

WHILST Dr. Wolff was prosecuting his humane mission to Bokhara, the public were so judiciously gratified by periodical accounts of his progress, perils, and ultimate rescue from the fangs of Eastern despotism, that, in so far as regards those travels, we find here little more than an amplification of the incidents. But still it is a work of much interest. It sets out with a biographical sketch of the Doctor's earlier years, conversion from Judaism to the Romish religion, and thence to the Protestant faith, and his missionary toils through many remote and barbarous regions. At last, coming to the more immediate subject, the author broadly states:

"For the quietude of soul of the friends of those murdered officers, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, I have to observe, that they were both of them cruelly slaughtered at Bokhara, after enduring agonies from confinement in prison of the most fearful character, masses of their flesh having been gnawn off their bones by vermin, in 1843. The cause of these foul atrocities being practised on them, the positive agent of their entire misery, was the nayeb of Nasir Ullah Behadur, ameer of Bokhara, Abdul Samut Khan. I charge on that pretended friend of the English nation this foul atrocity. I wish that this open declaration of mine should find insertion in the Persian newspapers published at Lahore and Delhi. I wish it to reach the ameer of Bokhara, in order that that sovereign, whose ear has been much abused by that foul miscreant, should perceive that he has been led to act under false and erroneous impressions with regard to the real objects at heart of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, and that Abdul Samut Khan intended to have added me to their bloody graves. I appeal to his understanding, whether a letter from England then received from any of our authorities would not also probably have led me, a simple traveller, to share the fate of these diplomatic agents of England. I assert that Abdul Samut Khan, the nayeb, wished me further to give him thirty thousand tillahs to effect the death of the very sovereign who has so highly honoured him. These are grave charges, — let the Persian come into the lists and disprove them."

We do not think this challenge will be accepted; and truly, if the ameer happens to hear of the Doctor's heavy charges, we are inclined to fancy that Abdul Samut's head would not be very firm on his shoulders. But leaving him to his retributive fate, we pass to a few passages in the revelations respecting the residence in Bokhara, which will at least entertain our readers, while they display some of the Doctor's modes of speaking and acting.

"Makhram Kasem came to have some private conversation with the nayeb. I retired a few minutes; afterward the nayeb called out, 'Youssuf Wolff, come here.' I came; he told me, 'Makhram Kasem has just brought me a piece of news; but fear not, for the king knows that the intent of it is to involve him in a war with England.' *W.* 'What news?' *Nayeb.* 'Abbas Kouli Khan has arrived here with five requests from Muhammed Shah. The first request of the King of Persia is, that he (the ameer) should put you to death. The Haje Mirza Aghasee wrote the same. Those Kajar are fathers of the curse, but fear not; I shall see the king next Sunday.' I shut myself up in one of his rooms, and prayed; and soon after, when the nayeb went to his harem, Behadur came to me, and said, 'I am not an Iranee (Persian), I am a Hindee. I have eaten the salt of Englishmen. If you like, I will let you escape, and bring you to Khoollom, and thence go with you to India; but don't tell the nayeb of it.' We agreed that we should leave that very evening; but in the evening I found a carowal (guard) around my bed. I also observed that the nayeb had sent a private message to the king. The morning following, a Makhram, whom I hitherto had not seen, came in great agitation, and said, 'You must go to town—you are here tired; the king orders you.' As the nayeb was up-stairs, I called out, 'Nayeh!' The rascal came down. The hue of his complexion was quite black; I almost started at the sight. I asked him whether he knew the king's order. He said, 'Yes; and you must obey.' This absolute contradiction of his express promise to protect me, even from the ameer himself, incensed me beyond bounds, and I said, 'I now see that the people are right, who say that you are the cause that Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly have been killed; you are a liar, a traitor, and a rascal! you intend to kill me too.' To this he replied, 'Yes, I have killed them; Stoddart quarrelled with me and my brother, who is a Haje, in my garden, about tillahs.' I then said, 'Liar! why did you always tell me that Stoddart and Conolly have always been your friends?' He replied, "I know how to treat you Franks as you ought to be treated.' The Makhram again said that I must go with him. I said, 'No;' and saying this, I ran out of the garden over a low part of the wall, when Behadur followed me, and said, 'Now I will let you escape.' He brought me, first of all, to the garden belonging to the nayeb's son, Abdullah, which garden is not yet quite finished, where, on a former occasion, the nayeb told me that he intended to construct a fortress to defend himself in case of need against the ameer; when, quite against all expectation, Ameer Abool Kasem was brought to me by the nayeb's order. He informed me that he was the intended ambassador for England. [*Note.* I have forgotten to mention above, that the nayeb advised me, when an ambassador was first proposed, and the proposal accepted, that I should administer poison to him on the road, which of course I rejected with horror.] I said to Ameer Abool Kasem, 'I know that the ameer intends to kill me;' and as I had a little paper and ink with me, I wrote a note to the nayeb, saying, 'Now I know that you are a traitor and a liar! and that you will kill me as you have killed Stoddart and Conolly;' and I gave the note to Ameer Abool Kasem, who gave it to the nayeb. Behadur then brought me, through a water-hole, to the house of the yawer (major), situated about three hundred feet distance from the nayeh's house, whence Behadur and the yawer promised to let me escape that very evening. The evening approached, when the yawer came and said that the ameer, under the supposition that I had escaped, had sent soldiers on all the different roads to pursue me; it would be therefore better for me to stay there until the troops of the ameer had come back; and after they had given up pursuing me, he (the yawer) and Behadur would accompany me to Shahr Sabz, Khoollom, and even as far as India. I told them that I was convinced that the nayeb was a traitor and a liar, in whose words in future I should place no reliance, and that I expected my fate with patience and resignation. Both Behadur and the yawer went out of the room, when a female, in the most coquettish manner, and unveiled, entered it. I at once observed the trap, and exclaimed, in a loud voice, and with great apparent rage, 'Go to hell!' The yawer and Behadur immediately entered, and asked what was the matter. I explained the whole. It was the same trick which the rascally nayeb tried to play to Stoddart and Conolly, for I heard from different people that the same stratagem had been practised on them, with a view to forcing them to become Muhammedans, but in vain. To this he compels every slave he takes, in order to sell the issue from them as slaves. I slept at night in the house of the yawer, Behadur and Hussein Ali, both servants of the nayeb, near me, and when I told them that they should sleep at a greater distance from me, they objected that the nayeb had ordered them to do so; but I pushed them away by force. The next morning, one of the king's head officers came and ordered me, in the name of the king, to go to town, and that I should instantly receive leave for my departure. I obeyed; but previous to this I was brought to the nayeb, where the rascal told me that he had given twenty tillahs to the head officer, that he should treat me with respect, and that I should get leave to depart after twenty days."

At a future period "an Affghaun Seyd entered the garden, and said, 'Aye, you Kafir! have you succeeded in cheating the ameer, so that he let you go? If he had only given you into my hands, I would soon have made away with you by my javelin.' Abbas Kouli Khan said to him, 'Go, and leave the Frankee alone; he is a derveesh.' 'A derveesh!' he sneeringly replied; 'I know these Frankee derveeshes—I know these English derveeshes. They go into a country, spy out mountains and valleys, seas and rivers; find out a convenient adit, and then go home; inform a gentleman there—a chief, who has the name of *company*, who sends soldiers, and then takes a country; tell him what I say.' After this he left the garden. Some Calmucks also purposely called on me. They are also called the Eliad. They said, 'We come to see the renowned Frankee derveesh.' They are of a yellow colour; they sate down, looked at me, and made remarks on every movement of my body, which amused Abbas Kouli Khan so much, that he laughed incessantly. After they had examined me from head to foot, he advised me to allow them to pursue still closer investigations, which I declined. Like the Hazārah, they have scarcely any beard. At last one of them turned to a Jew, and asked him, in a low tone, to give him brandy and wine. They addressed me in Russian. I told them, in Persian, that I did not understand Russian, and asked them where they had learned it. They replied, 'From the Nogay Tatars.' Then they began: 'Have you

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heard of Nicholas Pawlowitch? he is the greatest Krawl Russia has ever enjoyed.' They asked me whether we had many slaves in England. I told them that slavery was prohibited. My rascally servant, Abdullah, expressed a wish to go from Jesman-Doo again to see Abdul Samut Khan, but Abbas Kouli Khan prevented him. An extraordinary power of smelling in a Turkomaun, Khan Saat from Sarakha, was indicated to me here. He said, drawing up his nostrils, 'I smell a caravan of Usbecks;' and in a few hours a caravan from Organtsh arrived full of them. It is remarkable how the Turkomauns know, by the footsteps in the desert, the person who has been there, nay, the very tribe of Turkomauns that has passed. When Turkomauns or Calmucks saw people talking from a distance, I frequently heard them say, 'Let us draw our ears.' They then lie down on the ground, and hear from a distance what even two persons whisper together, and relate the exact conversation."

The last is a curious circumstance, and reminds us of Fine Ear in the Oriental tale. An *imperium in imperio* in Bokhara is mentioned:

"I got the following information about Shahr Sabz. It is a central city of Bokhara, but separated from the king, independent, and governed by its own khan. The reason of it is this: 1st. The people of Shahr Sabz are by far better and more courageous horsemen than the people of Bokhara. 2d. They can put in a moment the whole town under water, so that troops cannot reach them. 3d. It serves for the people of Bokhara as an asylum from the tyranny of the ameer; and therefore the people of Bokhara do not wish to take it. The khan of Shahr Sabz, however, for form's sake, sent to the ameer one thousand horsemen, as a subsidy in his war against Khiva and Khokand, but they were always ordered by the khan of Shahr Sabz not to give him the least assistance in reality."

With these examples we may, at any rate for the present, dismiss these volumes; and whilst we do justice to their variety of entertainment and information; and to the enthusiastic character of their author, we cannot but express our suspicion, that he is more of the lamb in profession than in verity. The violent temper he displayed in Exeter Hall, when ruffled by the remarks of Col. Stoddart's brother, was only the more objectionable from being commingled with a speech in which the name of Jesus was so often used, and, to all appearance, *his* doctrines so fervently inculcated.

Memoirs of Sophia Dorothea, Consort of George I., &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. H. Colburn.

THOUGH purporting to be derived, and in some particulars truly, from the archives of Hanover, Brunswick, Dresden, Berlin, and Vienna, a very casual glance at this production will convince every intelligent reader that it is indeed a Romance of History, or Historical Romance. The case made out for the Princess Sophia Dorothea is precisely that which a counsel learned in the law might be expected to make out for a client who feed him for her defence in a court of justice. He palliates every indiscreet act of hers, he exaggerates the profligacies of her enemies, and he fills up his descriptions so freely from his imagination, that we feel we can repose no confidence whatever in his statements or arguments. Dorothea and her mother are made out to be angels, and all the rest of the people who figure in these Memoirs only a little worse than fiends and demons. Our author proves too much.

According to him there never existed so vile a race as that which was transferred from the electorate of Hanover to the kingdom of England. The family of Brunswick-Luneburg certainly, men, women, and children, are on his page a set of the most abandoned wretches that ever disgraced humanity. There is a Scotch proverb which says—

> "It is a poor kin
> That has not —— and thief in;"

but he makes them, one and all, without exception, ——s, and thieves, and murderers; and at the same time he exalts their powers for committing evil. The poet Burns has written, Jacobitically or democratically—

> "For German gentles are but sma',
> They're better joost than want ay!"

but the writer of these volumes of scandal and crime confronts us with the absolute potency of Zelle, Wolfenbüttel, Osnabruck, Thedinghausen, Luneburg, Calenberg, Wilhelmsburg, Lauenburgh, and we know not how many other *bergs* and *burgs*, till we fancy Nero and Caligula were not only comparatively virtuous, but had less means to do wrong than the potentates of these enormous territories.

The princes being as bad a set as can well be imagined, we may notice, that their female connexions, married, morganatically allied, or otherways attached, are emphatically characterised in the single expressive title of "strumpetocracy!"

In the midst of these was cast the fate of Eleonore Marquise D'Olbreuse, who, after bearing a daughter to Duke George William of Zelle (by a morganatic or left-handed marriage) was legally wedded to him, and elevated to the rank of princess; and also the more melancholy fate of the aforesaid daughter, who married her cousin George, afterwards king of England.

The story of the mother occupies the earlier portion of the work, and then we have the girlish years of Dorothea, her proposed union with the prince of Wolfenbüttel, her acquaintance with Königsmark, and her political marriage with the son of the Bishop of Osnabrück. With him she lived, if not happily, at least without outrage, for a season, and bore him two children—a son, in 1683, our George II., and a daughter in 1686, named after her mother. But now thickened the devilish plots of the infamous Madame Platen, aided by Bernstorf, her sister Busche, and other accomplices, till in the end Königsmark was murdered, and the princess divorced and put under restraint for a life which lasted above thirty years. How these matters are represented may be gathered from the following examples:

"The annals of court-intrigue contain many examples of unprincipled women maintaining an absolute ascendancy over the mind of a sovereign apparently near his dotage, to the obstruction of justice and the dishonour of the government. We have only to allude to what lawyers would pronounce 'a case in point,' existing in our own history, to be found in the connexion of the venerable hero, Edward III., with Dame Alice Perrers. According to some of our most plain-speaking old chroniclers, Dame Perrers and Madame Platen bore an extraordinary likeness to each other. Fortunately for us, court-favourites of this sort have not occurred very frequently in our history; but, in the French annals, mistresses appear to have been thought a much more necessary appendage to the state than queens; and Madame Platens may be found, by the half-dozen at least, in almost every reign. They had flourished rarely of late years, and were so completely in accordance with the genius of the French people, that, in the most popular reigns—for instance, those of Henri Quatre and Louis Quatorze—they sprouted up like mushrooms in a meadow. They had become a fashion in France, and, with other French fashions, readily found a footing at some of the German courts. They had found more than a footing at Osnabrück, and it seemed to be the design of the bishop's mistress, as soon as she had completely established herself at court, to render petticoat-influence as predominant at the episcopal palace of that ancient see as ever it had been at Versailles. With this object in view, Madame Platen carefully instructed her sister, Madame Busche, in the arts necessary for her to gain the same kind of ascendancy over the crown-prince as she had obtained over his father. Court-intrigues bear usually a most immoral aspect, but we cannot call to mind any thing so vile in the most depraved court as the abominable conduct of these married sisters, in thus entering into a compact to lend themselves to the licentious inclinations of father and son.* In the mean time, the lovely Sophia Dorothea was fast rising into an accomplished and graceful womanhood. No pains had been spared with her education, which, having been directed by her mother, who was, as we have said, one of the best educated women throughout Germany, it cannot be deemed extraordinary that, wherever her name was mentioned, her talents were quite as much lauded as her beauty. Count Königsmark—if he had ever aspired so high, which is at least questionable—saw the complete hopelessness of success in such a suit. He may have been allowed access to the princess occasionally at the court-entertainments, during his residence at Zelle, and continued among her acquaintance, but he must have seen that such an intercourse could only be prolonged at a very respectful distance. He entered the army, and devoted himself to a military career with an ardour that appeared to foretell very splendid success. He travelled from one court to another, and wherever he stayed he succeeded in establishing for himself a splendid reputation for his remarkably handsome appearance, his costly style of living, his excessive liberality, and apparently exhaustless wealth. The princess was now an object for the active rivalry of the most powerful princes in Northern Germany. * * * The Princess Sophia Dorothea was now approaching that delightful period in woman's existence that divides girlhood from womanhood, and shewed to what sterling advantage the superintending care of her accomplished mother had been applied."

We are not sure that we comprehend exactly what this 'delightful period' is? Perhaps some lady-critic might tell us; but whatever it was, the princess was seemingly well prepared for it, for "her education had been rendered as perfect as the resources of her father's court and her father's wealth could supply. She was eminently skilled in whatever was deemed desirable a lady of the highest rank should know. She gave promise of more than ordinary mental capacity, and was gifted with a most lovely countenance, and a figure of faultless symmetry, which a natural grace and a gentle and amiable disposition clothed with a thousand additional attractions. Her dancing was worthy the daughter of a Frenchwoman, and the same graceful spirit pervaded her every movement."

We would stop in admiration of the dancing by descent but for the addition: "On this ap-

* How could the author know this?—*Ed. L. G.*

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peared to be grafted the high tone of moral feeling, and the just perception of the useful and the good, which render the German character so admirable for all the purposes of sociality."

One could hardly believe that this was really the German character, whilst reading a book which describes little else than intrigue, vice, falsehood, treason, conspiracy, utter want of principle, barbarity, brutality, and strumpetocracy. But so it is; and romance is not obliged to be always consistent—and romance it is: *vide* the marriage with Prince George, instead of her mother's choice the Prince of Wolfenbüttel, and say if be not in the genuine style:

"The Duchess Eleonore was in despair. The union of her beloved daughter with a prince who had already created for himself an evil reputation by his tendency towards the most vulgar profligacy, was exceedingly repulsive to her; and became the more intolerable when brought in contrast with the more desirable marriage that had been so abruptly put an end to. Prince Augustus William of Wolfenbüttel was in all things the opposite of Prince George of Hanover. In truth it was 'Hyperion to a satyr.' The former appeared to possess every ennobling virtue, the latter seemed master of almost every degrading vice. A marriage of expediency, under any circumstances, she knew to be a most hazardous speculation of human feelings; but what could result to a young and delicate creature like the Princess Sophia Dorothea, religiously educated and carefully nurtured, whose sympathies had already been excited towards a young and amiable prince, from her union with a coarse-minded, self-willed reprobate, of whom, if she knew any thing, it must have consisted of intelligence that represented him in a light as fearful as possible to her pure and gentle nature? The fond mother shuddered as she asked the question."

She is married accordingly, and becomes the victim we have related; and we quote a passage or two in the development of the plot to ruin her:

"The Princess was attended by a young lady, named Knesebeck, who was devotedly attached to her, and enjoyed her confidence. To her the young mother remarked the rare and hurried visits of her consort, and speculated as to the real cause of this apparent negligence. Her attendant endeavoured to find apologies for the prince, on the score of his numerous avocations; but some prophetic sense of evil seemed to intimate to the neglected wife that mischief was impending. She was restless and uncomfortable; and continued her motherly duties to her two infants, while pursuing a train of unpleasant reflections. About this period, the lady of the Baron Platen paid her a complimentary visit, and after a liberal show of professions of respect and good-will, she proceeded, in her usual crafty manner, to mention the parties she had enjoyed with the crown-prince and the beautiful Mademoiselle Schulenburg: never failing to dilate on the extraordinary attractions of that young lady, and on the very evident gratification the crown-prince seemed to take in her society. Then, having planted a dagger in the heart of the virtuous wife, she took her leave with the same profusion of hollow compliments with which she had entered."

As the romance proceeds, the Messalina, Mrs. Platen (who was not satisfied with the bishop and a score of other lovers) seduced Königsmark himself into the train.

"In the mean while, the Countess Platen had employed all her blandishments upon the handsome Königsmark, with the object, it was thought, of making him subservient to her views against the princess, and he became so frequent a visitor at her house that she was obliged to endeavour to stop the scandal it occasioned, by stating he was paying his addresses to her daughter. How far the count's conduct to her laid him open to the stories that were in circulation about them, cannot be correctly ascertained, but the general laxity of morals, and Königsmark's well known character for intrigue, render it very probable that he either did not care or did not dare to neglect her advances. Nevertheless, he still devoted himself to the princess. No doubt, communion with her pure and noble character was too refreshing to be readily abandoned, after being obliged to associate with the clique of the wife of the prime minister. The countess, however, could not endure that Königsmark should visit the princess; she remonstrated with him, and even requested he would leave off doing so. The count, in his next interview, repeated this in a jesting manner to the princess, but the latter having learned the malicious remarks her powerful enemy had made on the subject, considered it advisable to avoid giving cause for scandal, and recommended the count to discontinue visiting her. To recompense him for any disappointment this might bring, she gave her consent to a correspondence that was to pass through the hands of her attached friend, Mademoiselle Knesebeck. Notwithstanding this caution, the countess was too shrewd, or else too suspicious, to rest satisfied, and, as whenever the consort of the crown-prince met her in public, her highness did not care to conceal the contempt she felt for such an adventuress, and Königsmark could not refrain on similar occasions from shewing the respect with which he regarded the princess, the countess continued to receive provocation to revenge, which she was not the person to pass unnoticed."

We cannot help thinking that this is a lame explanation of a dark affair; and our next quotations are still more suspicious:

Königsmark went to Dresden, and "the state of morals," we are told, "in the capital of the Elector of Saxony was, as may readily be imagined, at a very low ebb indeed, and here it was that the handsome and gallant Königsmark directed his steps soon after leaving Hanover. A life of pleasure, as it was termed, was eagerly sought after by the rich and titled, as the only proper existence for them, and the higher the dignity the greater was the excess to which all the sensual gratifications were carried. It was clearly apparent that there was a royal road to vice; and gluttony, intoxication, and licentiousness, were the ordinary ways by which it was passed. A person so distinguished by nature, and so celebrated for his gallantries, was sure not to be overlooked wherever he went; and at the table of the elector, where he soon found a conspicuous place, he was surrounded by congenial spirits, with whom the jest went round with the wine, till too little discretion was left to enjoy either. The count heard many extraordinary tales of gallantry, and was induced to acquaint his new friends with some of his own adventures. The ladies of the court of Hanover were always interesting objects of scandalous gossip to the gallants of neighbouring courts, and Count Konigsmark found a delighted auditory, whose encouragement led him on to more piquant reminiscences. The principal objects of his revelations were the Countess Platen, Madame Weyke, and Mademoiselle Schulenburg, whom he represented as any thing but vestals. He brought forward some entertaining anecdotes of each of the court-favourites, that must have given his hearers a lively idea of the characters of these worthies. It has been represented that he had been drinking deeply, and that he spoke without reserve of their infamous conduct—particularly dilating on the wrongs the Princess Sophia Dorothea had been forced to suffer in consequence of their intrigues against her. Of the count's discretion in relating at a public table scandalous gossip of a woman so revengeful and at the same time so powerful as the wife of the elector of Hanover's prime minister, there can scarcely be two opinions; but what shall be said of his bringing in the name of the princess under such circumstances? Assuredly the wine he had drunk shut out from his mind the folly and the danger of his conduct."

"Count Königsmark afforded much amusement to the court of Dresden, by relating his own intrigues with the Countess Platen. Amongst his laughing audience, however, there chanced to be a nobleman who was in communication with that lady. He had some years previously resided at the court of Zelle, which he had been obliged to leave: from what cause cannot be more nearly ascertained, than that the Princess Sophia Dorothea was in some way involved in it. Most probably he had been a too aspiring suitor; but we know only that he regarded her with no good will, and his sentiments becoming known to the Countess Platen, he was easily engaged in her interests. From him she learned all that the incautious count had so publicly revealed, and her rage became deadly. Nothing but his life would now satisfy her revenge, and to destroy him seemed the sole aim of her existence. She took an early opportunity of exciting the mind of the elector against him, by the most exaggerated account of what he had said about her, her sister, and Mademoiselle Schulenburg; with a comprehensive addition of offensive observations upon the sovereign of Hanover, which he had never uttered. The elector was very much offended with his colonel of the Guards for such behaviour to his and his son's mistresses; but though this was very bad, to speak disrespectfully of his patron was abominable, and he readily gave a promise it should not go unpunished. There was another offender, against whom this woman's wrath was equally deadly in its tendency. This was the princess. The countess now sought to slander away both the life and the reputation of her sovereign's daughter-in-law, by affirming the most horrible calumnies, supported by evidence there can be no doubt she had suborned. The elector would gladly have treated her with the contempt she deserved, but her influence had become so powerful, that he himself was in fear of it. He temporised; he promised an inquiry. The countess even insinuated, that the princess and the count were in league with the Duke of Wolfenbüttel; but even this exciting subject failed in blinding the elector to the absurdity of such a charge. The favourite, stung with her want of success, grew more virulent in her charges; but her patron at last mustered sufficient indignation to tell his companion, that his opinion of the princess was not to be shaken by assertions without proof. To obtain such proof was now her great object. She was not scrupulous in the means she employed; and if she could not get the testimony she required, she was determined to get something that should be mistaken for it. Excited by rage, jealousy, and hatred, she had sufficient stimulants at work to bring out all that mischievous talent which had so helped her

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forward during her career; and moreover, she had at her hand agents of all kinds, of whose readiness at any bad purpose she had ample evidence. She well considered her plans, and when they were mature, satisfied of their success, she kept, like a bloated spider, out of sight of her victims, but ready to pounce upon them the moment they got entangled in the intricate web she had spun for their destruction. Just at this crisis, Count Königsmark returned to Hanover, gay and brilliant as ever, and completely ignorant of the danger in which he stood. He met with but a cold reception at the electoral palace; but this did not appear to give him any uneasiness. When he retired to his chamber, he found a note written in pencil, from the princess, requesting he would visit her that evening. It was an unusual time to go to the princess's apartments; nevertheless he went, and was admitted. On some surprise being expressed that he should have ventured there at such an hour, he produced the pencil note. It was a forgery! This discovery should have put them on their guard, and the princess ought to have dismissed her visitor as speedily as possible. But they had much to say to each other, and the princess had communications to make, an opportunity for which might not occur again. A long and confidential interview, in the presence of Mademoiselle Knesebeck, took place. After endeavouring to entertain the princess with a narrative of his travels and adventures, including an account of what transpired at his last interview with the countess, the count learned from her that her position had become quite intolerable. The conduct of the crown-prince was such as no woman of womanly feeling could endure; and as he still continued his intimacy with Mademoiselle Schulenburg, who, with her worthless associates, did all in her power to annoy and insult her, of course no reconciliation had been or could be effected. Feeling it impossible to remain where she was with the slightest hope of comfort, she had desired to return to her parents; but her father's mind had been excited against her, by the artful representations of Bernstorf, at the suggestion of the Platens, and he had refused to receive her. The poor princess had been rendered desperate by the wrongs with which she had been goaded, and expressed her determination to the count not to remain where she was. Königsmark eagerly caught at this. There can be but little doubt that he was as deeply enamoured of the princess as such a mere man of pleasure could be of a woman of her high rank, placed in a position that should have commanded the sympathy and devotion of a more honourable mind. He was ready to do every thing and risk every thing to assist her views; but it is impossible to imagine such a man disinterested. Mademoiselle Knesebeck, who knew well what was going on, in her revelations conveys the impression that he was a mere hollow-hearted libertine, who encouraged the unhappy princess in her desire to abandon her miserable home from the hope it afforded of his being chosen as the companion of her flight. The prospect of running away with a princess was exceedingly gratifying to his self-love; it was a crowning adventure in the gallantries of Count Königsmark, which would render his name more than ever celebrated in all the courts of Europe; it would afford indubitable evidence of an attachment which would at once make him the wonder and envy of all his licentious contemporaries. He was ready to resign his employments under the elector, and prepare every thing, at his own expense, for the immediate flight of the princess to Paris. But driven to despair as she was, with a brain almost maddened by the injustice with which she had been treated, the princess entertained no intention of committing her good name more than she could avoid. She believed Count Königsmark to be a faithful friend—she was grateful for his sympathy—she fancied she could place the fullest confidence in his honour, and was convinced he alone had the power of emancipating her from the degrading treatment which had caused her such intense suffering. As her father would not listen to her urgent prayer to be allowed to retire to Zelle, from the persecution and insults she experienced at Hanover, she seemed barbarously shut out from all hope of securing an honourable asylum. A gleam of sunshine, however, was still left her, and in the darkness which enveloped her future, it shone with extraordinary brilliancy."

Coming from this most indiscreet interview the count was murdered; and after various inquiries, and attempts at justification and reconciliation, the princess was doomed to imprisonment in the castle of Ahlden. Here she lived, with a host of spies and guards, but enjoyed comparative liberty. Her husband succeeds to the crown of England, and takes possession, with an ugly harem of corrupt and rapacious mistresses. Countess Platen died in misery; and the imprisoned princess wrote a diary, which is contained in the second volume, and repeats what is narrated in the first.

Nothing further need be said. The work may gratify curiosity—and the more if it be a little prurient;—but for authentic history it cannot possibly be mistaken; and we regret that the dubious so far outweighs what might fairly be considered as throwing light on the period and on the actors in such comico-tragical dramatic scenes.

Sketches, &c., in Brazil. By the Rev. Daniel P. Kidder, A.M. Vol. 2, 8vo. Wiley and Putnam.

We very recently reviewed the first volume of this work, and made all the observations upon it we then thought (or think now) necessary. In these times our business is not so much with old as with new matter, when we can find it; and *résumés* of ancient history, though they may be good in themselves, and are efficient in swelling publications, are not so much to our mind as to lead us into a borrowed display of knowledge, picked out of the author for the occasion. We have not a word to say about the Portuguese and Dutch struggles for Bahia, nor for any of the contests which through two or three centuries led to the *status quo* of the empire of Brazil. That huge country is as yet hardly planted: what it is, it cannot long remain; and within what our friends in Section C. call a geological period, it will probably be a glorious concatenation of populous nations. At present, according to the notions of a Bethel missionary, there are no signs of this coming greatness, for he says:

"During a walk one morning in the lower town, my attention was called to various *fabricas de imagens*—image-manufactories. Saints, crucifixes, and every species of the ghostly paraphernalia of Romanism were here exhibited in the shops, with a profusion that I no where else saw, indicating that the traffic in these articles was more flourishing here than in other parts. It is not in name only that Bahia enjoys the ecclesiastical supremacy of Brazil. It is the seat of the only archbishopric in the empire. Its churches exceed in number and in sumptuousness those of any other city; and its convents are said to contain more friars and more nuns than those of all the empire besides."

Their superstition is so great, that St. Anthony, *i. e.*, a figure of him, thrown overboard from a ship, was "enlisted as a soldier in the fortress near the barra bearing his name. In this capacity he received regular pay until he was promoted to the rank of captain by the governor, Rodrigo da Costa. The order for his promotion, which subsequently received the royal sanction, is sufficiently curious to merit a translation. The governor says:

'It has been represented to me by the Municipal Chamber of this city, that in 1645 it was resolved by the aforesaid Chamber to cause masses to be said annually to the glorious S. Antonio of the barra, and that a vow was made to him that, in case of the restoration of Pernambuco, he should have an image made of silver, a festa, and a solemn procession established on the day of the restoration. All this appears in the records of the Camara; but although Pernambuco was restored, after suffering under the oppression and tyranny of the Dutch twenty-four years, yet said vow has never been fulfilled. Wherefore, and because we now more than ever need the favours of the aforementioned saint, both on account of the present wars in Portugal, and of those which may yet happen in Bahia, the said Chamber has besought me, in commemoration of the aforementioned vow, to assign to the said glorious St. Anthony the rank and pay of a captain in the fortress where he has hitherto only received the pay of a common soldier. In obedience to this request, and subject to the approval of the king, I therefore assign to the glorious St. Anthony the rank of captain in the said fortress, and order that the solicitor of the Franciscan convent be authorised to draw, in his behalf, the regular amount of a captain's pay.

'Rodrigo da Costa.

'Bahia, July 16, 1705.'

"It appears from Mr. Armitage, that this saint has received still higher promotion in Brazil. That writer remarked in 1835, 'S. Antonio holds, up to the present day in Rio de Janeiro, the rank of colonel in the army, and receives his pay as such through the hands of his terrestrial delegates, the Franciscan monks.'"

Previous to this, St. Francis Xavier had received similar honours, promotion, and pay. There is much from Southey in this work, but the author travels all along the seaboard, supplying later information; and adds to his own remarks a survey of the three inland provinces of Matto Grosso, Gayaz, and Minas Geraes. Into these views we need not enter; but with a few patches render all the duty which such a publication demands.

"It is a singular circumstance, that coffee is retailed at a higher price in Pernambuco than in the United States. Orange-trees suffer very much from the depredations of the ants, being sometimes stripped of their entire foliage in a single night. When a tree has thus been visited three successive times, it does not survive. * * *

"The great natural advantages of this country must be noted among the existing causes of its low state of improvement. The stern voice of necessity, 'work or die,' never disturbs the day-dreams of the Brazilian, as he yawns in his hammock during the bright hours of sunshine. The great mass of the lower classes live as they list. Their wants are few and simple, and to a great degree conformed to the spontaneous productions of nature. Multitudes of Indians inhabit Ceará in a state of

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semi-barbarism. As a general rule, they are idle and vicious, living chiefly upon indigenous fruits, or those which are cultivated with scarcely any trouble, but seeking occasional plunder. At a former period they were under an excellent system of police, and could be hired in any number to work on the plantations of cultivators. This regimen has long since disappeared, and the wretched beings are now of no service to themselves or to any one else. Although their degradation and pitiable state are referred to in every president's report, yet from year to year no proper efforts are made for their instruction or improvement. Slaves at the same time are comparatively scarce in the province. This is a circumstance lamented by the people generally as a great calamity; but it is easy to believe that indolence enough prevails there already. It would be excessive cruelty to enslave others, so that more of it might be indulged. As an illustration of this idea, I will mention the fact, that the melancia or water-melon, which grows to a large size in all parts of Brazil, is produced here in unwonted profusion. During their season these melons are not only eaten as a dessert, but as a principal article of food, especially by the Indians and mixed races. So abundant are they, as to be sold frequently at the rate of twenty cents per hundred. Thus, for a single penny, could be purchased as much as a man would consume in a week. Thousands of these people, in the interior, have never seen the article of bread. An anecdote was related to me of a matuto from the far sertão, who, on visiting Aracaty, resolved to gratify his curiosity respecting what he had so often heard of as a great foreign luxury. He accordingly went to a baker's shop, and purchased a hatfull of rolls, and then seated himself under a tree and commenced paring them, as he would oranges or bananas. The taste, however, did not please his palate, and he soon threw them away as unfit to be eaten, exclaiming, doubtless, 'não presta para nada.' * * *

"The province of Ceará is estimated to contain one hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants. In the year 1841 there were in operation within its boundaries thirty-one primary schools, frequented by eight hundred and thirty pupils; and seven Latin schools, with forty-six pupils. The number of soldiers embraced in the different sections of the national guards, the militia of the country, was about eleven thousand. The House of Correction belonging to the province was occupied by eighteen delinquents. Its prisons were few, and generally insufficient to prevent the escape of criminals. The following is the official list of crimes committed during the year, between July 1840 and July 1841:—Murders, 72; attempt to murder, 15; threat, 1; serious wounds, 20; light wounds, 24; physical injuries, 4; robbery, 10; theft, 17; rape, 3; calumny and injury, 8; use of prohibited arms, 2; prevarication, 1; disobedience, 15; defalcation, 2; abuse of authority, 1; sedition, 1: total, 196. The religious establishment was manifestly deteriorating. 'This unquestionable fact,' says president Coelho, 'is not only chargeable upon a clergy (with some honourable exceptions) ignorant, depraved in habits, corrupt in morals, involved in the concerns of the world, and totally forgetful of their heavenly mission; but is also due to the indifference with which the legislature treats the wants of the church. * *

"The *turtle-egg butter* of Amazonia (manteiga da tartaruga) is a substance quite peculiar to this quarter of the globe. At certain seasons of the year the turtles appear by thousands on the banks of the rivers, in order to deposit their eggs upon the sand. The noise of their shells striking against each other in the rush is said to be sometimes heard at a great distance. Their work commences at dusk, and ends with the following dawn, when they retire to the water. Their task is continued until each turtle has deposited from sixty to one hundred and forty eggs. During the day-time the inhabitants collect these eggs, and pile them up in heaps resembling the stacks of cannon-balls seen at a navy-yard. These heaps are often twenty feet in diameter, and of a corresponding height. While yet fresh they are thrown into wooden canoes or other large vessels, and broken with sticks, and stamped fine with the feet. Water is then poured on, and the whole is exposed to the rays of the sun. The heat brings the oily matter of the eggs to the surface, from which it is skimmed off with cuyas and shells. After this it is subjected to a moderate heat, until ready for use. When clarified, it has the appearance of butter that has been melted. It always retains the taste of fish-oil, but is much prized for seasoning by the Indians and those who are accustomed to its use. It is conveyed to market in earthen jars. In earlier times it was estimated that nearly two hundred and fifty millions of turtles' eggs were annually destroyed in the manufacture of this mantelga. Recently the number is less, owing to the gradual inroads made upon the turtle race, and also to the advance of civilisation."

With one other quotation, of a literary nature, we conclude:

"It must, perhaps, be considered as a misfortune to Brazil, in a literary point of view, that her language is the Portuguese. A prejudice against that language prevails extensively among foreign nations. Although that prejudice is in a great degree unjust, yet it will not soon be overcome. Hitherto the meagreness of Portuguese literature, if it has not originated the sentiment alluded to, has at least strengthened it. The learned have seldom been induced to form that acquaintance with the language which is essential to an appreciation of its real merits. Those who have formed that acquaintance accord to it high praises. Mr. Southey, for example, has declared it to be 'inferior to no modern speech,' and to contain 'some of the most original and admirable works that he had ever perused.' This being the fact, if the Brazilians shall develop the genius and the application necessary to such a result, they may yet, by creating a literature worthy of themselves, secure the respect and admiration of the world."

LORD LYTTELTON'S MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

[Third notice: conclusion.]

The second volume contains a much larger portion of political matter than the first, and is accordingly less to our purpose, for we cannot think the personal character of Lord Lyttelton of any consequence to the public of our day; and whether he was exactly what Walpole, or Johnson, or Dr. Beattie, or Mr. Phillimore, have said he was, is certainly not worth our weighing or speculating upon.

What we have to add, therefore, may be comprised within a small compass. In the year 1756, Garrick writes to Lord Lyttelton:

"'That your lordship has any object for the exercise of your resignation and patience, most truly affects me. If you had not these stops in the course of your life, your change from this world to a better would not have sufficient contrast. To enjoy a good share of health, the good wishes of all good men, and be the praise of all parties, with a circle of friends whose taste, knowledge, and genius can enjoy yours—these are blessings few can boast of, and I hope I may morally pray God that you may long enjoy them, and survive all the objects of your patience and resignation. Mrs. Vesey is a most agreeable woman; Mrs. Montagu is herself alone. Were they eighteen, and I an Adonis of twenty-one, I should love one and adore the other—I would kiss the hands of the Sylph, but fall at the feet of the Minerva. Such are my feelings about them; and if your lordship can work up a little jealousy out of this declaration, I beg you will make the best of it. You deserve a small portion of mischief at my hands, for raising the vanity of Pid-pad to such a height, that all my assumed dignity cannot lower her. I must not scold, and find fault, but she throws your lordship at my head; and in short, for I begin to grow angry, if you and Pid-pad grow as fashionable as other folks, I must have satisfaction, and to have the most full and complete satisfaction, I shall desire your lordship to meet me in Hagley Park. Most devotedly your lordship's D. Garrick.

'Pid-pad sends her love.'

"Among the MSS. I find in Lyttelton's handwriting the following verses—'Pid-pad'* is probably the enchantress of the second stanza:

'Garrick, behold the Fairy King!
To you my choicest gifts I bring;
To you, whose power surpasses mine,
This wand (my sceptre) I resign.
You can all forms assume with ease,
Secure in every form to please;
I can the elements control,
But you command the human soul.

Yet one there is whose gentle sway
E'en you, with all your spells, obey;
Whose magic binds in pleasing chains
Your heart, and there triumphant reigns;
To whom each sister Grace imparts
Her sweetest charms, her finest arts.
Oft may she tread this hallowed green,
And she shall be the Fairy Queen!'

The house of Garrick had in fact succeeded to the villa of Pope. Here, in the drawing-rooms of Mrs. Vesey, sometimes of Mrs. Thrale, and often, at a later period, of Mrs. Montague, Lyttelton frequented that kind of society which subsisted on literary gossip, and which, except when Johnson sat enthroned, was too often a poor imitation of French manners, as the works of the day were, with some very considerable exceptions, feeble copies of that French style, thought, and expression, which the writings of Bolingbroke and Voltaire had made generally fashionable."

We have a little more of Voltaire, who took mortal offence at the manner in which he was mentioned by Lyttelton in his *Dialogues of the Dead*. The correspondence is amusing.

"I have (says the Frenchman) read the ingenious 'Dialogues of the Dead.' I find (page 134) that I am an *exile*, and guilty of some excesses in writing. I am obliged (and perhaps for the honour of my country) to say I am not an exile, because I have not committed the excesses the author of the Dialogues imputes to me. No body rais'd his voice higher than mine in favour of the rights of human kind; yet I have not exceeded in that virtue. I am not settled in Switzerland as he believes. I live in my own lands in France. Retreat is becoming to old age, and more becoming in one's own possessions. If I enjoy a little country-house near Geneva, my manors and my castles are in Burgundy; and if my king has been pleased to confirm the privileges of

* Mrs. Garrick had been a celebrated dancer.

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my lands, which are free from all tributes, I am the more addicted to my king. If I was an exile I had not obtained from my court many a passeport for English noblemen. The service I rendered to them intitles me to the justice I expect from the noble author. As to religion, I think, and I hope he thinks with me, that God is neither a Presbyterian, nor a Lutherian, nor of the lower church, nor of the high church, but God is the father of all mankind, the father of the noble author and mine. —I am with respect, his most humble servant,

"VOLTAIRE,

"Gentleman of the king's chamber.

"At my castle of Ferney in Burgundy."

Lyttelton's answer is a very sensible one; but a letter from Mr. Phelps, an eye-witness of Voltaire's conduct, is better deserving of having at least a part of it quoted:

"I find (he says) that he is much hurt at the name of exile, and yet that voluntary banishment which be now chuses to call his retreat in Suisse, was always consider'd by the sensible people of that country as the effect of prudence rather than of choice. He had taken a house at Lausanne on a lease of nine years; he had paid the rent for the whole term in advance, and had expended a very large sum in fitting it up according to his own taste and convenience. It was at this time that I was first known to him, was with him frequently in his hours of gaiety, and those of a very different complexion. His favourite theme in all humours was, *Je ne sais pas Français*, except when his vanity prompted him to read us the accounts which he regularly received of real or imaginary victories gained by his countrymen. He was upon these occasions as arrant a Frenchman as the most illiterate of his nation, and received the most glaring political absurdities upon trust. He was the most inconsistent whenever he talked of the King of Prussia; and I remember when we first heard that the united imperial and French army was marching down to drive the King of Prussia out of Saxony, that I saw a billet which M. Voltaire wrote to a gentleman who lived in the next street, exprest in these terms: 'Ce Monsieur de Brandenbourg qui a fait presenter quatre bayonetts au ventre de ma nièce en a quatre vingt milles en arrêt contre lui.' This alluded to his niece being refused admittance to him when be was under arrest at Francfort. Some few days after, we were informed of the French defeat at Rosbach. M. Voltaire's billet was much changed: 'J'admire le Roy de Prusse, je plains les Français, et je me tais.' He was as consistent too with respect to the English; sometimes we were islanders fit for the element that surrounded us, without taste of life or sense of manner; at other times, Monsieur, vous êtes Anglais, Grand Dieu! que je voudrais l'etre. He indeed did us the honour in his hours of dislike to treat us with hatred rather than with contempt. Such was the Voltaire that I left in Suisse about three years ago, when I went into Italy, and such I found him upon my return last year, but the limits of his retreat were then much confined."

A passage of criticism in one of Lyttelton's letters, where he is speaking of Gray, is so short and pithy that we beg to recommend it to general attention:

"I have an aversion to tame poetry; at best, perhaps, the art is the sublimest of the *difficiles nugæ*: to measure or rhyme prose is trifling without being difficult."

A mention of Mickle also attracts our notice:

"About 1760 Lyttelton entered into correspondence with an unknown person, apparently endowed with considerable genius, and struggling with severe distress,—William Julius Mickle, the translator of the 'Lusiad,' the author of 'Syr Martin,' and of the popular and well-known song, 'There's nae luck about the house,' and of the affecting ballad of 'Cumnor Hall,' known to most English readers, since it became the basis of Walter Scott's Kenilworth."

Lyttelton befriended him when in difficulties; and how much his having acted the good Samaritan on similar occasions shed a sunshine over his last hours, may be gathered from the following:

"The circumstances of his last illness and death are thus related by Dr. Johnstone, a physician of Kidderminster, who attended him:—'On Sunday evening the symptoms of his lordship's disorder, which for a week past had alarmed us, put on a fatal appearance, and his lordship believed himself to be a dying man. * * * 'Doctor,' he said, 'you shall be my confessor: when I first set out in the world I had friends who endeavoured to shake my belief in the Christian religion. I saw difficulties which staggered me, but I kept my mind open to conviction. The evidences and doctrines of Christianity, studied with attention, made me a most firm and persuaded believer of the Christian religion. I have made it the rule of my life, and it is the ground of my future hopes. I have erred and sinned, but have repented, and never indulged any vicious habit. In politics and in public life I have made the public good the rule of my conduct. I never gave counsels which I did not at the time think the best. I have seen that I was sometimes in the wrong, but I did not err designedly. I have endeavoured in private life to do all the good in my power; and never for a moment could indulge malicious or unjust designs upon any person whatever.' At another time he said, 'I must leave my soul in the same state it was in before this illness; I find this a very inconvenient time for solicitude about any thing.' On the evening when the symptoms of death came on him, he said, 'I shall die; but it will not be your fault.' When Lord and Lady Valentia came to see his lordship, he gave them his solemn benediction, and said, 'Be good, be virtuous, my lord; you must come to this.' Thus he continued giving his dying benediction to all around him. * * * He expired almost without a groan."

Chronicles of the Bastille, &c. 8vo. Pp. 640. London, Newby.

A TALE of many horrors in the shape of a historical romance, now collected together, after appearing in a serial form; and one, like the *Causes Celèbres*, well devised to pique curiosity and gratify the morbid appetite, incident to human nature, for distressing and terrible events.

Black's Picturesque Guide to the English Lakes. The Geology by John Phillips. Edinburgh, A. and C. Black.

THIS is a second edition of an excellent guide-book, well deserving of being pocketed by every visitor to the picturesque scenery it describes; so unlike that of any other portion of the British isles. For the hill, dale, lake, and river of the north and west of England differ essentially from the Killarney and other similar features spread over Ireland; from the fewer specimens in Wales; and from the grander development of the Scottish Highlands. They are very charming, and there is wildness enough around to contrast with the lovely sleeping of the waters. No wonder that this neighbourhood became a land of song; and inspired our Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, and Wilson. The lovers of song and nature will long frequent it with much delight; and will find this a suitable companion to direct their steps.

The Scottish Tourist. Edited by W. Rhind. Pp. 414. Edinburgh, Lizars; London, Highley; Dublin, Curry.

THE ninth edition of an excellent guide-book, with above ninety views, routes, and maps; all kinds of needful intelligence, and geological and botanical information, ably condensed. Nothing could be more seasonable than its re-issue in an enlarged and improved state, now that every one who can enjoy the treat is on tiptoe for the pastoral south, and on the wing for the Highland lochs and mountains, grouse, blackcock, ptarmigan, roe, and red deer!

Tales. By Edgar E. Poe. Pp. 208. Wiley and Putnam.

THERE is considerable interest in these Tales, the plots of most of them partaking of mysterious ingredients, and, where the ground is laid in America, the local descriptions being ably written. The style is not disfigured by any gross Yankeeisms, but blemished by some common instances. For example, we are told that the chief amusements of a person were "gunning and fishing." Now we cannot see why it should not be shooting and fishing; or, if they will say gunning, why, it should be all of a piece, and "*gunning and rodding*" the expression. In spite of such trifling defects, the volume will be read with satisfaction to amuse the vacant hour.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION, WINCHESTER.

ON Monday, at three o'clock, a number of the members had reached the seat of congress, and the chair, in the Town-Hall, was punctually taken by Lord Albert Conyngham, the president, at that hour. His lordship briefly addressed the assembled company of ladies and gentlemen, about seventy in all, and pointed out the benefits to be derived from archæological pursuits, both to the individuals engaged in them and to the country in which they were cultivated. The minutest fragment of antiquity, when submitted to the practised eye, was, his lordship observed, often available to clearing up some disputed point in history, or might even supply a link in the broken chain of historical evidence; and not unfrequently we glean alone from coins and inscriptions notices of events and people unmentioned in written records. Nations and their rulers have passed away, in many instances, without any other vestige of their existence than that found neglected and despised by every body except the antiquary, who learned never to despise the humblest object, if it gave knowledge or furthered the progress of historical truth.

[We regret that we took no note of this most applicable speech, which in so few words expressed so much in the best spirit of archæological union and antiquarian research.—*Ed. L. G.*]

Mr. Pettigrew, the treasurer, next proceeded to read his paper on the objects, &c. of antiquarian researches, in which he only very shortly, but with great *good* feeling, alluded to the unfortunate schism which had divided the Association. He alluded to the disposition shewn, and to the offers made, by the Central Committee to heal this unseemly difference, so injurious to the science which they all had at heart; but since it had been found impossible to surmount the obstacles presented to a union,

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he called upon the present meeting to go diligently to their purpose, and prove by their works their devotion to the cause in which they had so cordially embarked. As this address embodied a general view of the Association, and its condition and objects, we copy from it some of the most prominent observations. After a comprehensive and literary introduction, Mr. P. said:—

"It is the province of the antiquary, by his erudition and his knowledge, to collect, assort, and connect together the various particulars which he finds scattered either in the pages of history or in the search for antiquities, so as to elucidate each other and to bring the whole into one system. Much learning may be possessed, and it may be carried out by great ingenuity; but unless the advantage of extensive experience be added in a knowledge of details and an acquaintance with collections, very unsatisfactory indeed will be the result. Societies alone can amass this knowledge, the united efforts of the many in all parts of the globe are essential to enable any generalisation of the subject to be made. The Society of Antiquaries has been one of great benefit to this country — it has promoted true and useful learning—it has extended researches into real and practical knowledge—it has illustrated the laws and customs of our country, and exhibited the gradual advances that have been made in the arts during different periods of its history, displaying the various contrivances and inventions of man to meet his varying and multiplied wants. . . . It is only to be lamented that the society has not taken a still wider range of inquiry, and with the progress of knowledge extended their means of acquiring information. No period presents itself under more favourable auspices for the collection of materials of antiquity than the present; and one of the objects of this Association has been, to do that which the Society of Antiquaries should have accomplished, but which, perhaps, from the nature of their charter and establishment, it would be difficult for them now to engage in."

He then treated of the opening of barrows, and strongly recommended the formation of a museum for the safe-keeping of all British antiquities; and continued:

"More than half a century since it was well observed by an excellent antiquarian, that History hath been compared to a great ship floating down the tide of Time, fraught and replete with the precious cargo of knowledge; but if this representation of history be true, and if ever such a ship was so freighted, unhappily it hath never reached our ports. The vessel has suffered shipwreck; and the valuable stores which it is said to have contained are sunk and overwhelmed under the waves of deep oblivion. Some fragments of its bill of lading have come to hand; some parts of the drifted wreck have, by the tide, been thrown upon our coasts; some buoyant parcels of the cargo have been found floating on the surface; and some even valuable articles have been fished up out of the wreck; but none sufficient, as yet, to give a clear and precise idea of the vessel which was freighted for us, nor of the cargo which was meant to have supplied the wants of this knowledge. Here, then, the studies and researches of the antiquary come in aid; it is his office to collect all the fragments he can find drifted on the wide ocean; to dive for, and to fish up from the wreck, every thing that can be recovered; and finally, when that can be done, to assort all these together by various repeated experiments, led on by what their matter and forms promise, so as to form some theory at least of the system of which they were parts. If he be but a superficial or a hasty theorist, he will most likely be mistaken; yet the correction of his mistakes may lead to better knowledge."

Mr. P. next took a historical retrospect of the formation of the Society of Antiquaries, the French Institute, &c. &c., and also of the formation of the present Archæological Association by Messrs. Wright and Smith, and proceeded:

"In a few months, such was the taste existing for archæology, and so great was the desire entertained for the preservation of our ancient monuments, that hundreds were anxious to enrol themselves in our ranks and to offer their services towards carrying out our truly national objects. A Journal was immediately established to maintain communication with the correspondents and the public; but, unfortunately, from the haste with which the proceedings of the society were hurried on, and the confidence that was also of necessity reposed in one individual connected with the Association, this publication became rather a matter more calculated for individual profit than consistent with the independent character such an Association should maintain, and ultimately led to dissensions which may be said almost to have threatened the existence of the Association. These are, however, now, as far as regards the publication of the Journal of the Association, entirely overcome; and although a party of seceders, important if regarded in respect to the weight of their names, to the respectability of their positions in life, and formidable by their individual interest and perseverance, have endeavoured to wrest from us our title and our right, and have, I regret to observe, not hesitated to employ in these objects the pen of a journalist whose efforts had previously been directed to decry the Association, to attempt to cast ridicule upon its exertions, and personally to abuse its most active members: this party, I say, by whose canvassing and efforts even many of the good people of this city, its cathedral, and its college, are kept from our meeting of this day, have, I lament to say, endeavoured to thwart the fulfilment of those objects to which they had themselves previously given their sanction. The British Archæological Association, however, with their noble president at their head, one to whom as the first to render such service in the pursuit of antiquarian knowledge we must ever feel under the deepest obligations, have laboured through good report and evil report to act up to the original intentions of the founders; and working with a patient assurance that truth will be triumphant, and that to secure such a result moderation is the right course to pursue, have proceeded in their career, and come this day to visit a city renowned for the memorable historical events with which it is associated. Happy would it have been for us could we have appeared amongst you as an undivided body. No effort has on our part been spared to effect that object; but it has not been attained, and we have therefore only to shew to you that we do not come without means, nor without material, for carrying out the excellent purposes for which we were instituted. If any one doubts our ability to effect this, I refer him to the programme of our proceedings, in which it will be seen that already no fewer than sixty-two papers, on subjects of diversified interest in antiquarian research, are announced; and I shall have also to direct your attention to the various exhibitions that will be made, and the numerous illustrations that will be afforded at the several meetings during the week. I deeply regret to have felt the necessity of making even these few allusions to a subject of such painful interest, and of so unseemly a character; but it is due to this assembly, and it is also due to ourselves, not wholly to pass over without notice the circumstances, without entering into any detail, the particulars of which are of too recent a nature not to be fresh in the recollection of most of those present; and to claim for our body that designation to which it is most rightly entitled; and to anticipate—by the display of our resources, and the presence of those who originated the Association, who most actively laboured to bring it forth in due form, and to oppose themselves to all obstacles presented to their progress—that consummation of their wishes, harmony and concord in their counsels, undivided attention to the pursuits and objects of the institution, and an oblivion of all past dissensions; and in this, from the knowledge I possess of the character of those with whom I have the honour to be associated, I will venture safely to predict that they will 'enjoy the bonour of conquest without the insolence of triumph.'"

Among many other interesting particulars relating to the progress and discoveries made within the passing hour, Mr. P. stated:

"One other great good effected during the past year has been the formation of branch associations,—one at Cheltenham, under the presidency of Mr. Gomonde; another at Leeds, under Mr. Haigh; and a third in Derbyshire, by Mr. Bateman. Many others will, I trust, be added to the list in the course of the next year. Communications from branch societies, addressed to the parent Association, will be a sure means of obtaining a faithful record of all the antiquarian proceedings throughout the country. Previously to our establishment, the great lines of railways had cut through a multitude of ancient sites, and numberless must have been the antiquarian objects brought to light. These were either scattered about or destroyed by the workmen — taken away as mere matters of curiosity, and no account of them have been preserved. This is not at all likely now to occur; for many intelligent observers, connected with our Association, are carefully watching the progress of the excavations. Within a few weeks the operations on the line of the Ramsgate and Canterbury railway have laid open an extensive early Saxon burial-ground; and by the exertions of Mr. Rolfe, a gentleman whose zeal in the pursuit of antiquities, and whose labours in aid of our Association, must be known to you all, a record of the discoveries has been made, and the remains preserved.

"Short as has been the existence of the British Archæological Association, death has made its inroads into our ranks, and removed from our list two most highly respected names, the Rev. R. H. Barham, and the Rev. John Hodgson, of Newcastle. The former gentleman, known to the literary world by his printed effusions of learning and wit, was alike distinguished by the excellence of his heart and the gentleness of his demeanour:

> 'A man of letters and of manners too;
> Of manners sweet as virtue always wears
> When gay good nature dresses her in smiles.'
> COWPER.

One

> 'Who, when occasion justified its use,
> Had wit as bright as ready to produce;
> Could fetch from records of an earlier age,
> Or from philosophy's enlightened page,
> His rich materials, and regale your ear
> With strains it was a privilege to hear.'—*Ibid.*

One who entered most warmly into our objects

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and pursuits; joined us at the first congress, held at Canterbury; afterwards became an active member of our Central Committee—one who opposed, at the very commencement, the spirit of dissension which began to manifest itself—one who, even under the severe pressure of that disease which, alas, removed him from our society, did not hesitate to travel from Clifton to London, there to raise his voice, at the general meeting, for the protection and preservation of the Association in which he felt so great an interest, and in the establishment of which he saw so much promising good. With the Rev. John Hodgson I had no personal acquaintance. I know him only by his writings, and his communications to our secretaries. These manifest his value—these shew the spirit of inquiry by which he was distinguished, the interest he took in our pursuits, and his readiness, though at a very advanced period of life, to render us all the assistance in his power. How painful it is to reflect upon the loss of men of comprehensive and vigorous minds, of great acquirements and unwearied industry, of honest and upright character!"

In conclusion:—"I fear that I have already trespassed too long upon your time; but I trust that I have, in the survey just taken, shewn to you the importance of our Association, and its use in marking the advance made in the perfection of the arts and the general diffusion of useful science, and its application to so great a variety of purposes; that as the study of antiquities is almost unlimited in its subject, and demands for perfect elucidation the aid of history, science, arts, and letters, great advantage must arise from the formation of a body where each individual can communicate with perfect freedom, and contribute his share to the stock of information for the improvement of antiquarian learning. In this career I doubt not we shall verify the observation of the poet, and prove that

'Nor rough, nor barren, are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers.'"

At the evening meeting, Mr. Wright read a paper, belonging to the Historical Section, on the mode in which a town in the middle ages gained its chartered privileges, illustrated by the municipal archives of Winchester; but the illustrations of this subject brought forward so many curious examples of medieval customs and manners, that we must reserve them for a future No.

The next communication was by the Rev. Mr. S. Isaacson, on the ancient circular temple at Arborlowe, Derby, unquestionably of druidical date. With the co-operation of his judicious and enterprising friend, Mr. Bateman, the writer had succeeded in discovering the original deposit in the great barrow adjoining. Mr. I. referred to similar monuments in Jewish, Phœnician, Thracian, and other histories of the earliest ages [quoting Exodus, Joshua, Deuteronomy, Diodorus Siculus, Pausanias, Homer, Baruch, Stackhouse, &c.], and in our country to Abury and Stonehenge. In the present instance the temple is surrounded by a large rampart, measuring seven yards in height internally and five externally. The fosse which is on the inside is five yards over at the bottom. The form is rather that of a flattened sphere than quite circular, and the extreme diameter 100 yards; the enclosed diameter 60; and Mr. I. has no doubt that the number of stones originally amounted to thirty, which would harmonise with the ancient cycles. It is clear they were never placed upright, but merely laid on the bare surface of the rock at regular intervals, though now much displaced. It was probable that the area was divided into twelve equal parts, representing the months; and thus the whole structure would constitute a calendar consisting of 360 days, into which the year was then divided. The entrances were north and south, on each side of which originally stood a large stone, and in the centre one very large mass of rock (15 ft. by 8 ft., and weighing probably five tons) called the Sacrificial Stone, from a large basin in the surface.

The contents of the adjacent cist, lately found, establish the date of this temple at least 500 years before the invasion of Cæsar. It appears to have been erected by sun-worshippers; the largest stone facing the east, and two others exhibiting indisputable evidence of having undergone the action of intense heat.

In the barrow were masses of decomposed animal matter and burnt bones; and no vestige of iron was found. It was apparently the sepulchral tumulus attached to the temple, but might have been formed before it.

The last paper was by Mr. D. H. Haigh, a young antiquary devoted to research, especially in Anglo-Saxon church-architecture, and whose stores of information, derived from patient pilgrimages to their remaining shrines, promise a rich future harvest in this branch of research. It was on some ancient monumental stones discovered on the site of the monastery of Hartlepool, Durham, in the years 1833, 1838, and 1843. It is well known that here a monastery was founded in the seventh century, destroyed by the Danes, and never afterwards rebuilt. Of this monastery some curious Saxon gravestones are the only relics. On one of them two names, those of a man and a woman, are found; on all the others single names, and those of females. These stones are all marked with crosses, generally incised, but one is in relief; and the forms of these correspond very closely with those of some at Clonmacnoise in Ireland, figured in Mr. Petrie's recent work on Round Towers—a fact which need not excite much surprise, when the intimate connexion and correspondence which existed between the Irish and North-Humbrian ecclesiastics in the seventh century is considered. From a comparison of the orthography of the names with that found in the Venerable Bede's Historiss, and the form of the letters, which are very peculiar, with those in Irish MSS. of the fifth and sixth centuries, it was surmised that the date of these monuments cannot be later than the close of the seventh or beginning of the eighth century.

TUESDAY.

Evening.—The president in the chair.

The Rev. T. Streatfield, the Kentish topographer, forwarded for exhibition a large quantity of Roman silver coins discovered at Silchester, accompanied by a letter expressing in warm terms the interest he took in the welfare of the Association.

Mr. Bell, of Gateshead, one of the founders of the Society of Antiquaries upon Tyne, exhibited a large quantity of drawings of Roman altars, inscriptions, and other remains lately discovered up the line of the great Roman wall.

Mr. T. F. Dukes, F.S.A., exhibited a large volume of MSS. and drawings of Roman, Saxon, and Norman remains, discovered at Wroxeter and at other places in the county of Salop.

Mr. Hatcher, of Salisbury exhibited a drawing of a Roman tessellated pavement excavated under his own superintendence at West Dean, Hants.

Mr. Rolfe, of Sandwich, exhibited a large quantity of Anglo-Saxon remains recently discovered in an extensive ancient cemetery, near Ramsgate. Mr. Smith described the various articles brought to light, which consisted of swords, spears, and knives in iron, bosses of shields, fibulæ, and buckles, which were taken from the sides of skeletons deposited about two feet in the native chalk, over which no mound had been raised. In other graves, presumed to be the last resting-places of female Saxons, were beads, trinkets, and articles of the toilette; to an article resembling the fastening of a modern reticule were still attached portions of a woven substance.

Mr. Dennett exhibited a Saxon fibula from a barrow in the Isle of Wight, and drawings of glass vessels, and numerous objects illustrating his paper read subsequently.

Mr. J. A. Barton exhibited drawings of the old manorial house at Barton in the Isle of Wight, now the property of her Majesty.* The table was covered with other drawings and objects of antiquarian interest.

The first paper read was one on the oratory of Barton, in the Isle of Wight, recently purchased by the Queen, and in which considerable alterations are now in progress, removing much of the ancient remains and substituting modern improvements in their place.

The next paper was read by the Rev. Mr. S. Isaacson, being a general account of barrows opened in Derbyshire and Staffordshire within the present year. We have already in the *Literary Gazette* anticipated some of the leading points in this interesting communication (see Nos. 1482, 1488). In his opening remarks Mr. Isaacson dissipated a received opinion that barrows were of a military character, and all placed on eminences which commanded views, and might signalise each other. This idea he designated as mere midsummer madness, and declared that such a theory would be equally tenable in regard to the arrangement of tombstones or altar-tombs. The barrows opened by Mr. I. and not already noticed by us were: 1. A small one on Ashford Moor, where near the surface a small iron arrow-head was found, and lower down various kinds of bones and five rude arrow-heads of flint, and on the floor the remains of a fire. 2. Another small one called Stoney Lowe, near Biggen, in the centre of which, under many large stones, was an octagonal cist, formed of thin limestone. At each end were vestiges of decayed wood, in the centre an iron dagger much corroded, to which adhered two iron arrow-heads, and the whole having been wrapped in a linen cloth. Some charcoal and a small animal bone were all the rest contained in this cist. 3. Green Lowe, a barrow upon Alsop Moor—an irregular cist—within which were the body of a large and tall man, whose knees were drawn up nearly to his chin, a very beautiful urn, a piece of spherical pyrites, a round ended flint, and a splendid dagger of the same material. Other flint instruments and a modelling tool of bone were also discovered. The latter was evidently employed in modelling the urns. We need not particularise the others, six or eight in number; skeletons, iron and brass weapons, animal bones, and the horns of deer, were collected and added to the mass of similar materials, from the comparison of which the customs, habits, and feelings of our ancient progenitors

* Upon this a paper was subsequently read, and on the following day a letter was received expressing a wish from her Majesty that any account of her new estate might be sent to her; measures to do which were immediately taken.

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are, and may be much more comprehensively and truly, illustrated: for it is not from one or ten, but from hundreds of such exhumations that these can be correctly understood.

Mr. Dennett, from the Isle of Wight, read an elaborate description of the barrows opened in that island during many years. Their contents were exactly similar to what were found in Kent; and the only important inference drawn from this circumstance was, that it corroborated the statement of the Venerable Bede, that the inhabitants of that county, parts of Sussex, and the Isle of Wight were *Jutes* and their descendants.

Another paper, by Mr. Bateman, jun., was read by his indefatigable coadjutor, Mr. Isaacson, on primeval antiquities of Stanton and Hart-hill Moors, near Bakewell. They belonged to the druidical remains partly described by Mr. Hayman Rooke in 1780, to which Mr. B. now added an account of discoveries made since that date. The nine stones popularly called the Nine Ladies do not deserve the name of an early temple of the Britons, and are now hidden in a plantation of firs. The country round is studded with cairns, where bones and glass beads have been found for more than a century. A similar circle of nine stones also exists near at hand, in a site called Nine-Stone Close, four only of which are now erect. Were not these cenotaphs or cemeteries? and the mystical number of nine typical of ancient British worship? Brass celts were occasionally found in the vicinity, and also cups, &c., far more elegant than it was imagined belonged to the period. The Grand Tor, Robin Hood's Stride, and other remains, were mentioned; and it was stated, that so lately as last June an inverted urn, over a deposit of burnt bones, was found at the foot of the latter monument. Under this rude urn a cutting led into a barrow in which the fragments of two most elaborately wrought urns were deposited, which had since been restored [the form exhibited]. Two other cups, of beautiful workmanship, were now obtained, of novel shapes, and far superior in art and style of ornament to any hitherto brought to light. These were supposed to be incense-vessels for druidical festivals. Another large cist was next dug into, close by. It was filled with fine sand and calcined human bones, and small pieces of an urn; the whole having been originally laid on a bed of heather—a singular and hitherto unheard-of circumstance. These cists might be esteemed cromlechs in miniature, being above 3 ft. in height, 4 ft. 6 in. square in the interior, and the covering stone at least 7 ft. square by 2 ft. thick, and presenting a very striking appearance. Other cists, barrows, and mounds, in the neighbourhood (opened subsequently during the month of June), produced numerous portions of Roman urns and a third brass coin of Tetricius, in good preservation. Stone celts, querns, rollers, whetstones, and pottery of various kinds, have also been added to Mr. Bateman's collection of antiquities from this interesting locality. Castle Ring, an encampment, the explorers hold to be decidedly British, and nothing of Roman connected with it; nor do they consider the notion that it may be Danish entitled to much weight.

Mr. Wright made some observations on a remark in Mr. Isaacson's paper on the Derbyshire barrows relating to the use of the word *low*. This he stated to be an Anglo-Saxon word (in pure Saxon *hlæw*), signifying a mound, but most generally applied to one of a sepulchral character, chiefly, if not entirely, to barrows of an age anterior to Saxon times. The Bart*low* hills, and others, have been found to be Roman. The Saxons knew perfectly well the nature of these lows, and often opened them to obtain the treasures deposited in them. Mr. W. remarked that the rich discoveries in the lows of Derbyshire and in the barrows of the Isle of Wight, detailed this evening by Messrs. Isaacson and Dennett, must be tantalising to us after our adventurous researches of the day, but our barrows appeared to have been emptied by some of these searchers of former days. Some might ridicule these pursuits, but he could prove to the ladies and gentlemen present that barrow-digging had once been a romantic and heroic occupation. The only Anglo-Saxon romance which remains in any degree of completeness is that of *Beowulf*, which appears to have been composed in its original form before the Saxons came to this island—perhaps as early as the fourth century. The last adventure of its hero was robbing a barrow! This barrow, or low,—as the Saxons supposed to be the case with most of these primeval monuments,—contained the treasures buried with the giants of ancient days, guarded by a fierce and watchful dragon. Once the monster neglected its duties, and fell asleep, and a peasant stole a vessel from among its treasures. The dragon, in revenge, devastated the country around, until Beowulf came to attack it. He succeeded in killing his dreaded enemy, and carried off the treasures which had been placed under its guard, but he received a mortal wound in the encounter. After his death his followers burnt his body, and deposited his ashes in a large barrow on a hill which overlooked the sea. The poem called the hero's grave a *hlæw*; but this did not militate against the interpretation of the word as signifying generally barrows anterior to Saxon times, because Beowulf was looked upon as having lived in very ancient days. The application of the word *barrow*, also of Saxon origin, is of a more modern date, and includes all kinds of sepulchral tumuli. The Saxons seem to have frequently opened the ancient barrows, and they of course found the different utensils in a better state of preservation than we find them. It is curious that most of the Anglo-Saxon Benedictionals contain forms of blessing these vessels, which had been buried by the pagans, before they could be used by Christians; for it was believed that if any one made use of them without this precaution, he would immediately fall under the power of the evil one. Mr. Wright cited instances of opening barrows in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, which explains why the deposits are so often found to have been disturbed, although there is now no external appearance of it.

In answer to an observation of Mr. Haigh, that there were some hills designated by the name of *lows*, which were much too large to be by any possibility sepulchral mounds, Mr. Wright described an instance of a similar hill, concerning which he had discovered an early document which shewed that a barrow had once existed on the summit of it, like the large mound at the top of St. Catharine's hill opened this morning. The real *low* had disappeared, but the name still remained attached to the hill on which it had stood.

Observations on Roman roads in Hampshire traced these ancient lines from Winchester through the territory occupied by the Belgæ, held to be German, as well as the Attrebates and Remi, or Regiri, and the Segontiaci, thought to be Celtic, all whose principal towns probably became Roman stations, belonging to the province *Britannia Prima*. There were roads not mentioned in the Itineraries. *Ex. gr.*:—*Venta Belgarum* was Winchester, a stipendiary town, not *vectigales, i. e.* paying imposts in money, not like the latter, in produce, and in the form of its fortifications a parallelogram with rounded corners; the walls composed of flints embedded in strong mortar. From this diverged the military ways, connecting this place with the stations of—1. Old Sarum, *Serbiodunum*; 2. Bath, *Aqua Solis*; 3. Cirencester, *Corinnum* or *Corinum*; 4. Silchester, *Calleva*; 5. Porchester, *Portus Magnus*; and 6. Bittern, *Clausentum*. The first station was deemed to be at Brige, eleven miles off, and over by the Devil's Causeway, twenty-one measured miles, to the east gate of Old Sarum. To the station of Cunetio, and thence to Bath, by the Andover road, six miles, and Harewood forest—[But we think the details and measurements of all these roads may be postponed till the publication of the Journal of the Association.]

An account of the sale of manors and church-lands belonging to the see of Winton during the time of the civil war in the reign of King Charles I., communicated by Mr. J. H. Burn. Among these:—

The manor of Waltham, in Hants, was sold to Robert Reynolds, Esq., for .	£7999	14	10½
The manor of Droxford, same county, to Francis Allen, Esq.	7675	13	7
The park in Southwark, to George Thomson	1191	3	4
A brewhouse, the Bear-garden, &c., at the Bankside, sold to Sarah Palmer . .	1783	15	0

Other manors in Hants, Berks, Oxfordshire, Somersetshire (about Taunton, including the borough), from a little above 50*l.* to eight or ten thousand pounds, and shewing the vast extent of the possessions and revenues of this see.

The manor of Alresford, to Thomas Hussey	£2683	9	1½
Longwood *Warren*	351	3	4
Fareham borough and farm	909	14	8
Willerfly *Warren*	226	9	0
Manor of Bentley	1165	4	5½
Manor and castle of Farnham, to John Farwell and James Gold	8145	8	0
Manor of Beauworth,* Hants	748	6	6½
Manor, town, and borough of Witney .	4916	18	11½
Manor of Southwark and Winchester House	4380	6	3

Mr. F. W. Lock read a paper on the hermitage at Carcliffe, which was picturesquely and poetically described.

Lord Albert Conyngham produced and read a hitherto unpublished letter from James Stewart, the *custos* of James VI., when a young boy in Scotland, addressed to Queen Elizabeth. It was of the date, Dec. 1, 1567 (when Queen Mary was a prisoner in England), and almost servilely courted the favour of Elizabeth to enable the writer to sustain the office of regent with effect, and protect his charge from hostile interests.

On Monday an ordinary at the George inn, at six o'clock, congregated together a dinner-party of above sixty ladies and gentlemen; and on Tuesday a similar meeting took place at the White Hart; and so, on alternate days, at these spacious and comfortable taverns, ample and well-served entertainments were provided. Every day new members were added to the meeting; and on Wednesday evening the names of about 100 were subscribed on the books. These and many influential persons in and about Winchester, together with officers from the barracks, were invited to a *soirée* given by the President at the County Hall,

* Here in June 1833, in a pasture land attached to the homestead, was found a leaden box, containing several thousand pennies of William the Conqueror.

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which was hung round with rubbings of ancient brasses, drawings of remarkable remains, &c., and the tables covered with a multitude of British, Roman, and Saxon antiquities, singular specimens of medieval art, both useful and ornamental, and other objects of interest to the antiquary. This was understood to be a merely recreative "re-union," and little of what might be called the business of the congress was done. Mr. Roach Smith, however, delivered some interesting observations on Roman tessellated pavements in Hampshire, of which fine paintings were exhibited; Sir W. Betham read a letter to Queen Elizabeth relating to the custody of several noble prisoners; and Mr. Martin Tupper, the author of the original work, *The Crock of Gold*, &c., at the request of Lord Albert Conyngham, read the annexed apposite poem, which he had composed on the preceding day whilst the archæologists were engaged in barrow-digging:—

THE COMPLAINT OF AN ANCIENT BRITON,

Heard yesterday on the Hills, by a recreant Archæologist.

[August 6, 1845.]

Two thousand years agone
 They heaped my battle-grave,
And each a tear, and each a stone,
 My mourning warriors gave;
For I had borne me well,
 And fought as patriots fight,
Till, like a British chief, I fell
 Contending for the right.
Seamed with many a wound,
 All weakly did I lie;
My foes were dead or dying round—
 And thus I joyed to die!
For their marauding crew
 Came treacherously to kill.—
The many came against the few,
 To storm our sacred hill.
We battled, and we bled,
 We won, and paid the price,
For I, the chief, was among the dead—
 A willing sacrifice!
My liegemen wailed me long,
 And treasured up my bones,
And reared my kist secure and strong
 With tributary stones.
High on the breezy down,
 My native hill's own breast,
Nigh to the din of mine ancient town,
 They left me to my rest.
I hoped for peace and calm
 Until my judgment hour,
And then to awake for the victor's palm,
 And patriot's throne of power.
And, lo, till this dark day
 Did men my grave revere:
Two thousand years had posted away,
 And still I slumbered here!
But now, there broke a noise
 Upon my silent home—
'Twas not the Resurrection Voice
 That burst my turfy tomb;
But men of prying mind—
 Alas, my fellow-men!—
Ravage my grave, my bones to find,
 With sacrilegious ken.
Mine honour doth abjure
 Your new barbarian race;
Restore, restore my bones secure
 To some more secret place!
With mattock and with spade
 Ye dare to break my rest;
The pious mound is all unmade
 My clan had counted blest:
Take, take my buckler's boss,
 My sword, and spear, and chain,—
Steal all ye can of this world's dross,
 But—rest my bones again.
I know your modern boast
 Is light, and learning's spread,—
Learn of a Celt to shew them most
 In honour to the dead!

We may notice that this day spent on the downs, within a mile of Winchester, was one of the most suspicious that can be imagined. The magnificent landscape on every side lay in the clearest sunshine, shewing Southampton plainly in the distance, and the Isle of Wight beyond. The groups of workman employed in the excavations and the spectators cast into every picturesque variety on the splendid walls of ancient British and Roman camps (not to mention positions on which similar indications of the civil wars are distinctly seen) had a most imposing effect; and whilst, to pass the time as lunch was being brought up, Mr. Saull delivered a short discourse on the progress of the ancient Britons from the savage to the civilised state, the auditors reclined on the velvet grass; it was a scene which more than one artist present took a pleasure in sketching. The barrows, we may say, were not very productive; but as the exploration of the most promising were subsequently continued, we shall reserve the account of their revelations till the end of the meeting.

On Thursday excursions to Bittern, Southampton, Netley Abbey, and other places famed for antiquities, were arranged; but of these and the subsequent proceedings in future *Gazettes*.

FRENCH ANTIQUARIAN INTELLIGENCE.

The stained-glass windows of Chartres, the finest in France of their date—13th and 14th centuries—are now cleaning and repairing under the direction of M. Thévenot, of Clermont-Ferrand, the eminent glass-painter. His operations are, however, controlled by a government commission.—M. Arnaud has just published a good antiquarian account of the department of the Aube and the former diocese of Troyes, illustrated with numerous lithographic plates. The Prefect of the Marne is going to have a similar work executed for his own department. At Provins, in the church of St. Quiriace, is preserved the chasuble of Edmund, archbishop of Canterbury, who died in France A.D. 1242. It is of greenish silk, with ornaments of the same colour, and appears to have been made early in the 13th century. This prelate was canonised; and on the festival of this saint the Bishop of Meaux officiates in this identical chasuble, which is held in great veneration by the people. A similar chasuble—said to have belonged to St. Regnobert, one of the earliest bishops of Bayeux—is preserved in that cathedral. It is also of silk; and a stole and maniple kept with it are richly ornamented with gold and pearls. —The Archbishop of Bordeaux either has introduced into his diocese, or is going to do so, the old practice of using blue vestments for the clergy on certain occasions.—It has resulted from numerous researches made lately in France, not connected with each other, that the remains of stone screens (jubés), which were destroyed either by the Protestants or by the Revolutionists, have been found buried under the pavements of their churches, just where they had been taken down. Statues of saints, known to have been violently removed from their proper situations, have also been discovered in similar positions. These circumstances may serve as hints to church-restorers in England; and may perhaps guide them in their researches. The Minister of Justice and Public Worship has ordered the recommendations of the Comité Historique to be properly attended to in the restoration of the Cathedral of Puy, which is now in progress.—M. Melleville of Laon is now preparing for the press an important work on the antiquities of that district, entitled, *Archives Historiques du Département de l'Aisne;* it will contain historical and documentary notices, as well as illustrations, of all the principal remains of the department, and will form several volumes.—It has been lately observed to the Comité Historique, that many fragments of stone screens (once common in French churches) and of statues, removed for one cause or another, have been found buried near the spots where they formerly stood. It appears to have been a rule of former days not to destroy altogether, or to return to profane use, any thing that had once decorated a sacred building, but rather to put it out of sight. In consequence of this, the correspondents of the Comité are requested to turn their attention to this point, which may guide them in looking for objects of this nature now missing. Query: would this hint be of any use to church-restorers in England?—The Archbishop of Bordeaux has purchased the ruins of the Abbey of St. Sauve, in his diocese, formerly one of the finest monasteries in France. It was destroyed only as late as 1820: and his Grace is converting it into a house of education, repairing and restoring, as well as he can, what remains of its former magnificence. The tower of the church, and the body of that edifice, still exist.—Near Meudon, on the side of a hill, has been uncovered an ancient dolmen, consisting of three large druidical stones, accompanied by two flint axes, a great number of human bones, and some wild-boar tusks. The stones appear to have been in the same position as those of Kits Coty House, viz. in the shape of the Greek Π. Parisian writers speculate on this monument having been sacrificial, and these the remains of the victims and instruments of slaughter. Further excavations are recommended.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE WAYWARD ONE.

So modest her advances,
 Such softness in her lip and eye,
You'd think such angel glances
 Were borrow'd from the saints on high!
'Tis sweeter thus believing,
 Than doubting—though they say that she,
Deliciously deceiving,
 Can never long with Love agree!

At morn you'd fancy really
 That maiden's heart is mine indeed;
And speak of wedlock cheerly—
 But lesser haste the better speed!
You buy the ring quite boldly,
 As Hymen's gift—a marriage toy;
She—turns aside quite coldly,
 And curtseys you a brief "Good-bye!"

May wrinkles seize the beauty,
 The sweet, bewitching, sparkling jade,
Who first makes love a duty—
 Then laughs away the vows she made!
Oh, make her less a charmer,
 Dear Nature, let her less excel;
Or make her bosom warmer
 To one who loves her but too well!

Charles Swain.

VARIETIES.

Drama.—Two new pieces have been produced this week, the one on Monday at the Adelphi, *Dramatic Cookery, or how to dish up a Farce;* the other on Thursday at the Lyceum, the *Governor's Wife*. The former was a poor hash; the latter a good farce well dished up, or, as styled in the bills, a comedy in two acts, and capitally played. Keeley, as *Hickory Short*, the sham governor, and Mrs. Keeley, as *Letty Briggs*, mistaken for the wife, kept up a continued laugh. Collier's *Neb*, too, a nigger, was good. Letty sang the "Boatman's Song," and danced to Neb's banjo with great spirit. Her concluding remark, on discovering Hickory not to be the governor, "that he was her real governor, and that she would stick to him as long as he was Short," was readily applied and applauded. Messrs. Diddear, F. Matthews, F. Vining, and Miss Dawson did full justice to their parts, and added completeness to the whole.

Subaqueous Tunneling.—An apparently easy and comparatively inexpensive mode of subaqueous tunneling was suggested at Cambridge by Mr. Brown of Makerstroom; and a communication on the subject would have been made to the British Association had the Me-

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chanical Section been in full operation. The plan, we believe, presented itself to Mr. Brown after hearing of the proposal to suspend a "tunnel" for railway passage of the Menai Straits. It is almost the same construction placed under water instead of suspended in air; a cylinder composed of iron plates riveted as for steam-boilers. Mr. Brown proposes dredging the bottom of the river or channel to form a bed for the iron tunnel, and numerous mechanical aids to the practicability of the operations, into the particulars of which, however, we cannot at present enter.

Frescos.—Mr. Dyce, it is reported, is to have one of the rooms in the new parliament-house entirely to himself, to ornament with fresco-paintings; and Messrs. Severn, Fennell, and Herbert, to have other apartments. Mr. Maclise is stated to have declined a commission.

Roman Remains in Lincoln.—In High Street several Roman remains have been disinterred; and amongst the rest some bases of pillars, and two beautiful coins of the Emperor Antoninus Pius and Domitian. On Wednesday afternoon the workmen discovered some huge worked stones at about four yards from the present surface; these have evidently been plinths to pillars supporting a Roman building; on one is an inscription, which, as well as it could be traced, consists of the following letters:—VIC. RRVPO MERCVRES IVM. Most probably this is incomplete, as in all likelihood it was continued along the fellow-plinth. All the earth above the level at which the stones were discovered is made ground.—*Stamford Mercury.*

Mr. W. Laidlaw, the faithful steward of Sir Walter Scott, aged about sixty-six, died on the 18th of May, in Ross-shire. He was the friend from youth of the Ettrick Shepherd, and himself a pastoral poet of no mean powers, as is evinced by his ballad of Lucy's Flitting, and other pieces in Hogg's *Forest Minstrel.* He was the occasional amanuensis of Scott; and altogether an ornament to his own or to any other station where intelligence and integrity are of value.

Libels in Newspapers.—The proprietors of the *Warder* and *Statesman* newspapers have gratefully, but respectfully and firmly, declined the proposed subscription for liquidating their heavy expenses in the cruel libel-case noticed last week.

Quebec.—The calamity of a second dreadful fire has visited this ill-starred town, within a few weeks of its first visitation, desolating what was previously saved. We rejoice to find sympathy thoroughly awakened to these misfortunes, and that, independently of the vote of the House of Commons (20,000*l.*), a liberal subscription is on foot throughout the principal commercial places in Great Britain.

Baron Bosio, member of the French Institute, &c., the celebrated sculptor, was found dead in his bed on the morning of Tuesday week. He was in perfectly good health on the preceding evening.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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June.		*Thermometer.*				*Barometer.*		
Thursday	26	From	55	to	68	29·52	to	29·57
Friday	27	,,	52	..	59	29·53	..	29·31
Saturday	28	,,	67	..	63	29·07	..	29·45
Sunday	29	,,	46	..	62	29·60	..	29·64
Monday	30	,,	53	..	69	29·59	..	29·56
July.								
Tuesday	1	,,	55	..	65	29·41	..	29·34
Wednesday	2	,,	55	..	65	29·53	..	29·56

Wind on the 26th, N.W.; 27th and 28th, S.W.; 29th, W. and S.W.; 30th, and two following days, S.W.—26th, morning cloudy, otherwise generally clear; 27th, raining generally throughout the day; 28th, showery till the evening, evening clear; 29th, generally clear; 30th, misling rain in the morning, otherwise generally clear; July 1st, raining during the morning, afternoon and evening generally clear, high wind during the day; 2d, generally cloudy, a little rain in the afternoon.—Rain fallen, ·445 of an inch.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Last Night but Three of the Subscription.

This Evening, SATURDAY, August 9, will be performed Bellini's opera of "La Sonnambula." Amina, Madame Anaide Castellan; Teresa, Made. Bellini; and Lisa, Mdlle. A. Rossetti; Count Rodolfo, Sig. F. Lablache; Alessio, Sig. A. Giubilei; and Elvino, Sig. Mario.

Between the acts of the opera a Divertissement, in which Mdlle. Grahn will appear.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mdlle. CERITO respectfully informs the nobility, subscribers to the Opera, and the public, that her BENEFIT will take place on THURSDAY next, August 14 (being the last night but two of the season), when will be presented Mozart's chef d'œuvre, "Don Giovanni." Donna Anna, Made. Grisi; Donna Elvira, Mdlle. Rossetti; and Zerlina, Mdme. Anaide Castellan; Don Giovanni, Sig. Fornasari; Don Ottavio, Sig. Mario; Il Commendatore, Sig. Bouché; Masetto, Sig. F. Lablache; and Leporello, Sig. Lablache.

To be followed by various entertainments in the Ballet Department, comprising a selection from the ballet of "Alma," with the celebrated Pas de Fascinations. A selection from the ballet of "Ondine," including the Tarentella by the Corps de Ballet; and the celebrated Pas de l'Ombre by Mdlle. Cerito.

In the course of the evening, La Castellana by Madlle. Lucile Grahn and M. Perrot.

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Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1491. LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1845. PRICE 8d. Stamped Edition, 9d.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of the Life of John Constable, Esq., R.A., composed chiefly of his Letters. By C. R. Leslie, R.A. 4to, pp. 363. Longmans.

THIS is a second edition, got up in a peculiar, antique, and handsome manner, congenial to, and worthy of, the subject. The first publication was, we believe, limited to a small number, whilst this is intended for the world at large. And the world at large will find much to delight them in it; artists and amateurs in art great instruction, and every class of readers useful intelligence and agreeable amusement. For Constable was not only a remarkable man, with remarkable qualities to attract attention; but he was a very original and very natural man, full of unborrowed ideas and kindly affections and mother-wit to win his way to our hearts, and fix the individual there whilst we admired the painter in his charming English landscapes. We know not what materials Mr. Leslie had to cull from; but we feel that he has performed his part with infinite taste and discretion; giving the opinions of a competent authority upon the productions of his contemporary and friend, and bringing out the estimable points of his amiable private character in every relation of life with unaffected simplicity and consequent effect.

Of such a volume we cannot speak too highly. Somewhat predisposed towards it by our acquaintance, during many years, with its interesting subject, we might be more readily touched by its statements; but independently of that inclination, its intrinsic merits must, we are sure, recommend it wherever it is seen.

The portrait prefixed, from a drawing by Leslie, is very like, and finally indicates the single-mindedness and genius which were the most striking attributes of John Constable.* He was born 11th June, 1776, at East Bergholt, in Suffolk, in a beautifully rural country: and the scenery of his childhood was his inspiration to the day of his death. His father, Mr. Golding Constable, was a man of property, amongst which was included several windmills, also early associates of the artist's hands and mind. His predilection for art was developed in very boyhood, and before he reached the age of sixteen he became devotedly fond of painting. But we need not trace his progress through schools, nor his first efforts with the brush. We trust it will better please our readers to have our illustrations of the volume divided into several heads, and by this means shew them, as far as we can, how it stands in regard to personal biography, arts, and anecdotes.

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Constable married a Miss Bicknell, and their courtship is marked by equal love, constancy, and prudence.

"The death of this excellent woman [his mother] was felt as a very heavy blow. She had cheered and encouraged him in his profession, and obtained for him introductions calculated to advance his prospects, at a time when his other friends considered them hopeless. She, more than any one else, shared in all the anxieties arising out of his engagement with Miss Bicknell, which she hoped to see happily fulfilled; and she neglected no means, however trifling, to propitiate Dr. Rhudde. A single instance will show. Constable had sent her a present of a large drawing in water-colours of Bergholt Church, which, in the letter she wrote to acknowledge its receipt, she described as "the most beautiful drawing she had ever beheld." But it immediately occurred to her to present it to the rector, which she did in the name of her son. It was useless. Dr. Rhudde acknowledged the present in a polite letter: but, unwilling to remain the obliged person, he enclosed a bank note, requesting Constable to purchase with it something to remember him by 'when he should be no more.' The death of Miss Bicknell's mother, who had long been ill, occurred not many days after that of Mrs. Constable.—'To Miss Bicknell. East Bergholt, May 21st, 1815. My dearest love, When I left town it was not my intention to have remained so long absent. I received your kind note, and regretted you were so situated that you could not see me. I called, however, the day before I came here; and although your note had somewhat prepared me for the afflicting intelligence which I received at your door, I could not but be shocked, as I was not aware that your dear mother was so near her removal. It is singular that we should, both of us, have lost our nearest friends, the nearest we can have in this world, within so short a time; and now, more than ever, do I feel the want of your society."

The congenial lady writes:

"Putney Heath, September 9th. I cannot resist, my dear John, taking up my pen again, fearing you should have deemed my last letter unworthy of notice; and I may, perhaps, be absent a week after the 16th; and then, I hope, you would have thought my silence long. How charmed you must be with this long continuance of fine weather. I should suppose for many seasons you have not painted so much in the open air. Nature and you must be greater friends than ever. I am suffering a little today, from being out late yesterday. Is it not a sad thing to be so delicate? I must not be out after sunset. It is easy enough to avoid it, so that trouble is soon got over. The moon shall tempt me no more. . . . . I regret you have not seen Mrs. * * * *, she is much interested in our future welfare. Fortune, I am sure, delights to torment us. But hold, my pen! I do not think I am ever long dejected. Tell me what you have been reading. But I suppose you have not found much time for it. I am studying French quite hard, and I find it very amusing. * * * My dear John, good bye; you will allow this to be, for me, quite a long letter! Will the end of October oblige you to return to London? Though I long to see you, I am always sorry when you leave Suffolk. It must be so pleasant for you to be there. I should never like to leave the country while a single leaf remained on the trees."

And again:

"Spring Garden Terrace, December 28th. I dare say, my dear John, you are expecting to hear from me, and I am expecting to hear from you, as your last letter led me to suppose you would write again in a day or two. But it is painting that takes up all your time and attention. How I do dislike pictures; I cannot bear the sight of them; but I am very cross, am I not? You may spare yourself telling me I am very unreasonable, for I know it already. But I cannot be reconciled to your spending month after month in the country. You say you have no expectation of remaining in London for some time. At all events it is pleasant intelligence. But I feel how very often the visits here are distressing. I believe you are right to remain where you are; in a comfortable home, and rendering the declining years of your father happy. Whatever attention you can shew him must make your hours pass the more agreeably. Whenever I wish you away, I know I do wrong. I wish we could always like what is right. Henceforth I will endeavour."

The lady's father is made acquainted with the correspondence, and finally consents to the union; which happily took place, and continued with unbroken felicity till the death of his beloved partner almost broke the heart of the husband.

1822. Mr. C. writes to his fast friend, Mr. Fisher of Salisbury:

"I trust you will come to London on your visitation; I shall be much disappointed if you do not. I am about Farrington's house; I think this step necessary; I shall get more by it than my family, in conveniences, though I am loath to leave a place where I have had so much happiness, and where I painted my four landscapes; but there is no end to giving way to fancies; occupation is my sheet-anchor. My mind would soon devour me without it. I felt as if I had lost my arms after my picture was gone to the exhibition. I dare not read this letter over, take it as one of my sketches."

And in October 1823:

"My dear Fisher, Thank you for your kind, amusing, and instructive letter. I shall always be glad to hear any thing that is said of me and my pictures. My object is the improvement of both. L * * * *, like most men living on the outskirts of the art, and like followers and attendants on armies, &c., is a great talker of what *should be*, and this is not always without malignity. Such persons stroll about the foot of Parnassus, only to pull down by the legs those who are laboriously climbing its sides. He may be sincere in what he tells Tinney; he wonders at what is done, and concludes the picture cannot be made better, because he knows no better. I shall write to Tinney, and request the picture, but with a promise not to meddle with it, even if I see any thing material that would improve it, without first informing him of my intention."

At this time a visit to Sir George and Lady Beaumont, at Cole-Orton, is described in a very interesting manner. At its close we read:

"November 25th. 'My very dearest love, I hope nothing will prevent my leaving this place to-morrow afternoon, and that I shall have you in my arms on Thursday morning, and my babies; O dear! how glad I shall be! I feel that I have been *at school*, and can only hope

* Another portrait of him in his youth, by Gardiner, has the same lineaments.

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that my long absence from you may ultimately be to my great and lasting improvement as an artist, and, indeed, in every thing. If you have any friends staying with you, I beg you will dismiss them before my arrival.'

"Though Sir George Beaumont and Constable agreed, generally, in their opinions of the old masters, yet their tastes differed materially on some points of art, and their discourse never languished for want of 'an animated no.' A constant communion with pictures, the tints of which are subdued by time, no doubt tends to unfit the eye for the enjoyment of freshness; and Sir George thought Constable too daring in the modes he adopted to obtain this quality; while Constable saw that Sir George often allowed himself to be deceived by the effects of time, of accident, and by the tricks that are, far oftener than is generally supposed, played by dealers, to give mellowness to pictures; and in these matters each was disposed to set the other right. Sir George had placed a small landscape by Gaspar Poussin on his easel, close to a picture he was painting, and said, 'Now, if I can match these tints I am sure to be right.' 'But suppose, Sir George,' replied Constable, 'Gaspar could rise from his grave, do you think he would know his own picture in its present state? or if he did, should we not find it difficult to persuade him that somebody had not smeared tar or cart-grease over its surface, and then wiped it imperfectly off?' At another time Sir George recommended the colour of an old Cremona fiddle for the prevailing tone of every thing, and this Constable answered by laying an old fiddle on the green lawn before the house. Again, Sir George, who seemed to consider the autumnal tints necessary, at least to some part of a landscape, said, 'Do you not find it very difficult to determine where to place your *brown tree?*' And the reply was, 'Not in the least, for I never put such a thing into a picture.' But however opposite in these respects their opinions were, and although Constable well knew that Sir George did not appreciate his works, the intelligence, the wit, and the fascinating and amiable manners of the baronet had gained his heart, and a sincere and lasting friendship subsisted between them. During his visit to Cole-Orton, besides his admirable copies of the Claudes, he made a sketch from a landscape by Rubens, a large sketch of the front of the house, and a drawing of the cenotaph erected to Sir Joshua Reynolds. Constable had never been, nor was he ever again, so long separated from his wife and children as on this occasion; and his anxiety to return, and at the same time his wish to complete the copies he undertook at Cole-Orton, confined him so much to his easel that the visit proved an injury instead of a benefit to his health."

Next year he sold some of his pictures to a French dealer, and writes to Mr. Fisher:

"To what honours are some men born! • • • • My Frenchman has sent his agent with the money for the pictures; they are now ready, and look uncommonly well, and I think they cannot fail to melt the stony hearts of the French painters. Think of the lovely valleys and peaceful farmhouses of Suffolk forming part of an exhibition to amuse the gay Parisians! My Lock is liked at the Academy, and indeed it forms a decided feature, and its light cannot be put out, because it is the light of nature, the mother of all that is valuable in poetry, painting, or any thing else where an appeal to the soul is required. The language of the heart is the only one that is universal; and Sterne says he disregards all rules, but makes his way to the heart as he can. But my execution annoys most of them, and all the scholastic ones. Perhaps the sacrifices I make for lightness and brightness are too great, but these things are the essence of landscape, and my extreme is better than white-lead and oil, and *dado painting*. I sold this picture on the day of the opening for one hundred and fifty guineas, including the frame, to Mr. Morrison. I do hope my exertions will tend towards popularity; but it is you who have so long held my head above water. Although a good deal of the devil is in me, I do think I should have been brokenhearted before this time but for you. Indeed it is worth while to have gone through all I have for the hours and thoughts we have had together. I am in high favour with all the Seymour-Street family, and I look continually back to the great kindness shewn to me in my early days, when it was truly of value to me; for long I tottered on the threshold and floundered in the path, and there never was any young man nearer being lost; but here I am, and I must now take heed where I stand. .... I have just now engaged to get seven pictures of a small size ready for Paris by August. The large ones are to be exhibited at the Louvre, and my purchasers say they are much looked for at Paris. The director of the Academy at Antwerp, Mr. Vanbree, has been here; he says they will make an impression on the continent. • • • The world is rid of Lord Byron, but the deadly slime of his touch still remains."

Of him in return Mr. Fisher writes:

"I generally leave you wiser than I came to you, and some of your pithy apothegms stick to my memory like a thorn, and give me a prick when I fall a dozing. 'A man is always growing,' you said, 'either upwards or downwards.' I have been trying to grow 'upwards' since we parted. When I consulted you about the Lancasterian Sunday-school in my parish, you advised me to 'be quiet, and do all the good I could.' I took your advice, and the Quakers have, unsolicited, dropped the offensive rules."

Again Constable:

"My Paris affairs go on very well. Though the director, the Count Forbin, gave my pictures very respectable situations in the Louvre in the first instance, yet on being exhibited a few weeks, they advanced in reputation, and were removed from their original situations to a post of honour, two prime places in the principal room. I am much indebted to the artists for their alarum in my favour; but I must do justice to the count, who is no artist I believe, and thought that as the colours are rough, they should be seen at a distance. They found the mistake, and now acknowledge the richness of texture, and attention to the surface of things. They are struck with their vivacity and freshness, things unknown to their own pictures. The truth is, they study (and they are very laborious students) pictures only; and as Northcote says, 'They know as little of nature as a hackney-coach horse does of a pasture.' In fact, it is worse, they make painful studies of individual articles, leaves, rocks, stones, &c., singly, so that they look cut out, without belonging to the whole, and they neglect the look of nature altogether under its various changes."

ARTS.

"Mrs. Constable procured for her son an introduction to Sir George Beaumont, who frequently visited his mother, the Dowager Lady Beaumont, then residing at Dedham. Sir George had seen and expressed himself pleased with some copies made by Constable in pen and ink from Dorigny's engravings of the cartoons of Raphael; and at the house of the Dowager Lady Beaumont the young artist first saw a picture by Claude, the "Hagar,"* which Sir George often carried with him when he travelled. Constable looked back on the first sight of this exquisite work as an important epoch in his life. But the taste of a young artist is always the most affected by cotemporary art. Sir George Beaumont possessed about thirty drawings in water-colours by Girtin, which he advised Constable to study, as examples of great breadth and truth; and their influence on him may be traced more or less through the whole course of his practice. The first impressions of an artist, whether for good or evil, are never wholly effaced; and as Constable had till now no opportunity of seeing any pictures that he could rely on as guides to the study of nature, it was fortunate for him that he began with Claude and Girtin."

He was sent to pursue his studies in London; and in 1799, in a letter to Mr. Dunthorne, he says:

"I paint by all the daylight we have, and that is little enough. I sometimes see the sky; but imagine to yourself how a pearl must look through a burnt glass. I employ my evenings in making drawings and in reading, and I hope by the former to clear my rent. If I can I shall be very happy. Our friend Smith has offered to take any of my pictures into his shop for sale. He is pleased to find I am reasonable in my prices."

The Smith here spoken of was "Antiquity Smith," the author of the Life of Nollekens.

"I have heard Constable say, that under some disappointment, I think it was the rejection, at the Academy, of a view of Flatford Mill, he carried a picture to Mr. West, who said: 'Don't be disheartened, young man, we shall hear of you again; you must have loved nature very much before you could have painted this.' He then took a piece of chalk, and shewed Constable how he might improve the chiaroscuro by some additional touches of light between the stems and branches of the trees, saying, 'Always remember, sir, that light and shadow *never stand still*.' Constable said it was the best lecture, because a practical one, on chiaroscuro he ever heard. Mr. West at the same time said to him, 'Whatever object you are painting, keep in mind its prevailing character rather than its accidental appearance (unless in the subject there is some peculiar reason for the latter), and never be content until you have transferred that to canvass. In your skies, for instance, always aim at *brightness*, although there are states of the atmosphere in which the sky itself is not bright. I do not mean that you are not to paint solemn or lowering skies, but even in the darkest affects there should be brightness. Your darks should look like the darks of silver, not of lead or of slate.' This advice was not addressed to an inattentive ear."

In 1802 Constable writes:

"For these few weeks past I believe I have thought more seriously of my profession than at any other time of my life; of that which is the surest way to excellence. I am just returned from a visit to Sir George Beaumont's pictures with a deep conviction of the truth of Sir Joshua Reynold's observation, that 'there

* "This little treasure is now in the National Gallery, where it is called 'The Annunciation;' but the spring by which the female is seated, and the action of the angel who points to the buildings in the distance, leave little doubt that Claude's intention was to represent the first flight of Hagar from the presence of her mistress."

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is no easy way of becoming a good painter.' For the last two years I have been running after pictures, and seeking the truth at second-hand. I have not endeavoured to represent nature with the same elevation of mind with which I set out, but have rather tried to make my performances look like the work of other men. I am come to a determination to make no idle visits this summer, nor to give up my time to commonplace people. I shall return to Bergholt, where I shall endeavour to get a pure and unaffected manner of representing the scenes that may employ me. There is little or nothing in the exhibition worth looking up to. *There is room enough for a natural painter.* The great vice of the present day is *bravura*, an attempt to do something beyond the truth. Fashion always had, and will have, its day; but truth in all things only will last, and can only have just claims on posterity. I have reaped considerable benefit from exhibiting; it shews me where I am, and in fact tells me what nothing else could."

"In 1818 he sent to the Academy, 'Landscape, breaking up of a Shower,' three other landscapes, 'A Gothic Porch,' and 'A Group of Elms;' the two last being drawings in lead pencil; and to the British Gallery he sent, 'A Cottage in a Corn-field,' probably exhibited at the Academy the year before. The cottage in this little picture is closely surrounded by the corn, which on the side most shaded from the sun remains green, while over the rest of the field it has ripened; one of many circumstances that may be discovered in Constable's landscapes, which mark them as the productions of an incessant observer of nature. But these and other latent beauties passed wholly unnoticed in the exhibitions; indeed, the pictures that contained them were for the most part unheeded, while more showy works by artists whose very names are now nearly forgotten were the favourites of the day. Constable's art was never more perfect, perhaps never so perfect, as at this period of his life."

[To be continued.]

The Autobiography and Correspondence of Sir Simonds D'Ewes, Bart., during the Reigns of James I. and Charles I. Edited by James Orchard Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S., &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

The sources of historical information have been so much drawn upon within the last half century, that it is no easy matter in our day to discover documents of any great value or extent which convey sufficient information and amusement to render them acceptable to the general reader. Our public libraries have been too long and well known to render this a subject of surprise; but even in obscure collections, which have only been lately accessible to the historian, the class of MSS. to which we refer are of very rare occurrence. We are, therefore, somewhat surprised to find that a work so curious and interesting as the autobiography of Sir Simonds D'Ewes should have so long escaped the notice of the enterprising editors and publishers who have given to the world so many similar works of less importance.

Sir Simonds D'Ewes was high-sheriff of Suffolk and a member of parliament in the earlier part of the seventeenth century. In principles, he leaned to the puritanical party, and subsequently joined the parliament, although his views were too moderate for the democrats of that day, who suspected him of a leaning towards his fallen sovereign, and accordingly removed him from their councils. The diary now published extends from 1602 to 1636, and is written in an agreeable old style, often, however, more remarkable for the quaintness of its language than for any depth of reflection. The latter is a quality scarcely looked for in a work of this nature, which has many other attractions in the way of historical anecdote and valuable illustrations of the manners of the times. We have selected the following extracts somewhat at random, as examples of the former. They will at least serve to shew the manner in which D'Ewes treats of the affairs of his own time.

"Upon the 4th day of November was Prince Charles created Prince of Wales, at Whitehall. I came thither after the ceremonies of the inauguration were ended in the morning, but at dinner saw him in his coronet and robes, and the king his father looking out at a gallery upon him, accompanied with some ambassadors, and the Earl of Buckingham his favourite; of whom afterwards I had a more perfect sight, by reason his majesty sent him down to his highness while he sat at dinner, upon some complimentary message; between whom and the prince there passed a little discourse, but intermixed with many mutual smiles, which I very exactly viewed, standing very near the prince's chair all the time. The Duke of Lennox with divers other lords sat at the same table with the prince, a pretty distance from him, in their robes and with coronets on their heads; next him stood, bareheaded in their cloaks, the Earl of Southampton, who supplied the place of his cup-bearer, and the Earl of Dorset, who performed the office of his carver during the continuance of that dinner. The prince drank to the Knights of the Bath, who dined at a side-table on his right hand, and the Duke of Lennox drank to the king. * * *

"There had long since writs of summons gone forth for the calling of a parliament, of which all men that had any religion hoped much good, and daily prayed for a happy issue. For both France and Germany needed support and help from England, or the true professors of the gospel were likely to perish in each nation, under the power and tyranny of the anti-christian adversary. It should have begun with this Michaelmas term upon the 23d day of this month, being Tuesday, but was deferred till the Tuesday following, the 30th day of the same month. I got a convenient place in the morning, not without some danger escaped, to see his majesty pass to parliament in state. It is only worth the inserting in this particular, that Prince Charles rode with a rich coronet upon his head between the serjeants at arms carrying maces, and the pensioners carrying their pole-axes, both on foot. Next before his majesty Henry Vere, Earl of Oxford, lord great chamberlain of England, with Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, earl marshal of England, on his left hand, both bareheaded. Then followed his majesty, with a rich crown upon his head, and most royal caparisons. I, amongst the nobility, especially viewed the Lord Seymour, Earl of Hartford, now some 83 years old, and even decrepit with age. He was born, as I was informed, the same day King Edward VI. was ripped out of the Lady Jane Seymour's womb, his aunt. In the king's short progress from Whitehall to Westminster, these passages following were accounted somewhat remarkable: First, that he spake often and lovingly to the people, standing thick and threefold on all sides to behold him, 'God bless ye! God bless ye!' contrary to his former hasty and passionate custom, which often in his sudden distemper would bid a p— or a plague on such as flocked to see him. Secondly, that though the windows were filled with many great ladies as he rode along, yet that he spake to none of them but to the Marquis of Buckingham's mother and wife, who was the sole daughter and heiress of the Earl of Rutland. Thirdly, that he spake particularly and bowed to the Count of Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador. And fourthly, that looking up to one window as he passed, full of gentlewomen or ladies, all in yellow bands, he cried out aloud, 'A p— take ye! are ye there?' at which being much ashamed, they all withdrew themselves suddenly from the window. Doctor Andrews preached in Westminster Church before the king, prince, and lords spiritual and temporal. Being afterwards assembled in the upper house, and the king seated on his throne, he made a pithy and elegant speech, promising the removal of monopolies, of which there were at this time seven hundred in the kingdom, granted by letters patent under the broad seal, to the enriching of some few projectors, and the impoverishing of all the kingdom beside. Next, he promised, with the people's assistance and consent, to aid the King of Bohemia, his son-in-law, and not to enforce the Spanish match without their consent: and therefore in conclusion desired them cheerfully and speedily to agree upon a sufficent supply of his wants by subsidies, promising them for the time to come to play the good husband, and that in part he had done so already. I doubt not, howsoever, these blessed promises took not a due and proportionable effect according as the loyal subject did hope; yet did King James (a prince whose piety, learning, and gracious government after-ages may miss and wish for) really at this time intend the performance of them. But I well remember, that divers weeks before the parliament began, most men seeing the Bohemian cause utterly overthrown, which the king might in all human reason easily have supported had he but appeared for his son-in-law in time; and the potency of the aforesaid Spanish ambassador still with him, notwithstanding his master's forces were now ruining and conquering the palatinate itself, did fear no good would ensue to the church or commonwealth by it; but that it would prove true of this ensuing parliament, what one had wittily versified of the last:

'Many faults complained of, a few things amended,
A subsidy granted, the parliament ended!'

And yet, I say, I am persuaded that his majesty now foreseeing the formidable greatness the house of Austria was likely to grow unto, did really intend to interest himself in the Bohemian and German wars; for he did not only at this time appoint a select council of war, had the monthly charge exactly cast up for the maintenance of an army of twenty or thirty thousand men, horse and foot, but most graciously entertained the Low Country States' ambassador, who had his first audience on the 28th day of this instant January, being Sunday, in the afternoon at Whitehall, his errand being to offer the king to join their forces with him for the restitution of his son-in-law; assuring him that he much rejoiced at his coming, and that he had now called a parliament for that end and purpose also. But whether by the increase of the enemy's successes and victories abroad, or the subtle contrivements of the Spanish ambassador at home, I know not, or by what other wicked instruments I am not able to set down assuredly, all these noble and Christian resolutions came to nothing; so as, before the end of this spring, the princes of the Union were forced to accord and accommodate themselves

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with Spinola for their own safety, to disband their armies, and to leave the palatinate to his entire conquest."

The following is a curious contemporary account of the assassination of Villiers:

"The strange story of whose fatal end I shall now relate a little particularly. In this I shall set down the truth as near as I can, and heartily wish I were able to say any good of him: whose wife, named Katherine, sole daughter and heir of Francis Manners, Earl of Rutland, was, and still is, my wife's kinswoman, by Frances, daughter and one of the coheire of Sir Henry Knyvet, Kt., of Charlton, in the county of Wiltshire, her mother. Of the said duke's rising, and of many of his actions during the reign of King James and King Charles, I have before spoken. He was most of this month of August at and near Portsmouth, preparing a fleet for the relief and victualling of Rochelle, which the French king had besieged both by land and sea, and had so strongly blocked up the water channel before it, as it was very probable he could never have relieved it, had he lived to have gone with the navy himself. Whether he meant sincerely in thus deferring his journey so long, I know not; but most certain it is, had sufficient store of corn only been sent in but six or seven months before, which ten sail of merchant-ships might have carried into the town, that inestimable place had been saved from ruin. The duke himself seemed confident he should do the work, and therefore made all the haste he could to get all things in readiness for his departure. Some of his friends had advised him, how generally he was hated in England, and how needful it would be for his greater safety to wear some coat of mail or some other secret defensive armour: which the duke slighting, said, 'It needs not; there are no Roman spirits left.' August the 23d, being Saturday, the duke having eaten his breakfast between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, in one Mr. Mason's house in Portsmouth, was then hasting away to the king, who lay at Reswick, some five miles distant, to have some speedy conference with him. Being come to the further part of the entry leading out of the parlour into the hall of the house, he had there some conference with Sir Thomas Frier, Kt., a colonel, and stooping down in taking his leave of him, John Felton, a gentleman, having watched his opportunity, thrust a long knife with a white haft he had secretly about him, with great strength and violence, into his breast, under his left pap, cutting the diaphragm and lungs, and piercing the very heart itself. The duke, having received the stroke, instantly clapping his right hand on his sword-hilt, cried out, 'God's wounds! the villain hath killed me.' Some report his last words otherwise, little differing for substance from these: and it might have been wished that his end had not been so sudden, nor his last words mixed with so impious an expression. He was attended by many noblemen and leaders, yet none could see or prevent the stroke. His duchess and the Countess of Anglesey, the wife of Christopher Villiers, Earl of Anglesey, his younger brother, being in an upper room, and hearing the noise in the hall, into which they had carried the duke, ran presently to a gallery that looked down into it, and there beholding the duke's blood gush out abundantly from his breast, nose, and mouth (with which his speech after those his first words had been immediately stopped), they broke out into pitiful outcries, and raised great lamentation. He pulled out the knife himself, and being carried by his servants unto the table that stood in the same hall, having struggled with death near upon a quarter of an hour, at length he gave up the ghost about ten of the clock the same forenoon, and lay a long time after he was dead upon the hall-table there. Mr. Felton, that gave him the deadly wound, was a gentleman of a very ancient family of gentry in Suffolk, very valourous, and of a stout spirit. He had been a lieutenant under a captain in the late unfortunate voyage to the island of Rhé: and was before also employed in the expedition to Cadiz under Sir Edward Cecil, Viscount Wimbledon, in the year 1625. There had been an ancient quarrel between him and Sir Henry Hungate, Kt., whose secret lust he had discovered, and received from him a most base revenge, being wounded by him in his bed very dangerously; so as Sir Henry, having afterwards by some means pacified him, yet, when he saw him recover, ever feared him, and therefore was, I believe, the chief instrument with the duke, in whose favour he had a great share, to deprive Mr. Felton once, if not twice, of the captain's place of that company over which he commanded as lieutenant, which was due unto him by the rules and laws of the wars, upon the death or remove of the captain. And this caused him to work his revenge on the duke's person, said some of the duke's friends and followers. But Mr. Felton, even to his death, avowed the contrary, and that the love only of the public good induced him to that act. For, having read the remonstrance the House of Commons preferred to the king in the late session of parliament, by which the duke was branded to be a capital enemy to church and state, and that there was no public justice to be had against him, he had strong inward workings and resolutions to sacrifice himself for the church and state. Yet knowing the danger he should run into, and fearing it might be a temptation of the devil, he had conflicted with it for near upon two months' space, and sought God's deliverance from it by fasting and prayer; and when his resolutions were still the same to accomplish it, he then took the incitation to proceed from God himself, redoubled his courage, and heartily prayed for divine assistance to finish it. That he had no abettor, counsellor, or assistant in it, but only proceeded in it upon private discussion and deliberation with himself alone: so as his mother and sisters, who were at first imprisoned upon suspicion, were afterwards, upon his testimony and their own confession, set free. That he undertook so dangerous and difficult an enterprise, with a sincere aim of public good, is most probable; because, when he sheathed the knife in the duke's breast, just at the instant, 'God,' said he, 'have mercy on thy soul!' which plainly shewed he had no private aims of personal revenge against him, but had greater care of Buckingham's soul than Buckingham himself had. Besides, had his conscience accused him at the present after the fact, he would not have neglected to have escaped, which his bitterest enemies confess he might have done, amidst the confusion that followed the blow; when every man being busy about the duke, he passed quietly unmarked and unpursued out of the said hall where he slew Buckingham into the kitchen of the same house. And, after returning again into the hall, he averred first himself to have been the author of the duke's death, before any other appeached him for it, and had there been slain outright by some of the duke's followers, had not Sir Dudley Carlton, Baron of Imbercourt, and some others, hindered it. Mr. Felton himself also suspecting, as it seems, some such sudden end, had written the cause and ground of that his hazardous undertaking in a piece of paper, and fastened to his hatband, that in case he had been instantly slain upon the place, it might have testified for him that he only aimed at the public good in that action. The writing* was as followeth, consisting of two several and divided pieces, with his name subscribed to either of them:

'Let no man commend for doing it, but rather discommend themselves; for if God had not taken away their hearts for their sins, he had not gone so long unpunished. JOHN FELTON.'

'That man in my opinion is cowerdly and base, and deserveth neither the name of a gentleman nor a soldier, that is unwilling to sacrifice his life for the honour of God and the good of his king and country. JOHN FELTON.'

And so strongly was this persuasion fixed in his mind, that he had removed the enemy of God, the king, and the commonwealth out of the way, as after his removal from Portsmouth (where he was imprisoned immediately upon his taking) to the Tower of London, and that divers divines had dealt with him about the fact, and had in some measure convinced him he had sinned in it, because of the Apostle Paul's rule, that we must not do evil that good may come of it, 'I confess,' said he, 'I did sin in killing the duke; and I am sorry that I killed a most wicked, impenitent man so suddenly, but I doubt not but that great good shall result to the church and commonwealth by it; and I assure myself that God hath pardoned this and all my other sins in and through the merits and blood of Jesus Christ my Saviour.' The news being carried to the king the same morning, I have heard it certainly reported, that, striking his breast with his hand,—'Who,' said he, 'can prevent a stroke from heaven?' in which speech, whether he alluded to God's decree, or to his secret and just judgments, I cannot tell. Certainly the Duke of Buckingham had highly provoked God by his extreme lust, ambition, pride, gluttony, and other sins; not contenting himself with any measure of honour, till he had outstripped all the ancient nobility and peers of England by a dukedom, although his condition had been very poor and mean but a few years before. He was the likest Henry Lorein duke of Guise, in most of the later passages of his life and death that could possibly be; only they differed in that Guise was a prince born, but Buckingham was but a younger son of an ordinary family of gentry, of which the coat-armour was so mean, as either in this age or of later years, without any ground, right, or authority that I could ever see, they deserted their own coat-armour and bore the arms of Weylond, a Suffolk family, being argent on a cross gules, 5 escalops or. Some wit to enfamous the rare confidence of Mr. Felton, in that he fled not after the work was finished, framed the truth of it out of his very name in this following anagram:

John Felton.
No'h! flie not.

I will in this place a little anticipate the time, and end his story. Being removed from Portsmouth in September to the Tower of London, and well lodged and used, having the diet accustomed to prisoners in that place allowed him, he was at one time there threatened by Sir Edward Sackville, Earl of Dorset, that he should be forced upon the rack to confess who were privy with him and consenting to the duke's death. 'I have,' said he, 'already told the

* "The original note written by Felton is still preserved, and differs very slightly from the copy given by D'Ewes; though the latter is in error in saying it was written on two separate slips of paper, it being all in one, but the paragraphs in the original are transposed. This curious document is in the possession of Mr. Upcott."

truth on that point, upon my salvation; and if I be further questioned by torture, I will accuse you, and you only, my lord of Dorset, to be of conspiracy with me. At last he was brought to his open trial at the King's Bench bar, in Westminster Hall, on Thursday, the 27th day of November, in the morning; and the knife, all defiled and besmeared with blood, as it came out of the duke's breast, was laid before him in open court. He instantly acknowledged himself to be the author; and so received the sentence of condemnation. The next day he received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the forenoon, with great desire and devotion; and the day following, Saturday, November the 29th, he was hanged at Tyburn in the morning, where he made a very pious and Christian end, still affirming to the last, that he had never slain the duke but that he assured himself thereby to save church and state from imminent and unavoidable ruin. His family was, doubtless, more noble and ancient than the Duke of Buckingham's, and his end much more blessed than the duke's, who was afterwards interred as obscurely at Westminster, as Felton suffered ignominiously, having this misery even after death—to be more prodigiously flattered in his epitaph in Westminster Church, than he had been by all his sycophants in his lifetime. I have heard Sir Robert Cotton affirm, that persons of that kind, of which most were young indiscreet gentlemen, had so prevailing a power with him, as was contrary often to those safe counsels he had received from wise men of great experience; and when he had solemnly resolved to put the latter in practice, he was presently transversed or overruled by his flatterers to fall upon new and dangerous resolves, which at last embarked him into the general hatred of most men. What the duke's religion was, I am not able to aver; yet it was in parliament that he procured himself to be elected chancellor of the University of Cambridge by the Arminian party, or the enemies of God's grace and providence, which, till of late years, have called themselves anabaptists, being the followers of Michael Servetus, Lælius Socinus, and Sebastian Castellio, and have also been so named and written against by the orthodox Protestant party for near upon fourscore years last past; and were first called Arminians after the death of James Arminius, professor of divinity of Leyden in Holland, about thirty years past; who stole much of that he wrote out of his great master Sebastian Castellio, or out of the works of Robert Bellarmine and other Jesuits. For his private practice, the duke's devotion was very small, so as at the very sacrament of baptism, when he was a witness with some comely and beautiful women, he hath been observed to wink and smile on them when the minister came to that passage to demand if they forsook the carnal desires of the flesh, so as they would not follow, nor be led by them. It was reported the duke had some prediction or forewarning given him to beware of this month of August, as fatal to him, of the truth of which I can say nothing. But this is most certain, that there was a chronogram out of his name some weeks or months, or weeks at least, before his death, which contained the present year 1628, very exactly, and two distichs made upon it, imprecating the same year might be his last, which are not unworthy the inserting here as followeth:

1 5 500 5 10 5 100 1 1000 1
GEORGIVS DVX BVCKINGHAMIÆ. MDCXXVIII.

Læto jam sæclo tandem sol pertulit annum,
Nuni non videat quæsumus alme diem.

Thy numerous name with this year doth agree,
But twentie-nine, heaven grant thou never see!

The sense of both the distichs are the same; but the author was a better English poet than a Latin. One William Harreise, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, son and heir-apparent of Sir William Harreise, an Essex knight, was said to be the author of them, and of this hexastich following, of a like imprecatory nature as the former, which, being read backwards, seems to be a prayer for the duke's prosperity, and was doubtless made in imitation of those verses which that learned poetical Scot, Mr. George Buchanan, made, touching a pope of his time, which, being vulgarly known, I omit to mention."

There were Puseyites in the seventeenth century, as our next extract will shew. If D'Ewes had been our contemporary, he would have rivalled M'Neil or Close:

"At home, many wicked anabaptistical or popishly affected divines and scholars, in both universities and elsewhere, maintained in the schools and pulpits justification by works, free-will, Christ's bodily presence in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and a world of other corrupt and noisome tenets, which made my soul to fetch many deep sighs, and my tongue to pray daily that God would preserve his gospel and truth amongst us. One Dr. Beale (being made master of St. John's College in Cambridge) caused such a general adoration to and towards the altar and sacraments to be practised, that many godly fellows and scholars of the house left their places to avoid the abomination; so as to them this necessary exilement was a real persecution. Mr. Fox, in his 'Martyrology,' reports, that in the beginning of Queen Mary's reign, that was the first college in Cambridge from which divers fellows and other students departed, so to avoid the storm they saw ready to fall upon their heads. That former example caused my heart to ache at the later event which happened during this summer preceding. Yet I could not but wonder withal at God's providence, that this year, especially in the spring-time, put into the hearts of so many godly persons, as well women as men, to hazard themselves, their children, and estates, to go into New England in America, at least three thousand miles from this kingdom by sea, there to plant, in respect to the doctrinal part, one of the most absolutely holy, orthodox, and well-governed churches in Christendom, or in that other world: so as what learned Beza writes of Calvin's being put out of Geneva by certain wicked men (whither he was afterwards recalled again with honour by the whole city) that the devil was therein deceived, because instead of the church at Geneva, which was much weakened by his departure, he raised up a new French church and congregation at Strasbourg in Germany. That I may say of those prelates and others now in England, who endeavouring, ever since the year 1630, to increase the multitude and burden of the ceremonies and intermixtures in the church, that so they might oppress the consciences or ruin the estates of many godly Christians, falsely by them nicknamed Puritans, although free from all schismatical and idle opinions; they have, on the contrary, been the only causes and instruments of sending many thousands into America itself, where yet God hath blessed them, not only with outward safety and plenty, but with the power and purity also of God's ordinances, free from all burthensome ceremonies and superstitious admixtures. For mine own part, I have ever maintained obedience to the magistrate in all lawful things, and that the conscience ought not to be enforced; nay, I can honour and esteem a virtuous or learned papist, who being educated in that religion, supposeth it to be the truth. But for men to call themselves Protestants, as Bishop Laud, Bishop Wren, and their wicked adherents, to swallow up the preferments of our church, to inveigh against popery in word only, and in the main to project and plot the ruin of the truth and gospel, to maintain and publish the most gross and feculent errors of the Romish synagogue, to cause God's day to be profaned, his public service to be poisoned by idolatry and superstition, his faithful and painful ministers to be censured, suspended, deprived, and exiled, and to threaten a speedy ruin to the power of godliness,—this my soul abhors as the highest step of wickedness and of prevarication against God and his honour. I cannot but account the pope, the cardinals, and Jesuits themselves, saints, in comparison of these men. For as a few traitors within a besieged city are of a greater danger for the ruin of it than a whole army without, so doubtless what Theodore Beza saith of the Pseudo-Lutherans of Germany is true of these men, that they do no less impudently and furiously weaken and undermine the gospel of truth, than if they were hired by the pope himself at great rates. Besides, the gross heresies and horrible abominations of the Romish synagogue are so many and notorious, as I dare boldly aver, that it is impossible for any true Protestant, that knows but the truth in some indifferent measure, and leads his life in some proportion like a pious Christian, ever willingly and by way of choice and election to turn papist, either in whole or in part. But I see by daily experience, when divines, scholars, and others, are given up to a profane, vicious, and atheistical life, they so far detest and hate such as be godly, as by a just judgment of God they are at length given up to the hatred of the truth itself also, and readily take in their defence and creed any popish, pelagian, or anabaptistical tenets."

On the whole, we look upon the present volumes as very interesting additions to our historical literature; and we think there is sufficient entertainment for the general reader to secure them a good circulation. We have not attempted even an outline of the contents, for the subjects introduced are so numerous that our space would not admit of any regular abstract; but the extracts we have given, without being perhaps the most interesting to many readers, are fair specimens of the general nature of the work, to which we may perhaps return at another opportunity.

Fitz of Fitz-ford; a Legend of Devon. By Mrs. Bray. London, Longman and Co.

THIS forms the fourth volume of the present series, and the first of Mrs. Bray's local novels, which (even as did the local novels of the magician of the north) have obtained for this lady a name in the west of England, where she is not inappropriately called *the Sybil of the west.* Mrs. Bray, it is well known, has long resided in Devonshire, and has, with enthusiasm, availed herself of her position, in seizing on the fragments of family legend and tradition which still linger in the wild and beautiful land of her adoption; and (to use her own words) she has on such a "foundation of truth raised many a superstructure of fiction." To this we may add, there is a peculiar character in her local compositions, which differs from most of her other works of fiction, and in our estimation, none of her best writings excel those of this class. The reason, we think, is obvious; she paints from what she herself sees and feels. We have somewhere met the remark, "that if a man would become a poet, he should take

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up his dwelling in a mountainous region;" and as works of high wrought imagination and feeling (though they be not written either in blank verse or in rhyme) unquestionably belong to the poetic order, we do not hesitate to say, that we have in these a striking instance of the truth of the remark. Mrs. B. has an ardent love of nature, and is a close observer of all her works. And what a field do the mountain regions of Dartmoor, the lovely vales and streams of Devon, and the wild shores of Cornwall, present to view! With what evident delight does she depict them! Nor with less does she dwell upon the remains of other times, in the antiquated mansions of the forefathers of the west; their tapestried chambers and Gothic halls; their old pictures and their armour; and on every fragment connected with their history, either in written record or from oral tradition: whilst their customs and superstitions, still lingering among the rural population of these woods and vales, have each and all a charm for her, and have supplied a wide field for the play of her fancy and the exercise of her peculiar powers. We learnt from the general preface, prefixed to the first volume, that many of the characters, and all the descriptions, in *Fitz of Fitz-ford* were drawn from nature; and that the historical claims of this work refer more to the spirit of the age in which the action is carried on than to any historic events; the tale itself being of the domestic class, and founded on a romantic incident of the family of Fitz, related by Prince in his *Worthies of Devon*. Combining this with a tradition even yet more striking (respecting Judge Glanville, of Tavistock, who, in his legal capacity, was called on to pronounce the sentence of death on his own daughter), our authoress determined to make them the foundation on which to build her story. Both traditions have their date in the reign of Elizabeth. Lady Howard, a most awe-imposing character in this work, she tells us, is also founded on a real character of the time. It is said this Lady Howard still revisits the world to commence a nightly penance from the ruined archway of the gate-house at Fitz-ford, a sheeted spectre, seated in a coach of bones, with a skeleton hound by her side. A sufficient proof, Mrs. Bray remarks, that the woman who has left such a name of terror to posterity must have been a fearful personage during her life. The elder Fitz (the Sir Hugh of the novel) was celebrated alike for his learning and credulity, for his legal skill and astrological calculations. According to his biographer, Prince, he really did, on the birth of his only son, predict the very extraordinary events (the story of the novel) which so many years afterwards befel him. The truth of Slanning's fate, in which that son of Fitz bore so prominent a part, is established beyond all doubt, as it is recorded on his tomb. This accomplishment of the prediction assisted in keeping alive in the west the spirit of credulity respecting the science of judicial astrology. On this subject we may repeat the remark, that extraordinary predictions sometimes help to bring about their own accomplishment by the effects they produce on the mind of the individual concerning whom they have been uttered. And Mrs. Bray well observes, that the ardent character of the young Sir John Fitz "might have been formed under the fatal influence of his father's fearful forebodings respecting his inevitable destiny." So much for the very curious fragments of tradition and legend on which this work is raised. For the rest, it is but justice to say, that in many scenes of the tale there is great power and force; for instance, the scene in which the old housekeeper at Fitz-ford, Mrs. Alice, relates to Barnabas, the town school-master, and her friends assembled round the fireside, the tale of Judge Glanville in the open court passing the sentence of death on his daughter, which for its simple pathos and its imposing effect has nothing superior. Amongst other striking examples, we would also name that description where John Fitz parts from Margaret (a sweetly drawn character); where he subsequently breaks in at the marriage-banquet; the death-bed of old Sir Hugh; and the scenes between Lady Howard and the woman who is at once her tutoress and tool, Betsy Grimbal; also where the same fearful woman sets on the bloodhound, Redfang, to track the lurking place of the wounded Standwich. Nor must we forget Levi, the Jew, or his little nephew, the orphan Benjamin, characters at once originally and finely portrayed. *Fitz of Fitz-ford* is unquestionably one of the most successful of Mrs. Bray's admirable local novels.

JOURNAL OF AN AFRICAN CRUISER.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

Our previous notice of this work was occupied principally with the horrors of war, from which we turn to the following touching account of a singular and fatal disease:

"We arrived at Maumee's town, a village of thirty or forty huts, where a considerable slave-trade was carried on, until broken up by the colonists under Governor Ashmun. Old Maumee still resides here, and cherishes a bitter hatred against the Liberians, and all Americans and Englishmen, as having caused the ruin of her profitable commerce. The old hag was not now at home, having obeyed the custom of the country by retiring to a more secluded spot, for the purpose of nursing a sick grand-daughter. * * * Having procured a guide, we crossed the river, and, at the mouth of Logan's creek, exchanged our boat for a large canoe, in which we followed the windings of the deep and narrow inlet for nearly two miles. This brought us to a village of six huts. Without ceremony, we entered the dwelling of the old queen (who was busied about her household affairs), and looked around for her grand-daughter, to see whom was the principal object of our excursion. On my former visit to Maumee's town, four or five months ago, this girl excited a great deal of admiration by her beauty and charming simplicity. She was then thirteen or fourteen years of age, a bright mulatto, with large and soft black eyes, and the most brilliantly white teeth in the world. Her figure, though small, is perfectly symmetrical. She is the darling of the old queen, whose affections exhaust themselves upon her with all the passionate fire of her temperament—and the more unreservedly, because the girl's own mother is dead. We entered the hut, as I have said, without ceremony, and looked about us for the beautiful grand-daughter. But, on beholding the object of our search, a kind of remorse or dread came over us, such as often affects those who intrude upon the awfulness of slumber. The girl lay asleep in the adjoining apartment on a mat that was spread over the hard ground, and with no pillow beneath her cheek. One arm was by her side—the other above her head—and she slept so quietly, and drew such imperceptible breath, that I scarcely thought her alive. With some little difficulty she was roused, and awoke with a frightened cry—a strange and broken murmur—as if she were looking dimly out of her sleep, and knew not whether our figures were real, or only the phantasies of a dream. Her eyes were wild and glassy, and she seemed to be in pain. While awake, there was a nervous twitching about her mouth and in her fingers; but, being again extended on the mat, and left to herself, these symptoms of disquietude passed away, and she almost immediately sank again into the deep and heavy sleep in which we found her. As her eyes gradually closed their lids, the sunbeams, struggling through the small crevices between the reeds of the hut, glimmered down about her head. Perhaps it was only the nervous motion of her fingers; but it seemed as if she were trying to catch the golden rays of the sun and make playthings of them—or else to draw them into her soul, and illuminate the slumber that looked so misty and dark to us. This poor doomed girl had been suffering—no, not suffering; for, except when forcibly aroused, there appears to be no uneasiness—but she had been lingering two months in a disease peculiar to Africa. It is called the 'sleepy disease,' and is considered incurable. The persons attacked by it are those who take little exercise, and live principally on vegetables, particularly cassady and rice. Some ascribe it altogether to the cassady, which is supposed to be strongly narcotic. Not improbably the climate has much influence, the disease being most prevalent in low and marshy situations. Irresistible drowsiness continually weighs down the patient, who can be kept awake only for the few moments needful to take a little food. When this lethargy has lasted three or four months, death comes—with a tread that the patient cannot hear, and makes the slumber but a little more sound. I found the aspect of Maumee's beautiful grand-daughter inconceivably affecting. It was strange to behold her so quietly involved in sleep—from which it might be supposed she would awake so full of youthful life—and yet to know that this was no refreshing slumber, but a spell in which she was fading away from the eyes that loved her. Whatever might chance, be it grief or joy, the effect would be the same. Whoever should shake her by the arm—whether the accents of a friend fell feebly on her ear, or those of strangers, like ourselves, the only response would be that troubled cry, as of a spirit that hovered on the confines of both worlds, and could have sympathy with neither. And yet, withal, it seemed so easy to cry to her, 'Awake! Enjoy your life! Cast off this noontide slumber!' But only the peal of the last trumpet will summon her out of that mysterious sleep."

Another curious fact is thus narrated:

"Some canoes from the shore have been off to us. We learn from them that there is to be a great annual festival to-day; on which occasion the king, who has been secluded from the sight of his subjects for eight years, will shine forth again 'like a re-appearing star.' There is something very provocative to the imagination in this circumstance. What can have been the motive for such a seclusion? was it in the personal character of the king, and did he shut himself up to meditate on high matters, or to revel in physical indulgence? or, possibly, to live his own simple life, untrammelled by the irksome exterior of greatness; or was it merely a trick of kingcraft, in order to deify himself in the superstition of his people, by the awfulness of an invisible presence among them? Be the secret what it may, it would be interesting to observe the face of the royal hermit, at the moment when the sunshine and the eyes of his subjects first fall upon it again. The inhabitants from many miles around have come to witness and participate in the ceremonies.

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There are to be grand dances, and all manner of festivity; and one of the English captains informed us that he had sold a thousand gallons of rum, within a fortnight, to be quaffed at this celebration. There is another circumstance that may give the festival a darker interest. It is customary, on such occasions, to sacrifice one or two slaves, who are generally culprits reserved for this anniversary. The natives on board deny that there will be any such sacrifice, but admit that a palaver will be held over a slave, who had attempted to escape. Should it be so, the poor wretch will stand little chance for mercy at the hands of these barbarians, frenzied with rum, and naturally blood-thirsty."

At Cape Lahon the French had been punishing the natives, just as we have quoted the account of the American chastisement; and the natural scene contrasts vividly with the doings of civilised man.

"The town is built upon a narrow point of land between the sea and a lake, just at the outlet of two rivers. On the side next the sea, you discern only the bamboo-walls of the town, and a few cocoa-nut trees, scattered along the sandy beach; but on the lake side there is one of the loveliest views imaginable. The quiet lake and its wooded islands; the thousand of green cocoa-nut trees, laden with fruit, and shadowing all the shore; the rivers broad and dark, stretching away on either hand, until lost among the depths of the forest, which doubtless extends into the mysterious heart of Africa; the canoes, returning along these majestic streams with people who had fled; the hundreds of natives who reclined in the shade, or clustered around a fountain in the sand, or busied themselves with the canoes; all contributed to form a picture which was very pleasant to our eyes, long wearied as we were with the sight of ocean and sky, and the dreary skirts of the sea-shore. It was an hour of true repose, while we lay in the shadow of the trees, and drank the cool milk of cocoa-nuts, which the native boys plucked and opened for us. I should have narrated, in the first place, our visit to King Peter, who rules over this beautiful spot. He held his court under an awning of palm-leaves, in an area of more than a hundred feet square, around the sides of which were the little dwellings that conjointly composed his palace. The king received us with dignity and affability; and probably not less than two hundred of his subjects were collected in the area, to witness the interview; for it was to them a matter of national importance. They are exceedingly anxious to adjust their difficulties with the French, and hope to interest us as mediators. By their own history of the affair, which was laid before us at great length, they appear to have been only moderately to blame, and to have suffered a great deal of mischief. King Quashee and nine men were killed, and fifty or sixty houses burnt, besides other damage. These people are a fine-looking race, well formed, and with very pleasing countenances. At our first arrival the women were all at the plantations, in the interior, whither they had fled when our ship came in sight, apprehending her to be French. Towards evening, they returned to the village, and afforded us an opportunity to see and talk with them. They are the handsomest African dames with whom I have formed an acquaintance, and the most affable. It grieves me to add, that, like all their countrymen and countrywomen, they are importunate beggars, and seem greatly to prefer the fiery liquors of the white man to their own mild palm-wine and cocoa-nut milk. One of our party offered rum to the eight young wives of Tom Beggree, our trademan; and every soul of them tossed off her goblet without a wry face, though it was undiluted, and thirty-three per cent above proof."

For which they are also indebted to European civilisation! And again, with regard to the colonising policy and views of France in this quarter:

"Grand Bassam is one of the many places on the coast where the French have recently established forts and raised their flag. Three large houses are visible. The one in the centre seems to be the military residence and stronghold; the other two are long buildings, one story high, and are probably used as storehouses. A picket-fence surrounds the whole. At Assinee, likewise, which is now in sight, there is another French fort, consisting of a block-house and two store-houses, encompassed by pickets. The French government are also fortifying other points along the coast, in the most systematic manner. The general plan is, a block-house in the centre, with long structures extending from each angle, two for barracks, and two for trading-houses; the whole enclosed within a stockade. They are imposing establishments, and constructed with an evident view to durability. It is said that all but French vessels are to be prohibited from trading within range of their guns, and that a man-of-war is to be stationed at each settlement. The captain of a Bremen brig informed me, that the Danes are about to sell their fort at Accra to the French; he gave as his authority the single Danish officer remaining at Accra."

At the Gaboon "they are apprehensive of difficulties with the French, and wish the English and Americans to interpose. According to their story, the commandant of a French fort, three miles distant, had attempted, a short time ago, to procure a cession of their territory. This they constantly refused, declaring their intention to keep the country open for trade with all nations, and allow exclusive advantages to none. After several trials, the commandant apparently relinquished his purpose. A French merchant-captain now appeared, who ingratiated himself into the favour of the simple King Glass, invited him to a supper, and made his majesty and the head-man drunk. While in this condition, he procured the signatures of the king and two or three chiefs to a paper, which he declared to be merely a declaration of friendship towards the French, but which proved to be a cession of certain rights of jurisdiction. Next morning, the French fired a salute of twenty-one guns in honour of the treaty between Louis Philippe and King Glass, and sent presents which the natives refused to receive. They now apprehend a forcible seizure of their territory by the French, and desire our interposition, as calculated to prevent such a national calamity. Our captain, however, declined to interfere, or to express any opinion in the premises, on the ground that it was not his province to judge of such matters abroad, unless the interests of Americans were involved. The missionaries have perhaps some agency in this movement. They see the probability that the Catholic priests will follow them to the Gaboon, and subvert their influence with the natives."

But let us quit ambition and encroachment for more miscellaneous information. At Axim, where the Dutch are settled, claiming about thirty miles of coast and twenty into the interior, "the natives possess slaves; and there are also many 'pawns,' of a description seldom offered to the pawnbrokers in other parts of the world; namely, persons who have pledged the services of themselves and family to some creditor, until the debt be paid. It is a good and forcible illustration of the degradation which debt always implies, though it may not always be outwardly visible, as here at Axim. The governor himself, who is a native of Amsterdam, and apparently a mulatto, is one of those pawnbrokers who deal in human pledges. He is a merchant-soldier, bearing the military title of lieutenant, and doing business as a trader. The governor of El Mina is his superior officer, and the fort at Axim is garrisoned by twelve black soldiers from the former place. War has existed for several years between these Dutch settlements and their powerful neighbour, the king of Appollonia, who is daily expected to attack the fortress. In that event, the people in the neighbouring villages would take refuge within the walls, and there await the result. The native houses are constructed in the usual manner, of small poles and bamboo, plastered over with clay, and thatched. They might be kept comfortable if kept in repair, but are mostly in a wretched state, although thronged with occupants. The proportion of women, as well as children, appears larger than in other places; and they wear a greater amplitude of apparel than those of their sex on the windward coast, covering their persons from the waist to the knee, and even lower. The most remarkable article of dress is one which I have vaguely understood to constitute a part of the equipment of my own fair countrywomen—in a word, the veritable bustle. Among the belles of Axim, there is a reason for the excrescence which does not exist elsewhere; for the little children ride astride of the maternal bustle, which thus becomes as useful as it is unquestionably ornamental. Fashion, however, has evidently more to do with the matter than convenience; for old wrinkled grandams wear these beautiful anomalies, and little girls of eight years old display protuberances that might excite the envy of a Broadway belle. Indeed, fashion may be said to have its perfect triumph and utmost refinement in this article; it being a positive fact, that some of the Axim girls wear merely the bustle without so much as the shadow of a garment. Its native name is 'tarb kosha.'"

At Accra "all the Europeans have native wives, who dress in a modest but peculiar style, of which the lady of Mr. Bannerman may give an example. She wore a close-fitting muslin chemisette, buttoned to the throat with gold buttons, a black silk tunic extending to the thigh, a coloured cotton cloth, fastened round the waist and falling as low as the ancles, black silk stockings, and prunella shoes. This lady is jet black, of pleasing countenance, and is a princess of royal blood. In the last great battle between the Europeans on the coast and the powerful King of Ashantee (the same who defeated and slew Sir Charles McCarthy), the native army was put to total rout by the aid of Congreve rockets. The king's camp, with most of his women, fell into the hands of the victors. Three of his daughters were appropriated by the English merchants here and at Cape Coast, and became their faithful and probably happy wives. One of the three fell to the lot of Mr. Bannerman, and is the lady whom I have described. These women are entrusted with all the property of their husbands, and are sometimes left for months in sole charge, while the merchants visit England. The acting governor of the British fort, Mr. Topp, departs

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for that country to-morrow, leaving his native wife at the head of affairs. * * * :

"The natives at the Gaboon, to whom these excellent people are sacrificing themselves, are said to present more favourable points of character than those in most other parts of Africa. They are mild in their manners, friendly to Europeans and Americans, and disposed to imitate them in dress and customs. They own many slaves among themselves, but treat them with singular gentleness, and never sell them to foreigners. They are very indolent, and make no adequate improvement of their advantages for agriculture and trade. Their country is excellent for grazing, and the cattle of the best kind; but they take so little forethought as to sell even the last cow, should a purchaser offer. Consequently there are hardly more than thirty cattle left in a tract of country capable, in its present state, of sustaining a thousand. King Glass is an old man, much inclined to drink, yet more regular than any of his subjects in attendance at church. Toko, a headman, is very shrewd and intelligent, and highly spoken of by Mr. Wilson, in reference to his moral qualities. Will Glass, nephew to the king, is blessed with a couple of dozen wives, and seldom moves without a train of five or six of them in attendance. He paid a visit to our ship in a full-dress English uniform, said to have cost three hundred dollars. On the other side of the river lives King Will, a great man, and with the reputation of a polished gentleman. The slave-trade is carried on in this king's dominions; and while I write a Spanish slaver lies at anchor off his town, waiting for her human cargo."

With this we conclude our long extracts from so small a volume: but we trust their variety and interest will save them from the blame of being either too long or tedious.

Works of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart., M.A.: Zanoni, 1 vol., pp. 439; *Night and Morning*, 1 vol. pp. 546. 12mo. London: Saunders and Otley.

We have been, and the public will be, much gratified by the appearance of Sir Bulwer Lytton's work in this new, cheap, and convenient form. *Zanoni* is dedicated to Gibson the sculptor at Rome; between whose pursuits and his own (marble and literature) the author institutes a pleasing comparison. Of the story itself we need not repeat the eulogy of the *Literary Gazette* on its first publication: we now, as then, consider it to be one of the finest manifestations of the mind and the imagination of the writer. Partially covered by an interesting cloud of mysticism, in Gaetano Pisani and his English wife he has typified genius and dutiful simplicity, and in Zanoni and Viola exaltation of soul and devoted human love. The delicious repose of the early scenes renders the contrast of the latter part most impressive; and we struggle through the blood-stained horrors of the French Revolution, the fall of Robespierre, and the tragical catastrophe, with feelings of almost a painful nature. Of the domestic tale entitled *Night and Morning*, our opinion is also on record. It possesses an acute discrimination of character, and is wrought out with intense dramatic effect.

We have already Mr. James' historical romances and other popular works in the course of serial publication, and produced in a manner to extend them widely through all classes of the community, and thus cultivate the taste and improve the literature of the country; and we have also Mrs. Bray following his judicious example, at shorter intervals between the issue of her novels. To these add Sir B. Lytton's volumes; and what a delightful little library may be put together within the space of a few months!

Murray's Hand-Book of Spain. By Richard Ford. 2 vols.

To speak of this work as a mere guide for travellers in Spain would be an absurdity; for high as is the character of Murray's Handbooks, both at home and abroad, the present publication is far superior to the best of them. Truly may the title-page claim for it to be "for readers at home;" for it is to all intents and purposes (as well as for its immediate object) an excellent Spanish history, and an able and discriminating description of the manners, arts, literature, legends, and condition of the country. Mr. Ford's patient labours, his acquaintance with the Arabic, and all his other eminent qualifications for the task he has here fulfilled in the most satisfactory manner, cannot be too highly appreciated. His general observations and his minute and particular intelligence are of similar merit—like the elephant, he has managed the largest and the smallest matters with equal power and dexterity. In short, he has got together a wonderful mass of information of every kind; and produced one of the most admirable books of the sort that ever was published.

Like hyper-critics, we have *looked* sharply for omissions, without success—perhaps with the exception of a single instance, and that may be an oversight on our own side; but we tried to find at Madrid some account of the *Real Academia de la Historia* of Spain among the public institutions, and found *it* not.

Well-executed maps, a copious index, and all other necessary accessaries, complete the merits of this book; which, as we have already said, is not only a perfect *vade mecum* for travellers in Spain, but a treasure of various, instructive, and delightful reading for English libraries.

Despatches and Correspondence of Lord Nelson. 8vo, Vol. III. Colburn.

This volume, embracing only twenty months, from 1st Jan., 1798, to August 1799, yet comprises two of the three most important events of Nelson's life, viz. the battle of the Nile and the execution of Caraccioli (leaving Trafalgar to conclude the series); but we can now only announce it, and reserve its consideration for a future *Gazette*.

The Tiara and the Turban. By S. S. Hill, Esq. 2 vols. Madden and Malcolm.

Rome and Constantinople having been visited by the author, he has given us the impressions they made upon him under the above fanciful name. A tour in Sicily also comes within the scope of the publication; but though every point and object is substantially treated, we do not discover so much of novelty in the work as to induce us to take it up with observations after the numerous books on the same ground we have for years and recently had occasion to review. Had it not been for his precursors, Mr. Hill's remarks would have deserved more detailed attention; but as it is, we can only congratulate him on not turning Mussulman at the conclusion of his travels.

The Prairie-Bird. By the Hon. C. Augustus Murray. R. Bentley.

We are glad to see this striking tale made a volume of the Standard Novels (the 98th, by the way): it is well worthy of a place beside the best of the set.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Letters have reached us from the Arctic Expedition, dated 13th July, at the Whale Islands, where the Erebus and Terror took their stores and provisions from the tender, and sent her back to England. They had a tedious and stormy passage out; and though *very late*, it is to be hoped they were not *too late* to do much this season: but knowing what was before them, we regret to say we cannot expect they will accomplish what they might have done had they been a month earlier.

Their last accounts from the whaling fleet stated, that they (the fleet) were at the Normans Islands (in lat. 73°), and that whales were plenty, and the promise of a very successful fishery this season. The last winter had been a very severe one; but an early breaking up of the ice seemed to be in favour of our brave navigators. But we are informed from the best experience, that the whales coming over to the eastward is a bad sign, as it leads to the inference that there is little or no west water for them.

From these circumstances, and still encouraging the hope that matters may turn out more auspiciously as the season advances, we cannot disguise the impression made upon us, viz. that the adverse aspects of the weather, &c. may cause a less successful result to the expedition than we anticipated when it left our shores. With two such commanders, and men so tried, we may rest assured that all that mortals can do will be done. The result is in wiser hands than ours; and we trust that our doubts or fears can only be traced to our wishes.

They are all well, and in high spirits.

AIR-ENGINES.

Great saving and increased safety and comfort must result from the practical application of compressed air to locomotion. Mr. Parsey's working model is a great stride in advance, and stimulates high hopes of success. In it the condensed air acts directly on the pistons, and of course with a continually decreasing force. This would be a decided objection to substituting the elasticity of condensed air for that of steam; but Mr. Parsey's invention includes a regulating chamber, by means of which the working pressure may be at will raised to a maximum for driving up, reduced to a minimum for running down an incline, or kept at a mean for level working. The mean, moreover, is insured by a self-acting regulator between the working receiver and the high-pressure reservoir, which admits the air uniformly with the discharges from the driving cylinders. The patentee invites the attention of all persons concerned in railroads, navigation, and mill-work, to the merits, efficiency, economy, and advantages of his air-engine. We trust that economy will not prevent the early testing of the efficiency of the invention: the model merits it.

SUBAQUEOUS TUNNELS.

Our notice of last week, on this subject, has brought us a letter from Mr. Brown, whence we select the following further particulars:

"The tunnel or tube could be built on slips on the banks; when completed, the extremities being closed, it could be launched, when it would float like a ship; it might then be hauled over its future bed. Hollow flanges, running along on each side and below the centre of gravity of the tube, might then be filled with heavy materials (that already dredged from the bottom might do), and the whole sunk into

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its place of rest: the extremities being opened, the communication of the opposite banks would be completed. In cases where there was a sufficient depth of water, trenching would be unnecessary: the tube could rest equally well on the bed of the water. If the tunnel were of considerable length it could be launched gradually; and if subaqueous valleys were to be crossed, as the tube, with its load, might be nearly of the same specific gravity as the water, there would be no strain of the material excepting from passing carriages. Indeed, where there were no strong undercurrents, and the depth too great, as in some lakes, the whole tube might be suspended in the water from bank to bank. In favourable circumstances, the tube might be fitted with a piston; and stationary engines exhausting the air on one side, the carriages being attached to the other, the whole would become a well-ventilated atmospheric viaduct. The expense of such tunnels would obviously depend, to a great extent, on the cost of iron and the mode of construction adopted. I have made no suggestions as to the latter, but have calculated roughly that the cost would be enormously inferior to that by any of the usual methods of crossing such rivers, lakes, or arms of the sea. J. A. Brown.

"Makerstoun, Aug. 12, 1845."

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION, WINCHESTER.

We resume our report of the valuable and interesting contributions of the Congress at Winchester, not only to the various branches of antiquarian research, but to church-history, architectural art (though past, yet substantially applicable to the present and future), and the improvement of existing institutions, by unfolding their original plans and inherent powers, with a reference to Mr. Wright's paper on municipal privileges, &c., illustrated from the archives of Winchester and Southampton (see last *Gazette*, p. 530, col. 1).

Intimately conversant with the literature, customs, and social life of the middle ages, Mr. Wright commenced with some general remarks of considerable importance before he proceeded to his curious details. The following extracts will afford an idea of the character of both:

"There are few subjects on which more has been said in past times, and with less satisfactory results, than on the origin of municipal corporations. The result of recent researches appears to be, that they are derived directly from the *municipia* of the ancient Romans. In the breaking up of the empire, the corporate towns, strong in their walls and in the hardy courage of their inhabitants, naturally fostered by the comparative freedom of their institutions, resisted long, and often successfully, the attacks of the barbarian invaders, and only yielded on terms which probably secured to them their old institutions, dependent on a new race of monarchs, who soon perceived the advantages which were to be gained by preserving and supporting them. Without entering into a comparison of the Roman and medieval municipal systems, I will merely state, that there is scarcely any part of the latter of which we cannot distinctly recognise its prototype in the former; and in the French and Italian towns of the middle ages the names and titles even of the Roman municipal officers were preserved. In England we unfortunately want an important portion of the chain of history as concerns these institutions; for we know but little of the position of the Anglo-Saxon towns with regard to the state, little of their internal condition, and still less of their relations with the other powers by which they were surrounded. .... One thing is certain, that no greater error has been committed, than that of supposing that the privileges granted to towns by their first charters were new privileges, which they had not enjoyed before. The chief privileges claimed by the corporate towns of the middle ages were, that of managing their own affairs and of jurisdiction within their boundaries, that of electing their own governing officers, freedom of commerce, and a definite limitation of taxes to which they were liable from a superior power. It is now nearly eight centuries and a half since, in 1006, the invading Danes ravaged Hampshire, but were unable to reduce the city in which we are now assembled. On this occasion the Saxon chronicler exclaims, 'There might the Winchester men see an army daring and fearless, as they went by their gates towards the sea, and fetched themselves food and treasures over fifty miles from it.' It is more than probable that at this time the city of Winchester enjoyed all the priviliges just mentioned."

Seven years after, it submitted to the Danish dynasty, as before to the Saxon from the Roman, and probably on both transfers preserved its privileges. Other towns, different from royal, sprung up around great ecclesiastical establishments, with rights mentioned in the essay, and baronial castles became the nucleuses of others.

"Towns which originated in this manner were governed by officers appointed by their lay or ecclesiastical lord, until, by some means or other, they had purchased or extorted this right from his hands. In England the great barons were in general liberal towards their dependent townsmen, whom they found more useful as friends than as slaves, and they surrendered to them successively their feudal rights on terms more or less easy. The ecclesiastical lords, who, in the middle ages, were conspicuous above all other classes for their tyranny and greediness, were much less generous; and many of the towns dependent upon them did not emancipate themselves without sanguinary struggles, as was the case at St. Albans, Dunstable, and several other places. In the towns which depended immediately upon the crown, the king was in general a lenient lord. . . . A corporate town was most exposed to encroachments, and most sensitive also in its commercial relations. It might shut its gates, and man its walls, and set at defiance the open assaults of its enemies; but its merchandise had constantly to pass through territories where local and oppressive duties were levied upon it, which the townsmen had not always the power to resist, and which they could only resist in a foreign court of law, where the Normans insisted upon charters as the only valuable evidences of the exemptions which they claimed. The first attempts of the old corporate towns were therefore directed to the acquisition of charters of this kind; and the earliest known charter of the city of Winchester, granted by King Henry the Second, while it acknowledges the previous incorporation of the citizens as a merchant guild, orders that throughout his dominions 'my citizens of Winchester, of the guild of merchants, be free from all toll, passage-duty, and custom, and that none presume to disturb them in these things, or do them any injury or insult.' It was necessary in these times, for the good government of a corporate town, that it should possess the entire jurisdiction within its own walls, and relating to its own domestic affairs, free from interference from without; and a fertile source of annoyance would be found in the attempts to carry a cause which belonged rightly to the borough-court into the court of the king, or into those of the barons. The next charter obtained by the citizens of Winchester was, therefore, one granted at the beginning of the reign of Richard I., exempting them from the obligation of pleading without their own walls, and from the trial by duel, which had been introduced by the Normans, and was contrary to their ancient customs, which latter are spoken of in the charter itself as being the grounds on which these privileges were claimed and conferred."

In 1207 Winchester obtained, from King John, charters, by which they possessed the fee-farm of their town for ever, and the right to elect their own magistrates; which virtually made the corporation a great barony. The cost, however, paid to the crown was considerable. From some unknown cause, the charters of Winchester and Southampton have been lost from this period to the fifteenth century. Mr. W. goes on to state:

"In all republican governments, where an individual is suddenly raised by his fellow-citizens from a position of equality to one of the highest superiority, it is found necessary to cover the want of natural dignity in the individual by an excess of inviolability and outward pomp in the office; and this was peculiarly the case in the medieval towns, where the office of mayor had to be placed in near rivalry with the pompous state of a feudal lord. This inviolability extended also to the officers who formed his 'council of state' — the *peers* of the city or borough, who at Winchester are designated in early records by the somewhat poetic title of *douzepairs;* while at Southampton they seem to have borne the more familiar and affectionate title of 'good-fellows.' Disobedience to the mayor, in his slightest orders, was a punishable crime. By a municipal statute of the city of Winchester, passed in the seventh year of the reign of Henry VIII., it was decreed:

"That frome hensforthe everye cytizen of the cytie aforesaide shall come at the commandemente of the maior for the tyme beinge, uppon paine of everie one of them that make defaute to forfaite half a pounde of wex."

By a much earlier statute of this city, a heavy punishment was decreed against all who 'slandered' the mayor or any of the members of the corporation; and as the parties aggrieved in this case were the sole judges, we may take it for granted that they gave a large interpretation to the word. In a court-roll of the second year of the reign of Henry V., one John Permenter, of Winchester, is accused of having 'blasphemed' the mayor and others, this 'blasphemy' consisting in his having said, 'that the said mayor with others designed to sell the mill of the city, and to seal a charter thereof with the common seal, without the assent of the commonalty of the said city.' For this crime he was punished with a fine of forty shillings — an enormous sum at that time. The earlier corporation-statutes also appoint a very heavy punishment for all who 'againe say' the city's charter. In matters of this kind, the inhabitants of a medieval town were not allowed much freedom of speech.

"These townsmen, were, in fact, a turbulent set, and it required no small degree of authority to keep them in any thing like good order. The commercial transactions—not only between the retailers and their customers, but between

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one tradesman and another—during the middle ages, were especially characterised by the most unprincipled dishonesty, and were the constant unfailing sources of municipal legislation and litigation. Strict laws defined the limits within which each person might trade or work, without overstepping the bounds of his fellows; and the whole system is marked by the most extreme jealousy of strangers and interlopers. A few examples will give the best notion of the character of these enactments. At Winchester, in the seventh year of the reign of Henry IV.,

"It was assentid and agreid that straunge bochers stand in there places to them assigned, and not in diverse places, as before this it hathe byn used; and that thei bringe with them the hide and the tallowe of every beast killed out of the citie."

By another enactment of the corporation, of the same date, strangers were not allowed to sell fish in the town; and in order to hinder the fraudulent evasion of this law by persons who represented themselves as persons buying for lords, it was ordered:

"Item, that no ffyssher nother cooke dwellinge within the citie be no byer for no lorde nor for other straunger, as thei hathe done before this tyme, in no wyse except he be an howsholde servant."

Another evasion of these laws against strangers appears to be guarded against by the following enactment of the 22d Henry VIII.:

"Also the same daye it is ordeyned that from hensforthe no common caryer within the cytie of Winchester shall nother by nor sell within the said cytie, nor enjoye the liberties of the sayd cytie, uppon payne of forfeture of all suche goodes so bought and solde to the use of the bayliffes."

These principles continued to be acted upon down to a late period. Early in Elizabeth's time we find a long act of the corporation of Winchester for the protection of tailors and hosiers against foreigners who came to establish themselves in the city 'at diverse quick tymes.' In the 22d of Elizabeth we find an act of the corporation to protect 'cobblers and shoemakers,' and to correct 'sundry abuses' which had arisen amongst them. In the eighth year of Elizabeth's reign it is ordered:

"Item, that no bocher straunger commyng to the cytie doo bringe any veale to sell that shalbe blowen or otherwise unlawfullie stuffed, upon payne to forfayte for every defaulte xijd. videlicet, vjd. to the baylyffes, and vjd. to the poore people."

Both at Winchester and Southampton there appears to have been from an early period a great jealousy of what are called in the records 'typpling howses.' In the latter place, these 'typpling howses' appear to have been quite as abundant as the inns in the present town. In the mayoralty of Walter Baker, about the 20th year of the reign of Henry VIII., the following entry occurs in the journal of the common council:

"For the better encrease of handy craftes and good occupacions within the towne of Southampton, and eschuyng of idilnes, nyght wacche, and unlawful games within the same, which is comenly usid and growen by reason that every other howse is a bruer or a tapper, wherfor it is agreed the fiijth day of July, in the xxiijth yere of King Harry the viijth, by all us whos names be underwriten, that there shalbe appoynted within the said towne a certen of bruers bothe of ale and bere to serve substancyally the seid towne, and also a certen yn every warde to be tappers of the same, fynding suretie that no nyght wacche ne unlawfull games shalbe usid within there howses, butt good rule according to the order of the kinges lawes; and hit is agreed that no comyn bruer of ale or bere use to tapp bere or ale within there howses, but to serve the custumers in groce, that one may lyve by another, upon peyne to for every tyme offendyng iijs. iiijd."

The municipal magistrates appear to have had constant occupation in attending to the petty quarrels and offences of the townsmen, among whom (as in most classes of society during the middle ages) morality seems to have been at a very low ebb. The court-books and registers of fines levied for such offences are filled with notes of 'affrays,' and of other offences of a still less creditable nature; and it may be noticed passingly that the priests and friars are not unfrequently met with in these documents in very equivocal situations. The following are a few scattered cases of the reign of Henry VII., taken from a register in the archives of the town of Southampton, which will help to give some idea of the manners of of the townsmen of that place [some of the most indecent, in which priests and others are concerned, cannot be printed]:

"Item, a fyne made by a galyman that made ij women dronk when master Bray was in towne, vjs. viijd.

Item, a ffyne made by a woman that brake Agnes Blewettes hed with a peyre of tonges, xvd.

Item, a ffyne made by Nichol de Catere for callyng Peryn Barbour knave, ijs.

Item, a ffyne made by the osteler at the Crowne the xxiiij day of Febr. for pykyng of a Lombardes purse, xixs. jd."

In one instance a man is fined only because he intended to commit an offence:

"Item, a ffyne made by a pilot for cause he wold a made a fray, xijd."

I never understood so well the manner in which the streets of our old towns became so rapidly raised above their original level, till I found in a record of the fifteenth century at Canterbury a person presented to the court as having emptied out three waggon-loads of horse-muck into the public street. Dead cats, or even dogs, are sometimes thrown into the public road in our days; but you will hardly fail to be surprised when I tell you, that early in the fifteenth century an inhabitant of Winchester is presented by the jury as having thrown into the middle of the street—a *dead horse*.

"Many of these entries prove the watchfulness and jealousy with which suspected persons were observed by the municipal authorities, even in their domestic actions. Others shew us the singular expedients often resorted to, to guard against dangers and accidents. . . . . On the other hand, the authorities were expected to provide abundantly for the relaxation and amusement of the townsmen. It appears to have been part of the mayor's office to see that plenty of bulls and bears were provided for baiting. This was carried to such an extent, that a butcher was liable to a fine for killing any bull which had not previously been baited; and we find many entries like the following, which is taken from a book of receipts, of the reign of Henry VII., at Southampton:

"Item, of Thomas Mayett, for a fine for kyllyng a bulle unbaytid, xiiijd."

The bulldogs kept by the butchers for this purpose appear to have been the terror of the town; and one of the offences frequently mentioned in the court-rolls of the city of Winchester is that of butchers letting their bulldogs run about the town unmuzzled. It appears from the corporation-journals of the city of Winchester in the 30th year of the reign of Henry VIII. it was ordered:

"That frome hensforthe ther shalbe no bulstake set before any mayor's doore to bayte any bull, but onlie at the bull ringe within the saide cytie."

One of the most frequent items of payment ordered by the corporations of Winchester and Southampton in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was rewards to minstrels; and the mayors were obliged to give frequent and often sumptuous feasts. The testimony given by the records to municipal eating and drinking in former times is perfectly astonishing; and this must have swallowed up no small portion of the revenues. In the fifteenth century, the 'auditors' of Southampton appear to have dined at the expense of the corporation three or four times every month; and when a week passes without the accustomed charge, the item is still set down, as though it were something remarkable. For instance, we find, in 1469, the following entry:

"Item, payde the ix day of Novembre nothing, for the auditorys dynyd with the mayre. *nihil*."

In the time of Elizabeth, the mayors appear to have become negligent even of giving the dinner customary on their election; for in the eighteenth year of her reign it is ordered, that the mayor should give a dinner on his election, or forfeit five pounds. It may be observed as somewhat singular, that the first attempt I have noticed in any of these books to suppress trading on Sundays occurs in the journals of the corporation of Winchester, in the sixth year of Henry VI., when it is ordered that shop-windows should be shut, and that no wares should be sold on that day. * * *

"The documents which have escaped from the wreck of the mass of older municipal documents in almost every town in the kingdom contain still a vast mass of valuable materials for the history of the great struggle to which I allude; and it is much to be desired that they should not only be carefully preserved and arranged, but that they should be made accessible to the historian."

Connected with municipal archives, another paper was read by Mr. Wright, and a third, drawn from those of Leicester, communicated by James Thomson, Esq.;* and as these records bring to light much popular and entertaining matter, we shall bestow equal care upon their report.

ARCHITECTURE.

On Wednesday forenoon Mr. Edward Cresy, the architect, well known to the world both by the soundness of his opinions and the merits of his practical works, delivered a lecture on the architecture of Winchester Cathedral, which attracted much notice, and was listened to with great attention. His minute and comprehensive examination of the building, and the novelty and importance of some of his deductions respecting Saxon remains therefrom, certainly justified this feeling; and has induced us to go as far into the subject as our limits would allow.

After a brief retrospect of the introduction of Christianity into Britain, Mr. C. said: "The numerous cathedrals and churches built of stone throughout England, from the period of St. Augustine's arrival to the Conquest, are so well attested, that we cannot believe the whole to have been swept away before the eleventh century, and that now we have not a vestige remaining; that style which had for its peculiar character simplicity, and Roman construction for its model, cannot have wholly disappeared, while so many buildings which served the Saxons for imitation remain scattered over the greater part of Europe. The fantastic character found in the sculpture, sparingly introduced in the capitals and over the entrances of their buildings, and which materially differs from the Norman, agrees precisely with the embellishments met with in the Saxon manuscripts that have come down to us. An Eastern, or rather Byzantine, invention pervades the design as well as execution of the works of art of this period. But as the arts were ever the attendants of Christianity, there is no good ground for supposing that they did not accompany St. Augustine, any more than that they did not

* We neglected to mention that the paper on Roman roads from Winchester, in our last, was by Henry Hatcher, Esq.

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spread throughout the kingdom of Charlemagne, on the banks of the Rhine, the shores of Italy, Sicily, Spain, and other countries where they are abundantly found. It has become a very general opinion, that we can shew no remains of Saxon architecture, and that the sumptuous churches and cathedrals erected by the Saxons in the most solid and perfect manner only a century before the Conquest, were destroyed by the Normans, that others upon a grander scale might be constructed on their sites by that enterprising people. It has also been doubted whether St. Augustine's at Canterbury, erected in 605; Southwell Minster, 630; Hexham, in 674; Malmesbury, in 675; St. Albans, in 793; Peterborough, in 970; Ely, and others, were built of stone. The church and monastery of St. Peter's and St. Paul's (Bede, lib. i. cap. 33), as begun by St. Augustine, was a stone edifice, and formed with arches and columns, as was also old St. Paul's at London. St. Augustine was interred in the first-named monastery, "*en porticii ellius aquilonari.*" St. Peter's at York; the cathedral at Lincoln, built by Paulinus; St. Peter's at Wearmouth, by Benedict Biscopius, in 675, also had pillars and arches of stone, as well as others erected by Wilfred, and described by Eddius. This writer, in his mention of St. Andrew at Hexham, founded in 674, expressly says that it 'had deep foundation, subterraneous rooms, pillars, porticos; and that it had not its rival on this side of the Alps.' Richard, a prior of this church (Richardi Prioris, Hagust, lib. i.), who wrote an account of this church about a century after the Conquest, when it remained in the state left by the Saxons, not only alludes to the crypt, but informs us that the walls were of an immense height and length, and that they were supported on columns of varied forms; they were divided into three stories, and the whole church was surrounded by chapels, and that spiral staircases allowed you to pass above and below to every part. In the stairs, which were made of stone, landings and various windings were contrived, to approach the different galleries; so that a multitude of persons might assemble about in the body of the church, and yet not be visible to any that were below in it—the peculiar character of a Roman basilica. That pillars, arches, vaulted roofs, windows, porticos, galleries, towers, staircases, altars, with a variety of ornament and decorations, were made use of by the Saxons, all writers who allude to their constructions bear ample testimony; and we know also from the best authority, that previous to their conversion to Christianity they made use of Roman buildings for the worship of their divinities, and that Pope Gregory recommended St. Augustine not to destroy them, but only to remove the idols they contained, and afterwards consecrate them to Christian purposes. The manner of building introduced by the Romans, the cutting and hatching of stone, the forming of mortar, and more particularly a concrete with flint or gravel, and even chalk, was not only adopted by the Saxons, but continued in use for many centuries after they were subdued by the Normans. Both churches and castles are found with their walls and arches so formed. The cathedral at Winchester exhibits much of this construction, the earliest part of which may be attributed to the time of St. Ethelwold, who finished it about the year 980."

A biographical history of this celebrated "constructer" followed; and Mr. C. proceeded to describe the crypt, where, though the ground had accumulated to nearly the level of the capitals of the columns, enough was visible to prove that the work was of a date long prior to the great central Norman tower. He then came to treat of the transepts, where the junction of the two styles, Saxon and Norman, is palpable even to the uninitiated eye.

"The transepts, where attached to the tower, shew in part that they have been reconstructed, and that additional strength was given to the piers when that was done. In the western aisle of the north transept the junction of the Norman with the Saxon work is very evident, as is the difference in the character of the masonry of the two periods. By a careful measurement of the several piers in the transepts we readily detect the changes they have undergone, and are enabled to account for the horse-shoe shape given to some of the main arches that rest upon them. The smaller piers (one of which in the south transept is nearly perfect) are set out with great regularity, and measure 9 feet 8 inches from west to east, and 8 feet 2 inches from north to south. Their form is that of a Greek cross, with arms 2 feet 7 inches in width, with large and small columns placed around them, three of which on each side have their centres on the same circle. The symmetry and order in the setting out of the pier which remains perfect shews us the knowledge in geometry which Ethelwold must have acquired; and its application is of the most extraordinary kind for that period, when we fancy the sciences were entirely forgotten."

The details in the demonstration of this and other statements we could not make intelligible without diagrams, but they were acknowledged to be very complete and satisfactory; and Mr. C. remarked:

"We must not imagine that the simplicity by which this form is characterised denotes the knowledge or first step made in science by a rude people, but that it results from a study of what was necessary to be contrived before the wall of a lofty church could be built capable of containing aisles, galleries, passages, and openings, the effects of which you now behold, and which are beautifully alluded to in the history of the Saxon churches. . . The transepts, particularly that on the south side, have an undoubted Saxon character, and formed a portion of the cathedral built by Ethelwold, and finished in 980. The masonry is indifferently executed, but the mortar is so good that it compensates in some degree for this. The mouldings are rudely cut as well as sparingly introduced. The capitals of the main pillars alone shew an indication of the carver's art, and they are uniform in their style. The capitals of the triforium and columns of the clerestory are of the same family, and shew the like poverty of design. They are cut out of a single block of stone, with the exception of the tile-like abacus, which is bedded in coarse mortar upon them. The shafts of the original columns are built up in seventeen or eighteen courses, each formed of two stones, and alternately presenting a perpendicular joint in the middle of each; those of a recent date are more judiciously worked with small stones the whole diameter of the columns. The side aisles have simple mouldings 10 inches in width, which serve as cross springers for the vaulting, 17 ft. 1 in. by 15 ft. 2 in.; and the moulded ribs are so much better worked, and their joints so closely united, that we may consider they were the work of the Normans. . . . . On examining the Saxon work on the exterior, particularly on the west side of the south transept, we have no difficulty in detaching it from the Norman, and we are compelled to admit its inferiority of construction when compared with the masonry of the great tower in the centre. . . The small circular openings of the triforium are portions of St. Ethelwold's church, some of them in the clere and ground stories have undergone alterations, being enlarged and ornamented with the double billett and a small quatrefoil ornament rudely carved. The greater part of these enrichments appear to have been introduced after the walls of the building were erected; and it is a curious fact, that in no part of these transepts is there any indication of the zigzag ornament, with the exception of that in the southern transept attached to a pointed arch, and which is of a known subsequent date. Windows introduced into the eastern aisles of the two transepts are of a much later date, and occupy the Saxon windows, parts of which may in many places be easily traced.

The lecturer then observed upon the whole building: "Before we quit this part of our subject, let me call in the aid of your imagination to contemplate the entire church built by St. Ethelwold. I would not confine your attention to the crypts and transepts, which are alone visible—a nave, choir, and chapel beyond, over the middle crypt, with a large central tower, formed a complete whole, and I hope to convince you that these are not entirely destroyed, but that the nave and west front still remain, enclosed within another exterior."

Differing thus from Milner, Carter, and Britton (to the latter of whom Mr. Cresy paid a high compliment as the "foster-father of the pointed style"), Mr. Cresy went at length into the various differences, relying on careful measurements, from which he selected and made out his Saxon remains.

"The massive tower of Winchester, built by St. Ethelwold, at the junction of the transepts, nave, and choir, having been thrown down, and injured some parts of the walls, and two divisions on each side which were in connexion with it; when Walkelyn was appointed to the see, he commenced rebuilding it, and completed it in the solid manner now presented to us. The mouldings and zigzag ornaments, which adorn the two stories of the interior, and the one above the roof within, at once shew a difference of style to the transepts, and leave no doubt of their Norman design and construction. . . . . The Saxon edifice was not, therefore, pulled down, but restored at its junction with the tower, after the latter was completed; another important fact is, that the tower is not square, its breadth being exactly that of the nave from out to out one way, and that of the transept the other, which leads to the conclusion, that it was built in accordance to a site already defined by the Saxon church, or marked out by one previously occupying its place: to have made it square, it must have been extended either beyond the walls of the middle aisle of the transepts, or have been made to comprise only a portion of the nave, afterwards altered by Wykeham. . . . Walkelyn does not appear to have done more to the building than erect the tower, put the remainder into a state of repair, and reconstruct the entire timber roof, he having obtained permission from the Conqueror to cut down as much timber in the forest of Hanipinge as he could carry away in three days; it is said that he took away the whole, which greatly angered the king, who remarked that he had been too liberal in his grant, and the bishop too exacting in the use he made of it."

The font with the quaint legend of St. Nicholas was next discussed; and adverting to another most interesting building (afterwards illustrated in a paper by the Rev. S. Jackson), Mr. C. said: "Henry de Blois, from 1129 to

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1171. This bishop, nephew of the Conqueror, and brother to King Stephen, was the founder of St. Cross, or rather the rebuilder of the church and hospital which had been established there as a convent by the Saxons. He probably completed those portions of the cathedral which were in progress when he was appointed to the see—for we find in the walls of the south transept two pointed and two semicircular arches, decorated with the zigzag, which for style and workmanship correspond with the architecture of St. Cross. The mouldings introduced on the outside of these transepts around the Saxon windows is probably his work also, as they appear to be let in, and are not bonded with the other masonry."

On another important architectural feature, Mr. C. observed: "Pointed or lancet style, from 1190 to 1270, is met with in the cathedral church at Winchester, earlier than at any other church, even before that at Salisbury, which was commenced about 1214. The clustered pillars of Purbeck marble, with its delicately formed mouldings, set out upon more scientific principles, can be studied here in all its perfection. It seems extraordinary that the first example we meet with of this original style, and which exhibits such extraordinary lightness, when compared with the architecture it took precedence of, should here be found developed, and constituting an *order* which afterwards spread through England, and by degrees became introduced into all our ecclesiastical buildings. The Temple Church, completed in 1240, and numerous chancels of the churches in Kent, particularly that at Stone, all exhibit the same perfection and design in the setting out, the sculpture, and mouldings. Wells, Salisbury, Exeter, Lincoln, York, Canterbury, and other examples, might be cited, which are so similar in their work, that apparently the same moulds have been made use of for the decorative parts. It would seem that one spirit breathed through the confraternity of masons by whom these buildings were erected. . . . The setting out of De Lucy's architecture has been already alluded to, and it requires you to bestow upon it considerable attention; for in it you well see the nucleus of all the forms which the pointed style in after-times sported in, and which seemed like a charm, or rather, in many instances, the work of fairy hands."

The lecture continued to hand us down, with much information, through the years till we came to the famed William of Wykeham, who "purchased the use of the stone-quarries of Quarrer Abbey, in the Isle of Wight, then in great repute. This stone we find used in the repairs and additions at a very early period, as well as long after Wykeham's time. It is of an excellent quality; but has not been commented upon by the commissioners appointed to examine into the merits of the material to be used in the new houses of parliament."*

His reconstruction of the cathedral is fully described; and we learned, that "in one of the northern divisions of the nave, and directly opposite the chantry of Edyngton, are remaining unaltered the capitals and columns that supported the lower main arches of the Saxon church; and above the vaulting of the nave, as well as above that of the side-aisles, may be seen, throughout their entire length, the remains of the Saxon construction. In the triforium story, from the vaulting over the side-aisles, the entire arches which discharged the weight over the Saxon triforium remain over every division of the nave. Wykeham preserved all above this main arch of the triforium, cutting down only the main arches of the lower story, and taking out the two smaller of the triforium; after this was done he introduced the present arches, struck from four centres, and recased the piers as we now see them. From the gallery of the present triforium may be seen the stuffing or filling in with chalk of the Saxon wall; and the mortar which so firmly holds the mass together, and forms a concrete of great strength, may be examined. As Wykeham did not undertake this work until he was seventy years of age, it was not entirely completed at his death. . . . The gallery of the present triforium is forty-two feet from the pavement of the nave, and occupies the level of the capitals of those which constituted St. Ethelwold's triforium; so that what formed two stories of the Saxon cathedral made but one in Wykeham's. The form given to the new arches contributes by its strength to compensate for those which have been taken away. In the clerestory we find no part of the Saxon walls destroyed; the glass of the windows in it was on the same level as at present. The peculiar and singular form given to the heads of the clerestory windows by Wykeham was evidently caused by that prelate's desire to maintain the strength of the Saxon walls, and not cut into them more than was necessary."

Upon a grand general principle Mr. C., after paying a high compliment to Mr. Joseph Gwilt, who, he regretted, would not read to them at this meeting his paper on the ratio of the points of support—a subject that he had studied most thoroughly and usefully, said:

"The Dorians, when they erected a portico of four columns, seem to have set it out in the following manner:—Within a square the whole figure was comprised. Five cubes were given to each of the four columns, and twenty were divided among the intercolumniation. Upon the twenty which formed the four columns were laid as many more to constitute the pediment and entablature. The square which comprised the whole may be said to be divided into sixty-four; twenty were applied to columns, twenty to entablature, and twenty to intercolumniation; the other four being rejected, as they formed the parts of the square above the slopes of the pediment. A tetrastyle portico in the Ionic order was set out with this difference: half the whole, instead of a third, was given to void, the proportions between the supports and the supported being alike: the weight was always made equal, and no more than its supports. Hexastyle, octastyle, and other temples, if examined, are found to be set out upon the same principle. In the sections of the several cathedrals the proportions of mass and void are found materially to differ from those which the Doric and Ionic methods present. The masses of the section in the cathedral at Winchester, added together, are 42 ft. 7 in., whilst the whole extent is 101 ft. Here the points of support or mass are a little more than a third. At the cathedral at Ely, in the choir, the voids are as 66 ft. 8 in. is to 97 ft.; at the cathedral at Salisbury as 68 ft. to 100 ft.; at that of Wells as 58 ft. to 88 ft.; at Roslin Chapel as 29 ft. 9 in. is to 49 ft. 4 in. In the Doric style there is two-thirds material and one-third void; in the Ionic half and half; and in the best examples of the pointed style, as Bath Abbey Church, there is only one-third material to two-thirds void. Hence, in viewing the economy of the three styles, they are as 1 to 2, 2 to 2, and 2 to 1; the pointed style being that which requires the least material; the Ionic next; and the Doric requires as much for its masses as the pointed style does for its voids: it is the very reverse in its application of material; what is mass in it, or rather its proportions of mass, become voids in the other, and *vice versâ*. Therefore, henceforth, let the pointed style be reckoned as the most economical in the demand it has upon material."

To conclude (for we can by no means do justice to this scientific paper, which we trust will be published): "The whole building is remarkable for its simplicity and solid construction, and for its exhibiting specimens of Saxon, Norman, lancet, and all the other styles which succeeded, which have received a nomenclature as numerous as the specimen here treated of."

Three o'clock Meeting.

His gratified audience having accompanied Mr. Creasy to the cathedral, and gone over all its interesting parts with him, the second meeting of the day ensued, when, *inter alia*,

Mr. Halliwell read a remarkable account of the life and writings of John Clapstone, a philosopher and alchemist of Winchester, in the reign of Henry VIII., and hitherto unnoticed by any writer on alchemy. After remarking on the benefits to science and useful discoveries made whilst pursuing the philosophers' stone, and other vagaries, Mr. Halliwell referred to a MS. volume of the neglected Clapstone's in Rawlinson's collection of the Bodleian Library (C. 92), the memoranda in which were singularly illustrative of the age and the writer's occupation. He had astronomically calculated his nativity "in the Chepe, London, July 21, 1483, at 2ᵒ 1ʰ, p. m.;" was apprenticed to a hosier, probably at Winchester, where he was in 1502. The death of his father, in 1503, left him heir to the competent income of 42 marks a-year; and, thus independent, he began his scientific career. Of its fruits several examples were quoted; but as we cannot teach our readers how to convert the white medicine into the red elixir, or discover the philosophers' stone, or elixir vitæ, we must again resign the worthy Clapstone to his Bodleian obscurity—only stating that he was also a poet, of which proof is given in this MS.

The mayor handed a letter, which had been sent to him as a literary curiosity, to Mr. Wright, who proceeded to read it with becoming gravity; but had proceeded only a short way when it was discovered to be a piece of waggish pleasantry, which Mr. Corner and Mr. Jerdan pointed out had already appeared in print. It nevertheless contributed a laugh and some amusement to divert antiquarian research.

Mr. Roach Smith read a communication by Mr. J. Y. Akerman on the mints and mintages of Winchester under Anglo-Saxon and early English monarchs. By the laws of Athelstane the privilege of coining in many places was limited, and seven moneyers licensed in Canterbury, three in Rochester, seven in York, eight in London, and six in Winchester. The coins of the latter, and the marks upon them, were described; "*Win*," "*Wint*," and other abbreviations, were specified. The pennies of Edgar, Edward the Martyr, Ethelred the Unready, Canute, Edward the Confessor, William the Conqueror, and William Rufus, invariably bore both the name of the moneyer and the place of mintage. In the reign of Henry I. a fire destroyed the mint of Winchester, the palace, and many churches; but in 1125 the place had been restored and Winchester appointed

* William of Wickham must have committed great depredations on the New Forest when cutting the wood allowed by the king for its rebuilding. There is, by measurement, 12 tons of timber in each division of the roof of the nave. The lead appears to match, being no less than 8 tons.

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to be the only coining mint in England, in order to reform the debased coinage of the kingdom, and again make it sterling and current on the continent. About the reign of Henry III. money ceased to be struck here, and the mintage was confined to London, York, and Canterbury.

Mr. Saull communicated his observations on the fortifications of Southampton, parts of which he considered to be Saxon, and other parts from the ninth to the eleventh century. An amusing conversation ensued, whether the site of Canute's famous reproof to his courtiers was on the sea-shore here; and it seemed to be pretty well agreed that the story was altogether apocryphal and the site nowhere!

At the president's *soirée*, in the later part of the evening, old Winchester measures, curiously engraved horns, coins, rings, &c., were plentifully exhibited; and an agreeable diversion was created by his lordship presenting a unique piece of antique conventual needlework, inwrought with venerable beads, to be disposed of by lottery among the ladies present.*

Before inserting the annexed letter and enclosures from Mr. Roach Smith, which speak for themselves, we ought *historically* to state that, whilst the British Archæological Association was holding its second congress at Winchester, with the effect demonstrated by our report of the proceedings, the president, Lord A. Conyngham, received a communication from the Marquis of Northampton, in which that kindly-disposed and estimable nobleman made a new proposition (no doubt suggested by the Secession, or No. Two Archæologists) to heal the breach in the general cause. It was to the effect, that both divisions should change their name, each adopting a modification of the original and existing title. As this was announced to spring from the noble Marquis himself, and not from the adverse committee, it was necessarily acknowledged as a personal courtesy; but, as inviting overtures from the authorities of the British Archæological Association, of course distinctly declined. In fact, at the present moment, having surmounted so many obstacles thrown in its way, and concluded a meeting so successful, that the unanimous press and public opinion have recognised its rights, it would be a gratuitously suicidal act to give up its acknowledged good name, or surrender its proud position.

While alluding to this subject, we cannot but say that the disingenuousness betrayed in the following statement from a correspondent strikes us as very disreputable. He writes us: "In the 'Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries,' just sent round to the members, under the date of April 3, 1845, the following occur among the presents to the Society: 'By Albert Way, Esq., director, 'The Archæological Journal, published under the direction of the Central Committee of the British Archæological Association, No. 5,' 8vo, 1845.—By Mr. Alfred John Dunkin, 'A Report of the substance of the several Speeches at the Special General Meeting of the Archæological Association, March 5,' 8vo, 1845.—*By C. R. Smith, Esq., F.S.A.*, 'A verbatim Report of the Proceedings at the Special General Meeting of the Members of the Archæological Association, March 5,' 8vo, 1845.' Not only has the title of *the British* Archæological Association been here designedly mutilated in the titles of the two works last enumerated; but it is as evidently designedly stated that the Verbatim Report was presented by Mr. Smith, whereas I distinctly heard Sir Henry Ellis state from the chair that it was presented by 'The British Archæological Association.' Mr. Way is said to be the author of these 'Proceedings;' will the Society of Antiquaries allow itself to be made a cat's-paw in the hand of its director, to endeavour to rob a kindred institution of its name and credit?"

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—I was at Winchester when I read Mr. Turner's letter printed in the *Gazette* of Aug. 2d, respecting the late Rev. J. Hodgson, the historian of Northumberland, and his connexion with the British Archæological Association. I, of course, was too much engaged with the business of the congress to be able to turn to letters which had long since been packed away at my residence in London; but I now take the earliest opportunity of referring to the letter-book of the Association for the proof demanded of Mr. Hodgson's adherence to the Association, to which he had been long since, by my persuasion, elected a member, and also a member of the local committee. This was done by me entirely out of respect to the veteran antiquary, whose devotion to antiquarian research had exhausted his worldly resources and ruined his health. No other member of the committee had, I believe, ever corresponded with him. After the general meeting he received from us a circular, in reply to which he sent me the following letter:

"Hartburn, 14th March, 1845.

"My dear sir,—I take the liberty of writing to you on the subject of the Archæological Society, because you very kindly wrote to me on the same institution, and on my book on the Roman Wall. I very highly approve of the resolution No. 4.* If the Association have not a copy of my Pipe Roll on Northumberland, and have room in one of their shelves for one, it would greatly gratify me to have the honour for leave to forward to them a bound copy in any way they may choose to direct.—Believe me to be, with very great regard, your most obedient servant, John Hodgson.

"I have had a most painful winter, and still write very badly.

"To Charles Roach Smith, Esq.
Hon. Sec. of the British Archæological Association."

The book referred to was subsequently forwarded for the Association. Other letters were received by me, which I expect related chiefly to private matters, and may therefore be buried in voluminous collections, which I have neither leisure nor inclination, for so needless a purpose as the present, to sacrifice an hour or two in looking over; so I will content myself with giving the following, directed to me officially. The first is in reference to the Winchester congress:

"Hartburn, Morpeth, 29th May, 1845.

"My dear sir,—I received a letter from you yesterday which delighted me, because it was in a handwriting which gave me pleasure; and pray assure the committee of the British Archæological Association, that I should be glad to be of every use I could if I could either see, talk, or say a word in a public meeting. I will, however, endeavour to procure you some antiquarian papers; and a parishioner of mine, who is now at his father's house, will be happy to aid you. Pray pardon my bad spelling and writing, and believe me to be most truly yours,

"John Hodgson.

"To Charles Roach Smith, Esq.
Hon. Sec. of the British Archæological Association."

"Hartburn, 9th June, 1845.

"My dear sir,—When I had the honour of receiving a letter from you respecting the British Archæological Association, I think I omitted, as I usually do, to add to my name any additional signature; but think you will like to add to it M.A., M.R.S.L., Vice-President of the Newcastle A.S. I can add nothing more, as my medical gentleman has just left me and says I must by no means write a word more than a single sentence, both my head and eyes being so very tender.—Yours, my dear sir,

"John Hodgson, M.A., &c.

"To C. Roach Smith, Esq.
Hon. Sec. of the British Archæological Association, &c."

I am not aware that Mr. Hudson Turner's name was ever published in the list of members of the British Archæological Association; but I feel convinced that when Mr. Hodgson wrote to him the letters sent you by Mr. Way, he supposed that that gentleman was acting in concert with me.—I remain, sir, your faithful servant, Charles Roach Smith.

VARIETIES.

Readings in Shakespeare.—We have had an opportunity of witnessing during the last week, at Hampstead, the performances of Mr. John Read, of Liverpool, a gentleman who has lately been gathering provincial laurels in the northern counties as a reader of Shakespeare; and who, we presume, is now feeling his way before a suburban audience, preparatively to his appearance at a more favourable season in London. Mr. Read's selection of subjects consisted of *Hamlet*, *Henry the Eighth*, and *Macbeth*. We were present at the reading of the last only; but as this work is of a nature to test more thoroughly than almost any other of the great dramatist's creations the abilities of an elocutionist, we consider ourselves competent to pronounce generally on his merits. He has evidently studied his author "with a learned" as well as a loving "spirit;" and he possesses, in an organ of utterance equally rapid and complete in its transitions, and firm and correct in its general tone, the means of giving effect to his nice conceptions of Shakespearian character. In the present state of the drama, his varied and energetic, and (what is curious, considering that he, as we understand, never was upon the stage) his *histrionic* powers, in the best sense of the term, are quite remarkable, and well calculated to delight the public.

Subscription for the Family of T. Hood.—We expected that this subscription would have mounted higher than the thousand pounds now advertised; but the classes on whose behalf his pen and genius were devoted are too poor to shew their gratitude to their benefactor; or perhaps the difficulty of finding means to en-

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* The barrow-digging day was not unmarked by some remains of superstition among the workmen; though not to the extent sometimes witnessed farther north. In disturbing one tomb in Derbyshire, the labourer came upon a stag's horn, and near it a small urn with coins; and he was in the act of removing it, when a living deer happened to run by. This was ghost enough for poor pickaxe and spade: he instantly replaced and reburied the relics, adding a sixpence, the only coin in his own pocket, as a peace-offering to the manes. Should this be found centuries hence, how the antiquarians will stare at the *Victoria* coin among the Roman denarii or Saxon sceatta!

* Resolution No. 4. "That the members of the Association be divided into two classes, associates and correspondents. That the associates consist of subscribers of one guinea or upwards per annum, or of a life-subscription of ten guineas, by which they will be entitled to receive a copy of the society's Journal, to attend all general meetings, and to vote at the election of officers of the committee. That of the correspondents no contribution be required; that they be entitled to attend all general meetings, but not to vote at the election of officers and committee."

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able them to evince it is too great to be surmounted. The pounds of the few admirers of worth and talent may readily be obtained; but the pence of the thousands of fellow-creatures, who would rejoice in contributing their mite in thankfulness to the great popular pleader of their cause, cannot be collected. It is a pity; for such would be the noblest memorial.

Archæology.—The Winchester meeting seems to have stirred up a right feeling for the preservation and restoration of national antiquities in many parts of the country. We have an appeal from *Great Yarmouth* for a fund to restore the ancient church of St. Nicholas there, and to renovate the remains of the adjacent *priory*, now used as a *stable*, for a national school.—Another communication has reached us earnestly calling for the restoration of the Norman tower at *Bury St. Edmunds*, which threatens an immediate and irreparable fall. Only an addition of five hundred pounds is needed to save this beautiful object.

Monument to the Earl of Leicester.—The foundation-stone for this monument (by public subscription) was laid in Holkham Park, on Tuesday, with appropriate ceremonies, by Lord Colborne. There was a turn-out of the population of the county, a grand procession, and a munificent entertainment to high and low who attended on the occasion. One of the matchless tents of Mr. B. Edgington received some 1500 guests at a time with perfect conveniency and comfort: such a structure is in itself a curiosity worth travelling a long way to see.

St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell.—This interesting relic of monastic antiquity, belonging to the very beginning of the sixteenth century—the last example remaining in London—has long threatened to yield to time; but we are glad to hear that a subscription has been opened to defray the expense of its complete restoration.

French Professional Honours.—The Paris Académie de Médicine has elected our countrymen Sir Benjamin Brodie, Dr. Marshall Hall, and Mr. Lawrence, foreign associates.

The British Museum.—The entire eastern wing is now in course of demolition, to make way for a new stone wing to correspond with that on the west side; so that the old Montagu brick edifice will in two years have a stone wing of quite different material and architecture on each side—liver and gizzard!

St. Peter's, Rome.—*Galignani's Messenger* states that this glorious cupola is cracked in many places, and in danger, though supported by ten massive arches of iron.

The Tiber.—The offer of an English company to the Pope to deepen the bed of the Tiber has been renewed. A similar offer was some time since made by a party of Jews; each hoping to remunerate the expense by the treasures of coin and art which might be found.

Antiquities in Holy Island.—The *Berwick Advertiser* mentions the discovery of some ancient remains on the north side of the island by workmen employed in making a road. They appear to occupy an acre and a half of ground, and probably belong to the oldest religious foundations of this sanctified isle. Two coins of Ethelred and some Saxon sceatta, in fine preservation, have been obtained.

Change of Weather.—Mr. Green, who was up in the clouds about 2800 yards with his wife on Tuesday, gives it as his opinion that there is about to be a favourable change in the weather!

Richardson's Theatre.—This long-popular receptacle for the more legitimate drama than is to be found in most of the London theatres was destroyed by fire at Dartford on Monday at midnight.

Duke of Sussex's Library.—The sale of the sixth and last division of this collection commenced on Tuesday, and was to conclude yesterday. It consists of 925 lots, including a number of publications on the occult sciences. The rest are of little curiosity or value.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Rise, Progress, and Prospects of the Schism from the German Catholic Church, by S. Laing, fcp. 8vo, 5s.—Plane Trigonometry and Mensuration, for the Use of the Royal Military College, by William Scott, M.A., 8vo, 9s. 6d.—History of the Conspiracy of Catiline, and of the Jugurthine War, by C. C. Sallustius, translated by E. Peacock, post 8vo, 7s. 6d.—The Village-Paupers, and other Poems, by G. W. Fulcher, 2d edit., fcp., 5s.—Notes on Isaiah, by A. Barnes, 8vo, 15s.—Sonnets, by F. Skurray, fcp., 5s.—Rev. F. Howes' Translation of Horace, fcp., 6s.—Letters of the Marchioness Broglio Salari, fcp., 5s.—Crœsus, King of Lydia; a Tragedy, 4to, 10s. 6d.—Harrison's Greek Grammar, 2d edit., 12mo, 4s.—Rev. C. Arnold's Boy's Arithmetic, Part II., 12mo, 3s. 6d.—The Royal Favourite, by Mrs. Gore, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1l. 11s. 6d.—A Sketch of New South Wales, by J. O. Balfour, post 8vo, 6s.—New Zealand and its Aborigines, by W. Brown, post 8vo, 8s.—The Law of Registration of Voters, by D. C. Moylan, 12mo, 4s. 6d.—Political Dictionary; a Work of Reference, Constitutional and Legal, Vol. I., square 8vo, 15s.—The Levite, or Scenes Two Hundred Years ago, by Elizabeth Murphy, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1l. 11s. 6d.—Practical Cook, English and Foreign, by J. Bergion and A. Miller, fcp., 7s. 6d.—Foreign Library, Vol. XVI.: Schlosser's History of the Eighteenth Century, Vol. VI., 8vo, 14s.—Only a Fiddler and O. T., by the Author of "Improvisatore," translated by Mary Howitt, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1l. 11s. 6d.—Miscellanies, Biographical and Critical, by W. H. Prescott, 8vo, 14s.—History of Ireland, from the Earliest Period to the Year 1245, by J. D'Alton, 2 vols. 8vo, 20s.—Dr. Hawker's Spiritual Reflections on the Scriptures (from his Commentary), 2 vols. 12mo, 9s.—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Bagster's Illustrated Edition, 8vo, 7s. 6d.—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, a Poetical Version, illustrated, fcp. 8vo, 4s. 6d.—The Sportsman's Library, by J. Mills, 8vo, 16s.—The Modern Abacus, by John Gardener, 12mo, 2s. 6d.—The Dark River; an Allegory, by Rev. E. Monro, 12mo, 2s. 6d.—R. Jackson's Views of the Formation, &c., of Armies, 3d edit., 8vo, 12s.—Reminiscences of the Coronation, and other Tales, by Mrs. Lane, post 8vo, 12s.—Rome, its Ecclesiastical and Social Life, post 8vo, 10s. 6d.—Hints on the Nature and Management of Duns, post 8vo, 5s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ The variety of matters brought forward and of information given at the Archæological Congress will account for our devoting so much space to the proceedings. We need hardly remark to our readers, that it has more novelty than we could derive from reviews of so many books.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Last Night but One of the Subscription.

This Evening, SATURDAY, August 16, will be performed Bellini's opera, "Norma." Norma, Made. Grisi; Clotilde, Made. Bellini; Adalgisa, Mdlle. Rossetti; Pollione, Sig. Moriani; Flavio, Sig. Dal Fiori; and Oroveso, Sig. Lablache.

Between the acts a divertissement, from "Eoline; ou, La Dryade," comprising the scene of the Dryades. Eoline, Mdlle. Grahn.

In the course of the evening, the admired Spanish dance, La Castillane, by Mdlle. Lucile Grahn and M. Perrot.

To conclude with the admired divertissement, by Mdlle. Cerito, entitled "La Vivandière." The music arranged and composed by Signor Pugni. La Vivandière, Mdlle. Cerito; Le Postillon, M. St. Leon. Introducing Pas de la Vivandière, by Mdlle. Cerito; and the celebrated Pas de Quatre, from "La Lac des Fees," by Mdlle. Cerito, Mdlle. Ferdinand, Mdlle. Moncelet, and M. St. Leon, supported by eight ladies of the corps de ballet; and La Redowa Polka, the original dance of Bohemia, by M. St. Leon and Mdlle. Cerito.

Applications for boxes, pit-stalls, and tickets, to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.—Doors open at seven, and the Opera will commence at half-past seven o'clock.

For the Benefit of Signor Moriani.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Sig. MORIANI has the honour to inform the nobility, subscribers to the Opera, and the public, that his BENEFIT will take place on THURSDAY next, August 21 (it being the last and farewell night of the season), when will be presented Donizetti's favourite opera, "Lucia di Lammermoor." Lucia, Made. Castellan; Alicia, Made. Bellini; Enrico, Sig. Fornasari; Bidebent, Sig. Paltoni; Arturo, Sig. A. Giubilei; Normando, Sig. Dal Fiori; and Edgardo, Sig. Moriani.

With Gnecco's opera buffa, "La Prova d'un Opera Seria." Corilla, Made. Rossi Caccia; and Campanone, Sig. Lablache.

With a variety of Entertainments, in which Mdlle. Cerito and Mdlle. Lucile Grahn will appear.

To conclude with the admired ballet of "Ondine." Principal characters by Mdlle. Cerito, Made. Copere, Mdlle. Ferdinand, Mdlle. Moncelet, M. Perrot, and M. St. Leon.

Applications for boxes, pit-stalls, and tickets, to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.—Doors open at seven; the Opera will commence at half-past seven o'clock.

PALLADIUM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

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Physician—Seth Thompson, M.D.

The TWENTIETH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Society was held on the 10th of April last, when a highly satisfactory REPORT was laid before the Proprietors and Policy Holders, and unanimously adopted.

The Public will see the advantage of selecting, in so important a matter as Life Assurance, a well-established office, which, from its continued prosperity, and its large additions to policies, offers the greatest inducement to Assurers, combined with the undoubted security of a numerous and wealthy proprietary.

ADDITIONS TO POLICIES.

The following Table shews the additions made to Policies for £5000, which had been in force for Fourteen Years, to the 31st December 1838:—

Age at commencement.	Premiums paid in the Fourteen Years.	Additions made to the Sum Assured in the Fourteen Years.	Total Sum now payable in case of Death.
10	£1192 18 4	£466 6 7	£5466 6 7
15	1360 5 4	681 2 7	5681 2 7
20	1525 8 4	709 6 1	5709 6 1
25	1662 18 4	767 2 8	5767 2 8
30	1869 11 8	813 15 6	5813 15 6
35	2094 3 4	854 8 6	5854 8 6
40	2377 1 8	922 18 1	5922 18 1
45	2727 1 8	1011 2 9	6011 2 9
50	3173 8 8	1129 15 7	6129 15 7

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"Contumelious, beastly, mad-brained war"

ands down its names to honour; whilst are arely or never mentioned the cultivators of poor mangled peace, dear nurse of arts, plen-es, and joyful births."

As Sir Sidney Smith was exalted by his mis-on to the East (an appointment which gave uch offence to Nelson, as is seen from many tters in this volume), so does Nelson himself ppear to have been inflamed almost above umanity by the immortal battle of the Nile, nd absorbed by his subsequent relations with e royal family and court of Naples. Here s his mission; to serve them and restore eir dominions his paramount duty, his busi-ess in life. In their cause he disobeyed the ders of his commander, Lord Keith, braved smissal, and risked the invasion of Ireland. is reasons and his policy might be right, and s gallant career carried him through; but in ort, his devotedness could hardly be called herwise than infatuation with a single object. ther heads than Nelson's have been turned y less moving circumstances and influences; and errors of [illegible] too [illegible] to happe[illegible]ere [illegible] mighty exu[illegible], unquen[illegible]mbition, a new sp[illegible] seduc-tions o[illegible]y [illegible]ss, a weak state of he[illegible] degree of excitement, each alone enough to overturn the strongest understanding.

What error leads must err: and Nelson was but a man. Let us remember his noble qua-lities, his patriotism, his devotedness, his firm-ness, his incorruptibility; and forget the vanity which was but mortal, and the one blot, during a heated and feverish moment of mistaken prin-ciple, which has been so assiduously coloured to depreciate his otherwise matchless merits.

But, brought up to his profession from mere boyhood, and without sound education, have we a right to ask perfection in every difficulty into which he was thrown? It was wonderful what he did; and tending to the catastrophe, to which these remarks refer, we should con-sider what was the master-sentiment indelibly implanted in his youthful breast, nourished with his years, and strengthened with his strength. It was intense hatred of the French, the enemies of his country, and at that season the scourgers of mankind. He was the proto-type of Blucher. Here are passages from his correspondence:

"If the enemy have Malta, it is only as a safe harbour for their fleet, and Sicily will fall the moment the king's fleet withdraws from the coast of Sicily; therefore we must have free use of Sicily to enable us to starve the French in Malta. I need not say more on this very im-portant subject. The king of Naples may now have part of the glory in destroying these pests of the human race; and the opportunity, once lost, may never be regained. * * *

"All useful communication is at an end be-tween Alexandria and Cairo: you may be as-sured I shall remain here as long as possible. Buonaparte had never yet to contend with an English officer; and I shall endeavour to make him respect us. This is all I have to commu-nicate. I am confident every precaution will be taken to prevent, in future, any vessels go-ing to Suez, which may be able to carry troops to India. If my letter is not so correct as might be expected, I trust for your excuse, when I tell you that my brain is so shook with the wounds in my head, that I am sensible I am not always so clear as could be wished; but whilst a ray of reason remains, my heart and my head shall ever be exerted for the benefit of our king and country."*

"*To Lieutenant-Governor Locker, Royal Hospital, Greenwich.*

"Palermo, Feb. 9th, 1799.

"My dear friend,—I well know your own goodness of heart will make all due allowances for my present situation, and that truly I have not the time or power to answer all the letters I receive at the moment; but you, my old friend, after twenty-seven years' acquaintance, know that nothing can alter my attachment and gratitude to you: I have been your scho-lar; it was you who taught me to board a Frenchman, by your conduct when in the Ex-periment; it is you who always told [me], 'Lay a Frenchman close, and you will beat him,' and my only merit in my profession is being a good scholar. * * *

"I find, my dear sir, although the Turks and Russians have twenty sail of the line and as many frigates, yet I am forced to continue the blockade of Alexandria. However, thank God, the plague has got into both the French army and into their shipping. God send it may finish those miscreants! * * * You will believe that my anxiety for sending a squadron to Egypt is, to expedite the destruc-tion of that robber, Buonaparte, with all his gang, and to have the pleasure of seeing the dominions of the grand signior cleared from infidels and murderers; I pray God it may be soon. * * * Captain Sir William Sidney Smith, who has the present command of the squadron off Alexandria, I have reason to believe, thinks differently from me, and will grant passports for the return of that part of the French army which God Almighty permits to remain. I have therefore thought it highly proper to send Captain Sir Sidney Smith the order of which I transmit a copy; for I consi-der it nothing short of madness to permit that band of thieves to return to Europe. No; to Egypt they went with their own consent, and there they shall remain whilst Nelson com-mands the detached squadron; for never, never, will he consent to the return of one ship or Frenchman. * * * We have great news from Egypt. The siege of Acre was raised May 21st—Buonaparte leaving all his cannon and sick behind. The vagabond has got again to Cairo, where I am sure he will ter-minate his career. Communication is cut off between the coast and Cairo."

These are tolerably bitter nationalities; but when any thing crossed Nelson's purposes, he was not very sparing in his language, epithets, or opinions.

"We have a report here that a Russian ship has paid you a visit, with proclamations for the island. I hate the Russians, and if she came from their admiral at Corfu, he is a black-guard."

"*To the Right Honourable Lord Minto.*

"Palermo, August 20th, 1799.

"My dear lord,—Reports say you are at Vienna, therefore I send a letter, hoping it is so, to assure you of my unalterable regard. Under you I have before worked for the pub-lic good; for the sake of the civilised world let us again work together; and, as the best act of our lives, manage to hang Thugut, Cardinal Ruffo, and Manfredini. As you are with Thu-

* For example, that Lady Hamilton and Lord Nel-son rowed round the vessel where Caraccioli was hanging; which is proved to be what the brave and intelligent Sir F. Augustus Collier (who was on board Nelson's ship at the time) has denounced it to be, a "—— lie," softened into "*an arrant falsehood,*" by Sir H. Nicolas, p. 522. The same applies to the heartless conversation between the same parties, re-ported to have taken place on deck previous to this pretended excursion.

* And Sir W. Hamilton is in the same mind, as we learn from a note: "It is remarkable that at the very time when the action was being fought, Sir William Hamilton should have been writing to Nelson. His letter is dated, 'Naples, August 1, 1798, late at night,' and after acknowledging the receipt of his packet of the 20th and 22d of July from Syracuse, Sir William said: 'You may judge of our disappointment, as, for ten days past, reports have been current of your hav-ing defeated the French fleet in the bay of Alexan-dretta, on the 30th of June, and taken Buonaparte pri-soner; but we must not repine; you have done what man could do, and, as you say very well, 'the devil's children have the devil's luck.' I can easily conceive the anxiety of your mind during your fruitless tour, in a crippled ship and without a single frigate; but as all repining at what is passed is in vain, let us do the best we can under our present circumstances.'"

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gut, your penetrating mind will discover the villain in all his actions; there is nothing of an honest man about him; if he was in this room, where I have told Manfredini as much, I would tell him the same. Their councils have been equally destructive to their sovereign and to Europe; try them before that great court, and they will be found friends of the French, and traitors to Europe. Pardon this; but it comes from a seaman who speaks truth and shames the devil. My dear lord, that Thugut is caballing against our English king of Naples and his family; pray keep an eye upon this rascal, and you will soon find what I say is true. I am living with Sir William and Lady Hamilton; therefore, I need not to say, in private life I am happy, and nothing vexes me but the storms of state; but let us hang these three miscreants and all will go on smooth."

Of Lord St. Vincent contrast the annexed:

"Our great queen, who truly admires you, our dear, invaluable Lady Hamilton, our good Sir William, and, give me leave to add myself to this excellent group, have but one opinion about you, viz. that you are every thing which is great and good. Let me say so. * * * Let me thank you for your goodness to Capt. Nisbet. I wish he may deserve it: the thought half kills me. My dear lord, there is no true happiness in this life, and in my present state I could quit it with a smile. May God Almighty bless you with health, happiness, and long life, is the fervent prayer of your affectionate friend,

"Nelson."

"I have not received a line from England since the 1st of October. Lord St. Vincent is in no hurry to oblige me now." [This soon after broke into direct hostilities.]

With the many complaints and reproaches in the case of Sir Sidney Smith, under his command as captain of the Tigre, but acting in a higher political capacity as joined with his brother, our minister at Constantinople, we will not fill much of our paper, as there was a good deal of inconveniency in what proceeded out of this double capacity; and, in the end, when Sir Sidney achieved the important defence of St. Jean d'Acre, Nelson, without compromising his position or dignity, made the most generous amends to his successful compeer. Before this it was: "If Sir Sidney was an object of anger, I would not serve unless he was taken away; but I despise such frippery and nonsense as he is composed of. * * * I shall, my lord, keep a sufficient force in the Levant for the service required of us, but not a ship for Capt. Smith's parade and nonsense—Commodore Smith—I beg his pardon, for he wears a broad pendant—has he any orders for this presumption over the heads of so many good and gallant officers with me? Whenever Sir Sidney Smith went on board the Tigre in state, as he calls it, the royal standard was hoisted at the mast-head, and twenty-one guns fired. The Turks, however, who love solid sense and not frippery, see into the knight, and wonder that some of Sir Sidney's superiors were not sent to Constantinople: but I have done with the knight. * * * [To himself]. Captain Troubridge tells me it was your intention to send into Alexandria, that all French ships might pass to France: now as this is in direct opposition to my opinion, which is, never to suffer any one individual Frenchman to quit Egypt; I must therefore strictly charge and command you, never to give any French ship or man leave to quit Egypt. And I must also desire that you will oppose by every means in your power any permission which may be attempted to be given by any foreigner, admiral, general, or other person; and you will acquaint those persons, that I shall not pay the smallest attention to any such passport after your notification; and you are to put my orders in force, not on any pretence to permit a single Frenchman to leave Egypt. Of course you will give these orders to all the ships under your command. * * * One of Sir William Sidney Smith's ships, with sick Frenchmen, is stopped by Troubridge; the poor devils are sent to Corsica. I am very much displeased with this Levant commodore with a broad pendant. I send one of his passports; we are not forced to understand French."

But:

"*To Capt. Sir William Sidney Smith, H.M. Ship Tigre.*

"Palermo, 20th August, 1799.

"My dear sir,—I have received with the truest satisfaction all your very interesting letters to July 16th. The immense fatigue you have had in defending Acre against such a chosen army of French villains, headed by that arch-villain Buonaparte, has never been exceeded; and the bravery shewn by you and your brave companions is such as to merit every encomium which all the civilised world can bestow. As an individual, and as an admiral, will you accept of my feeble tribute of praise and admiration, and make them acceptable to all those under your command. * * * Be assured, my dear Sir Sidney, of my perfect esteem and regard, and do not let any one persuade you to the contrary. But my character is, that I will not suffer the smallest tittle of my command to be taken from me; but with pleasure I give way to my friends, among whom I beg you will allow me to consider you, and that I am, with the truest esteem and affection, your faithful, humble servant,

Nelson."

Of coming events casting their shadows before we may quote an instance or two which seemed to forebode the destiny of Caraccioli. On the recovery of Naples:

"Just come from the queen and Acton: every provision asked for will begin to be loaded to-morrow. Minerve shall bring the troops and Judge. Send me word some proper heads are taken off; this alone will comfort me. With kindness remember me to all with you, and believe me your affectionate

Nelson.

"Your news of the hanging of thirteen Jacobins gave us great pleasure; and the three priests, I hope, return in the Aurora to dangle on the tree best adapted to their weight of sins."

"*To Captain Louis, H.M. Ship Minotaur.*

"Naples Bay, Aug. 3d, 1799.

"Sir,—You carried with you the treaty, and, in two hours after your arrival, and the capitulation was presented, you was to take possession of the gates, and in twenty-four hours the garrison were to be embarked. I am hurt and surprised that the capitulation has not been complied with. It shall be, and the commander has agreed to it. I have not read your paper enclosed. You will execute my orders, or attack it. The fellow ought to be kicked for his impudence. You will instantly take possession of the gates and the fortress. I had reason to expect it had been done long ago. I am very much hurt that it has not. Tell Captain Darby, who (I taking for granted that the business had been long settled) was directed to take the Marines, that the Marines must not be taken away until we have possession of the place, and that he must assist in doing it. I am, dear sir, your faithful servant, Nelson."

"*To Captain Louis, H.M. Ship Minotaur.*

"Foudroyant, Naples Bay, 4th Aug., 1799.

"Dear sir,—I have received your letter of yesterday, and am happy to find that all matters are settled. I was sorry that you had entered into any altercation with the scoundrel. The capitulation once signed, there could be no room for dispute. The enclosed order will point out to you how you are to proceed, and believe me, dear sir, your most obedient

Nelson.

"There is no way of dealing with a Frenchman but to knock him down. To be civil to them is only to be laughed at, when they are enemies."

As the biographer truly observes: "The French revolution and its effects, especially in Italy, had inspired him with horror and disgust. Loyalty was his predominant passion. He detested those who entertained democratic opinions: a rebel or a traitor was, in his opinion, the impersonation of every crime that disgraces human nature; and 'no terms with rebels' was with him as sacred a principle as that he ought to destroy the enemies of his country. Such a mind needed no inducement to deceive itself into the belief that, where men who had fought against their king were concerned, severity was an imperative duty; and that as the nation was to a great extent imbued with seditious principles, and as the principal fortress of Naples was still in the hands of the enemy, there was a strong necessity for prompt and exemplary punishment."

We trust we have gone enough into this volume; and shall now conclude with a few such anecdotes as we can select from it, and which are recommended by their novelty or their character.

"In 1783, Captain Ball became slightly known to Nelson at St. Omer's (vol. i. p. 85), when they seem to have conceived a strong prejudice against each other, and they never met again until the Alexander was placed under his orders. For the following anecdote, the editor is indebted to the Reverend Francis Laing, who heard it from Sir Alexander Ball himself. On joining the Vanguard, Captain Ball went on board her to pay his respects to the rear-admiral; but the reception he met with was not flattering: 'What,' said the admiral, 'are you come to have your bones broken?' Captain Ball, who was remarkable for command of temper, quietly replied, that he certainly had no wish to have his bones broken, unless his duty to his king and country required such a sacrifice, and then they should not be spared. Soon after the Vanguard was taken in tow by the Alexander, Sir Horatio Nelson fearing, from the state of the weather, that *both* ships would go down, peremptorily desired that the Vanguard should be abandoned to her fate. Captain Ball, however, resolved to persevere, under the conviction that his endeavours to save the Vanguard would be successful. When the ships arrived at St. Pierre's, Sir Horatio lost no time in going on board the Alexander to express his gratitude, and cordially embracing Captain Ball, exclaimed, 'A friend in need is a friend indeed!' From that moment their friendship commenced; Nelson soon discovered the injustice he had done to Ball's character and abilities; and numerous letters to him in this collection prove how highly he afterwards esteemed him."

"*To Vice-Admiral Goodall.*

"Palermo, Jan. 31st, 1799.

"My dear friend,—Many thanks for your truly kind and friendly letter of October 3d. It is the part of a friend to take care of the reputation of an absentee: you have performed that part, and have my gratitude. We have for many years lived in the greatest friend-

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ship, both in our public and private stations. The victory of the Nile has not, in Italy, produced those consequences which I, and many others, naturally concluded. Could it be believed that 50,000 men could have vanished in a month, without a battle, before less than 11,000 bad troops? but this I have seen, and with the greatest grief. Palermo is detestable, and we are all unwell and full of sorrow. I will not venture to say this country will be a monarchy six months. General Mack has disappeared: a butcher rules at Naples: a French general lives at the palace at . Where is all this to end? Tuscany is paying money to the scoundrels, but 15,000 French are in the different towns: Lucca is revolutionised. The emperor looks on and sees all this. He will repent when too late; for his newly-acquired Venetian dominions will be lost, and he will totter on his throne at Vienna. I have presented your kind respects to Sir William and Lady Hamilton: they are incomparable; therefore I can only tell you they are as good as ever. Acton, I think, will soon give up his situation and retire to England—that happy country! Long, very long may it remain so! I have to thank you for your hint of supporters and mottoes. Those things I leave to the Herald's Office as unworthy our notice; for soon, very soon, we must all be content with a plantation of six feet by two, and I probably shall possess this estate much sooner than is generally thought; but, whilst I live, I never shall forget the few real friends I have in this world—but amongst [them], I hope, I may rank you; for believe me, I am, with real regard, your most faithful and obliged, NELSON."

"Your lordship may depend that the squadron under my command shall never fall into the hands of the enemy; and before we are destroyed, I have little doubt but the enemy will have their wings so completely clipped that they may be easily overtaken. * * Our friend Troubridge had a present made him the other day of the head of a Jacobin;* and makes an apology to me, the weather being very hot, for not sending it here!"

"In a letter from Lord William Bentinck to Nelson, dated Alexandria, 29th June, 1799, he said: "Field-Marshal Suwarrow desired I would carry him my letter to your lordship, to which he has added, what I can assure you are the real feelings of his heart:—' My lord Nelson, Baron du Nil, tachéz de devenir Duc de la rivière Levante Ponente, et de Geres avec Malte. Je vous embrasse tendrement Excellence, Grand Nelson! Votre ami, frere, et adorateur, COMT. ALEXANDRE SUWARROW-RYMNIKSKI."

"It has been stated, in p. 199, that Miss Knight, the daughter of Rear-Admiral Sir Joseph Knight, was the friend of Lord Nelson, and of many of the captains of his squadron. That intelligent lady was at Naples in 1798, and removed to Palermo with the court, in December of that year, where she remained until she accompanied the queen, Sir William and Lady Hamilton, and Lord Nelson, to Leghorn, and thence to Vienna and England, in June 1800. Miss Knight kept a regular *Journal* of her life, from the age of fifteen to within a few days of her decease in 1837; and the original MS. is now in the possession of Lady Egerton, the daughter of Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Troubridge, Bart., and wife of Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Bulkeley Egerton, G.C.M.G. * * * In her communications with Lord Nelson and his officers, Miss Knight collected several anecdotes of him, of which the following are new:

"He says, that when he was seventeen years of age, he won 300*l.* at a gaming-table; but he was so shocked at reflecting that, had he lost them, he should not have known how to pay them, that from that time to this he has never played again.

"When Admiral Nelson's arm was cut off, the surgeon asked if he should not embalm it, to send it to England to be buried; but he said, 'Throw it into the hammock, with the brave fellow that was killed beside me'—a common seaman.

"As we were going in the admiral's barge, the other day, looking at the ships and talking of the victory, Sir William Hamilton could not be pacified for the French calling it a drawn battle. 'Nay, it was a drawn battle,' said the admiral; 'for they drew the blanks, and we the prizes.'

"The queen has desired to have a portrait of the admiral. Little Prince Leopold says, he will get a copy, and stand continually opposite to it, saying, 'Dear Nelson, teach me to become like you.'

"To these may be added a very characteristic circumstance respecting the gallant Troubridge, whose ship ran aground before the battle of the Nile:

"Captain Troubridge wrote to condole with Captain Darby, of the Bellerophon, for his wounds, and the number of people killed in his ship; but added, that had his sufferings been fifty times as much, *he* had rather have been in his place, than have borne the anguish he felt from running aground, and being kept out of the action; that he had found great difficulty in keeping from shooting himself; and that he even then frequently shed tears. Captain Darby, and Captain Gould, who was present when he received the letter, both wept."

* "The following is a translation of the curious letter sent to Captain Troubridge with the head, on which copy Troubridge wrote:—'A jolly fellow.

'T. TROUBRIDGE.'

"*To the Commandant of the English Ship.*

"Sir,—As a faithful subject of my king, Ferdinand IV. (whom God preserve), I have the glory of presenting to your excellency the head of D. Charles Granozio di Giffoni, who was employed in the administration directed by the infamous commissary Ferdinand Ruggi. The said Granozio was killed by me in a place called Li Puggi, district of Ponte Cagnaro, as he was running away. I beg your excellency would accept the said head, and consider this operation as a proof of my attachment to the royal crown, and I am with due respect, the faithful subject of the king. JOSEPH MANCUSO VITELLA.

"Salerno, 26th April, 1799."

CENTO.

Poems. By Eliza Cook. Second Series. Pp. 275. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THE freshness and nature which breathed in the poems of our fair author (whose portrait, replete with character and intelligence, adorns this volume) attracted much notice as they first appeared, in isolated portions, in the *Literary Gazette*, and other periodicals; and when collected into a volume, it was a convincing proof of their intrinsic merit, that they rather rose, than lost ground, in popularity. For it is not often that brief compositions which separately find favour with the public can bear the test of continuous perusal. The pretty thought, the sweet description, the natural image, the flight of a fancy, which strike the mind and please the taste during a few minutes of charmed attention, rarely bear the peril of repetition, the risk of sameness, or the severe trial of prolonged contemplation.

Eliza Cook has, however, outlived this *experimentum crucis*, not only by submitting one volume to the ordeal of opinion and criticism, but now, by presenting a second, and with equal success, to the same tribunal and judgment. There is plenty of inherent proof of the truth of her inspiration when she says:

"I can only write from my heart, and that heart has been left from infancy to the mercy of its own intense impulses. My rhyming tendency developed itself at a very early age; but the tones of judicious praise, or improving censure, never met my ear. The advantage of an enlightened, nay, even a common education, was denied me, lest knowledge should only serve to foster poetry, and make 'a sentimental fool' of me. I was left, like a wild colt, on the fresh and boundless common of nature, to pick up a mouthful of truth where I could. The woods and forests became my tutors; the rippling stream, and bulrush sighing in the wind, whispered to me in sweet and gentle breathings; the silver stars in the measureless night-sky, and the bright flowers in my morning path, awoke my wonder, and opened the portals that led to the high and mysterious temple of thought. God and creation were before my eyes in all their glory, and, as an untaught child, I worshipped the Being who had endowed me with power to contemplate his works and 'rejoice therein.'"

There are above a hundred poems, of various kinds, subjects, metres, &c. in the present volume; and though we will not be certain that it weaves out quite so much of originality as its precursor, we feel that, even within a short compass, we may quote as much as will more than justify the praise we have offered to the gifted writer.

The most common rural objects have ever been themes on which she has delighted to descant; and Bloomfield himself never sang them more accurately; nor Thomson, with his classic refinement, so truly. From the "Old Mill-Stream," in her childhood, the following are stanzas:

"How fresh were the flags on the stone-studded ridge
That rudely supported the narrow oak-bridge!
And that bridge, oh, how boldly and safely I ran
On the thin plank that now I should timidly scan!

I traversed it often at fall of the night,
When the clouds of December shut out the moon's light;
A mother might tremble, but I never did,
For my footing was sure, though the pale stars were hid.

When the breath of stern winter had fettered the tide,
What joy to career on its feet-warming slide;
With mirth in each eye, and bright health on each cheek,
While the gale in our faces came piercing and bleak!

The snow-flakes fell fast on our wind-roughened curls,
But we laughed as we shook off the feathery pearls;
And the running, the tripping, the pull and the haul,
Had a glorious end in the slip and the sprawl.

Oh! I loved the wild place where clear ripples flowed
On their serpentine way o'er the pebble-strewn road,
Where, mounted on Dobbin, we youngsters would dash,
Both pony and rider enjoying the splash.

How often I tried to teach Pincher the tricks
Of diving for pebbles, and swimming for sticks!
But my doctrines could never induce the loved brute
To consider hydraulics a pleasant pursuit.

* * * *

The first of my doggerel breathings was there,—
'Twas the hope of a poet, 'An Ode to Despair.'
I won't vouch for its metre, its sense, or its rhyme,
But I know that I then thought it truly sublime.

Beautiful streamlet! I dream of thee still,
Of thy pouring cascade, and the tic-tack-ing mill:
Thou livest in memory, and will not depart,
For thy waters seem blent with the streams of my heart.

Home of my youth! if I go to thee now
None can remember my voice or my brow;
None can remember the sunny-faced child
That played by the water-mill joyous and wild.

The aged, who laid their thin hands on my head
To smoothe my dark shining curls, rest with the dead;
The young, who partook of my sports and my glee,
Can see nought but a wandering stranger in me.

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Beautiful streamlet! I sought thee again,
But the changes that marked thee awakened deep pain.
Desolation had reigned, thou wert not as of yore—
Home of my childhood, I'll see thee no more!"

The playfulness of the descriptions, and the feelings of the sequel-application, which must find their way to every heart, harmonise with life—in youth so buoyant, in advanced years so chastised!

Our next quotation is from a poem in which the domestic affections are predominant; and this is another of the topics on which the author is always *at* home. It is entitled, "The Room of the Household," and is both naïve and characteristic, and reminds us of Cowper. We give the opening lines as a sample:

"There's a room I love dearly—the sanctum of bliss,
That contains all the comforts I least like to miss;
Where, like ants in a hillock, we run in and out,
Where sticks grace the corner, and hats lie about;
Where no idlers dare come to annoy or amuse
With their 'morning-call' budget of scandalous news:
'Tis the room of the household—the sacredly free—
'Tis the room of the household that's dearest to me.

The romp may be fearlessly carried on there,
No 'bijouterie' rubbish solicits our care;
All things are as meet for the hand as the eye,
And patchwork and scribbling unheeded may lie;
Black Tom may be perched on the sofa or chairs,
He may stretch his sharp talons and scatter his hairs;
Wet boots may 'come in,' and the ink-drop may fall,
For the room of the household is 'liberty hall.'

There is something unpleasant in company-days,
When saloons are dressed out for Terpsichore's maze;
When the graceful mazourka and Weippert-led band
Leave the plain countrydance-people all at a stand.
There's more mirth in the jig and the amateur's strum,
When the parchment-spread battledore serves as a drum,
When Apollo and Momus together unite,
Till the household-room rings with our laughing delight.

Other rooms may be thickly and gorgeously stored
With your Titians, Murillos, Salvator, and Claude;
But the Moreland and Wilkie that hang on the wall
Of the family parlour, out-value them all.
The gay ottomans, claiming such special regard,
Are exceedingly fine, but exceedingly hard;
They may serve for state purpose—but go, if you please,
To the household-room cushions for comfort and ease."

From the gay we pass to the grave—"The Poor Man's *Grave*:"

"No sable pall, no waving plume,
No thousand torch-lights to illume;
No parting glance, no heavy tear,
Is seen to fall upon the bier.
There is not one of kindred clay
To watch the coffin on its way:
No mortal form, no human breast,
Cares where the pauper's bones may rest.

But one deep mourner follows there
Whose grief outlives the funeral prayer;
He does not sigh, he does not weep,
But will not leave the sodless heap.
'Tis he who was the poor man's mate,
And made him more content with fate;—
The mongrel dog that shared his crust
Is all that stands beside his dust.

He bends his listening head as though
He thought to hear a voice below;
He pines to miss that voice so kind,
And wonders why he's left behind.
The sun goes down, the night is come,
He needs no food—he seeks no home;
But, stretched upon the dreamless bed,
With doleful howl calls back the dead.

The passing gaze may coldly dwell
On all that polished marbles tell;
For temples built on churchyard earth
Are claimed by riches more than worth.
But who would mark with undimmed eyes
The mourning dog that starves and dies!
Who would not ask, who would not crave,
Such love and faith to guard his grave!"

The next sketch is exceedingly agreeable to us, and may well match with a certain Jack-daw on a Steeple, sung by a bard of celebrity in English literature, already alluded to:

"The rook sits high when the blast sweeps by,
Right pleased with his wild see-saw;
And though hollow and bleak be the fierce wind's shriek,
It is mocked by his loud caw-caw.
What careth he for the bloom-robed tree,
Or the rose so sweet and fair;
He loves not the sheen of the spring-time green
Any more than the branches bare.
Oh, the merriest bird the woods e'er saw
Is the sable rook with his loud caw-caw!

Winter may fling crystal chains on the wing
Of the fieldfare, hardy and strong;
The snow-cloud may fall like a downy pall,
Hushing each warbler's song;
The starved gull may come from his ocean home,
And the poor little robin lay dead;
The curlew bold may shrink from the cold,
And the house-dove droop his head:
But the sable rook still chatters away
Through the bitterest frost and the darkest day.

He builds not in bowers, 'mid perfume and flowers,
But as far from the earth as he can;
He 'weather's the storm,' he seeks for the worm,
And craves not the mercy of man.
Then a health to the bird whose music is heard
When the ploughboy's whistle is still,
To the pinions that rise when the hail-shower flies,
And the moor-cock broods under the hill:
For the merriest fellow the woods e'er saw
Is the sable rook with his loud caw-caw!

We read in the page of the grey-haired sage,
That misfortune should ne'er bow us down;
Yet if care come nigh, the best of us sigh,
And cower beneath his frown:
But the rook is content when the summer is sent,
And as glad when its glories fade.
Then fill, fill to the brim—here's a bumper to him
Who sings on through the sun and the shade;
For the wisest fellow the world e'er saw
Is the sable rook with his loud caw-caw!"

"Tom Tidler's Ground" is a merry and happy use of a play-note familiar to the games of children. We select the first three stanzas in proof:

"The sports of childhood's roseate dawn
Have passed from our hearts like the dew-gems from morn;
We have parted with marbles—we own not a ball,
And are deaf to the hail of a 'whoop and a call.'
But there's one old game that we all keep up
When we've drank much deeper from life's mixed cup.
Youth may have vanished, and manhood come round,
Yet how busy we are on 'Tom Tidler's ground
Looking for gold and silver.'

We see an old man with his hair all grey,
Bending over his desk through a long summer day;
The flowers are closed, and the red sun sets,
But he is awake o'er his column of debts;
With his brain in a whirl, and his hands never still,
He toils and plods on like a steed in a mill;
And though every penny has grown to a pound,
Not an inch will he stir from 'Tom Tidler's ground,
Where springeth the gold and silver.'

'I like not my lover,' the fair girl cries;
'He suits not my soul, he glads not my eyes;
And it cannot be good to wed the one
Whom in secret truth we loathe and shun.'
'Fool! fool! there is many a heart that feels
Like thine; but the noise of his chariot-wheels
Will drown thy sighs with a magical sound;
And think of your home on 'Tom Tidler's ground,
Among the gold and silver.'"

Again we pass from the amusing to the mournful:

"Mourn not the dead—shed not a tear
Above the moss-stained sculptured stone,
But weep for those whose living woes
Still yield the bitter, rending groan.

Grieve not to see the eyelids close
In rest that has no fevered start;
Wish not to break the deep repose
That curtain's round a pulseless heart;

But keep thy pity for the eyes
That pray for night, yet fear to sleep,
Lest wilder, sadder visions rise
Than those o'er which they waking weep.

Mourn not the dead—'tis they alone
Who are the peaceful and the free;
The purest olive-branch is known
To twine about the cypress-tree.

Crime, pride, and passion hold no more
The willing or the struggling slave;
The throbbing pangs of love are o'er,
And hatred dwells not in the grave.

The world may pour its venomed blame,
And fiercely spurn the shroud-wrapped bier,
Some few may call upon the name,
And sigh to meet a 'dull, cold ear.'

But vain the scorn that would offend,
In vain the lips that would beguile;
The coldest foe, the warmest friend,
Are mocked by Death's unchanging smile.

The only watchword that can tell
Of peace and freedom won by all,
Is echoed by the tolling bell,
And traced upon the sable pall."

And now, as this is only part of a poetic cento, and not a studied review (though the volume well deserves one), we conclude with a song, which is not poor, albeit entitled

"*Song of the Spirit of Poverty.*

A song, a song, for the beldame Queen,
A Queen that the world knows well,
Whose portal of state is the workhouse-gate,
And throne the prison cell.

I have been crowned in every land
With nightshade steeped in tears;
I've a dog-gnawn bone for my sceptre wand,
Which the proudest mortal fears.

No gem I wear in my tangled hair,
No golden vest I own,
No radiant glow tints cheek or brow,—
Yet say, who dares my frown?

Oh, I am Queen of a ghastly court,
And tyrant sway I hold,
Baiting human hearts for my royal sport
With the bloodhounds of Hunger and Cold.

My power can change the purest clay
From its first and beautiful mould,
Till it hideth from the face of day,
Too hideous to behold.

* * * *

See the lean boy clutch his rough-hewn crutch,
With limbs all warped and worn,
While hurries along through a noisy throng
The theme of their gibing scorn.

Wealth and care would have reared him straight
As the towering mountain pine,
But I nursed him into that halting gait,
And withered his marrowless spine.

* * * *

Oh, I am Queen of a ghastly court!
And the handmaids that I keep
Are such phantom things as Fever brings
To haunt the fitful sleep.

See, see they come in my haggard train,
With jagged and matted locks
Hanging round them as rough as the wild steed's mane,
Or the black weed on the rocks.

They come with broad and horny palms,
They come in maniac guise,
With angled chins, and yellow skins,
And hollow staring eyes.

They come to be girded with leather and link,
And away at my bidding they go,
To toil where the soulless beast would shrink,
In the deep, damp caverns below.

Daughters of beauty, they, like ye,
Are of gentle womankind.
And wonder not if little there be
Of angel form and mind.

If I'd held your cheeks by as close a pinch,
Would that flourishing rose be found?
If I'd doled you a crust out, inch by inch,
Would your arms have been so round?

Oh, I am Queen with a despot rule,
That crushes to the dust!
The laws I deal bear no appeal,
Though ruthless and unjust.

I deaden the bosom and darken the brain
With the might of the demon's skill:
The heart may struggle, but struggle in vain,
As I grapple it harder still.

Oh, come with me, and ye shall see
How well I begin the day,
For I'll hie to the hungriest slave I have,
And snatch his loaf away!

Oh, come with me and ye shall see
How my skeleton victims fall;
How I order the graves without a stone,
And the coffins without a pall.

Then a song, a song for the beldame Queen—
A Queen that ye fear right well;
For my portal of state is the workhouse-gate,
And my throne the prison cell!"

If there be not power and pathos in this, we know not where to find them; and we now ask our readers if we have not exhibited variety enough to stamp the genius of Eliza Cook as worthy of the meed we have offered?

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llaneous Poems. By Elizabeth Piddocke berts. 8vo, pp. 167. London, Darton and rke.

o these miscellanies the return of Cœur on is thus chanted:

" On, on, o'er the sparkling wave,
Rides that gallant fairy barque,
Where, 'mid the true and the brave,
Stands the conqueror of d'Acre.
Oh!" . . . . .

ing to a cousin in the Isle of Wight of nks of Trent, the lady (young lady, we e may guess) writes:

gh the floweret's hues as bright should seem
e imagery of a fairy dream;
gh rare, and rich, and exotic they be,
ve the wild gems of Trent to me.

hat if their graceful petals lave
foaming surge of a briny wave;
y never can half so speaking be
loved myosotis of Trent to me.

ough the delicate sea-weed spread
thery groups o'er the violet's bed:
s a river-aquatic as fair to see,—
ld water-lily of Trent for me."

le of Wight exotics lave in foaming salt e unknown to our botany; and so we ell whether or not they are only half so g as the Trent myosotis: nor, indeed, repared to give an opinion of the sea-hich grow over violet-beds.

strange how aspirings for poetry, the indly sentiments and the love of good-nature, are mistaken for the power it immortal verse. Our fair friend as to be imbued with a not uncommon feeling for the heroic and beautiful; expression cannot be recognised as being given to the wide world in a

of Basseville: a Poem in Terza Rima. Monti. Translated in the same verse.

se; the first canto (as a specimen), this profligate poet and revolutionary e, who was mortally stabbed at Rome an *emeute* caused by his appearing in with the tri-coloured cockade:

ho, said the Dey, [the populace]
this is the way
The French make revolutions."

m no opinion of his talents from the

of Armida, &c. Pp. 75. London, J. Cochrane.

apsodical, and sometimes halting in raseology and forced construction, t some true poetry in this little t wants an object, but many of the nd some of the descriptions of a It is all for "liberty," full of edeemed by some beauties.

n: a Poem. By J. G. H. Bourne, "The Exiles of Idria," &c. Pp. ndon, Longmans.

o say "a poem" on the title-page; t so easy to write a commanding ic. This is a paraphrastic descrip-conflict between Harold and his William.

-Paupers, and other Poems. By G. er. Pp. 200. London, Longmans; Fulcher.

edition vouches for the merits of ilanthropic and estimable volume. of the author has ever been men-praise in our columns; and when him as the nucleus (as it were) of dedicated), we cannot express more cordially than we do our approbation of his and their gratifying and beneficial productions.

New Zealand and its Aborigines, &c. &c. By William Brown, lately a Member of the Legislative Council of New Zealand. Pp. 320. London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

New Zealand has long, and especially of late, attracted and deserved much of public attention; and after all that has been written and said about so important a colony, we are well pleased to see so sensible and temperate a volume upon it as the present. Mr. Brown is evidently a very intelligent individual, and has enjoyed ample opportunity to make himself intimately acquainted with the subjects on which he has written. Pointing out errors both on the part of our government and of the Company, he suggests practical measures to restore every thing to a proper footing; and he lays before us the statistics of commerce, notices the religious feuds, and fully explains all the circumstances relating to the allotment of lands and other matters of policy which affect the general pacific settlement and future progress of the colony.

But these points have received so much parliamentary discussion, and some of them have been so modified and arranged by a recent agreement, that we will not raise them up again for statement in our page. Parties interested in them will do right to consult Mr. Brown's valuable work; and we shall sufficiently gratify our readers by extracting from it a few of the most novel particulars respecting the aborigines. Much depends upon a perfect understanding of their peculiar character. Summing this up, Mr. B. observes:

"The analysis which has been given of the character of the aborigines exhibits them in the first stage of social existence, and proves that their domestic affections are much less powerful than we are accustomed to find, not only among civilised, but even in other demi-savage nations; while, on the other hand, their ties of tribe or clanship are much stronger than amongst European nations. For instance, we see that the smallest affair affecting the interests of one member of the tribe is deemed of sufficient importance, not merely for the notice, but even for a long and serious discussion by the whole tribe. If a death occurs, the grief is not merely shared by the tribe with the relations of the deceased, who are commonly the least affected by the event. In enumerating, however, the peculiarities of temperament on which these characteristics depend, we find that the New Zealanders have the fighting or opposive propensity very moderate, their angry or vindictive feelings also small, and easily allayed even when excited. We further find that they are not naturally cunning, but open; while we see too, on the one hand, that they are a nation of traders, exhibiting the utmost eagerness to possess the goods of others, they are scrupulous as to the means—using honest and even laborious industry, where others might not even hesitate to steal. Combined, however, with this powerful desire of accumulation, we find that they have kind and generous natures, and part with their acquisitions with as much readiness as if they were the recipients rather than the givers. We also see that they are not proud and distant, but affable, courting eagerly the praise and good opinion of others. It should also be remembered, that this good opinion is sought in respect of the higher motives—not as a tribute to the intensity of hate and revenge—to the possession of the greatest number of wives — to skill in the practices of deceit. Neither is it asked on the score of the native being the best boxer, the deepest drinker, or the most accomplished profligate;—characters which are, even to this day, not altogether expelled from civilised society. No; the cannibal New Zealander, in despite of many evil practices, emulates higher virtues, the chief of which are bravery and generosity, the absence of hatred and anger, and the evenness and placidity of a temper regulated by the dictates of reason. Whatever falling short in the case of individuals, or even of masses, there may be in the attainment of these virtues, it is encouraging, as affording the best grounds for anticipating great advantages, to find that there is no part of what may be styled their code of morality, or what they deem it any honour to aspire to, that is not really estimable in itself. It is true that they are very deficient in conscientiousness, which must operate very injuriously; but they may easily, by the stimulation of the good qualities they possess, be led to do what is right, if not for the right's sake. In this recapitulation of their peculiarities must not be omitted their powerful religious tendencies, though I feel very certain that these will not continue to have an influence equal to that which they exerted while the minds of the natives were ignorant and superstitious; but this only points out one of the many applications which a knowledge of their real character should direct us to make. It shews that the missionary must not be contented with merely communicating religious knowledge to the natives, but he must, by example as well as by precept, train to activity all their best faculties to insure moral conduct —nay, even to keep that conduct up to its present standard. To this enumeration of the motives of conduct and action in the New Zealanders it remains to add, that their intellect fully equals that of our countrymen; and while their genius is eminently of a practical nature, and they are keenly alive to their own interests, the fact ought never to be lost sight of, that their feelings or motives to action are in a remarkable degree subservient to the dictates of their reason, which is saying more for them than could be affirmed of most civilised nations. With such capabilities, therefore, there never was a better—nay, never even so good an opportunity afforded to the religious, or even to the mere natural philosopher, for trying the experiment of raising a savage into a civilised being—a heathen into a Christian. And if our government are really actuated by the humane feelings which they have expressed, and truly desire to see the grand experiment practically made, they have only to use the means, and they may rest satisfied that the result will be most satisfactory. • • • It must be gratifying to the friends of the helpless aborigines of new countries, who have hitherto melted away at the approach of civilised man, to know that there are especial reasons for believing that the New Zealanders are reserved for a better fate. One of the most prominent causes of our failure, in respect of other demi-savages, will be found to exist in the vast inferiority of their minds generally; or, at least, in the entire dissimilarity between the two races: but this does not hold with regard to the New Zealanders. On the contrary, their natural capacities, mental as well as moral, are of a high order, and eminently fit them for

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it should be remembered, are very much the same; the New Zealanders rather exceeding the Europeans in their love of trading and other commercial pursuits. Neither are they, like other savages, devoted to war, leading a wandering life, and existing by fishing and hunting. They would most eagerly abandon the few warlike habits they may still possess for the security afforded by the Europeans, and, for their subsistence, would be equally willing to cultivate the ground, as they have been in the practice of doing from time immemorial. Another reason for the probability of this amalgamation exists in the fact, that the New Zealanders have been recognised as the rightful owners of their own lands, and therefore entertain no feelings of hostility or hatred towards the settlers."

Leaving these consolatory deductions and prospects, we will now select some characteristic traits for the entertainment of our friends. Next to the *tapu* [the *taboo* of Africa, which renders things sacred, and is a great governing principle and means], "deserves to be noticed their singular custom of robbing (the singularity rather consists in the occasion), and the *sang froid* with which the parties submit to be plundered. It is in fact the usual method of punishing all offences real or imaginary. There is certainly nothing new or extraordinary in depriving an individual or a tribe of their property, on the violation of any law or custom; but civilised people would certainly not voluntarily submit to such a loss; far less would they refrain from using every exertion to secrete as much of their property as the circumstances would admit of their doing. Not so with the New Zealanders, however; they will calmly and unconcernedly sit by and see themselves plundered of every thing. Nay, it is even customary to give the individual warning; but even then he will not put away his property, as this would be termed an act of cowardice. I knew a case where a party of natives went to rob a chief of the name of Koinaki, in consequence of his wife having committed adultery. On that occasion they took from him a fine double-barrelled gun (an article at that time in great estimation, and very expensive, worth from 10*l.* to 12*l.*), all his blankets, a trunk containing clothes, and other articles, he looking on calmly all the while: indeed, he was on the best of terms with them, and after the affair was over entertained them in his house for three days, the weather not permitting them sooner to depart. Robbing is a punishment for all description of offences: indeed, unless under peculiarly aggravated circumstances, a payment will compound for almost any offence, whether the culprit be a native or pakeha (as the white people are termed). In these robbing excursions they do not always confine themselves to the property of the offender, but constructively implicate the whole of his tribe, and indiscriminately carry off all they can find. I witnessed a practical illustration of this in the case of a tribe living a few miles off from the place where I resided. A young chief having taken undue liberties with the wife of another chief of the same tribe, the old chief Kanini assembled a few of his followers, and not only stripped the youthful delinquent but many others of his tribe, not omitting the injured husband himself. They carried off all the provisions that could be found, as well as three canoes. It is a common practice to rob a new-married couple [illegible] their nuptials, and not un- a person on the occasion of any accident, such as his being burned, the bursting of his gun, &c. &c. Towards Europeans they adopt the same method of punishment; but they have not been able to get our countrymen to submit with a like good grace; they, of course, resisting whenever they can, and ill-feelings are consequently engendered on the part of the English by the loss sustained, and the very natural supposition that the natives have some ill-will towards them. But such may not be the case. The natives think nothing of being robbed themselves, and do not appear to entertain the least anger towards each other on such occasions; and this should, therefore, be kept in view by the Europeans in judging of the conduct of the natives. Of course it can never be expected that Europeans will be reconciled to such a perversion of the natural laws of *meum* and *tuum*, but it is at least so far gratifying to think that, in such cases, the natives may only be acting in strict accordance with their own customs, rude although they be, rather than from ill feeling towards the sufferers."

Their howling and weeping on all occasions, whether of mourning or rejoicing is a curious feature; and we are told:

"It is easily seen that they are only acting a part; and it is frequently ludicrous to observe the difficulty that some of them find in forcing out these crocodile-tears. A proof of this is seen in the immediate change which takes place in their appearance as soon as the 'tangi' is over, when they at once begin to laugh and talk with the greatest animation, thus precluding the supposition that they can have felt even the slightest emotions of grief. Show and ceremony appear to be a main feature in the native character; so much so that even grief is universally simulated. The only wonder is, that vanity should lead them to the affectation of such a noble and refined feeling as sympathy; and it affords the most unequivocal evidence of the superiority of the New Zealanders, and their susceptibility of the highest improvement. They think the white people cold-hearted; and say, that when they meet they shew no more regard for each other than so many dogs. In stature, the New Zealanders are rather above the middle size, and some are very tall—six feet to six and a half. They are very muscular and well formed. Very many have mild, pleasant, and highly intelligent countenances, and their predominant feelings are easily distinguished. This is owing, in some measure, to their being less accustomed to conceal their feelings than people more civilised; but doubtless, in a still greater degree, to the natural conformation of their minds. The slaves have a very different appearance. They seem formed of far inferior materials; the very texture of their skin is coarser. Neither are they so tall and well proportioned, though they are more muscular. Their countenances are much less expressive, clearly denoting that they are much more beasts of burden, and less accustomed to mental exertion. Of course, this is no more than the circumstances would lead a person to expect. Slavery produces its natural results in New Zealand, as well as in other places. The poor slave labours that his master may live in idleness, and give him leisure to expand his mind, and enable him, by his superior knowledge, to bind the fetters of his slave the faster. It is due to the New Zealanders, however, to state, that they behave, in general, with great kindness and consideration towards their slaves, who enjoy the utmost freedom land amongst them, well knowing [illegible] terest and power lies in conciliating [illegible] will. It should be remarked, that [illegible] tion of the degraded appearance [illegible] class only applies to a certain [illegible] many of them having been taken [illegible] from being chiefs themselves reduced [illegible] of slavery, are in every respect eq[illegible] present masters. * * *

"The New Zealanders do not seem [illegible] the domestic affections in an em[illegible] In general they appear to care lit[illegible] wives. Not that they are unkind [illegible] that they deem them inferior, and th[illegible] worthy of attention, but it seems to [illegible] from a want of that sympathy between [illegible] which is the source of the delicate at[illegible] by the male to the female in most civ[illegible] tries. In my own experience, I hav[illegible] one instance where there was any [illegible] attachment between husband and wi[illegible] appearance they behave to each other [illegible] were not at all related; and it not [illegible] happens that they sleep in different [illegible] fore the termination of the first [illegible] marriage. It is a very rare occurrence [illegible] for husbands and wives to quarrel [illegible] rarer for a husband to beat his wi[illegible] have no courtship, nor any marriage-ce[illegible] beyond the mere conducting of the [illegible] lover to his hut. A chief can [illegible] any unmarried female he may choose [illegible] laws do not openly acknowledge his [illegible] do so, but they permit him to take her [illegible] if he can, and she then becomes his [illegible] If she, however, is aware of his intention [illegible] does not think proper to yield, her [illegible] protect her as far as they can. [illegible] unfrequently betroth their children [illegible] and a woman in such a case becomes [illegible] her future husband, and to him [illegible] any other person make proposals [illegible] though he should die—a law which [illegible] derable influence on the populace [illegible] cases of forced marriages, the [illegible] beaten or maltreated as the New [illegible] under similar circumstances. On [illegible] wife it is a common practice for [illegible] to make a present to her parents, [illegible] marriage has been a forced or a [illegible] The slaves are allowed to marry [illegible] but they are not permitted to take [illegible] this privilege being reserved for [illegible] alone. Wives are usually chosen [illegible] ent tribe, partly from inclination [illegible] with a view to the increase of the [illegible] fluence of the individual, as the [illegible] ways considered to belong to [illegible] and may rise from inferior to [illegible] cordingly. A chief is permitted to [illegible] wives as he thinks proper, a [illegible] very generally taken advantage of. [illegible] tian natives have been induced to [illegible] the supernumeraries; indeed, [illegible] become such sincere converts as [illegible] well as practise the duty of [illegible] However many wives a chief [illegible] is always one amongst them who [illegible] ite or wife in chief; or should [illegible] divide the empire, separate [illegible] be provided for them. In this [illegible] to lurk the seeds of jealousy. [illegible] appear to make no objection to [illegible] their competitors; not because [illegible] vent it, but because they are [illegible] feelings which characterise the [illegible] countries. Chastity is not [illegible] virtues; and a lady before [illegible] [illegible] as she [illegible]

becomes tapued to her husband, and must be faithful to him. Even when unfaithful, she may frequently escape punishment, unless it can be made to appear that she was the seducer, a point on which they are very particular. Should her husband not punish her, however, or at least make a pretence of doing so, the tribe will rob him as well as the adulterer. Sometimes in a fit of rage the offended husband will shoot the man who has injured him, but in general the offence can easily be compounded for. * * *

"Both men and women wear ear-rings. The description most prized are sharks' teeth, which they attach with a piece of black ribbon; but all sorts of things are converted to the same purpose,—buttons, buckles, beads, &c. Generally they ornament but one ear in this way, reserving the hole in the other for their tobacco-pipe when not using it, which, to be sure, is very seldom, as smoking is universal, and almost continual both with men and women. I have even seen infants, not able to walk, with a pipe in their mouths. Tobacco being so much used, it might be expected that their teeth would become discoloured; but such is not the case, for they have beautifully white teeth—the result no doubt of a sound digestive apparatus. The women are not held in bondage, but have a share of influence corresponding with the natural strength of their character. The chiefs' wives are not expected to do any work beyond what their own inclinations may suggest. The cooking, fishing, planting, &c. is performed by the slaves, and divided pretty equally between the males and females. Women arrive very early at maturity, and as early become old and withered. They frequently marry at the age of eleven. Love of children is not a prominent feature of the New Zealand character. Children are certainly treated with great kindness and forbearance; indeed, they are very rarely corrected; but mothers shew none of that doting fondness for their offspring almost universal among the females of other climes. This is strikingly proved by the absence of all those little wiles and endearments which a fond mother lavishes on her offspring. But if the New Zealand mother be deficient in the little arts of amusing her children, they themselves stand in less need of them than the infants of other countries; not being of that mischievous, restless, and unmanageable disposition which characterises other children; but from infancy manifesting the quiet and tractable temper which distinguishes the full-grown man. If children are not here treated with intense affection, they are at least the objects of great consideration. Boys are chiefly under the care of their father, and he will talk and behave towards them as if they were full-grown men. Even in great assemblies of the chiefs, children may be seen sitting as quietly, and apparently listening with as much attention, as their parents. They will frequently (but without interrupting the proceedings) ask questions, which will be answered with as much respect as if propounded by old men. The nature of the children, not less than the treatment of them, tends to render them very precocious mentally as well as physically. Children of three and four years old may be seen by themselves paddling and managing their canoes with great dexterity. But a stranger will be still more amused with the coolness with which these children will ask him if he is married, and inquire the number of his wives; and should the individual not be happy enough to possess any, the next question would be, if he is not *mate mate* (sick) for one. The peculiar regard which they manifest towards their children seems to be the result of the general kindness of their own nature rather than any special affection for them. Women sometimes suckle dogs and even pigs, for which they shew as much affection as they do for their own offspring."

These brief quotations must suffice to afford an idea of the volume; which we again cordially recommend to the public.

Memoirs of the Reign of King George III. By Horace Walpole. Now first Published from the original MSS. Edited, with Notes, by Sir D. Le Marchant, Bart. Vols. III. and IV. 8vo. R. Bentley.

Let political reviewers discuss the truth or falsehood, the colouring or misrepresentation, in the writings of Horace Walpole; wherever other contemporary documents are brought to light to illustrate, we are sure to find corroboration enough to induce us to believe about as much of his as of any other history. That his personal biases and prejudices were strong need not be repeated, and therefore what he says of many individuals must be taken *cum grano salis, quant. suff.*; but he had superior access to the chief actors in these affairs, and the best sources of intelligence—was himself one of the number, and gives us his version of men and things in so delectable a manner, that we confess we hardly seem to care whether his facts are verities or inventions. For, after all, what does it signify to present Britain whether the Pitt brothers, singly or collectively, the Bedfords, the Graftons, the Butes, the Rockinghams, the Norths, or even the sovereign himself and his nearest relatives, were most mixed up in the political intrigues which distracted the early reign of George the Third, plunged the country into tremendous factious confusion, and lost the American colonies? Matters of importance seventy or eighty years ago are of small consequence now. Other aristocratic (revolution) families have become more publicly potent than their representatives at that period; other democrats have superseded the Wilkes, Sawbridges, Beckfords, &c.; a new great interest, the manufacturing, has grown into much greater power; and, in short, the face of things is as much changed as between the eras of the Tudors and the Stuarts, the Stuarts and the Orange prince, the accession of William III. and the close of the reign of the third George.

Neither, but for their grossness and impropriety in exhibiting the utmost moral profligacy, is there much of interest in the scandals of the court of Louis XV., the elevation of Du Barry, and the downfall of Choiseul. But the best of these volumes, after Walpole's own lively labours, is not so much the Whig annotations of the editor as the concomitant lights he has been allowed to borrow from the muniment-chests of the Duke of Bedford, Lord Minto, Lord Guildford, Lady C. Lindsay (through the kindness of Lord Brougham), the Duke of Grafton, and Sir Alexander Johnstone. From the superabundance of the latter, another volume of Notes and Biographies illustrative of the early years of the reign of George III. may, we hope, be expected.

The Cavendish lost parliament-reports have also been usefully employed. Poor Wright, whose indefatigable industry supplied this valuable fund of national history, was not rewarded by the sale of above some two hundred copies among the lords, commoners, senators, and gentry of England, died in poverty, and, but for the benevolence and generosity of a feeling heart—that in the breast of Mr. Hudson Gurney—might have perished in actual want. People are subscribing for monuments to millionnaires; when will the public learn to appreciate those who have endured poverty in the cause of science and literature for the benefit of the world, and not reserve all their sympathies for those who in life have reaped far more than a sufficient reward?

The conclusion of Walpole's work occupies from 1767 to 1771; and the appendix has a very interesting sketch of the Duke of Grafton's course, shews how imperiously the king was ridden rough-shod over in the dismissal of Mr. Mackenzie, and puts the favourite Lord Bute in a better ministerial posture than the unmeasured abuse of the times allowed him to occupy. By Walpole the king himself is drawn as a shrewd and scheming ruler; but instances force themselves on our notice of his possessing great constitutional knowledge, and hardly enough of tact or power to shake off trammels not very delicately nor feelingly imposed upon him, as various parties obtained the upper hand and played their own game.

In 1767, when a coalition to overthrow the court-ministry had failed, Walpole writes:

"Nothing now remained but to resettle the administration as we could on its old bottom, no new forces being to be had. But I must make a few observations. In all my experience of the king, or knowledge of his measures, he never interfered with his ministers, scarce took any part in his own business (I speak of the past years of his reign), unless when he was to undo an administration. Whether hating or liking the persons he employed, the moment he took them he seemed to resign himself entirely to their conduct for the time. If what they proposed was very disagreeable to him, at most he avoided it by delay. How far he had entered into his mother's and Lord Bute's plans while they were all-powerful, at the beginning of his reign, cannot be known. Afterwards he had, undoubtedly, confidence in none of his ministers; which according with his extreme indolence and indifference to all men, his ministers found little obstruction to their views from the closet, till the greater indolence of the Duke of Grafton and Lord North taught his majesty to act on his own judgment, assisted by the secret junto of the creatures of Lord Bute. The sensible disgrace that fell on the crown from so frequent a change of ministries had at last alarmed the king, and made a lasting impression. And yet the ruling principle of the reign—which had been, by breaking and dividing all parties, to draw attention and dependence only to the king himself—had succeeded so happily, that even these storms tended to strengthen the unbounded influence at which the king aspired, and which he pursued invariably on every returning calm. The ductility and congenial indolence of the Duke of Grafton, accompanied with much respect and good breeding, fixed his majesty in preferring him to all the men whom he could employ; and though the duke not long afterwards fell into a connexion of very ill-odour at court, yet the tedious tyranny of Grenville, and the inveteracy of Rockingham to Bute, were so much more dreaded, that Grafton did not cease to be almost a favourite; with the additional comfort to the king, that if forced to sacrifice him, it would be the loss of an useful tool, rather than of a minister for whom he had any fondness. Another observation is, that during the whole preceding negotiation the names of Lord Chatham and Charles Townshend were scarce mentioned, so insignificant had both rendered themselves to the nation and to every faction in it. I cannot help reflecting, too, that had the Duke of Cumberland or the Duke of

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Devonshire lived, men in the prime of their age, many of the follies I have been recounting had probably been avoided. The excellent sense of the former would have kept Lord Rockingham and the Cavendishes within bounds; and the deference of his royal highness for the crown would have restrained them from the excesses into which they fell against the king, the princess, and the favourite; for though nobody had less partiality to the two latter, he would not have encouraged a useless inveteracy, when himself would have enjoyed so much credit in the government."

In the year 1768, the editor has put together an entertaining notice of some of the publications of that day, now so forgotten that we dare say not one in a hundred readers know any thing about them. Pamphlets filled the office of newspapers then. On America, *A Farmer's Letters from Pennsylvania* was one of the number, and ascribed to Franklin, but in reality written by John Dickenson, a citizen of that state. *Rodondo*, by Mr. Dalrymple, and *Patriotism*, by Mr. Richard Bentley, are mentioned by Walpole as very clever and biting mock-heroic poems, "not much inferior in wit to *Hudibras*." *Rodondo* is a severe philippic against Pitt (afterwards Lord Chatham); and its spirit may be gathered from the following quotation:

"'He raised the nation's apprehensions
With court-corruption, places, pensions:
Words which, when well dissected, mean,
That *I* am *out* and you are *in:*
And which, when properly repeated
In every question that's debated,
Can ope a thousand mouths at once,
And make a hero of a dunce.
Your *ir* is good at making peace:
Rodondo went to war with these.

* * * * * *

The nation knows
My maxim ever was, *Oppose;*
And be the minister who will,
My maxim is, Oppose him still.
For though to Britain necessary,
'Tis good for me that all miscarry,
Excepting *one*—I need not name him,—
Envy herself would blush to blame him.'

"The *Common Destiny of Statesmen* is lively and imaginative, but too long to be inserted here. The following lines are also of more than common merit:

"'O Disappointment! but for thee
What were this land of liberty!
Were't not for thee on English ground
No trace of patriot could be found.
Thou comest indeed with rueful face
To fruitless hunters after place,
Blasting their hopes, but in exchange
Presenting prospects of revenge.
Just so an egg, when overdrest,
Becomes confounded hard to digest;
And in the place of wholesome *chyle*,
Produces copious floods of bile.'"

Patriotism defends his majesty thus in describing the libels upon him:

"'Recast the royal virtues, which before
The nation worshipped, and cry down the ore,
To teach the people this indulgent reign
With every charge of tyranny to stain,—
To swallow every contradiction down,—
In Antonine's mild look see Nero's frown,—
Wrest his intention and distort each fact,
And lend them treason till they long to act;
In terms of duty wrap each boisterous deed,—
Kneel while we stab, and libel while we plead.'

"This compliment on the king is pretty:

"'Who from the sceptre no exemption draws,
And is but the first subject of the laws.'"

A good deal of Walpole has been anticipated in his Correspondence, much of which here only assumes the narrative form; and we only touch where proofs are given or something offers for remark. Thus:

"Walpole's statement of the decided view taken by the king of Wilkes's case from the very first is perfectly correct. In a letter to Lord North of the 25th of April, the king says: 'Though entirely relying on your attachment to my person, as well as in your hatred of any lawless proceeding, yet I think it highly expedient to apprise you that the expulsion of Mr. Wilkes appears to be very essential, and must be effected. The case of Mr. Ward, in the reign of my great-grandfather, seems to point out the proper mode of proceeding. If any man were capable of forgetting his criminal writings, his speech in court last Wednesday, &c.'—(This extract was made by the editor from the king's letters to Lord North—a very curious and interesting collection.)"

Of Lord Holland's accounts, as paymaster of the forces, it is stated:—"The multiplicity and difficulty of his accounts as paymaster during the war had prevented their being liquidated. The barons of the exchequer had called on him to make them up. He had obtained from the crown a delay of process, pleading the impediments he received from the proper officers in Germany. This was probably true. It is also probable that he was not impatient to be disburdened of such large sums, on which he made considerable interest."

Upon this Sir D. observes:—"These accounts were not settled at Lord Holland's death, and his family profited of the interest of 400,000*l.* still remaining in his hands. Lord North was very earnest to have the account made up, and yet it was not finally closed in the middle of the year 1777, which shews the intricacy and difficulty of terminating such accounts. [The delay was no fault of Lord Holland's; it arose from the imperfect system of auditing the public accounts in that day. Lord Holland had been out of office only three years and a half. Mr. Winnington's accounts for 1744-6 were only settled in 1760, or fourteen years after their close; and Lord Chatham's remained open for the same period.—(Lord Brougham's 'Historical Sketches,' vol. iii. p. 136.)—It should, however, be stated, in fairness to Lord Chatham, that he derived no benefit from the balance in his favour, having left all his receipts in the Bank of England."

When affairs of this description are recorded and annotated, it ought never to be forgotten that to Alexander Trotter and the late Lord Melville (the reviled and persecuted) does the nation owe the adoption of a different system of accounts in the public departments. Let us not, said the astute official, go on heaping arrear upon arrear, the latest with the increase of business more overwhelming than all before; but let us draw a line—here at the year —; begin and keep current and clear accounts as we proceed, and arrange with all preceding this date, by employing adequate clerks to bring up and settle the arrears till they shall overtake the commencement of the new and improved system. Upon this Lord Melville acted, befriended and promoted his sagacious adviser, and has rendered such circumstances as we have just quoted from 1769 impossible.

Returning to the king and great parties in 1770, Walpole says:

"Let it be observed, however, that, when I impute to the king and his mother little more than a formed design of reducing the usurped authority of the great lords, I am far from meaning that there were not deeper designs at bottom. Lord Mansfield was by principle a tyrant; Lord Holland was bred in a monarchic school, was cruel, revengeful, daring, and subtle. Grenville, though in principle a republican, was bold, proud, dictatorial, and so self-willed that he would have expected Liberty herself should be his first slave. The Bedford faction, except the duke himself, were void of honour, honesty, and virtue; and the Scotch were whatever their masters wished them to be, and too envious of the English, and became too much provoked by them, not to lend all their mischievous abilities towards the ruin of a constitution whose benefits the English had imparted to them, but did not like they should engross. All these individuals or factions, I do not doubt, accepted and fomented the disposition they found predominant in the cabinet as they had severally access to it; and the contradictions which the king suffered in his ill-advised measures riveted in him a thirst of delivering himself from control; and to be above control, he must be absolute. Thus on the innate desire of unbounded power in all princes was engrafted a hate to the freedom of the subject; and therefore, whether the king set out with a plan of extending his prerogative, or adopted it, his subsequent measures, as often as he had an opportunity of directing them himself, tended to the sole object of acting by his own will. Frequent convulsions did that pursuit occasion, and heavy mortifications to himself. On the nation it heaped disgrace, and brought it to the brink of ruin; and should the event be consonant to the king's wishes of establishing the royal authority at home, it is more sure that the country will be so lowered that the sovereign will become as subject to the mandates of France as any little potentate in Europe. This is my impartial opinion of the reign of George the Third, from the death of his grandfather to the end of the year 1771, when I wrote these annals; and the subsequent transactions to the commencement of the new parliament in 1784 have but corroborated my ideas."

A story of Beckford occurs here, and is thus introduced:—"He died on the 21st of June, aged sixty-two. He had boldness, promptness, spirit, a heap of confused knowledge, displayed with the usual ostentation of his temper, and so uncorrected by judgment that his absurdities were made but more conspicuous by his vanity. Under a jovial style of good-humour, he was tyrannic in Jamaica, his native country, and, under an appearance of prodigality, interested. On the other side, the excesses of his factious behaviour were founded neither on principle nor on rancour. Vainglory seemed to be the real motive of all his actions."*

On one of the turbulent city-outbreaks, 1771, "the king wrote thus to Lord North on the 17th of March:—'If Lord Mayor and Oliver be not committed to the Tower, the authority of the House of Commons is annihilated. Send Jenkinson to Lord Mansfield for his opinion of the best way of enforcing the commitment, if these people continue to disobey. You know very well I was averse to meddling with the printers, but now there is no retreating. The honour of the House of Commons must be supported.'"

We can only refer to the Grafton papers, which particularly elucidate two memorable circumstances—the circumvention of the Duke by his friend Lord Chatham; and a strong ingredient in, if not the probable cause of, the revolt of the American colonies. This is attributed to Lord Hillsborough having mutilated and transformed a minute of the cabinet-coun-

* "When Beckford received an account of the magnificent seat he had built at Fonthill being burnt down, he only wrote to his steward, 'Let it be rebuilt!' Lord Holland's youngest son being ill, and Beckford inquiring after him, Lord Holland said he had sent him to Richmond for the air. Beckford cried out, 'Oh! Richmond is the worst air in the world; I lost twelve natural children there last year!'"

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cil, and despatched it to America as a circular letter, before his colleagues, especially the Lord Chancellor Camden and the Premier Grafton, could be aware of the alterations and stop the mission. The whole account of this, in the appendix, is of extreme interest, and greatly enhances the value of a publication which stands in no need of collateral recommendations.

O. T. and only a Fiddler; or, Life in Denmark. By the Author of "The Improvisatore; or, Life in Italy." Translated by Mary Howitt. 3 vols. R. Bentley.

We are certainly good-natured, but, we trust, equally just, critics; and therefore it is that we cannot stop to review this work till we have read it through. In truth, kindness towards our readers, and fairness towards the author, prick us on to an immediate notice. What we thought of the *Improvisatore in Italy* is vouched by several Nos. of the *Gazette*, in which we paid our tribute of applause to the originality and genius it displayed. And now, having read little more than the first of "*O. T.*," we cannot resist the wish to tell the public not to wait for next week, when we may point out some of its attractions, but at once procure one of the most interesting publications which has issued from the press for years. Its pictures of Danish life are most natural and most admirable; its illustrations of superstitions, its descriptions of scenery and external objects, its touches of truth in character and incident, its exquisite drawing of children and children's minds, its *naïveté* and lively sallies, its world-wisdom and imaginativeness, all briefly set before us, as if in flashes of light and intellect, possess so entire a charm, that we do not for a moment hesitate to say, that this is a book which will afford the utmost gratification to every class of readers, and deserve a place among the most sterling works of fiction that ever were produced. Frederika Bremer must look about her now; for the Fates have ordained the appearance of "another greater" than she, and the literature of Denmark will hardly bring forth "a third greater still."

In short, this is a very delightful book; and we feel certain of many thanks the sooner it is in the hands of the many friends who follow our advice in the choice of their reading.

The Book of Nursery Tales: a Keepsake for the Young. First, Second, and Third Series. 3 vols. London, James Burns.

Who says we are old or crabbed critics? These volumes make us young and laughing again! Oh, what pretty stories, and how charmingly embellished! Our old acquaintances, in their literature only changed so much as to be chastely pure and point a moral, without injuring an interest or marring a *dénouement*; but in their illustrations such bijoux of art! not the daubs of the olden times, but subjects treated as well, and some of them far better, than the majority of frescos in Westminster Hall, or pictures in the annual exhibitions. How modestly is Cinderella polka-ing; how quaint are the dwarfs, how burly the giants, how beautiful the enchanted princesses, how gallant the armed knights, how terrible the lions and other wild beasts, how queer the greedy or tyrant kings, how grotesque the witches—how elegant all the designs! Then Jack the Giant-Killer shews a hero indeed, when we see the athletic monster he has tumbled over the castle-wall: Goody Two-Shoes, frontispiece to vol. 2d, and other cuts, are delicious pieces of rural picturesque; Whittington's Cat is illustrious, *micat* inter omnes; Little Red Ridinghood's rapacious and treacherous wolf is justly slain without succeeding in the destruction of innocence; Prince Cherie is finely reclaimed; the Golden Goose and the Giant with the Golden Hair are good; Blue-Beard justly hideous; the Babes in the Wood most pitiful; and Valentine and Orson most heroic;—in short, they will be fortunate children who make a little library of these three peculiarly handsome and well-edited tomes.

A Sketch of New South Wales. By J. O. Balfour, Esq. Pp. 136. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Six years a resident in Bathurst district, the author has here stated the results of his experience, which seems to be accurate and useful; and what is almost as good, concise and clear, though it does not unfold any new facts for us to dilate upon. For emigrants to the quarter of which it treats, it must be a valuable guide.

A Peep at Architecture. By Eliza Chalk. With Illustrations. Pp.188. London, Bell; Windsor, Brown [not Brown Windsor].

This is a nice little book, and does great credit to a female pen. A prettier or more useful performance of the kind could hardly be put in young hands for the instruction of young heads in the now gradually unfolding knowledge of architecture, for which modern research is doing so much. We observe that the writer (page 69) anticipates great improvements from this increase of information; but we have seen too little yet to be sanguine with regard to the future elegance and purity of architectural design in our age. *Espérons!*

The History of our own Times. By the Author of "The Court and Times of Frederick the Great." Vol II. Pp. 401. H. Colburn.

Thomas Campbell sleeps in Westminster Abbey, and the authorship of the Court, &c. of Frederick is avowed by another, though affiliated upon him—one of the doings of the press which we denounced at the time as fraught with imposition, and ultimately injurious to publication. Sure we are that such *ruses* generally fail even in the instances where they are practised, and that as a system they are destructive to confidence and permanent prosperity.

Of the present volume we shall merely say, that it is a careful and creditable historical compilation from the period of the revolution of 1688 to the year 1796, including the French revolution and the events of the wars consequent thereon to that period. Mr. Shoberl in all he has done has exercised a calm judgment and an impartial mind. His opinions may be disputed, but his integrity cannot be questioned; and when we consider how many party and one-sided works appear in the world, we think we may with perfect safety recommend his honest labours to every class of the reading public.

The Levite; or, Scenes Two Hundred Years ago. By Elizabeth Murphy. 3 vols. London, John Ollivier.

The fair author assuredly possesses the organ of constructiveness, for she has wrought into the fabric of this romance the fortunes of a Jewish family, as complicated and more extraordinary than the plots of ten of the most intricate Spanish plays. The *dénouement* is the unwinding of such mysteries in regard to the lost, supposed dead, and otherwise scattered over the face of the earth; that previous to arriving at Mrs. Murphy's explanation, it would be easier to develop her namesake's weather-almanack and astronomical and meteorological predictions, than to guess how the tangled clue was to be unravelled. This will be a sufficient passport to many novel readers; and therefore we need do nothing further but add, that the tale belongs to the times and the unhappy fate of Charles the First, and is filled by the adventures of Cavaliers and Roundheads—classes or factions, which, whatever were their shapes, had considerable difficulty in keeping their heads on their proper shoulders—and is consequently full of bustle, intrigue, plots, escapes, and strange occurrences.

Fruits and Farinacea the proper Food of Man, &c. By John Smith. Pp. 422. London, J. Churchill.

A comprehensive and laborious essay to prove that the "original, natural, and best diet of man" is to be found in the vegetable kingdom; and that the meat of animals, fowls, and fish, is not only unnecessary, but injurious. The author confesses that he does not expect to make many converts; and we agree with him, notwithstanding the quantity of curious matter he has got together in support of his argument. But the total temperance and water system does not advance; and if it did, it would only indispose people the more to give up their accustomed sustenance from animal food. In short, as we heard a jolly toper express it, "nothing can be more abominable than the endeavour to persuade men to live like beasts: it will never answer."

My Marine Memorandum-Book. By Hargrave Jennings. 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

The author, who we fancy is new to the work of literary fiction, takes for his epigraph two applicable lines from Shakspeare:

> "Wherein I speak of most disastrous chances,
> Of moving accidents by flood and field."

This is a collection of sea-yarns, the first occupying a volume, and the rest of different lengths, so that some of them might be told by the galley-fire. To this they are suited, for Jack talks in his own grotesque lingo; and the stories of pirate-fights, escapes, ghosts, and humorous anecdotes, have all a fitness about them as if they had been so narrated, enjoyed, and believed. For example, the first vol. has a true description of Cuba, and talks truly of grog-drinking in that climate as a seductive and deceitful demon, that smiles, and tempts, and gives the lie, &c., yet leaves nothing to reap after it "but the stump-end of disappointment." In vol. ii. we have "The Ghost and the Gallon o' Cordial," a regular Jack-tar adventure; an action with an American schooner, account of boarding a French man-of-war, Jack in a church, &c. &c., and the last volume consists of similar matter. There are rather too large an allowance of oaths (which though they may be characteristic are not pleasant in print), and there is evidently an unacquaintance with style. Still, the general reader may be amused with the Memoranda, and it will do well for the lodging-houses along-shore, in Kent, Essex, Suffolk, Sussex, Devon, &c. &c., where natives of Cockaigne go to disport and wash themselves in the briny sea in autumn.

The Prince of Orange: an Historical Romance. 3 vols. R. Bentley.

All historical events are now it seems to be made subjects of Romance; and however unlikely the Dutch Protestant Revolution may look for a subject, here we have it chosen, and not ill treated either. The descriptions, the costumes, the freedom of manners, and other characteristics of the times, are connected with actual circumstances; and we have, upon the whole, a stirring and entertaining story.

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ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Aug. 4th.—The Rev. F. W. Hope, president, in the chair. Various new species of British insects were exhibited by different members; and Mr. E. Doubleday explained a complicated apparatus, invented by M. Reissig, for capturing and killing the minute species of *lepidoptera*. The following memoirs were read: 1. A biographical memoir of Fabricius, translated from the Danish, by the Rev. F. W. Hope; 2. Description of a new species of grasshopper from New South Wales, by Mr. Evans; 3. Description of *Ceratoderus Bensoni*, a new Indian species of the coleopterous family *Paussidæ*, by Mr. J. O. Westwood; 4. Notes upon the habits of various Indian species of *Paussidæ* and *Cetoniidæ*, by Mr. Benson; 5. Notes on the production of a queen bee from a neuter larva, by Mr. Golding.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION, WINCHESTER.

We proceed with the report of the Winchester Congress, laying before our readers a full account of the transactions, and reserving for our conclusion such remarks as occur to us on their bearing, their variety and usefulness, and upon some slight misconceptions into which the periodical press, attentive, fair, and friendly as it has generally been to the meeting, has fallen with regard to its *strictly* archæological though comprehensive researches.

Our first paper is that to which we have already referred, viz. that by Mr. Thomson on the records of Leicester, in which, as in Mr. Wright's papers on the archives of Winchester and Southampton, much interesting information has been furnished on subjects not only of local importance,* but of national. Mr. Thomson observes that:

"Very little information of an authentic nature has yet been collected relative to the early history of English boroughs. Hitherto the speculations of Brady and Stephens, founded only in part upon documentary evidence, have been all that the antiquarian and historical reader could refer to upon this subject. . . . The archives of the borough of Leicester will afford an idea of what such documents usually consist, and will justify their claim to greater attention and respect than they have hitherto received at the hands of antiquaries."

The author describes the rolls of the merchant guild from 1196,—the mayor's accounts,—the rolls of the assize of bread and beer,—the talliage rolls of tax-paying inhabitants—and the *placita coronæ*, which exhibit the robberies and crimes committed in the borough in the end of the thirteenth and commencement of the fourteenth centuries. Of the latter he says:

"Their perusal introduces us at once, as it were, into the presence of the townsmen and townswomen who were living more than five hundred years ago. And they shew, farther, the state of the police, the direction of the streets, and the nature of the functions of local officers at that period. . . . A mass of documents of a miscellaneous description complete the catalogue of the archives of Leicester."

Passing over the tradition that Leicester was founded by King Lear 1000 years before the Christian era, Ratæ, occupying the site, was a Roman station, as is established by masonry still remaining, and baths, coins, tesseræ, pottery, &c. found there. In Saxon times it was the principal place of the kingdom of Mercia, and a bishopric. In the ninth century it was one of the five Danish boroughs, but recovered in 920 by Ethelflæda, the daughter of Alfred. On the Conquest, a large share of Leicester was given to Hugh de Grentmesnel, nephew of the Conqueror, and Earls of Leicester, inhabiting a strong castle on the north of the town, succeeded him. They restored the ancient privileges of the place; and Mr. Thomson says:

"In the reign of Richard the First, and particularly in its concluding portion, the entries were numerous. As many as sixty members were enrolled in 1197, twenty-eight the next year, and one hundred and eleven the year following. Among the new members were Acon, the son of Simon of Petar; Andrew, the son of William of Assewi; Ralph, the son of Eadric; James of Fleckney; William the Long; Simon, the son of the alderman; Richard Gregod; William, the man of Walter the mercer; Richard of Nicole [Lincoln]; Martin, the son of Eustace; Richard, the son of Edeline; Roger the villein; Simon 'with the beard' [*Simo cum barbo*]; Richard, the son of Roger [*filius Rogerii*], or Rogerson; Hugh, the nephew of Hugh the currier; Robert Carlevacha; Ralph Curtis; Richard Brockenhevid [Brokenhead?]; Alwin the mercer; Henry, the nephew of William the palmer; Arnold, the son of Geoffrey the abbot (!); Samson the celler; William the stabler; Peter the carpenter; William the preacher; Adam the miller; and Walter the Fat. . . . The guild had its hall of meeting, its common-seal, its purse, and its mot-bell. About the year 1220, the bell was purchased, at the common expense of the guild, of Richard Cow, and placed in the custody of Adam of Winchester. In the forty-third of Henry the Third's reign, a new purse was purchased for the guild, at the cost of 6*d*., and in the same year a new seal was bought for 4*s*. 6*d*. At one of the meetings of the guild, called, in the language of the time, 'morwenspecher,' it is recorded, that 'Henry Hoahill stood out as a rebel, in full morwenspech, against the mayor, telling him, he did not care more for him than he did for a stick, and making use of other contumelious words.' He was adjudged to pay two casks of wine; of which one was to go to the commonalty of the guild, the other to the mayor. He pledged himself to find the wine before the feast of St. Margaret next ensuing, and afterwards kept his word. But Henry Hoahill was a quarrelsome burgess; for he was fined 2*s*. for a dispute with John Dodeman on a subsequent occasion. . . . Up to the middle of the thirteenth century, the chief person of the borough was called the alderman; after that date the designation of 'mayor' was made use of in its place. This functionary was obliged, it seems, to keep an account of the borough income and expenditure. His receipts were anciently derived from the fines paid by those who entered the guild, from the rent of two or three shops under the guildhall, and from taxes levied upon the community, and from money received at the bridges of Leicester. 'His worship' paid out of his funds thus raised, for repairs done to the guildhall and bridges, for the drawing up of the account, for gifts made to the earls and countesses and members of their households. Some bread and wine were thus sent to Henry, son of Simon de Montfort, on one occasion; and, at a much later period, Katherine Swynford, John of Gaunt's mistress, was presented with a pony and an iron platter! The most distinguished names were often among those to whom bread and wine were sent in this way. After the judges commenced their circuits, too, it was the custom for the townspeople to entertain them with the most sumptuous fare of the day, at one of the inns. The burgesses sent to parliament were paid 2*s*. per day, and frequently a horse and footboy were allowed them. On their return, they sometimes met their neighbours at a tavern, and related to them what the high personages of Westminster had done; or 'his worship,' with some of the brethren, talked over the state-affairs at an inn. 'Item (says the account of Edward Laverich, mayor, in the 17th of Edward III.), to the expenses of the mayor and many of the jurors disposing of the business of the community before parliament, at the tavern, for brevity of time, two flagons of wine, 12*d*.' . . . Simon de Montfort conceded two other charters to the inhabitants. One of them was to the effect, that no Jew or Jewess should reside in the town from the date of the deed 'until the end of the world.' . . . In addition to the various tolls and dues levied upon them by their earls, the townsmen had frequent talliages to raise for the kings. In the year 1271, a twentieth part of the moveables of the country was granted to Henry III. In Leicester, 480 persons contributed to the tax, the sum total being 96*l*. 8*s*. 10*d*. The value of the entire of the moveables was, therefore, about 1920*l*. in the money of that period. In the reigns of the first three Edwards, these talliages were frequently levied.* When a tenth of the moveables was raised in Edward III.'s reign, the sum of 26*l*. 13*s*. 4*d*. was collected from the town, from 430 persons. This shews a falling-off in the number of tax-payers, when a comparison is made with the year 1271, of fifty persons; and the tax-payers were unquestionably the householders of the place."

From Mr. Wright's second paper, on the Archives of Winchester and Southampton, the following will be found generally, as well as locally, interesting:

"The spirit of destruction or preservation has manifested itself unequally in different places; for while in some towns the municipal records are preserved in almost uninterrupted succession since the thirteenth century, in others they scarcely reach back through two or three centuries. It is singular that, both in Winchester and in Southampton, there has occurred, at some period now unknown, an almost entire destruction of the records previous to the fifteenth century. The archives of Winchester, to which I have had ready access by the politeness of the mayor and the town-clerk, Mr. Bailey, who very kindly allowed me to take such documents as I wished to examine into his office, are not so numerous as might be expected in this ancient city, are rather meagre in their contents, and are not in a very good state of preservation. A large mass of the older documents, eaten up by rats and damp, are thrown together in an immense chest, in what appears to be a hopeless state of confusion. The municipal records of Southampton, as far as they go, are

* A Hampshire journal, the *Independent*, in the face of these papers, and others throwing considerable light on subjects intimately connected with the county of Hants, with Winchester cathedral, and St. Cross, strangely enough tells its readers, that little has been done to extend the information already existing as to the antiquities of the city, &c. With all due deference to Milner's work, which, notwithstanding its merits, is full of errors, we must adduce our Report in proof of there having been a great deal done to extend information of the best sort relating to all this locality; whilst we also remind our contemporary, that such an association must embrace widely extended objects, at the same time that it pays proper regard to the antiquities of the neighbourhood where it holds its annual assembly.—*Ed. L. G.*

* Many of the lists are in existence.

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in an excellent etate of preservation, and are tolerably well arranged, which increases greatly their utility; and I should be wanting in gratitude to the mayor and corporation of that place, if I omitted to state that, by a public order of the common council, they were placed entirely at my disposal, without any kind of restriction. . . . Among the most interesting of the municipal records, are the yearly accounts of the stewards or chamberlains of the town, containing the details of the receipts and expenditure of the corporation, and rich in notices illustrative not only of the domestic affairs of the place in former days, but also of the state of society in general in our island. At Winchester, these accounts are, in the earlier period, kept in small rolls of parchment, chiefly in Latin; and I have found such rolls of as early a date as the reign of Henry V., in dipping blindly into the chaos of the chest above-mentioned; at Southampton, these accounts are much fuller and more interesting, and are written in English in paper-books, which are continued in almost uninterrupted succession from the year 1432. The first book of the steward's accounts of the town of Southampton is peculiarly interesting, partly from the circumstance, that the town was, in that year, attacked by a French fleet, against which it appears to have made a successful resistance. It records various charges for mending and strengthening walls, and other warlike preparations, 'when the galleys were here.' On the first news of the invasion, men are sent in all directions to obtain intelligence of the danger; and we find such items as,—

"Item, payd to Ric. Assche for a man to ryde to Portysmouthe, to bryng redyng tydynges owt of Normandy of the ffrenshemen, xijd.

Item, payd to Will. Taylour for hys labour and costes to ryde to Lepe,* to inqwere tydynges of the ffrenshemen, xjd."

Among other preparations for defence, several men were employed in helping 'the gunner' to make gunpowder for the occasion, who seem to have been not very expert; for one of them has a compensation for damage done to his clothes in this operation.

"To the said Johan, for a reward for brennyng of hys clothys, ijs."

Another entry runs thus:

"Item, payd to Davy, berebrewere, for a pyp of bere that was dronke at the Barryeate, when the ffurst affray was of the ffrenshemen, vjs. viijd."

It appears from other entries, that artificial sheds of wood were raised to cover the gunners from the enemy's fire, and that the first fight took place by candlelight!

"Item, payd for nayles to nayle the bordes to kevere the gonner withall, iijd.

Item, payd for vli. of candelles that were wasted in Godeshows towre and in the bolewerke, that nyght the ffurst affray was, vd.

Item, payd to Ric. Smythe, for drynkyng pottes that were nowght of hym when the sowdyers of Salysbery dyned in the ffreres, ixd."

As soon as the Frenchmen are known to be near, the whole town appears to be in a bustle; and it is so ill provided against the sudden attack, that all the guns seem to have wanted repairs.

"Item, payd to Sawndere, lokyere, for the makyng of a band, and ij boltes and a cheyne, and viij forlokkes to the gone that standeth in Godeshows yeate, xijd.

Item, payd to the sayd Sawndere, for the scowryng of a gone, and to make a new tuche-hole therin, vjd.

Item, to the said Sawndere, for twystes and boltes for wyndows in the towre, that weythe xvli., at 1d. ob. the li., xxijd. ob.

Item, to the sayd Sawndere, for ij hydynge of ij gonnes, eyther of theyme with iiij bandes, that weyth xxiijli., at jd. ob. the li., iiijs.

Item, to the sayd Sawndere, for iiij rynges of yren to set apon schort staves to stoppe gonnes withall, vijd.

Item, payd to burgayse Smythe, for the makyng of a muthe, and a bolt and ij chekys, and a bond, and a plate for the great gonne, that weyed xliijli., prec. the li. jd. ob., summa vs. iiijd. ob.

Item, payd to the same burgays, for a bolt and spykes and othere gere made to the Westkey yeate, payd by Johan Doun, iijs. xd. ob."

The alarm of this attack does not appear to have caused any interruption in the festivities in which the burgesses indulged; for we find in this same year the following items of the feast of the guild, which gives a good picture of a festive meal as served on the table in the earlier part of the fifteenth century:

"*Expences of the dynere of the gyeld the xvj. day of Janevere.*

ffurst, payd for iiij. capons, xvijd. ob.
Item, payd for viij. capons, iijs. iiijd.
Item, payd for xij. pestellus of porke and ix. legges of beffe, iijs. ixd. ob.
Item, for xj. pecez of befe, xijd.
Item, for iiijli. almaundez, xijd.
Item, for jli. of reysons and corans, iijd.
Item, jli. of dates, iiijd.
Item, for maces, jd.
Item, for cloves, iijd.
Item, for safrone, iijd.
Item, for pot sugure, jd.
Item, for xij. cople conynggez, vs.
Item, for ij. quarters coles, xijd.
Item, for oynons, ijd.
Item, for salt, jd.
Item, for a straynere, ijd. ob.
Item, for egges, iijd.
Item, for a galon of muskadell, xijd.
Item, for a qwart of teynt, iijd.
Item, for a qwart of red wyn, ijd.
Item, for mustard, ob.
Item, for a galon of malvesy, xijd.
Item, for half a li. of gynger and synamond, xijd.
Item, to iij. men to torne the broches, iijd.
Item, for bred, iijs.
Item, in ale, vs. viijd. ob.
Item, for c. wod, viijd.
Item, for peschalme, jd.
Item, to won of the laborers in the kechyn, iiijd.
Item, to Janyns, viijd.
Item, to ij. laborers to set tabuls, formes, and help in the kechyn, viijd.
Item, for candels, jd.
Item, for x. capons that were borowde of my master the meyre, iijs. iiijd.
Item, to iij. pleyers of Seynt Cros, vjs. viijd.
Summa, xliijs. vd. ob."

In the same year we have the following payments to minstrels:

"*Expences of mynstrellus.*

Ffurst, payd to my master the meyre, that my lordes mynstrellus of Arondelle had the xxviij. day of Janevere, iijs. iiijd.

Item, payd to my mastre the meyre for my lordys mynstrellus of Somerset, iijs. iiijd.

Item, payd to my mastre the meyre for the mynstrellus of Salysbery, xijd.

Item, payd to my maystre the meyre for my lordys mynstrellus of Shrewsbery, iijs. iiijd.

Item, payd to my mastre the meyre for my lord of Excetre ys mynstrellus, iijs. iiijd.

Item, payd to my mastre the meyre for my lord of Warewykys mynstrellus, iijs. iiijd.

Item, payd to my mastre the meyre for my lord of Bokynghamys mynstrellus, iijs. iiijd.

Item, payd to my mastre the meyre for my lord of Yorke ys mynstrellus, iijs. iiijd.

Item, payd to my master the meyre for mynstrellus of my lord of Caunterbery, xxd.

Item, payd to my master the meyre for mynstrellus of my lord of Schrewsbery, and of my lord Devenschyres, that come joyntly together, iijs. iiijd.

Summa, xxixs. iiijd."

The following entries are taken from the steward's books of Southampton for the year 1562; they wind up in rather a melancholy manner:

"*Presentes for the kynges chefe juges.*

Item, payde to mystrys Whynes for j. galon off malmysay, xijd.

Item, for j. galon off seke, viijd.

Item, for j. galon off Gascon wyne, prec. viijd.

Item, payd for hys horsmete and hys menes mete at Harry Clarkes and at the Dolffyn, xxvijs. vjd.

Item, payd for fysche at Mr. Mayers howes, vjs. iijd. ob.

Item, payd to my lord off Arondelles menstrelles for there rewardes, xxd.

Item, payd for mete and dryncke for the presoneres whan they dyd tacke their rytes, xxd.

Item, payd for haltres and for carter and the hangman and the pytmaker and the prest to bery them, viijd.

Item, payd to the guners at the kynges scheffe jugges departyng, viijd.

Summa, xlis. vd. ob."

Another payment of regular occurrence in these books, which appears singular according to modern notions, is that of the wages of the members of parliament. In the year 1432, the date of the earliest register of the corporation of Southampton, we have an entry of their payment to the mayor, who represented the town in that parliament:

"Item, payd the iij. day of Aprill to my master the meyre in party of payment of hys parlament wages, xls."

In the account-rolls of the city of Winchester for the 8th year of the reign of Henry VI., W. Fromond receives 4*l.* in January, and 4*l.* 15*s.* in April, and Thomas Dunster receives in the last mentioned month 4*l.* 13*s.*, for their wages as members of parliament, which were estimated at so much a day. The steward's registers of the town of Southampton are particularly interesting for the light they throw upon the history of artillery and gunpowder. In 1435, among the stores delivered to the new steward of the town, are enumerated four great cannons, fitted with iron, of which the weight is not specified, two brass cannons, and 'two little cannons called pellat-guns, namely, one of iron and the other of brass, fitted with wood.' . . . The gunner at this time was an important personage, and his house appears to have been kept up at the expense of the corporation. In 1450, we find the following payments by the corporation of Southampton:*

"Also paide to Johan Perys, the viijth daye of Marche, for dowbyng of the hous there the gonner dwellith by viij. dayes, takyng by the daye vjd. Summa, iiijs.

Item, paide to William Long for dowbyng there by viij. dayes, takyng by the daye vjd. Summa, viijs."

It would appear, by the names of the persons mentioned in the following entries, that they employed foreigners (perhaps these are a Dutchman and an Italian) to make their gunpowder when they were in want of it.

"*Costes doon in makyng of gonne pouldre.*

"Paid to Johan Vanderson and to Andrew Gowdrych for v. days wages, to ffyne the salte petre which was receyvyd of Thomas Holman, conteynyng ix. scoore lb., and xviij. lb. when hit was purified, they takyng eche of theim vjd. a day.—Summa vs.

Item, for j. c. of woode for to fyne the said saltepetre, viijd.

Item, for j. bushelle of lyme for the same saltepetre, iijd.

Item, for j. bushelle ashes for the same, ijd.

Item, for ij. ffaates to occupye aboute the same stuffe, xd.

Item, for j. empty pp. to sarse the gonne pouldre in, xd.

Item, for the makyng of ijc. xxijlb. of gonne pouldre made by Johan Vanderson and Andrew Gowdrich, paid xvjs.

For ij. empti barell bougte of Thomas Danyell cost xviijd.

Item, for pannys, cawderons, y-borrowed for to make the said pouldre in. Summa iiijd.

Summa xxs. vijd."

Among the numerous curious entries of a miscellaneous nature with which these registers abound, I will only cite the following payments for the making of the cuckingstool, here called a scoldingstool, of the town of Southampton, in the year last mentioned:

"*Costes doon in makyng of the scoldyngstoole.*

"Furste, paid for j. pece tymbre boughte of Robert Orchiere for the same stole, xd.

* Near Lymington.

* The archives of this town, so liberally and handsomely thrown open to Mr. Wright for the Association, seem to us to be particularly deserving of a thorough and searching investigation. If they went a little farther back, and embraced the fourteenth century, they would be invaluable. But still for later times they appear to be extremely curious.—*Ed. L. G.*

For carriage of the same fro Hille to the west holle, iij*d*.
Item, for sawing of the same piece in iij. peces, viij*d*.
Item, for iij. boltes and ij. pinnes of iron for the same stoole, vi*d*.
Item, for the wheeles to convey the said stole by commandement of the meyre, iij*s*. iiij*d*.
Item, paid to Robert Orcherd for the makyng of the said stoule and wheelis, for iij. days laboure to him and his man, x*d*. the day, summa ij*s*. vj*d*.
Summa x*s*. viij*d*. ob."

I may also notice, as occurring in the first register of the town of Southampton, A.D. 1432, the uncommon name of Napoleon.

"Item, r. of the sayd Jòhan the xxvj. day of Sept. a bille fro Edward Catayn dyrett to Napolyon Spynelle of viij*s*."

Another class of documents of considerable importance are the journals of the town council, which commenced at Southampton in the reign of Henry VIII., and which at Winchester go back to about the same date. It is hardly necessary to describe the nature of these documents. . . . The following entry from the corporation-journals of Southampton, of the date of Monday, Jan. 6, 1647, when Charles I. had arrived at Carisbrook Castle, affords a very singular instance of municipal 'prudence.'

"Mr. Mayr is desired to wright to Mr. Exont to know his opinion for the sending a present of household provision to his majesty at Carisbroke Castle."

The municipal archives of Southampton contain one of the most interesting documents which I have yet met with in such a situation, a complete code of naval legislation, written in Norman French, on vellum, in a hand apparently of the earlier half of the fourteenth century. It is well deserving of being printed. Among the records of Winchester I observed a roll of charters and wills, extending from the end of the reign of Edward III. to that of Henry IV., valuable for the history of property within the city and liberties. There are probably other documents of value among the confused contents of the great chest to which I have already alluded."

Thursday was devoted to excursions, mingling relaxation with such archæological inquiries as were presented by the way. One party, with the President and Secretary Smith, visited Bittern, the seat of Mrs. Stewart Hall (which occupies the picturesque and well chosen site of the Roman station of *Clausentum*), and thence to Netley and Southampton; and another went to Romsey, *alias* Rumsey;* and others scattered themselves over the land, examining old churches, looking over collections of coins and other small relics, inspecting Salisbury, and, in short, skirring the whole country round in search of antiquarian remains.

The division which went to Bittern were highly gratified by their hospitable reception and entertainment there (even in the unavoidable absence of its liberal and enlightened proprietress); and their promenade through the grounds revealed many interesting Roman antiquities—such as inscribed altars (especially of several to the usurper Tetricus), fragments of architecture, &c., and, indeed, the distinct marks of Roman footsteps to be traced in all around, and extending from the garden-walls to the beautiful little islet opposite to them—no doubt once a Tusculum to some wealthy and powerful leader of that people, or perhaps a cemetery. Everywhere about are found Roman and Saxon coins, and other vestiges of ancient times, of which Mrs. S. Hall has a rich museum, thrown open on this occasion to her inquisitive company. Among the coins we may mention that a *unique* Saxon *Sceatta* was discovered, and verified and explained by Messrs. Rolfe, Haigh, and Roach Smith.

The drive to Netley, and stroll among its beautiful ruins—the day being very propitious—with the observations of well-informed members upon the most striking features of architecture and construction, was a great treat; and the journey back to Winchester, *vià* Southampton, finished a delightful day with abundance of matter whereupon to converse and receive further illustration.

The party who went to Romsey spent a considerable time in inspecting the fine and venerable church there, which is undergoing a general repair and restoration, by subscription, for the most part in good and correct taste; but the new font is a failure in itself, besides being misplaced in the front of the altar-rails, instead of its proper position—the west end of the nave. Several of the arches had formerly been barbarously built or blocked up, as was the case at the cathedral of Hereford; but those at Romsey are now opened; though some still remain in the same state, from the congregation requiring, it is presumed, some protection from the draughts of cold air in the winter.

In spite of the pleasant labours of the day, the archæologists held an evening meeting, and afterwards attended a *soirée* given by J. N. Hughes, Esq., one of the magistrates of the county, and the possessor, among a mass of antiquities, of a valuable historical treasure in the Private Papers of the Fairfax Family, relating chiefly to the stirring events of the 17th century, and purchased at the sale of Leeds Castle, where they bad lain unknown and unappreciated till fortunately purchased by Mr. Hughes. Of these documents, one of considerable length and romantic interest was read to the company by Mr. Wright. It gave an account of the active part taken by Brian Fairfax in the intrigues of Monk, and the Fairfaxes against Lambert, which ended in the restoration of Charles II. The young Brian's adventures in his journeys across the Border-frontiers created a lively sensation, and could hardly be surpassed by the inventions of a Scott or a James!

At the previous meeting Mr. Haigh commenced the proceedings by reading a paper descriptive of Holy Trinity Church, Acaster Malbis, near York; a very curious and interesting example of the commencement of the 14th century; accompanied by a sketch, elevation, and details, drawn to scale by Mr. Edward Bruce of Leeds, one of the youngest working members of the Association.

Among other papers were remarks on Roman pavements recently discovered at Tarrant Hinton, Dorset, by Mr. William Shipp; and an original letter communicated by the Rev. Dr. Edward Hincks, from an individual of the name of Hamilton (in London) to James VI., in which the writer gives a detailed account of the capture of the Earl of Essex in his famous conspiracy; and offers a different version of that memorable affair from the received historical relations of Camden and subsequent authors. He seems to excuse Essex from the charge of treason, and represent him as the more innocent victim of Raleigh, Cobham, and that party.

The whole of Friday was occupied with three meetings, and papers read at them, of which, with a few we have passed over, not being quite certain of the order in which they appeared, we shall give a brief summary in our next; and conclude for the present with stating that at the evening meeting Mr. Wright called for information from members present on the subject of a church in Winchester, that of St. Thomas, which it was reported to be the intention of the parish to destroy in order to build another in its place. Messrs. Waller and C. Bailey said that they had visited the church in question, and that it contained some architectural portions of very early Early English, which rendered it in their opinion the most interesting parish-church in the city. This gave rise to an animated discussion as to how far the Association ought to interfere or dictate in these cases, in which several members took part. Mr. Wright said that one of the chief objects of the Association was to hinder the unnecessary destruction of monuments, and this he thought might in all cases be done without any meddling interference, or anything like dictating. He was quite willing to allow that works of public utility ought not to be impeded by the mere love of preserving antiquarian curiosities; but he thought that at all events what was doomed to be destroyed should be carefully examined and drawn. Few monuments were destroyed in consequence of the mere love of destruction—they more generally fell a sacrifice to the incapacity of appreciating their value in the persons to whom they were entrusted; and the attempt to enlighten these, or give them any information or suggestions, could not be looked upon as dictation. The annual visits and excursions of the Association were peculiarly calculated to exert a conservative influence in cases of this kind. It appeared that in the present instance more accurate information was wanting both as to the real character of the building, and as to the degree of injury with which it was menaced. He would therefore suggest that some of the members present, who had made church-architecture their study, should report upon the church, and then, if necessary, they might confer with the incumbent. The meeting seemed to agree in this opinion, and the church was again visited on the Saturday morning, and we believe the report was in favour of its preservation.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

June 26th.—Lord Colburn, vice-president, in the chair. The paper read was "On the site of Memphis, and the colossal statue of Metrehênch, a cast of the head of which has been presented to the British Museum," by Mr. Jos. Bonomi. We are told by Herodotus that Menes founded the city of Memphis in the narrowest part of Egypt, and erected therein a vast and re-

* We have before us *An Essay descriptive of the Abbey Church of Romsey* (2d edition, published by C. L. Lordan, there), and a very neat and neatly ornamented little hand-book of 124 pages. It appears from its contents, that this church offers a wide field for architectural opinion, as its alterations and patchings, from age to age (its *beautifications* before churchwardens were invented to spoil and destroy the finest remains of archæology!), present some eight or ten kinds of styles, from *temp*. Edward Confessor, or about 900, the date of its supposed foundation, through the lapse of the centuries since elapsed to the present day of Churchwarden Jenvey. Without going into details, we can pronounce this to be a very satisfactory production and useful guide. Some of its dates are a little confused; but none know, except those who try, how difficult and in many cases how impossible it is to reconcile chronology—the investigation of by-past times. We shall therefore only notice the account of the Abbess Mary, the youngest daughter of King Stephen, whose name figures secularly in our history. It is stated, that Matilda succeeded Hadewis, in or about 1155, and yet Mary is mentioned as having gone from being Prioress of Higham to be Abbess of Romsey, and to have presided there till 1159 or 60, when she married Matthew, and conveyed to him the sovereignty of the county of Boulogne. In 1165 they witnessed a charter; in 1168 their territories were heavily endangered; in 1169 or 70 she separated from her husband; in 1173 or 4 he had not only married again a princess Aleanor, but was killed in battle; and in 1180 or 1182 she died in a French convent. Now these dates are possible, but the earliest of them especially improbable.

nowned temple to Vulcan; that to this temple *Menes* added the northern propylon; that Sesostris, when returning from his conquests, made further additions to the building, and placed in front of it statues of himself and his wife, thirty cubits high, and four others representing his sons, twenty cubits high; that finally Proteus, the second Memphian monarch in succession from Sesostris, added a sanctuary to the south side of the temple, within the sacred precincts of which was a small temple dedicated to Venus the stranger. Diodorus, who likewise describes the statues of Sesostris and his family, agrees with Herodotus in his account of them, except that he places the statues within (ἐν), and Herodotus before or without (πρὸ) the propylon. This difference, the writer shewed, admits of being reconciled, by considering, 1st, that it was the custom of the Egyptians to place colossal statues in either of the situations apparently indicated; or 2dly, that the authors who thus seem to disagree were conducted through the edifice they describe in different directions, so that each relates correctly the facts as they appeared to him. But he also shewed further, that the difference rather corroborates both accounts than invalidates either, when the evidences, both local and historical, are weighed which tend to establish the fact, that the statue of Metrehêneh is the identical statue of Sesostris described by both Herodotus and Diodorus. Adverting, after these remarks, to the statue itself (a very careful drawing of which was laid on the table), Mr. Bonomi pointed out the features as alone sufficient to convince those who are acquainted with the undoubted likenesses of the Egyptian conqueror; but referred at the same time, for more complete satisfaction, to the hieroglyphics inscribed on the breast, and repeated on the belt, and again on the scroll in the hand. The next step was, to prove that this figure is not only a statue of the Sesostris of the Greeks (Ramses II.), but also that it is that particular statue of the monarch which stood in or before the temple at Memphis. With this view, Mr. Bonomi pointed out the figures of Phtah (Vulcan) and his sister Pasht, likewise indicated on the breast and belt of the statue. He further observed, that the height of the statue corresponds nearly to the measure given by the historian. Finally, to complete the chain of evidence, it was shewn, from local circumstances pointed out in a plan sketched by the writer himself, compared with the ancient descriptions, that the place called Metrahêneh by the Arabs, where this remarkable monument now lies half buried in the sand of the desert, is really the site of Memphis.

FINE ARTS.

THE LATE JOHN CONSTABLE.

As being in this portion of our review more strictly connected with the fine arts, than in the introductory part, we have thought it advisable to transfer the continuation of our remarks, &c., on Mr. Constable's life to this division of the *Gazette*. We proceed with our selection of passages interesting to artist and amateur.

1822. "As to painting on gold grounds (writes Mr. C.), it is all over with the *alchymy* of the art, I hope never to be revived again. Yet dark ages may return, and there are always dark minds in enlightened ones. In the early German and Italian pictures, gold was used for glories, &c., and made to appear as a thing unconnected with the painting, and so far supernatural; and this has been done as late as Carlo Dolci, and it sometimes appears very beautiful when blended into transparent colour behind the heads of saints, &c. But still it looks like trick, and Correggio was above all trick, nor do I believe he ever resorted to any such nonsense to aid his brightness. I have sent my large picture to the Academy. I never worked so hard before. I do not know that it is better than my others; but perhaps fewer vulgar objections can be made to it. (The writing is here interrupted by a beautiful pen-sketch, which has the force of a mezzotinto engraving). The composition is almost totally changed from what you saw. I have taken away the sail, and added another barge in the middle of the picture, with a principal figure, altered the group of trees, and made the bridge entire. The picture has now a rich centre, and the right hand side becomes only an accessory. I have endeavoured to paint with more delicacy, but hardly any body has seen it. I hear of some excellent pictures. I am going into Suffolk about an altar-piece, a gift from a gentleman. * * * is annoyed by your designating his old masters trash. He goes by the *rule of name*."

"I have been to see David's picture of 'The Coronation of the Empress Josephine.' It does not possess the common language of the art, much less any thing of the oratory of Rubens or Paul Veronese, and in point of execution it is below notice; still I prefer it to the productions of those among our historical painters who are only holding on to the tail of the shirt of Carlo Maratti, simply because it does not remind me of the *schools*. I could not help feeling as I did when I last wrote to you of what I saw at the British Institution. Should there be a National Gallery (which is talked of), there will be an end of the art in poor old England, and she will become, in all that relates to painting, as much a nonentity as every other country that has one. The reason is plain; the manufacturers of pictures are then made the criterions of perfection, instead of nature."

And at this period Mr. Leslie observes:

"Those who are old enough to compare the present state of painting among us with what it was before the continent was thrown open to our artists, cannot but have misgivings as to the advantage of foreign travel to British students. If, as it may be feared, we are more and more losing sight of nature, it may be less owing to the influence of the National Gallery, than to the example from abroad of, I will not call it imitation, but *mimicry*, of early art. This is so easy a thing to succeed in, and is so well calculated to impose on ourselves and others a belief that we possess the spirit of the primitive ages of art, that we cannot too carefully guard against its seduction. The purity of heart belonging to childhood is, no doubt, as desirable to the painter as to the Christian, but we do not acquire this by merely imitating the *lisp* of infancy."

"Mr. Ottley (says Constable) called this morning. I was introduced to him by Sir George Beaumont. He was much pleased, and stayed a long time, and looked at a good many things. He is more of a connoisseur than an artist, and therefore full of objections. A good undoer, but little of a doer, and with no originality of mind. He invited me to drink tea with him.—Mr. Appleton, the tub-maker, of Tottenham Court Road, called to know if I had a damaged picture which I could let him have cheap, as he is fitting up a room up one pair of stairs. * * * Went to tea with Mr. Ottley. Saw some beautiful prints. Such a collection of Waterloo's etchings I never saw. There was also an abundance of his own things, which gave me a great deal of pain; so laborious, so tasteless, and so useless, but very plausible. They were all of the single leaf,* and chiefly laurels, weeds, hops, grapes, and bell vines; and ten thousand of them. He is a very clever writer and a good man. He says he has lost a great deal by his publications on art."

"July 7th. Took tea with Rochard. The Chalons and Newton there. A pleasant evening. Saw in a newspaper on the table a paragraph mentioning the arrival of my pictures in Paris. They have caused a stir, and the French critics by profession are very angry with the artists for admiring them. All this is amusing enough, but they cannot get at me on this side of the water, and I shall not go there."

Exhibition of 1826. "Turner never gave me so much pleasure or so much pain before. Callcott has a fine picture of a picturesque boat driven before the wind on a stormy sea; it is simple, grand, and affecting. He has another large work, not so good, rather too quakerish, as Turner is too yellow; but every man who distinguishes himself stands on a precipice. Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits of Peel and Canning are very fine. He has a lady playing on a guitar hanging by Turner, and you seem to hear its imperfect sounds over his 'wide watered shore.' 'Canning' is over the fire-place, 'An Entombment,' by Westall, at the bottom of the room, and Etty's 'Judgment of Paris' on the west side centre; the details of this shew we shall soon analyse together. Chantrey loves painting, and is always up stairs. He works now and then on my pictures, and yesterday he joined our group, and after exhausting his jokes on my landscape, he took up a dirty palette, threw it at me, and was off. Presently he came back, and asked me if I had seen a beastly landscape by ***. It is so indeed. The voice in my favour is universal, it is my 'best picture.' **** has some of his heartless, atrocious landscapes in Seymour Street, and has sent to consult me on them. How shall I get out of such an infernal scrape? Truth is out of the question. What part can I then play? * * *

"I have often (says Mr. Leslie) observed with surprise, how readily Constable would make alterations in his pictures by the advice of persons of very little judgment. While finishing the picture of the Dell, he was one day beset with a great many suggestions from a very shallow source; and after adopting some of them, he felt inclined to make a stand, which he did by saying to his adviser, 'Very true; but don't you see that I might go on, and make this picture so good, that it would be good for nothing?' * * *

1831. "British art, which had so recently sustained great losses by the deaths of Owen and Lawrence, now again suffered heavily by the death of Jackson, who had stood with them, and occasionally perhaps before either of them, in the first rank of portraiture. He had lingered for some time in a decline, and as his residence was near mine, Constable heard of his death from me. 'June 2d. Dear Leslie,—Your note this morning first informed me of the departure of poor dear Jackson. One is so apt to believe that all things which give us pleasure are always to continue, that when these sad events do come, and come they must, we are the more appalled and afflicted. It seems impossible that we are to see that dear

* "He means that every single leaf was drawn, without attention to the masses."

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fellow no more. He is a great loss to the Academy and to the public. By his friends he will be for ever missed, and he had no enemy. He did a great deal of good, much more, I believe, than is generally known, and he never did harm to any creature living. My sincere belief is, that he is at this moment in heaven.' * *

"July 5th. My dear Leslie, I returned from Suffolk yesterday to attend the council. I left my little girls with my family there, very happy and 'comfordil.' Nothing can exceed the beauty of the country; it makes pictures appear sad trumpery, even those that have most of nature; what must those be that have it not! * * *

"Lord N******** is a better creature, but he esteems 'our own Glover' too much to like our disowned Constable. One picture he had of Glover, the foreground of which consisted of one hundred flower-pots all in a row as thus (here a sketch), the sun was shining bright, but they cast no shadow. Varley, the astrologer, has just called on me, and I have bought a little drawing of him. He told me how to 'do landscape,' and was so kind as to point out all my defects. The price of the drawing was 'a guinea and a half to a gentleman, and a guinea only to an artist;' but I insisted on his taking the larger sum, as he had clearly proved to me that I was no artist. * * *

"I am much interested with your account of the pictures at Petworth. I remember most of Turner's early works; amongst them was one of singular intricacy and beauty; it was a canal with numerous boats, making thousands of beautiful shapes, and I think the most complete work of genius I ever saw. The Claude I well know; grand and solemn, but cold, dull, and heavy; a picture of his old age. Claude's exhilaration and light departed from him when he was between fifty and sixty, and he then became a professor of the 'higher walks of art,' and fell in a great degree into the manner of the painters around him; so difficult it is to be natural, so easy to be superior in our own opinion. When we have the pleasure of being together at the National Gallery, I think I shall not find it difficult to illustrate these remarks, as Carr has sent a large picture of the latter description. Hobbema, if he misses colour, is very disagreeable, as he has neither shapes nor composition. Your mention of a solemn twilight by Gainsborough has awakened all my sympathy; do pray make me a sketch of it of some kind or other, if it is only a slight splash. As to meeting you in these grand scenes, dear Leslie, remember the great were not made for me, nor I for the great; things are better as they are. My limited and abstracted art is to be found under every hedge and in every lane, and therefore nobody thinks it worth picking up; but I have my admirers, each of whom I consider an host. * * *

"Manner is always seductive. It is more or less an imitation of what has been done already, therefore always plausible. It promises the short road, the near cut to present fame and emolument, by availing ourselves of the labours of others. It leads to almost immediate reputation, because it is the wonder of the ignorant world. It is always accompanied by certain blandishments, shewy and plausible, and which catch the eye. As manner comes by degrees, and is fostered by success in the world, flattery, &c., all painters who would be really great should be perpetually on their guard against it. Nothing but a close and continual observance of nature can protect them from the danger of becoming mannerists. 'Is it not folly,' said Mr. Northcote to me in the exhibition, as we were standing before ***'s picture, 'for a man to paint what he can never see' is it not sufficiently difficult to paint what he does see?' This delightful lesson leads me to ask, what is painting but an imitative art? an art that is to realise, not to feign. I constantly observe that every man who will not submit to long toil in the imitation of nature, flies off, becomes a phantom, and produces dreams of nonsense, and abortions. He thinks to screen himself under 'a fine imagination,' which is generally, and almost always in young men, the scape-goat of folly and idleness."

We reserve the selection of anecdotes, &c., for our next sheet.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

CHARTERHOUSE-SQUARE INFIRMARY:— AUXILIARY SOCIETY.

We were much gratified in dining with this society, in the progress of which the *Gazette* has taken much interest, on Wednesday, at Highbury Barn. It was a meeting such as we think could only be seen in England; and possessed every constituent to recommend it to the better feelings of mankind. The Charterhouse Infirmary, as the public know, is an institution for the cure of intestinal maladies, founded about ten years ago by Mr. Frederick Salmon, who has directed all his surgical skill to this species of complaint, and carried prosperously through the difficulties attendant upon such undertakings, to its present high position, chiefly by his indomitable energy, zeal, and humane and successful practice. In the progress of time a number of patients belonging to the mechanical or working classes—not of the distressed poor, but of the industrious order who live humbly but independently by the sweat of their brows, and cannot possess superfluous means for the purchase of medical aid when visited by disease—a number of these individuals, we repeat, having experienced great benefits from this institution, voluntarily resolved to band themselves together, and evince their gratitude by contributing what they could afford to the parent society, to be applied to extend the relief they had experienced to more indigent sufferers. This was a truly noble and Christian design—worthy of imitation by the highest ranks in the empire; and it was a sincere delight to us to sit down at table with nearly two hundred of these worthy men, and partake with them a substantial English meal, seasoned with sauces far above the reach of the most refined epicurism. Good order, regularity, quietude, temperance, right common sense, intelligence, respectability of appearance, and very considerable talent (in the few who were called on to speak), distinguished this assemblage, ably presided over by one of themselves, Mr. Martin, whose addresses were not only appropriately brief and pertinent, but expressed with a simple eloquence, flowing from the heart, which would have done credit to any of our most practised masters of rhetoric.

We were present, two or three months ago, and gave a short account of the presentation of a handsome service of plate to Mr. Salmon, from the friends and patrons of the infirmary; but the impression of that ceremony (though it must have been very gratifying to the individual) could not for an instant compare with the tribute from this meeting. The language of the speakers, warm and sincere as it was, fell far short of the looks of gratitude which beamed from the countenances of the majority in the room; and when they talked of being rescued from intense agonies, and from the edge of the grave—of their restoration to their wives and families, and being restored to health to work for and maintain them, instead of their being pauper-widows and houseless orphans—the suffusion of many a heart-touched eye was marked by the action of many a hard and honest hand.

And why do we dwell on this picture, whilst we are generally satisfied to contribute our modicum of aid to other more showy, yet excellent, charities, by a few lines in our journal? It is because we would beg the earnest attention of all to the great lesson it teaches, and to the most important fact, that the conduct of the humbler orders in our immense community will be influenced and regulated by the manner in which they are treated. Shew them consideration and sympathy, that you feel for and desire to alleviate their hardships, and that you adopt the best practical measures to carry your wishes to serve them into effect, and you may depend upon it the result will be such as we have here described—a condition of things to be cherished by every patriot, and a relation between the rich and poor that would conduce beyond calculation to the happiness of both, and the strength and security of the British empire.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SWALLOW.

From "Songs of Summer."

Is not the swallow the happiest bird
Of all that skim the air?
The moment the wintry wind is heard,
Stripping the branches bare,
Away he flies to a warmer clime,—
With *him* 'tis ever sweet summer-time!

Oh, how my raptured soul would rejoice—
I'd not change my lot for a king's—
Could *I* at winter's first shivering voice
But borrow the swallow's wings,
And flee away to some genial clime
Where 'tis evermore sweet summer-time!

Not only the warmth of the outward sky,
Not *that* do I crave alone;
More deeply I sigh away to fly
From this heartless frigid zone,
To one where no blight, no chill, no change,
Can e'er the loving and loved estrange!

Give *me* the heart that with feeling o'erflows,
Like a cup o'erflowing with wine;
That to love and friendship opes, like the rose
To the dew and the bright sunshine!
Be mine that warmest and dearest clime,
The *heart* where 'tis ever sweet summer-time!

ELEANOR DARBY.

VARIETIES.

Examples!—The Royal Hibernian Academy having opened its exhibition to the people at the charge of one penny each, 1300 persons visited it on the first day, and nearly 4000 on a subsequent day. All the catalogues, 400 in number, were sold. The Dean of Durham has written to Mr. Hume, congratulating him on the recent extension of access to Westminster Abbey, and stating, that the cathedral of Durham has been unrestrictedly open to the public for years, and not a single act of the slightest injury committed. In London, at this time, Westminster Hall receives miscellaneous company gratuitously five days in the week. No mischief is done, and it does one's heart good to see the orderly behaviour and hear the sensible remarks of parties, looking at the paintings and sculpture, though in dresses of a poor description.

Ballooning.—Mr. Green, it seems, nearly lost his life on Wednesday night, in descending near Gravesend from the pyrotechnical flight from Vauxhall Gardens. Surely a humane and sensible public ought to discourage such risks. If the blaze of fireworks from a balloon is a fine sight, it would be equally fine, and more ingenious, if they were discharged by means of mechanism, and without a human being in the

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midst of them to create apprehension and disgust. And these midnight ascents must, in themselves, be attended with great danger; for no help can be expected where the machine alights in darkness at such unseasonable hours. The decline of Rome was marked by an increased appetite for the gladiatorial murders in the arena; and the brutal Romans are still copied in the brutal bull-fights of Spain. Heaven keep England from entering again into the tract, since civilisation has abolished our bull-baiting, bear-baiting, badger-baiting, cock-throwing, and other demoralising sports of former times!

Religious Feuds.—The explosion of the religious revolution which has sprung up in Germany is beginning to make itself more conspicuous. Serious riots have taken place in several towns, and lives, we believe, have been lost. The Romish clergy are up in arms, and Ronge and his adherents shew no disposition to avoid the conflict. In our next we hope to investigate this remarkable phenomenon.

The Memoirs of an Umbrella has now reached us in monthly form; and we must say the interest of the tale has increased with its progress, and that Mr. Rodwell's humour and hits at folly as it flies are very amusing.

Prodigious Fossil Animal.—The *Mobile Daily Advertiser* of May 23 announces the discovery by Dr. Koch of another prodigious fossil animal in the yellow limestone formation of the county of Washington and state of Alabama. In consequence of the trick he played to increase the stature of the Missourium (now so greatly reduced in size in the British Museum, whither it was taken, with its fraudulent additions, from the Egyptian Hall a few years ago) we are not inclined to pin our faith to this new discovery, to which the finder has given the euphonious name of *Zeulodon Sillimanii*. He describes the skeleton as that of the king of reptiles, in length 104 feet; the solid parts of the vertebræ from 14 to 18 inches long and 8 to 12 in diameter; its jaws very long, and armed with forty foreteeth (incisors), 10 dog-teeth or tusks, and 8 grinders fitting into each other when the jaws are closed, and proving the animal to be carnivorous. The eyes large and prominent, limbs like oars or fins, but small in proportion to the size of the body. The Doctor is putting the parts together, and no doubt it will be a formidable monster.

Nineveh Remains.—A considerable portion of the remains rescued from the ruins of Nineveh have been safely transported to Bagdad, on their way to Paris.

Antiquities near Ostia.—Some relics of ancient sculpture have been discovered in this neighbourhood of so interesting a character as to encourage farther researches. They consist of statues, basso-rellevos, urns, &c., and an inscribed stone, "Munilius C C triginta in agro et viginitiquinque in fronte posuit;" the exact import of which is disputed.

The Wetterhorn has, it is said, been ascended by a young Englishman, the first who has ever reached its perilous summit.

Roman Antiquities.—The journals mention the discovery of a Roman theatre and temple, and many coins, vases, images, Samian vessels, &c., of much antiquarian interest, in the department of Nievre.

A new Degree of Relationship.—It has been untruly said, that there is nothing new under the sun. One asked Misther Patrick Maguire if he knew Mr. Tim Duffy? "Know him!" answered he, "why he is *a very near relation of mine*: he onst proposed to marry my sister Kate!!"

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

*** The multitude of pamphlets, controversial tracts, and other publications we receive for and against Puseyism, on apostolical succession, on the grant to Maynooth, on education in Ireland, on doctrinal points of Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, on miracles, and many other subjects which now distract the religious and political world, crowd our table to such an extent, that it is out of our power to enumerate, and far more to treat, them individually. In many cases there seems to us to be what is vulgarly called "a bad boiling;" but let us hope that, when the ferment is over and the scum taken off, a pure and good condiment may be found at the bottom. Our age boasts so much of progress and enlightenment, that it is a ludicrous, otherwise it would be a sadder, sight to see men so little advanced beyond what we are pleased to call "the dark ages."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Grammar of the Irish Language, by J. O'Donovan, 8vo, 16*s.*, cloth.—The Soldier's Crown, shewing the Power of Grace, 12mo, 2*s.*—Ornaments and Embellishments of the Temple Church, London; from Drawings by Essex, and Descriptions by Smirke, 4to, 2*l.* 2*s.*—The Boy's Keepsake, 18mo, 2*s.*—History of England, by the Rev. G. A. Poole, Vol. II., 12mo, 4*s.* 6*d.*—Poems, Scriptural, Classical, and Miscellaneous, by the Rev. R. C. Coxe, 12mo, 7*s.*—The Globes, Terrestrial and Celestial, by A. De Morgan, 8vo, 5*s.*—Elements of Geometry, for the Boys of the Royal Hospital Schools, Greenwich, Pt. 1., 18mo, 2*s.*—Discoveries in Central Australia, by E. J. Eyre, 2 vols., 8vo, 1*l.* 16*s.*—Concise View of the Ordinance of Baptism, by W. Urwich, 12mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*—Connexion between Religion and the State, by W. Urwich, 12mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*—Journey over the Region of Fulfilled Prophecy, by the Rev. J. A. Wylie, 18mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*—Scenes on the Shores of the Atlantic, 2 vols., post 8vo, 1*l.* 1*s.*—Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, by Dyce, Vol. IX., 8vo, 12*s.*—Subjects and Selections for Greek and Latin Composition, by the Rev. R. Dobson, 12mo, 2*s.*—Bromsgrove Greek Grammar for Beginners, 12mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—E. M. de Belem's Spanish Word and Phrase Book, 18mo, each 1*s.*—Bunyan's Life, written by himself, 12mo, 2*s.*—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Bagster's Illustrated Edit., 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—The Nature, Faculties, &c., of the Human Soul, by the Rev. W. Neville, fcp. 2*s.*—Family Prayers for Every Day in the Week, 12mo, 2*s.*—The Thirty-nine Articles explained, by J. F. Dimock, Vol. II., 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Theologian, No. VI., is acknowledged with thanks. Not having seen the preceding numbers, we can only say that the present contains articles of solid ability. The review of Tytler's *History of Scotland*, though severe, does justice to Hailes, and corrects some rather grave historical errors; and the review of the *Vestiges of Creation*, taking up a disputed ground so as to narrow the argument, is nevertheless a very powerful production.

We can only give our best thanks to "A Collector and Contributor."

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LITERATURE AND ART.

ROYAL COMMISSION of FINE ARTS.—The EXHIBITION of WORKS of ART in WESTMINSTER HALL WILL CLOSE on SATURDAY, the 30th of August.

Exhibitors are requested to send for their Works during the Week following, viz. from the 1st to the 6th of September, inclusive.

C. L. EASTLAKE, Sec.

ROYAL COMMISSION of FINE ARTS.—NOTICE is hereby given, that a Competition in OIL-PAINTING, which, by an announcement before issued, was to take place in June 1846, is postponed till 1847. All other conditions, expressed in the announcement referred to, remain unaltered.

By command of the Commissioners.

C. L. EASTLAKE, Sec.

ROYAL COMMISSION of FINE ARTS.—Various applications having been received from Artists, Candidates for employment as FRESCO-PAINTERS, respecting the mode in which Specimens of Fresco-Painting may hereafter be submitted to the Commissioners on the Fine Arts, without reference to public Exhibition, NOTICE is hereby given, that such Specimens may be sent to Westminster Hall for the purpose aforesaid, from the 1st of March to the 1st of May next, inclusive.

The Subjects and Dimensions are left to the choice of the Artists; but those Artists who have not before exhibited Cartoons in Westminster Hall are required to send Specimens of Drawing, together with their Fresco-Paintings.

By command of the Commissioners.

C. L. EASTLAKE, Sec.

Closing of the Present Exhibition.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The GALLERY, with a Selection of PICTURES by ANCIENT MASTERS, and those of the late Sir A. W. CALLCOTT, R.A., and other deceased British Artists, is open daily from Ten in the Morning till Six in the Evening; and WILL BE CLOSED ON SATURDAY, September 6th.

Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 1*s.*

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

TO COLLECTORS of ORIGINAL PAINTINGS.—Just brought from Italy, and to be disposed of, an exceedingly fine Old Painting of the Apostle SAINT PAUL. The Picture is 4 ft. 2 in. by 3 ft. 2 in., and is in excellent condition. It is well worthy the attention of Connoisseurs. Lowest price, 250 Guineas.

Cards to view may be had of Mr. Smith, Gas Office, King Street, Poplar.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

COLBURN'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
Edited by W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq.

The September Number will contain:

CONFESSIONS OF A WATER PATIENT.
By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON, Bart.

With Contributions by the Editor, Captain Marryat, Mr. G. P. R. James, Mrs. Trollope, Mrs. Gore, Mr. Maxwell, and other distinguished writers.

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New Volume of D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation.

MESSRS. OLIVER and BOYD beg to intimate, that they have purchased from Dr. D'Aubigné the Original Manuscript of the Fourth Volume of his HISTORY of the REFORMATION, which they will shortly publish.

The attention of the Trade and the Public is requested to the circumstance, that Messrs. Oliver and Boyd alone possess the right of publishing the Fourth Volume in the United Kingdom and the Colonies.

They have also in preparation a New Edition of the Work in Four Volumes, revised by Dr. D'Aubigné. Intending Purchasers would therefore do well to wait for this Edition, which will be the only one that can comprise the Fourth Volume. The Third Volume leaves off at a most interesting period in the great Reformation.

Agents for England: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., London.

VESTIGES OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CREATION.

On Saturday, the 30th instant,

THE "ATLAS" NEWSPAPER will be accompanied by a GRATUITOUS SUPPLEMENT of Twelve Columns, containing an Expository Outline of the above popular Work; with a comprehensive and critical Analysis of the Arguments by which the extraordinary hypotheses of the Author are supported and impugned, with their bearing upon the religious and moral interests of the community.

Orders received by all Booksellers and Newsmen: and Advertisements intended for the Publication must be forwarded on or before WEDNESDAY, the 27th, to insure insertion.

Office, 6 Southampton Street, Strand,
August 21, 1845.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

8 *New Burlington Street, August 23, 1845.*

MR. BENTLEY has just published the following NEW WORKS.

I.

BIOGRAPHICAL and LITERARY MISCELLANIES. By W. H. PRESCOTT, Esq., Author of "The History of Ferdinand and Isabella," "The History of the Conquest of Mexico," &c. 1 vol. 8vo, with a Portrait of the Author.

II.

New Work by the Author of "The Improvisatore."

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THE CONCLUDING VOLUMES OF

HORACE WALPOLE'S MEMOIRS of the REIGN of GEORGE the THIRD. Now first printed from the Original MSS. With Extracts from the unpublished Memoirs of the late Duke of Grafton. Edited, with Notes, by Sir DENIS LE MARCHANT, Bart. 2 vols. 8vo, with Portraits.

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Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., London.

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Agents for New York,—Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway.

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THE LITERARY GAZETTE
AND
Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1493. LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1845. PRICE 8d. Stamped Edition, 9d.

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Nimshi. The Adventures of a Man to obtain a Solution of Scriptural Geology, to guage the vast Ages of Planetary Concretion, and to open Bab-Allah, the Gate of God. 2 vols. 8vo. Pp. 574. London, Hugh Cunningham.

We have, in our time, given most excellent advice to many an author; but we never felt that we could impart any so sound, salutary, and imperative, as that which we now take leave to offer to the writer of these volumes, *namely*, to keep out of the way of Doctors Monro, Morrison, or Sutherland; for assuredly if he escheweth not their path, he will be seized forthwith, and locked up in hopeless lunacy to the end of his mortal life.

Let the Incognito of the *Vestiges of Creation* be content with his dark condition; let the Dean of York preach and scribble no more; let the splendid Sedgwick hold his eloquent tongue, and repress his critical pen; let the ever-pleasing Buckland cease to illustrate geology with his dancing lights, shed amidst his true illuminations of the science; let Murchison consign old Siluria, and Lyell the new world, and Edward Forbes his submarine creation, and Herschel his heavens, to everlasting oblivion; for here is a "daft" man worth them all put together, and entirely

> "To half a soul and to a notion crazed;"

for

> "Out of doubt Antipholis is mad!"

and hath eaten a whole bellyful of the insane root.

"Perhaps," says he, in opening up his adventures—

> "Perhaps there is not a cardinal thought of sentimental value revolving within the area of human rationality,—nor an intellectual faculty, calculated to influence the local destiny of free and generous thinkers, but what might be moulded, either into an approbative configuration, or an antagonistical formula."

Having swallowed this irrefragable "perhaps," he goes on to say:

> "Should the inquisitive readers of these excursive volumes peer into the under-current that circuitously flows to a specific object, and then experience their mental operations approbatively inclined, it may argue that an insinuative conversion in the mental constituency of their thinking state has taken place; which conversion may tend to promote that moral happiness which every reasoning intelligent has an inherent right to expect from the fundamental laws of his emanating God. But should others, whose thoughtful views circle within the limits of predetermined fixities, be inclined to remain antagonistically defensive, then an expansive area, to exhibit their philosophical abilities, is placed before them;—and it might be politic on their combative part, neither to lose time, nor yet one inch of supposed vantage ground, till the new field of scenography which these volumes may open to the comprehensive attributes of man, becomes the trophy of a more rational and religious position, within the compass of the conscious fixities of their own reasoning career."

Perfectly satisfied as readers of both kinds, *i. e.* those whose mental operations are approbatively *inclined*, and those whose predetermined fixities are *inclined* to remain antagonistically combative,—must be with this distinct and easily comprehended warning, they may be prepared to enter upon the "Author's Man's First Adventure," entitled "The Globe." They ought, however, to understand in the first place what our globe is; and the Author's Man kindly tells them:

"This planet is equipollent in its revolutionary circle, at the distance of nearly one hundred millions of English miles from the sun, as may be seen on the planetary map that forms the frontispiece of this volume, and which is intended to assist the reader's mental eye, as he scans the lamina of concretive being from the disk of his own locality. It is the legitimate material of that generating luminary, which is fixed in the galaxy of yon starry belt, that appears to equatorialise the whole of the concaveous heavens; and is, therefore, a colonised or colonial planet—a projectile of the solar vat, homogeneal to all other globes that have received their materiated existence from the same lucid source."

In his own plain and simple way the writer lets us into the secret how and when he made his *début* on the globe aforesaid.

"When the rays of *reason* (?) (he assures us), in the morning of youth, dawned within the hamisphere of thought, I naturally inqoired, where the local disk of my birth existed on the map of the earth, and what other events were contemporaneous at my appearance? I was satisfactorily informed, that my natal home was north of the equator, latitude fifty-five degrees, west longitude twenty minutes. Events which signalised the agitated elements of that year with importance, were not only the political links of all European confederacy, melted by the military crucible of republican furnaces, but also the vaunting glory of a French directory against English independence, appeared as a beacon, and was beheld most remarkably distinct in that despotical horizon. 'Go,' said the president, to Commander Citizen General Buonaparte, 'make a descent on the shores of England, and let the gallant republicans restore the liberty of the seas. Let the conquerors of the Rhine, the Po, and the Tiber, follow your steps; the ocean will be proud to convey you against the tyrant that oppresses its waves. Go, revenge the insulted dignity of this great nation, and chastise that gigantic buccanier; else, the cabinet of St. James's will influence all the broad seas of the earth. Let, therefore, the fate of Carthage be the fate of England, and let her proud capital be levelled to the dust.' Contemporary with this pugnacious imperiousness, that careworn isle in the midst of the sea, with her green shamrocks of never-fading beauty, permitted and hailed French aggressiveness to land on the shores of Killala for twenty days, after which it experienced a precipitate retreat before Cornwallis, on the plains of Castlebar. These are the starry meteors that sulphurised the political heavens coeval with my organic birth, and are sufficiently indicative to chronological observers in what annuality it took place."

To go much farther into this very error of the moon would be a waste of time and space; but the production is so unique as a literary curiosity, and the marvel that such stuff should ever come to be published so great, that we will risk the folly, and add a few specimens of its extravagant absurdity.

The first five verses of Genesis are quoted; and the writer prevails upon Moses to meet him occasionally and explain his cosmogony! Aware of the presence of the ancient Jewish legislator and historian, though unseen, amid the moonbeams of a certain cavernous inlet where he has taken up his lodging, the conversation proceeds:

"'I presume, then, that you are Moses;" and "from you, venerable spirit, upon the invulnerable fortifications of chemical truth, I morally require the solutions of those sevenfold data which you have encompassed as the primitive chronologer of material and immaterial states.' 'Star of youthful age, of wandering habits! be composed; let serenity pervade thy thinking rationality, and I will lead thee to the first chapter of biblical information. Thou shalt know its dataic intention in its septennial arrangements; thou shalt explore its regions of laminated types, and unbosom the fossiliferous relics of past ages, sufficient to convince thee and all the reasoning faculties of humanity of an Intelligent Cause, generating life in the elementalism of infinitude.' 'Good heavens! O Moses! you have well said, and well begun the interlocution of this conference; and notwithstanding I may not at all times be able to comply with your laudable imperative on serenity, yet in the pleasurable anxiety of my youthful spirit I will wait the solution of your first dataic position; and should you communicate any ideality to me contrary to the geological lamina of planetary concretion, I shall report you to the Moral Court of Consistency.'"

Thus threatened with a lawsuit, Moses is on his guard, and communicates his "dataic" intelligence with care and precision, beginning thus: "The solubility of my intentional geology offers itself to thy inquiring soul under this somatological range." And having demonstrated that "'spirit moving on the face of the waters' are successional concretions and laminated deposits in a state of activity, generating, by laws of acidity, repulsion, and affinity, or by elective attraction, other locomotive materials that were intrinsically necessary to bring the nebulosity to a state of condensation," he concludes his luminous explanation of the verses:

"And now, thou eccentric inhabitant of this elevated rock, I will deeply impress this sacred doctrine upon thy excursive mind—a doctrine legibly written on all progressive spheres of existences—that it is an intuitive ideality in the harmonious determinations of the Creator, never to expedite physical states or conditions more rapidly than his emanated laws can execute in their relative association of vibration and the locomotive elementalism of their destination."

With this, the "primitive chronologer," the Dent of his epoch, departs, and returns, at some not very obvious period, to a second conference, in which "to unravel the second stage of the earth's crudities and the results therefrom." In performing this service, he rather fatigues his auditor, who confesses in these words:—But "now my musculous frame, not yet immortal as your own, experiences a lassitude, I should esteem it a signal favour should

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you render yourself inaudible to my hearing and leave me to repose on this rocky pillow! Meanwhile, O spirit, I shall drink of the mountain-dew to invigorate the inner man." And yet he pours forth his thanks in language fit to be a model for votes in parliament or dedications of books. "Beneficent and open-hearted Moses! (he bursts forth), as you intermingle with the moonbeams that dart this cave—as you invisibly hover in space, where my visional powers cannot detect your personality,—yet I tender to you the grateful acknowledgments of a vigorous heart; a heart not stained with the youthful tinge of incorrigible iniquity—not charmed to the lust of clerical lucre, to which decrepitudinal minds devote the whole of their existence—not poisoned by the error of vulgar sectarianism, in which youthful zealots are victimised to a painful and unmanly life—a heart cold enough to seclude itself from the social circle of domestic sweets, and yet sufficiently warm to extend its vibrating influence to the most profligate outcasts of human society;—such a heart, on this mountain-top, tenders to you the meed of praise you so justly deserve."

In the same strain runs all the rest of these incomprehensible volumes. For instance, after the third day of creation is expounded, we read, as Moses is about to bid good-bye: "I am aware that your presence is phosphorously slippery; yet the prayerful ardency of my soul to entreat five minutes' longer interview I think your celestial urbanity will not fail to grant! Very well, then; before you dissolve into imperceptibility, and float through the wild regions of the earth to the more congenial regions of the heaven, will you again covenant with me? Will you stipulate with me, on intellectually generous terms, that you will return to my evokation, and bring with your celestial personage 'the evening and the morning of the fourth day's diuturnity' in an explanatory form? * * *

"The interlocution ended, and Moses disappeared, retiring at an angle of forty-five degrees, by the inner subterranity through which he had made his phosphoric-like approach; and had I not previously provided myself with flint, steel, matches, lamps, and torches, I might have remained for ever in this dismal dungeon, and have become the petrified monument of exhausted zeal! However, it is but just to exonerate Moses from any culpability in this respect, as spiritual qualities cannot inherit flesh and blood, neither can flesh and blood inherit spiritual qualities. They cannot enter into union with incorruptibility, nor corruptibility affiance itself with a spiritual essence. Flesh and blood must be left to its own exertions in providing for the future; and in this, I was by no manner deficient in forestalling any disastrous predicament in which circumstances might involve me. Hands we could not shake in the etiquette of parting, but such was the graceful suavity observed in his dissolving retirement, that made me solicitous to become a disembodied spirit, providing such suavity included possessive joy with progressive intellectuality."

A considerable quantity of what would be blasphemy, but for the derangement of the mind which utters it, revolts us as the work proceeds; but we cannot condemn a poor sufferer who talks thus of the universe:

"However, I am not to be outdone,—my ascension is still on the right angle, until I pass eight thousand stars of equally distant strata as the former, which makes the length of my angle of ascension two hundred and ninety-six thousand billions of miles,—that is, two hundred and ninety-six thousand millions of millions of miles from the point of the globe I left (296,000,000,000,000,000): and then, even to ascend to this rectangular altitude, I must live—I must experience the age of about forty-eight thousand years, travelling at the amazing rate of about twelve millions of miles per minute! And then, O good God!—am I in the empyrean heaven, where the blessed saints and angels live? No!—the geology of the heavens says No! the astronomical universe of an Eternal echoes No! The concavous firmament is still above me; two hundred and ninety-six thousand billions of rectangular miles is but a thin lamina of stars,—and forty-eight thousand years rushing upwards, at twelve millions of miles per minute, is but a short space of time!"

Alas! alas! we began in a laughing mood; but serious thoughts are forced upon us when we contemplate this sad wreck of humanity and in a situation to have a book printed and published! "Bedlam, have done."

CENTO.

Alfred: a Drama. By Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart. Pp. 144. Longmans.

In our last *Gazette* we made honourable mention of a grand-uncle of the author (see Review of Walpole, p. 560, col. 2), and *we* could write such a biography of another relative in the same degree, the late John Trotter, as would doubly prove his claim to belong, by the mother's side at least,* to a family of no common talent. In fact, John Trotter was one of the most extraordinary men of the age in which he lived; and his great and apprehensive intellect, inventions, pursuits, and applications of his genius, crowned with a splendid fortune, well deserved a memorial among the most distinguished of his countrymen.

But without referring to genealogical causation, there is enough in *Alfred* to shew that Sir Coutts Lindsay does possess high poetical qualifications. It is true the drama indicates too often the blemishes of youthful inexperience; but there is an expansion in the design and a beauty in many of the parts, which eminently deserve encouragement, whilst we point out defects springing rather from want of judgment and practice than from want of the true fire.

The author starts free of all authorities; introduces ghosts, witches, and fairies; mingles Scandinavian rites with Christian observances; makes St. Dunstan contemporary with his hero, though born a quarter of a century after his death; and, in short, is utterly careless of rules in the construction of his work. This may be a fault, or it may be the reverse; just as matters are treated: in our opinion there was scarcely room to develop so much adequately within so small a compass, and the opposites jumble by being necessarily forced so closely together.

Secondly, the author has indulged in undignified colloquialism, to the detriment of his finer passages. No doubt these may belong to the usual language of the uneducated, but they are essentially vulgar in the nobler compositions of poetry; and, if employed at all, should be employed very sparingly, and kept rather distinct from the elevated expressions.

Thirdly, one or two of the characters are hardly reconcileable with the manners and feelings of the ninth century, or with human impulses throughout all time.

Did we not augur well of the poet we should not mention these objections; but here is evidence of superabounding and unsatisfactory colloquialisms.

"*Elf-king.* My luck is on the rise" (p. 22).
"*Earl Devon.* Where is the peasant who has brought *these* news?" (p. 32).

In answer to a summons to attend the sacrifice:

"*Sweyn.* I cannot—I'm on duty" (p. 76).
"*First Lord.* How flushed he looks! sure something's gone amiss!
Third Lord. He always fumbles with his gorget-clasps
When something's made him crusty.
Second Lord. And what's as true, he's crusty pretty often." (p. 85.)
"*Soldier.* . . . . I'll follow Kent—
I think he's caught a Tartar." (p. 92.)
"She's very tired, and, I think, not well.
Give her some food—for me I must be off." (p. 98.)

Now we abhor stilts, but surely phrases such as these are too near the mud. *Le simple* (says Voltaire) *est nécessaire, le familier ne peut être souffert.* The following is rather an amusing jingle of words:

" . . . . Let's to the feast,—
Come, come, my lords! they *bear* the *boar's* head in."

If it were in the past time it would read—

They bore the boar's head in.

To Ubbo alone we will allude as a character which appears to us to be somewhat inconsistent. His own voice describes him, when addressing the lovely Saxon maid he has taken prisoner, and the only being he ever spared from massacre:

" . . . . I—I ruled, and by thy God!
What holds me now? I'll ruin thee, by heaven!
Yet, oh ye gods! it were a damning sin.—
Oh, hear me, Alice! for I feel half mad—
I am a fool—this love has crazed my brain—
They said my heart was rugged, hard, and cold—
They called me Norway ice, the iron Dane;
But she has burst the iron, crushed the ice—
I could e'en say, like to a pale-faced girl,
That she had broke my heart!"

Love does work miracles, but the abstinence of this savage Dane is hard to account for. Still we allow the poet the license, and merely state our disinclination to go the whole length with him in this portraiture, which, by the by, ends admirably.

Now come we to the pleasure of our task. In his fairy-land, the author is very successful. The queen, of mortal birth, laments pathetically the shutting out of the elvish race from the joys of heaven; and another superstition (often the theme of olden ballads and romances), viz. the religious crossing of these supernatural beings as they are bearing a human soul to sacrifice, and by defying the awful scene and danger, saving the beloved one, is treated with much power and effect. We quote a part of the description of finding the slaughtered and wounded Saxons, after the first encounter with the Danes.

"*Second Fairy.* Poor mortals! What frail insects have we here!
Fairy Queen. Mere bubbles are they from the foam of Time,
Wafted along by every breath that blows,
Bright as the rainbow in their day's first prime,
But dark when it is drawing to a close;
Like the chameleon, not a hue that's there
But varies with a thought while chance turns on,—
They for the scanty goods of Fortune's fair,
Hurtle each other, burst—and they are gone.
First Fairy. There is a heaven for them!
Fairy Queen. Speak not of that!
Second Fairy. Look here! this crone is dead—the babe but sleeps—
Still through its half-oped eye life's spirit peeps.
Fairy Queen. Call it not death! the drowsy fall of time
Has lulled these beings into deep repose—
This like a mossy rose in spring's first prime,
That like a withered leaf in autumn's close;
Old age and childhood, innocence and crime!"

The following is spirited, though the shadows of Shakspere's Brutus and Cassius flit near:

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* It may be on the father's side also, but we are not acquainted with the tree; and, after all, the descent of mental endowments is far more frequent in the female than in the male line.—*Ed. L. G.*

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"*Sedrock.* Gifts given by halves are lighter than light straws,—
You babble like a child who gives a toy
Which he withdraws as soon. Folly, go to!
Ubbo. 'Sdeath! are you my friend?
Sedrock. Yes, truly am I,
And as your friend I speak.—Ubbo, you know
A gift that's offered to appease just Heaven
Should be most freely given, or it is void
Of any power to reconcile or please.—
Beware you bring not curses on our heads,
Instead of blessings, by this act of yours.
Come, say no more, be guided by the priest,
And let the common custom take its course.
Death reeks not of the pain which dying gives,
And Alice must die somehow.—
I hear, besides, the priest is much incensed.
Ubbo. I'm mighty glad! I hope he'll split with rage!
I'sooth I'm glad on't—it doth ease me much.
Sedrock. In one word tell me, will you yield or not?
Ubbo. To hear the pale priest chuckling in my ear:
I'll see him first in hell!
Sedrock. I give you joy of this your choleric mood,
But think it like a fool's.
Ubbo. Said you a fool's?
Sedrock. 'Tis like a fool's—I say it once again.
Ubbo. You are an old man, or—
Sedrock. I care not for your ors.—
[*Ubbo clenches his fist.*
Raise not your hand at me!
What, strike a greybeard, and that one your friend?
Ubbo. Friend you are none! Age is your safety now.
Sedrock. Think you I fear your passion's idle threats?
Away, vain man!
Ubbo. Is this my long-loved friend?
My gorge is swelling, but it matters not. [*Aside.*
Sedrock, you'll drive me mad.
Sedrock. Go mad and welcome! [*Exit.*
Ubbo. Sedrock!—he's gone!
Oh, what a dolt am I! I've choked his love;
I've no friend now upon this bleak white world,—
I thought my life of toil had fixed one friend,
But now, behold! my friendship is a dream,
And all is cold as ice—I am alone!
How sultry grows the eve—the air is stifling!
I'll after him.—Poor Alice!"

A soliloquy of Dunstan is very poetical, and the warrior contrest of Gurth, though parteking rather too much of the same poetical tone, full of beauty:

"*Gurth.* Oh, say not so!—
Great deeds are doing, Alfred has returned,
The war is rolling on,—hush! what was that?
Dunstan. 'Tis but the distant sea which beats the shore. [*Pause.*
How sweet the hour! now do day and night
Agree to bless the world with harmony;
All nature borrows, and all nature gives:
The waters gather crimson from the sky,
And borrow radiance of the beaming moon;
The violet to the air her sweetness gives,
And still the humming insects from the flowers
Gather up honey; all things now are softened,
And sounds but lately harsh grow musical. [*Pause.*
Yet always is the world harmonious,
Whether 'tis music'd by the sunset sky,
Or chanted by the piping of the winds,—
Each bears with all appropriate part;
The stormy gale sings treble to the sea,
Which thunders bass, whilst lesser natures
Accord their notes, and give the universe
Perpetual music; thus, even thus our earth
Joins the other planets in their songs—thus sings
The universe eternally to God!—
Give me the book . . . where I was reading last . . .
I have turned down the page. 'Tis strange old age
Dims so the eyes and dulls the ears' quick sense—
I cannot see the words. Here, take the book,
Your eyes are younger, do you read for me.
Gurth. You know, my father! I ne'er learned to read.
Dunstan. True, true! I had quite forgot.—The leaf feels damp,
The dew falls thick—come, let us seek our cell.
[*Garth delays.*
'Tis but two days since you have left your bed,
And the damp air will do you injury.
Gurth. This weary wound! When will the time return
When, as of yore, I'll sleep beneath the stars,
And dream below the faint light of the moon!
The distant roar of winds among the trees,
The murmur of the stream and sighing sedge,
The flitting shadows and the fleecy clouds
Which chequer o'er the night, once helped my rest;
My airy dreams mixed with the nightingale's
Sweet songs, my breath came soft and clear, my limbs
Were free—and when along the eastern sky
The dappled dawn was barred with ruddy gold,
All nature bade me wake, and I arose.
Dunston. A weight of years will freeze the warmest blood,—
This is the case with me; chill age in time
Will do the like with you. The night grows cold."

When Guthrum the Danish king is defeated by Alfred, his wife, Eduna, rushes into the midst of the bettle to save or perish with him. Both hopes are denied, and she herself alone is mortally hurt. We close our extracts with a portion of the truly touching scene where Guthrum discovers and kneels beside her.

"*Eduna.* Give me your hand! while it doth rest 'twixt mine,
I am very happy. This is not your blood?
Guthrum. It is indeed, indeed! your blood is mine.
Eduna. Grieve not for me, dear friend! ('twill soon be past—)
'Tis but a shallow wound—see, I can rise—
[*Attempting to rise.*
But feel a little faint. [*Sinking back.*
Guthrum. Eduna! oh—
Why came you to the field?
[*Drawing his hand from hers, and putting it to his brow.*
Eduna. Take not away your hand, it gives me peace!
I feel my life is ebbing, 'tis a dream . . .
And all around me seems an unreal show . . .
Guthrum, where is your hand? Husband, sweet friend!
Guthrum. It is between your own.
Eduna. I feel it not;
Stoop down your head, so—let me see your face;
I would die thus while gazing in your eyes . . .
I feel a chilly calm o'er all my frame . . .
Say but one word, a word to break this trance—
Guthrum. Eduna, leave me not! One moment more!
Eduna. I am not mistress of this fleeting world,
Or I would stay for thee!"

When Sir C. Lindsey writes again we predict that he will do much better things; and we trust he will be encouraged by our sincere eulogy, and not discouraged by our critical remarks. We are not for sparing the rod and spoiling so promising a Childe of Song.

Crœsus, King of Lydia: a Tragedy, in Five Acts. With Illustrations by Field Talfourd. 4to, pp. 120. London, Pickering.

THE frontispiece did not prepossess us in favour of this tragedy; for we could neither make out the ettitude of the tall figure of Crœsus, nor the precise nature or character of the accessories about him. And we found it, as e version of Herodotus, very meagre, end scarcely to be called poetic composition. Aiming at simplicity, the euthor makes a huntsman thus address his fellows when going to attack the monster boar which hes mangled them:

"Stout hearts! all farewell,
And, if I die, here some one, all, look to
My favourite pups; they'll be brave dogs some day."

And enother more aged sportsman describes a thunder-storm at the time:

"Hark! how the angry Gods do speak above:
Black-ribbed chasms and deep wide-jawed eaves,
The dim, sepulchral tombs of Nature's death,
Terrific bass re-echo to the skies,
Rolling in one tempestuous symphony:
And with the shock the wild clouds weep amain;
Whilst aged trees do part with giant boughs,
That silent and unheeded fall to ground
In such tremendous clatter. Blue forked scrolls,
That seem as they would blind us here on earth,
Pierce into graves, and there light dead men's skulls
With fiery amazement; zigzag play
At in and out around the ribs of death,
And in the flashing of thought, strike and quell
Corruption with her labours."

The which may be sublime; but we cannot follow it. Then the ertizans of Sardis! they are of the turn-out breed, and mouth it more oretorically than any anti-corn-lew lecturer. Says one,—

"I'd rather die,
Than owe ought to slow charity, that finds
Ever too late its object—morbid spy
That listless creeps on creaking shoe to mock
The worn out soul and fevered body gaunt—
A pestilence upon it! This square brow,
Whose angles trench upon the grey scant hair,
With mouth at corner deep-drawn down to express
Anguish and care and children wanting bread,
Till I am like a rude carved grave-stone face,
Telling one tale alone—frowns on the thought!
Or, in hate's deadly concentration, smiles!
To think of sorrow hoarded by old Time,
With equal measure to be meted back
To those that work our woe—fie! thank them for
Their cunning sympathy of hollow mould
With paltering measure tendered. This strong arm,
This rigid back, this red, sun-blistered breast—
Again, I say, this brow, this mouth, this heart!
Cry, work, and labour! and by that I'll live,
Or die, and curse the smooth fine-sandalled lords,
That thank *me* for their living. I must go.
My babes in dreams perchance cry out for food,
Which waking they will miss—my patient wife
Looks to the door with sharp, quick stare of pain,
And shivers that I come not. Hell! I say!"

And another expatiates:

"Even here, the poor man doth create
Round him his world of kindly sympathies,
Where the usurper steals not;
For the small lousiest cur thanks not a king
To be his lord, if he obedience owes
Unto a mere starved forked beggar boy—
And, from the arms that bred him, were he ta'en,
Would howl within a palace."

But Sadyattes, "a gentleman of the middle class," smooths all over with a hopeful prophecy, which, we lament to observe, has not yet been accomplished:

"It is strange [he philosophically remarks]
How the gods give unequally; too much
Unto the few, whilst crowds more virtuous starve
For want of little; but tis ordered thus—
I never heard of clime where 'twas not so.
Ye world's stage-managers, framers of laws,
Or chance-begotten accidents, that seize
High-places to yourselves and ruin all,
Perhaps in the womb of undiscovered years
The problem may be solved."

As this has not come to pass, we copy the answering notion of "1st Artisan," which we take to be the cutest and most sensible of all:

"Let's to our several homes to work and think,
Then, as we please; for talking thus we steal
Our scanty food away, ourselves nought profiting."

We will not trespass more on this ettempt on ancient classic tragedy, where princess and courtiers talk thus:

"Widows too,
But that's most natural, can still afford
To render sorrow captivating; perhaps
They think the ghost of him they've slain still there,
And so would do him honour—
Lydia. O poor ghost!
Mocked by a wicked widow's flounces fine—
Meles. With posthumous horns sent shivering to Styx,
Whilst she doth sigh and call thee, dear, good man,
Vowing thou wert a phœnix to this last,
Sprung from thy yet warm ashes, and condemned
Still to the earth and her."

* * * * *

"*Meles (approaches singing).* When Madam Helen's wanton charms
Deserted Menelaus' arms,
The staunch old Greek in wine did quench
The memory of that naughty wench—
A Thracian cup he poured, and said,
My joy still lives, my sorrow's dead.
Dead, that is, drowned, the keen remembrance obfuscated in bright liquor."

The strophes and antistrophes in the third act are something not Greek, but in fairness to the something in the author we will conclude with Crœsus's soliloquy when the dead body of his son Atys is borne in:

"There is a shadow 'tween the earth and sun,
That chills the blood of Crœsus.
O Atys!
Yon fearful outline of thy shrouded form,
Huddled in dark unconsciousness of all
Thy father's agony,
Beggars the pomp with which mine eyes were fed,
And strips me naked to the storms of heaven,
Making my throne a proud deformity,
My sceptre worthless as a shrivelled reed,
My crown a gift unto the shrinking head
Of the infected wretch that crawls about
Making day hideous: and all my state
A palsied nothing!
And ye do call me monarch, king? Away!
Ye cringing slaves!
Bring not your damned, false faces here to mock
Crœsus with sympathy; or ye shall mourn
As he doth; whilst one desolation towers

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Above the howling city: and I see
One vacant stare of childless parents round."

Towards the close there is some more forcible writing; but we cannot speak favourably of the whole.

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1. *The Moral Phenomena of Germany.* By T. Carlyle, Esq., of the Scottish Bar. Pp. 182. London, W. E. Painter.
2. *Notes on the Rise, Progress, and Prospects of the Schism from the Church of Rome, &c.* By S. Laing, author of "A Residence in Norway," &c. Pp. 233. Longmans.
3. *Priests, Women, and Families.* By J. Michelet; from the French by C. Cocks. Pp. 270. Longmans.
4. *Rome: its Ecclesiastical and Social Life.* Pp. 307. T. C. Newby.

THE antagonist social and political principles which have existed from the earliest communities of mankind, and, not to go back to historical examples, have displayed their volcanic forces in the American rebellion and the French revolution (its consequence), in the Belgian change, in Italian abortions, in English chartism and anti-corn-law leagues, seem at this period to be almost burnt out, and comparatively quiescent, limited, and unimportant in operation. An election-commotion is not like the tearing of a world to pieces; and a factious struggle for self-interest and power is not now a disturbance of nations.

But if political movement is in abeyance, and opportunities are not offered for its terrible and destructive clashing, religious struggle appears again to have raised its hydra head, and the civilised world is distracted under this form of strife. Every where the poison rages; and the four books we have quoted at the head of this notice are only types of a multitude which weekly crowd our (can we call it?) literary sanctum. Looking as calmly as we can upon these heats and hates; the *odium theologicum*, and controversial intemperance; the laceration and outrage of feelings; the bigotry and intolerance, the folly and the weakness, of much thus brought before us; we are inclined to breathe a prayer that we had lived in the reviled dark ages, and not been reserved for an "enlightened era," to be the witnesses of so much aggravated presumption, hypocrisy, villany, and wrong.

Mr. Laing's little volume presents his views of the reformation set on foot by Ronge and Czerzki, and its different reception and prospects in the various provinces of Prussia, as they happen to be more or less Romish or Lutheran in their population. But events within the last month have produced a great alteration in the position of this sect, and it has been brought by riots and bloodshed into collision with the authorities both of Prussia and Saxony. The results have accordingly become more doubtful from the complication; and all that we can clearly discern at present in Germany is, that a formidable schism has taken place in the Roman Catholic church, disowning the supremacy of the pope; and that Protestant sects are avowing novel principles not likely to be acceptable to settled governments.

The seamless shirt at Treves has led the way to many rents in the papal vestments, and has separated the faith into two bitterly hostile divisions; the one doggedly adhering to every point in the most questionable dogmas of Popery—relics, miracles, legends, traditions, &c. &c.; and the other doubting or denying them all, and issuing a creed (not entirely agreeing as of one mind) in which they acknowledge the Scriptures alone, denounce the celibacy of the priesthood, refuse a belief in purgatory, repudiate the pope, assert full freedom of conscience, reject fasts, the invocation of saints, the veneration of pictures, human remission of sins, and what is anathematised as *Mariolatry*, or worship of the Virgin, who (in the vol. No. 4 above) is declared on Romish authority to be no less than "the *co-redeemer*" of mankind with Jesus Christ.

Mr. Carlyle's book is a curious one, both in matter and style, and seems, like the *Rome*, to be gathered from the German. The writer lauds the Prussian government as *paternal*, not *selfish*, like the English. Yet he allows, "it cannot be denied that the notion of national pupillarity is sometimes carried in Germany to an extent which might excite a smile; that under the petty tyranny, patronage, and mystery of bureaucracy, the independent bearing, perspicuous speech, and true development of the Christian citizen are impaired; and that, in so far as a system of espionage obtains, the German acquires a habit, quite foreign to him, of not speaking as he thinks, and of wearing a constant mask." This, among the moral phenomena of Germany, is not a very laudable feature; and we have little more predilection for a certain bordering on "morbidity" and false longing for emotion, which inclines the people "to sigh and weep over writings professedly religious, in which pathos is the sole piety, compromise the sole charity, inclination the sole law."

But here are the prolific germs of religious change in every direction; and we can readily conceive, with such elements, that the new opinions which have sprung up will become of vast consequence in immediate and future history. And if Mr. Carlyle is correct in his views, this will appear more evident and certain from the following quotations:

"His (the German) faculty of floating on a sea of notions without touching the bottom of reality, keeping his powers ever on the wing in ether, without touching mother-earth, is absolutely marvellous. * * *

"No doubt a new style—*the astrapetic*—rapidly supplants the old: short sentences, pregnant aphorisms, glittering remarks. But, with some noble exceptions, they who lead the way in its employment are the coryphæi of liberalism, who boast in what man is doing and undoing. These 'bold bad men' are no longer reposing in dreams, but are filled with wild and dangerous hopes, with the outlines and designs of laws for that new world which they await (at once the mockery and the negative of God's kingdom to come), the hell-enkindled lustre of which, shooting through the cracks of present constitutions, is that on which they feast their eyes, and from which they borrow their pens of fire. Rationalism, which Englishmen, in their happy insular ignorance, have abhorrently regarded as the product of Germany, in Leibnitz, Wolff, Semler, and Kant, is much more a legacy from orthodox Rome and Greece, augmented by an importation from the infidel schools of England and France. The inquisitive and familiar character of the German mind may have fostered it; but its origin lies in the paralysis struck into every institution of God by the unbelief of man. * * *

"The day of mere negatives is past. The positives of infidelity arise; man, his own guide, now swells into nature's God, and, having wiped out the characters of truth, now begins to indite the lie. Kant is wholly out of date; Hegel, the perfecter of Spinoza, is now the German god. His doctrine is a mighty stride of devilry in advance. It is the first German system that promises to work, for it is a philosophy which tallies with principles in the breasts of all classes. But its work will be one of ruin; for the principles which it evokes are those of antichrist. Its advocates are of various shades—half, whole, and ultra; and there are many who, in spite of its infection, preserve or have recovered a measure of faith, although a far smaller one than they imagine. But in itself it is unmixed atheism, and the nearest approach yet made to the preparation of Christendom for receiving the man of sin. Its slime defiles some of the noblest minds in the land; and it possesses this remarkable character, that while in its esoteric aspect it is unfathomably abstruse, its exoteric is extremely popular—level to the capacities, akin to the thoughts, congenial to the habits, touching the interests, kindling the lusts, of all. * * *

"The four crying evils of German science and educations are, the intrusion of the intellect into sacred things; the separation of theology from religion; the separation of instruction from the church; and the idolatry of talent and learning. Men have forgotten that the intellect is not the highest part of man's threefold being. His spirit is the highest. * * * The questions which are life and death to other men are but entertainment to them, having no hold on their consciences, and changed as easily as their conversation. * * * To enlarge the boundaries, to multiply the provinces, to deepen the investigations of science, is the cynosure of the German's being; with him, every phenomenon is fair game, and every fact is truth; and the Holy Spirit, save among pietists, is the spirit of science, rather than the Spirit of God."

As the churches of Germany are going to pieces, so, thinks our author, is our national establishment. He says:

"As to the Church of England, her day is come; her good things have done their work; her liturgy is now too narrow for the faithful, and too stringent for the faithless. Latent diversities are developed into schisms. In spite of the cry for unity, every man's hand is against his brother; each treats his friend as if he might one day be an enemy; and for the healthy rotundity of catholic truth and forms, each would substitute the acute angles of his own system and manner. The evangelical party—long dissenters in practice and feeling—now publish their sentiments as those of the church herself, and denounce as popish every true ecclesiastical principle. The zealous churchman, seeing no further than 'England for the English,' would rival, and not aid—would debar, and not welcome, Greece and Rome. In Oxford, the priestly; in Cambridge, the diaconal; among the masses, the popular element; assume exaggerated forms. The tractarians, obedient to theory, and loyal, not to their diocesans, but to their own ideas of what their diocesans should say and do, go a-head of, reprove, and teach the bishops of the church, without any commission, without the thought or pretence of apostolic authority, so to do. Of the bishops—surprised at being again called really to guide the church—some are pitted against each other; others united in helpless neutrality—a feeble rallying-point for those not yet appropriated by any faction. Among the multitudes of clergy lately aroused to fidelity, more look to the bishops as to the quarter whence help should come, than rejoice in them as present helpers. And of the laity, whether the elegantly religious, who play with a minister of Christ as with a toy, but will not obey him, or the irreligious enemies of shams, although

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many may be curious to see what the bishops will do, few have any real episcopal guidance, or would accept it."

After which, as the sagacious Sancho Panza remarks, "no more need be said."

M. Michelet's work, coming from so distinguished a scholar and writer, has produced a very wide and strong sensation on the continent by its exposure of, and severe animadversions upon, the most prominent practices of the Romish church. The abuses of auricular confession, the tremendous evils resulting from the celibacy of the clergy, and the dangerous power put into the hands of priests (men with the same infirmities and passions as other men) over their fellow-creatures from the cradle to the grave, are vehemently denounced, and instances are adduced in support of the argument that they involve the most odious tyranny, and necessarily conduct to the commission of the most horrible crimes. The abominations to families, and especially where women are concerned, are among the most revolting pictures drawn by this able pen. In this, the third edition, it is said of the preceding:

"The heads of the clergy must indeed have felt themselves touched to the quick, to let loose these furious preachers upon us. We have hit the mark too fairly, it should seem. Woman!—this was the point on which they were sensitive. Direction, the spiritual guidance of women, is the vital part of ecclesiastical authority; and they will fight for it to the death. Strike, if you will, elsewhere, but not here. Attack the dogma—all well and good; they may, perhaps, make a shew of violence, or perpetrate some empty declamation; but if you should happen to meddle with this particular point, the thing becomes serious, and they no longer contain themselves. It is a sad sight to see pontiffs, elders of the people, gesticulating, stamping, foaming at the mouth, and gnashing their teeth. * * *

"We think, without enumerating the too well known inconveniences of their present state, that if the priest is to advise the family, it is good for him to know what a family is; that as a married man (or a widower, which would be still better) of a mature age and experience, one who has loved and suffered, and whom domestic affections have enlightened upon the mysteries of moral life, which are not to be learned by guessing, he would possess at the same time more affection and more wisdom. It is true the defenders of the clergy have lately drawn such a picture of marriage, that many persons perhaps will henceforth dread the engagement. They have far exceeded the very worst things that novelists and modern socialists have ever said against the legal union. Marriage, which lovers imprudently seek as a confirmation of love, is, according to them, but a warfare: we marry in order to fight. It is impossible to degrade lower the virtue of matrimony. The sacrament of union, according to these doctors, is useless, and can do nothing unless a third party be always present between the partners, *i. e.* the combatants, to separate them. It had been generally believed that two persons were sufficient for matrimony: but this is all altered; and we have the new system, as set forth by themselves, composed of three elements: 1st, man, the strong, the violent; 2dly, woman, a being naturally weak; 3dly, the priest, born a man, and strong, but who is kind enough to become weak and resemble woman, and who, participating thus in both natures, may interpose between them. Interpose! interfere between two persons who were to be henceforth but one! This changes wonderfully the idea which, from the beginning of the world, has been entertained of marriage. But this is not all; they avow that they do not pretend to make an impartial interference that might favour each of the parties, according to reason. No, they address themselves exclusively to the wife; she it is whom they undertake to protect against her natural protector. They offer to league with her in order to transform the husband. If it was once firmly established that marriage, instead of being unity in two persons, is a league of one of them with a stranger, it would become exceedingly scarce. Two to one! the game would seem too desperate; few people would be bold enough to face the peril. There would be no marriages but for money; and these are already too numerous. People in difficulties would doubtless not fail to marry; for instance, a merchant placed by his pitiless creditor between marriage and a warrant. * *

"Two classes of persons necessarily contract much insensibility—surgeons and priests. By constantly witnessing sufferings and death, we become by degrees dead in our sympathetic faculties. Let us, however, remark this difference, that the insensibility of the surgeon is not without its utility: if he was affected by his operation, he might tremble. The business of the priest, on the contrary, requires that he should be affected; sympathy would be generally the most efficacious remedy to cure the soul. But independently of what we have just said about the natural harshness of this profitless life, we must observe, that the priest, in contradiction with a society the whole of whose progress he condemns, becomes less and less benevolent for the sinner and the rebel. The physician who does not like his patient is less likely than another to cure him. It is a sad reflection to think that these men, who have so little sympathy, and who are, moreover, soured by contention, should happen to have in their hands the most gentle portion of mankind; that which has preserved the most affection, and ever remained the most faithful to nature, and which, in the very corruption of morals, is still the least corrupted by interest and hateful passions. That is to say, that the least loving govern those who love the most."

The last work on our list, though generally averse to Rome, is rather favourable to auricular confession; but the preface is stern against the existing schismatic state of all religious persuasions, and ascribes to the clergy of each an ambition to prostrate the minds of men, and thus dictate to and rule the world; and to this cause imputes the distractions which, in the nineteenth century, rive the civilised nations of the earth from pole to pole. Some of the opinions are remarkable, and forcibly expressed:

"The Italian and German Catholics furnish proofs of difference in points far from being unimportant; nay, they are in many things directly opposed to one another. The German Catholic cleaves to the idea of the papacy, and has therefore a reverence for the middle ages; the Italian adheres to the palpable reality. The German opponent of the papacy struggles against the personification of the middle ages. There exists a very influential party in Rome who entertain ideas respecting the downfal and suppression of Protestantism, of which an Innocent need not have been ashamed; but the spirit of these great popes of the middle ages is quite foreign to it—and still more to the multitude. * * *

"Although the popedom is no longer that of an Innocent or a Gregory, it is nevertheless still a considerable power; and one can scarcely comprehend the shortsightedness of many Protestants and liberals, who laugh at the anxieties which are often felt on the subject, as if Rome could not still make her power felt in Europe. Considered merely in herself, the fear indeed would be groundless; but the church of Rome has important allies in nationalities and powerful governments; Rome herself regards the dissolution, or at least the sectarianism, of the Protestant church as one of her most powerful allies, and looks with the most hopeful anticipations upon her continual system of protesting. Even though this in Rome may be valued beyond its worth, and though no just idea may be formed of that strong faith which exists and co-exists with all this sectarianism in the Protestant churches, or of the strength and vigour of a conviction freely formed, still it is also true that those who promote and cherish these sectarian animosities, and disturb and destroy the unity of the Protestant church, are by far too little aware of the evil consequences of their mode of action. * * *

"A residence in Rome has led me to the thorough conviction that much, very much, of what many writers and critics are accustomed to call the mere inventions and abuses of men, has had its existence and foundation in the church from the earliest times. May there not be found among these usages many of the elements of ancient Christianity? Rome at least undertakes to guide and satisfy many a general human want which Protestantism neither acknowledges nor supplies. * * *

"The news of the conversion of an Anglican divine in Oxford to the Romish church was received with great satisfaction in Rome; as well as that of another having proved in a sermon, preached at the consecration of a church, that there could be no morality without honouring the saints, inasmuch as these furnished the most encouraging examples to its cultivation. Nothing can exceed the diligence and zeal with which everything which emanates from a Protestant favourable to Catholicism is propagated in Rome; but there is at the same time no feeling or desire in any case to do justice to Protestantism itself. Every thing which can be turned to its disadvantage is eagerly seized upon, as a proof that its adherents are already preparing again to return to the yoke of Catholicism, or seem as if they would seek shelter in the bosom of the church. * * *

"The Jesuits have now the most of their missionary stations among Christians of the various Protestant confessions. Puseyism, the multiplied and endless divisions of sects in Old and New England, and the desolating and far from rare inroads of infidelity in the Protestant church in Germany, fill them with new and lively hopes of making numerous conversions, and of leaving a proud inheritance in their missionary stations to the mother-church."

We have no where met with so complete an account of the observances of the ecclesiastical year in Rome as in this volume; which on that merit alone deserves to be generally read. Of course, its prefatorial and controversial points, to which we have referred, will give rise to very opposite opinions, and we cite only a portion of them, without comment, as a specimen of the editor:

"Priestly power is always the same; and the efforts for the re-establishment of hierarchical notions—of the overruling authority of the church, or the enforcement of individual dogmas or conceits, under the pretence or delusion that they emanate from the Holy Spirit, as will be seen in some late epistles missive in England, are quite as much popery as the bulls and briefs of the pope himself. Popery is not

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personified merely in the aged and venerable father who fills the throne and wears the tiara, who assumes to be the successor of St. Peter, and to have the power of the keys in Rome, but in the principle of priestly supremacy, in whatever country, under whatever form, and by whomsoever exercised. The essence of this theory is the assumption of authority—of the right to think, decide, determine, and decree for the rest of mankind; its means and instruments, worldly power; its aims, the suppression of inquiry, imposition of creeds, refusal of Christian rites, the subordination of the laity, and the exaltation of the clerical order, the increase of its wealth, worldly distinctions, and privileges. Whether this principle be developed in the traditionary, venerable, and splendid hierarchy and institutions of the church of Rome; or in the hesitating and equivocal pretensions of the Anglican divines, who endeavour to maintain a medium between contradictories, and fight with a double-edged sword; or in the humble form of a bigoted and fanatical sectarian, who resolves it into his own personality, and swells with the importance of all the infallibilities of all the infallible though opposing or differing creeds of the various churches which make up the sum of the church universal, and each of which claims its privileges; it equally aims at supremacy, rule, authority, wealth, and power—the elevation of a peculiar order, who are to think and decide for the community at large. The embodiment of this principle is more or less attractive or repulsive according to the various inherent or acquired claims of those who make pretensions to its exercise, and the various degrees of knowledge, experience, and mental powers of those to whom these claims are addressed. Its prominent features, however, can never be concealed from the attentive observer. It is boldly and openly assumed by the church of Rome, whose pretensions are venerable from age, strengthened by acquiescence, and derive a high degree of weight and authority from history and results. It is indirectly claimed by the Anglican bishops and divines, who maintain theoretically the apostolical succession, and the power of the clergy to decide controversies and decree articles of faith, as if their church was the pillar and ground of truth—whilst their practical concessions, deviations from rubrical injunctions, hesitations, discussions, and doubts, are a virtual denial of the pretension. In its bosom Puseyism rejoices in its figments, revels in surplices, altars, candles, and bowings. Evangelicism, as it is called, proclaims aloud its infallible creeds and dogmatises on salvation; whilst the old clergy and moderate churchmen desire to live in the undisturbed and peaceful possession of their parsonages and tithes. The phases which it presents among the several infallible sects are still more various, depending on the sectarian, political, or social views of the respective parties, which take their chameleon hue and complexion from passing events, and on the individual characteristics of their organs and leaders for the time being. Among them, this principle often assumes its worst form; and is repulsive in proportion to the extravagance of the claim, the very absurdity of the pretension, and the ridiculous mode of its manifestation. It lurks, however, in all—from Methodism, with its clerical usurpations, its conference, its fast-and-loose with establishments and dissent, its Wesley or its Whitefield dogmas, its Jesuitical classes and discipline; the sect of the Baptists, with its essentials of form; and Unitarianism, with its non-essentials and intolerance of creeds—to the case of anomalous Independency, with its loud, forward, and noisy disclaimer of ecclesiastical discipline, its abhorrence of episcopacy and presbytary, and at the same time its continually increasing associations, more rigid discipline, stricter exclusion, and more strenuous imposition of creeds—with its disavowal of a state-provision and its voluntary principle, together with the reception of *regium donum*, its eager search after endowments, and its resort even to penal statutes to wrench them from the hands of their possessors—its renunciation of political power, with its constant efforts to become an antagonist political party, and to pull down the church—its earnest appeals on behalf of religious freedom, with its eager renunciation of its results—its zeal to retard and obstruct its progress, to blast its fruits, and to put down all who do not see with the eyes and believe the essentials of its professors."

This at any rate is impartial. Let the reader sift it; and, whilst he throws away the refuse, still it will be well to examine the particles of truth. The unquiet state of the religious world must bring the consideration of every matter affecting it home to the souls of rational men.

Only a Fiddler! and O. T. From the Danish. 3 vols. Bentley.

We were so captivated with the opening of the first of these tales, that we last week rushed into print to command them to the public; and though we would qualify our praise upon some parts, we see nothing, in the whole, to induce us to withdraw our hearty encomium. The exquisite drawing of children's characters, the pictures of patriarchal Danish superstitions, customs, and manners, the naturalness of events (not following the usual prescribed routine of novel-writing), and the touches of truth, sense, and feeling, are highly original and captivating; and though there may be a trifle too much about the stage, and mountebanks and showmen, for English readers, who can take small interest in them, we dare say they may form an attractive feature of the work for Denmark, and, like the notices of music, musicians, authors, and works, be among the most popular ingredients in the *Fiddler* and *O. T.*

Holding so flattering an opinion of Mr. Andersen's* production, it is nevertheless very difficult to state our grounds; for albeit the mosaic is a pattern of rare beauty, how can we make it apparent by picking out ever so many of the pieces of which it is composed? Some of them, too, are such little bits—for instance, we begin with storks, of which the author speaks very effectionately:

"Before they depart, they regularly assemble at certain places in the country. I have seen them by hundreds at Quärndrup. It was a thorough manœuvre which they had there. They all struck their bills together at once, so loudly that one could not hear a single word for them. No doubt they were discoursing about the journey which lay before them. They deliberated among themselves; and suddenly, the greater portion fell upon the few remaining ones, and killed them. There lay ten dead on the spot. People said it was the weak ones, which had not strength sufficient for the long journey, that they had killed. Then the whole band rises towards heaven, making spirals in the air like a corkscrew. Good heavens, how high these birds can soar! They resemble, at last, a swarm of bees, and then they vanish. The yolk in their eggs is blood-red; one can see that it is a summer-bird which has laid them."

* It seems, from an expression p. 127, vol. ii., that he has obtained the soubriquet of "*Holy Andersen*."

Of national superstitions the following are examples:

"The boat flew over the clear green water, leaving behind, on the broad expanse, its foamy track. Christian sat beside the rudder, near the steersman. The jelly-like sea-anemones lay, like transparent flowers, on the watery mirror, betraying life by their gentle movement on the calm water. The green sand-bottom, which he had at first seen, gradually disappeared, and the little boy only saw the boat and his own form in the watery mirror, which returned his greetings in a friendly manner. They now cut across the current, and glided then into the shadow which the coast of Thorseng threw upon the water. The godfather lifted his hat a little—he appeared to do so quite accidentally, yet was this an old custom of his country; a greeting given to the Neck,* whose power is strongest so far as the shadow of the rock extends. * * *

"Common superstition affirms that the pollen of the barberry is a poison for grain; the heavy ears become spotted by the biting sap. The noble poppy of the most dazzling white changes its hue if it grow among coloured ones. Environment is the invisible hand which is enabled to mould the material in its development. * *

"The stem of the fir-tree forms knots which betray the age of the tree; human life has also its perceptible rings. * * *

"Time passed on, and the illness was no better. Therefore it would be advisable, said Marie, to speak with the wise woman at Quärndrup, if opportunity offered. This arrived, and all kinds of sympathetic remedies were tried. Christian's arms and legs were measured with worsted threads, and he must carry on his heart consecrated earth and the heart of a mole: this was an infallible remedy. Thus passed weeks and months for nearly two years. The wise woman counselled a visit to the Frörup well. Many a sick person, whom no physician had been able to cure, had there recovered his health. Marie placed as much confidence in the healing virtues of this miraculous well as she did in the words of her Bible. The superstition still exists among the people, that a miraculous sanative power is possessed by several springs in Denmark. The country people of Funen consider St. Regissa's spring, which rises near the village of Frörup, as the most efficacious mineral well, and, as a so-called well-fair is held there, people stream thither in great crowds. From a circuit of many miles, nay, even from beyond Odense and Svendborg, the sick go there on St. John's eve, partly to drink the water of the spring, partly to bathe themselves in it, and to spend the night in the open air. Three successive years must the sick person visit the well; if he is not healed within that time, nothing in the world can cure him, say the people."

Among a Lutheran people, how like the Romish station-ceremonies of the Irish!

"What should you think if I were to give you a handful of flower-seeds, and you were to let the seeds lie until they were all dried up and had lost all their virtue, would not that be as much as if you had destroyed a whole plot of flowers? There is in Norway the story of a girl who had a horror of becoming a mother,

* The Neck is a potent goblin, who lives in the mountain-torrents, "and who sits in the moonlight on the waterfalls with his long white beard, and plays so enchantingly, that one is tempted to precipitate one's self down to him. The poor son of Oceanus! when he played his very best the boys would only jeer him, and cry, 'Thou canst not be saved!' and then would the river-god weep clear tears, and vanish in the stream."

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and therefore, the evening before her marriage, went to the water-mill where the witch dwelt, to ask for some remedy which should prevent this. The witch gave her twelve seeds, which she was to fling into the mill-pool. This she did, without thinking any thing more about it; but at each seed which she flung into the water there was heard a slight sigh: it was a child's heart which broke each time. She became a wife, but remained childless; in old age remorse seized her. Her hand was unstained with blood, and yet she was a murderess, and endured agony of mind as an infanticide. One night, as she went into the church to pray for the removal of her guilt, she saw her twelve unborn sons standing before the altar, and their whole race, all their descendants, the number of which was so immense that they filled all the aisles of the church. And she knelt down and prayed; she, the murderess of a whole race!"*

For sea-sickness: "I have vellum-paper on my legs, blotting-paper on my stomach, and a nutmeg on the pit of my stomach. I have also provided myself with lemon-peel for chewing. The gouvernante had merely provided herself with a green silk thread, bound round the left hand, and always turned her face against the wind. * * *

"The kammerjunker spoke of sucking-pigs, but that also was interesting; perhaps he drew his inspiration out of the same source as Otto. He spoke of the power of green buckwheat, and how the swine which eat it become mad. From this doubtless originated the legend of the devil entering into the swine. It is only coal-black pigs which can digest green buckwheat; if they have a single white speck upon them, they become ill at this speck: 'This is extraordinary,' exclaimed he. * * *

"'One can tell by the names of the bridal pair who will die first. One counts the letters of the two names together, and then says, Adam dies! Eve dies! which is as much as saying, He dies! She dies! and where one ends there is death. But that also comes to her! She is called Marie, and that has five letters when it is not written with two r's; and he is called Peter, and that has also five letters, and that makes ten together, which is an equal number; and when there is an equal number, Eve dies.' 'Yes, but he is called Peer, and not Peter,' said the young woman. 'But how was he christened?' asked the other. 'If he is called Peer, he will die first; but if he is called Peter, she will die before him, and that agrees with the movement she made.' * * *

"The marriage was concluded. Like the trumpets of the last day resounded the trumpets at the church-door. The bridegroom now drove away in all haste, so as to receive his wife in the bridal house. The musicians stood on the threshold. The new-married pair had already arrived, and each guest laid upon the pewter-plate, which stood before the pair, his bridal present, when it was also not forgotten to distribute tickets; for the peasant makes a similar gift when the donor, or any member of his family, afterwards celebrates a marriage. The meal was served, and devoured; the song sung; and the stewards danced the bride into the bridegroom's arms."

The previous letter from a comrade, announcing the death of Marie's first husband in battle, is unique, and we are only sorry that his circumlocution renders it too prolix for quotation. The sequent sea-trip of the hero, Christian, his arrival at Copenhagen, and description of that capital, are naive and entertaining; and his mistake about Steffen Margaret is a genuine and biting satire upon the foolish reliances of genius, with a knowledge of the every-day world. The *dénouement* as regards the unfortunate female herself is deeply affecting. This catastrophe is connected with an admirable picture of the breaking up of the Sound ice:

"An occurrence of this kind is one of the most imposing natural scenes which our country affords. The strength of the ice in combat with the strength of the currents produces great effect, more especially at Helsingör, where the Sound is only a few miles across. Immense masses of ice press themselves together, the stream lifts them aloft, and, firmly riveted together, the floating glass-like rocks pile themselves one upon another in all kinds of grotesque shapes. The whole Sound at that time resembles a floating glacier. Yet there were as yet no visible traces of such a scene: the signal for it had been given; the submarine war-horse had consecrated to death all wanderers above him. * * * Now again bright patches shewed themselves in the grey sky; but behind them, at scarcely a hundred paces' distance, ascended a dark stripe with every kind of strange branching, which extended itself out on all sides. There resounded once more, every now and then, before them, a loud lamenting cry, which seemed to proceed neither from out of the sea nor yet out of the air. People talk a great deal about the sea-cow, which sometimes raises itself with its forefeet out of the water, and sends forth that longing cry in the direction of the land where the animals nearly akin to it graze, and to which it cannot come. * * * The ice heaved itself up again, and the snow assumed already here and there a greyish colour from the sea-water which broke through."

The hot blood of horses when bled, and we presume the blood of any other animals that are slaughtered, is asserted to be "a real inoculation for life, if sprinkled upon the roots of apple (fruit) trees." We would fain quote a few of the poetical touches, and sketches of society, though the former must suffer greatly in being separated from the context.

"The seeress read in Marie's cup hope and despair, but yet hope had the preponderance—hope, she who lines with velvet the fetters of the slave!—she, who writes mercy on the sword of the executioner!—she, whose tongue sings such sweet, false songs! Marie might hope!"

The following eloquently disputes the doctrine that the child is father to the man:

"When the sculptor commences modelling the clay, we do not yet understand the work of art which he will create. Time and labour are necessary before the plaster-cast exists, and the chisel after the model animates the marble. How much more difficult is it, then, to discover in the child the worth and fate of the man! We here see the poor boy in Svendborg; the instinct within him, and the influence without, shew, like the magnetic needle, only two opposite directions. He must either become a distinguished artist or a miserable, confused being. The pollen of environment already begins to work upon him. The god of music, already in the cradle, gave him the consecrating kiss. But whether the goddesses of the times will one day sing him inspiration or madness, who can say? The division between both is often merely a thin partition. Will he some time, perhaps, excite the admiration of thousands, or in a miserable public-house, the violin under his arm, as an old man, act the fiddler to wild and rude youths, who mock him as a fool—he, whose soul received the unseen consecration of music? We know that the Duke of Reichstadt came lifeless into the world. In vain were all means tried to call him back to life: then thundered the hundred cannon, he opened his eyes, his pulse beat. This was the son of the great emperor, and on this account the whole world learned this circumstance of his birth. But no one knew that the son of poverty entered life under similar circumstances. He also was a born corpse, laid on a bed beneath the broken window-pane, when suddenly flutes and violins resounded from the street, where were playing itinerant musicians. A melancholy girl's voice was heard, and the little one opened his eyes and moved the already cold hand. Was it their tones which recalled his soul to labour here upon earth? or was it chance this, Solomon's sword of reasoning men? A rare artist must he become, or a miserable bungler—a sparrow-hawk with yellow wings, which for this superiority is pecked to death by its companions. And if he should become such a being? What comfort would it afford him, what comfort to mankind, full of proud prejudice? Like the snow-flake which falls into the running stream is he buried and forgotten, and only the works and names of a few elect pass over to the next century. Enviable fate! But future joys may await him in the new state of existence, whilst the happiness of fame lies far distant, in a world into which he cannot enter, in which he can take no part. What does that matter? Is it not all one how high we may be placed in life, if we are only firmly placed? So sounds the consolation of the world! This is the wavering self-consolation, with which the mighty wave of human life rolls on towards the coast of eternity!"

And Christian receives the common "good advice" which is so readily given without a finger to help on its accomplishment, and without which it cannot be taken. "The count gazed on him with a sort of interest. 'There is genius in his performance. You should have chosen the musical profession, my boy,' said he, addressing him; 'and then, perhaps, you might have made your fortune.' 'Yes, perhaps,' said Peter Vieck; 'but you see, sir, when one has only salt and bread in the house, it avails nothing that one beats one's brains about what roast tastes the best.' And then he related in his own way how the boy had come into his service. * * * In the house, in the mean time, every thing was arranged in the best manner for the night. Naomi and the gouvernante had each of them a cushion for a bed. The men were obliged to be contented with things as they could get them. The herdsman remained outside, where he bedded himself warmly among his cows, and, drawing his cap over his eyes, dreamed royally, like Pharaoh, about fat and lean kine. The count returned from an evening ramble. All were soon asleep, excepting Christian."

We must still reserve a little more of these volumes for another *Gazette*.

Délassements Culinaires. Par A. Soyer, du Reform Club. Londres, W. Jeffs; Paris, A. Bertrand; Bruxelles, Meline, Cans, et Cie.

VENERABLE and illustrious Ude, look to thy lau-

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* "The conclusion of the legend is as follows: The clergyman broke forth in anger against the woman's sin. 'I will not grant thee absolution, and God the Lord will be equally unforgiving. Sooner shall roses spring up out of the flag-stones than I forgive thee!' The night that she had this vision in the church the clergyman dreamed the same thing as the old woman, and when he awoke the flag-stones had split, and twelve odorous roses grew out of the apertures; these were the twelve sons of the childless wife. 'Now is our mother happy!' said the clergyman, and sought for her in the church, where she lay dead before the altar.—*Author's Note.*"

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rels, thy immortal ever-greens. *Soyez tranquille!* Thou, Ude, heldest great constitutional doctrines, and well do we remember a dissertation of thine—the more to be never forgotten because it was delivered over a dinner, the cooking of which by thy own myrmidons thou hadst superintended, with the divine afflatus of ambition, to produce an unparalleled repast, strong within thine own magnificent chops—never shall we cease to remember, O Ude! thy Discourse on that glorious day upon the beauties and conformity of the British constitution, in which thou didst demonstrate, as the courses were served in corroboration (or sauce Robert), as how the sovereignty of our mixed and mighty Island was established, especially with reference to thy art, for a certain order of ministerial *sautés*, besides those dishes drest *en couronne*; how the House of Peers was created for the consumption of *entremets à la Pompadour*, whilst the Commons should have nothing beyond the *entrées* of the first course, or at most a few *hors d'œuvres*, to keep them in humour; and how the bench of bishops had been admitted to a position in legislation for no other purpose than to encourage cookery to revel in *salmis* (we are not sure thou didst not spell it *P-salmis*); and only allowing the displaced representations of the ancient Roman faith the use of the *bain Marie Pan* to keep them in hot water. And oh, delightful Ude, the idol of our other years, and the regret of our present moments (though long may ye live to teach others what life may be!), well—well do we remember when we pressed thee into details upon thy grand gastronomico-constitutional system, how we found thee prepared beyond the vagaries of a Siéyes or a Bentham. Thou then unfoldedst to us the mysteries of the *compotes* for the upper circles of high female society; of the ragouts *à la Financière* for the aristocracy of wealth; of the removes *piqué* for the aspiring inferior clergy (redolent of tithe pigs and larding); of the *salpicons* and *pommes de terre frits* for the agricultural interests of landlords and tenants; of the *farce* for the common herd; of the *sauce piquante* for the lawyers; of the *cured* provisions for the medical profession; of the *artichauds Jerusalem à la Bechamelle* for the Israelites on the bourse; of the buttered lobsters for the army; of the *matelotes* for the navy; yes, even of *choux* to *brider* for tailors; *pigeonneaux* and *volailles*, a hundred ways, to pass with chicken-hazard at Crocky's (not *Croquettes*); *agneau grillé* and *crapaudines* (since admirably cooked in Algeria) for state prisoners and *other* felons; and dishes *en maigre* for union workhouses, with *croustades* for the three holy or festive days in their year, viz. the royal birthday, Good Friday, and Christmas. Truly wert thou, dear Ude, *in utrumque paratus*: but let us go on in the display of our deep classical erudition, *tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis*—thus translated from the difficult original by a learned foreign friend of ours, *Time goes about the bushes, and we goes along with him*.

And what is the consequence? The magnificent national theory of Ude has merged into the *Purée* of Reform, and the cook of the Club of that name has given us this *olla podrida*, which, for variety of ingredients, beats the most elaborate combination he ever concocted, even his monster O'Connell omelette—*soufflée au whisky*, of which we have *apropos?* an account in this heterogenous publication. Full of French puns as a marrow-pudding is of jar-raisins, it lets us behind the *coulisses* and makes us acquainted with sundry of the operatic male and female artists; it sketches a Seria Buffa (withal comic enough) called *La Fille de l'Orage*; and, above all, it revels in the invention of a new sort of dinner-service, a *Plat d'Entrée Pagodatique*, to wit, a dish with four scollop-like chambers attached to its centre, so that five refections may be set on the table at once, and make a good dinner for three or four gourmets without the trouble of a remove. For example, in the centre may be *filets de sole à la Hollandaise*, and in the four wings (all under the same pagoda cover) *côtelettes d'agneau aux pois*, *filet de volaille piqué à la purée de champignons*, *quenelles de lapereaux aux truffes*, and *perdreaux en salmi*. What d'ye think of that?

The work winds up with a piece of imagination, or *vol au vent*, called *La Crême de la Grande Bretagne*, which truly almost comes up to the *Udetique*. It consists of a chaste (not chased) vase, on the rim of which three pigeons are resting in peace (*paisibles colombes*), and representing, as we understand the allegory, the cup of Hebe, the club of Hercules, and the bolt of Jove. The pharmacopœia never fancied such a *fiat mistura* as Mr. Soyer does for the *consommé* of this modern witches' cauldron; for it is to be made of a hundred odd and incomprehensible ingredients, such as a smile from the mouth of the Duchess of Sutherland, a walk in the fairy palace of the Duchess of Buckingham, the honour of the Marchioness of Douro, a chat with Lady Chesterfield, an "*apanage*" of Lady Aylesbury, some of Mrs. Norton's romances, a fragment of Lady Blessington's works, an autocratic thought of Baroness Brunow's, a reflection (we know not on whom) of Lady John Russell's, the sylph-like form of the Marchioness of Abercorn (though slight, the only solid in the pot), a "reverence" of Viscountess Jocelyn's, &c. &c., so that a *crême* or soup, a dish fit for the immortal gods, is confected, and the whole is put into a tureen with the glorious reign of Queen Victoria a-top, and left to simmer for half a century over a fire of immortal roses.

But after her Majesty has been put to cover this heaven-broth, still the over-boiling soul of the cook of the Reform bubbles up with augmenting ebullitions. *Decouvrez* (says he) *ce vase de mystère*, and garnish or glaze the *pot pourri*, not with pot-herbs, but with aurora borealis beams, virgin snow of white mountain (Mont Blanc), an eruption, not of skin, but of Vesuvius, and (so heartily do we echo) remove as quickly as possible, *retirez avec précipitation*, this *chef-d'œuvre* of the nineteenth century!

We might criticise this not only extra-ordinary but extra-extraordinary of the sublime of the *cuisine* with a freedom becoming our high office; but we dare not. It may be cowardly to say so; but we feel there is no protection from the knife of M. Soyer, and that if in his resentment he did commit the sanguineous upon us to the death, he must be acquitted on the ground of—what is the legal phrase?—and recommended to a mercy which he had not shewn.

Odontography: or, a Treatise on the Comparative Anatomy of the Teeth; their Physiological Relations, Mode of Development, and Microscopic Structure, in the Vertebrate Animals. By Richard Owen, F.R.S. Vol. I. London, H. Ballière. 1840-1845.

THIS able treatise needs no praise to aid its reception as a standard scientific work of the highest order. The researches of so admirable an investigator as Professor Owen are eagerly looked for and duly appreciated by all who are sufficiently conversant with the subjects which his study and skill develop. Such is our opinion of the merits of *Odontography*; but our present object is justice to an individual whom we have been instrumental in placing in a position to be accused of plagiarism. A long note to the introduction of the work now before us contains the last words, a somewhat of an *ex parte* summing up, of a controversy between Professor Owen and Mr. Nasmyth. With the controversy itself we have had nothing to do, nor are we in the least desirous of opening it up again; but we feel called upon to make a few remarks in regard to the "deliberate plagiarism," to sustain which we are quoted by Professor Owen in juxtaposition with passages from M. Schwann's work. The quotations from the *Literary Gazette* are taken from the last column of the report of the conclusion of Mr. Nasmyth's paper, which, the author distinctly stated in his letter to the British Association, published in 1841, was merely an appended "literal translation of a few prominent passages" from the German writer, and should consequently have been so marked in the report. He pointed out also inaccuracies, and quoted a contradiction which had arisen from the oversight. The inaccuracies, it was contended in our comments upon Mr. Nasmyth's letter to the British Association, had been occasioned by "these passages being interlarded with Mr. Nasmyth's observations, assenting or dissenting, and then the translation being pursued without sufficient distinctness, and the hurried nature of this appendage to the MSS." This was written with a full confidence in the truth of Mr. Nasmyth's statement, confirmed by a remembrance of the confusion of the close of his paper, the difficulty of deciphering, or rather of making it read, and the necessity of the conversion (on our part) of the first into the third person. This is still our belief: the "I" of the translated passages, therefore, must have been Schwann, and not Mr. Nasmyth, which the omission of inverted commas to indicate quotation, and the change of person to which we have alluded, misled Prof. Owen to imagine was an unacknowledged appropriation of M. Schwann's opinions. Hence error; and hence our anxiety to remove any erroneous support to an accusation of plagiarism which we might have been inadvertently instrumental in affording.

Biographical and Critical Miscellanies. By W. H. Prescott, author of the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," &c. 8vo. Pp. 365. R. Bentley.

A WELL-ENGRAVED portrait, by W. Greatbatch, from Ames, is an agreeable prefix to these volumes; and we are glad to see the sterling historian look so youthful and so fashionably dressed. It shews the man of his times and our earth, and not the mere book-worm; and it is of this union that good writers are formed. The essays embrace a variety of literary subjects, and treat of American, Spanish, French, Italian, and English authors. In this way his countrymen, C. Brockden Brown the novelist, Washington Irving, and Bancroft; Cervantes, Chateaubriand, and Molière; Scott, Madame Calderon, and others, more incidentally, come under discussion, and are handled with considerable talent and a fair share of general intelligence and knowledge of their writings. Great learning or profundity of criticism there is not; but all who love a light and pleasant style of observation thrown over topics of universal interest will find enough here to afford them acceptable information and rational pastime.

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LITERARY AND LEARNED.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION, WINCHESTER.

We proceed with a summary of communications, passed over, from various causes, in the order in which they were made, and of such of the proceedings on Friday and Saturday as we have not anticipated, for the sake of classing connected subjects.

Heraldry.—Mr. Planché read a paper "On the arms of Saer de Quincy, first Earl of Winchester, and on early armorial bearings, properly so called, especially those termed the 'honourable ordinaries.'" Mr. Planché considered the heraldic figures, entitled the ordinaries, had their origin in the necessity for strengthening the long kite-shaped shield in use during the 11th century; and exhibited drawings of a variety of shields of that period, in which the forms of all but "the pile" (which some heralds did not include amongst the nine principal ordinaries) were to be traced in the wooden or metal clamps or fastenings and defences of the shields. To the same origin he traced several other charges, such as the escarbuncle in the arms of Cleves, and of the abbey of St. Bertin, the border, the mascle, the rustre, &c. &c. Mr. Planché contended that the symbolical characters attached to them were the inventions of much later heralds, and could not be traced higher than the 15th century; and quoted several instances of the legends respecting the assumption of certain armorial bearings having arisen from the peculiarity of the bearings themselves, and the anxiety of biographers or heralds to flatter the descendants of the original assumers. In his remarks on the seal of Saer de Quincy, Mr. Planché pointed out the interesting and, he believed, unnoticed fact, of the arms commonly known as those of Fitzwalter appearing on it, no direct match with that family being recorded by Vincent or Dugdale. Mr. Planché suggested that they were borne by the earl as the son of Maud de St. Liz, daughter of Simon earl of Huntingdon, and widow of Robert Fitz Richard de Tonbridge, the ancestor of the Fitzwalters, who appears, by a comparison of dates, to have been the same Maud de St. Liz who married Saer de Quincy, father of the earl.

Churches near Winchester.—Mr. Haigh communicated a short abstract from his notes on the churches in the neighbourhood of Winchester. He observed, that there are some perfect remains of Anglo-Saxon architecture in the little church of Corhampton, and also a curious dial, which is doubtless of equal antiquity with the rest of the wall in which it is placed; that a similar dial appears in the south wall of the neighbouring church of Warnford, and is the only relic of the church, which is known, by a later inscription, to have been built on the site of the present by St. Wilfrid, who first converted the South Saxons and the inhabitants of the district called Meon to the Christian faith; and that the close resemblance between these two dials renders it very probable that Corhampton, as well as Warnford, was one of the many churches which he is said to have erected. Another dial of the same workmanship as the above appears in the south wall of St. Michael's, Winchester. Mr. Haigh further remarked, that the proportions of the little Saxon church at Headbourne Worthy, near Winchester, the pilaster strip-work on its walls, and the long and short work at one of its angles, agree so closely with similar features at Corhampton as to suggest a strong probability that both were erected about the same time and by the same hands. He exhibited a drawing of a defaced rood which once decorated the west end of the former church; and an elevation of the tower of Monks Wearmouth church, Durham, on which it is very probable that a similar rood is concealed by the rough-cast. Another rood, evidently part of an earlier edifice, appears on one of the walls of Romsey church. At Tichborne the chancel is of Saxon work, and has a double-splayed window on each side; but the most interesting feature in that church is a wooden altar of the time of Charles I., which Mr. Haigh believes to be unique. It has a cross inlaid in the top, and two others, with the sacred monogram IHS between them, carved in the front. Mr. Haigh enumerated several other churches, as Exton, Meon-Stoke, Kilmiston, and Chilcombe, which he had visited, and of which he had noted the architectural peculiarities, but did not enter into the details of their construction.

Dr. Lee exhibited a number of most interesting Biblical Coptic, Syriac, and Greek volumes, collected in Egypt and the Holy Land, and also MSS.; and offered some valuable observations, with a view to facilitate the unrolling of such precious documents as the latter, which were written on papyrus.

Mr. G. R. Corner read a minute description of the existing remains of Eltham Palace, Kent, and compared them with the plan in 1509, as published by Hasted, to which he could trace no resemblance whatever. In it the hall, and other well-known features which are now to be seen, are sought for in vain; and well might the author ask on what authority that plan had been constructed! Indeed, it consists only of what was on the outside of the moat, on the north side, and now called the court-yard, leaving all the principal and more ancient parts of the palace out of consideration. Of the latter, Mr. Corner laid the best plan which could at this time be traced, within the moat; and particularly described the various parts, the entrances and gates, the chandlery, or chaundry, the great bakehouse, the tilt-yard, the kitchens and storehouses, the *cole*-house, the pastry, the spicery, the buttery, "my lord chancellor his lodgings,"* &c. &c. Some very beautiful drawings illustrated this paper; and great regret was expressed at the destruction or loss of some magnificent tapestry belonging to the palace, which has disappeared (except scraps and patches in neighbouring cottages) within the last ten or fifteen years!

Mr. W. H. Rosser (who, at the president's *soirée*, exhibited some splendid rubbings of brasses, preserving distinctly every line of the originals) read notes on an incised slab in Brading Church, Isle of Wight, and on the monumental brass of Abbot de la Mare, St. Albans. The slab is of the 15th century, and in memory of John Curwen, constable of Porchester Castle. The arms are richly blazoned, and shew the "nobilis vir," "Johannis Cherowin," to be of the old Cumberland family, said to be descended from the famous Gospatric, Earl of Northumberland, the ballad hero, of very Scandinavian traits both in character, poetry, and mythos. The St. Albans abbot died in 1396, and his tomb affords a rare example of the works of Flemish artists in that line, just as we have Germans now in the arts of internal decorations. These Flemands wrought upon a single unbroken sheet of brass; the English made the figure, escutcheons, inscriptions, &c. separately, and then let them in to the face of the slab, cut for their reception.

Mr. Haigh read a paper on the collection of coins found three years ago at Cuerdale (often noticed in the *Lit. Gaz.*).

Mr. J. R. Walbran communicated remarks on the crypt beneath Ripon Cathedral, called St. Wilfred's Needle; Mr. W. B. Bradfield, we believe, an account of recent discoveries of Roman and other antiquities in Winchester; Mr. H. Birkett, on a deed relating to Hurstmonceau; Mr. Moody, on the hospital called God's House, Southampton; Mr. Lower, on the antiquities of Lewes; the Rev. Mr. Rankin, on ancient tumuli on the Yorkshire wolds; and Mr. Beale Post, on the Barberini inscription, to throw a light on the invasion of Britain by the Emperor Claudius.

County Hall, Friday, 10 o'clock.

Mr. Roach Smith read a paper from the sound and well-known antiquary, Mr. Alfred J. Kempe, on the table called Arthur's Round Table, which is fixed up in the County Hall, above the bench occupied by the magistrates, or Nisi Prius Court. What was its *nisi prius* it would be no easy matter to determine; but it is a curious relic, probably of the time of Henry VII., and copied from an elder table, or repainted about the period we have assigned. Mr. Kempe took a popular view of the orders of knighthood, and gave a very interesting account of many of the ceremonies; and then adverted particularly to the equalising use of the round table in days of ambitious and rival chivalry. King Edward III. was distinguished by his revival of such tournaments and festivals, and it was most likely that a table like the present might have been in use in his time; but whatever its date, it had been re-embellished at the period we have noticed, as in one, the upper, compartment sat a monarch represented as attired in royal robes, but the crown which he wore had the form of that used by Henry VII., and the centre was adorned with the white and red roses, the badges of York and Lancaster, which became united by his marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of Henry IV. The colours of the divisions (each for the knight whose name is inscribed in black letter on his allotted station) belong to the same royal dynasty; notwithstanding which, Cromwell's soldiery made a target for ball-practice of this remarkable relic. Question was made whether Arthur ever held his court at Winchester; and in a conversation which ensued, it was discussed by Sir W. Betham (who presided), and others, whether there ever existed such a sovereign, or whether the whole history was not a romance, for which the Welsh people were indebted to the imaginative invention of Geoffrey of Monmouth.

Mr. Charles Warne read notices of barrows he had recently excavated in Dorsetshire, and which presented certain features to distinguish them from similar entombments in other parts of our island. These he considered to be Celtic; and in above a hundred he had investigated, only in one instance had he found the trace of any metallic substance. The barrows were so numerous on the site to which he had directed his researches, that he had no doubt they were the cemeteries of the inhabitants of a city of the Celts, with water abounding in fish, and a wide extent of hunting-ground all around.

An adjournment took place to the Town Hall, where, at 1 o'clock, besides papers we

* Where the chancellors were lodged on their visits to the king. Among these Mr. C. included Sir Thomas More (1530), whose daughter married William Roper, of Well Hall, in Eltham, his biographer, and the preserver of the Holbein pictures, &c. at that place.

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have already reported, Mr. J. Green Waller read a very appropriate and entertaining essay on the ancient paintings on the walls of Winchester Cathedral.

These paintings (he said) are chiefly comprised in the three chapels, viz. of the Holy Sepulchre, of the Guardian Angels, and of the Virgin Mary. They are especially interesting for the instances they afford of the state of art at two periods, the 12th and the 15th centuries. Those of the earlier date decorate the chapels of the Holy Sepulchre and of the Guardian Angels, structures of the early pointed style, with which the paintings are contemporary. Those in the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, though much mutilated, are most worthy of notice, and they originally covered the entire walls and vaulting. The subjects formed a connected cycle, chiefly relating to the life of Christ, his passion, the events dependant on it, and the prophecies of the Apocalypse illustrating his glorified state and power; with some others, which, having no direct relation to the history of Christ, seem to have been introduced as episodes to point the moral of the story. Such is the death of Abel, which is placed under what was doubtless the crucifixion. In addition to these subjects, medallions of prophets and patriarchs, seeming to form the genealogy of the Saviour, fill up the vacant spaces, the whole connected together with arabesque work. No part of the architecture is left uncovered; and as a whole, this little chapel presents one of the most interesting specimens of early ecclesiastical decoration extant. As works of early art they are most worthy of attention, belonging, as they do, to a period when a movement took place in the arts of design, and from which time a gradual advance is perceptible, until it reached its acme, in the 16th century. To be appreciated they must be compared with previous efforts, of which the font of the cathedral affords a good example. The subjects most worthy of notice are, the taking down from the cross, the appearance to Mary Magdelene, and a busto of the Saviour holding the gospels.

The paintings in the Lady Chapel are illustrations of legendary tales relating to miracles of the Virgin; one only, the annunciation, is from Scripture. They are twenty-four in number, arranged as architectural compartments, painted *en grisaille*, and belong to the close of the 15th or beginning of the 16th century. They are much defaced and mutilated. Mr. Carter published the whole of them in his work on Ancient Painting, &c., with elucidations of the subjects by Dr. Milner; since which many have become less distinct, owing to an injudicious application of varnish. The style of execution observable in these paintings is admirable, the expression apt and forcible, and composition pleasing and appropriate. Among the most striking is that of St. Gregory's procession during the plague at Rome in his pontificate, in which he bore a picture of the Virgin, painted by St. Luke; that of the drowning monk saved by the Virgin; and of the woman who died without confession, and by the intercession of the Virgin was restored to life, until she had confessed her sins. Of the tales the most curious are, those of the thief, who prayed to the Virgin even in the commission of theft, and who, in consequence, was saved from hanging; and of the painter, who, for depicting the devil in his proper ugliness, had his scaffold overturned while painting the figure of the Virgin, and was saved by an arm from the picture sustaining him until assistance arrived. Originally all the subjects had an inscription beneath, describing them at full. Many of these still remain, with references to a collection of legends, giving chapter, book, and page. When these remain no difficulty exists as to the subject; and in others the subject is too palpable to be mistaken. In general, Dr. Milner has been very successful in elucidating the subjects; but in some he has mistaken, and in others has not referred to the best sources of information.

The Rev. Mr. Isaacson read notices of the ancient family of Stuteville, of Dalham Hall, Suffolk, who came over with the Conqueror. The original letters illustrating their names and the customs of the manor* were heard with great attention; especially particulars of negotiations for marriages, an account of the first public meeting to restore churches, a description of a dinner in 1624, and another of the horrid condition of the country in 1649, when the soldiers were living at free quarters on the oppressed and defenceless people.

Mr. Jerdan read portion of a letter written by the Earl of Perth, chancellor to James II., and descriptive of his being taken prisoner in the Firth of Forth on attempting to escape to France after his royal master. His usage by the mob was brutal in the extreme, and also afforded a painful view of the effects of civil dissensions.

The Rev. Mr. Stephen Jackson's paper on the Hospital of Saint Cross was one of the most interesting communications to the meeting, whether considered locally, or in its general bearings upon ancient ecclesiastical architecture. But it was a still higher gratification to examine the building itself, with the learned gentleman as a guide and expositor. The various periods which its architecture illustrates, and especially the transition from its exquisite and magnificent Norman to the early English, were subjects of delightful investigation; and we think the church clearly proves that the pointed arch had existence anterior to its supposed origin in the intersection of Norman windows. Elder portions of Saint Cross demonstrate this fact; and altogether we know of no ancient church calculated to convey more numerous and valuable lessons, in regard to successive styles, than this beautiful range of construction over, at least, five centuries.

At the ordinary on Friday, in the Bush Inn, Mr. Mayo, the mayor, the town-clerk, and other friends, formed part of the Association company, and they were also favoured with the presence of M. Pichon, a French writer of celebrity, who happened to be in Winchester at the time. His health was drunk with appropriate compliments by the chairman, Sir Wm. Betham; and acknowledged with much warmth. The mayor and corporation were also toasted, as this was the finale of the week's work, and venison and champagne were introduced to grace the social termination.

Although it occupied no public notice of the congress, we may mention the picturesque ruins of Wolveslay Castle, as affording a charming relaxation to the antiquarian sojourner. The prodigious strength of the walls, the apparent insertion of earlier Roman building materials, and the gracefulness of high arches, broken into shapes to delight an artist, and festooned with luxuriant climbers, were all dwelt upon with admiration. The remains, too, of channels or pipes through the solid masonry, from room to room, to convey heat throughout the inhabited parts of the castle, were noticed; and it was allowed that Dr. Reid had discovered nothing new under the sun in this respect. Trees of unknown age also interested the spectators much; and Netley itself offered no greater attractions to the contemplative mind than the historical remnants of this once potent keep, and royal, episcopal, and baronial residence, where the wolves' heads were brought by the successful huntsman for tribute and reward.

Inter alia, we may also advert to the examination of an arch uncovered in the garden of Mr. Dear, and on the site of Hyde Abbey. Many antiquities of all ages are constantly found in this neighbourhood; but the present instance disappointed expectation, and turned out to be a sewer down from the abbey to the river.

On Saturday there was a general meeting to wind up the business of the Congress, and return the thanks of the Association to the mayor, the local committee, Mr. East and Mr. Escott, the members of parliament for the city, the gentlemen who had given their grounds for barrow-digging, Mrs. Stewart Hall, Mr. Hughes, Col. Greenwood, and others of the gentry around, who had extended their hospitalities to the meeting or sent invitations of which circumstances did not permit them to avail themselves. From first to last, the utmost harmony prevailed, and there was not one untoward accident during the week to cast a shade upon the proceedings.

Before we lay down our pen we should advert to some valuable observations which appeared in the *Times* newspaper upon the Reports which it gave of this Archæological meeting. With its accustomed activity and vigour in taking up popular questions, the *Times* pounced upon what it considered to be abuses in the existing administration of the charity of St. Cross, and highly eulogised the archæologists for their exposure of such wrongs, and the benefits likely to ensue to the poor of the community from their redress. To this line of argument we can have no objection, nor would we wish to urge any if we had; but we would desire to set the matter upon its right footing, and observe, that it is neither the duty nor ought it to be an object to an Association of this kind to set up as inquisitors and reformers. Their business is with antiquities purely as the remains of ancient times, and from which we may read their history. When the *Times*, therefore, ridicules the excavation of barrows and tombs, in order to exalt its own favourite topic, it draws an unfaithful picture of these transactions. Why, a Druid sepulchre, a British cemetery, or a Saxon grave, will throw tenfold more light upon the condition and habits of our island-ancestors than ever Cæsar, Tacitus, and all the early writers who have mentioned them, put together can tell. There are no falsehoods, nor inimical colouring, nor error, in the bosom of our mother earth; there are the weapons and instruments that were used, the ornaments that adorned, and the skeletons to whom they pertained; the indications of their lives and deaths, the symbols of their religious rites and worship, the memorials of all they were in savage or rudely civilised ages,—and surely the pursuit of inquiries of this description is such as to claim the approbation not of archæologists only but of every intelligent being. And with regard to consequences which may ensue from the examination of charities of old foundation, and records and archives which have long slumbered in dust or rotted in neglectful filth, though we agree with our able contemporary, we must enforce the principle that these are *accidents*,

* A singular anecdote has been told us relating to this family. A female descendant a few years ago married a French gentleman; and *fortuitously* found that his home, to which he took her, was the ancient seat of her ancestors.—*Ed. L. G.*

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and not primary *objects* of antiquarian research. It is nevertheless true that much good may be elicited in this way. Charities, and corporations, and endowments, of every kind, may reap great advantages to themselves, as well as become enabled to minister more effectually to the public benefit, by obtaining a thorough knowledge of their original rights and privileges, whether perverted by corruption or lapsed into oblivion through fortuitous casualties. They ought not to fear loss, but anticipate gain from the aid of antiquarian experience and diligence; nor be taught to lock up their muniments in dread of the bugbear of reform. With these views we must dissent from the closing opinion of the *Times* that "as the Archæological Association has made one step in the right direction, we encourage it to proceed, and urge the members to leave the tumuli and the barrows to the railway navigators, under whose pickaxes and spades they are tolerably sure to turn up at some time or other. The antiquary may find much more profitable employment in looking into the abuses that have been the growth of ages, and which, if exposed by those who have leisure for the task, would in many instances be remedied."*

Upon the whole, we look back on the week spent at Winchester as one of high enjoyment and instruction. Dense must be the mind, and unhappy the intellect, that did not reap information and improvement from its labours. Gentlemen of refined education, learning, acuteness, and practical experience, and who had devoted years and years to the several subjects upon which they furnished their contributions to the general stock, shed new and important lights upon the primeval, mediæval, architectural, and historical matters, of which we have given the substance in the August monthly part of the *Literary Gazette*; and we need but refer to their titles in proof of their interesting national character. And we feel satisfied that our readers will be glad to turn again, and peruse more than once the mass of various intelligence we have taken the pains to collect on this occasion.

FINE ARTS.

THE LATE JOHN CONSTABLE.

We resume our review of this volume, so interesting in its personal biography, and so instructive in its notes upon the arts, with a selection of *Anecdotes* of various character, with which Mr. Leslie has sprinkled and pleasantly embellished his very agreeable work.

Samuel Strowger was a most symmetrical model in the life-school; Mr. Leslie says:

"I cannot take leave of my old friend Strowger without mentioning, that towards the close of his life the students of the Academy presented him with a silver snuff-box of huge dimensions; and that a very exact portrait of him in his best days was painted by Wilkie. It is the head of the intelligent farmer in the 'Rent-Day,' who, seated at the table with his finger raised, appears to be recalling some circumstance to the recollection of the steward. * *

1810. "Constable and Wilkie were much together at that time, and their friendship never suffered any diminution. Constable sat to Wilkie for the head of the physician in his picture of the Sick Lady, and again, in the character of a physician, at a late period of their lives. * *

"Varley is here (at Salisbury) teaching drawing to the young ladies. 'Principles,' he says, 'are the thing. The warm grey, the cold grey, and the round touch.'"

Mr. Fisher writes in 1824: "The stupid English public, which has no judgment of its own, will begin to think there is something in you if the French make your works national property. You have long lain under a mistake; men do not purchase pictures because they admire them, but because others covet them. * * * Did you know the fact in natural history, that rooks prefer to build in elm-trees before all others, and that they seldom, or never, frequent chestnuts? When we were felling our elms at Gillingham, some rooks flew over and were clamorous. Whether deprecating our work of destruction or not, I cannot tell. * * I beg to congratulate you on the appearance of your name in the newspapers. Do not despise them too much. They cannot give fame, but they attend on her. Smoke gives notice that the house is on fire. * * *

"This morning a gentleman called on me who has nine telescopes; you may judge how thick they soon got; it is John's forte, he is to see them to-morrow. I am planning a large picture, and I regard all you say; but I do not enter into that notion of varying one's plans to keep the public in good humour. Change of weather and effect will always afford variety. What if Vander Velde had quitted his seapieces, or Ruysdaal his waterfalls, or Hobbema his native woods? The world would have lost so many features in art. I know that you wish for no material alteration; but I have to combat from high quarters, even from Lawrence, the plausible argument, that subject makes the picture. Perhaps you think an evening effect might do; perhaps it might start me some new admirers, but I should lose many old ones. I imagine myself driving a nail; I have driven it some way, and by persevering I may drive it home; by quitting it to attack others, though I may amuse myself, I do not advance beyond the first, while that particular nail stands still. No man who can do any one thing well will be able to do any other different thing equally well; and this is true even of Shakspeare, the greatest master of variety. Send me the picture of the shady lane when you like. Do you wish to have any other? The sketch-book I am busy with for a few days; it is full of boats and coast-scenes. Subjects of this sort seem to me more fit for execution than for sentiment. I hold the genuine pastoral feeling of landscape to be very rare, and difficult of attainment. It is by far the most lovely department of painting as well as of poetry. I looked into Angerstein's the other day; how paramount is Claude! * * *

Nov. 1825. "My finances are sadly deranged, and this, I fear, will cause me to give up my large work. I have just had a visit from Mr. Bannister to request a landscape; he has long desired one of me, from which, as he says, 'he can feel the wind blowing on his face.' Two chimney-sweepers were at my door, 'What!' he said, 'brother brush.' * * *

"My pretty infant soon after you saw him was seized with whooping cough. I find medical men know nothing of this terrible disorder, and can afford it no relief, consequently it is in the hands of quacks. I have been advised to put him three times over and three times under a donkey, as a certain cure."

In 1828 Mr. Fisher writes: "Poor Coxe, as you probably know from Peter, is no more. He died of old age. A more irreproachable, friendly man did not exist. He was always benevolently employed; and at his funeral, the congregation disturbed the service with sobs. After a great dinner, he used to steal into his kitchen and give his cook a guinea. His domestics never left him. A silent but strong compliment. His regard to truth was remarkable. He is the author of twenty-four quarto volumes, and has hardly been convicted of a mistake. He was quoted as an authority in his lifetime, an event of rare occurrence. * *

1829. "*** and *** have been together on the visitation for three weeks. They have neither broken bread nor spoken together, nor, I believe, seen one another. What a mistake our Oxford and Cambridge apostolic missionaries fall into when they make Christianity a stern, haughty thing! Think of St. Paul with a full-blown wig, deep shovel hat, apron, round belly, double chin, deep cough, stern eye, rough voice, and imperious manner; drinking port-wine, and laying down the law as to the best way of escaping the operation of the Curates' Residence Act. * * *

"The Hadleigh Castle, Constable's principal picture in the exhibition of 1829, received rather rougher usage than usual from the newspaper critics; but it finely embodied to the eye the following lines from Thomson's 'Summer,' with which its title was accompanied in the catalogue of the exhibition:

> 'The desert joys
> Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds
> Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
> Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
> Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
> Restless, reflects a floating gleam.'

I witnessed an amusing scene before this picture at the Academy on one of the varnishing days. Chantrey told Constable its foreground was too cold, and taking his palette from him, he passed a strong glazing of asphaltum all over that part of the picture, and while this was going on, Constable, who stood behind him in some degree of alarm, said to me, 'There goes all my dew.' He held in great respect Chantrey's judgment in most matters; but this did not prevent his carefully taking from the picture all that the great sculptor had done for it."

1830, Jan. 26, Constable says: "'Mr. Shee was elected last night by a large majority of the Academy; we expect much from his self-devotion and chivalrous sense of honour. . . . Yours, ever truly, J. C.' Constable lived long enough to witness the ample fulfilment of the highest expectations formed on this occasion. * * *

"Beechey was here yesterday, and said, 'Why, d—n it, Constable, what a d—d fine picture you are making; but you look d—d ill, and you have got a d—d bad cold!' so that you have evidence on oath of my being about a fine picture, and that I am looking ill. * *

1832. "I had a terrific visit from K. F*** on Sunday morning. He was brushed up and 'bearded like the pard,' and going to hear Irving, who, he said, was the only man to preach the Bible, explain the prophecies, &c. I cautioned him against enthusiasm in religion, which, as it has no foundation, is apt to slip from under a man, and leave infidelity or madness; but I talked to a tree. However, touching his picture of 'Circe' told better, and he went away with a ghastly smile, nearly crushing my hand in that grasp of his. This visit really did excite me, and I fell into a passion, which did me good. . . . P***** has just been here, accompanied by Newton's dog, who has presented me with two fleas, lest I should now sleep. God bless you all. Alfred close at my elbow. . . . Jones likes my preface. . . . I have seen Stanfield, and am much struck with him altogether as a sound fellow; he has great

* Need we stop to observe, that a single coin dug up may be a great fact in history; and even a glass bead a monumental date of the state of the arts at a particular period!—*Ed. L. G.*

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power. March 3d. My dear Leslie, Many thanks for your visit yesterday. I have got my large Waterloo beautifully strained on a new frame, keeping every inch of canvass. It gives me much pleasure in the present occupation; but how long that will last, I know not. Archdeacon Fisher used to compare himself in some situations to a lobster in the boiler; very comfortable at first, but as the water became hotter and hotter, grievously perplexed at the bottom. P***** called yesterday. I joked with him at first on the folly of fighting with windmills, but he is quite confirmed in the boundless notions he entertains on the wrong side of every thing."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

How startling does this solitude appear,
Close by the gayest city of the earth,
Her sleepless voice of music and of mirth
Still in faint murmurs melting on the ear!
With thoughtful eye these ghostly cities here,
In all their bygone stateliness, survey:
How wanton and how careless once were they!
How little thought destruction dwelt so near!
Look up, and see where, stern and terrible,
Still on the summit of yon fire-worn steep
The fiend his stronghold keeps—he doth but sleep:
How soon he shall awaken, who can tell?—
He only whose almighty hand doth keep
The keys of that dread, bottomless mouth of hell!

R. F.

THE DRAMA.

Sadler's Wells.—Massinger's *Fatal Dowry* was produced here this week with an extremely strong cast, and great effect. The scene of Grimaldi's clownish triumphs is now indeed the theatre of the tragic Muse; and the real-water stage compels real tears. *Romont* by Phelps, *Charalois* by Marston, *Novall* by Buckingham, *Rochfort* by G. Bennett, and *Beaumelia* by a Miss Cooper, do no discredit to the strong painting of the poet; and the play is earnestly and thoroughly represented.

Lyceum.—On Monday two new pieces were produced, with the usual success which has attended the active enterprise of the present management. "*By Royal Command*," fashioned on the French *Gardeuse des Dindons*, and the *Gardeuse* by Mrs. Keeley, was the first of these novelties, and as intricate of plot as an old Spanish comedy. The character of the heroine, full of mistakes and adventures, fitted Mrs. Keeley to a title, and we need say no more to indicate the performance of a drama formed to be a popular favourite. The other parts were also well played, and the whole received with great applause. "*Enquire Within*," also from the French, *Parlez au Portier*, in which Meadows as *Dodge*, a *gamin* of English birth, growth, and education, has some opportunity to display his highly comic and humorous talents, was the other "first night" and *hit*. On Thursday night continuous laughter, throughout both pieces, testified to the hearty amusement of a crowded house. When the burden of supporting these slight productions is thrown upon such artists as Mrs. Keeley or Mr. Meadows, merit even less than they (the dramas) possess would win their way; for among the very few who can remind us of the sterling and palmy times of the stage we could hardly mention any other names equal to theirs; and when the opportunity is afforded they are sure to carry their audiences along with them. Mrs. Keeley may sometimes be endangered by the prevalent burlesque, but her genius asserts itself in true comedy and touching pathos, if the author gives her scope; and Meadows is never out—his judicious conception and perfect execution of characters belong, as we have said, to the best of our remembered days of theatrical excellence.

VARIETIES.

Houses of Parliament.—The *Spectator* newspaper of the 13th has a particular and interesting letter on the non-employment of native artists in the decorations and wood-carvings for the new parliament houses, the writer of which is mentioned as being known to the editor. We are sorry to read this statement, because, if the Commissioners on the Fine Arts have not failed entirely in their efforts to raise, encourage, and nourish a national school, there surely ought to be some fruits apparent, from their approval of the productions and recommendation of the competing artists who answered their invitation to shew what they could do. Sure we are that we saw some things in the exhibition that evinced great talent and ability worthy of patronage; but, somehow or other, there are almost always under-currents and private interests to run away with designs for the public credit and benefit.

A Pigeon Flight.—The *Globe* newspaper states, that an exhausted pigeon was picked up near the terminus of the South-Western Railway at Vauxhall, which shortly after died, and was found to have a label addressed to the Duke of Wellington tied to one of its legs. This intimated that it was one of three birds thrown up at the island of Ichaboe (between two and three thousand miles distant!) in July (the day not mentioned). It seems that it had been wounded by shot on its passage, or would probably have arrived safe with its far message.

Coal-Mine Explosion.—Is it not strange that, in despite of all scientific inventions and precautions, coal-mine explosions are as rife as they were fifty years ago? One in the Jarrow colliery, last week, has destroyed thirty-nine lives! We would refer to Professor Ansted's paper at the last British Association, and fully reported in the *Literary Gazette*, No. 1487. Surely such advice should not be given in vain.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

Admiral Collingwood's Statue.—The fine colossal statue of the illustrious coadjutor and friend of Nelson, by Lough, was disembarked at Newcastle on Tuesday week; and this equal honour to the valour and to the fine arts of Northumberland (for both the warrior and the artist are natives of the spot) will forthwith be erected at Tynemouth, on a noble terrace 45 feet in height, now nearly completed for its reception. The whole height will be 68 feet; and a spacious piece of ground around has been given by the Duke of Northumberland for a public promenade. As the original was a great example to British sailors, so will this splendid likeness of him be a striking seamark and guide into the safe harbour on this often stormy coast.

Romano-African Cavern.—The *Constitutionnel* Paris paper describes a spacious cavern in a calcareous rock, discovered near Guelma, nearly 400 yards deep in an inclined plane, and about 1200 yards in its whole length. It is richly furnished with stalactites, and has Latin inscriptions cut on the stone near the entrance, which appear to belong to early Christianity, when the first Christians of Africa probably sought refuge there. One name, *Donatus*, is very distinct; and the silence of the place seemed to have been unbroken for centuries.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Illuminated Books of the Middle Ages, by H. N. Humphreys, Part II., imp. 4to, 12*s.*; large paper, 21*s.*—Dictionary of Practical Medicine, by J. Copland, M.D., Part X., 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*—Delineations of Roman Antiquities found at Caerleon and the Neighbourhood, by J. E. Lee, royal 4to, 21*s.*—The Afflicted Man's Companion, by the late Rev. J. Willison, 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Sketches of Saffron Walden and its Vicinity, by J. Player, with Illustrations, 8vo, 5*s.* 6*d.*—Guide through the Town of Shrewsbury, with Notices of Remarkable Objects in the Environs, 2d edit. 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Elementas de Conversaçao, Portugueza, Ingleza, Francesa, e Alleman, por J. H. Freese, 8vo, 4*s.* sewed.—Treatise on the First Principles of Arithmetic, by T. Tate, 12mo, 1*s.* sewed.—Montgomery's Illustrations of Law of Kindness, 2d edit., fcp., 4*s.* 6*d.* cloth; or bound, cloth gilt, 5*s.* 6*d.*—The Emigrant's Guide in Australia, by the Rev. D. Mackenzie, 18mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*; or with Australian Vocabulary, 5*s.*—Tales of the Trains, 16mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Eleventh Annual Report of the Poor-Law Commissioners, 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*—The Comprehensive Atlas, royal 4to, 21*s.*—The Church of Scotland Pulpit, Vol. I., 16mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Hand-Book of Devotion, by R. Lee, D.D., post 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Posy of Divinity, from Bp. Patrick's Witnesses, 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Philosophy of Human Happiness, by W. Robinson, 12mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—People's Gallery of Engravings, Vol. II., 4to, 22*s.*—Transactions of the British and Foreign Institute, 1845, 4to, 3*l.* 3*s.*—The Orphans of Lissau, and other Narratives, new edit., 12mo, 5*s.*—The Ruling Passion; a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—The Purgatory of Suicides; a Prison-Rhyme, by T. Cooper, Chartist, fcp., 7*s.* 6*d.*—The Rhine-Book, its Scenery, &c., by F. K. Hunt, small 4to, 14*s.*—Richmond; a Poem, by C. Ellis, post 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—The Foresters, new edit., fcp., 2*s.* 6*d.* sewed; 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth gilt.—Love and Mesmerism, by Horace Smith, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Gilbert's Geography for Families and Schools, royal 18mo, 3*s.*; or with the maps coloured, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Entertaining Knowledge, or Origin and Meaning of Words, by P. Cater, post 8vo, 3*s.*—Memorials of Missionary Life in Nova Scotia, by C. Churchill, 12mo, 3*s.*—Sorrows and Joys of a Consumptive, and other Poems, by J. Follett, 12mo, 6*s.*—Lectures of the Deluge, and the World after the Flood, by the Rev. C. Burton, LL.D., 8vo, 12*s.*—Walker's Companion for the Afflicted, 2d edit., 12mo, 5*s.*—French Chit-Chat, by J. N. Vlieland, 2d edit., 12mo, 3*s.*—Los Arcos; a Spanish Romaunt, by G. Ryder, with notes by G. Merry, fcp., 3*s.* 6*d.*—The Women of Israel, by Grace Aguilar, 2 vols. post 8vo, 16*s.*—Four Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge, by the Rev. C. S. Bird, fcp., 3*s.* 6*d.*—Sermons, by the late T. Grills, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Designs for Furniture and Decoration, by H. Wood, folio, 3*l.* plain; 6*l.* coloured.—Wordsworth's Law of Joint-Stock Companies, 5th edit., 8vo, 26*s.*—P. Burke's Small Debt and Insolvent Debtors Act, 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Nimshi; the Adventures of a Man to obtain a Solution of Scriptural Geology, &c., 2 vols. 8vo, 24*s.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ We beg particularly to request the attention of our scientific readers to our brief review of Professor Owen's *Odontography* (page 576), in which we have corrected a misapprehension injurious to the candour and fairness of Mr. Nasmyth, the justly eminent dentist. That gentleman had himself corrected the error in the *Medical Gazette* soon after it was discovered; and we cannot but regret the revival of a charge so evidently founded on mere oversight in printing the report of a paper.—*Ed. L. G.*

Errata.—P. 161, col. 1, line 11 of notice of *O. T.*, after the word "first," insert the word "part."—P. 561, Royal Society of Literature report; line 1, *for* Lord "Colburn," *read* "Colborne."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SALES BY AUCTION.

Notice.—Important Sale of Pianofortes, Prints, &c.

MR. M'CALLA begs to call the attention of the Musical World that he will SELL, on the Premises, 22 Bucklersbury, the entire and well-known STOCK of first-rate PIANOFORTES, MUSIC, &c. &c., of Mr. Dupree, retiring from the business, under the following arrangements:—On WEDNESDAY, Sept. 3, at 12 for 1, the collection of Modern Music, consisting of Songs, Duets, &c. &c., 20 Pianofortes, Flutes, Guitars, Violins, &c. On THURSDAY, at 12 for 1, the remaining portion of Pianofortes, including 2 Grands, Violins, Violoncellos, a Double Bass, Flutes, &c., a few lots of Orchestra Music, including Horsley's Vocal Harmony, 6 vols., and Sir H. Bishop's Works, 10 vols., and the unique and choice collection of first-rate Modern Engravings, framed and glazed. Catalogues are now ready, to be had on the Premises, and of the Auctioneer, Mr. M'Calla, 5 Sussex Stairs, Old Brompton.

Forty first-rate Pianofortes.—To the Musical World.—To be SOLD by AUCTION, by Mr. M'CALLA, on the Premises, 22 Bucklersbury, on Wednesday, September 3, and following days, without any reserve,

THE STOCK of GEORGE DUPREE, Musicseller and Pianoforte Maker and Stationer, relinquishing business. In addition to the Pianofortes is the usual stock of a Musical Instrument dealer, including a beautiful double-action form Harp, by Erat; a very fine-toned old Double Bass; three Violoncellos, one a very choice instrument, in case; Violins, Guitars, a choice assortment of Silver-keyed Flutes by Nicholson, Monzani, Wylde, Potter, and other celebrated Makers; Accordions, and a few other Musical Instruments, and a large Collection of Modern Music. There is also a Series of Portraits of eminent Musical Characters, handsomely framed and glazed, forming a very desirable appendage to a Musical Saloon. Catalogues of the Stock and Sundries are now ready, and may be obtained on application [at] 22 Bucklersbury; or to the Auctioneer, Mr. M'Calla, Sussex Terrace, Old Brompton.

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TO MERCHANTS, STATIONERS, and OTHERS.—Mr. M'CALLA begs to inform the Merchants and the Trade of the City, that he has received instructions to SELL by AUCTION the well-known Stock of Stationery and Paper of G. DUPREE, of 25 Bucklersbury, on Monday, September the 8th. Further particulars will shortly appear.

Modern Prints.

MR. M'CALLA will SELL by AUCTION, on the Premises, 22 Bucklersbury, on Wednesday, Sept. 3, a very choice Selection of Modern ENGRAVINGS, the Property of Mr GEORGE DUPREE. They consist of carefully selected impressions, without regard to expense, of the Highland Drovers, by Landseer, proof before letters, an unequalled impression; Wilkie's Chelsea Pensioners, proof; a Bolton Abbey, Return from Hawking, Trial of Queen Catherine, Procession of the Flitch of Bacon, Pillage of Basing Manor-house, &c.; besides various others, the most popular Prints of the day, all handsomely framed and glazed. May be seen, and Catalogues had, at 22 Bucklersbury, on Thursday the 28th, and till the day for sale.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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The TWENTIETH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of this Society was held on the 10th of April last, when a highly satisfactory REPORT was laid before the Proprietors and Policy Holders, and unanimously adopted.

The Public will see the advantage of selecting, in so important a matter as Life Assurance, a well-established office, which, from its continued prosperity, and its large additions to policies, offers the greatest inducement to Assurers, combined with the undoubted security of a numerous and wealthy proprietary.

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10	£1192	18	4	£586	6	7	£5586	6	7
15	1350	8	4	641	2	7	5641	2	7
20	1526	8	4	708	5	1	5708	5	1
25	1642	18	4	787	2	8	5787	2	8
30	1869	11	8	813	15	6	5813	15	6
35	2094	3	4	884	6	5	5884	6	5
40	2377	1	8	923	18	1	5923	18	1
45	2727	1	8	1011	2	9	6011	2	9
50	3173	6	8	1129	15	7	6129	15	7

A Bonus of Four-fifths, or Eighty per cent of the estimated Profits, is added to Policies entitled, every seventh year; or an equivalent reduction made in future Premiums.

The Third Septennial Division of Profits will be declared to the 31st December, 1845. Persons assuring previous to that date will have their proportion of profit appropriated.

Parties travelling in Europe by sea or land, in time of peace, are not charged any extra premium.

Applications for Agencies, in places where none are established, to be addressed to the Secretary.

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WINTER RESIDENCE for INVALIDS.—A Physician, retired from practice, residing in the most favoured locality of the Undercliff (Isle of Wight), offers to any Lady or Gentleman requiring change of air, and a mild climate during winter, a most comfortable home, with professional attendance and other advantages, on very moderate terms.

Address M. D., at Mr. Hookham's Library, Old Bond Street, where further particulars may be obtained; as also at Messrs. Dulau & Co., Foreign Library, Soho Square; Mr. Rolandi's, Berners Street; and Mr. Burns' Library, Portman Street.

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PATENTED CARRARA WATER;

SOLE WHOLESALE AGENT,

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MR. DUNLOP begs leave respectfully to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public in general, that he has obtained the appointment of sole Wholesale Agent for the sale of the above Patent Ærated Water.

Mr. Maugham, during a long course of chemical investigation, having been forcibly struck by the very great imperfections and injurious effects of Soda Water, Ginger Beer, Lemonade, and other such-like compounds, and seeing the almost absolute necessity which existed for the introduction of some beverage at once wholesome and grateful to the palate, devoted his serious attention to the subject of Ærated Waters in general, and after upwards of four years' research, and a careful analysis of a vast variety of artificial and natural waters, succeeded in producing the article now presented to the Public under the title of CARRARA WATER.

In endeavouring to effect his object, Mr. Maugham constantly aimed at the production of a water that should in its composition assimilate as much as possible to the water given us by nature for our common use, and not at the discovery of a new medicinal combination, which, however beneficial it might be as a temporary remedy in incidental cases, could not be recommended as an habitual beverage.

It is well known to practical chemists, that all water (except that from rain and snow) contains a variety of extraneous substances, changing in kind and quantity in the various localities from which it is procured; but Mr. Maugham, by analysing the water taken from many different sources, found that one substance was almost universally present—that substance was LIME. This circumstance suggested the grounds for the composition of the Carrara Water. A great and, apparently, almost insurmountable obstacle, however, presented itself to the employment of lime as the base of an ordinary drink, viz. the extremely unpleasant taste of the mixture; for lime-water itself is so extremely nauseous to the palate, that even as a medicine few persons can be prevailed upon to take it.

Undismayed, however, by this difficulty, Mr. Maugham pursued his experiments, which ultimately led to a simple and most efficacious means, not only of entirely destroying the taste of the lime, but of producing a highly agreeable and refreshing beverage. This was effected by the addition of carbonic acid gas, which was forced into the liquid by powerful machinery, and the two submitted to a pressure sufficient to liquefy the gas, which, combining instantly with the lime held in solution by the water, formed an ærated solution of bi-carbonate of lime, which would, in fact, be the proper chemical title of the Carrara Water.

Now although this water is introduced to the Public as an article of luxury, yet as every ærated water, and indeed almost every article of food, possesses more or less medicinal properties, Mr. Dunlop feels it right to mention some of the cases in which the Carrara Water would, and indeed has been, highly beneficial when taken medicinally.

Lime is considered by medical men to be one of the finest antacids known, affording great relief to persons suffering from acidity of the stomach, heartburn, thirst, flatulency, and the many other forms of indigestion.

In cases of temporary indisposition arising from indulgences of the table, the Carrara Water will be found invaluable. Instead of producing that chill caused by the use of common Soda Water in such cases, it imparts a warmth and glow to the stomach, acting as an agreeable tonic.

Gouty subjects find great relief from alkaline remedies; the Carrara Water will therefore be an excellent, as well as a most agreeable, means of checking the great tendency to acidity to which such persons are liable.

The cases, however, in which the daily use of the Carrara Water will be of the greatest value and importance are in many forms of calculus, for medical men know of no certain means to check predisposition to that terrible disease. The Carrara Water is not a composition of such a powerful nature that a few bottles of it could be expected to afford a cure in cases of confirmed disease,—for if it were so it could not be used as a daily beverage,—but is intended to produce its effects by habitual use, and to act on the constitution in the same manner as common water is well known to act on the general health of the inhabitants who drink it.

The composition of the Carrara Water would of itself be a great recommendation; but Mr. Dunlop feels that the reputation of Mr. Maugham (who, besides being a practical and analytical chemist, has for a great number of years practised as a surgeon, and held the appointment of Lecturer on Chemistry and Medical Jurisprudence at one of our public hospitals) may be regarded as a perfect guarantee for its excellence and wholesomeness. Such a guarantee is, indeed, required; for unfortunately the numberless compositions in the form of beers, liqueurs, ærated waters, &c., are generally the productions of persons as totally unacquainted with the chemistry of the human frame as they are with that of the mixtures which they compound for its use.

The title of "Carrara" has been given to the new beverage on account of the Carrara marble being the source from which the purest lime is obtained, and which is employed in the manufacture of the water.

The bottle made use of (in order to stand the great pressure) is constructed on the principle of high-pressure steam-boilers, viz. a cylinder with semi-spherical ends.

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GREAT RUSSIAN CHRONOMETRICAL EXPEDITION.—E. J. DENT, 82 Strand, and 33 Cockspur Street, has the high and distinguished honour of stating, that his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia has recently condescended to confer on him "the appointment and title of Chronometer-Maker to his Imperial Majesty," as a reward for the unequalled performance of his Chronometers during the Expedition of 1844. In 1843, his Imperial Majesty the Emperor was pleased to reward the performance of Dent's Chronometers with a Gold Medal of the highest Order of Merit.

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TO VISITORS to the CONTINENT.—Messrs. J. and R. M'CRACKEN, Foreign Agents, and Agents to the Royal Academy, No. 7 Old Jewry, beg to remind the Nobility and Gentry that they continue to receive Consignments of Objects of Fine Arts, Baggage, &c. from all parts of the Continent, for clearing through the Custom-House, &c.; and that they undertake the Shipment of Effects to all parts of the world.

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LITERATURE AND ART.

Closing of the Present Exhibition.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The GALLERY, with a Selection of PICTURES by ANCIENT MASTERS, and those of the late Sir A. W. CALLCOTT, R.A., and other deceased British Artists, is open daily from Ten in the Morning till Six in the Evening; and WILL BE CLOSED ON SATURDAY NEXT, September 6th.

Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

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Aug. 16, 1845. R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. CLII.

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THE LITERARY GAZETTE
AND
Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1494. LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1845. PRICE 8d. Stamped Edition, 9d.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Women of Israel, &c. By Grace Aguilar. 2 vols. R. Groombridge.

Miss Aguilar has often been mentioned in our columns, and is well known to the literary world for her spirited and able efforts to elevate the character, ancient and modern, of the Jewish female. On the present occasion she certainly begins with the beginning, for the first of her Israelitish women is no other than Eve, the mother of the human race; who is succeeded by Sarah, Rebekah, and other heroines of the Old Testament.

There is something entertaining in this appropriation of the wife of Adam, who, according to a Welsh genealogical tree, lived a long way from the root of the ancient family of ap-ap-ap-ap-ap-Shenkins—(for in the middle of the branches we read, "about this period Adam was born"—making Cain and Abel ap-Adams); but Miss A. decides otherwise in *her* very first "period:"—"The last and mightiest work of creation was completed. Man in his angelic and immortal beauty, stood erect and perfect, fresh from the hand of his Creator; lord and possessor of the new-formed world."

It was indeed a large estate; but, after all, how little can any one enjoy of the greatest property beyond what is within the reach of the moderately independent! Adam, the sole laird, therefore, was not much to be envied, especially as he was alone; had no wife or wives, no children, no servitors. Poor fellow, he was worse off than the Anti-Corn-Law League would make our landlords; and much to be pitied. Miss A. acknowledges that "still he *needed more* for the perfection of his felicity." In other words, he wanted a woman to complete his bliss; and one was accorded to him, according to our author, the first and foremost of the Hebrew sex—"a being, beloved above all others, whose gentler qualities and endearing sympathy should soften his rougher and prouder nature, and 'help' him in all things 'meet' for an immortal being." The biography of Eve occupies three dozen of pages, and is altogether a curious document. It sets forth by telling us:

"The whole creation had had its origin in that Omnific love which created to enjoy,—called out of darkness and chaos a world teeming with life and beauty, that innumerable sources of happiness might spring forth from what had before been nought; but woman's creation was a still greater manifestation of love than all which had gone before it. She was created not only to feel happiness herself, but to make it for others; and if that was the design of her existence in Eden, how deeply should we feel the solemn truth, that it is equally so now, and that woman has a higher and holier mission than the mere pursuit of pleasure and individual enjoyment!"

The *Vestiges of Creation* halt before the personal descriptions of this illustrious creature. "Her affections, the impulses of the heart, fresh from the creating hand of love, had full play—created as the perfecting finish to man's happiness, beholding him, the lord of all on which she gazed—earth formed to yield him her fruits—water and air, to unite for his refreshment—every animal obeying his authority—instinctively feeling, too, the mighty power of his intellect, the strength of his mind and frame, the deepest reverence must have mingled with, and so perfected, her love. Nor would this acknowledgment tend to degrade woman in the scale of creation. • • • His mission was to protect, and guide, and have dominion—hers to soothe, bless, persuade to right, and 'help' in all things 'meet' for immortal beings."

Miss A. comes to account for the awful change which so soon ensued; and supposes that "the intention of the existence of the tree of life was frustrated by the disobedience of our first parents;" and yet she says, with a wonderful want of logic, that as nothing was made in vain, the said tree must have had its use and intention, had not man "by his rebellion frustrated the beneficent design of his Creator." Our author is not the first who has lost her way in endeavouring to trace the mazes of original sin; but her perplexities are rendered more dismal by the glowing picture of antecedent *perfection*.

Then we come to the better known tree of knowledge, represented to be "an *easy* and *slender* trial of obedience and love." It is described as a beauty, "no doubt frequently attracting the admiration of Adam and Eve, perhaps exciting wishes," &c. And once upon a time, the first Jewish woman took an unfortunate promenade:

"Eve had walked forth, secure in her own innocence, in the consciousness of love lingering within, and all around her; the young animals gamboling about her, calling forth her caresses and her smile; the little birds springing from tree to tree in joyous greeting, or nestling in her bosom without one touch of fear; the gorgeous flowers, in all their glowing robes and exquisite fragrance, clustering richly around her; the very buds seeming to look up into her sweet loving face, to reflect increase of beauty from the gaze—so may our fancy picture her, as she neared that tree under whose fair branches so much of misery lurked. Coiled at its root, or twisted in rainbow-coloured folds around its trunk, lay the serpent. • • • In one brief hour the whole nature of Eve was changed: the seeds of frailty, of whose very existence she had been scarcely conscious before, sprung up into influencing poison. Curiosity, presumption, the overweening trust in her own strength, the desire to act alone, independent of all control. • • • Weak, frail, unguarded—for the still small voice of the soul was lost in that hour's tempest—was it marvel that she fell? Could she have done otherwise? The bulwark of FAITH was shivered; her heart was open and defenceless; she was alone, alone. • • • She was INDEPENDENT, had acted by herself, had shaken off all control; and the full tide of guilty pleasure so swept over her soul, as to permit, for the moment, no thought but of herself."

Then, to stultify her husband, "she recollected the influence she possessed; nay, that she had been created to be his help, to soften his sterner and less yielding nature, and would it fail her now? There was no pause, there could be none; guilt ever hurries on its victims. On her arguments, her persuasions, holy writ is silent. It was enough: 'she gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat.' The crime was consummated." Yet, "he had no need of ambition, for he was lord over the whole created world. A glance from his eye, a stern rebuke from his lips, had awed even the subtlest of the beasts into silence, and banished him for ever." We were not aware that the brutes in Paradise were so ill-conducted; and our author pays a true woman's tribute to Adam's gallantry: "Strength and firmness fled before the endearing influence of the being who, created to perfect his happiness, he loved better than himself. Excuse for his weakness, indeed, there is none; but if such may be the extent of woman's influence (and it is as powerful even now), how fearful is her responsibility!"

Now issues a point of religious doctrine; and we are called upon to believe that the serpent was simply a speaking beast. "This is not," says Miss A., "the place to enter into a dissertation on the punishment awarded to the serpent: suffice it that there seems no hidden or allegorical meaning in the inspired historian's simple words. The serpent, as a beast of the field, *beguiled*, and, as a beast of the field, was *punished*. Nor can an Israelite acknowledge any allusion to, or any necessity for, a crucified and atoning Saviour in the very simple words, 'I will put enmity between thee and the woman, between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.' For a Hebrew, the words can only be taken in their purely literal sense. We are particular on this point; because, thus early, in the perusal of the sacred Scriptures, the Jewish and Gentile readings differ; and from childish readings of Bible histories by Gentile writers, we may find ourselves giving credence to an assertion for which we have no Mosaic authority, and which, in after-years, we would gladly root out from the mystical and contradictory opinions with which it confuses our ideas."

Be this as it may, the offenders are punished and banished; and again our author revels in a description of the change: "The birds flew aloft, trembling to approach that gentle bosom which had before been their resting-place; the young animals fled in terror from her step; and there was that in the changed fierce aspects of the beasts of the field, which caused her heart to sicken with deadly fear. The very flowers hung their heads, and drooped when gathered; they could not bear the touch of sin."

Poor Eve! After a bit of polemics, in which Miss A. says, "We utterly repudiate, deny, and hold in abhorrence, the awful creed which condemns every man's soul for the sin of Adam," she returns (p. 34) to "the *private* history of Eve." Herein she surmises, "that even in his boyhood Cain manifested those evil passions and that headstrong will, which led, in after-years, to such fearful consequences;" and she further thinks that, "in all probability, his (Adam's) family was a large one." She adds: "During the growth of their elder children the lives of our first parents differ little in feeling from those of the present day."

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We need not dwell on the event of the fratricide, or the consoletion given by the birth of Seth, from whom descended Noah, Abraham, and all the mighty Jewish patriarchs, end their wives, whose histories form the far more rational portion of this work, which may be read with instruction and satisfaction. We shall only sum up with the finale of Eve. Miss A. believes that she lived, ee Adam lived, 800 years after the birth of Seth, as there is no record of his being a widower, or "taking another wife." It ie a long while to live with one lady; but let that pass, and conclude with the moral:

Moral.—"Oh, let not woman deny thet such too often are her characteristics, end exclaim, with scorn of Eve's weekness, that had she been in Eve'e place, surrounded with felicity as she was, the forbidden tree might heve remained for ever ere she would have touched it. She who thus thinks commits unconsciously Eve's first sin, trusting too much in her own strength; and, in consequence, is just as likely to fall beneath the very first temptation which assails her."

If we have deemed this "Life" too ludicrous, and have treated it accordingly, we beg that we may not thereby depreciate the rest of these volumes, which contain a great deal worthy of perusal by Jew or Gentile, Christian or Disbeliever.

Hints to a Soldier on Service. By W. H. Maxwell, Esq., author of "Stories of Waterloo," "Life of Wellington," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. London, T. C. Newby.

"Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part."

THE author has put together e conglomerate of pithy counsels and interesting anecdotes, meking up a very amusing miscellany from many sources, and moulding the whole into a shape of useful advice to "soldiers on service." Thus he warns them against intemperance, geming, duelling, and other vices, and sets before them patterns of military virtuee and services, countermodelled by painful examples of error and disgrace. Obliged to read every thing, we must confess that there is much in these volumes not new to us: but the repetition is so lively, end the application so good, that we have not been *ennuyed* in reeding the stories over again; and we think we may safely say that, to those for whom they possess greater novelty, they will afford still greater pleasure and entertainment. As a specimen of the whole, we select a portion relative to gambling, which we do not remember to have met with before, and which describes circumstances of painful interest:—

"Of all the vices (says Mr. Maxwell) to which erring man ie prone, I believe a love of gaming is the only one that is not to be eradiceted once the root has struck. The drunkard may be reclaimed—the duellist, shocked by eome calamitous occurrence, will occasionally abjure the pistol—but to every better suggestion of the heart the gambler is insensible, and for one accursed pursuit every link of common humanity will be snapped asunder. Clime or caste may vary, but the gambler is the same. The Malay stekes his favourite wife upon a quail-fight—the Peer beggars his first-born on the Derby—while for a pot-house sweep the shopman robs the till and the child plunders his unsuspecting parent. Thet every domestic relation is annihilated by a spirit for play has been too frequently and too fatally proved to admit a question—and that it is equally destructive to every morel quality in man has been frequently established. I never knew a gambler who was not a heartless wretch—incapeble of friendship—cold to love—a monster all absorbed within himself, end without a single feeling in unison with the best sympathies of our nature. I will give you two instances of whet gamblers are—the tales are over true:—In one case the person was my friend—while with the other I was, thank Heaven, but slightly acquainted. B— had taken a high degree in Cambridge; and with the exception of the late Baron Smith, I never met a more elegant scholar or a more polished gentleman. After he had left the university, B— travelled; but, alas, the hour he first set foot in the French metropolis was fatal to him. On the continent he imbibed a taste for play, which, in latter life, became unconquerable. With abundant talent to have taken a high position in any walk of life, through his accursed rage for gaming his career was a succession of wild literary speculations, all sufficiently specious, and all equally unfortunate. He was a disciple, also, of the Godwin school—and he formed an attachment to a lady, whose only fault was, that she was one of those who madly place themselves above the conventional regulations of society, and hold the opinion of the world et defiance. A long probation in a debtor's jail might have been expected to work a reformation. There every extreme of misery poor B— had undergone—and when he was at last discharged, he had wearied out every friend, and found himself once more upon the world, burdened with a helpless woman, and without a coat. A rare instence of a tredesman's kindness relieved B— from the latter difficulty. A tailor, whom he had once befriended, heard of his petron'e misfortunes, visited him in prison, and begged to present him with a suit of clothes. Poor B— was too deeply humbled to allow him to reject the offer, and as he was unable to leave his obscure lodging in the daylight, he flitted in the dusk of the evening to the friendly tailor's, to receive the welcome supply. He was returning to his humble home, where she, the faithful companion of his misery, was awaiting him, when unfortunately he passed a low gaming house, termed in slang parlance a 'silver hell,' and the infernal spirit for play returning, the impulse was irresistible. He turned into a pawnbroker's, borrowed some money on the new clothes he had obtained, entered the den of infamy, and in half an hour came out—a begger. The wretched man was desperate. His companion was awaiting his return with means to enable him to venture decently abroad, and seek some honest employment. How should he look the wretched girl in the face, end own the damning fact that he was an irreclaimable castaway? At the instant a stranger passed, and B— caught a transient glance of well-remembered features. The face was that of an old schoolfellow, a meek and estimable clergyman, 'passing rich,' not on forty, but four hundred pounds a year. B— followed his quondam class-fellow to a cheap and unfashionable hotel, and asked for and obtained an interview. At first, the stranger did not recognise in the abject pauper the second wrangler of his year; but the painful remembrance was recalled, and to the tale of B—'s distress a ten-pound note was given, with an ardent squeeze of the hand, and an entreaty to 'Go, and sin no more.' Will it be credited? but on its sad reality I pledge my word—the wretched man returned to the den in which an hour before he had been beggared—staked his ten-pound note—and lost it! Madness followed: he rushed wildly from the hell, and committed suicide from the battlement of the next bridge, recording, in a hurried screwl to his wretched companion, before he took the fatal leap, the circumstances which had immediately led to self-destruction. *Monomania* ie a fashionable doctrine of the day. Was not this wretched man's case decided insanity? I have already told you thet gemblers have no hearts, and I fancy I shall find little difficulty in establishing the truth of that assertion. Severel years ego I was stopping in e city hotel, and one morning was shocked to learn from the waiter, that a young gentleman I had occasionally noticed in the coffee-room had destroyed himself during tha preceding night by taking an enormous dose of prussic ecid. From my informant I ascertained farther, that the unhappy suicide had committed the dreadful crime in consequence of having been ruined by play; and from his brief and melancholy history another proof was given of the blind infatuation with which a confirmed gambler rushes with reckless haste upon destruction. The unfortunate person had been brought up a tradesman, and scarcely a year before had unexpectedly succeeded to ten thousand pounds. He immediately threw up a lucrative business, and became, according to his idea of the term, a gentleman. Sharpers at once marked him for a victim, and, as it would appear, never was a dupe more easily ensnared. He was plundered on the turf and cheated at the hazard-table: and so effectually did these swindlers pluck him, thet within twelve months he had not a feather left. On the preceding evening he had entertained his villanous companions for the last time, and elthough he bad made most deliberate preparations for self-destruction, his spirits appeared even more elevated than usual. When the party broke up, he retired to his bedroom, undressed, and swallowed the deadly potion. Of course, death was instantaneous, for he had taken a sufficiency of pruesic acid to poison twenty men. An inquest sate upon the body, and his villanous companions were summoned to give evidence before the jury. Dark suspicions had arisen that they were privy to the intended suicide, and it was whispered that they had even procured the drug. Hence they were placed in a private room under charge of a policeman, until the time ehould come when they would be required to give evidence before the inquest. The coroner directed an officer to bring them forward. He went, unlocked the door, and how wera tha ruffians employed? The body of their victim lay in an adjacent room.—Were these the moral murderers of the dead gambler, heart-smitten at the fate of him whom they had driven to self-destruction? No—the wretches were engaged in play, and squabbling about a misdeal! So much for gamblers' hearts. In military life, play is even more destructive than in any other profession."

And the author goee on to relate similar instances of infatuation; but these and the rest of his work we must leave to be perused in his own interesting pages.

CENTO.

The Purgatory of Suicides: a Prison-Rhyme. In Ten Books. By Thomas Cooper, the Chartist. Pp. 346. London, J. How.

THIS volume is the produce of more than two years' imprisonment under a sentence for conspiracy, &c., and we fancy must have furnished greater solace to the writer than it will afford gratification to the reader. For it is a chartist strain throughout; and however pithy such matters may be in speeches to "the million," yet even these speeches flag, and fatigue the ear when they are too long; and what then must be the effect of eight or nine thousand

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lines of considerable monotony of thought, and no variety of rhythm?

Thomas Cooper was an uneducated shoemaker, and as a self-taught individual (exercised, to a certain extent, by writing for chartist newspapers, and haranguing the multitude upon their slavish oppression, and the wrongs they endured from the noble and rich), this publication shews him to be gifted with strong powers of mind, and may be considered a curiosity of literature. His self-confidence is striking. Thus, after denouncing Sir W. Follett for his exertions in procuring his conviction, he says bitterly enough:

"He was entombed with pomp, and a host of titled great ones, of every shade of party, attended the laying of his clay in the grave; and they purpose now to erect a monument to his memory. Let them build it: the self-educated shoemaker has also reared his; and, despite its imperfections, he has a calm confidence that, though the product of poverty and suffering and wrong, it will outlast the posthumous stone-block that may be erected to perpetuate the memory of the titled lawyer."

The poem begins with a paraphrase of the author's address to the Staffordshire potters, which concluded with their outbreak, and demolishing, plundering, and burning a large amount of property. These two facts, *i. e.* the speech and the destruction, our chartist labours to dissociate. He is all for the relief of his fellow-creatures from oppression and suffering; and if, heated by his eloquence, or the eloquence of his co-stimulators, they take the law into their own hands and sack half a county, it is to be regretted, but the one thing has nothing to do with the other—they are not cause and effect. For

"Who, that yearns for world-spread human weal,
Doth not, ere long, the weight of priestly vengeance feel?

Away!—the howl of wolves in sheep's disguise
Why suffer ye to fill your ears!—their pride
Why suffer ye to stalk before your eyes?
Behold in pomp the purple prelate ride,
And on the beggar by his chariot's side
Frown sullenly, although in rags and shame
His brother cries for food. Up, swell the tide
Of retribution, till ye end the game
Long practised by sleek priests in old Religion's name!

Slaves, toil no more! Despite their boast, e'en kings
Must cease to sit in pride without your toil;
Spite of their sanctity, the surpliced things,
Who, through all time, have thirsted to embroil
Man with his neighbour, and pollute the soil
Of holiest mother earth with brother's gore,—
Join but to fold your hands, and ye will foil
To utter helplessness—yea, to the core
Strike their pale craft with paler death!—Slaves, toil no more!

For that these words of truth I boldly spake
To Labour's children in their agony
Of want and insult; and, like men awake
After drugged slumbers, they did wildly flee
To do they knew not what, until, with glee,
The cellar of a Christian priest they found,
And with its poison fired their misery
To mad revenge—swift hurling to the ground
And flames bed, cassock, wine-cups of the tippler-gowned:

For that I boldly spake these words of truth,
And the starved multitude, to fury wrought
By sense of injury, and void of ruth,
Rushed forth to deeds of recklessness—"

This is about as forcible a sample as we could pick out of the composition, and gives a favourable idea of the writer's talent. Of course, he is much tamer in general, and often falls into sad versification. As—

——" Unless thou canst erase
From out thy sordid nature the low vice
Of avarice—dream thou no more of grace!
Before thou sit'st in Jesu's paradise,
Satan himself will win an apotheosis!"

But without going into the five points which are so largely dilated upon by Mr. Cooper, or quoting more of his vituperation of rulers, aristocrats, the priesthood, the wealthy, and all the existing order of things, we shall leave his volume, with the one commendation it may with truth receive, viz. that it is an extraordinarily voluble performance, written with intense hatred of the *status quo.*

Gray's Poetical Works. English and Latin. Illustrated; and edited, with introductory Stanzas, by the Rev. John Moultrie, M.A. Pp. 142. Eton and London, E. P. Williams.

A HANDSOME volume, sweetly and appropriately embellished by C. W. Radclyffe, and heralded by a sympathetic poem from a congenial mind, this edition of the placid bard justly appeals to us for a cordial welcome. It is every way suitable, and deserving of approbation.

The Works of Edmund Spenser, with a Selection of Notes from various Commentators, and a Glossarial Index. With a Memoir, &c., by the Rev. H. J. Todd, M.A., Archdeacon of Cleveland.

A CHEAP edition of the prince of poets; overflowing with fancy, imagination, and beauty, Spenser is to us an ever-new mine of poetical ore, rich and fashioned into a thousand delighting forms. Where can we look without finding something to charm or elevate the mind? How poor do many celebrated effusions appear when compared with his abundant flood of song! There can never be too many editions of his works, so long as hard Utilitarianism abstains from absorbing every finer faculty and feeling.

Hudibras. By Samuel Butler, with Dr. Nash's Notes, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. London, H. Washbourne.

ONE of those popular editions full of the quaint old portraits, not the worse for looking fainter than when first engraved, which it does us good to see. We are not standing out for splendidly illustrated or most accurately finished publications; but for such, of a good kind, to be generally read, as can be got up in a style which will passport them among the people.

Outline of the Geology of the Neighbourhood of Cheltenham. By R. I. Murchison, V.P.R.S., &c. A new edition, augmented and revised by J. Buckman, F.G.S., and H. G. Strickland, M.A., &c. 8vo, with Map and Plates, pp. 109.

MR. MURCHISON remarks, with the modesty of a real labourer in science, that the first edition of the present work professed to be simply an outline—a first sketch—embodying the salient features only of the subsoil; and that, to render it worthy of future consideration, it was requisite that many new observations should be made by resident naturalists. The establishment of a literary and philosophical society, and the zealous efforts of its members, have, it appears, had the desired results; and a work which was at first of a merely local interest—an admirable guide-book for Cheltenham loungers to a most entertaining pursuit, and an incentive to further inquiry among resident observers—has become a work of some importance in the progress of geology as a science.

By numerous fresh observations, Mr. Buckman has not only developed the organic contents of the Stonesfield slate in the Cotteswold hills, previously almost unknown, but, by means of distinguishing shells, has separated the upper member of the inferior oolite into two distinct bands. The recent railroad-cuttings have enabled the same gentleman to add new species belonging to the lower part of the lias, and he has pointed out new localities where the upper division is well exposed in natural sections.

Mr. Strickland has also thrown, by his researches in the northern part of the vale of Cheltenham, new light on some of the members of the lias formation, by tracing its subdivisions, and also by marking the extension of a remarkable bone-bed at its base. The same able naturalist has also determined the condition of the surface of the vale of the Severn at the period when the sea last retreated from it.

Lastly, the Rev. P. B. Brodie has also made a valuable contribution to the geology of the same district by the discovery of the remains of a great variety of insects in a bed near the base of the lias.

It is positively wonderful to find that a work of this kind, replete with additions to knowledge, and full of interesting and entertaining information, from which the mind of every practical geologist can at once demonstrate the power and wisdom of the Creator, should require to be introduced with a defence or apology to a certain class of mankind, to whom all natural truths appear repulsive. It appears that Cheltenham, like Liverpool and York, possesses a comet of some magnitude, although visible chiefly through the telescopes of ladies of a certain age, in this petty system of pious persecutions. To such, a multitude of facts, of whatsoever interest or importance, are of no avail in teaching those great and sublime laws, a knowledge of which can alone elevate the mind to the consideration of a First Cause. They are contented to dwell within the *close* precincts of a traditionary doctrine, and to neglect the beautiful and all-inspiring lessons of the external world. They have no sympathy with nature; and even the love of God without such—without admiration for his works, or love and regard for his creations—appears to us to be a mere selfish feeling.

SERPENTS.

As a sequel to our review of Serpents, in No. 1417, we consider the following views by M. Raspail to possess much scientific as well as popular interest:—

Reptiles and batracii.—Among the vertebrata, reptiles and the *batracii*—that is to say, the *batracii* destitute of feet, and pediculated or four-footed reptiles—are the only class which furnish species or genera capable, not only of inflicting wounds upon us, but also of introducing a poison within our tissues, and thus inducing disease, not so much in consequence of the violence of their attacks as by the contagion of their venom. Other animals wound us, these poison us; others devour us, these fascinate and destroy by asphyxiating us. The poison of fish is very problematical; and when it does present itself to our observation, it merely takes the character of a poisoning which the animal has received, and which it transmits to us. The fish, in a word, is only venomous because it has been poisoned; the same as, under similar circumstances, would be the milk of the cow or of the goat; and this observation will apply to the rabid dog. But among reptiles the poison is elaborated by the animal itself; it is one of their secretions and of their excretions; they have glands to produce it, with an apparatus to transmit it: it is with them a means of attack and a means of defence.

1. *The Viper* (*Coluber berus*, L.) *and other Serpents which have a venomous bite.*—Serpents are divided into two grand classes, of which the one bite without poisoning the wound, while the others have a venomous bite. The adder, the boa, &c., belong to the first list; the viper,

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the rattle-snake, &c., are in the second; and these species, fearful from the accidents consecutive to their bite, owe this property to two teeth of the upper jaw, which are movable, of a crooked figure, and perforated by a canal, which communicates with a glandular reservoir, in which the poison is elaborated. When the animal closes its jaws, these two teeth lie flat against the palate; when, on the contrary, the animal opens its mouth, these teeth stand upright again, and the play of the muscles, by compressing the secreting organ of the poison, causes the liquid to pass into the dental canal, which thus deposits it in the wound. In the adder, and other non-venomous serpents, this apparatus is replaced by a second row of common teeth. Still, as there is nothing abrupt in nature, it is very possible that we may meet with intermediate states between these two forms, and which thus tend only to confuse and embarrass our classifications. We have no direct experience to shew that those various influences which preside over the specific transformations or crossings of the animal races may not clothe the one of these species with the characters of the other, or, at least, produce a modification in the forms of both.

Venomous serpents acquire a greater virulence according to the elevation of the temperature. The viper of our climate is much more dangerous in the height of summer than at the commencement of spring, in gravelly and arid plains than in shady positions; the rattlesnake of the Indies is more venomous than the viper of the north of Europe. The irritation of the animal may render the wound more dangerous by infiltrating the poison more deeply into our tissues: it is under such circumstances that the viper, biting twice, and thus leaving four traces of its gripe, has led some ancient authors to believe that the females have four venomous teeth and the males only two: the female serpents, in fact, at the period of laying their eggs, or of incubation, are more irritable than the males.

The ancients were perfectly aware that the poison of the viper, so subtle when introduced by puncture, is inoffensive in the stomach: they were in the habit of introducing the viper, frequently the head as well as the tail, as an ingredient in their electuaries. But it is especially by the experiments of Redi, Fontana, and Cherras, that this previously popular belief has been rigidly demonstrated. There are many other substances which we digest with impunity, but which become so many causes of poisoning if infiltrated into the blood by means of a puncture: is not pus, even when of a good character, to be reckoned among this class?

In the various symptoms of this kind of poisoning, as well as in the means which serve as its antidotes, every thing seems to indicate that the poison of the viper acts by an acid property, and by coagulating, after the manner of acids, the albumen of the blood; for since the time of Fontana, it is generally admitted that the best of antidotes is ammonia applied externally as well as taken internally. The wound becomes swollen, red, and ecchymosed; sometimes it is surrounded with small vesicles or watery bladders; every part becomes congested—the head, the lungs, the abdomen, the limbs, the face; vertigo and stupor take place, to be shortly followed by delirium and coma; the pulse falls; the circulation, at first irregular, grows weaker and weaker; for at every point it meets with an interruption from the coagulation of the blood. It is a frigid poison; the paralysed stomach rejects the nutriment, which acts upon it as a dead weight; the patient commences to vomit, but falls off into a state of dozing; his agony is a mortal sleep. The actual or potential cautery made upon the place immediately after the accident prevents all these disorders; ammonia taken internally and ammoniacal frictions dissipate them at a more advanced period. Abandoned to itself, the disease is cured spontaneously only in those cases where the dose of the poison has been infinitely small.

Serpents are fond of milk; they are also greedy of wine, which intoxicates them: they have occasionally been seen to milk the cow, and they have been found drowned at the bottom of vats.

From persevering inquiries, I have become convinced that the power of fascination, which has been attributed to serpents, vipers as well as adders, is not a fable or vulgar fiction. It has frequently occurred to persons travelling through forests to witness the poor little birds, while uttering a plaintive cry, descend from branch to branch, attracted as it were by some occult power, and yield themselves up within the jaws of a serpent lying hidden among the boughs of the tree,—obedient victims to the glance of their executioner: the thread of this charm is broken by simply whisking a switch through the air; no doubt, from that fact, that the whistling of the air frightens the serpent, and thus paralyses its magnetic effluvium. What is the mechanism of this incredible fascination, which so perfectly recalls to one's mind the fable of the Sirens? There is undoubtedly here a physical cause, an emanation which envelopes the bird in an atmosphere of asphyxiating gas, in the same way as the spider envelopes the fly in its gauze-like net. To explain the phenomenon in a more perfect manner: let us suppose that the serpent has the power of emitting, one on each side of its mouth, two streams of a poisonous and stupifying gas, which proceed to unite above the head of the bird. If the bird attempt to fly the danger, it can only do so by descending; for it is there only that it will find a free space: in proportion as it descends, the two jets will continue to unite, and to follow it; and it is thus that to escape asphyxia the poor bird drops within the jaws of the serpent; it falls into Scylla in avoiding Charybdis. This power of fascination being common to vipers as well as adders, it is evident that these latter have the faculty of regaining, in certain cases, the character which alone makes the difference of the two species. The venom of the serpent partakes of the nature of all organic poisons; it does not lose its venomous qualities by drying; and the prick from the tooth of a dead viper or rattlesnake is as much feared by those who are in the habit of making preparations of these reptiles as that of the living animal.

2. *Terrestrial Salamander* (*Salamandra lutea*). *The Toad* (*Rana rubetta*, Plin.)—The salamander is a lizard without scales, the skin of which, speckled with yellow, exhales a fluid, which some persons have regarded as poisonous. This fact needs confirmation; yet it does not seem to be entirely destitute of foundation.

The toad, that degenerated species of frog which is found in ruins and in miry places, exudes from its whole body, in the same manner as the salamander, a viscous fluid; but this is not its true poison. All country-people are well aware that when pursued, the toad ejaculates an acrid and corrosive liquid as if to obstruct its persecutors. The poisonous quality of this liquid has been often questioned by writers who have never observed its effects; but there are so many evidences as to the truth of this assertion, that it would be presumptuous not to admit it as a demonstrated fact. Matthiolus attributes to the poison of toads the sudden death of persons who have eaten of strawberries, mushrooms, or other legumes, which the toad has besmeared with its venom. Ambrose Paré* cites, among other facts, a case of poisoning proved before the legal tribunals, and which had been produced by pieces of sage over which a toad must have passed. According to Christ. Franc. Paulini, a man, while throwing stones at a large toad, took hold of one which the reptile had polluted with its venom. His hand swelled up from the violence of the pain; it became covered with phlyctænæ and vesicles filled with an ichorous sanies; the inflammation extended up the arm, and gave him the most acute torture for fourteen days. At the end of three years, and on the exact anniversary of the day on which he pursued the toad, the disease returned with all its original symptoms, and the man was cured only after considerable difficulty. Leeuwenhoek speaks of an amateur angler, who, being in the habit of heiting his hook with toads and frogs, one day received the fluid ejaculated by one of these *batracii* upon the surface of his eye, and in consequence was attacked with acute ophthalmia. He speaks also of a dog which could not catch a toad without afterwards falling into paroxysms of fury and of madness. I myself have often seen a fluid ejaculated by toads which I have pursued: the stream was thrown out to a distance of 80 centimetres—it was of a greenish colour and nauseous odour; but I had nothing at hand to experiment upon these animals. And even had we not so many evidences in support of its nature, analogy alone would point out to us that this liquid, ejaculated as a means of defence, must be of a nature similar to that which the viper introduces for the same object into the flesh of its aggressor.

We must, then, admit that this venom has a great share in the production of those cases of poisoning which seem to depend on some doubtful cause, and which arise, after having eaten without precaution fruits or creeping vegetables, and even mushrooms, which, from their general characters, would be classed among the most inoffensive species. How many accidents, which could not be traced to any certain cause, might perhaps be referred to this kind of infection! How many people, who have waked up ill and stupified from the sleep that they have taken on the grass, have probably been indebted for their illness to this species of accident!

New Principles for the Poor. By Henry Hardinge, B.A., Rector of Theberton. Pp. 142. London, W. E. Painter.

Every contribution to the desirable object of improving the situation of the poor should be received with respect; a temporary assistance or relief requires no profound judgment to accomplish, but to suggest a plan for the permanent improvement of the poor and the rescue of any portion from the trammels and oppression of this worst enemy of man has hitherto baffled the mental powers of the benevolent. It has often been said, "You can da nothing for a man who can do nothing for himself." If you place a man in a situation of which he is incapable of efficiently discharging its duties, his incapacity will soon dismiss him; therefore the way to help the poor is, to render them capable of being useful, and make their exertions profitable.

Mr. Hardinge's plan is substantially this: he does not propose or imagine a specific for the appalling disease which will altogether erad-

* Traité des Venins, lib. xxi. chap. 21.

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cate the mischief, but he thinks, and we agree with him, that if the principles and opinions he has postulated were read to the poor by village-schoolmasters and the clergy, some of the afflicted might be relieved and all benefited. It is clear, that to operate effectively for the benefit of any one it is necessary to have his own assistance; unless his will consents, all external influence will be useless; the poor, therefore, must be convinced that their own exertions are necessary for the permanent improvement of their situation; the *modus operandi* is the chief difficulty. The poor must be made to know before they can act, and the communication must be made to their minds before the best principles will operate.

The subjects treated by Mr. H. are locality, education, manners, subordination, marriage, parental obligations, religion, and politics; on all he gives very good advice, and on most valuable and important suggestions. The difficulty is the mode of bringing the remedy within the desired scope of operation, and we have already suggested that it should be done by the clergy and schoolmasters.

We can afford little room for extracts; and we will only add, that we feel that the poor should be taught that they also have duties without which the exertions of those capable of assisting them will but little avail. We give the following extract, which we think sufficient to give a glimpse of the author's object:

"We profess to write with the view to the temporal condition of the poor; we seek their advancement in this present world, and upon such principles as, we feel persuaded, will not retard, if they do not materially forward, their approaches to another and more perfect state of existence. We come and say to the poor, We have nothing in the way of giving and receiving to offer you. Our hands are empty, but our hearts are full; and we are not without hope, and even conviction, that we can bestow upon you such an amount of real good as will furnish you with the means of comfort and prosperity, and raise you out of that lowly condition in which you still remain, the victims of wretchedness and poverty, albeit the objects of national and individual care. We say to you, that you must exercise charity towards yourselves. The charity of others, however comprehensive it may be, can never meet your exigencies. To better your condition, senators may legislate—and it is well; individual Christians may burn with the purest zeal—and happy for themselves if they do; but, as regards your improvement, as to making you happy, independent, free, let not such a hope enter your mind; this can only be brought about by yourselves—you, not others, must be the agents in the work of your regeneration—you must engage in this work yourselves. We say to you, that you want not good friends so much as good principles."

ONLY A FIDDLER! AND O. T.
[Second notice.]

We proceed with our concluding illustrations of this work without further introduction: it needs none.

Imaginative of Switzerland.—"It was in August. The trees, with their autumnal foliage, stood yellow and red between the dark firs; barberries and hips grew among the tall fern. The Alps lay in such a beautiful light, their feet blue as heaven, their peaks snow-white in the clear sunshine. I was in a sorrowful mood; I was leaving my mountains! Then I wrote in my book—oh, I remember it so well!—'The high Alps appear to me the folded wings of the earth: how if she should raise them! how if the immense wings should unfold, with their gay images of dark woods, glaciers, and clouds! What a picture! At the last judgment will the earth doubtless unfold these pinions, soar up to God, and in the rays of his sunlight disappear!' * * * The mill-wheel yet goes round, the water dashes down as in my youth; but the friends are gone, my relatives dispersed! I should appear a stranger there; and when one has reached my age, nature cannot satisfy —one must have people!"

On the glorious three days.—"It is nothing, as a flower, to adorn the garland; more difficult is it to be the hand which weaves the garland. The riband must be tight as well as gently tied; it must not cut into the stems, and yet it must not be too loose. Yes, you young men talk according to your wisdom! Yes, you are wise, quite as wise as the woman who kept a roasted chicken for supper. She placed it upon a pewter-plate upon the glowing coals, and went out to attend to her affairs. When she returned the plate was melted, and the chicken lay among the ashes. 'What a wise cat I have!' said she; 'she has eaten the plate and left the chicken!' See, you talk just so, and regard things from the same foolish point of view. Do not speak like the rest of them in the city. 'Fear God, and honour the king!' We have nothing to argue with these two; they transact their business between them! The French resemble young students; when these have made their *examen artium* they imagine they are equal to the whole world: they grow restive, and give student-feasts! The French must have a Napoleon, who can give them something to do! If they be left to themselves they will play mad pranks!"

A speaker in conversation is talking harshly of the hobby-horse of another, and the following acute observation is made:

"'Here thou art unjust to him!' interrupted his wife; 'do not place a fine upon him, else I will place thee in a vaudeville! Thy life is in politics; our cousin's in theatrical life; Wilhelm's in thorough-bass; and Mr. Thostrup's in learned subjects. Each of you is thus a little nail in the different world-wheels; whoever despises others shews that he considers his wheel the first, or imagines that the world is a wheel-barrow, which goes upon one wheel! No, it is a more complicated machine.' * * *

"So long (is continued in a strain of higher philosophy) as the rose-bud remains folded together it seems to be without fragrance; yet only one morning is required, and the fine breath streams from the crimson mouth. It is only one moment; it is the commencement of a new existence, which already has lain long concealed in the bud: but one does not see the magic wand which works the change. This spiritual contrast perhaps took place in the past hour; perhaps the last evening-rays which fell upon the leaves concealed this power! The roses of the garden must open; those of the heart follow the same laws. Was this love? Love is, as poets say, a pain; it resembles the disease of the muscle, through which pearls are formed. But Wilhelm was not sick; he felt himself particularly full of strength and enjoyment of life. The poet's simile of the muscle and the pearl sounds well, but it is false. Most poets are not very learned in natural history, and therefore they are guilty of many errors with regard to it. The pearl is formed on the muscle not through disease; when an enemy attacks her she sends forth drops in her defence, and these change into pearls. It is thus strength, and not weakness, which creates the beautiful. It would be unjust to call love a pain, a sickness; it is an energy of life which God has planted in the human breast; it fills our whole being like the fragrance which fills each leaf of the rose, and then reveals itself among the struggles of life as a pearl of worth."

Similar reflections follow on the outset of life:

"Could you not immediately tell me how you were constituted? So are most men! When they have no trouble, they generally hatch one themselves; they will rather stand in the cold shadow than in the warm sunshine, and yet the choice stands open to us. Dear friend, reflect; now we are both of us on the stream: we shall soon be put into the great business-bottles, where we shall, like little devils, stretch and strain ourselves without ever getting out, until life withdraws from us! * * *

"'My dear fellow!' said Wilhelm, 'your old preacher now really speaks out of you! But enough, I can bear the confession. I answer, 'Yes, yes, with all my heart, yes!' Wherefore will you now bring me out of my sunshine into shade? Wherefore, in my joy over the beauty of the rose, should I be reminded that the perfume and colour will vanish, that the leaves will fall? It is the course of life! but must one, therefore, think of the grave, of the *finale*, when the act begins?' * * *

"But (farther on!) with the winter came only rain, thaw, snow, and dark days. The trees in the wood dripped with water; their dark twigs looked in the mist as if they were wrapped in cobweb. The whole of nature was a larva, which not until months were passed would come forth in the warmth-giving beams of the sun."

Of homely manners we select the following little pictures:

"Large companies are most wearisome. In these there are two kinds of rank. Either you are riveted to a card-table, or placed against the wall, where you must stand with your hat in your hand, or, later in the evening, with it at your feet, nay, even must stand during supper. * *

"At this moment the mother entered. 'The festival has commenced,' said she; 'I have been forced to give my brightest silver skilling. Does Mr. Thostrup know the old custom which is observed here in the country, when beer is brewed for the mowing-feast?' A piercing cry, as from a horde of savages, at this moment reached the ears of the party. The friends descended. In the middle of the brewhouse stood a tub, around which danced all the female servants of the estate, from the dairy-maids down to the girl who tended the swine; their iron-bound wooden shoes dashed against the uneven flag-stones. The greater number of the dancers were without their jackets, but with their long chemise-sleeves and narrow bodices. Some screamed, others laughed, the whole was blended together in a howl, whilst they danced hand-in-hand around the tub in which the beer should be brewed. The brewing-maid now flung into it the silver skilling, upon which the girls, like wild Mænades, tore off each other's caps, and with bacchanalian wildness whirled round the tub. By this means should the beer become stronger, and work more intoxicatingly at the approaching mowing-feast."

A merchant's household at Lervig, and another with all his family concerns at Copenhagen, are painted with the truth and humour of Hogarth; but we have exceeded our bounds, and must now say farewell to our Danish favourite, which we do with the mention of the system of education in his native country:

"With us (he informs us) the students form no *burschenschafts*, have no colours. The professors do not alone in the chair come into connexion with them; the only difference is that

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which exists between young and old scholars. Thus they come in contact with each other, thus they participate in their mutual pleasures." To address a fellow-student "thou" (or to *thou* him, for it has been made a verb) instead of "you" is a sign of sworn friendship, and seems to be held very high and sacred.

We cannot conclude critically without noticing that the translator has suffered more imperfections to escape her in rendering the Danish than she was wont to do in preceding publications. Not only is the style frequently ill constucted, but we read such errors as "will *enervate*" for nerve "the soul;" "she is come *under* mamma's *oversight*;" she is so "*fearful*," for timid; a certain "*affinity*" between you and her, for likeness; and not to dwell on such trivial matters, though they ought to be corrected, in a note, p. 31, vol. iii. Mrs. H. commits a graver blunder when she states the "unhappy wife of Christian VII." to have been *the daughter*, instead of the sister, of our George III. She was conveyed to Zell in 1772.

PETRIE'S ROUND TOWERS.
[Third notice.]

REFERRING to the consideration of the proposition quoted in our No. 1480, we presume it will be conceded that Mr. Petrie's second conclusion is negatived by the same evidence as his first. He says, in no one building in Ireland assigned to pagan times have been found "*either the form or features of the round towers*, or the characteristics that would indicate sufficient architectural skill in their builders to construct such edifices;" yet Mr. Morrison and Mr. Petrie himself discover *features* in many of the round towers themselves which bear a *strong resemblance to Etruscan masonry*. Masonry which was in use *long before the building of Rome;* and what he calls his *triumphal arches* are but an imitation of those still existing at Volterra. No one can see the specimens of doors, arches, and masonry, especially that at Glendalough (see p. 447), in this volume, without being struck with the astonishing similarity between them and those of Etruria: for instance, the Porta del Arco Volterra. Indeed, we consider this volume to be a strong, though unwilling, witness in support of the arguments put forth in Sir William Betham's *Etruria Celtica*.

The third conclusion, that no writer before Vallancey attributed the round towers to a pagan origin, we consider to be equally unavailing.

To these conclusions, or *facts*, as he calls them, Mr. Petrie adds four others, which he promises to establish.

"1. That the towers are *never* found unconnected with ancient ecclesiastical foundations. 2. That their architectural styles exhibit no features or peculiarities not equally found in the original churches with which they are locally connected, where such remain. 3. That on several of them *Christian emblems* are observable; and that others display in their details a style of architecture universally acknowledged to belong to Christian times. 4. That they possess invariably architectural features *not found* in any buildings in Ireland ascertained to be of pagan times."

To the first we answer, that the early Christians always adopted the temples of the heathen, and appropriated them to Christian worship, and ornamented them with Christian emblems; therefore this proves nothing.

To the second we give a similar answer. Many of these *ancient churches* may have been heathen temples, or buildings appropriated to heathen worship; but supposing they were not, why should any surprise be exhibited at the masonry being the same?

To the third, it is not necessary to suppose that the Christians did not put emblems on these towers after they appropriated them to their own use; and the style of architecture being *universally* acknowledged to be Christian is a mere assertion, and, if true, proves nothing.

The fourth is but the third put negatively; in short it is like most of Mr. Petrie's *proofs*, a *non sequitur*.

Mr. Petrie at length *proceeds to establish* his conclusions:—

"1. That they were intended to serve as belfries. 2. As keeps, or places of strength, in which the sacred utensils, books, relics, and other valuables, were deposited, and into which the ecclesiastics could retire for security in cases of sudden predatory attack."

The *modus operandi* adopted by Mr. Petrie to prove these points is singular:—"If they had been erected to serve the purpose of *belfries only* (he says), there would *be no necessity for making their doorways so small*, or placing them at so great a distance from the ground; while, on the other hand, if they had been intended solely for *ecclesiastical castles*, they need not have *been of such slender proportions and great altitude*."

We answer, *certainly not:* these objections are palpable, and suggest difficulties which Mr. Petrie in vain attempts to overcome. That they have been called *cloigtheach* in the Irish annals appears certain; but so have all the towers in which bells have been placed in modern times; and also *cuilceach*, or steeples; and *clogas*, or bells. A difficulty as to their being *intended for belfries* is, that among the immense quantities of metallic, brass, or bronze articles, which have been found in Ireland, such as cauldrons, and such-like matters, there has been found no *large bell*. The largest of the old bells was merely a square hand-bell, which, if placed in a tower, the sound would not be heard one hundred yards off. Surely if these were belfries, some old bells would have been found suited to the towers; but no such bells have been discovered, nor have they been mentioned in *the ancient records* Mr. Petrie is so ready to quote. He indeed quotes "*my Essay on Ancient Bells*," read before the Academy; but as it has *not been published*, we are not able to quote it. Perhaps it might be inconvenient to have it published; and therefore it has been delayed. No doubt "*larger bells than any the ancient Irish possessed are hung in many of the towers at this present day*," as Mr. Petrie himself observes, p. 360; but does not this confession refute Mr. Petrie's "*own arguments*," as he states Dr. O'Conor to have done a few lines afterwards? Is it not absurd to suppose that a paltry little hand-bell should be put up at the top of a tower 150 feet high? Dr. O'Conor indeed says, "campanas *aliasque res sacras, libros et thesauros custodientibus;*" but this meant merely that the *campanas, or mass-bells*, were kept in the towers in safety.

The learning exhibited so pompously in long Irish quotations, and the elaborate discussions about the *duirtheachs, dairnlaigs*, and *cloictheachs*, appear to us rather to exhibit weakness; as do the measurement of the bottom of the towers *to ascertain their height*. Conjectures are hazarded without much advantage to his conclusions: *cloichtheach* is certainly the modern meaning of a belfry, or *bell-house*, be the shape of it what it may, round or square; but *clochtheach* means also a *stone house*, for *cloch*, or *clocha*, is a *stone;* and as to these towers may therefore mean merely a *stone building*. We therefore conclude, that the notion that they were *intended*, in the first construction, to be belfries has not been established, and the question is as much at sea as ever.

Mr. Petrie promises much. He says: "But as the origin of the form of our Irish round towers *shall be inquired* into at some length in the concluding section of the *third part of this work*, I will not occupy the reader's time with any remarks on it in this place." p. 365.

When, may we ask, is this third part to appear? It is now thirteen years since this work was announced, and the public expectation excited by magnificent and magniloquent promises of its appearance, and now the principal question of the origin of the towers is postponed, as the Irish say, to *St. Tibs' eve*, which is neither *before* nor *after* Christmas.

Mr. Petrie then proceeds with his arguments to prove that the round towers have been made use of as places of defence, and relates many instances from the Irish annals in which people have been burned alive in them. But what does this prove? Did Mr. Petrie never read in modern wars of men taking up a position in a church-steeple and defending themselves in it? Yet no one would ever dream that these buildings were originally intended for fortresses. That there were double doors and holes for bolts in some of the towers for defence is very true, but that will not make out Mr. Petrie's case. He says, "The Irish people so generally recognised this use of the round towers as *the primary one*, that they but *very rarely applied to a tower erected for defence* any other term but that of *cloictheach*, or belfry." (p. 369), of which he gives examples. Does not this tend to negative Mr. Petrie's theory, rather than establish it, by proving that *any stone building* went by the same name. O'Rourke's tower at Clonmacnoise is styled in the registry of that place, a small keep, castle, or steeple, commonly called *claicthough*.

Mr. Petrie promises accounts of the erection of some of the round towers from the Irish annals, but his performance is sadly deficient: he does not produce a single *unquestionable instance*. He gives an account of the erection of *Cloigteach* at Tomgrany, in Clare, A.D. 965; but *non constat* that it was *round tower*. There are, he says himself, no remains of this tower now in existence to inform whether it was a castle or belfry, or whether round or square.

Mr. Petrie is a great guesser:—"A *not improbable inference* may be drawn, that bell-towers were then (in *St. Patrick's time*) in existence, *otherwise this duty* (ringing a bell) *could not have been performed*." p. 380. "There can, *I think, be little doubt* that they were not uncommon in the sixth or seventh centuries." p. 381.

Mr. Petrie also introduces the *Goban Saer*, an imaginary or traditionary being, to whom all old buildings in Ireland are attributed when their origin is unknown. He thinks him "*no imaginary creation*," the son of a "skilful artisan in wood, if not in stone also;" "if not a foreigner, at least *very probably* of foreign extraction; . . . *was probably* born at Turvey, in the county of Dublin; . . . his exact *pedigree not known*." In the *Etruria Celtica*, vol. ii. p. 88, is the following account: "The *Gobhan Saor*, or *free smith*, is a mystical personage no Irishman is unacquainted with. Although called a *free smith*, he was a *builder;* and to him are ascribed all the extraordinary buildings in Ireland of which the origin is unknown. In the poems of Oisin he is called *the smith of many arts and trades*. In the hymn ascribed to St. Patrick,

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he is described as opposing the saint in conjunction with *Druids and women*."

We leave Mr. Petrie's notion of the realit of the existence of the Goban Saer as a man for our readers to decide.

The account of the *finishing* of the great round tower at Clonmacnoise in 1124, as Mr. Petrie translates the word *forbad*, Dr. O'Conor translation *covering or repairing*. The word will bear both meanings, and the latter is much more probable; but at all events it decides nothing either way Mr. Petrie himself admits (p. 390), that the tower "was repaired at a period long subsequent to its erection."

Mr. Petrie says, with great apparent confidence: "Whatever may be the period of the erection of the great tower of Clonmacnoise, I have *found decisive evidence of the erection of many towers as late as the middle of the 12th century*," p. 390; and then quotes, among others, a passage from Usher's MSS. Trin. Coll. Dublin, which states that temples and *cloictheachs* were made A.D. 1170. No doubt they were; but has he not told us before that this word *cloictheach* meant *castles* as well as belfries, and a square tower is just as much a *cloictheach* as a round tower.

Again: "In conclusion I have only to add, that it *would appear probable*, from the following record in the Annals of the Four Masters, that *at least one round tower* was erected so late as the year 1238, at Annadoun, in the county of Galway: 'A.D. 1238.—The *Cloictheach* of Eanach duin was erected.' As there is now no belfry at Annadoun, *it may be uncertain* whether this *cloictheach* was of the *usual ancient round form*, or of quadrangular shape. But whether this *cloictheach* of Annadoun *was of the regular round tower form or not, it cannot be doubted that some of the towers existing*, or recently so, and particularly those attached to churches, *were of a date little anterior* to the thirteenth centuries, as that of Trumery, &c. &c. &c.; of *all which descriptions will be given in the third part of this inquiry*." P. 392.

The volume concludes with the following paragraph:—"I have now brought this second part of my inquiry to an end. That occasional errors of opinion—when opinion has been ventured on (!)—may be found in it, I am prepared to expect; but I indulge the hope that such errors will be deemed of little importance, or, at least, insufficient to invalidate, to any extent, the conclusions I have arrived at as to the antiquity and uses of the various classes of ecclesiastical edifices of which I have treated; and if I do not much deceive myself, such conclusions will be much supported by the descriptive and historical notices of the ancient religious edifices remaining in the several counties of Ireland, to which the next part of this inquiry will be devoted."

It appears from the following resolutions of the council of the Royal Irish Academy, which has been printed and distributed, that this *next part* is to make another volume.

"At a meeting of the council held April 7, 1843:—It was resolved, That the volume which has been printed by Mr. Petrie, as the 20th volume of the Transactions, be received as such, and though it cannot be regarded as a complete work, that, nevertheless, the council recommend it to be taken as acquitting Mr. Petrie of his engagements to the Academy.—It was also resolved, That with reference to Mr. Petrie's proposal to furnish a second volume in continuation on the same terms, the council *do not recommend the adoption*."

We know not what to think of these extraordinary resolutions, which are peculiarly *Irish* in their import; it would appear from the first, that the volume had never been read to the Academy, and yet they accept it as their Transactions; and from the second, they entertain proposals *for the supply of Transactions!!!* How transactions *can be adopted* we are at some loss to comprehend.

We must, in conclusion, observe that the opinions which Mr. Petrie *has ventured*—and they have been numerous, and not ventured with much modesty—have not been established by the evidence he has adduced; that the question of the origin and use of the round towers is not decided by what he has said, and that the confident, *ex-cathedra*, and unqualified manner in which he condemns previous writers is deserving of the severest reprehension; and the flippant sneering impertinence which pervades the whole is calculated to excite disgust, and at the same time exhibits the very limited scope of the author's intellect.

Transactions of the British and Foreign Institute, 1845. 4to, pp. 488. London and Paris, Fisher, Son, and Co.

THIS volume is produced in a very handsome style of paper and typography, binding, gilding, and embellishment; including a frontispiece portrait of Prince Albert, engraved by F. Bacon after W. C. Ross.* The editing has been ably performed by Mr. Buckingham; and the main object of the Institute, *i. e.* the cultivation of international friendliness and good-will, kept steadily in view throughout the arrangements and contents.

The first Part set the opening and earlier proceedings historically before the reader; and the second Part becomes more generally interesting, as it gives the lectures, discussions, reviews, and miscellaneous matters, which have occupied the *soirées* and *conversazioni* during the past year. A biographical sketch of the founder (with a portrait) is appended, at the request of the members: it originally appeared in the *Colonial Magazine*, but is now reprinted with considerable additions, so as to afford a more perfect picture of a very varied and enterprising life, now happily settled down in the charge of this important establishment.

Upon most of the works reviewed, and many of the public questions commented upon, we have, in the *Literary Gazette*, been pronouncing contemporaneous opinion; and therefore it would hardly do for us to point out in detail where we agree and where we differ from these authorities: and this being the case, we may satisfy our *devoirs* to a work deserving of attention equally from its originality, its rich form, and its containing an account of a very novel design to effect a very desirable purpose, with heartily recommending it not only to the members, who must entertain a special feeling towards it, but to readers at large, for its collective information and intelligence.

Illustrations of the Law of Kindness, &c. By the Rev. G. W. Montgomery. Pp. 226. London, Wiley and Putnam.

THIS is the second edition of an American work, highly praised and much quoted in *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*, which will be generally received as a proof of its merits. It inculcates the virtue of kindness or fellow-feeling, by a multitude of instances, more or less forcible or applicable; and may, indeed, be considered as an amplification of the golden rule, "Do as you would be done by." Kindness to others seems to be implanted in our nature; and it is a sad perversion of humanity when we see so many inflicting injuries on their fellow-men, instead of enjoying the luxury of doing them good. All we have to say upon this work is, that some of the examples want wisdom; but the whole is benevolent in design, and ought to bear useful fruits. Being full of anecdotes, the volume is also entertaining.

* The other illustrations are about thirty in number, and consist of portraits, landscapes, antiquities, curiosities of art, &c.

Twelve Hundred Questions and Answers on the Bible. By M. H. and I. H. Myers. Pp. 230. Longmans.

A GREAT deal of bibliographical information is conveyed in this volume; but many of the questions and answers seem to us to be rather puzzling and strange; *ex. gr.*

"What is the oldest translation of any part of the Bible?—The Septuagint, a translation made in Greek by the Egyptian Jews, in the reign of the Ptolemies. The Targums, written in Chaldee after the Captivity, are older, but they are paraphrases, and not literal translations." "What element produced the fowl?—The water: 'Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven' (Gen. i. 20)." "Mention some instances where events appeared to happen by chance, but were in reality the results of God's providence.—Rebecca's coming to the well (Gen. xxiv. 15); Rachel's meeting Jacob (Gen. xxix. 9); the Ishmaelite merchants arriving so opportunely to buy Joseph (Gen. xxxvii. 25); Pharaoh's daughter going down to bathe in the river (Ex. ii. 5); prove that God preserves and governs all things." "How should the word נזם (nezem) rendered 'ear-ring' in Gen. xxiv. 22, more probably be translated?—'Nose-ring,' an ornament still commonly worn in the East."

The learning bestowed on the work is chiefly Hebrew.

Manual of Astronomy: a popular Treatise on Theoretical, Descriptive, and Practical Astronomy, &c. By John Drew. Pp. 344. Darton and Co.

ALL the facts of the science, to the latest period of demonstration, and also the most recent theories, are comprehended in this Manual, which may consequently be received as a useful astronomical instructor. We could have wished that Mr. Drew had studied greater simplicity, and not been so ambitious and ornate in his style—not that it leads to error, but that it is inappropriate. Thus, of the planet Venus, "Mountains, at least as lofty as any on our own globe, diversify her landscapes." In the table (page 340), we guess, the *ibs* ought to be *ids*, *idems*, not *ibidems*; but what with Herschel, Quetelet, Arago, and other astronomers, the author has made out a Manual which we can cordially recommend to students and the public at large.

The Rhine: its Scenery, and Historical and Legendary Associations. By F. Knight Hunt. 4to. Pp. 216. Jeremiah How.

WE should as soon look for another Rhine as for anything new about that much-frequented river. What, then, can we say for this volume? It is one of the very pretty picture-books so suitable to this sort of literature; and adds to the picturesque beauty of engraving, with which it is literally as crowded as a steam-boat in the height of the season on the stream, an extremely well-arranged, judicious, and ample account of all the tourist can see in an excursion through the country it describes. It well merits a place in the traveller's carpet-bag, and will direct him to much, almost all, that is worthy of notice.

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The Female Disciple, &c. By Mrs. Henry Smith. 12mo. Pp. 297. Longmans.

The period and the great religious movement which this volume illustrates have often occupied the pens of authors, and been exhibited in every form and aspect. Still Mrs. Smith has produced an interesting work, in which the condition of the early female converts to Christianity, during the first three centuries of its progress, is vividly traced, and their sufferings and heroism held up as examples throughout all ages. The writer has done for her Christian women what Miss Aguilar has done for her Jews.

A Guide to Shrewsbury. Pp. 208. Shrewsbury, J. Davies.

A second edition of a neat and sufficient guide to the old town of Shrewsbury, so famed in English story. Eminent natives and adjacent ornithology and botany are added to the usual details; and sixty woodcuts illustrate the principal ancient remains and important modern buildings.

Stories of the Primitive Church, &c. By Sophia Woodroffe. Pp. 207. London, Seeley, Burnside, and Seeley.

An introduction of some forty pages, in which the Puseyite schism is discussed at large by Mr. G. S. Faber, conducts us to ten stories, which, with notes, exhibit interesting accounts of doings in the early Christian church; and in matter bear a near resemblance to another little volume noticed in this *Gazette*. There is, however, more learning displayed in this publication.

Arabin; or, the Adventures of a Colonist in New South Wales, &c. By Thomas M'Combie, Editor of the "Port Philip Gazette," &c. Pp. 274. London, Simmonds and Ward; Edinburgh, Tait; Aberdeen, G. and J. King.

From his connexion with the periodical press in New South Wales, Mr. M'Combie has been enabled to gather together much curious information relating to the humbler livers in the bush and elsewhere of that colony, and has contributed entertaining papers about them to Simmonds's *Colonial Magazine, Tait's Magazine*, and other publications. Collected and re-formed, they make here a characteristic volume, in which we read of many things generally unnoticed in more systematic productions, such as adventures among log-huts, and descriptions of the habits of the poorer settlers, their little rogueries, and occasionally more serious offences. We may therefore say, that there is a new scene for these domestic and internal concerns, which, as they differ from our home-affairs of a similar kind, may divert an idle hour with the variorum of wandering life.

Sydney and Melbourne, &c. By Charles J. Baker, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, Pp. 237. Smith, Elder, and Co.

An exposition of the present state and future prospects of New South Wales, founded on the writer's experience, and intended as instruction to emigrants for this quarter of the globe. It takes a very favourable view of Port Melbourne and Australia Felix.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ZOOLOGY FROM THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Before presenting our readers with the following communication, the first from the Arctic Expedition, and of high interest to natural history, we may notice that Professor E. Forbes has been pursuing his submarine researches on the coasts of Zetland and the Hebrides, and with great success, adding much to the stores of knowledge his indefatigable exertions (with those of his dredging friends) have contributed to this branch of zoological inquiry.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Whale Fish Islands, Baffin's Bay, July 7, 1845.

Dear Sir,—After a passage of nearly two months we have at length arrived at this place, which in all probability will be the last opportunity at present afforded me of acquainting you with the success of our proceedings so far as we have yet gone. I was very sanguine, before leaving England, of success as regarded the zoological productions of these latitudes, and certainly have not been disappointed.

Our passage out was rather tedious, in consequence of the adverse nature of the winds; and during that part of it from Stromness to Cape Farewell, we were forced to proceed so far to the north and east of our course as to be in hourly expectation, during the 11th, of seeing Hecla in the distance. In this, however, all were disappointed; for the wind becoming favourable during the night, we made for Cape Farewell, which we were off by Sunday the 22d.

The whole of this time I was prevented making any observations in consequence of the boisterous state of the weather, with the exception of two days; the animals, however, which were then obtained, from their beauty and unknown characters, made up for the previous and succeeding loss of time. It was during the 10th ult., while in lat. 61° 47', and long. 14° 14', that I first obtained specimens of a new species of Briareus, which proved a most important addition to our knowledge of these animals, inasmuch as cilia were observed fringing the bifurcated portions of the lateral extremities of the body. This fact decides the position of these very remarkable creatures in the animal scale; so that Quoy and Gonnard's supposition regarding its mollusciform character is incorrect. At the same time a very beautiful crustacean was obtained—the type of a new genus of Pontia, allied to Irenæus. It is characterised most prominently by the great size and by the enormous length of the four central tail-filaments, the inner of which are not armed with filaments, all the others being so; each of the antennæ are armed with a joint at the distal part of the first third, by which means the animal is able to bend them up so as to conceal them beneath its body; altogether it is one of the most beautiful and characteristic forms of the family I ever saw. All the Medusæ obtained at that time were ciliogrades; one of these, the most interesting, is peculiar, in so far that, instead of the ribs bearing the cilia being in a longitudinal direction, they are transverse—the cilia rising from either edge of the rib. The minute structure is very complicated, and, so far as I am at present aware, proves its affinity to the Diphydæ, as well as the Salpæ.

A small specimen of Clio was obtained along with the above-mentioned species; but it was only after entering Davis's Straits on the 23d that these beautiful Pteropoda were seen in abundance along with Spiratella. Both of these creatures, when swimming in the water, are very active, and exceedingly beautiful, being adorned with the brightest colours. They only make their appearance on the surface of the water in the still of the evening, and in calm weather. From observations made on them, I am enabled to corroborate those of Eochricht, with the exception of one or two points, which want of time prevents me taking notice of in this place.

On Tuesday we saw land to the eastward, and, the following morning, passed several large icebergs. The wind, which had been falling away since Monday night, now fell off altogether, and my harvest began. Ever since I have been completely engaged without intermission in drawing those animals which cannot be preserved, and in describing all that are procured. I can assure you, although a labour of love, it is not without its fatigues; for my fellow-officers are so anxious to procure specimens for me, that I never want fresh matter to work on. Owing to the constant light, also, I am enabled to work without intermission until all the specimens are secured. My work, therefore, does not cease until a change of weather puts a stop to it. On the 27th soundings were got in forty-one fathoms; so that a dredge was put over, which came up containing numerous valuable and interesting animals—a nondescript species of Coprella, Amphipoda in great numbers, several Asteriadæ, a Terebratula, along with several Mollusca, and the type of a new genus of Isopod allied to Murina, a very beautiful ascidian, and three species of fish—Cyclopterus, Liparis, Ammodytes, and a very beautiful species new to me. Towards the evening of this day a large shoal of the Caring whale (*D. leucas melas*) passed the ship, apparently on their way towards the south. The next day (28th) the dredge was again put down in 300 fathoms, and produced many valuable specimens, which are extremely interesting, both from their peculiar characters and the great depth at which they were got. Amongst the many that were obtained, I observed Ptusus, Turitellæ, Venus, Dentalium, some very large forms of Isopoda, along with Annelides, Zoophytes, Corallines, and many other forms of interest. The species obtained on this last attempt, which were of most interest to me, on account of the bearings regarding the distribution of species, were the *Brissus lyrifer* of Forbes, and the *Alaura rostrata*, first got by myself at the mouth of the Frith of Forth.

On the 1st inst. I procured several specimens of Sagitta, and two of a small Medusa (*Beroe*), which presented some very interesting peculiarities regarding the process of development. In this animal a thick germinal membrane of a red colour was observed lining the central cavity of the body, in which both male and female cells appeared to be developed. The ova, after a certain time, having arrived at some size, project so far out as to become pedunculated, and so hang from the membrane into the cavity. The male cells are also developed in the same membrane.

Within the last few days I have been examining the minute or microscopic structure of the ice forming the bergs. The first and most striking peculiarity regarding it is its perfect freshness and freedom from salt, producing most excellent water. So far south as this, and during this moist warm weather, it is disappearing very rapidly, and it is curious to observe how the action of melting goes on. When the surface of a mass is examined when melting, numerous flat concavities are seen upon it, all of the same size and form, without any interruption, excepting the ridges forming the walls of separation. A portion being taken up in the hand, a loud crackling noise is heard issuing from it, small particles occasionally flying off. Both of these phenomena appear to arise from the peculiar nature of the minute structure of the ice, which consists of three series of cells.*

* This structure is somewhat similar to that of the ice forming the Swiss glaciers described by Professor Forbes, as well as that described by Col. Jackson, occurring in the ice of the Neva.

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Two of these series traverse the mass in the same direction; the third at right angles to the course of the two former. One of the former series has the cells of some size, and quite globular — the size being very regular throughout; they have also exactly the appearance of nucleated cells, owing to the existence of a small globule of a peculiar fluid contained within it. The other series are of an oblong sausage-shape, and also contain small globules, but generally several instead of one. These may be formed in consequence of several of the smaller globular-shaped cells conjoining; but this is a mere conjecture, and not very likely to be correct, because if it were so, these oblong cells would not assume the same direct linear course which they always have. It appears to me that the two series of cells just spoken of are the causes of the phenomena mentioned above as taking place when the mass is liquefying — several globules falling into one, and thereby forming a receptacle for water. The chuckling noise is easily accounted for. The mode of formation, however, and the nature of the fluid contained in the cells, is a much more difficult subject. Is it likely to be similar in any way, or similarly formed, to the fluid described by Sir David Brewster as existing in the small cells of topaz and some other precious stones?

The third series of cells are very minute, and thickly studded in very well-defined wavy bands, which run across the lines formed by the other series at right angles. These bands are of an opaque white colour, owing to the cells being so closely placed together, and in all probability the berg derives its opaque white snow-like colour from this circumstance. Regarding this, however, as well as many other points relative to these interesting bodies — such as the formation, &c. — I expect to have further and better opportunities of making observations. The shores of these islands offer many very beautiful illustrations of the action of floating ice upon rocks. (Their mineralogical structure is entirely granitic, of a greyish colour, with occasional long narrow undulating bands of white and red quartz.) All within the tide-mark, and in some places considerably above it, being rounded off, long irregular ridges and intervening sulci,* marking the action of the half-floating masses. Of the particular action, however, I shall be enabled to speak more in detail after witnessing the breaking up of the ice next spring. The shores afford many species of sea-weed; the islands themselves also produce some very beautiful mosses and lichens, with several of the higher forms of plants, all of which I have already gathered.

The Esquimaux are in a state of half-civilisation, there being a Danish settlement for the purpose of collecting seal-oil, narwal-teeth, &c. The sea produces numerous very beautiful forms of Medusæ, Mollusca, &c.; and as we are to remain here until Thursday the 10th, I expect to complete the Fauna, Flora, and Mineralogy of the whole group. — I am, &c.

H. D. S. G.

* I have, since the above was written, made out that this is the natural character of the stone.

LUNAR PERIODICITIES.

[The following abstract of a paper by an old correspondent we received too late for insertion amongst the proceedings of the British Association. The paper itself was one of those huddled together the last day, and so given to the Section (A.) that no hearers could understand its import.]

On remarkable Lunar Periodicities in Earthquakes, extraordinary Oscillations of the Sea, and great Atmospherical Changes.

THE following nine remarkable days are separated from one another by intervals of almost exactly four lunations each.

Nov. 9, 1842. — Earthquake at Montreal, and other parts of Canada, and "the waters of the St. Lawrence violently agitated."

March 10, 1843. — Earthquake at Manchester. On the preceding day the barometer at Chiswick was 30·380, higher than for 49 days before, and 179 days afterwards.

July 5, 1843. — Extraordinary oscillation* of the sea in Penzance, Plymouth, Scotland, &c. and a great thunderstorm throughout the island. Thermometer at Chiswick 88°, the maximum for the year.

Oct. 30, 1843. — Another such oscillation at Penzance and Plymouth, the barometer at Penzance on this, as well as the former, occasion being at a minimum.

Feb. 26, 1844. — Bar. at Chiswick 28·624, lower than for 409 days before and ever since. At Penzance it was 28·50, having fallen nearly *two inches* in 36 hours.

The 30th of October and the 26th of February now mentioned were nearly the same days of the year as the 1st of November, 1755 (so memorable for the oscillations of the sea in Europe, Africa, and America), and the 27th of February following, remarkable for similar oscillations on the western coast of England.

June 23, 1844. — An unusually severe and protracted thunderstorm this evening throughout Cornwall and Dumfriesshire, and on the following morning at Boston and Liverpool. Thermometer at Chiswick 91°, highest for the year, except one day in July.

Oct. 18, 1844. — The town of Buffalo on Lake Erie almost destroyed by a hurricane. This was precisely twenty-four mean lunations after the earthquake in that neighbourhood already mentioned. The maximum of the thermometer at Chiswick was this day less by 3° than for several months before, and the barometer there on the 16th was at a minimum of 28·94, lower than since the 26th of February.

Feb. 12, 1845. — The greatest degree of cold experienced in England probably during the present century. At Blackheath, at half-past seven A.M., the thermometer was 33½° below the freezing point, at Chiswick it was 35° below that point. The barometer at Chiswick was 30·409, higher than for nine months before, except on the 21st of December.

June 13, 1845. — Extraordinary oscillation of the sea in Kent,† and a "terrific" thunderstorm at Chatham. The 12th was the hottest day of the year at Chiswick and in Cornwall, the thermometer at the former place being 85°, and at Pencarrow in Cornwall 94°.

The above is a series of nine most remarkable days, the average successive intervals between which are almost exactly 118 days, or four mean lunations each; and not one of the phenomena for which these nine days are remarkable is so distant as forty-eight hours from the moon's first quarter. The above series also exhibits the striking fact, that in three successive summers, three remarkable days have occured each at the moon's first quarter nearest the solstice (viz. the 5th of July 1843, the 23d of June 1844, and the 13th of July 1845), the first and the last of which are distinguished by extraordinary oscillations of the sea, and dreadful thunderstorms, while the second is memorable for a thunderstorm as extensive, perhaps, as that of the first of these days. It is, moreover, remarkable, that the first of the three days now mentioned was the hottest of the year; the second the hottest except one of the year; and the third was next to the hottest day of the year. The author's attention was drawn to the interval of 118 days or 4 lunations by having observed that number of days between the two oscillations of the sea already mentioned at and after the great earthquake of the 1st of November, 1755, and 119 days between those at and after the great earthquake of 31st of March, 1761.

* The *Lit. Gaz.* of 15th July, 1843, first published the account of this oscillation. See also remarks thereon in our journal of Nov. 9, 1844.

† This was observed at Folkstone at 4 P.M., and is thus described in the newspapers: "The tide then flowing changed to ebbing three different and continuous times, causing much agitation of the sea at the harbour's mouth. This had been preceded by a heavy and brief whirlwind operating from the S.E. The rise of the water appeared to be about three feet, and its sudden receding produced the agitation."

Mr. Edmonds then gave examples of similarly remarkable occurrences at intervals of single lunations, instancing particularly the two recent earthquakes in Mexico of the 9th of March and the 7th of April; and noticing that on the day of the first of these earthquakes a shock was felt in Scotland near Glasgow, and a most singular appearance of the sun was observed at Cambridge, which we noticed in our *Gazette* of 22d March last.

It is also stated, in reference to the known shocks of the earth and the oscillations of the sea in Cornwall during the last century (and they are only six), that the interval between any two of them is almost exactly some multiple of a lunation. So it is also between any two of the six which have occurred in the present century except one, with which single exception they have all happened at or near the moon's first quarters.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Aug. 30, 1845.

Academy of Sciences: sitting of 25th August. — M. Flourens read a note containing the particulars of a new experiment to prove the interior re-absorption of bone. He placed a film of platinum on the periosteum of the tibia of young dogs. It was successively covered by the periosteum and by layers of bone, until at length it was found in the medullary canal: there was no sign of any resistance or fracture; bone at first under the metal became above it: the old bone disappeared, and new was formed. The bone which existed at the end of the experiment was not the bone upon which the platinum had been placed; it was formed since, and that which then existed absorbed.

M. Arago submitted for inspection some rock-crystal, remarkably transparent, which M. Ebelmen had obtained artificially by the simple evaporation of siliceous ether. This recent discovery promises much for the optician.

Two new oxacids have resulted from the experiments of M. E. Mathieu-Plessy on the action of sulphurous acid on the perchlorids and protochloride of sulphur in the presence of water: the formula given for the first was $S^4 O^6 + Aq.$; for the second, $S^8 O^{10} + Aq.$

M. Decerfz announced the birth of a double monster-child, joined together by a single abdomen — the two bodies otherwise complete and apparently perfect. This monster was born on the 6th of August, and was living on the 13th. One only takes the breast, the other constantly refusing it, although its mouth and tongue are well formed. The latter singularly is most lively, and enjoys the better health. M. Decerfz says that it is the intention of the parents to bring the twins to Paris.

French Antiquarian Intelligence. — The restoration of the beautiful porch on the south side of the church of St. Louis, at Poissy, near

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Paris, is now completed, and the effect is such as all lovers of pointed architecture will duly appreciate. It is a rich specimen of the flamboyant style, and forms an appropriate appendage to the interesting edifice in question. This church, which contains large portions of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, is well worthy of a visit from whoever goes to Paris by the Rouen railroad. It is on the line, only fifteen miles from the capital, and no one will repent stopping to see it. The gateway of the magnificent abbey, which once formed the peculiar glory of this little town, is to be preserved, we understand, although some stupid engineers and surveyors had taken it into their thick noddles that it was better to make a road right through its towers than to turn it by a gentle curve about ten feet aside. The idea of the straight line has done more harm to the national antiquities of France than almost any other single theoretical cause. Surveyors think that every thing is comprised in it,—beauty, utility, and economy: and numberless buildings have been demolished merely because one of these unfortunate straight lines has happened to come in contact with them.*—An amusing instance of Vandalism on the part of a country builder occurred a short time since at Aix, in Provence, where the cathedral has been repaired, and some alterations made within. The contractor for the work put up a cupboard somewhere in the choir for holding the spare missals and chant-books; but after it was completed he found the cupboard too small, so without further ado he quietly took the books, which from their age and their nature are of some value, and set about paring off their margins and corners until they should be *rasés* enough to be stuffed into his cupboard! Fortunately he was found out in his malpractices, and stopped before much damage was done.—M. Goze is publishing a good work on the architectural antiquities of Picardy and Artois, two districts peculiarly rich in mediæval remains, as any one who knows Amiens, Abbeville, Arras, and Beauvais, will readily admit.

FINE ARTS.

THE LATE JOHN CONSTABLE.

[Anecdotes, &c., concluded: see last three *Literary Gazettes*.]

"I met Callcott at dinner the other day; he said he regretted much that you had determined not to send the 'Sterne;' I regret it also; he said it 'was quite fit, and very fit for the exhibition:' I think so too. At all events, I thought you might like to hear his opinion, and I assure you it was the only one in which we did agree during the evening. He thinks I do not believe what I say, and only want to attract attention by singularity; but my pictures being my acts, shew to my cost that I am sincere, for

> 'He who hangs, or beats his brains,
> The devil's in him if he feigns.'

But he is on the safe side. . . . My boys are all here. I saw my little girls on Sunday, all well —so the world is light as a feather to me."

Mr. C. presented his god-daughter, a child of Mr. Leslie's, with, says her father, "the first and best book ever written expressly for children, 'Dr. Watt's Songs.' It is illustrated by woodcuts from Stothard, and Constable not only coloured them very beautifully, but added some designs of his own, as a bird singing over its nest to the song against quarrelling, and a bee settling on a rose to that on industry; while over the lines beginning, 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite,' he wrote with a pencil, 'For Landseer.' * * *

1833. "To-morrow I pass a long evening at the Academy; the 10th being its anniversary. We give the prizes for all kinds of art. I lament to say we must give away an abundance of our beautiful medals to little pupose. How are we to account for this? perhaps, as Fusell once told me, 'as the conveniences and instruments of study increase, so will always the exertions of the students decrease.'"

Mr. Rogers (1836). Constable writes: "Mr. Rogers thinks I am in the right road in my pursuit of landscape. He likes my plan of its history, and says 'nobody can do it so well;' this is encouraging. He was pleased with my pointing out the falling or shooting star in his exquisite Rubens. But he is very quiet in his likes and dislikes; a delightful man, all intelligence, all benevolence and justice, and a generous upholder of art, living and dead. What pictures he has got! the best in London; and he has some noble old woodcuts. It was pleasing to see him feed the sparrows while at breakfast, and to see how well they knew him. But he has some melancholy ideas of human nature. He said 'It is a debt genius must pay to be hated.' I doubt this in general, but there is something like it in nature. I told him if he could catch one of those sparrows, and tie a bit of paper about its neck, and let it off again, the rest would peck it to death for being so distinguished."

Of Mr. Constable's conversation Mr. Leslie tells us:

"I remember to have heard him say, 'When I sit down to make a sketch from nature, the first thing I try to do is, to forget that I have ever seen a picture.'* He well knew that, in spite of this endeavour, his knowledge of pictures had its influence on every touch of his pencil, for in speaking of a young artist who boasted that he had never studied the works of others, he said, 'After all, there is such a thing as the art.' On hearing somebody say of the celebrated collection of Raphael's drawings that belonged to Sir Thomas Lawrence, 'They inspire,' he replied, 'They do more, they inform.' The amiable but eccentric Blake, looking through one of Constable's sketch-books, said of a beautiful drawing of an avenue of fir-trees on Hampstead Heath, 'Why, this is not drawing, but inspiration;' and he replied, 'I never knew it before; I meant it for drawing.' 'My pictures will never be popular,' he said, 'for they have no handling. But I do not see handling in nature.' He said also, 'Whatever may be thought of my art, it is my own; and I would rather possess a freehold, though but a cottage, than live in a palace belonging to another.' * * * A friend of Constable expressing to him his dissatisfaction at his own progress in art, received (as he told me) the greatest encouragement to proceed he ever met with, in the following answer: 'If you had found painting as easy as you once thought it, you would have given it up long ago.' He could not easily resist the temptation of making an unexpected reply; and when Archdeacon Fisher, one Sunday, after preaching, asked him how he liked his sermon, he said, 'Very much indeed, Fisher; I always did like that sermon.' But Fisher had too much wit himself not to relish this; and if he kept any account of such hits with his friend, it was no doubt a fairly balanced one. If Constable had occasion to find fault with a servant or tradesman, it was seldom unaccompanied with a pleasantry, though often a sharp one. To the person who served his family with milk, he said, 'In future we shall feel obliged if you will send us the milk and the water in separate cans.' A picture of a murder sent to the Academy for exhibition while he was on the council was refused admittance on account of a disgusting display of blood and brains in it; but he objected still more to the wretchedness of the work, and said, 'I see no *brains* in the picture."*

The pithy apothegms which appear so frequently in these selections; the able critiques upon art; the illustrations of so many incidental subjects; and the notices of so many persons connected with our national school and literature; the little touches of social life, and the very interesting portrait of the principal figure in all the groupings, will, we think, fully bear out the cordial eulogy we have bestowed on this volume. We should have liked real names where parties are (of necessity) shrouded in asterisks; but were there nothing beyond the picture of Constable alone, we should be amply gratified with Mr. Leslie's labour of love. His human elements are, indeed, of a charming commixture; his fondness for children, his affection for animals, his devotedness to the beauties of inanimate nature, his just and high principles, were sweetly combined to make a man and an artist. How he cemented friendships is shewn by the whole of his biographer's narrative, and by the following:

(1825). "Whatever you do, Constable, get rid of anxiety. It hurts the stomach more than arsenic. It generates only fresh cause for anxiety by producing inaction and loss of time. I have heard it said of generals who have failed, that they would have been good officers if they had not harassed themselves by looking too narrowly into details. Does the cap fit? It does me. . . . I would have come to Hampstead had I been able. I could sooner do it now and at this distance, and will come if it will do you any good. Pity me. I am sitting in the shade with my children by me, writing to you, with a quiet stomach and cool head; and I am obliged to leave all this to go ten miles to eat venison and drink claret with a brother officer, whose head is filled with the same sort of materials that his venison pasty is made of. Let me hear from you again soon, and believe me always faithfully yours, John Fisher. . . . You want a staff just at present. Lean upon me, hard."

And how true of all genius and literary or artistical pursuits, the same steady friend writes on the death of Mrs. Constable:

Nov. 29, 1828. "My dear Constable, I write with the hope and intention of giving you comfort, but really I know not how; yet if there be any consolation to the heart of man to know that another feels with him, you have that consolation. I do sympathise with you, my old and dear friend, most truly, and I pray God to give you fortitude. * * * Some of the finest works of art, and most vigorous exertions of intellect, have been the result of periods of distress. Poor Wilson painted all his finest landscapes under the pressure of sorrow."

Alas, that it should be so; but there is an extraordinary elasticity in mind, and often under the heaviest pressure is it manifested even by lightness.

* We are not free from the plague of engineers in this rail-ridden country of England.

* "A curious proof of the stillness with which he sat one day while painting in the open air, was the discovery of a field-mouse in his coat-pocket."

* "This recals to my recollection a saying, still better, which is related of Opie, who, when a young artist asked him what he mixed his colours with, replied, '*Brains*.'"

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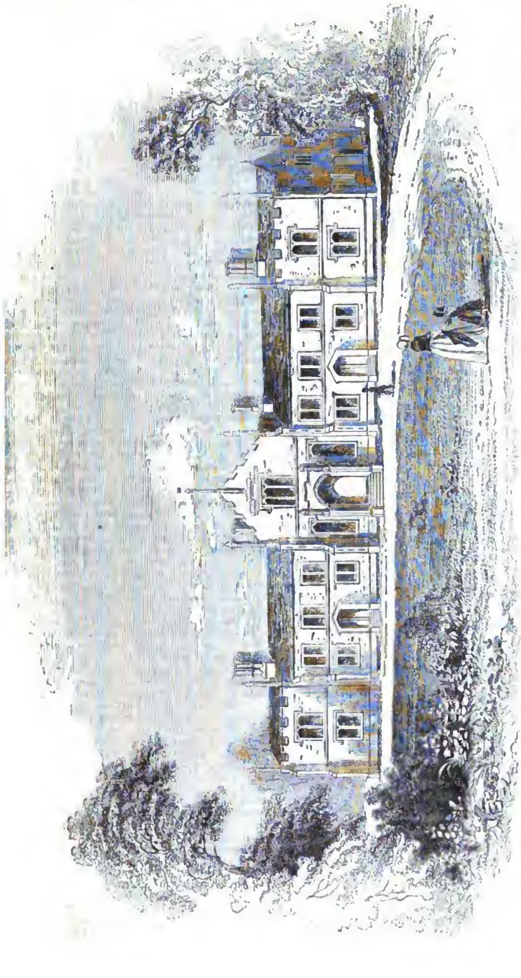

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

BOOKSELLERS' PROVIDENT RETREAT.

One of the proudest boasts of England among the nations of the earth is justly based upon her permanent charitable foundations, and the vast amount of her public benevolence as called forth by claims of every description, independently of the unknown extent of private beneficence. A million and a half *per annum* represents the first of these items alone; but the others defy calculation, and can only be imagined from the obvious fact, that they pervade every portion of human life and condition in a population of twenty millions of souls.

In older times, such acts as the creation of establishments for the relief of particular classes of the community were more frequent than they have been in later years; but still, since the building of George Heriot's magnificent hospital,* to our day, there has been no want of blessed proofs that the spirit of humanity still warmly animated the philanthropic Heart of the British empire.

The evidence to this gratifying reflection afforded by the Booksellers' Provident Retreat has been repeatedly dwelt upon in the *Literary Gazette*; and it was therefore with no common degree of pleasure that we joined the numerous party to Abbot's Langley, Herts, on Wednesday, to witness the ceremony of laying the first stone of the proposed building for the reception of members of the trade, to whom the vicissitudes and misfortunes to which all are liable should render a refuge like this, in their old age, the most invaluable of boons. The design, we need hardly repeat to our readers, sprung out of that other excellent institution, the Booksellers' Provident Fund; and it has wisely been provided, that none but subscribers to the latter of at least seven years' standing should be eligible for election into the Retreat.

By one o'clock above two hundred persons of both sexes, and including a fair proportion of the leading and most active booksellers and publishers of the metropolis, were assembled under a temporary building of wood run up for the occasion, in the rear, and commanding an immediate view of the ground on which the masonic ceremony was to be performed. This ground—now a freehold of the charity—was given by Mr. John Dickinson, the eminent paper-maker, whose extensive works and beautiful residence surround the spot, and who has from the beginning of these associations, shewn himself to be their zealous friend and most liberal supporter. The present generous donation, therefore, was only the crowning of his munificence. In front of the site, the London and Birmingham Railroad presents unceasing animation to the scene; and on the rising hills opposite, the sweet pastoral features of King's Langley are spread out to the vision. Nothing could be more fit and appropriate than the situation, with its

* Of this hospital, together with a biography of its founder, a very interesting account has just been published by the Rev. Dr. William Steven. Edinburgh. Bell and Bradfute. —*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

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ready access to London, its own healthful locality, and its pleasing prospects, to soothe the minds of those whom worldly cares and difficulties have consigned to this haven of rest.

The style of the architecture, too, accords so entirely with our idea of what is most suitable in itself and agreeable to English landscape, that we have procured (through the kindness of Mr. Low) a print of it, so that other good people need not want a pattern, if they are inclined to follow so laudable an example. The design is by Mr. H. Cooper, and does credit to his ability and taste in the Tudor line; this, the first distinct elevation, consisting of seven comfortable domestic dwellings (with every conveniency), a central hall on the ground floor, 18 feet 6 by 17 feet; and a committee-room above, a common sitting-room, 12 feet 1½ in. by 12 feet, and a kitchen 11 feet by 10 feet 3 in. Plots of garden will be laid out for the inmates; and should it be required in the progress of time, there is sufficient space in the endowment of Mr. Dickinson to permit of the building of similar abodes for from thirty to forty additional members. The estimated cost of the "present commencement" is 2600*l.*; and it is most satisfactory to state, that though the sum required to complete the design was, when the company met, *deficient* by no less than 600*l.* or 700*l.*, it was amply sufficient when they left, only a few hours later!

Much of this gratifying result must, we think, be attributed to the manner in which the Earl of Clarendon discharged the duties of president throughout the day. Every thing being prepared, his lordship deposited, in the usual way, a crystal bottle, in which silver and copper coins of the current date were enclosed, and also the following scroll, previously read aloud by Mr. Ives, the secretary, commemorating the event:—

"The foundation-stone of the Booksellers' Provident Retreat was laid by the Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon, G.C.B. P.C., on Wednesday, September 3, 1845. This Retreat, to be erected upon ground presented by John Dickinson, Esq., is intended as a comfortable asylum for aged and infirm members and the widows of members of the Booksellers' Provident Institution.

List of the Committee for 1845.

James Nisbet, Esq., 21 Berners Street, *Chairman.*
Thomas Brown, Esq., 39 Paternoster Row, *Treasurer.*
Cosmo Orme, Esq., 15 Bryanstone Square.
Bevis E. Green, Esq., 39 Paternoster Row.
Ant. K. Newman, Esq., 33 Leadenhall Street.
Thos. Kelly, Esq., Ald., 17 Paternoster Row, }
Edmund Hodgson, Esq., 192 Fleet Street, } *Trustees.*
James M. Richardson, Esq., 23 Cornhill, }
R. Marshall, Esq., 4 Stationers' Hall Court, }

Messrs. Robert Baldock, 85 High Holborn; James Bigg, 53 Parliament Street; George Copland, 17 Paternoster Row; George Greenland, 38 Poultry; John Hearne, 81 Strand; George Lawford, 6 Saville Passage; Sampson Low, 42 Lamb's Conduit Street; Frederick Malcolm, 8 Leadenhall Street; Charles Reader, 39 Paternoster Row; Thomas Rodd, 30 Great Newport Street; Thomas Sanderson, 2 Amen Corner; William Sharp, 39 Paternoster Row; Thomas B. Sharpe, 15 Skinner Street; Alfred Taylor, 187 Piccadilly; Henry Wix, 65 St. Paul's Churchyard.

Auditors.—Messrs. Jas. Eden, 39 Paternoster Row; John Morris Jones, 8 Paternoster Row; Samuel Sharwood, jun., 120 Aldersgate Street.

Honorary Secretary.—Mr. Samuel Ives, 14 Paternoster Row.

W. H. Cooper, Esq., *Architect.* Mr. William Trego, *Builder.*"

Every one being uncovered, the Rev. Mr. Gee, the vicar of Abbot's Langley, read the following well-composed prayer, which was listened to with profound attention:—"O eternal and most glorious God, the great creator, gracious preserver, and wise governor of the world, who hast given unto man knowledge to devise and skill to execute many grand and noble designs, but hast commanded him to do all to the glory of God, to do all in the name of the Lord Jesus; we, thy unworthy servants, united together on this day in what we believe to be a good work, humbly beg thy blessing on the means and on the end. Prosper thou the work of our hands upon us! O prosper thou our handiwork! Thine, O Lord, was the good thought which first suggested the undertaking, and thine is the praise that thou hast put it into the hearts of some among us to provide a home for the houseless, a retreat for the provident, a refuge and shelter for the aged and the needy. We acknowledge, O God, that now, unless thou build this house, our labour is but lost in building it; be present therefore, we beseech thee, by thy spirit with us to-day. Accept this dedication of all to thy honour and service, and vouchsafe to those that shall be engaged in the erection of these buildings such supplies of grace and strength, that, guarded by thee from hurt and from hindrance, they may not fail, in thy good time, to bring forth their top-stone with shouting, and their corner-stone with joy. Moreover, we pray, that when this Retreat shall be occupied by those for whom it is intended, all its inmates may here end happily their course of earthly trial, in the calm and peaceful enjoyment of a competent provision, never forgetting what they owe to Him who has carried them to hoar hairs, and has not forsaken them in the time of old age, but always shewing forth towards each other the fruits of brotherly kindness and Christian love, dwelling together beneath one roof as one family, in unity, peace, and concord. Finally, O Lord, that all who are now present may be benefited, grant that all may apply what here they witness to the case of their own souls and the improvement of their eternal interests. May they be reminded, that, after all we can do for one another, thou art the true strength of the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a place of refuge, a covert from the storm and rain, and a shadow from the heat. May they be taught the importance of building on the one only true foundation-stone, the tried corner-stone, elect and precious, which thou hast laid, on which to build us up as lively stones into the spiritual house—Christ's church. May we be rooted and grounded in him, stablished in the faith, and glorifying him by a life of holy and devout obedience, so that we fail not hereafter, when our earthly house of this tabernacle shall be dissolved, of admittance into the building of God, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. All this we beg for Jesus Christ's sake, by whose command, and in whose words, we end our petitions with the prayer,—Our Father, which art in heaven," &c.

The mortar being duly spread over the spot, the massive foundation-stone was lowered to its proper place, tried by the square, and struck by the mallet; the noble earl using the trowel and other instruments with most commendable skill, though he observed that it was his first appearance in this character.

Three cheers were cordially given by the surrounding multitude, and another spontaneously in compliment to his lordship, who was then marshalled back to the adjacent tent, whence he had come, in the same form, and where a handsome entertainment was spread for above two hundred, by Messrs. Staples, of the Albion Tavern. After partaking of this sumptuous repast, the wines and viands really deserving that epithet, the chairman proposed the customary loyal and patriotic toasts, with brief and expressive allusions to Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, Prince Albert, and the royal family. On coming to "the toast of the day," his lordship addressed the company in a speech of such eloquence and feeling as we have never heard surpassed on any similar occasion. The unaffected ease with which it was delivered, the beauty of the language (we truly think not admitting of the change of one word without injury), and the fine, just, touching, persuasively moral, and Christian tone of the sentiments, as the speaker adverted to the various topics which called for his discussion, will, we are sure, never be forgotten by any of those who enjoyed the delight of hearing this impressive appeal. The newspapers of Thursday have given an outline of it; but we could have wished that it had been as fully reported as a parliamentary speech, not only for the sake of the Provident Retreat, but for the benefit of society at large. As it is, we are fain to copy from our daily contemporaries (chiefly the *Morning Herald*, and slightly from the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle*).

The Booksellers' Provident Retreat was connected with the Booksellers' Provident Institution, founded in the year 1837 by various influential members of "the trade," whose object was to afford temporary assistance to those of their brethren who happened to be in necessitous circumstances, and afterwards to impart to them permanent relief, when they were overtaken by old age and infirmity. This benevolent design had, he rejoiced to say, met with all the success that it deserved; for the usefulness of the institution had been so generally recognised, so zealous had been the co-operation in the good work, so untiring had been its friends, who were animated by the same spirit as its founders, and so excellent had been the management, that he verily believed there was not a savings' bank or a benevolent society in the kingdom to which the Booksellers' Provident Association might not serve as an example. And this had not been effected in the usual manner; for no supplicating appeals to the charity of the unconcerned had been circulated, no newspapers had contained elaborate eulogies of this institution, no anniversary festival had been presided over by men of high rank or family, but among the members of the trade alone had the institution modestly, silently, but successfully, made its own way, until between 400 and 500 members were enrolled, and upwards of 16,000*l.* had been collected; whilst, since 1837, not 500*l.* had been expended in the management; the medical officers having given their invaluable aid without expense to the applicants, and during all that period but one dispute had come before the arbitrators appointed under the provisions of the "Friendly Societies Act." Having resolved to provide a permanent and commodious habitation for their members, in addition to the annuity granted by the society, an order to carry this benevolent intention into effect was given to the committee, but so great was the difficulty experienced by them in endeavouring to obtain an eligible site in the neighbourhood of London, that, in 1844, they were compelled to report that no success had attended their efforts. But in the present year this primary obstacle was surmounted, through the beneficence and generosity of Mr. Dickinson (cheers), who gave the land upon which they were now assembled, and which had been regularly conveyed to trustees, and was the lawful property of the institution (cheers). The society thus found itself aided in the same liberal spirit that had constantly cheered its own exertions, and endowed with a site admirably suited for the proposed building; and, thanks to that stupendous work of art (the London and Birmingham Railway), within an hour's journey of the metropolis. The structure, as he was gratified to testify,

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had been commenced auspiciously, would be rapidly proceeded with, promised to be a comfortable habitation for its inmates, and would be completed in a style of architecture which he thought was in perfect harmony with the object contemplated by its promoters, and exhibited equal good taste both on the part of Mr. Cooper and the committee by whom the plan had been unanimously adopted. As far as he could judge, the regulations for the government of the Retreat seemed to be framed in the spirit best calculated to ensure comfort, order, and economy. The expenses would be defrayed from a sum which had been subscribed specially for the purpose by various members of the trade, and by other persons friendly to the object; and, as this fund increased, additions would be made as they were from time to time required. And that the fund would augment and become ample for the purpose, he devoutly hoped and confidently expected; for it seemed to him that the Provident Retreat and its parent institution were entitled to peculiar sympathy and support, not alone because they were works of well-directed charity, not alone because the bookselling trade was one which might be said to be almost *sui generis*, and because booksellers and their assistants, as a body, had peculiar difficulty in laying by provision for seasons of sickness and adversity; but because it was to this trade we were all, individually and collectively, from the highest to the lowest subject in the realm, more indebted than to any other. Though we profited by it, and blessed the source whence the streams of knowledge flowed, we seldom reflected and were little aware at what enormous cost and constant risk this knowledge was diffused, or how much was the speculation, or rather, what was the lottery, of the whole business of publishing. They seldom considered how difficult it was to ascertain beforehand, with anything like certainty, what might be the intellectual taste of those for whom intellectual food was to be provided; how difficult it was to predicate what were the caprices of public opinion—that mighty power, formed they knew not how, of materials so various, before which, in one shape or other, all were compelled to bow, and from whose decision, once pronounced, it was hopeless to appeal. He felt that the interests of the booksellers were identical with those of the public, and therefore he felt that in aiding to confer this benefit on them the public were conferring a benefit on themselves. They ought to recollect that the booksellers were the medium through which the principles of religion and patriotism were spread abroad. They ought not to forget that through their exertions knowledge was rapidly spreading, at the same time improving the morals and ameliorating the condition of the people, rendering them better men, and enabling them, he humbly hoped, to "walk more acceptably" in the presence of their God. Booksellers were public benefactors, and it behoved society to hold out to them the right hand of friendship and cordiality in order to promote their comforts and respectability. And for this purpose no better means could be adopted than the erection of the "Retreat." Having further recommended the institution to support, the noble earl concluded by proposing as a toast, "Prosperity to the Booksellers' Provident Retreat."

The conclusion of this address was hailed with shouts of applause, and the toast heartily drank with three times three.

The health of the noble chairman was proposed by Mr. Dickinson, who eulogised the ancestors of Lord Clarendon, and observed that literature and the booksellers were intimately connected with the name of the family. He also dwelt upon their admirable qualities as great landed proprietors, neighbours, and friends of the poor. Every one near him who resided where they could be cognizant of their conduct, must be aware how richly they deserved the love and respect of all ranks—must know that for generations there had not been a Clarendon whose loss was not heavily felt, nor a Clarendon whose loss had not been nobly supplied. Long might the period be when the country should have to lament their illustrious chairman, but looking at the fine family who adorned his hearth they had still the same prospect of successors worthy of the race.—Lord Clarendon returned thanks, and promised to keep an observant eye upon the future prosperity of the Retreat. He then proposed the health of Mr. Dickinson, eulogising the generous part he had taken in promoting this design; the company loudly cheering every expression of grateful approbation. Mr. Dickinson again addressed the meeting with great effect, and with equal modesty declined what he deemed the excess of praise bestowed upon him.

The health of the Earl of Verulam, whom severe illness prevented from attending, was drunk in silence and respect; the same melancholy cause enforcing the absence of Lord Grimston and Lady Clarendon, who would otherwise have been present. The health of the Hon. B. Rider, one of the county members, was drunk with the honours, and acknowledged by that gentleman, both for himself and his two colleagues, who were unavoidably absent.

Mr. Merrick proposed the "Managing Committee," which Mr. Hodgson, one of its most effective members, answered in suitable terms: the Rev. Mr. Jones also spoke to a toast, and Mr. Jerdan.

A day altogether better or more pleasantly and profitably spent it is hardly possible to conceive. The musical department was gracefully filled by Miss Thornton and Messrs. G. F. Taylor, G. Genge, C. Kenny, and F. Smith.

The reading of the subscription-list by Mr. Hodgson naturally excited enthusiastic plaudits, and the presence of some of the most liberal friends of the asylum, connected with "the trade" (and convincing proofs of not being forgotten by others who could not attend), gave much additional *éclat* to the meeting. But whilst we offer this tribute to the house of Messrs. Longman, nearly every member of which was at the table, to Alderman Kelly, and to all who have distinguished themselves in this good cause, we trust we shall not be thought to overstep our province, if we earnestly exhort others who have not yet joined in the support of these institutions, to lose no time in doing themselves that service and honour. In our humble opinion, there is not one assistant in the London trade who ought not to avail himself of this auspicious institution, and not one principal whose bounden duty it is not to afford it a liberal aid. In those who are most exposed to fall into the need of such help for old age or disease, it is inexcusable to neglect the provision; and in those most removed from the chance of such misfortune, "'twere good to do so much for charity."

MUSIC.

THE BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL.

[From our own Correspondent.]

Our readers may think us late in noticing the great Beethoven festival; but it was no easy matter to come at the truth of certain defects which occurred, and we have therefore preferred waiting till the general excitement was abated and we were able dispassionately and faithfully to record the events of the doings at Bonn.

We commence by stating that the greatest praise is due to Dr. Liszt, for his generous and energetic exertions throughout the whole proceedings. Had it not been for him this festival could never have been brought about; for what with the niggardly conduct of the Bonnites, and the illiberal behaviour of the Beethoven committee, who (with the exception of Herren Friedrich Werth and Professor Walter) were opposed to such measures as would have done them honour; the whole affair would have been marked with complete failure had not Dr. Liszt contributed more than 600*l.* out of his private purse. When he arrived at Bonn (three weeks before the concerts took place), he found the committee had engaged no eminent solo singers, and he therefore provided them. What was more provoking, the committee had chosen the riding-school for the concerts; and as this locality was a small ugly building which would not have held half the audience, he, upon his own responsibility, gave orders for a new grand hall to be erected; and a most beautiful hall it was; and had the back part of the orchestra been raised, the general effect of the music would have been improved.

There was also a vast want of attention shewn on the part of the committee to the performers, both vocal and instrumental, to first-rate musicians who came from all parts of Europe (to do honour to Beethoven), and to the reporters of the press of almost all countries. But what was still more annoying was, the manner in which they treated the ladies who gratuitously assisted in the splendid choruses on an occasion of a visit to the island of Nonnenwerth. A steamboat, christened Ludwig von Beethoven, was appointed to take in her, by way of a treat, those who contributed to the success of the concerts. Of course the committee, with Drs. Spohr and Liszt and a few favourites, took early possession of the boat. It is well known to all who heard the concerts, that had it not been for the attention and ability of first and second sopranos, the difficult compositions, particularly those of the first concert, would have lost their splendour; we think, therefore, these ladies (whose parents were of the highest respectability) deserved attention and respect from the committee: but they received none, for they were not allowed to enter the Ludwig von Beethoven; and when they arrived at the island of Nonnenwerth (which lies nearly under the seven mountains of the Rhine) in another boat, they were thrust back by a pack of soldiers to prevent them from landing. We will only pronounce the committee ignorant of good management; for we cannot believe they wished to insult those without whom their best efforts would have proved fruitless: but still we must think they were far less careless of themselves than of others—for, in addition to this fact, we know many first-rate musicians who left Bonn in disgust twenty-four hours after their arrival there.

We now come to a more pleasant part of the festival, viz. the arrival of Dr. Spohr, who entered Bonn August 7th, and from that time up to August 10th, rehearsals twice a-day were going on, and every attention was paid by the vocalists and instrumentalists to do honour to the immortal compositions of Beethoven. Now that we are about to speak of the works performed on this occasion, it may not be amiss to say, that it would have been more satisfactory to all had none but Beethoven's music been

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performed: and we feel confident it would be a more pleasant remembrance to those who made out the programmes, had they considered that compositions of other masters, however eminent, were here out of place. The invidious remarks such as this, *Beethoven's festival in honour to Liszt* (which is no more true than could be said of Professor Breidenstein), would never have had a foundation (and we are sorry that on this score there is room for dissatisfaction and a field for irony) had Beethoven's music alone been performed at this festival.

Aug. 9.—Bonn crowded with strangers from all parts of Europe. Every inn and private house was full. The Golden Star was the seat of commotion, as Drs. Spohr and Liszt took up their abode there. We never witnessed such exciting scenes in our lives as the three grand days at Bonn. The most extraordinary scenes of all were the one o'clock dinners at the Golden Star, where 500 persons sat down to that meal for three days in succession. Each person was obliged to put his name down in a book, otherwise he was refused admission into the grand and spacious dining-room. Of all who have reason to rejoice, none have more than Herr Schmidts, landlord of the Golden Star, and we strongly advise him to form a committee (and to make himself president) to get up every three years a Beethoven festival.

The first and by far the best concert took place at six o'clock in the evening, August 10th, under the masterly guidance of Dr. Spohr, whose baton moved with majestic dignity and completely inspired the performers. Not only is Dr. Spohr a man full of years, but his genius and manly deportment cannot fail in producing feelings of profound veneration and respect on all who see him. It is fortunate the committee chose him conductor of this concert, as the compositions were full of difficulties from the beginning to the end. The first work performed was Beethoven's Mass Solemnis in D, the most sublime though intricate of all his works, and one little known in this country. For want of space we cannot analyse this mass at present, but on another occasion we may speak critically of it.

The solos were taken by Darmen, Tuczek, Sachs, Kratky, Schloss, and Herr Beyer and Staudigl: all of whom (except Herr Beyer) sang beautifully. The choruses, particularly the soprani parts, went sublimely; their excellent reading of the composition is worthy of the highest praise. The second composition was Beethoven's ninth symphony, with chorus, in which Staudigl had a good opportunity of displaying his splendid voice and excellent judgment. We may here just observe, that our famous Pischeck (though not engaged by the committee) sang in the choruses, in honour (as he told us) of Beethoven: this is conduct worthy of a great singer and a worthy man. The grand hall was crowded; and at the conclusion of this fine composition Miss Tuczek placed on the head of Dr. Spohr a splendid wreath, which took the Dr. by surprise; but he soon discovered the compliment, and bowed first to the audience and then to the performers, and as he left the concert-room the band saluted him with drums and horns—a mode of applause shewn to celebrated musicians in Germany.

Aug. 12.—Nine o'clock, Professor Dr. Breidenstein conducted Beethoven's Mass, No. 1, in C, in the cathedral at Bonn, which was crowded to suffocation. We were much pleased with the performance; and; with the exception of Herr Göze, the same singers were employed as in the first concert.

At the close of the mass the inauguration of the statue of Beethoven took place in the Münster-plaz, which is quite near to the cathedral. It was singular to see how fast the people ran out of the cathedral to get to their seats within the enclosure which was temporarily placed round the monument of Beethoven, and which they had to pay only for the best situation one thaler. We will here remark, that the committee deserve commendation for the moderate charges of the three concerts, which amounted only to four thalers; and as six thalers twenty-five grochens make a pound, the reader will find the prices low for the concerts.

Next week we will give a description of the ceremony of the inauguration, and conclude by observing, that the King and Queen of Prussia, with our beloved Queen and Prince Albert, and other distinguished characters, were present on this occasion.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

REFLECTIONS.

There are days should be remembered, when the spirit soars on high
Till its grosser parts are melted in the ether of the sky;
When this world has had its evil, and this life has lost its care,
And the thoughts are bright and spotless as the shining summer air.

As on Sabbath-days the workman walketh out into the fields,
Every hedge-row with its blossoms to his heart enjoyment yields,
Freshened by the birds and flowers, to his toil he turneth back,—
So the soul from high communion goes refreshed upon its track.

These are hours to be remembered, but their light soon dies away,
Glorious dreams, great resolutions, scarce enduring for a day;
All the hopes that, like the levin, we had drawn down from the skies,
Have departed, and our wisdom hath forgotten to be wise.

There are days should be forgotten, for they breed but inward strife,
When we drank the cup of wormwood for the first time in our life;
When our childhood's staff was broken—staff of faith in fellow-men,
And the cares of after-manhood came so strangely o'er us then.

These are days to be forgotten, but how vivid still they be!
As on bark the letters graven growing with the growing tree;
Starting up before our memory, darkly passing in our gaze,
Mocking shadows in our gladness shutting out the sunny rays.

There are sins should be remembered,—vanities of young desire,
Arrogance of worldly knowledge, passions of unhallowed fire;
They should speak within our bosoms with a sentence and a scourge,
But the voice is low and grateful as the distant ocean's surge.

There are deeds should be forgotten,—prompted some by kindly heart,
Some the fruit of ostentation, some the specious work of art;
Some but acts of simple justice, blazoned fair to shine abroad,
And we take from men the homage only due unto our God.

Yet the evil and the sorrow, and the rapture and the right,
All alike are shewn in heaven by the same impartial light;
Thou Recorder! teach our weakness what to blot and what to grave,
That we may not fear the judgment where repentance cannot save.

E. A. H. O.

THE DRAMA.

Haymarket.—On Thursday evening *Past and Present, or the Annals of the French Revolution*, by Mr. Poole, brought out at Drury Lane fifteen years ago, was revived here. The story is developed in three acts, or epochs; and the performers appear at different and increased ages. The chief strain fell on the shoulders of one well able to bear it, viz. Mr. Farren, who, in depicting the varieties of senile life, displayed all his usual art and excellence.

Adelphi.—Enterprise does not seem to flag here with the lateness of season. The *Boy-King*, and *Clarisse*, have recently been added to the stock-entertainments, with much applause. They afford popular opportunities for the display of the female talent of the company.

Astley's.—The *Bride of the Nile*, a grand spectacle, has been produced here; of which Mr. Denvil is the hero, but has his honours contested by pelicans and other animals. The "*mise en scene*," as our English critics Frenchify it, is of a gay and splendid description, and crowds are attracted by the magnificence of the show.

VARIETIES.

The Archæological Association (Mr. Way's) has issued its programme for Winchester next week. It contains a number of distinguished names; but is not so prolific in papers, though no fewer than twenty clergymen are announced as contributors. Excursions to Rumsey and Lord Palmerston's, and to Porchester Castle, are spoken of; and every exertion has been employed to have a goodly gathering. In the lists there is quite an extraordinary concourse of churchmen—they say ten deans, besides archdeacons, D.D.'s, professors, and down to curates.

Lilia lancifolia.—Mr. Groom's collection of these delicately-beautiful flowers has been on show during the week, and they are still in high bloom. The new variety, *Speciosum*, is very rich, its colour approaching to deep lake; the majority, however, consisted of the *Punctatum*, white and pink, all luxuriant. We were shewn also a Gladiolus, which fully deserved its distinctive title, *splendens*.

The appointment of Surgeon to H. M. Yacht William and Mary, vacant by the retirement of Mr. Edwards, has been given by Lord Haddington to Mr. Mc Cormick, the adventurer to both poles, he having accompanied Sir Edward Parry to the north, and Sir James Clarke Ross to the south.

The New London Magazine, No. 1, is acknowledged with thanks. Its contents seem to possess sufficient variety, and contribution from popular hands.

Captain Grover's Pamphlet, on Lord Aberdeen and the *Edinburgh Review*, we sincerely regret to have read. The extreme lengths to which zeal in an originally humane cause may lead a warm-hearted individual is really lamentable.

Calcutta-Cathedral Organ. A splendid instrument built for India by Messrs. Gray and Davison has been submitted to several public trial performances in Guildhall, where the effect produced has been very grand.

Iron Mines in Italy.—It is stated that mines rich in iron-ore have been discovered in the States of the Church.

Foreign.—A Geographical and Ethnographical Society has just been founded at Darmstadt, in Germany, supported by high names, and promising to be a very influential body, under the title of "Vereins für Erdkunde und Verwandte Wissenschaften." A number of the most distinguished men throughout Europe

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have been elected corresponding members: the English corresponding members being the Chevalier Bunsen (Prussian ambassador), Sir Charles Malcolm (president of the Ethnological Society), Colonel Sykes (president of the Statistical Society), Mr. Greenough, Dr. King (secretary of the Ethnological Society), Dr. Holt Yates (secretary of the Syro-Egyptian Society), Mr. Fletcher (secretary of the Statistical Society), Mr. Thomas Wright, and, we believe, the noble president of the Geographical Society, or Mr. W. Francis Ainsworth.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Mrs. Bray's Novels and Romances: Vol. V. The Talba, or the Moor of Portugal, new edit., fcp. 8vo, 6s.—History of British Freshwater Algæ, by A. H. Hassall, 2 vols. 8vo, 2l. 5s.—Sketches on the Shores of the Caspian, by W. R. Holmes, 8vo, 14s.—Exercises in Logic, by J. T. Gray, 12mo, 3s. 6d.—Elements of Chemical Analysis, by E. A. Parnell, new edit., 8vo, 14s.—Sermons for Sundays, First Series, Vol. I., 8vo, 7s. 6d.—Délassements Culinaires, par A. Soyer, of the Reform Club, royal 8vo, 6s.—Manual of Astronomy, by John Drew, fcp., 7s. 6d.—The Spirit of the Vatican, by J. Turnley, 8vo, 7s. 6d.—Cosmos: a General Survey of the Physical Phenomena of the Universe, by A. Von Humboldt, Vol. I., 8vo, 10s.—The Master-Passion, and other Tales and Sketches, by T. C. Grattan, 2 vols. post 8vo, 21s.—The General Principles of Banking, by W. J. Norfolk, 12mo, 7s. 6d.—Manual of Family Prayers, by the Rev. J. J. Plumer, 12mo, 6s.—The Christian's Day, by the Rev. F. E. Paget, 32mo, 3s. 6d.—The Juvenile Englishman's Library: Vol. X. Luke Sharp, by the Rev. F. E. Paget, 18mo, 2s. 6d.—Peter Parley's Keepsake for the Young, square, 5s.—Poems, by a Father and Daughter, fcp., 8s. 6d.—Poems, by Allan P. Paton, post 8vo, 5s.—Dryburgh Abbey, and other Poems, by the Rev. T. A. Holland, new edit., 8vo, 5s. 6d.—Gaëtano, and other Poems, by G. Mayfield, 8vo, 6s.—Practical Christian's Library: Andrewes' Parish Sermons, 18mo, 2s.—Courts of Requests, their Jurisdiction, &c., by D. D. Keane, 2d edit., 12mo, 3s. 6d.—Prideaux's Guide to the Duties of Churchwardens, new edit., 12mo, 6s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The challenge to Chev. Bunsen will probably appear in our next.

The White Hart, not the *Bush*, at Winchester, was the comfortable inn at which a number of members took up their quarters at the late Archæological meeting, and where the ordinaries were alternately held. The *Bush* was written in mistake in our last *Gazette*.

Our readers will find the *Gazette* of to-day of a more mixed character than usual, as we have taken the opportunity of an inactive publishing week to clear off some of our arrears.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GREAT RUSSIAN CHRONOMETRICAL EXPEDITION.—E. J. DENT, 82 Strand, and 33 Cockspur Street, has the high and distinguished honour of stating, that his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia has recently condescended to confer on him "the appointment and title of Chronometer-Maker to his Imperial Majesty," as a reward for the unequalled performance of his Chronometers during the Expedition of 1844. In 1843, his Imperial Majesty the Emperor was pleased to reward the performance of Dent's Chronometers with a Gold Medal of the highest Order of Merit.

Dent's Patent Watches, Chronometers, and Clocks.

HODGSON and ABBOTT'S EAST INDIA PALE ALE.—E. ABBOTT, the sole surviving partner of this long-celebrated Establishment, informs the public that this Beer, so strongly recommended by the Faculty, not being sold to the trade, can only be procured at the Brewery, Bow.

City Office, 98 Gracechurch Street.

PATENT WOOD CARVINGS.—THE Proprietors of the patent method of carving in solid wood, by machinery invite attention to their simple and beautiful process, by which they are enabled to supply the most exquisite specimens of genius at one-fourth to one-sixth of the expense formerly incurred and to provide an endless variety of material for embellishments in the Gothic, Elizabethan, French, and Italian styles.

The mansions of many of the Nobility already exhibit in the recent fitting up of their Dining-rooms and Libraries, the rich Panelling, Moulding, and Chimney-pieces, which have been furnished by this invention; and several Churches in London and in different parts of England are adorned with Screens and other decorations from the same source. PULPITS, READING-DESKS, LECTERNS, ALTAR-CHAIRS, RAILS, &c., are also executed for the Architect, with strict fidelity to the classical antique; and to Builders, Upholsterers, Cabinet and FRAME-MAKERS, SHIP-BUILDERS, PIANOFORTE Manufacturers, Decorators, and others, elaborate Carvings of all kinds are supplied by the Patentees, instinct with the energy and vigour of the most *recherché* and admired originals.

Specimens may be seen at the Company's Offices, No. 5 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, or at their Works, Ranelagh Road, Thames Bank.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—A full Account of the Proceedings of the SECOND ANNUAL MEETING, held at Winchester, with at least Fifty Illustrations, is now in the press, and will be published at Thirty shillings. Subscribing Members will have their Copies delivered at One Pound.

In order to enable the Committee to ascertain the probable number of Copies required, it is desirable that those who may intend to subscribe for the Volume should, *as early as possible*, intimate to us their wishes on the subject.

THOMAS CROFTON CROKER, *Admiralty.*
CHARLES ROACH SMITH, *5 Liverpool Street, City.* } *Hon. Secs.*

London, September 4, 1845.

FREE EXHIBITION.—ART-UNION of LONDON.—The WORKS of ART selected by the Prizeholders of the year 1845, exhibiting at the Gallery of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, WILL BE OPEN TO THE PUBLIC FREE from the 8th to the 13th inst. from Ten till Six; and by Tickets from Seven till Ten on the evenings of the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th. The Subscription-Lists are now open.

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4 Trafalgar Square, Sept. 4, 1845.

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MR. DUNLOP begs leave respectfully to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public in general, that he has obtained the appointment of sole Wholesale Agent for the sale of the above Patent Ærated Water.

Mr. Maugham, during a long course of chemical investigation, having been forcibly struck by the very great imperfections and injurious effects of Soda Water, Ginger Beer, Lemonade, and other such-like compounds, and seeing the almost absolute necessity which existed for the introduction of some beverage at once wholesome and grateful to the palate, devoted his serious attention to the subject of Ærated Waters in general, and after upwards of four years' research, and a careful analysis of a vast variety of artificial and natural waters, succeeded in producing the article now presented to the Public under the title of CARRARA WATER.

In endeavouring to effect his object, Mr. Maugham constantly aimed at the production of a water that should in its composition assimilate as much as possible to the water given us by nature for our common use, and not at the discovery of a new medicinal combination, which, however beneficial it might be as a temporary remedy in incidental cases, could not be recommended as an habitual beverage.

It is well known to practical chemists, that all water (except that from rain and snow) contains a variety of extraneous substances, changing in kind and quantity in the various localities from which it is procured; but Mr. Maugham, by analysing the water taken from many different sources, found that one substance was almost universally present—that substance was LIME. This circumstance suggested the grounds for the composition of the Carrara Water. A great and, apparently, almost insurmountable obstacle, however, presented itself to the employment of lime as the base of an ordinary drink, viz. the extremely unpleasant taste of the mixture; for lime-water itself is so extremely nauseous to the palate, that even as a medicine few persons can be prevailed upon to take it.

Undismayed, however, by this difficulty, Mr. Maugham pursued his experiments, which ultimately led to a simple and most efficacious means, not only of entirely destroying the taste of the lime, but of producing a highly agreeable and refreshing beverage. This was effected by the addition of carbonic acid gas, which was forced into the liquid by powerful machinery, and the two submitted to a pressure sufficient to liquefy the gas, which, combining instantly with the lime held in solution by the water, formed an ærated solution of bi-carbonate of lime, which would, in fact, be the proper chemical title of the Carrara Water.

Now although this water is introduced to the Public as an article of luxury, yet as every ærated water, and indeed almost every article of food, possesses more or less medicinal properties, Mr. Dunlop feels it right to mention some of the cases in which the Carrara Water would, and indeed has been, highly beneficial when taken medicinally.

Lime is considered by medical men to be one of the finest antacids known, affording great relief to persons suffering from acidity of the stomach, heartburn, thirst, flatulency, and the many other forms of indigestion.

In cases of temporary indisposition arising from indulgences of the table, the Carrara Water will be found invaluable. Instead of producing that chill caused by the use of common Soda Water in such cases, it imparts a warmth and glow to the stomach, acting as an agreeable tonic.

Gouty subjects find great relief from alkaline remedies; the Carrara Water will therefore be an excellent, as well as a most agreeable, means of checking the great tendency to acidity to which such persons are liable.

The cases, however, in which the daily use of the Carrara Water will be of the greatest value and importance are in many forms of calculus, for medical men know of no certain means to check predisposition to that terrible disease. The Carrara Water is not a composition of such a powerful nature that a few bottles of it could be expected to afford a cure in cases of confirmed disease,—for if it were so it could not be used as a daily beverage,—but is intended to produce its effects by habitual use, and to act on the constitution in the same manner as common water is well known to act on the general health of the inhabitants who drink it.

The composition of the Carrara Water would of itself be a great recommendation; but Mr. Dunlop feels that the reputation of Mr. Maugham (who, besides being a practical and analytical chemist, has for a great number of years practised as a surgeon, and held the appointment of Lecturer on Chemistry and Medical Jurisprudence at one of our public hospitals) may be regarded as a perfect guarantee for its excellence and wholesomeness. Such a guarantee is, indeed, required; for unfortunately the numberless compositions in the form of beers, liqueurs, ærated waters, &c., are generally the productions of persons as totally unacquainted with the chemistry of the human frame as they are with that of the mixtures which they compound for its use.

The title of "Carrara" has been given to the new beverage on account of the Carrara marble being the source from which the purest lime is obtained, and which is employed in the manufacture of the water.

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TO BE HELD AT WINCHESTER, COMMENCING TUESDAY, SEPT. 9.

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Tickets may be obtained at the apartments of the Association, 12 Haymarket, London.

Visitors are requested to present themselves on their arrival at the General Committee-Room at the Town Hall, where also Tickets will be issued, Subscriptions received, and information given respecting general arrangements.

The Directors of the South-Western Railway have ordered the issue of Tickets at a reduced price (on the inspection of the Tickets for the Annual Meeting), available to persons visiting Winchester on this occasion, for the journey and return during the Meeting week.

By order of the Central Committee,

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AND

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No. 1495. LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1845. PRICE 8d. Stamped Edition, 9d.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Sketches on the Shores of the Caspian, &c. By W. R. Holmes. 8vo, pp. 412. Bentley.

It is long since we have had any good account of Persia; and this volume, setting the condition of that country before our eyes to the present date, is doubly acceptable for that reason. But even if we had been more *au fait* with the subject, the manner in which the youthful author has treated it would have called for our very high approbation. He offers his six months' tour with a degree of modesty only equalled by the extent of information he gives. We have extremely clear views of the actual state of the whole empire; and we have the most distinct pictures of the parts through which Mr. Holmes travelled, and of the customs and manners of the princes, khans, meerzas, and people with whom he mingled in his interesting journey.

Having said so much, any further introduction would be impertinent; and we hasten with much pleasure to let the author speak for himself through the *Literary Gazette*, perfectly sure that his work will thereby be speedily distributed among every class of intelligent readers.

The preface says (with the graceful modesty to which we have alluded):

"A very young author presents this his first attempt to the ordeal of public opinion, with no small amount of fear lest he should be accused of presumption for offering himself and his production to the world at all. In his own justification, however, he ventures to assign the following reason for so doing. His position in the house of his relative, Mr. James Brant, her majesty's consul at Erzeroom, afforded him an opportunity of visiting a country interesting indeed, and but little trodden. He availed himself of it; and now places before the public the result of his enterprise, in the persuasion that he will meet with that indulgence always so generously awarded in his own happy land to efforts which are designed to convey a more perfect knowledge of countries hitherto but partially explored. * * *

"In committing the following *Sketches* to the press, the author claims to himself only one merit, namely, that they were written on the spot of which they profess to give a description, and that they are a faithful account of what passed under his observation."

We must also quote the outset, for the sake of the better understanding of future extracts.

"On the afternoon of the 4th of November, 1843, we left Tabreez, accompanied by our English friends, who, as is customary in Persia, came a short distance with us before taking leave. The weather was lowering and a little rain fell, which was considered peculiarly lucky by the Persians; for, as it is of such vital importance to agriculture in this dry climate, they have connected with rain a superstitious idea of general good fortune. Our party consisted of Mr. A., her Majesty's consul at Tehraun, his meerza (scribe), five servants, and a gholaum, Mohamed Rahim Beg, who had been sent by the prince, Bahman Meerza, as our mehmandar, to procure lodgings and provisions, and to see that we were treated with proper attention. We were all armed; but our servants were so loaded with weapons, that in case of an attack they would have proved more an incumbrance than a protection. Their formidable appearance alone would have sufficed to keep a party of double their number at a respectful distance; and we might reasonably congratulate ourselves on the prospect of travelling unmolested, and arriving safe at our journey's end, provided our followers possessed one tithe of the courage and devotion they boasted while quietly riding through the suburbs of the town. The meerza, however, was essentially a man of peace, and seemed to entertain a profound antipathy to anything warlike; instead of sword and dagger, he carried in his girdle a roll of paper and a calemdaun (Persian inkstand), the peculiar type of the professors of the pen. Our baggage had preceded us to the village of Borringe, about six miles from Tabreez, accompanied and supposed to be defended, in case of need, by four grooms, the cook, and the muleteers."

On goes the cavalcade, and our first halt is at Meezaum; previous to which, a day's march describes the country and travelling accommodations.

"The bushes on the mountain were full of blackbirds and thrushes; and the change from the dreary barren country through which we had passed, where nothing like a bush was visible, was exceedingly refreshing. We continued over these hills on a beautiful smooth turf for about two miles, when we happened to start a hare close to the road-side. Being well mounted, and having a couple of greyhounds with us, we gave chase, when, to our surprise, we found that almost every bush contained a hare; they started out in all directions, and, dodging among the brushwood, completely puzzled the dogs, who could not keep the same animal in view for two seconds. After a great deal of hallooing and scampering about to no purpose—every one calling the dogs to the particular hare he had just started, and they attending to no one, but enjoying a little hunting for their own individual amusement—we thought our fire-arms were likely to do more execution, and therefore dismounted; several of our attendants who had guns following the example. I had not proceeded many yards before I put up a hare, which I shot, and the report of my gun raised an immense covey of partridges. Meanwhile a very brisk fire commenced on all sides, and even pistols were discharged at the astonished animals. The scene was very animating; and the servants, hallooing and rushing hither and thither, seemed to have gone mad. I found the gholaum in a thicket literally filled with hares, blazing away at them sitting, without the least effect on his part, and with as little apparent fear on theirs. This man was a great sportsman in a small way; and on the road if the report of a gun was heard, it was sure to be Mohamed Rahim Beg shooting at a crow. The meerza, with his mouth wide open in amazement at the uproar, seemed to think it just possible that an odd shot might come his way; and to add to his comfort, being no sportsman, he was left in charge of about seven horses, which occasionally exhibited symptoms of pugnacity, and nearly pulled his arms off. Unfortunately we had some distance to go, and it was getting late; so, in about a quarter of an hour, we mounted, and hastened to the village of Meezaum, where we had determined to put up for the night. The abundance of hares was quite inconceivable, and we likewise raised some immense coveys of partridges; these, however, were very wild. Notwithstanding the abundance of hares, we only bagged four, for the bushes were too close to give us a fair chance, and we were distracted by the numbers: our attendants shot nothing. The day had been cloudy and threatening rain; the evening was cold and foggy, and the sun had long set ere we reached Meezaum. The inhabitants vacated for us a most filthy hut, the best, however, the place afforded; and we endeavoured to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. During the operation of removing the furniture, we were sitting outside, surrounded by the people of the place, staring at us open-mouthed. I had ample time to observe their physiognomies, and I think I never before beheld such unparalleled ugliness; some of them were hardly human—one man's forehead being about an inch high, and his chin three or four inches long; there were noses of every shape imaginable, and no one had two eyes looking the same way. Two or three old women were peering over a wall, and their hideous and wrinkled features were perfectly astonishing. This village is about twenty-two miles distant from Ahar: it is mostly in ruins, and appears a miserable place. We passed a sleepless night, but felt thankful that we were not entirely devoured by the vermin with which our room swarmed."

A little further, at Soomaree:

"On an eminence above the village stand the ruins of an old castle which had not been inhabited within the recollection of the natives, who were also ignorant of its history. The houses here are built as usual of mud; but the foundations appeared to be partly of stone. On arriving, wet and cold, we were shewn into a most wretched hovel; the roof was pierced with holes, and the rain trickled through in every direction, rendering it quite uninhabitable. The people, however, solemnly assured us that all the houses were in the same condition. This was consolatory, inasmuch as we were no worse off than others; but, as it by no means improved our situation, we sent our gholaum to find a more habitable dwelling if possible. In about half an hour he returned with the joyful intelligence that he had at last secured a good house, and thither we removed. Though very small, it was at least water-tight, of which advantage hardly any other house in the village could boast. Here, then, we established ourselves; and having with some difficulty procured wood for a fire, we dried our clothes, and after a comfortable dinner hoped to forget the discomforts of the day in the visions of the night. But no: after all the complicated miseries of wind, water, and cold; after all the fatigues of rocky passes and a long day's journey, we were subjected to a most awful infliction of fleas. We suffered in patience for a long time; but there is a point beyond which no

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patience will extend; so, lighting candles again, we commenced an attack on the invaders with an ability and enthusiasm only to be acquired by long practice and a thirst for vengeance. But, though thousands fell, thousands still came on with unabated vigour; and my friend declared he could see them charging in heavy squadrons over the carpet. This alarming discovery put an end to the battle: we fairly gave in; and, I need scarcely add, did not close our eyes during the remainder of the night. The first person I saw in the morning, on going out of the house, was our meerza, looking the picture of misery. He shook his head mournfully and exclaimed, 'Ah, Sahib, Sahib! this menzil is very bad; it has many fleas; I have not slept.' I could not forbear a smile at his woe-begone expression of countenance, and felt a kind of selfish consolation that we had not suffered alone. The quantity of vermin, however, must have been very unusual to have caused him any uneasiness. We left Soomaree at a quarter to ten, in a heavy snow-storm, which soon turned to mist and rain; and passing over some low hills, entered the plain of Ardebeel."

At Nemeen we are told:

"This village is about eleven miles distant from Ardebeel; it belongs to Meer Caussim Khan, a Taulish chief, and is the residence of his wife, a princess, sister to Mahomed Rahim Meerza, governor of Karadaugh. She was very polite to us, insisted on making us her guests, and would not allow us to pay for anything, sending us tea on our arrival, and a very good dinner in the evening. We subsequently heard several stories of this lady; and among others that on her marriage she treated her husband with great *hauteur*, and kept him at a respectful distance for eight days. The first evening she sent for him, and, making him stand near the door, the following conversation ensued: 'You are welcome, Meer Caussim Khan; how is your health? is your brain fat?' 'By the condescension of the Shahzadeh it is fat; how is her health?' 'Good, thank God; you are dismissed.' The second and third evenings were repetitions of the first; on the fourth she requested him to come a little nearer, that she might see what manner of man he was; and, having expressed some slight satisfaction, again dismissed him. The next two days she treated him with still more condescension, and then their wedded life fairly commenced. Persian women think that the longer they refuse to receive their lords, the greater the consideration they are entitled to; and among the higher ranks their freaks are sometimes carried to a most extraordinary length. Nemeen is a very pretty village, situated in a small valley at the foot of the mountains which divide the upper country from the lowlands of Taulish. The houses are in good repair, and neatly built; and a clear stream, the banks of which are planted with willows, poplars, and some fruit-trees, flows past the eastern side. This village contains about two hundred houses, and yields an hundred and fifty tomauns revenue. There are besides several others in the vicinity belonging to Meer Caussim Khan, from which altogether he obtains about one thousand tomauns. Our lodgings were in a small apartment of the palace, as it was called, and proved very comfortable, except that, as usual, we were annoyed by vermin. The following morning, after having breakfasted on various dishes sent by our hostess, we mounted our horses and departed, regretting that we had no means of shewing our sense of the kindness with which we had been received, not having expected to be entertained by princesses in small out-of-the-way villages."

Passing through Gheelaun, we find the following extract very diversified and descriptive:

At Kerghanagh "we turned from the sea, and proceeding inland about three miles through the forest, arrived at our intended resting-place at sunset. The houses are scattered through the jungle, and built in the usual manner of this country: some were roofed with shingles, covered with stones to keep them in their places, and the rest were thatched with rice-straw or reeds. This village is the largest in the district of Kerghanagh-rood, and is the winter residence of Balla Khan, who retires in the summer with most of the inhabitants to his yeilauks at Aug-evler, which are described by all who have been there as exceedingly beautiful in scenery, and healthy in climate. The khan was at this time at Enzellee. There appeared to be some difficulty about preparing a house for us; the owner of the one chosen grumbling, and protesting that if he gave it to us he should get into a scrape with his master's son, who wished to make us his own guests; but as we were very tired, and it was already dark, we declared we would remain where we were. In the mean time, however, the gentleman in question himself appeared, inviting us most pressingly to go to his residence, where every preparation had been made, and where we should be better accommodated than in the village. As he seemed so much in earnest we accepted his proffered kindness, mounted our horses again, and rode off with him. Ferrajoollah Beg, Balla Khan's second son, was a jolly round-faced vulgar-looking fellow, terribly pitted with the small-pox. Contrary, however, to the rules of physiognomy, he turned out to be a sensible, shrewd man, well acquainted with the history of his own country, and knowing a great deal of that of England and India; he had also a tolerable idea of Europe, and his remarks were more pertinent than those of most of his countrymen. On arriving at his house we were shewn into a comfortable apartment; rose-water was poured over our hands and beards, and tea was served. Our host, after many polite speeches, wishing to put us completely at our ease, requested us to stretch out our legs, instead of sitting in the Eastern fashion; 'Or,' observed he, 'perhaps you would like to walk up and down the room.' We assured him, however, that, having been in the saddle since the morning, we thought we had enjoyed enough exercise for one day; and that we felt perfectly comfortable. The English habit of pacing up and down a room is a matter of profound astonishment to Asiatics in general, who have no idea of any person walking about when he has the option of sitting still. The Hindoos, I have been told, think it a part of our worship. After tea the Beg left us to ourselves for about an hour, when he returned, accompanied by his two brothers, Nooroollah Beg and Shookroollah Beg; a brother of Mehmet Khan, chief of the Shah-sevens, and some other friends, and dinner immediately followed. A tray containing a chillo and pillo, radishes, fried eggs, a stew of meat, and a bowl of sherbet, was allotted to each two persons; and, at the word 'Bismillah' (In the name of God), the company fell to in silence, unbroken during the whole time save by the sound of the various jaws in process of mastication. Hands were thrust deep into the greasy dishes, rice squeezed into balls and swallowed with astonishing rapidity; and in less than a quarter of an hour little remained of the immense piles which had been set before them. Water was then brought in, and each guest slightly wetted his fingers, afterwards wiping them on his pocket-handkerchief or his coat, as the case might be; which ceremony had scarcely been performed, when our Shah-seven friend and one or two others, loosening their belts, immediately lapsed into a state of torpidity. My companion and myself had made a plenteous meal, but our dishes appeared comparatively untouched. The Persians are very large eaters, particularly those of the lower classes; five of our servants, who dined together, devoured every day about twenty pounds of bread, besides a good allowance of meat and fruit; and one evening three of the grooms ate among them ten pounds of rice, and were grumbling because they could not get any more. The Persians say that the English do not eat; they only play with their food. After dinner, having received intelligence that our baggage had halted for the night at the mouth of the river, we sent a person to bring it on; and in the mean time, as it was late, the Beg very kindly offered to lend us bedding, which we thankfully accepted. On undressing, I found myself covered with swellings, occasioned by the bite of some insect, which were most painfully irritable. Our baggage arrived during the night; and, as soon as we awoke in the morning, the servants came to represent the necessity of resting the horses, stating that it was forty-eight miles to Enzellee, and that if we started to-day the animals could not proceed far, and we should arrive there at sunset the following evening, which would not give the necessary time to look for a comfortable lodging. Ferrajoollah Beg, at the same time, sent a message to say that he should be delighted if we would extend our visit. All things, therefore, being considered, though we were anxious to reach Enzellee, we determined to enjoy the luxury of a day's repose. The morning was delightful; and we took a walk about the premises with our host and his other guests. He shewed us the skin of a royal tiger, a very large animal, which had been killed about a year before; five or six of them are shot annually by the peasantry. The wild beasts inhabiting these forests are, the royal tiger, panther, an animal called the vasheg, which I believe to be the lynx, the wolf, hog, jackal, bear, loose or ehebelek, said to be of the colour of a tabby cat, and which I thought might be the wild cat, but they said not; and an animal called the shing, the skin of which is valuable. I have no idea what this is. There are more than one species of the goat and deer; of the latter there is a fine animal called the maral. Otters are found in the rivers. About twelve o'clock, the usual Persian time, we were summoned to breakfast, and all returned to the house exceedingly sharp-set. The meal was a repetition of dinner, and the same feeding-scene took place as on the previous evening. I have often heard it remarked, with respect to the Eastern custom of eating with the fingers, that it was a mistake to regard it as unpleasant; and that the hands, which were thoroughly washed, were cleaner implements than our knives and forks. In Persia, I can only say that I found the washing a very inefficient ceremony; no soap is used, a little tepid water being merely poured over the hands before and after dinner, and they are oftentimes wiped with a pocket-handkerchief which has not been washed for perhaps six months. The voracious manner in which they swallow their food is disgusting. In general, Persians admire the European custom of using the knife and fork, and confess that it is more decent in appearance, and

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cleanlier in reality, than their own; hut Ferrajoollah Beg, whila admitting this, observed, that after all he preferred eating with the hand, as it imparted a flavour to the food: judging from the colour and appearance of his own hand, I should think the observation corract. It was nearly one o'clock when the company dispersed; end feeling disinclined to go out in the broiling sun (for, though the middle of November, it felt like the middle of summer), I occupied myself till dusk in finishing some rough skatches made on the road; and then taking my gun, strolled along the edge of the forest till dark, when I returned, not having seen any game. This evening we dined alone, and mada our own cook prepare the meal, as we were already tired of chillo and pillo. Having a long day's journey before us, we rose early, and left Kerghanagh, accompanied by Farrajoollah Beg and Shookroollah Beg. The former soon took leave; but the latter continued with us to the village of Jellowdar, whare a house had been cleared and a capital breakfast prepared. The house I will describe, as a fair speciman of the dwellings throughout Taulish and Gheelann, though perhaps rather better furnished than the generality. It consisted of a single room plastered with mud, having two or three arched recesses in the walls. The fire was placed in a shallow semicircular hole in the earthen floor, immediately in front of a projecting mass of clay about four feet in length and hreadth, and two feet high, serving to support the cooking utensils. There was no outlet for the smoke except through the door, which was made for this purpose the whole height of the apartment, and had of necessity to be kept open while the fira was burning. The ceiling was formed of square wooden beams placed close together, which had become blackened by the constant action of the smoke. The mudwork of the walls was very neatly executed; and the recesses were edged with white plastar, though this is dispensed with in the poorer cottages. The roof was of good rice-straw thatch, projecting many feet from the walls, and supported by wooden pillars; thus forming a verandah, where in fine weather the women sit and spin. Breakfast being over, we left the village, still accompanied by Shookroollah Beg, and proceedad through the forest towards the seashore. As we went along, he occasionally ordered the man we happened to see in the way to follow him, so that in a short time we had six or eight fellows armed with rifles and kummers marching in our train. 'My followers are always ready,' observed he; 'and when I go abroad, I leave home alone, and collect them in this manner as I journey onwards.' Having accompanied us some distance, tha Beg and his followers took leave; and we continued our march, regretting much that we could not afford tima to stay longer with these wild foresters, whose kindness and hospitality had gained our esteem. Their mode of life reminds one of that of the Scotch Highlanders in days of yore; they are divided into clans, each chief having his own retainers, who are always armed, both from habit and as a protection against wild beasts. The kummer is a favourite means of defance, which they are seldom without. It is a formidable two-edged pointed weapon, very much like the ancient Roman sword, with a blade about a foot and a-half long and three inches broad, generally very sharp, and capable of inflicting the most deadly wounds. The people consider it cowardly to stab, and use it only for cutting; a thrust would probably be fatal. During our march I perceived a man fishing at the mouth of a small river, and bought from him a fine trout, weighing about seven pounds, for a sahib kurraun (one shilling), though I was afterwards told that this was nearly double the usual price. The flesh was not very red, but proved well-flavoured. At this season these fish quit the rivers, and the fisherman, with a long fork in his hands, was watching on the shora at the mouth of tha stream for those which were accidentally thrown within his reach by the surf. They say salmon abound in these rivers from June till the end of October; which, with the sefeed-mahee (white-fish), resembling a gray muliat, and many other kinds of fish, form the chief food of the inhabitants. Further on we came to several small reed-huts, serving as a shelter during the night for men who catch wild ducks. In many places near the coast are extensiva swamps, the resort in winter of immense numbers of wild-fowl, where long nets are suspended to high poles in various directions; and below them are placed decoy-ducks, tied by the legs to a short piece of twine, which is fixed by a peg in tha bottom. During the night the wild-fowl are attracted by tha cry of the tame birds, and, flying low, are caught by the neck in the meshes of the nets. Another method is also practised. A large net is fixed upright, and kept in that position by a long cord held by the fowler, who is concealed among the high reeds. Decoy-ducks are placed within its range, and on the wild-fowl alighting among them the string is let go, and the net falling over the hirds makes them fly upwards, when they are caught in the meshes. This method is always practicable; but the other only succeeds on dark stormy nights, when one man may sometimes take ten or fifteen ducks. All along the coast, both in Ghaelaun and Mauzunderoon, multitudes of these hirds are annually thus capturad. Continuing onwards we passed the following rivers: the Hindekerron, the Keifarood, the Novarood, the Ailalon-chai, tha Kholasoror, the Dinachar-chai (a considerable river), the Soomerkerron, the Alekion, the Nokendah, the Shooeree-chai, and the Mahmoud Tukianee. Most of them were at this season shallow streams, but became rapid torrents in the spring. After a rida of about thirty miles along the beach, which presented the same scenery as heretofore, we arrived at sunset at Coopoorchar. It was a small villaga, built in a style similar to the others along this coast, and having nothing remarkable in its appearance. We saw here orange-trees for tha first time, and roses and many other flowers were in full bloom. This is the last village in Taulish, which, though essentially part of Ghealeun, and nominally under the authority of the governor of that provinca, is sometimes considered as separate. It is divided into five or six different districts, each under its respective governor, who is virtually an independent chieftain, and the only authority acknowledged by the peasantry. Most of the inhabitants retire to the yeilauks in the summer, and for this reason very little silk is produced, as it is during tha hot months that the worms require unremitting attention. Tha revenue of Taulish is altogether about 30,000 tomauns (15,000*l.* sterling), from which 14,000 tomauns ara deducted for the maintenance of the contingent of men furnished by the chiefs, as will he explained hereafter."

We have this week confinad ourselves to these few hut pleasant and characteristic selections from the first seventy pages of the volume, and shall return with satisfaction to its other various as well as more comprehensive views.

CENTO.

King René's Daughter: a Lyric Drama. From the Danish of Henrik Hertz. By Jane F. Chapman, translator of "Waldemar," &c. Pp. 88. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

"KING RAINY'S Daughter" (somebody reed the titla to us)—That must be an original production, said we, thinking of the king, or tyrant,* of auctioneers; but what was our disappointment when we took the hook in hand and discovared that it had nothing to do with him, nor with the season, which is making our island-weather a bad translation from the Danish or more northern climates. To be sure it has picked up a little; but still there is much forca in the Omnibus Cad's opinion, who, as a passengar stepping out observed, "Why, it is going to rain again!" raplied, "I believe it is, sir; for this is the greatest *humbug of a summer as ever was!*"

This drama was acted in Copenhagen with great applause, we are informed, in April last; and has a certain wildness and novelty of plot about it which wa can conceive to be attractiva, though the blank verse rather halts and is uncouth in the translation. Of the lyrics (the essenca of the whole) we can form no judgment: they seem to be good and striking.

Iolanthé, the heroine, and daughter of King René, is blind from infancy, and brought up in seclusion and perfect ignorance of her misfortune. There is some charming speculativa reflection when her lover first makas known to her this deficiency of a sense.

"*Iolanthé.* When I perchance would know the form and number
Of things around, I feel them with my hand.
It is the readiest way.
Tristan (with embarrassment). Yes—you are right—
And yet I think sometimes——
Iolanthé. Sometimes? say on!
Tristan. I meant to say, that there are many things
Distinguishable only by their colours,
As divers flowers for instance, divers tissues.
Iolanthé. Thou meanest, by their properties, their forms.
Say—dost thou not?
Tristan. Ah, no! 'twas not my meaning.
Iolanthé. Is it so hard, then, to distinguish flowers?
Is not the rose rounded and delicate,
Soft to the touch, e'en as the zephyr's breath,
And warm and balmy as a summer's even?
Is the carnation like the rose? Its fragrance
O'erpowers, like to that potent wine I gave thee.
Then there's the cactus, with its prickly leaves,
Like to the east wind driving sleety shower.
Tristan (aside). Most wonderful!—(*Aloud*). Hath none, then, told thee, maiden,
That at a distance objects are discernible
By help—by halp of sight? by sight alone?
Iolanthé. Ay, at a distance—true. The bird which nestles
Upon our roof I know e'en by its note,
And all who dwell around me by their voices.
The spirited steed on which I daily ride
Is known to me afar, both by its paces
And by its neighing—but by help of sight?
No one e'er told me that. Is it somewhat
Which aids research? Is it an instrument
Of cunning artifice, or simple tool?
Sight is unknown to me. Canst thou, then, teach me
Sight's use and purpose?
Tristan. Sacred Heavens! 'tis so!
She doth not know herself that she is blind."

• • • •

"*Iolanthé.* Oh stay, if thou art able,
And teach me that of which I'm ignorant.
Tristan. Ah no, my youthful, lovely lady, no!
I cannot teach you that you fain would learn.
Iolanthé. Nay, if thou wilt, I doubt not that thou canst.
I'm said to be both apt and teachable.
Many who erst came hither have informed me
Of several things I quickly apprehended.
Try my capacities. I will attend:
Thou'rt kind to me; thy tones are mild and friendly;
Thou'lt not refuse this boon I crave of thee.
Say on; I am attentive to thy speech.
Tristan. Alas! attention will not aid you here.
Yet—tell me this: you doubtless have been taught
Each member of the human form doth own

* See *Lit. Gaz.* p. 461.

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A special use and purpose. Even so
With hand and fingers you prehend an object;
Your foot, although so slender, yet doth bear you
Most readily whithersoe'er you would.
Through the ear's tortuous windings doth the sound
Of words and tones impenetrate your soul.
Speech issues from your lips. The bosom is
A repertory for the gentle breath,
Rising and falling unoppressed by care.
Iolanthé. All this is known to me—only proceed.
Tristan. Then tell me, with what purpose do you think
That Providence bestowed on you—your eyes?
Say, what the use of those twain lustrous stars,
Which of themselves do shed such wondrous beams
That they disdain to borrow rays of light?
Iolanthé (places her hands on her eyes, and reflects for a moment).
Thou askest me what use—Why dost thou ask?
And yet—I ne'er before did think thereon.
Mine eyes—ah well! 'tis easily conceived—
When weariness comes over me at night,
Sleep weighs my eyelids down; is thence diffused
In gradual shades o'er all the body, as
The sense of touch through medium of the fingers.
Thus, then, I know mine eye performs a service.
But besides this, hast thou not oft thyself
Experienced other uses from thine eyes?
Once as I stooped to place a rose-tree slip
Within the ground, there flew an insect forth
And stung my finger, when the sudden smart
Caused me to weep. And at another time,
When I had long bewailed my father's absence,
I wept o'erjoyed at his return. By tears
My heart was lightened; when it was too full,
O'erflowing through the channel of mine eyes.
Thus thou need'st ask no more with what design
Did Providence endow me with mine eyes.
Through them, when wearied, rest is granted me,
Through them my sorrow finds relief, and e'en
My joys through them are purified."

The superstitions of the age, and poetical license of many kinds, are called in to enhance the interest; and the waking, or opening the eyes of Iolanthé to light and love, is dramatic, though not quite according to the laws of oculist practice. The stage, however, is not favourable to the medical exposition of blindness, and requires that those who are successfully couched should see at once.

Thom's Poems: Rhymes and Recollections of a Hand-loom Weaver, &c. Second Edition. Smith, Elder, and Co.

In No. 1443 of the *Literary Gazette* will be found our review of this interesting work; and it is very gratifying to us to find that the public has so "responded" to our opinion as to call for this second edition. It appears in an improved book form, and has above a dozen of new poems added to the original store. We cannot doubt, therefore, that what recommended the first will continue with increased force to recommend the second; and we can truly say, that both poetical taste and the best feelings of humanity are concerned in the cause.

The picture of factory-life in the prefixed Recollections are vivid, and we fear too true; and all the rest most natural and touching. But having said our say about the author, we shall now only instance one of his new compositions, and express our hope that the world goes well—better—with him, though he has been apparently reduced a little farther into the bitterness of political complaint than when he had more to endure and did endure it in a finer spirit. (We allude to his Whisperings for the Unwashed.) But we like his higher moods. *Whisper Low* is a charming Scotch love-song: we quote it.

"Slowly, slowly the cauld moon creeps
Wi' a licht unlo'esome to see;
It dwalls on the window whaur my love sleeps,
An' she winna wauken to me.
Wearie, wearie the hours, and slow,
Wauken, my lovie, an' whisper low!

There's nae ae sang in heaven's hicht,
Nor on the green earth doun,
Like soun's that kind love kens at nicht,
When whispers hap the soun';
Hearin'—fearin, sichin' so—
Whisper, my bonnie lovie, whisper low!

They lack nae licht wha weel can speak
In love's ain wordless wile;
Her ee-bree creepin' on my cheek
Betrays her pawkie smile;
Happy—happy—silent so—
Breathin'—bonnie lovie, whisper low!

Was yon a waft o' her wee white han',
Wi' a warnin' 'wheesht' to me?
Or was it a gleam o' that fause moon fa'in'
On my puir misguided e'e?
Wearie—wearie—wearie O—
Wauken, my lovie, an' whisper low!"

Poems and Snatches of Prose. By T. Denham. Pp. 200. London, Smith, Elder, and Co.; Edinburgh, Menzies; Glasgow, Robertson; Aberdeen, W. Russel.

Ohone! Here is another poet from the lowly ranks of life; a poor, uneducated son of Crispin, as we understand. What to say of or to him we know not. There is much talent in his little volume, but it is strongly imitative both in language and sentiment. To speak high, be discontented, talk of "a man 's a man for a' that," not in one pithy line or ballad, but through a volume, and follow in the common train of a school which is every day getting more fatiguing through "cursed iteration," can hardly win our sympathies. And yet we feel for such an individual as this Denham. Aspiring and more gifted than thousands of his compeers, we could earnestly wish that these gifts were blessings, and not, as they seem to be, irritating curses to him. We can only cite one affecting and natural example of his muse, and heartily recommend him to the consideration of the benevolent and generous.

"*The Dying Wife.*

"Oh! draw the curtains o'er a bit,
And let me see the mune.
Wi' the winkin' starry lampies
A' dancin' clear abune.

The sun's awa' in robe o' fire,
A' gloriously and bricht,
But it sent a beam to kiss me
Before it bade guid nicht.

Its bonnie rays gaed ling'ringly,
I watched ilk partin' smile;
For I kent we'd ne'er meet again,
And grat me sair the while.

Scarce twenty simmers o'er my head,
My young an' yearnin' heart
A' glowing wi' affections kind—
Oh! 'tis terrible to part.

But tak' me in your arms, Jamie—
Your doatin', deein' wife!
And lean my head upo' your breast
As lang's there's ony life.

Your tears are fa'in' burningly,
I fin' them on my cheek;
But calm yoursel', and whisper me—
We hinna lang to speak.

O monie, monie trystin' nicht
I've stolen out in haste,
A' purity and happiness,
To meet you on the waste.

Proud mither since and fonder wife,
'Tis hard to leave sae sune;
And fain the young heart wad rebel,
But God's will maun be dune.

In decent time ye'll please yer folk,
And seek some grander mate;
But O! wyle ane o' kindliness,
Wha my orphans wunna hate.

And tell her that I blessed her
A wee afore my death,
And bequeathed my little bairnies
Wi' a mither's deein' breath.

But when ye tak' our fav'rite walk
By the bonnie water-side,
Ye'll maybe hae a tear for me,
Unnoticed o' your bride.

And should ye hae some ither young,
O! leave nae ane to pine;
But when she gi'es her ain a piece
Gie you a bit to mine.

Ye've struggled sair wi' poverty
For makin' me your ain;
But your braw frien's 'll come roun' ye
When the sair despised is gane.

And noo I feel death's creepin' cauld—
O! lift them on the bed,
Till I bless my little darlings
Ere battlin' life has sped.

I've maybe been owre proud o' them,
Owre careless o' my God!
But there's mercy for a mither's love
In Heaven's chast'nin' rod.

Noo, Jamie, ca' me ance again
Your ain, your dearest wife;
And haud me close and kiss me, love,
The fareweel kiss o' life.

Dark, dark and cauld, I hear ye nae—
O stay, my husband, stay!
Your hand—O yes! I feel—alas!
'Tis me that's gaun away."

Revelations of Spain in 1845. By T. M. Hughes. 2d Edition. 2 vols. H. Colburn.

We cannot say how far the author's statements are to be depended upon; and the trade of getting up books now for the nonce leads to so much misrepresentation that we approach every thing which comes from the manufactory with doubt and misgiving. We will suppose, however, that Mr. Hughes is well informed, clear sighted, and impartial, and if we hit aught that is valuable in his old matter or "numerous additions," it will be so much the better; but if not, the selections will, at any rate, we trust, be of that miscellaneous cast which amuses the mass of readers.* For in truth these are days of superficial literature; and even philosophy seems to have no time for study and reflection: as for learning (with the exception of such a paper occasionally as appears in our present *Gazette*, page 610), it is completely out of court, and the schoolmaster, in the higher sense of the title, has certainly died abroad.

But to our task with these Revelations *de omnibus rebus*, &c., written in a familiar style, which rather affects the facetious. Thus of the Spanish women:

"Beauty is rare; but an aptitude for love is impressed on all their features, diffused over their forms, imparted by the air they breathe, and by the sunshine with which it is impregnated. Love forms a large part of the Andalucian woman's existence; it is mixed up with her daily avocations; it forms the essence of her amusements; it goes with her to church! But it would be a cruel and brutal thing to infer that it is an impure love—a love which leads to criminal excesses. There are probably somewhat more frequent lapses—very few more—than occur in northern Europe. But these lapses are readily accounted for by a variety of causes. He is an ignorant coxcomb who asserts that they are much more frequent; and these love-passages, however ardent, have, for the most part, their legitimate conclusion in marriage. But talk to me of an Andalucian fair, possessed by the demon jealousy! I have seen, I have known, I have felt, the edge of the retributive knife. Fortunately it did not penetrate in a perilous direction, or these pages would never have seen the light. It was a perfect model, that, of a dangerous *cuchillo*, a blade six inches long, worn in the bosom of a high dress, stand-

* That the writer sets himself above the merely gossipping and uninformed, may be surmised from the following passage: "The ideas of national manners, which are picked up from a few plays and novels, are in the highest degree delusive. Not less so are those derived from a brief and casual residence, or from desultory and imperfect conversation with the natives settled in foreign countries. But the most ridiculous of all pretensions was that of a temporary denizen of Gibraltar, who, in a company where I was present, professed his perfect competence to pronounce upon the most recondite mysteries of Spanish life, from having cantered once or twice into Spain! A Spaniard, who was present, replied with the cutting proverb: *Mas sabe el bobo del suyo que el cuerdo del ajeno.* 'The fool knows more of his own affairs than the wise man does of his neighbour's.'"

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ing longitudinally like a whalebone, or its steel substitute. In this sultry climate stays are very little worn, and not at all by the common people. Jacinta never wore such a thing, and would have despised the incumbrance. It was for no coquettish purpose that she wore this steel support, but for needful protection; and, if required, to strike in revenge. A strong shagreen case was sewn into the bosom of her dress, where the poniard rested as in a sheath; and at the point, to prevent any accidental puncturing of the skin, was strongly stitched a small plate, likewise of steel. The handle was of ebony, bound round with brass wire to impart firmness to the grasp; and on the end was a plate of hollowed brass, to give purchase to the ball of the thumb, and assist its muscular energy in the act, familiar to all Spaniards, of striking with the little finger towards the antagonist, and striking upwards. The blade was from Toledo, which still retains its 'trusty' reputation, neither inlaid nor damasked, but of the purest steel and finest temper; it was as sharp at both edges as at the point, and transpierced a dollar without bending. Such was the familiar plaything of Jacinta of San Salvador's—the dangerous toy which dwelt habitually in her bosom, and whose presence there no one would have ever suspected—so uniformly erect was her figure, so firm her *à plomb*, so shapely her contour, and so sustained her movements. The perfect elasticity of the steel which composed the blade made it bend to the slightest pressure when she stooped; and thus, while it would protect her in case of need, it served the graceful uses of a corset. To think that death should repose so near the source of life! That so rigid and terrible a weapon should be enshrined on that charming wave—those throbbing pulses of delight! Jacinta was, to my mind, the best dancer in Seville. Her seguidilla was enchanting; her fandango glorious; her olé had destroyed more *sombreros* than any foot in Andalucía—for none was so arched and bending as hers, or swelled upwards beneath the zagalejo* so gracefully. The very musician used to fling his hat to be trod on at her triumphant conclusion of the dance, his enthusiasm involuntarily excited in the midst of cold routine. But while Jacinta was a very lovely dancer, she was also a very jealous woman; and where her pride stooped to repose her affections, no empress could be more exacting. The whole heart laid at her feet in homage must be hers; she would not brook the faintest semblance of infidelity. How I stirred her jealousy need not be told, or how quick her poniard was unsheathed. But to the curious in such matters, I could shew the trace it has left."

In his second volume the author nevertheless says:

"The manner and address of young Spanish ladies have a natural simplicity, a candour and primitive artlessness, above all, a benevolent kindheartedness, which enchant all that come near them. It is not an undue freedom, but a cheerful and confiding innocence, which none but demons would abuse."

In the earlier pages there is a good deal about the Queen, the Queen-mother, Espartaro, Narvaez, Olozaga, and other prominent persons. Of the first it is written:

"Queen Isabel has an extraordinary memory, and was able to repeat by rote the whole Constitution of 1837, which she had sworn to observe, but which her ministers have in great part repealed. She has likewise an extraordinary collection of sweets, the most perfect museum of confectionary in Europe. Her royal repository is perpetually vanishing, but not less frequently renewed; and her conservators stuff something much better than beasts or birds—their sovereign mistress. This pastrycook museum, which extends over every apartment of the palace, contains some most interesting specimens—the *tortas*, or tarts of Moron, the most celebrated in Spain—the *panes pintados*, or painted buns of Salamanca—the paschal *ojaloues*, or carnival and Easter dainties—the hard *turrones* of Alicante, composed of almonds, nut-kernels, filberts, and roasted chestnuts, intermixed with honey and sugar—*dulces* of cocoa-nut frosted with sugar—roasted almonds—avellanas, a peculiarly nice sort of filbert, whole and in powder—cinnamon, pine-apple kernels, jelly, blancmange, and custard—gingerbread in its several varieties, and sugared rice in its sundry convolutions—marmalade, jam, and *blando de huévos*, or sweetened yolks of eggs—*capuchinas, guindas* (cherry-brandy), barley-sugar, imitation walnuts and sugar-stick, *alfajor*, or spiced bread, and the delicious cheese *jijona*, pomegranate-jelly, *melocotones*, Madrono strawberries, and other curious specimens. Perhaps the most striking characteristic of the youthful majesty of Spain is her relish and constant use of these *bonbons* and sweetmeats. Her papers of comfits strew the palace, her bags of sugar-plums visit the council-chamber, her *dulces* line the throne. The books of heraldry are not in her case vain, which, as females have nothing to do with shields, inscribe their armorial bearings in a *lozenge*. If she is not 'the loveliest,' she is indeed 'the sweetest' princess. When she is in a good humour, the most remarkable evidence of amiability which she affords is distributing these *bonbons* freely amongst her ministers and palace *grandes*. She does not ask whether these gentlemen have 'a sweet tooth,' but very naturally infers that what she likes herself must be pleasing to all the world. The degrees of ministerial favour may be estimated by the number of presents of confectionary, and the Minister of the Interior is *first fiddle* by right of four bags of sugar-plums, till the Minister of Grace and Justice produces five sticks of barley-sugar. When she despatches business with her ministers (which she does twice a week), she despatches a prodigious quantity of sweets at the same time; and the confection of decrees and discussion of dainties proceed *pari passu*. On the night of the alleged violence, she gave a paper of *bonbons* to Olozaga: and the latter having mentioned this fact as a proof of his correct demeanour, the palace put forth its version, which was, that the sweetmeats dropped on the floor, and Olozaga picked them up and kept them!"

Of the second it is stated:

"Not only has Christina contrived to blot out all the debts which she owed to the Spanish crown and treasury, but she has obtained a large indemnification for the expenses in which the movement by which Espartero was overthrown involved her. The policy to which she seems now to have devoted her energies is one somewhat curiously hostile to the interests of her own eldest daughter, but quite in accordance with that allegiance to Louis-Philippe which her three years' residence in Paris has unalterably confirmed. Queen Isabel's is by no means a secure life; indeed, the seeds of early decay have already begun to develop themselves. Her youthful majesty is unhappily subject to a rather dangerous scrofulous affection; in addition to which, her person exhibits symptoms of general dropsy. These are the paramount reasons of state which caused Queen Isabel's journey, in spite of the fatigue and the summer heats, to the mineral springs of Catalonia, an expedition in quest of health which she has just repeated. The possible contingency of her demise is therefore not idly speculated upon, and the far-seeing eye of the French monarch fixed upon her sister, the infanta Luisa, as the consort, in the first instance, of the Duc d'Aumale, and now of the Duc de Montpensier. The alliance of Queen Isabel in matrimony with the Count Trapani, a Bourbon, seems now as politically impracticable on the one hand, as with the son of Duke Ferdinand of Saxe Coburg on the other. Queen Christina may incline to the son of Don Carlos, but any such union will be scouted by the Spanish nation. I regard it as nearly certain that the successful candidate for Isabel's hand will be her first cousin, Don Enrique, son of Don Francisco de Paula, a dashing sailor and a fine young man, who is Duke of Sevilla, and a captain in the navy. But the grand triumph for the Tuileries is that which, founded on the precarious state of the health of the reigning sovereigns, would raise with the younger sisters respectively the Duc de Montpensier to the throne of Spain, and the Prince de Joinville to the empire of Brazil. The birth of an heir to the Brazilian diadem in February 1845 is an impediment to the latter project, but the feeble frame of this first western Afonso may prove but a slender guarantee."

Of the present chief political character (should no change take place before this manuscript becomes print), we hear:

"Narvaez calls himself *El Napoleon de la posicion*, and his head is undoubtedly turned by his success. His soldiership is undeniable, but he *is* a rash and stupid politician. Those who remember him an outcast two years back, expelled from Portugal upon the requisition of Espartero, a wanderer through the provinces of France, with broken boots that let in the wet, a greasy hat and a thin coat, which ill-protected him from the inclemencies of a severe winter, will appreciate fully the fairy-like change in his circumstances. The equipages which he now sports were lately the property of the British ambassador; not content with ordinary *batidores* or outriders in royal state, he has other outriders at times at the doors of his carriage—military officers, armed with carbines, to protect his valuable life; and so far as pomp goes, he may well call himself a Napoleon,—for in the days of the consulate there was witnessed no such splendour. The least reputable feature in Narvaez's character is his outrageous gambling in the funds, a vice shared by nearly every Spanish minister. His monetary speculations during the last two years have frequently brought him to the verge of destruction. The Spanish dictator has courage, rapidity of movement, powers of combination—qualities which participate in the merits of Bonaparte, which Narvaez evinced during the regency of Christina, and which he eminently displayed on his march from Valencia to Madrid, in terminating that of Espartero. His military abilities are unquestionable, and his power over the army enormous. He has shewn, however, a grievous deficiency in policy and grasp of mind (and here the foolish analogy between him and Napoleon ceases). His energy is physical, not at all intellectual, and he is merely a rough soldier. His selection of such a man as Bravo for prime minister betrayed an utter want of perspicacity; for, though a slavish tool, Bravo is the merest popinjay, whose personal character recals the pitiful days of Ferdinand VII."

From these sketches, or rather traits of indi-

* "Short petticoat."

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viduals, we turn to general national features, though we begin with Spanish animals, and not Spanish human beings.

"A very peculiar feature of the semi-civilisation which prevails in all parts of the peninsula, is the savageness and approximate starvation of the canine population. Many thousand dogs in a state of *feræ naturæ* prowl through the streets of all the great towns, acting in fact as the only effectual scavengers, and removing with great gusto into their own stomachs, offal which the laziness of the inhabitants would leave, perhaps, in the streets to inevitable putrescence. In 1808 the French, who then occupied both the Spanish and Portuguese metropolis, combined grand military operations against the dogs of Madrid and Lisbon; but though they shot many thousands, the dogs soon re-appeared in the same numbers, and had the satisfaction shortly afterwards of seeing their Gallic enemies expelled by British valour from both peninsular kingdoms. It was but a sorry aim for the gallantry of Murat."

They seemed to have had more sense and better taste than their masters, for

"Smoking has become so universal here that it is practised by the gravest characters, and invades the most refined societies. At the first *tertulias* in Seville, in the bosoms of the consular families, and in noble houses of an evening, the *cigarrillo* is often lit when tea is done, and very elegant ladies think no more of it than of using a scent-bottle. The ayuntamiéntos all smoke while they are met in their corporate capacity: and in a late year's municipal accounts of Cadiz, appears an item of eight hundred reals vellon, or *eight pounds sterling*, for cigars, for one member only of the provincial deputation during a journey to Madrid. The journey is charged at six thousand reals, or sixty pounds, for travelling and hotel expenses: and the item for cigars amounts to one seventh of the entire. Even this, perhaps, is as legitimate as the turtle soup and venison of municipal men in London; yet it is impossible to defend the outlay of a large sum, without the slightest authority, in providing a fine funeral for a deceased member of the deputation, and the squandering of seven thousand reals, or seventy pounds sterling, out of the sacred municipal funds, upon a portrait of Espartero. But five thousand reals in presents of cigars to the garrison appears even still less justifiable. This filthy practice, in which Spaniards regularly indulge while seated at dinner, and even in the heat of military skirmishing, led during the last siege of Barcelona to a shocking disaster. A citizen, who had volunteered to serve as an artillery-man upon the wall, was ramming the charge home, when another citizen serving the same gun, carelessly dropped the end of his paper-cigar upon the touch-hole. The cannon was instantly discharged, and the man in front of it blown to pieces! While Espartero was bombarding the Catalan capital, the ayacuchos of Cadiz carried his portrait in triumphant procession through their streets, and twelve thousand four hundred reals were spent that day out of the municipal funds in wine and cigars for the troops. The practice of smoking has at last crept into church, encouraged, perhaps, by the example of the late bishop of Leon, who used to smoke between the courses at Don Carlos's table. Inveterate smokers bring their cigars into the churches, during the long and somewhat theatrical *funcions*, and take an occasional whiff under shelter of their cloaks, the puffs being so distributed as to be barely discernible by those in their immediate neighbourhood. Last summer I met a small band of political prisoners, marching in the intense heats under a strong escort, their arms tightly pinioned with cords, and bound together two by two. Most of them were military officers. They smoked their *cigarrillos* with inimitable coolness, and chatted and laughed with the soldiers who formed their escort, as if they were on a rural party of pleasure. They were to be shot next day. In the magnificent Café del Turco at Seville, one of the most splendid establishments in Spain, which comprises an extensive hotel with a *café* and billiard and gaming-rooms, and could upon a pinch accommodate an army, the characteristic *insouciance* of Spaniards may be seen in perfection. There is no purer type of the national practice. Here, while I dined in what they gave me as a private room,—an immense gallery open to the whole world,—a *fille-de-chambre* entered as by right, and unpapered her curls before a dusty mirror at my elbow, while the *mozo* puffed his *cigarrillo* as he waited to change my plate some forty times in the innumerable courses of savoury but unclean viands which constitute a Spanish dinner. Neither waiter nor housemaid had obtained or sought my permission; and though I coughed at both, the hint was intensely disregarded."

[To be continued.]

Hints on the Nature and Management of Duns. By the Hon. ——— Pp. 158. Newby.

The Beekeeper's Manual. By Dobrogost Chylinski. Pp. 75. Orr.

THE useless and the useful, the idle and the industrious, are treated of in these two little volumes; and the works resemble the subjects, the first being valueless to society, and the last containing information that may be turned to advantage in the care of bees and making of honey.

The first is a *jeu d'esprit* of a genus not uncommon, and mixed with a fair share of worldly observation. Thus, for example, of younger sons:

"The Detrimental may ponder with advantage over the impressive words of the marriage-service: 'Marriage is not to be undertaken lightly or unadvisedly' (this of course means by younger sons); 'not to satisfy men's appetites,' &c. &c. Alas! instead of satisfying man's appetite, matrimony, when entered upon by Detrimentals, too often brings three or four other 'appetites' in its train, which the poor wretch finds it impossible to 'satisfy' on his meagre allowance. Must the younger son, then, hope for no affection? Must his hand never press another's? his lips never meet another's? Must he live and die a solitary and unloved being? Must he alone, of all created things, be companionless, while the 'birds of the air' are mated, and the 'beasts of the field' have each their partner? Was he formed to vegetate and to be dunned, while the first-born loves and is loved again—if not for himself, at least for his title or wealth? This is a delicate subject to approach for my moral pen; there are such things as 'morganatic marriages,' 'left-handed alliances,' which are often contracted by younger sons of tender dispositions. But those unions are not only unlawful, but frequently dangerous and disagreeable in their consequences. A too fatal influence is sometimes acquired over the infatuated Detrimental by his morganatic partner; habit and use render the chain difficult, if not impossible, to shake off; the tie becomes one, no longer of flowers, but of iron; and a nervous dread of 'scenes,' and of passionate reproaches, perpetuates a connexion, which satiety, disgust, and weariness, would fain, but dare not, dissolve. To employ a mercantile phrase, when a younger son, in concert with a frail companion, opens an 'unlicensed' business in sweets and kisses, the 'pleasant but wrong' co-partnership generally ends in the bankruptcy and ruin of one or both; a bankruptcy of character, a ruin of all prospects, and of all happiness. There may be exceptions, but such is generally the case; and when, in addition to these serious thoughts, you consider the no less unpleasant risks of fiery fathers, intractable brothers with large sticks, and actions for 'loss of services,' I think, O younger son, you will, in the exercise of common prudence and discretion, turn away from the voice of the 'charmer, charm she never so sweetly.' If you will love, love legally, though starvation be the result. Then, if your stomach should be empty, your conscience at least will be equally unburdened, and your heart will be as light as your diet. Only, if you do marry, recollect one important fact—namely, that you become responsible for your wife's bills; that your tent will be henceforth planted between a double row of duns, your own and hers—or, to employ an heraldic and genealogical phrase, that you will be a Detrimental 'proper,' exhibiting in your coat of arms two duns 'rampant' —on the male and female side."

The last is an experienced account of the treatment of bees in Poland; and differing in some respects from the English methods, may be consulted with benefit by our hive-ites, even after "Maraldi, Swammerdam, Schirah, Huber, Cuvier, Thorley, Wildman, Huish, Riem, Delrall, Hattford, Payne, Degelieu, Dr. Bevan, Sir W. Jardine Taylor, Nutt, J. Bagster, John Anderson, Keys, W. Kirby, W. Spence, White, and the Rev. — Cotton."

"There are (it is stated) cottages in Poland with very small portions of land attached to them, on which are to be seen as many as fifty hives; while there are farmers and landed proprietors who are in possession of from 100 to 10,000 hives! The profit derived from the produce of honey and wax is very considerable, as it requires neither trouble nor expense to keep apiaries, but, on the contrary, affords amusement and recreation to the whole family. It enables the tenant to pay his rents and taxes; to defray other domestic expenses, and often to accumulate handsome dowries for his daughters. Should the season prove favourable, that is, neither too hot nor too cold, too humid nor too dry, fifty old and very strong hives, which can count a genealogy of centuries, will yield to the cottager from 100 to 150 new swarms, each of them of such formidable power, that it resembles a little cloud when hovering in the air. * * *

"The method pursued by the bee-masters of Poland in rearing bees differs widely from that of all other countries. It is less expensive, and more profitable; less scientific, less artificial, but agreeing more with the natural habits and laws of the bees."

The writer explains all the particulars, and recommends the pattern to Great Britain. *Inter alia*, the hives are from 3 feet 6 inches to 5 feet high: but we must leave the details to parties interested in the business, and conclude with one curious Podolian operation in the management of queens.

"It happens often that an old hive loses its queen, and very often a new hive meets with the same accident during the first week of its settlement; this may be easily discovered by the bees not going out to the fields. In such a case the beekeeper takes a queen from a second young swarm, which has often two or more, or from a glass pot covered with paper, in which there are made little holes to allow the air to

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enter, and in which the beekeeper keeps some queens in store, which he obtains in the time of swarming, feeding them with honey; this queen he puts into a bit of water-reed, in which he cuts holes as small as those of a flageolet, and corks both ends of the reed to prevent the escape of the prisoner: this reed he puts amongst the combs in the hive for two days. The bees feed the imprisoned queen, and accustom themselves to her presence. On the third day the queen may be liberated and allowed to mingle with the colony, who will adopt her at once for their ruler. It is supposed that they would kill her, if this precaution were not taken."

Scenes on the Shores of the Atlantic. By the Author of "Souvenirs of a Summer in Germany," &c. 2 vols. Newby.

We opened the book and were off to America, but found ourselves tied to the Irish shores of the Atlantic; and who has been upon them that will not confess their wildness, grandeur, and beauty? Our author is sketchy and entertaining—the little waves breaking on the coast of literature, and with none of the depths of the deep blue sea. Her work is, therefore, a production for the sea-side. There are some amusing, and some not very new, stories, and a religious tale which falls in with the mania of the day, and is consequently all but too much for us. For desultory reading, our fair author will be found to have not altogether in vain, as she words it—speaking of her blank book for memoranda—"undesecrated" its "virgin page."

The Ruling Passion. 3 vols. London, Newby.

There is at least one novelty in this novel. There is a picture on stone of some pretty young ladies prefixed to each volume, and, we presume, representing the heroines who flourish in the print. For the rest we cannot say much: the story or stories are of the ordinary sort, and there is love-making and marring, disappointments and marriages, very amiable and very unamiable people, who go about affairs not out of the common-place, and with results to match.

Surgical and Practical Observations on the Diseases of the Human Foot, &c., &c., with added Advice on the Management of the Hand. By John Eisenberg, &c. 4to, pp. 252. London, H. Renshaw; Edinburgh, Maclachlan, Stewart, and Co.; Dublin, Fannin, and Co.

If to be tied hand and foot was a sore evil, surely to be eased foot and hand must be a great good; and if we list to the "nothing like leather" argument of Mr. Eisenberg, there is nothing pertaining to the human system more desirable than to have your corns and bunions modified, your warts cleared off, your nails cared for, and your toes and fingers educated in a philosophical fashion. The volume is very handsomely got up. The several kinds of corns, clavus, durus, mollis, niger, and sanguineus, are specified, and their treatment laid down—with their pains and dangers and their mitigations and remedies. Chemistry has thrown little light upon their formation or substance; and patent cures are decried as absolute quackery. Recourse to the knife is earnestly forbidden; in short, an experienced chiropodist should be employed.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CHEVALIER BUNSEN.—A CHALLENGE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—In the first volume of Chevalier Bunsen's work upon Egypt, pp. 319, 320, he has made the following statement respecting the amount of knowledge of the ancient Egyptian language possessed by the school to which he belongs; which I will call the Coptic school, inasmuch as it chiefly relies on the Coptic language, as the medium through which the old Egyptian is to be learned: "There are inscriptions, such as those on the obelisks, and whole pages of the Todtenbuch, which can be read and explained *as to their essentials*. . . . But there is no one living who can read and explain *completely* any one section of the Todtenbuch, and much less any of the historical papyri." In reply to this, I beg leave to state, that I will undertake to do what Chevalier Bunsen here pronounces to be beyond the capability of his school, viz. to explain *completely* entire sections of the Todtenbuch, and other long passages in hieroglyphic and hieratic texts. I will leave no word unexplained, and no character unaccounted for. I beg to state further, that what Chevalier Bunsen calls "an explanation *as to essentials*" ought not, in my opinion, to be depended on as a *correct* explanation. No person can pronounce *à priori* on the importance or nonimportance of words which he does not understand. It may happen that a couple of small characters may completely alter the meaning of an entire sentence. I must add, that this is very likely to happen with respect to the explanations of Egyptian sentences given by the Coptic school. Some of the personal pronouns, which are of most frequent occurrence in the hieroglyphic and hieratic texts, escaped the notice of Champollion, in consequence of their having no Coptic representatives; and, as far as I can judge from Chevalier Bunsen's work, they are yet unknown to him and to his school. Forms of the verbs have also been completely mistaken, as well as the meaning of several common particles, there being nothing analogous in Coptic. It would be difficult to select a long passage in which some of these unknown words or forms does not occur. It is the occurrence of *these* which causes the explanations of the Coptic school to be, as Chevalier Bunsen admits, *imperfect*; and it must, in my opinion, almost necessarily cause them to be *erroneous*.

It may be said that all this is mere assertion on my part. If, however, any two or three gentlemen, whose general knowledge of languages and of their analogies is such as to qualify them for the office, will undertake to be judges, I am ready to meet any Ægyptologist of the Coptic school whom Chevalier Bunsen may select, and to submit our respective systems of explaining old Egyptian texts to their decision. I will offer explanations, purporting to be *complete* ones, of *entire* texts of different kinds; and, having submitted them to the criticism of my opponent, I will answer his objections. He, in like manner, will furnish as full explanations as he thinks he can give of *entire* Egyptian texts; these will be submitted to my criticism, and he will defend himself against my objections. I cannot doubt but that such gentlemen as I have described, even though they had no previous knowledge of hieroglyphics, or even of Coptic, would, from comparing our several statements and counter-statements, be quite capable of deciding which of us had the truth on his side. It is to ascertain this point, with a view, not to an empty victory, but to the more successful cultivation, in future, of what I believe to be one of the most important branches of human knowledge, that I come forward with this friendly challenge.—I am, &c.

Edw. Hincks.

Killyleagh, County Down,
1st September, 1845.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE POTATOE DISEASE.

Potatoes, not only in this country but on the continent, are this year affected with a novel disease, producing brown spots, penetrating more or less to the centre of the potatoe. The origin of this malady has occupied the attention of scientific men in Belgium and in France, and it has been attributed by some to the fungous parasite "*botrytis*." This, however, has not been proved; and M. Decaisne, who seems experimentally to have examined the infected tuber, has failed in detecting any filament of *botrytis*, or of any other of the species, in the interior of the potatoe. He says, a brown granulous matter insinuates itself between the *utricules* which constitute the fleshy mass of the root, covers, agglutinates, and penetrates them, so as to envelop each grain of the starch, but without this latter undergoing the least change. This concluding statement—which is very important, and doubtless will be farther investigated, as well as the nature of this brown substance—gives considerable weight to the recommendation of Mr. W. Herapath, contained in his letter on the subject addressed to the editor of the *Bristol Mercury*, whence we take the following extract. He says:

"The tuber, beneath the outer skin, is first spotted brown (like a bruised apple): these spots extend and penetrate towards the centre, quite changing the nature of the potatoe. Those near the surface are most injured; in some cases the lowest on the root are not at all affected, while the upper ones are useless. I should therefore expect that the longer the crop remains in the land, the greater the injury will be. It seems from the microscopic appearances, that the starch escapes injury for a long time after the skin and cellular parts are gone;* and as the whole of the nutritive powers of the potatoe reside in the starch, I should recommend that, wherever the disease has shewn itself to any extent, the crop should be dug whether ripe or not, and the starch extracted by the following simple process:—After washing the roots, let them be rasped fine and thrown into a large tub or other vessel; pour a considerable quantity of water, and well agitate and rub the pulp with the hands; all the starch or fecula will, from its great weight, fall to the bottom, while the skin and fibrous matter will be carried away by the water; wash the starch with one or two more waters, allowing it to fall after each washing; spread it upon cloths in a warm room to dry: in this way about 20 or 21 lbs. will be obtained from every 100 lbs. of potatoes, and it contains as much nourishment as the original roots; it will keep any length of time, and might be used with flour to make bread, pies, puddings, &c., as well as farinaceous spoon-meat."

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Sept. 6, 1845.

Academy of Sciences: sitting of 1st September.—M. Arago submitted to the Academy two new products obtained by M. Ebelmen from silicic ether. The one, hydrophane; the other, a substance resembling cornelian. Some of the specimens had the semi-transparency of the opal.

M. Babinet communicated an ingenious method of measuring dispersion in transparent substances of which only very small prisms could be obtained. An ordinary solar spec-

* According to M. Decaisne it would seem that the starch remains uninjured, even when the tuber is to appearance entirely brown.—*Ed. L. G.*

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trum of any size is first produced in a dark chamber upon a screen of transparent paper; this spectrum is then to be observed through the little prism whose dispersion is desired to be known, in an opposite direction, so that the dispersion of the little prism should tend to achromatise the spectrum on the screen. By by bringing nearer or removing the little prism, this spectrum becomes colourless to the view at the minimum point of its deviation. Then if the angle of these prisms be sufficiently small, the dispersion of the little prism is, compared with that of the first, in the inverse ratio of their distance f om the screen. This process is susceptible of great precision, and shews even to what point achromatism is possible between two substances of different dispersions.

M. Dujardin states, that he obtains inductive currents of remarkable tension with the magneto-electric machine, by the employment of an armature, consisting of a *prism* of soft iron. He attributes the increased effects to the alternate short and long distances of the prism in its revolutions from the poles of the magnet.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL MEETING AT WINCHESTER.

Our readers are aware of the preceding meeting of the British Archæological Association at Winchester (a complete report of whose proceedings is contained in the monthly part of the *Literary Gazette* of August), and of our predilection for that division of the original institution (which, for brevity's sake as well as for its priority in action, we shall denominate No. 1); but it will not thence, we presume from the character of this journal during more than twenty-seven years, be supposed that it could give any thing except a fair and impartial account of the present meeting (which, for the reasons assigned, for the sake of distinction, we shall call No. 2); even did not the countenance and attendence it has received command such a course. If we fail therefore in aught, it will be from want of official information; but we trust that our *history* will be found to be ample, as well as true, and leave nothing of importance unrecorded.

It will, however, be difficult to draw up a correct statement of these proceedings, without having witnessed those which went before; and, though comparisons are odious, they must of necessity obtrude themselves in a case of this kind. It is self-evident that to those who know little or nothing of No. 1, the doings of No. 2 will be far more acceptable; but we are sure of this, that if both societies outlive their disunion and go on, it will be prudent for neither of them to be *second* at the same place in the same year.* In order to avoid the inconveniences arising from this circumstance, in the present instance, No. 2 has been obliged to go far a-field for most of its contributions, and (if not part of its fixed design?) to rely almost entirely, as far as it has hitherto gone (Tuesday and Wednesday), on subjects of church-architecture. Perhaps this may arise from the preponderating number of ecclesiastics who belong to this body; for in truth, the meeting is wonderfully distinguished by black coats and white neckcloths, of *whom* there are two prominent classes, viz. the old orthodox Reformed Protestant Church of England representatives, and the representatives of the newer Reformers or Tractarians, so prolific from Winchester College although so near to Winchester Cathedral. The noble president, aware of this, with his usual prescience and discrimination, took the earliest opportunity to inform the assembly that there was nothing polemical, and all archæological, in the congress; and this is perfectly just as far as public proceedings have been concerned—which we shall now sketch for the edification of the distant world.

At noon on Tuesday, as advertised, the first meeting took place in St. John's Rooms, the County-hall being too small to accommodate the numbers. About 300 people attended, including fully one half of the better sex, and a number of young girls, and some boys, brought by their parents.

The room was got up in a much superior and more imposing style than by No. 1. The walls were covered with rubbings of brasses, and at the upper end a regular platform was raised about three feet from the floor, for the principal performers in the approaching drama.

At half-past 12 the Marquis of Northampton took the chair, and we may notice this event as a tower of strength for this assemblage. The presidency of the President of the Royal Society was a great feature; but still more fortunate was it for Mr. Way and his friends to be able to place at their head for the occasion a nobleman whose own accomplishments, and the personal regards with which he is surrounded on every hand, have rendered so highly and so justly popular.

Upon the *dais* were about a dozen or fifteen other individuals of rank and name, besides the speakers mentioned hereafter, including Mr. Hellam, Sir R. Westmacott, the Speaker, Sir John Boileau, the Dean of Hereford, and others (some of them young men) whom we did not know.

The Marquis briefly addressed the "Ladies and gentlemen," disclaiming in the most gentlemanly tone the introduction of differences, of polemics (as we have observed), and of all unpleasant or objectionable subjects. The congress stood on its own merits, and he anticipated from the appearances before him a brilliant result. He then called upon the Dean of Westminster to ride forth the *cheval de bataille*, the opening oration of the campaign.

The Dean of Westminster read a paper of considerable length, and apparently elaborated with much care; but the subject-matter was not auspicious for so successful a display of his eloquence as we have listened to with delight on former occasions. He took a general view of antiquarian researches, and defended them from the ridicule with which they had been assailed (sometimes with just cause, when conducted in an erroneous spirit), where the

> "pale antiquary pores,
> Admires the relic, but the dust adores."

He then dilated, in rather a sermonic manner and ambitious style, on the genuine objects to be sought, and of the wasted ashes of which we were to raise a true image of the past, and not merely obtain curiosities for servile and unappropriate copy. The proper love of ancient times was a grand stimulus to modern virtue; and it was inherent and natural in the breast of man. Thus Homer to the Greeks, and the Niebelungen to the Germans, were incitements to heroic deeds, and dissuasions from baseness; and the same feeling made the American visit our Heralds' College to discover some of the old blood that ran in his veins from honoured British ancestry. The reader also drew examples from Marathon, Henry V., and Nelson, and held, that not only courage, the thirst for honest fame, and other warlike gifts, were nourished by this kind of retrospection, but that it also yielded its trophies to the arts and embellishments of peace. He exhorted archæologists to bear this in mind: our fathers, of the past, had drawn bills upon us, and we should beware that they were not dishonoured. It was the want of the knowledge he recommended which made men innovators, who would fain be restorers. He next went into the consideration of the obstacles ever opposed to improvement by the immovable sticklers for leaving things alone. They broke, and for a while impeded, the stream of progressive truth, which must ultimately force its way; and caused it to chafe over rocks and precipices, instead of running smooth on its course. Truth was opposed by the matter upon which it acted; and painting, medicine, in short, every art and science, had been subjected to this opposition. The dean finally remarked upon the difference in studying church-architecture and history upon right and applicable, or wrong, useless, and dangerous principles. He touched upon the superstitions of Rome connected with the remains to be investigated, and the gorgeous forms of its worship; and pointed to the preservation of what was expedient and consistent with the moral health and purer religion of the reformed Protestant faith. A few general observations concluded this address, of which we have given a mere outline; but it mey be noticed, that it was chiefly exhortative and philosophical, and afforded no novelty nor fact to demand particular record. [Every speaker who succeeded complimented it in the highest terms that eulogy could afford, as noble, splendid, unequalled, and so forth: which we mention to avoid iteration.]

The Dean of Winchester moved the thanks of the meeting to his brother dean in a kindly and cordial manner; and took the opportunity to instil the duties of giving the strangers a social and hospitable welcome.* He hailed the promise around, and thought it must set this meeting beyond the reach of malice or misrepresentation.

[We are not aware to what this allusion was meant to apply. The amiable dean has taken his side; and perhaps is persuaded of some malpractices of which we are ignorant.]

Professor Whewell seconded the vote, and went into some anecdotes about his reading Rickman when a boy, and thence imbibing a taste for church-architecture, and learning a new language from him. The learned gentleman (who usually speaks so well) was, nevertheless, much at a loss with his present theme, and pumped up his remarks with much hesitation and repetition. In short, he was not so much at home in his "pastures new"† at Winchester, as in Trinity College, Cambridge, where he rules the roast in a position more congenial to his habits of mind and temperament. The people in the hall could not believe it was the eloquent Dr. Whewell.

Lord Ashburton (who, it must be confessed,

* In the first year it could not probably be well helped; because as both parties claim descent from Canterbury, and Winchester was fixed upon there, it followed that the harvestmen and the gleaners too were bound to the field.

* In this line the estimable dean, who seems to be universally beloved and well spoken of, has set a liberal example; keeping almost open house to entertain numerous guests, and opening a collected museum for all.

† "Pastures new" was quoted with great popular effect, by Professor Whewell, at the farewell meeting of the British Association at Devonport, when he spoke enthusiastically of their going forth to the pastures aforesaid; but his reverence having mounted, chiefly through the Association, to an elevated educational rank, was no sooner installed master of Trinity than he not only forgot all about this pasturage, but turned round, and did his uttermost to extinguish the Association.—*Ed. L. G.*

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was not more fluent than his predecessor, and seemed also puzzled with the scientific points which beset him) moved, with handsome panegyric, thanks to the chair.

Dr. Williams, warden of New College, seconded this, and spoke warmly of the debt of gratitude due from posterity to William of Wykeham.

The Rev. Dr. F. C. Plumptre, Master of University College, followed in a similar strain, and the votes were carried by acclamation.

The Marquis of Northampton returned thanks, and informed the company that the proceedings would not be confined to church-architecture, but embrace all other sorts of antiquity.

After breaking up, parties visited Wolveley Castle and St. Cross, where the show of carriages, &c. was lively and interesting.

An ordinary at the George Inn was pretty well attended; Mr. Way in the chair. The Corinthian order dined with the Dean, and did not get to the evening-meeting till more than a quarter to nine o'clock, or three quarters of an hour after the appointed time.

THE EVENING-MEETING

was, without doubt, the heaviest, dullest, and most unprofitable that ever we spent in the service of science and literature.

The first of three long papers read was by the Rev. J. Bathurst Deane, a *résumé* or abridgment (we believe) of what he read at Canterbury—offering not one new point, and only gaily illustrated by drawings, hung on the walls, of Stonehenge, Abury, Carnac, and other hypæthral temples. As the earliest examples of church-architecture, though the worshippers were pagans, these astonishing monuments may yet be more accurately understood. Much has been written upon them, and Mr. Deane did not undertake to do more (we imagine) than condense a portion of our existing information.

The Rev. J. L. Petit (author of the charming work on Churches in England and France, reviewed in the *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1305) followed at a quarter to ten o'clock, by which time a fair sprinkling of the auditors was indulging in occasional naps. His subject was Romsey Abbey, the details of which he treated with perfect acumen and with much minuteness; but as we have Gazetted that abbey within the last month, from a recently published description of it, the reading embalmed us among the surrounding slumberers. We were awakened by his recommending a subscription for the repairs now carrying on.

E. H. Freeman, Esq., read the third and last paper, on Saint Cross (also with us and our readers an exhausted subject), but in so rapid a way as not to be understood by his hearers. He also ended with a thundering peroration against the abuse of the charity of St. Cross; and called upon the Association to take steps to "brand with eternal infamy the oppressors and robbers of the poor."*

WEDNESDAY.

Again the room at St. John's was filled as before, and immediately, at half-past eleven o'clock, Professor Willis proceeded with his paper and *vivâ voce* observations on Winchester Cathedral, which he delivered in an extremely pleasant, intelligible, and effective manner. Like his preceding essay at the Canterbury meeting,* it displayed his intimate acquaintance with this branch of ecclesiastical antiquity, and his powers of observation and inference from the mechanical (masonic) remains presented to his research. There was a curious enough lapse in opening. "When (said the professor) I had the pleasure to address *you* at Canterbury, I——" but recollecting himself, he began again, "When I had the pleasure to address *the British Association* at Canterbury," and so went on with his lucid explanations.

Taking a historical range, Prof. Willis differed much in opinion from Mr. Cresy; but whose chronological theory is the most correct we must leave persons better informed on the subject than we are to determine. Who can decide when doctors disagree? Tracing the notices of the church from St. Swithin, &c. to the Conquest, and quoting from various chronicles and manuscripts in the British Museum, the professor held that it was rebuilt from the foundation in 1079. On these annals he relied for the fact, that the entire fabric was of a much later date than that contended for by Mr. Cresy; and, indeed, as we gathered (though he said nothing of the crypt), that there was not an Anglo-Saxon stone in it. At the period fixed by him, he thought the apse and high altar might be excepted from the general reconstruction, but whether these were afterwards taken down and re-edified it was impossible to say. Another argument in support of this doctrine was deduced from the elder and later churches occupying different sites: but it was allowed that the authorities referred to were opposed by some ancient conflicting statements. Arriving at the time of William of Wykeham, the professor made an excellent use of the will of that eminent ecclesiastic and great practical mason; and, from passages which he had carefully translated from the original Latin, clearly pointed out parts of the structure built in the founder's lifetime, and parts which he directed to be finished after his death. The will is dated in July 1403, and Wykeham died in the following year; so that we have here certain data respecting all that is so particularly described as done, and to do, by the funds he bequeathed for that purpose. Professor Willis seemed to think that the great west window, and whole of the west front, might be the work of Edington. The nave was a transformation of the Norman, and the two first windows on the south side, and the first on the north, were finished by William of Wykeham himself. They are much broader, and with different mouldings† from all the rest which were continued after his death. The learned professor then proceeded to explain the manner in which this architect cased the Norman pillars, &c. (as was done by others at Canterbury, Ely, &c.), retaining only so much as suited the purpose in hand, and cutting down and removing other portions. [Mr. Cresy's description in this respect was nearly similar, only he maintained an ante-Norman antiquity denied by Professor Willis.] Rising from the foundation to the roof, and illustrated by one of the professor's fine drawings, he shewed how Wykeham had altered the old form. He found the walls divided into three parts: 1st, an arch upon two columns; 2d, above the triforium; and, 3d, above that the clerestory; which, by admirable contrivance, he converted into the newer style of one high perpendicular arch, with only the triforium above it. [It is difficult to render this very clear without the illustrations.] There was no historical evidence respecting the choir; but its architectural features proved that it was later than William of Wykeham, and belonged to three periods, extending over 150 years.

To this very faint outline of a very able communication we may add a notice introduced into it, which interested us even more than the rest. The professor mentioned the circumstance of the fall of the tower after the death of the architect; and stated, that a similar accident had befallen Ely, of which Simeon, his brother and contemporary, was the builder. The cause of these misfortunes was their ignorance of the science, and having consequently raised this lofty superstructure on columns, &c. too weak to bear it. But when this had happened, and the towers came to be rebuilt, they resorted to supports as much more heavy and strong than was necessary as those in the first instance had been insufficient. Thus, he contended, the mediæval *architects were taught simply by their failures*, and did not possess the elements of their art, nor the geometrical or mathematical knowledge which had been ascribed to them!?

We had almost forgotten to say, that to the westward of the great west window they are excavating an area where concrete and other foundations are discovered, which Prof. Willis thinks belong to the Norman towers that were erected on this site, and to prove that the nave originally extended a good deal farther to the west.

Thanks being voted to the author, Mr. C. R. Cockerell, R.A., read a paper on New College and Winchester College, and pointed out the extraordinary skill of William of Wykeham in providing all the offices needed for these large establishments in the most convenient manner, and also for the ready superintendence of the masters and officials over the whole of their charge. Modern builders might take advantageous lessons from the models thus bequeathed to them.

After this there was a rush to the cathedral, with prodigious crowding and pressing up the narrow passages leading thereto, and in the sanctuary itself, when invaded by the Danish-like followers of Professor Willis, who went at four o'clock to guide them to a detailed examination of the structure and its decorations.

In the evening there was a *soirée* at the Deanery for all the members, which was brilliantly attended, and altogether a delightful entertainment. The house is as if built for such an assembly, from the arched passages of the entrance, through the handsome suite of principal rooms to the attics, where a singularly light and elegant roof displays the taste of the ancient builder. Nor were the hospitalities within out of keeping with the place. A small brass band discoursed eloquent music in the hall; in several apartments ices, abundance of the rarest fruits, and all other sumptuous refreshments usual on such occasions, were profusely spread; and, to crown all, a very interesting museum of antiquities and arts, almost *impromptued* by the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Hailstone for the occasion, was exhibited in the gallery—the *quondam* library of the Deanery, and well suited for this purpose.

THURSDAY

being chosen for an excursion to Romsey at

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* We are satisfied that this charity might be restored, with greatly increased means, to its original institution and benevolent dispensations. We believe (though it has been stated to the contrary), that its first deed of gift is still in existence and in London; and this would define its objects and property. Its revenues might be immensely augmented, and hundreds of the poor be provided for from these resources.—*Ed. L. G.*

* Since published, we believe, and considerably enlarged, as we presume the present treatise will be.

† The different mouldings were excellently traced on drawings by a machine invented and applied by the author for that object.

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twelve o'clock, two sections were formed to meet at ten, and take two hours of work out of the early day—one of history, presided over by Mr. Hallam, and the other of antiquities, under the auspices of Mr. W. Hamilton. They held their sittings at the *Nisi Prius* Court (one on each side), and the proceedings partook more of a general archæological character than they had hitherto affected.

Our report, however, at this period of the week, must necessarily be brief; and, if further excuse were wanting, we might notice that the proceedings (as has happened throughout) kept no faith whatever with the programme issued for our guidance; and thus, when we went to hear one thing about which we were curious, we were pretty sure to meet with another about which we cared but little. These changes are, we fear, inseparable from the arrangements of such meetings.

Section of Early and Mediæval Antiquities.—The Dean of Hereford (not in the programme) gave an account of excavations to *unearth* a Roman town at Kenchester, near Hereford, and to us a very interesting exposition. The field under which these remains are buried is no less than about 21 acres; and the ruins appear to occupy the whole area. Among them the learned Dean enumerated and described a remarkable *stone* hypocaust; a variety of striking tesseræ; the bones of deer, swine, and birds; the walls and rooms of private residences, with such appendages as were singular, and designed for particular domestic purposes; broken columns on which temples had stood; and other matters of much archæological value. On the tesseræ he noticed that *pavements* of this kind always distinguished the pretorium, or any other place of dignity and power; from which an adage had probably been handed down to our time. He also adverted, in excellent taste, to the locality being that where the battles of Caractacus with Astorius were fought; and thence carrying his view to the captivity of the former at Rome, to the impression he made on the Emperor Claudius, to his influence with Claudea, reported to be a British lady, and to the contemporaneous presence of St. Paul,—he inferred that the introduction of Christianity into Britain was probably much promoted by these events.

Mr. H. Bloxam read a paper on some ancient British, Roman, and Roman-British remains, discovered in the neighbourhood of Rugby, in Warwickshire. He stated that much obscurity hung over the places and modes of burial of the Romanised British, and then briefly described a number of weapons, fibulæ, ornaments, jewellery, pottery, &c. (a fine collection of which were on the table), found with skeletons along the side of the Watling Road, within a very few miles of the locality intimated.

A gentleman on the bench exhibited a metallic arrow or dart, to which a ring was attached, so as to draw it back by a string after it had struck its prey; and also another weapon with a similar ring, but of a blunt and heavy shape. These were found in the north of Ireland. Mr. Way read a letter on the subject; from whom we did not gather.

Lord Alwyn Compton read a communication on some encaustic tiles in Devonshire, of which superb paintings were exhibited.

Historical Section.—Remarks on the County Hall and ancient Palace of Winchester (not in the programme of the day) were read by Mr. E. Smirke; a paper replete with curious information and instruction; and certainly one of the best and most appropriate yet brought forward. We cannot pretend to give an idea of its various features.

Mr. Kemble (not in the programme) then read another striking and very original paper on Anglo-Saxon nicknames, in which he cited a multitude of instances of the highest rank in church and state, in which the individuals were handed down to future ages by their familiar sobriquets, instead of their baptismal names. This occurred in the most solemn deeds and charters, up to the eighth century. Some of these appellations were by no means complimentary. He stated that where they terminated in the letter *a*, the word implied a quality or peculiarity in the party so denominated.

Mr. Hudson Turner made some brief observations on the St. Giles' fair of Winchester, which was held in streets of stalls appropriated to and called different trades, &c. as the Grocery Street, the Pottery Street, the *Old Clothes Street*, &c. He shewed that it was a mistake to imagine that the town had ever extended so far in this direction.

Some discussion arose about the round table, in consequence of observations which fell from Mr. Smirke and Mr. Gough Nichols. Mr. Smirke, Mr. Kemble, and Sir John Earle took share in it. The question seemed to be, whether it was really an Arthur's Round Table, a Wheel of Fortune, or a Mappa Mundi: and Sir J. Earle endeavoured to make it appear that it might be all three! This was amusing enough; and *àpropos* of the subject, the Association, in its pretty card for the congress, has not been very antiquary-like and precise in the representation of it; for it is made white where it should be green, and we all know how much may depend on the accuracy of colours in such investigations.

But to conclude for the present. Thursday has been a day creditable to the archæology of the meeting; and redeemed it from the more prominent show and mere pleasuring of the preceding two days. It must be confessed that it is a far gayer affair than its precursor, and a very enjoyable festival and holyday. How much it will add to our stores of knowledge remains to be seen. The other, No. 1, was nearly all work: No. 2, till this morning, was nearly all play; and we do not see much announced for Friday and Saturday.

No pains have been spared to get together men of rank and note—and the Universities have been whipped up in full force. We have the pride of architecture: the capitals, the upper divisions, triforium, and clerestory; and the pinnacles and finials. With good solid foundations all would be well; but we have only to perform the task of faithful chroniclers, and we trust what we have spoken frankly, either in blame or praise, will not be misrepresented. It is rather an anxious position to mix with so many justly esteemed persons and many old friends in literature, science, and the arts, and have yet a public duty to perform, which forbids the suppression of truth as much as the utterance of falsehood.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

At the meeting of the Central Committee on Wednesday last, information having been received from one of its correspondents (Mr. Neale of Chelmsford) that traces of fresco-paintings had been discovered in the church of Childerditch in Essex, it was resolved that some members of the committee should visit the spot on the following day. Accordingly a party, including Mr. Roach Smith, Mr. Repton, and Mr. Fairholt, proceeded thither early on Thursday morning. Some portions of the plaster were removed in their presence; but nothing further was discovered than fragments of inscriptions in English, which appeared not to be of a very early date. After satisfying themselves upon this point, the visitors, accompanied by the Rev. J. H. Lewis, the rector, who shewed them the greatest politeness and attention, inspected the font, an elegant monument of art of the Tudor period, which had been long concealed amid dirt and rubbish until brought into notice and cleaned by the present rector. It is octagonal, each face containing a quatrefoil, in the centre of which occur the badges of Henry VIII. and Catherine of Arragon; and is remarkable for an inscription cut round three sides, in the following words: *This is the cost of Jhon the ostelier and Ceceli his wiffe.* The party afterwards visited the churches of East Thornden and Little Whalley, as well as the ancient hall near the latter church, remarkable as a fine specimen of the domestic architecture of the early part of the sixteenth century, and as the residence of the parliamentary general Fairfax.

ON SOME SUPPLEMENTS OF THUCYDIDES,

Obtained from Suidas and other Sources.

No. I.

Although during the last fifty years Maii, Niebuhr, and Bekker, have been discovering and deciphering fragments of ancient authors in palimpsest MSS., and Hayter and Letronne in rolls of papyrus; and though Morelli, Mustoxydi, Bekker, De Furia, and Elmsley, in Italy; Boissonnade, Haase, Rossignol, Bekker, Bachmann, and Walz, in France; Hermann, Titmann, Sturz, Ast, Frommel, and Schneidewinn, in Germany; Bloch, in Denmark; Burney, Blomfield, Barker, Gaisford, Dobree, and Cramer, in England; and recently Minas in Turkey, have been rescuing from the dust of different libraries not a few relics of writers of the olden time, and more especially the productions of later Historians and Novelists, and fragments, more or less valuable, of the Scholiasts and Grammarians of Alexandria, and their generally worthless successors of Byzantium,—few scholars seem to have been aware that some portions of the best and oldest authors are still to be met with in works accessible to all; and fewer still have attempted to fill up from such sources the numerous omissions to be found in the remains of the Dramatists, Historians, and Orators of Athens.

Of this fact I first gave some proofs more than twenty years ago, in my editions of the *Supplices* and *Eumenides* of Æschylus, and subsequently in those of the *Philoctetes* and *Prometheus;* and more recently in the case of Demosthenes, in the notes to my translation of the *Midian Oration*, and in that of Thucydides, in three papers read before the Royal Society of Literature in the last and current year; and it is with the view of stimulating the researches of other scholars in the same direction, that I will here bring forward a few more of my discoveries in a field hitherto untilled, and but rarely trodden.

Amongst the writers who have come down to us in a state so corrupt as to be frequently unintelligible, the most conspicuous are unfortunately the very two the most remarkable for their depth of thought and their force of diction. As regards the one, who has been styled the father of tragedy, few will refuse to admit the truth of this assertion, who have vainly attempted to cut a road through the forest of the falsely-called Orestean trilogy, and the slough of despond, the *Supplices*, from which no scholar

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can ever hope to emerge, unless, like the Satan of Milton,

> "O'er bog and steep, through strait, rough, dense, and rare,
> With head and hand he can pursue his way,
> And soar, and sink, and wade, and walk, and fly."

But with respect to the philosopher of history, so many editions have been published of the Peloponnesian war during the last thirty years, and such waggon-loads of annotations have been piled upon different portions of it, that a simple reader in search of information would naturally expect to find every difficulty explained, and corruption corrected. Unfortunately, however, this very mass of matter, where the writers not only oppose each other, but, on second thoughts, retract without a blush nearly all they had previously promulgated, affords the most convincing proof how little they could satisfy others, or even themselves. Nor is this to be wondered at. For scarcely a single scholar has either had the talent to see, or the honesty to confess, that the difficulties to be met with in every page are all to be referred to the errors and imperfections of the solitary MS. from which those existing at present have been derived; but the original of which, as regards the omissions in the copies hitherto collated, was in a more perfect state in the tenth century, when Suidas is said to have lived and compiled his Lexicon, where I have been able to detect 120 Supplements of Thucydides, more or less convincing.

As it will be seen, from the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, that I am quite prepared to produce not only the proofs requisite to shew the incompleteness of the received text, but the grounds likewise on which the proposed Supplements are founded, I shall here content myself with giving merely a literal translation of the passages as they should be read; requesting the reader who may feel interested in the subject to direct his attention to the matter printed in Italics; and should he wish to be furnished with the original Greek, I shall be most happy to communicate with him privately, by letter, and, if need be, state not only the source of the Supplements, but the reasons that have led me to introduce them.

Feeling that, in a periodical, the peculiar feature of which is the variety of its literary contents, it would be impossible to produce all I have discovered in Thucydides alone, to say nothing of similar Supplements in other authors, I shall simply make a selection of such as are the most striking, from their extent and importance, and shall reserve the remainder for the time, should ever such arrive, when I can afford, as I did in earlier life, to spend 300*l.* in printing Greek works, that have been more pilfered from than purchased.

The Supplements the most remarkable in a chronological point of view are those which I brought forward in my first paper read before the Royal Society of Literature; where I was the first to shew when the Athenians commenced their final and fatal retreat from Syracuse, and on what days the battles of the Anapus and Asinar were fought respectively. For, by the aid of Suidas, I discovered that Thucydides wrote in vii. 75:

"After this, when it appeared to Nicias and Demosthenes that sufficient preparations had been made, *and the moon rose in splendour as it is wont when it wants but little of the full*, the breaking up of the army took place on the third day after the sea-fight; and very terrible upon not one point alone were the doings."

And in vii. 78: "And when they arrived at the ford of the river Anapus; *for the moon happened to be at the full, and it was not difficult to march during the night, following the course of the stream*, they found some Syracusans and their allies drawn up on its banks."

In the description, however, of the passage of the Asinar, I have lately discovered four Supplements, which had previously escaped notice; but as I have now read through the whole of Suidas rather attentively, I can venture to assert, that nothing will be found there to complete the graphic details originally given by the Historian to this effect in vii. 84.

"When day broke, Nicias, *in a state of anxiety*, led out the detachment, *that was running the danger of their lives and all*. On the other hand, the Syracusans and their allies kept hanging upon them in the same manner, and hurling from a distance all kinds of missiles and darts. The Athenians, *who were wounded by the arrows, as well as when they fought hand to hand*, proceeded with all haste to the river Asinar, compelled by the attacks on every side of cavalry *heavy-armed*, and the rest of the rabble, conceiving they would be more at ease if they could cross the river, and urged, moreover, by their state of suffering and the desire to allay their thirst. On reaching the river, *they stooped to drink in no order, and to draw up the dirty water with both hands*. But as every one was desirous to cross the first, and the enemy kept pressing upon them, they rendered the passage very difficult; for, compelled to proceed crowded together, they *trod* upon and were *trodden down, and tumbling over* each other, *some were destroyed; whilst others*, impaled upon the shorter spears, *and falling into the water with* their accoutrements, perished, some on the instant, and others floated down; *but, from the weight of their armour, not one of those who sunk rose again*. On the other side of the river, *the archers, whom the Lacedemonian had previously posted where it was expected the enemy would come, he now stations, going himself by night, all round, where the necks of the stream are crowned with precipices*; and there the Syracusans sent missiles from above against the Athenians, *as they were swimming away unarmed, and saved by the quietness afforded by the stream*; for in consequence *of the expanse of the river not being within bow-shot, the arrows could not reach them; while the Syracusan swimmers, under Gylippus, going some here and some there into the river*, killed *such as could scarcely stand in the water*, and were thrown into confusion *by their feet slipping, as each person was trying where was the firm and where the level bottom of the river*. And though the water became instantly polluted, it was drunk not the less, and became an object of contention *to those about to lap it*."

Of course, I am quite convinced that were Thucydides to appear, like the ghost of Banquo, and, after pointing to the wounds inflicted upon his skull by the hands of careless transcribers, confess they have been all cured by the trepanning process of a critical surgeon, few would be found to credit the assertion; for, if it were admitted, it would go to prove, what Reiske seventy years ago, and Letronne more recently, have had the courage to proclaim, that the received text of Thucydides frequently exhibits merely a mass of incoherent rubbish.

Although the preceding is the only instance where Suidas has enabled me to supply more than half of a chapter, I can still point to another in v. 116, where that Lexicon has done nearly as much; and this too where, as I have shewn in the second paper read before the Royal Society of Literature, it is evident that the Scholiast on Aristophanes found something in his copy of Thucydides wanting at present in the text: and as I have lately discovered another quotation in Suidas, to be referred to the same passage, I will now produce the whole, as it was left originally by the author, to this effect:

"About the same time the Melians, in a body, seized upon a part of the circumvallation of the Athenians *towards the west*, a few only being present to protect it. On this event taking place, another detachment arrived from Athens, under the command of Philocrates, the son of Demeas, *when many forms of evil came upon the town*, now vigorously besieged. For being betrayed *by the Aphamiotæ, and expecting the city would be taken by assault, they delivered themselves up, and consented that the Athenians might, if they pleased*, come to *even a cruel decision* respecting them. *On taking possession of the town, which had been pressed by famine, the Athenians, irritated at the Melians for not having been led away by their arguments, massacred all the males who were at the age of puberty*, and reducing the children and women to slavery, carried them away *to their own quarters*; for they settled themselves in the country, and sent there subsequently 500 colonists."

The last passage I shall produce in this paper is where Thucydides gives, in vi. 61, an account of the steps taken by the Athenians to bring Alcibiades to trial for the alleged mutilation of the Hermaic statues; and how both he, and others implicated with him, contrived to escape from the vessel sent to Sicily to bring them home. But as here too I have met with some quotations in Suidas, since my paper was read before the Royal Society of Literature, I will give, what I could not do then, the whole passage, in its fullest and most satisfactory form.

"Both Alcibiades, who had his own ship, and his alleged accomplices, set sail from Sicily, in company with the Salaminian vessel bound to Athens; but after they arrived at Thurii, they ceased to follow; and, *slipping away* from the ship *in the dark*, they absconded, afraid to proceed to trial with a prejudice against them. For a time the people of the Salaminian vessel made a search for Alcibiades and his companions; *and some sailors too of the country, coming to the inquiry, were unable to track out the secret*; when, failing to discover *a single person* any where, they set sail and departed. Alcibiades, *who had concealed the fact of his* being already an exile, *as soon as the rest had passed over from the Thurian territory on board another vessel, was* not long afterwards *himself, taking advantage of a steady wind, conveyed along the coast, and sailed without danger* to Peloponnesus. The Athenians condemned both him and his accomplices to death, in an undefended trial, *and the Eumolpidæ and sacred heralds uttered imprecations on his head: and such exertions did they make to get hold of him, that they proclaimed a reward of three talents weight of money to whomsoever should bring his head and those of his companions in flight*."

GEORGE BURGES.

20 A Bayham Street, Camden Town.

FINE ARTS.

Illustrations of the Rock-cut Temples of India. By James Fergusson, Esq. Folio, and Octavo Text to accompany the Engravings. London, J. Weale.

In our *Gazette*, No. 1487, we briefly announced the appearance of this brilliant and interesting work, which, knowing, as we do, the very inadequate encouragement given to costly productions on Indian subjects, does great honour to the patriotic spirit of the author. But such

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spirit was to be expected from the highly cultivated taste and the learning of Mr. Fergusson, whose investigation of these remains of antiquity in Hindostan has fortunately elucidated so much of their beauty as well as their historical and mythological value. Of the remarkable characteristics and wonderful effects of the engravings we can convey no idea to readers: they must be seen and studied in order to have their forms and features even partially understood. On careful examination they unfold their treasures of ancient instruction, and the spectator perceives the religious meaning of their stupendous columns and sculptures, the grandeur of their arches and other architectural magnificence, the connexion of their mysterious symbols with the earliest memorials of civilised man, their differences and their resemblances, and, in short, their revelations of the condition of the yet infant world, the creeds and superstitions of its inhabitants, and the means adopted to subdue the many to the sway of the few, who were oracles to the ignorant, and the consequent possessors of influence and power.

A considerable portion of Mr. Fergusson's exposition of these splendid designs was read to the Royal Asiatic Society; and we deeply regret that the rage for cheap and low literature should be such that, among its other bad consequences, it almost precludes the possibility of having such an entire publication as the author projected brought out without sacrificing much more than an individual, however wealthy, would be disposed to lose. We are therefore without the Buddhist, Hindoo, and Mahomedan examples of style with which it was intended to illustrate the structures of the rock-cut temples. Let us hope that the liberal author may at a future time continue the series.

Mr. F. classifies the cave-temples of India under the heads of—1. Vihara, or monastery-caves, to which "belongs by far the greatest number of Buddhist excavations. The most splendid of them are those at Ajunta; though the Dherwarra, at Ellora, is also fine; and there are also some good specimens at Salsette, and I believe Junir." 2. The Buddhist Chaitya caves, which "are the temples, or, if I may use the expression, the churches, of the series; and one or more of them is attached to every set of caves in the west of India, though none exist in the eastern side. Unlike the Viharas, the plan and arrangement of all these caves is exactly the same; and though the details and sculpture vary with the age in which they were executed, some strong religious feeling seems to have attached the Buddhists to one particular form for their places of worship." These two classes comprehend all the Buddhist caves in India. 3. Brahmanical caves, properly so called, such as Ellora, Elephanta, &c. 4. Rock-cut models of structural Brahmanical temples, called by the author "pseudo-structural temples." And 5. The true Jaina caves, about the eleventh or twelfth century of the Christian era. All these he describes in detail; and, we may repeat, they are admirably represented in the folio plates. As a specimen of the letterpress, we select one example. Speaking of the second class, Mr. F. remarks: "It is the next in antiquity; and one of the most interesting in India, though one of the least known, are the caves of Khandagiri, situated about twenty miles from Cuttack, and five from Bobaneswar. There are here two small but picturesque and well-wooded hills of a coarse-grained sandstone, very rare in that neighbourhood, which seem from a very early period to have been a spot held particularly sacred by the Buddhists; and though no caves exist here that can vie in size or magnificence with those of Western India, there are a greater number of authentically ancient caves here than in any other series, and the details of their architecture are of a higher class than any other I am acquainted with. These caves were first described by Stirling in his valuable Memoir on Cuttack, in the sixteenth volume of the Asiatic Researches; and drawings of some of them were published by Lieut. Kittoe in the sixth and seventh volumes of the Journal of the Asiatic Society: they still, however, require and deserve a much more careful examination than either of those gentlemen have been able to bestow on them, though the task is by no means an easy one, for they are still inhabited by Fakeers and Byragis of various classes, who, to increase their accommodation, have built up mud walls between the pillars of the verandahs, rendering the interior extremely dark, while the accumulated smoke of a thousand years' cooking has blackened the whole so as to increase the gloom, and has also encrusted over the sculpture in such a manner as to render its details almost invisible. There is also considerable difficulty in gaining admission to the inhabited caves; and I found it impossible to effect an entrance into the finest of the whole series, which, by the way, does not seem to have been discovered by either of the gentlemen above mentioned, and which I stumbled on by chance while wandering about without any guide. It is now inhabited by the chief of the Fakeers, whom I saw preparing to cook his dinner, and who was extremely insolent when I attempted to parley with him on the subject, so that I was obliged to content myself with an imperfect survey from above. The caves on the Udyagiri (hill of the rising sun) are entirely Buddhist, and of a very early and pure type; those on the other hill, the Khandagiri, are much later, and principally Jaina." There are inscriptions in the Lath character anterior to the Christian era, and others in the Kutila character, of about the tenth century.

The quantity of information on every point relating to these temples and the various worships to which they were dedicated, and the farther illustration of his subject by references to other parts of the world, display great ability in the author; and we rejoice with him in thinking that he has set the inquiry afoot in a manner likely to produce very beneficial future results; for he tells us, in conclusion: "Since the foregoing paper was read, a memorial was presented by the council of this society to the court of directors on the subject of these caves, to which I am happy to hear they have responded; and orders have, I believe, been forwarded to the different presidencies to employ competent persons to draw and copy the antiquities and paintings in each district, and thus we may at last hope to have these caves illustrated in a manner worthy of their magnificence and great historical interest. I only hope the subject will not now be allowed to drop till every monument of ancient India has been thoroughly examined and detailed, and we may thus escape the hitherto too well merited reproach of having so long possessed that noble country and done so little to illustrate its history or antiquities."

THE GREAT WELLINGTON STATUE.

On Saturday a considerable party of scientific and literary men and artists were admitted to Mr. M. C. Wyatt's studio to witness the run of 17 tons of metal, as a cast of (chiefly) the forequarters of the horse in this noble equestrian group. The flow of so large a quantity of molten metal from the furnace to the receptacle whence it descends to fill the mould is a very grand and remarkable phenomenon, affording a perfect idea of a volcanic eruption. The furnace (a sea of luminous brightness which the eye cannot look upon except at a distance, and the fervent heat of which is felt far in the open air) is *tapped* in the interior of the building, by a long iron rod being beat against a lower vent; and the imprisoned fluid gushes out with tremendous fury and wonderful beauty into a channel prepared for its conduct. The dazzling red stream throws up clouds of vapour of every prismatic hue, the green tinge prevailing; but blues, yellows, and various gradations of red, rolling along both in these clouds and in flames emitted from, accompanying, and hovering over, the lava torrent. In the course of a few yards it is discharged into the pit made ready for it, and loosely covered with ashes, &c., to render it perfectly dry and prevent explosion. Herein the metal circulates, producing many curious and brilliant effects; till, by a mechanical contrivance, four iron plugs are raised, and it descends into the unseen mould below, where the portion of the design to be executed in the bronze is carefully and skilfully disposed (with minute labour) to receive this enduring form. At this time the air-vents communicating with, or rather leading from, this inferior chamber (eight or ten little chimneys), burst forth the perfect resemblance of volcanic craters, and casting forth smoke, flames, sulphur, scoria, &c., in a striking manner. Altogether, the scene is worthy of a Schiller to describe it; and we rejoice to say, that in this instance, as far as can be surmised from probing the vents, the cast appeared to have filled every part, and to have perfectly succeeded. If it should so turn out when the hot mass can be fully examined, in a week or so, the sculptor will have nothing more to do with the prodigious chance of casting on a large scale, but with a few slight pieces have completed this unparalleled undertaking.

The arch at Hyde Park Corner, the entrance to the Queen's gardens, we may remind our readers, is to be crowned with this magnificent group; and we trust that 1846 will see the extraordinary spectacle of transporting and raising such a mass to its assigned position made a national festival at which the living Hero will be present to receive the grateful plaudits of his country.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

GUIANA.

The following characteristics of the natives of Guiana were stated by Sir R. Schomburgk at the last British Association congress:—

The aboriginal tribes of Guiana believe in a great spirit, the creator of all things; no adoration is offered to him, and his goodness is so great that he does no harm to mankind. But there are legions of evil spirits, who invisibly hover around, and by their influence cause sickness and misfortune to human beings. The Macusi Indians call the evil spirits Imawari; and every species in the animal kingdom has a predominating spirit, all of which are more inclined to do evil than good to mankind. Their priesthood or conjurors pretend to be able to hold communications with these spirits, who at pleasure may be present and yet invisible; they induce these spirits to communicate to them the cause of the diseases under which the patient suffers, and the remedy required for restoring him to health. This is the fruitful

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source of the host of superstitious customs which are prevailing among the Indians, some of which are so ridiculous that one wonders how a being blessed with reason could believe them. But really serious in its effects is the firm belief in the supernatural powers of the Kanaima, which is the name that the Indian adopts when dedicating himself to the revenge of an offence which can only be atoned for by the death of the offender. He separates from the community of his fellow-beings, and awaits an opportunity when he may be able to surprise his victim alone in the forest or in his provision-field; and the strong belief which the Indians in common possess, that a Kanaima has supernatural powers at his command, is no doubt the reason that the revenger finds it such an easy task to overpower his victim. However, he does not kill him on the spot, but merely inflicts a wound under the tongue with a poisoned piece of wood, or with the tooth of a rattlesnake. The wounded person considers from that moment death unavoidable; indeed, even when no wound has been inflicted, and the Kanaima merely succeeded in stifling his breath for a short time, by putting his hand on his mouth, his imagination acts so strongly upon his frame that he commences to pine away, and ultimately he dies. But when the wound has been inflicted, death ensues generally in less than four days. Those who have met the Kanaima never open their lips again; their friends and relations, however, know too well the cause of their silence, and break out in bursts of lamentations. The superstition connected with Kanaimaism does not end here; it requires that the revenger should taste of the body of his victim when going over into putrefaction. He awaits his opportunity, and pushes a pointed pole into the grave until it reach the corpse, and having withdrawn it, he applies the point to his tongue. Where the revenger does not succeed in executing this inhuman and abominable custom, his imagination has so much power over him that he becomes mad.

Their astronomy is merely restricted to their having a name for every bright star, which are frequently dedicated to animals. The beautiful Southern Cross is called Iwan, and is dedicated to a bird called Powistuims. They have a constellation called the Scorpion, and several others which resemble much more in configuration the objects they are called after than our constellations. Their year is reckoned from the period that the seven stars called Tamunkang are to be seen in a certain position to the west until they return to that position. The appearance of the new moon is hailed with rejoicings; that of a comet with lamentations.

MUSIC.

BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL.—NO. II.

[From our own Correspondent.]

Aug. 12.—The Prussian band (and an excellent one it is) announced the arrival of the King and Queen of Prussia, and the Queen of England and Prince Albert, and other royal visitors at the inauguration of the statue of Beethoven, about twelve o'clock, when they passed through the Münster Platze to the mansion of Count Fürstenberg, where, under the balcony hung with crimson velvet fringed with gold, they sat and viewed the ceremony with great attention. Naturally enough, the royal visitors (particularly our Sovereign) divided the attention of the people, and in some measure took off from the expected solemnity of the occasion. The whole of the Münster Platze (Minster-yard) was crowded with persons, and not a seat in the enclosure, which was temporarily erected round the statue, could be had at any price.

The ceremony commenced with Beethoven's Overture to "Egmont." 2.—Professor Breidenstein then delivered a brief oration. 3.—The beautiful statue of Beethoven was unveiled, when his fervent and mysterious countenance at once created a deep feeling of reverence in the audience: but no sooner had the first impression passed away than they returned with more eager eyes to the royal visitors. 4.—Beethoven's mss., viz. his Opera of "Fidelio," his "Mass Solemnis in D," and his "Symphony in C minor," were interred at the basement at the front of his statue: before which, however, a scroll of parchment was sent up to the King of Prussia and the Queen of England for their signatures, to testify that they were present at the inauguration; this obtained, the scroll was soldered up in a leaden case and placed in the appointed aperture, which was then covered with earth and firmly cemented. 5.—Next came a chorus for male voices, written by Dr. Smets, and composed by Professor Breidenstein, which like his oration was little heard and little heeded; and the inauguration scene concluded, and the royal visitors left Bonn for Coblenz.

M. Machnel, among many competitors, was appointed sculptor of the statue, which was splendidly cast in bronze by that artist, and according to Herr Carl Holz, of Vienna, who was a personal friend of Beethoven's, "is extremely like;" has in its right hand a note-book and in the left a pencil; and the classical robe, added to his fine long hair hanging down over his neck, gives the whole a noble appearance. Four allegorical figures, viz. Fancy, Symphony, Sacred Music, and Dramatic Music, are appropriately executed on the pedestal.

It will be an honour claimed by the inhabitants of Bonn that they are able to point to this fine work and tell the many strangers who visit this delightful spot, "Here is the birthplace of Beethoven; see how we pay homage to him!" But well might the stranger reply, "In his lifetime you left him in penury, and at his festival in the year 1845 you contributed a miserable share to the fund which was to complete this tribute."

In the afternoon of the same day (Aug. 12), at four o'clock, the second concert took place, in the Beethoven Concert-room, when the following compositions of the master were well performed and sung:

1. Overture to "Coriolan."
2. Canon out of "Fidelio."
3. Piano-forte Concerto in E flat major.
4. Introduction No. 1 and 2, out of "The Mount of Olives."
5. Symphony in C minor.
6. Stringed Quartet, splendidly performed by Herrn Hartman, Derkum, Weber, and Breuer.

It was very well received. Dr. Liszt performed the piano-forte concerto with great passion, and evinced a feeling for classical music beyond that we are accustomed to hear from modern pianists. Of others, the solo singers, we shall speak in our next.

Aug. 13.—The third, called the "Artists' Concert," was not altogether so satisfactory; and we regret that the King of Prussia and the Queen of England with Prince Albert were present. They missed the first, which was really a musical treat; but we fear, from the short time they remained in the grand hall, that they were not much pleased with what they had heard, viz. 1. The "Festcantate," words by Professor Wolff, music by Dr. Liszt, which is a composition particularly well scored and full of energy, and altogether a work of merit. We would simply suggest, however, that had the composition partaken less of the French school it would have been a greater compliment to Beethoven. Then followed—

2. Solo for the Violoncello, well performed by Herr Ganz.
3. An Air by Mendelsohn, exceedingly well sung by Fräulein Schloss.
4. C. M. Weber's Concert-stück (a composition much in fashion with pianists, but perhaps deserving less admiration than is generally bestowed on it), splendidly performed by Madame Pleyel.
5. Air from "Fidelio," so nicely sung by Miss S. Novello that Dr. Spohr bowed to her when she had finished.
6. Concert for the Violin, composed and played by Herr Möser.
7. "Adelaide," sung by Fräulein Kratky, a mezzo-soprano from the theatre of Frankfort. We were much astonished that a lady should be allowed to sing a gentleman's (tenor) song!

We have to report that the concert broke up in a very unceremonious manner, in consequence of an alteration which (to please we will not say whom) took place in the programme, in order, no doubt, to give certain parties an opportunity of displaying their talents before our Queen; but we must express our belief that her Majesty would have been more gratified had Fraülein Tucrek and Herr Staudigl been permitted to retain their proper places as announced; for not only did their superiority as artists, but their punctuality and exertions at all the rehearsals, demanded a more delicate behaviour towards them; and we were not surprised that they both left the concert-room and declined singing the innovations allotted to them. Thus concluded the last concert of the Beethoven festival, which, as well as those that preceded, was extremely well attended.

Subsequently, those who had their names previously inserted in Herr Schmitz's book were permitted to enter his spacious dining-room at the Golden Star, to partake of what was called the festessen (festival-dinner), and to describe the scene which took place at it is next to impossible. There were three very long tables laid out: at the top of the middle table sat Dr. Spohr; at the top of that on his right hand Dr. Liszt; and at the top of the other sat Professor Dr. Breidenstein. The committee, who took their places at the middle table, had full command; the festessen being under their particular control. The Germans, who are fond and accustomed to giving "toasts," proceeded (after having partaken of an excellent dinner; for which Herr Schmitz also deserved a toast, for the excellent provision he had made for 500 hearty eaters) to drink to the health of the King of Prussia, not unnecessary at this time, when the religious schisms of the Germans are so strong that his Majesty was absolutely hissed as he was shewing our Queen the cathedral at Cologne, in consequence of his favourable feelings towards what the Germans call "the German Catholic Church." After which were drunk the healths of Beethoven, Spohr, Liszt, Breidenstein, the youths of Germany, and individuals more known to the committee than to their assembled guests. The English who were present naturally waited in eager expectation to hear the health of their Queen proposed, and at last began to shew signs of impatience; when a gentleman, Mr. French Flowers, got up from his seat, hastened to Dr. Spohr, and requested him to propose the health of the Queen of England, who without hesitation replied, "With pleasure, but you must first ask the permission of the committee." Mr. Flowers went to one of the gentlemen on the committee and made known his wish: the reply was, "The Queen has been forgotten, and it would now be out of place to

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propose her health." Mr. Flowers answered, "It would certainly not be too late for Dr. Spohr to do so; and he felt sure our Queen would deem it a higher compliment to be proposed by him than by any other gentleman in the dining-room." The permission was then granted, and Dr. Spohr rose, evidently excited, and in very appropriate language proposed the health of the Queen of England, who, he said, "was beloved not only by her own countrymen, but had made herself personally known and beloved in our own German fatherland." He sat down amidst the enthusiastic shouts of the company. The circumstance of the omission of this toast has been stated by the leading newspapers, but no motive has yet been assigned for it: we are, however, disposed to attribute it to the Queen's early departure from the "Artists' Concert," which did not please several to whom we spoke on the subject.

Professor Welff made himself very conspicuous. He would be always on his legs; and absolutely succeeded in getting a gentleman turned out of the dining-room because he was guilty of the crime of assisting to prevent the supercilious professor from speaking for the fifth time. Nor did the commotion end here; the president, Professor Breidenstein, and Herr F. Werth (one of the committee, who was very deserving of praise), were unable to offer a single remark, although they rose often to address the party. Every thing was going off very flatly (or rather roughly) when Mr. Flowers succeeded further in getting Dr. Liszt to propose the health of a late student in Bonn, viz. Prince Albert, which was received with shouts of applause; soon after which Dr. Spohr rose from his seat and left the room, and his example was generally followed.

In the evening an interesting ball took place, called the "fest ball," which was enlivened by the presence of the ladies who had so gloriously sung in the choruses, and who for the first time since their expensive stay in Bonn had tasted of pleasure; but who, if all had had their rights, should have been the first to have been considered by the committee.

The ladies, however, have the satisfaction of knowing how valuable their services were on this occasion, and they may be proud to say (for they can say it really with truth), "we sung solely in honour of Beethoven."

VARIETIES.

Lyceum.—Peter Jenkins, an original farce, has been produced here with uproarious applause; well merited by its originality and the original acting of Mrs. and Mr. Keeley, Wigan, and Meadows. The first is a personation of an English governess, perfect of its kind; and her practising on Keeley to induce him to enter into the line of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto (which she does successfully), together with his stolid and humorous mystification, are irresistible. The other parts, though not quite so prominent, offer fair chances to the gentlemen we have named, and they make them most effective.

Calcutta Cathedral Organ.—We were present in Guildhall, on Tuesday evening, at Mr. Adams's performance on this splendid instrument; for splendid it is, both in its interior qualities of tone, volume, and compass, and in the exterior ornaments of its very elegant case. The programme consisted of pieces from Handel, Haydn, Mozart, &c., in addition to three of the extempore compositions for which Mr. Adams is so celebrated. The hall was thoroughly filled; and the audience testified by their hearty applause to the fulness of their gratification. The receipts are to be applied in aid of the building-fund of the cathedral, which we cannot doubt these delightful performances will materially augment.

Art-Union Exhibition.—It is gratifying to see all ranks of the people availing themselves of the privilege of visiting this collection in the Suffolk-Street Gallery. On Monday (for instance, it was, like the National Gallery,) quite a holyday-lounge. Now, we are not going to display our critical acumen by pointing out to these *ignorant dilettanti* why they ought not to be pleased with these productions of native art; on the contrary, we will tell them to like the least successful of the lot. To love pictures for pictures' sake is about as much as you can instil into the masses, and it will improve and sweeten their minds to do so; but if they are not to admire till they can descry and decry errors in "handling," in "perspective," in "chiaroscuro," and in all other canting terms of art, they may as well be told not to admire the stars till they understand parallaxes, nor the sun and moon till they were familiar with the Alphonsine tables, perihelia, apsides, syzygies, &c. If there could be a people of critics, what an infernal bore it must be to live among them!

Harris's Portfolios.—So hard a name was given to these (Peridoneus-self-binding-moveable-string) portfolios, that we felt dubious of our comprehension of the utility involved in the Latino-germano complication of the title; and so we resolved to try them, and experiment before we offered an opinion. Having done so, we are in justice bound to say that for the preservation in order (as if bound) of periodicals and pamphlets of every size, we have had nothing to compare with this well-contrived portfolio. Though the proprietor has not stated that it would fit the *Literary Gazette*, or the *Literary Gazette* fit it, we have for months kept our journal self-bound and moveably-strung in its handsome leather case (titled on the back, as sent to us by Mr. Kennett), and have found it most convenient. The contrivance of springs renders the loose sheets as orderly and firm as in a book, and every addition is weekly made with the same readiness.

New Lamps for Old.—The trick in the Arabian tale has been literally tried in another way, recently in England. An eminent manufacturer of stained-glass windows for churches, &c., has liberally offered to put in whole windows of his own painting for nothing more than the old bits of glass which he finds in the ancient wrecks!

Errors of the Press.—The slightest make ludicrous readings. In the *Spain* reviewed in this No. there is talk of parties punished for their capacity (*i. e.* rapacity); and one of the Monday newspapers calls Sir James Graham the tight honourable baronet.

Antique versus Antic.—In the Dean of Westminster's address he warned archæologists against allowing the *antique* to be *antic*; and when it was remarked in the room that this was an odd *concetto* in a paper of so high and grave a kind, a young lady-listener mentioned that it was, notwithstanding, a favourite pun of the dean's, for he had already used it in a recent charge to the clergy.

Ries Père.—The father of Ferdinand Ries, who is now in his 95th year, and continues to give music-lessons in Bonn, was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Music in consequence of his valuable services on the occasion of the Beethoven festival. We heartily congratulate this amiable and venerable musician, and wish, with his many friends, that he may live long to enjoy his new title in as good health as he has at Bonn at present.—*Ed. L. G.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Committee of the British Archæological Association, adverting to the "number, variety, and intrinsic excellence of the papers presented to the Congress at Winchester," have determined to publish the whole proceedings forthwith in a volume, embellished with many engravings. [See advertisement in last *Gazette*.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A short absence from town (a not uncommon occurrence at this season of the year) renders it more than usually imperative upon correspondents to favour us early in the week.

We will convey the hint of "a London Bookseller" to the proper quarter, and have no doubt of a satisfactory result.

☞ After the text relating to St. Cross and Mr. Freeman's remarks was at press, and too late for alteration, we received a letter from Winchester, we regret to say, when it was out of our power to alter or cancel the passage.—*The Printers, L. G.*

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Lists of their Correspondents abroad, and every information, may be had on application at their Office as above.

GREAT RUSSIAN CHRONOMETRICAL EXPEDITION.—E. J. DENT, 82 Strand, and 33 Cockspur Street, has the high and distinguished honour of stating, that his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia has recently condescended to confer on him "the appointment and title of Chronometer-Maker to his Imperial Majesty," as a reward for the unequalled performance of his Chronometers during the Expedition of 1844. In 1843, his Imperial Majesty the Emperor was pleased to reward the performance of Dent's Chronometers with a Gold Medal of the highest Order of Merit.

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Mr. Maugham, during a long course of chemical investigation, having been forcibly struck by the very great imperfections and injurious effects of Soda Water, Ginger Beer, Lemonade, and other such-like compounds, and seeing the almost absolute necessity which existed for the introduction of some beverage at once wholesome and grateful to the palate, devoted his serious attention to the subject of Ærated Waters in general, and after upwards of four years' research, and a careful analysis of a vast variety of artificial and natural waters, succeeded in producing the article now presented to the Public under the title of CARRARA WATER.

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It is well known to practical chemists, that all water (except that from rain and snow) contains a variety of extraneous substances, changing in kind and quantity in the various localities from which it is procured; but Mr. Maugham, by analysing the water taken from many different sources, found that one substance was almost universally present—that substance was LIME. This circumstance suggested the grounds for the composition of the Carrara Water. A great and, apparently, almost insurmountable obstacle, however, presented itself to the employment of lime as the base of an ordinary drink, viz. the extremely unpleasant taste of the mixture; for lime-water itself is so extremely nauseous to the palate, that even as a medicine few persons can be prevailed upon to take it.

Undismayed, however, by this difficulty, Mr. Maugham pursued his experiments, which ultimately led to a simple and most efficacious means, not only of entirely destroying the taste of the lime, but of producing a highly agreeable and refreshing beverage. This was effected by the addition of carbonic acid gas, which was forced into the liquid by powerful machinery, and the two submitted to a pressure sufficient to liquefy the gas, which, combining instantly with the lime held in solution by the water, formed an ærated solution of bi-carbonate of lime, which would, in fact, be the proper chemical title of the Carrara Water.

Now although this water is introduced to the Public as an article of luxury, yet as every ærated water, and indeed almost every article of food, possesses more or less medicinal properties, Mr. Dunlop feels it right to mention some of the cases in which the Carrara Water would, and indeed has been, highly beneficial when taken medicinally.

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The composition of the Carrara Water would of itself be a great recommendation; but Mr. Dunlop feels that the reputation of Mr. Maugham (who, besides being a practical and analytical chemist, has for a great number of years practised as a surgeon, and held the appointment of Lecturer on Chemistry and Medical Jurisprudence at one of our public hospitals) may be regarded as a perfect guarantee for its excellence and wholesomeness. Such a guarantee is, indeed, required; for unfortunately the numberless compositions in the form of beers, liqueurs, ærated waters, &c., are generally the productions of persons as totally unacquainted with the chemistry of the human frame as they are with that of the mixtures which they compound for its use.

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Letters from Italy. By J. T. Headley. Pp. 224. London, Wiley and Putnam.

This belongs to the series of cheap American reprints which these active publishers issue from time to time, so as to form a little library of transatlantic literature. Like the African voyage we reviewed a few weeks since, the present, which reached us at the same time, is creditable to the selection; and English readers, though satiated beyond repletion with English tours in Italy,* will find something to entertain them in the descriptions, varying in hue, of a free citizen of the United States. For our author is not only a stern Republican, but a devoted Sentimentalist; thus exemplifying two rather opposite qualities, and leading to somewhat incongruous manifestations of likings and dislikings. How reconciled, the preface informs us, not very clearly, indeed; for the change from the personal *I* to the plural *our* and *we* renders it difficult to guess whether the author himself, or somebody else, wrote it.

"In passing through Italy (*it* says) *one* is constantly subjected to sudden and great transitions of feeling. The 'classic land' and the 'home of the Cæsars' have so long been a portion of the scholar's dreams, and so brightly coloured with his own feelings, that the very matter-of-fact objects that stare him in the face, when he is expecting some hallowed monument of the past, will often quite upset his gravity, and compel him to laugh, where he thought to have been serious and reflective. It has been *my* effort in these letters to give a faithful transcript of *my* feelings in all these sudden transitions. To some there may often appear too much lightness and frivolity. *For ourselves, we* like to have a man give himself in his travels, *we* wish to hear him soliloquising, and *we* read his book, not to learn that he can be, or is, a very serious and profound man, but to know how things struck him, that is, travel with him. Amid the new and exciting scenes that constantly meet travellers in perhaps a hurried passage over a country, *they* cannot, and do not, have the views and feelings so often given, for appearance' sake, as their honest ones."

From this specimen too much will not be expected in the style; but it is not, after all, so bad as the first step would induce us to expect; and we pass the ill-chiselled door-steps for the interior, taking a laugh at the entrance at one of the sailors of the ship which had the honour to transport the author from New York to Italy.

"There was one tall, lank, regular Yankee among the crew, with a roguish twinkle to his small, half-concealed eye, that told of many a sly trick. Whenever he left the wheel to go forward, and I was on the quarter-deck, he would, invariably, as he passed me, roll an enormous quid of tobacco from his mouth into one hand, and, fetching it a box with the other, send it far over the rail into the sea, and, at the same time, thrust his tongue into the vacant place, and toss me one of the drollest winks that ever set a theatre in a roar. One day I saw him making mats for the yards out of the ends of old ropes. 'Well,' said I, 'George, so you keep to work.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'there is no rest for poor Jack; if he can't play the Jarman flute he must whistle,' *i. e.*, if he can't do one thing, he must another."

The Straits of Gibraltar introduce us to a piece of the sentimental to which we have alluded.

"The quietness of a summer morning rested on all the scene. Whether it was owing to the fresh view of land, or the beauty of the day, or the scene itself, I know not, but that day was one of enchantment to me. Its remembrance is more like a rich dream than a past experience. There was a combination of scenery, a succession of sensations followed by rapid associations that bore me away for a time like a child. I surrendered my heart to its impulses, and let it regulate its own beatings. Distant mountains burying their heads in the smoky sky; towers, fortresses, abrupt rocks, smiling villages; vineyards in which nestled white cottages; a continent on either hand, and the blue Mediterranean before me; all coming or passing on my sight, and shifting every moment, made it seem like a wizard land. At length Gibraltar—that grey old solitary rock—stood before me."

And yet there is a little English poison in the view.

"As I looked on its grey top, it seemed conscious of its own greatness, and to utter a silent mockery on the pride of man. It is now England's; but the hand that grasps it is slowly crumbling away. The conflicts for that mountain of stone are not yet ended. Whose next shall it be?"

Perhaps annexed to Texas or Oregon? Who knows? In spite of national characteristics!

"An Italian lady never sits and utters common-places with freezing formality. She is more flexible, and indeed, if the truth must be said, better natured and happier, than too many of my countrywomen. She is not on the keen look-out lest she should fail to frown every time propriety demands. There is no country in the world where woman is so worshipped, and allowed to have her own way, as in America, and yet there is no country where she is so ungrateful for the place and power she occupies. Have you never in Broadway, when the omnibus was full, stepped out into the rain to let a lady take your place, which she most unhesitatingly did, and with an indifference in her manner as if she considered it the merest trifle in the world you had done? How cold and heartless her 'thank ye,' if she gave one! Dickens makes the same remark with regard to stage-coaches; so does Hamilton. Now, do such a favour for an Italian lady, and you would be rewarded with one of the sweetest smiles that ever brightened on a human countenance. I do not go on the principle that a man must always expect a reward for his good deeds; yet, when I have had my kindest offices as a stranger received as if I were almost suspected of making improper advances, I have felt there was little pleasure in being civil. The '*grazie, signore*,' and smile with which an Italian rewards the commonest civility, would make the plainest woman appear handsome in the eyes of a foreigner. They also become more easily animated, till they make it all sunlight around them. They never tire you with the same monotonous aspect, but yield in tone and look to the passing thought, whether it be sad or mirthful; and then they are so free from all formality, and so sensitively careful of your feelings. I shall never forget one of the first acquaintances I made in Italy. I was at the Marquis of ——'s one evening, conversing with some gentlemen, when the marquis came up and said, 'Come, let me introduce you to a beautiful lady;' indeed, she was the most beautiful Italian woman I had ever seen. I declined, saying I did not understand the Italian language well enough to converse with so brilliant a creature, 'for you know (said I) one wants to say very clever things in such a case, and a blunder would be crucifying.' 'Pooh, pooh,' said he, 'come along'—and taking me by the shoulders led me along, and forced me down into a chair by her side, saying, 'Now talk.' If she had been half as much disconcerted as I was, I should have blundered beyond redemption; but the good-natured laugh with which she regarded the marquis's performance entirely restored my confidence, and I stumbled along in the Italian for half an hour without her ever giving the least intimation, by look or word, that I did not speak it with perfect propriety. This same *naiveté* of manner extends itself every where. If you meet a beautiful peasant girl, and bow to her, instead of resenting it as an insult, she shews a most brilliant set of teeth, and laughs in the most perfect good humour. As I was once coming down from Mount Vesuvius, I passed an Italian lady with her husband, who, by their attendants, I took for persons of distinction. I had an immense stick in my hand, with which I had descended into the crater. As I rode slowly by, she turned to me in the pleasantest manner, and said, 'Ha un grand bastone, signore' (you have got a large cane, sir). I certainly did not respect her less for her 'forwardness!!' (civility), but, on the contrary, felt I would have gone any length to have served her. Indeed, this same freedom from the ridiculous frigidity, which in my country is thought an indispensable safeguard to virtue, is found every where in Europe. It has given me, when a solitary stranger, many an happy hour on the Rhine and on the Mediterranean. In my late passage from Civita Vecchia to Naples in a steamer, I met an instance of this in the Russian baron and lady, and the pretty young Finlandess his niece. I forgot to mention the manner in which our acquaintance commenced. The old gentleman and his niece were sitting on deck enjoying the moonlight, and looking off on the shores of Italy and the islands past which we were speeding like a spirit; while I was slowly pacing backwards and forwards, thinking now of the

* By the by, we should not anticipate, but we hear that the genius of Dickens is about to beam on this field; and that his earliest publication is to treat of Italy, with the view of exhibiting the different aspects of the country and people as presented to and seen by two English travelling families—the one sufficiently pre-informed, and the other sufficiently ignorant.—*Ed. L. G.*

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sky I was under, and now of the far home on which a colder moonlight was sleeping, when the old baron pleasantly accosted me, and we *slid off* into an easy conversation. Soon after he went into the cabin a short time, when, passing by the Finlandess, she addressed me so pleasantly and ladylike, that I was perfectly charmed with her civility. Ah, said I to myself, a solitary stranger would have promenaded the deck of a vessel in my fatherland long before one of my beautiful countrywomen would have uttered a word to cheer him, and make him long after bless her in his heart. The Italian has another attraction peculiar to the beings of warm climes; she possesses deeper emotions than those of colder latitudes, while she has less power to conceal them. The dark eye flashes out its love or its hatred as soon as felt; and in its intense and passionate gaze is an eloquence that thrills deeper than any language. She is a being all passion, which gives poetry to her movements, looks, and words. It has made her land the land of song, and herself an object of interest the world over. A beautiful eye and eyebrow are more frequently met here than at home. The brow is peculiarly beautiful; not merely from its regularity, but singular flexibility. It will laugh of itself, and the slight arch always heralds and utters beforehand the piquant thing the tongue is about to utter; and then she laughs so sweetly! Your Italian knows how to laugh, and, by the way, she knows how to walk, which an American lady does not. An American walks better than an *English woman, who steps like a grenadier, but still she walks badly.*" [And no wonder, if she walk like a grenadier.] "Her movements lack grace, ease, and naturalness. Yet, notwithstanding all this, beauty of face is more common at home than here. I will not speak of moral qualities, for here the 'dark-eyed beauty' of Italy must lose in comparison; and, indeed, with all her passionate nature, she is not capable of so lasting affection as an American. It is fiercer, wilder, but more changeable."

This is a fair sample of the book and the author, and requires no comment to point out its depths of thought, originalities of observation, and beauties of comparison. And how speaks he of Byron at Genoa?

"When Byron first started for Greece, he was driven back to Genoa by a storm, and is said to have expressed sad forebodings as he again wandered over this, his then solitary dwelling. The palace stands on a hill, called the grand Paradise, from the magnificent view it commands. As I stood in the front corridor, and looked off on the varied yet ever-glorious prospect, I felt that Byron, with his sensative nature, must have often been subdued by it, and especially his bold scepticism have stood rebuked in presence of the majestic Alps that towered on his vision. He wrote the 'Vision of Judgment' here; yet I could not but fancy, that, often at evening, when he rose from his unhallowed task, and came out to look on this lovely scene, his troubled spirit half resolved to abandon its sinful work. The voice of God could reach his heart through nature, and tell 'him to his face that his evil was not good.' His Italian teacher has been mine, and I often question him of Byron's habits and character. He fully confirms the assertion of Hunt, that Byron was a penurious man, and capable of great littleness. His generous actions were usually done for effect, and if followed out were found to be so managed as not to bring personal loss in the end. Shelley, he says, was a nobler man than either Hunt or Byron. Hunt was cold and repulsive; Byron irritable, and often very unjust; while Shelley was generous and open-hearted. He had a copy of the* 'Liberal,' which they presented to him, and which I looked over with no ordinary feelings. In visiting Byron in his room, he said that he noticed four books always lying on the table. No matter what others might have been with them and taken away, these four always remained. It struck him they must be peculiar favourites of the poet, and so he had the curiosity to examine them, and found them to be the Bible, Machiavelli, Shakspeare, and Alfieri's tragedies. It immediately struck me, that these four volumes were a perfect illustration of Byron's character. Machiavelli he loved for his contempt of mankind, making them all a flock of sheep, to be led or slaughtered at the will of one haughty man. It harmonised with his own undisguised scorn. The Bible he read and admired for its lofty poetry, and which Byron by the way never scrupled to appropriate. If, in his great ode on Bonaparte, he had followed Homer as closely as he has Isaiah, he would have been accused long ago of downright plagiarism. Alfieri he loved for his fiery and tempestuous nature, so much like his own. There was also in Alfieri the same haughty scorn that entered so largely in Byron's character. He had stormed through half of Europe, without deigning to accept a single invitation into society, treating the proudest nobility of England with supreme contempt. He had also the same passion for horses, and the same fierce hatred of control. Shakspeare he admired in common with every man of feeling or intellect. My teacher told me also, that in all his frequent visits to the poet's house, he had never seen him walk. How like a spear in the side that club-foot always was to him! His appearance on horseback, with his pale face, long hair, and velvet cap, he said, was very striking. The Countess Guiccioli seldom appeared in public with him, but her brother, Byron's private secretary, usually accompanied him in his rides."

This occurs at pages 51-2; and at page 144, he repeats (Rome): "We passed on to the tomb of Caius Cestus, which is built in the form of the pyramid. Near by is the English burial-ground. There I saw Shelley's tomb, a plain marble tablet only. On it is written:

"Percy Bysshe Shelley.—'Cor Cordium.'
'Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.'

Cor cordium, 'heart of hearts,' is an allusion to the singular fact, that when Byron and Hunt burned his body by the gulf of Spezia, his heart alone remained unconsumed. With all his scepticism, he was a kind-hearted man. His Italian teacher was mine at Genoa, and he told me that Shelley was a nobler man than either Byron or Hunt. In an adjoining cemetery sleeps John Keats. A small marble slab, half hid amid the long grass, stands over the young poet. On it is written: 'This grave contains all that was mortal of a young English poet, who, on his deathbed, in the bitterness of his heart, at the malicious power of his enemies, desired these words to be engraved on his tombstone: Here lies one whose name was writ in water. Feb. 28, 1821.' I stood alone over this solitary grave of genius, and wept. I have read of broken hearts, but nothing ever indicated to me half so lonely and desolate a heart as the dying language of Keats. So utterly broken was his spirit, and so reckless his despair, that he wanted to record his own ruin, and have his very tombstone tell how worthless were his life and name. A strangely sensitive being he was, to feel so deeply an unjust criticism that a hired reviewer could publish."

We had imagined that much of this nonsense had vanished; but if it remains in such force as to draw iron tears, and make a Yankee weep, it may yet survive to another generation. As for himself, Mr. Headley is also (he informs us) a poet; and some verses he composed on the Ville di Negro were so much admired by its owner, that he responded in a like strain, only in French:

'*A Monsieur Headley.*

'Votre verve se plait d'embellir ma retraite
Par des accords flatteurs: je vous connais poète;
Mon cœur, reconnaisant à ce trait de bonté,
Vous offre le laurier de l'immortalité.'

Translation.—Your genius is pleased to embellish my retreat by its flattering numbers. I recognise you a poet, and offer you the laurel of immortality."

And warming up still fiercer:

"L'Amerique m'est chère, et dans l'émotion
J'adore avec respet l'immortal Washington.
Et quel être pouvrait à sa gloire se taire,
Lui par son bras vanqueur, et par ses lois le père,
Qui refusa l'honneur de souveraintê
En donnant généreux la paix, la liberté.
Dans cet Eden fleuri vous voyes son image
Dressée, et des long-temps, par un tribut d'hommage,
En Europe le seul vénéré monument,
Qui reçoit de tous lieux et les vœux et l'accent.
Je partage avec vous ce mouvement de l'âme;
Apollon me sourit et son rayon m'enflamme,
Et malgré mes vieux ans je puis par mes concerts
Louer votre patrie en face à l'onivers.

Translation.—America is dear to me, and I adore the name of the immortal Washington,—the conqueror by his arm, and the father by his laws. Who can keep silence in the presence of his glory? He refused the honour of sovereignty to give peace and liberty to his country. In this garden you see his statue sculptured,—for a long time the only monument of him in Europe. My spirit partakes with yours its raptures. Apollo smiles on me, his rays inflame me, and despite my old age, I am able, by my strains, to praise your country in the face of the universe."

CENTO.

German Ballads, Songs, &c. Translated and Original. Pp. 201. London, J. Burns.

One of Mr. Burns' cheap and acceptable contributions to the general literature of our time; and embellished in the Germanic style, which, if he did not make, he has much helped to make, the fashion. Here, at any rate, it is appropriate, and adds considerably to the interest of the little volume.

The volume itself is composed of new translations of popular legends, ballads, &c., from Schiller, Uhland, Bürger, Goethe, Körner, Becker, Fouqué, Chamisso, Freiligrath, and Von Stolterfoth; and of some twelve or fourteen which seem to be original compositions, of similar kind with the selections. The whole afford a good idea of the German mind as cast into this species of production; and from the strangeness, romantic wildness, and religious feeling with which the different pieces are more or less impregnated, will be perused with pleasure by the majority of readers, young and old. There are also a few of the grotesque and humorous cast; and one of them coming so near the style of our lamented friend Barham, that we offer no excuse for adopting it as a specimen.

"*The Enchanted Net.*

Could we only give credit to half we are told,
There were sundry strange monsters existing of old;
For, without our disturbing those very large bones—
Which have turned (for the rhyme's sake, perhaps) into stones,

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And have chosen to wait a
Long while hid in strata,
While old Time has been dining on empires and thrones—
(Old bones and dry bones,
Leg-bones and thigh-bones,
Bones of the vertebræ, bones of the tail,
Very like, only more so, the bones of a whale,
Bones that were very long, bones that were very short,
They have never as yet found a real fossil merry-thought,
Perchance because mastodons, burly and big,
Considered all funny bones quite *infra dig.*)
Skulls have they found in strange places imbedded,
Which at least prove their owners were very long-headed;
And other queer things,—which it's not my intention,
Lest I weary your patience, at present to mention,
As I think I can prove, without farther apology,
What I said to be true sans appeal to geology,
That there lived in the good old days gone by
Things unknown to our modern philosophy,
And a giant was then no more out of the way,
Than a dwarf is now in the present day.

Sir Eppo of Epstein was young, brave, and fair;
Dark were the curls of his clustering hair,
Dark the moustache that o'ershadowed his lip,
And his glance was as keen as the sword at his hip;
Though the enemy's charge was like lightning's fierce shock,
His seat was as firm as the wave-beaten rock;
And woe to the foeman whom pride or mischance
Opposed to the stroke of his conquering lance.
He carved at the board, and he danced in the hall,
And the ladies admired him—each one and all:
In a word, I should say he appears to have been
As nice a young 'ritter' as ever was seen.

He could not read nor write,
He could not spell his name;
Towards being a clerk, Sir Eppo his + mark
Was as near as he ever came.
He had felt no vexation
From multiplication;
Never puzzled was he
By the rule of three;
The practice he'd had
Did not drive him mad,
Because it all lay
Quite a different way.
The asses' bridge, that bridge of sighs,
Had (lucky dog!) ne'er met his eyes.
In a very few words, he expressed his intention
Once for all to decline every Latin declension.
When persuaded to add, by the good Father Herman,
That most classical tongue to his own native German.
And no doubt he was right in
Point of fact, for a knight in
Those days was supposed to like nothing but fighting;
And one who had learned any language that is hard,
Would have stood a good chance of being burned for a wizard.
Education, being then never pushed to the verge ye
Now see it, was chiefly confined to the clergy.

'Twas a southerly wind and a cloudy sky,
For aught that I know to the contrary;
If it wasn't, it ought to have been proper*ly*,
As it's certain Sir Eppo, his feather-bed scorning,
Thought that *something* proclaimed it a fine hunting morning;
So pronouncing his benison
O'er a cold haunch of venison,
He floored the best half, drank a gallon of beer,
And set out on the Taunus to chase the wild deer.

Sir Eppo he rode through the good green wood,
And his bolts flew fast and free;
He knocked over a hare, and he passed the lair
(The tenant was out) of a grisly bear;
He started a wolf, and he got a snap shot
At a bounding roe, but he touched it not,
Which caused him to mutter a naughty word
In German, which luckily nobody heard,
For he said it right viciously;
And he struck his steed with his armèd heel,
As though horseflesh were but iron or steel,
Or any thing else that's unable to feel.

What is the sound that meets his ear?
Is it the plaint of some wounded deer?
Is it the wild-fowl's mournful cry,
Or the scream of yon eagle soaring high?
Or is it only the southern breeze
Waving the boughs of the dark pine-trees?
No—Sir Eppo, be sure 'tis not any of these:
And hark again!
It comes more plain—
'Tis a woman's voice in grief or pain.

Like an arrow from the string,
Like a stone that leaves the sling,
Like a railroad-train with a Queen inside,
With directors to poke and directors to guide,
Like the rush upon deck when a vessel is sinking,
Like (I vow I'm hard-up for a simile) winking,
Sir Eppo sprang forward, o'er river and bank all,
And found—a young lady chained up by the ankle,—
Yes, chained up in a cool and business-like way,
As if she'd been only the little dog Tray;
While, the more to secure every knight-errant's pity,
She was really and truly excessively pretty.

Here was a terrible state of things!
Down from his saddle Sir Eppo springs,
As lightly as if he were furnished with wings,
While every plate in his armour rings.
The words that he uttered were short and few,
But pretty much to the purpose too,
As sternly he asked, with lowering brow,
'Who dared to do it?' and 'Where is he now?'

'Twere long to tell
Each word that fell
From the coral lips of that demoiselle;
However, as far as I'm able to see,
The pith of the matter appeared to be,
That a horrible giant, twelve feet high,
Having gazed on her charms with a covetous eye,
Had stormed their castle, murdered Papa,
And behaved very rudely to poor dear Mamma,
Taken french leave with the family plate,
And walked off with herself at a terrible rate;
Then, by way of conclusion
To all this confusion,
Tied her up, like a dog,
To a nasty great log,
To induce her (the brute) to become Mrs. Gog;—
That 'twas not the least use for Sir Eppo to try
To chop off his head, or to poke out his eye,
As he'd early in life done a bit of Achilles
(Which much better than taking an 'Old Parr's life-pill' is),
Had been dipped in the Styx, or some equally old stream,
And might now face unharmed a battalion of Coldstream.
But she'd thought of a scheme,
Which did certainly seem
Very likely to pay—no mere vision or dream.
It appears that the giant each day took a nap
For an hour (the wretch!) with his head in her lap:
Oh, she hated it so! but then what could she do?—
Here she paused, and Sir Eppo remarked, 'Very true;'—
And that during this time one might pinch him or shake him,
Or do just what one pleased, but that nothing could wake him,
While each horse and each man in the emperor's pay
Would not be sufficient to move him away,
Without magical aid, from the spot where he lay.
In an old oak-chest, in an up-stairs room
Of poor Papa's castle, was kept an heir-loom,
An enchanted net, made of iron links,
Which was brought from Palestine, she thinks,
By her great Grandpapa, who had been a crusader;
If she had but got that, she was sure it would aid her.
Sir Eppo, kind man,
Approves of the plan;
Says he'll do all she wishes as quick as he can;
Begs she wont fret if the time should seem long;
Snatches a kiss, which was 'pleasant but wrong;'
Mounts, and taking a fence in good fox-hunting style,
Sets off for her family seat on the Weil.
The sun went down,
The bright stars burned,
The morning came,
And the knight returned;
The net he spread
O'er the giant's bed;
While the eglantine, and hare-bell blue,
And some nice green moss, on the spot he threw;
Lest perchance the monster alarm should take,
And not choose to sleep from being too *wide awake.*
Hark to that sound!
The rocks around
Tremble—it shakes the very ground;
While Irmengard cries,
As tears stream from her eyes—
A lady-like weakness we must not despise—
(And here, let me add, I have been much to blame,
As I long ago ought to have mentioned her name)—
'Here he comes! now do hide yourself, dear Eppo, pray;
For my sake, I entreat you, keep out of his way.'
Scarce had the knight
Time to get out of sight
Among some thick bushes, which covered him quite,
Ere the giant appeared—oh, he was such a fright!
He was very square built, a good twelve feet in height,
And his waistcoat (three yards round the waist) seemed too tight;
While, to add even yet to all this singularity,
He had but one eye, and his whiskers were carroty.
What an anxious moment!—will he lie down?
Oh, how their hearts beat!—he seems to frown,—
No, 'tis only an impudent fly that's been teasing
His sublime proboscis, and set him a-sneezing.
Atish-hu! atish-hu!
You brute, how I wish you
Were but as genteel as the Irish lady,
Dear Mrs. O'Grady,
Who, chancing to sneeze in a noble duke's face,
Hoped she had'nt been guilty of splashing his grace.

Now, look out. Yes, he will! No, he won't!—by the powers!
I thought he was taking alarm at the flowers;
But it luckily seems, his gigantic invention
Has at once set them down as a little attention
On Irmengard's part, done by way of suggestion
That she means to say 'yes' when he next pops the question.

There! he's down! now he yawns, and in one minute more—
I thought so, he's safe—he's beginning to snore;
He is wrapped in that sleep he shall wake from no more.
From his girdle the knight took a ponderous key—
It fits—and once more is fair Irmengard free:
From heel to head, and from head to heel,
They wrap their prey in that net of steel,
And they weave the edges together with care,
As you finish a purse for a fancy-fair,
Till the last knot is tied by the diligent pair.
At length they have ended their business laborious,
And Eppo shouts, 'Bagged him, by all that is glorious!'

No billing and cooing,
You must up and be doing,
Depend on't, sir knight, this is no time for wooing;
You'll discover, unless you progress rather smarter,
That catching a giant's like catching a Tartar;
He still has some thirty-five minutes to sleep;
Close to this spot hangs a precipice steep,
Like Shakespeare's tall cliff which they shew one at Dover;
Drag him down to the brink, and then let him roll over;
As they scarce make a capital crime of infanticide,
There can't be any harm in a little giganticide.

'Pull him, and haul him! take care of his head!
Oh, how my arms ache—he's heavy as lead!'
'That'll do, love,—I'm sure I can move him alone,
Though I'm certain his weight is a good forty stone.'
Yo, heave ho! roll him along,
(It's exceedingly lucky the net's pretty strong);
Once more—that's it—there, now, I think,
He's done to a turn, he rests on the brink;
At it again, and over he goes
To furnish a feast for the hooded crows;
Each vulture that makes the Taunus his home,
May dine upon giant for months to come.

Lives there a man so thick of head
To whom it must in words be said,
How Eppo did the lady wed,
And built upon the giant's bed
A castle, walled and turreted?
We will hope not; or if there be,
Defend us from his company!"

Having given this long sample of the amusing, we cannot afford much room for the serious; and, indeed, we think we had better content ourselves with simply, but cordially, recommending it to the public. We like, however, to shew that we have line by line gone before it; and to prove this, would ask the poet by what art of dye (we see several advertised in the newspapers) he contrived to make the lady's hair, in "The Hermit and the White Wolf," so soon acquire the desirable glossy black; for in page 138 it is—

"Through her golden locks;"

and in page 142—

"She shook her tresses black:"

quite the reverse of Hudibras's daybreak—

"When, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From *black* to *red* began to turn!"

Dryburgh Abbey, and other Poems. By the Rev. T. A. Holland, M.A. A new Edit. Pp. 131. London, Saunders and Otley.

We do not remember the edition of 1826, nor have we much acquaintance with the new pieces, which have chiefly appeared in various periodicals. We must, therefore, say the little we have to say of the present publication as if it were altogether a novelty.

The writer received some part of his education in Edinburgh five-and-twenty years ago; and being the grand-nephew of the Earl of Buchan (a warm friend to the *Literary Gazette* on its *début* and in its earlier course of years)

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visited that nobleman at his seat near Dryburgh, which suggested the idea of the longest poem.

Well acquainted with that locality, we could not help being struck with the first lines:

"Dryburgh! I fain would sing thy *towers*,
Thy *ruddy rocks*, thine oaken bowers,
Primæval woods, whose awful shade
Arched the hoar Druid's vista glade,
Ere yet yon reverend pile arose
'Mid twilight gloom and dank repose."

To us, we must say, the "towers" of the old abbey and the "ruddy rocks" of Tweedside are not only altogether a poetical license but quite apocryphal; but the following lines are truthful and descriptive:

"Where winds fair Tweed her silver tide,
By Eildon's wizard-haunted side,
And with her fond encircling waves
The sacred banks of Dryburgh laves—
There Nature, ever smiling bland,
Has richly beautified the land:
Pomona's fragrance glads the air,
Ceres waves wide her yellow hair,
And Flora's gems of starry sheen
Braid the sloped margin's velvet green.
Emerging still above the wood,
Reflected in the crystal flood,
The abbey's fretted nave appears,
A monument of other years.
The arch arrested in its span,
Blurred frieze, where wreath of roses ran,
The saintless niche, the spiral stair
That ends its flight abrupt in air,
And vaults, through which the wild winds sigh,
Tell tales of ages long gone by."

Other adjacent localities are sweetly pencilled, with natural feeling, and very lightly tainted with classical allusions, which do not belong to the scene, and are consequently out of place. For example: "the lassie's tinkling lute;" where is it?

The minor productions are mostly on subjects of no general interest, being suggested by personal, family, or local feelings; and only display an amiable disposition. Some epigrams do not recommend themselves by point; or at least won't bear translation. *Ex. gr.*:

"*In Virum Reverendum e fenestris Edinæ villam Largo, spe olim eam, curæ pastorali, obtinendi, respicientem*, A.D. 1830.

Ille petit, sperans, oculis meliora, citoque
Hi super urbe movent, volitantque ad littus, et ultra;
Oceanoque solent defessi incumbere—Largo.

'TRANSLATION.

On a Clergyman from his window, in Edinburgh, looking upon Largo in Fife, with some expectation of one day becoming Minister of that Parish.

His hopeful eye that seeks for better days,
O'er town, and shore, and frith, excursive strays;
Yet rests incumbent on Fife's verdant marge,
Seeming to wander on the ocean Large.

On the River Lavant.

You ask me why in summer time
Lavant owns no classic nymph:
Alack! at summer's golden prime,
Naiads there would find no lymph.

On a Book intituled 'Propaganda.'

My kindred quill can scarce refuse
To blurt this gentle slander:
Sure it must be some proper goose
That penned the '*Propa-ganda*.'"

Eheu, jam satis!

Chavenage. By R. W. Huntley, M.A. Pp. 158. London, J. Burns.

A POETICAL, religious, and traditionary version relating to the civil wars of Charles I. and the Parliament, and connected with the Cotswold hills in Worcestershire. It describes and enters much into the polemical and political views of the various actors in that wretched drama; and derives its only claim to imaginative composition from embodying a belief respecting Col. Stephens, whose death and supernatural exit from the visible world was a judgment for his having been seduced by Ireton to vote for the death of his king. Two ballads are added, both in the same loyal vein.

Poems. By a Father and Daughter. Pp. 433. Saunders and Otley.

DIVIDED into four parts—1, memorials of eminent persons and events; 2, heroic and sentimental pieces; 3, religious and moral; and 4, dramatic sketches—these compositions belong to an elder school than that of the present day. Smooth, passionless, and generally on subjects more indifferent than striking, their impression is but feeble.

Poems. By Allan Park Paton. Pp. 216. Saunders and Otley.

THIS is a dash. "The Escape from the Berg" boldly and baldly opens the volume thus:

"I have been since that height at the sea,
Three-fourths of my life I've been there,
Its breezes, they tell me, have bent me a bit,
And there's some of its foam on my hair.
They say, too, I'm roughish, like it, in my way;
But then I'm as open, I'll swear."

This, we confess, rather staggered us; and we turned over the leaf to

"I have seen, to a level of froth,
The ocean crushed down by the blast;
Like some serpent from hell, in the pitchy black night,
Seen the blue lightning wreathing the mast;
And in the wild gleam that it threw on the deep,
The sea-monster glancing aghast.
I have been in a tempest so fierce,
That the sea-eagle, powerful and fleet,
Which, with wave-searching vision and cloud-cleaving wing,
In the face of the hurricane beat,
Has been stay'd in its pride, borne backward with screams,
And dashed into death at my feet."

Yet there is an unchastised wildness and imagination in the writer, which might be poetry; as it is, it is mostly raving: witness:—

"*On sudden rain after long drought.*

"Am I awake, or is it a dream?
Beside the fresh run of a streamlet I seem;
And, strange! o'er my head it appears to be flowing.
I hear it as over the roof it is going—
O'er the eaves. Ah, how lulling its strain!
Now it grows more distinct—it is tinkling and clear.
Oh, can it be it which is blessing my ear?
Yes, it must be. Hurrah for the rain!
We know not His ways, and we should not complain.
He knows what we want. Hurrah for the rain!
The bright-dashing rain!
The fresh-splashing rain!
Welcome reviver! Hurrah for the rain!

But there are redeeming thoughts and passages. A sailor's story is well told; imitation of Whistlecraft clever; and almost every piece exciting interest, though disfigured by faults obnoxious to good taste and critical judgment.

A History of British Freshwater Algæ, including Descriptions of the Desmideæ and Diatomaceæ, &c. By A. Hill Hassall (Member of many Societies). 2 vols. 8vo. London, S. Highley, H. Baillière; Edinb., Sutherland and Knox.

THIS is a truly conscientious work on natural history, with "upwards of a hundred plates," carefully and accurately executed, to illustrate it. We are ashamed to dismiss so valuable a production in so brief a compass; but what can we do? Extracts cannot be made to give any idea of the thorough labour bestowed by Mr. Hassall on the most minute investigations to illustrate this curious division of botanical science. We rejoice to see it modestly acknowledged that so small a number of subscribers as are printed in the list is enow to save the author from pecuniary risk; but we trust that the lovers of botany will so justly appreciate his services, as to reward them in a manner far more commensurate with his deserts. He has truly given us, as far as observation has gone, a very complete history of British freshwater algæ; since reading which it is impossible to describe how much additional pleasure we have had in wandering by little meadow watercourses, and even by ditches and stagnant pools.

We will not trouble our readers with a catalogue of families, genera, varieties, &c. &c.; but by way of an amusing example of the enthusiasm which the study of even these small deer may inspire, quote a bit of French glorification:

"DRAPARNALDIA *Bory*.—*Char.* Filaments free, not immersed in gelatinous fluid. *Draparnaldia* Bory, in Annales du Museum, vol. xii. *Charospermum* Link, in Hort. Phys. 5. *Batrachospermum* in part, Vauch. Hist. des Conf. 'It is to Draparnard that I dedicate this genus, which forms the subject of this new memoir. Those who have been acquainted with that naturalist alone know all that he was capable of; active, indefatigable, he was fitted for studies the most diverse. Wise and prudent, also timid in his researches, he hastened not to publish; he collected facts, he matured them, he wished his works to be without reproach. Misfortunes and death have surprised him before the execution of his projects; his career is closed before his writings have established his reputation. Scarcely a few phrases, escaped from his pen, and committed to paper, remain; and the loss of treasures which he had collected in his memoirs occasions the greater regret to those who loved him for cherishing the sciences as he cherished them. I could doubtless have selected, amongst so many rare and new vegetables which presented themselves to me in my voyages,—I could have found, I say, some genus more analogous to the beauties of his spirit upon which to place the name of Draparnard; majestic palm-trees, brilliant with vigour, reigning over the forest, should perpetuate his remembrance. But the modest manes of my friend, have they not approved my choice? They will smile on that which I have done. May his name live amongst the *Confervæ*, which were his dearest study!'"

Our own countryman is more sober. *Ex. gr.* he says on a matter of considerable interest:

"It appears to me that, from the fact disclosed of the union and concentration of the contents of two cells in so many *Confervæ*, no argument can be deduced either in favour of the sexuality or animality of the *Confervæ*, numerous species occurring, as already observed in the introduction, in which this curious phenomenon is wholly wanting. For my own part I trouble myself but little with the disputes about the boundaries of the two great divisions of the organised world; which forcibly remind me of the search carried on by ancient philosophers for days and years after the much-desired but imaginary philosopher's stone, endowed with such all-pervading influence; or the equally fruitless inquiry after perpetual motion; or any other of the wild chimeras to which the minds of men have from time to time been given. It is my belief that no such rigid boundary exists; for in living nature there are no abrupt unsightly chasms; all is uniformity, transition, design. To the group *Cystospermeæ* are to be referred all the true *Confervæ*; but before admitting any species as such, it is necessary that it should undergo a rigorous examination; for we find placed among the *Confervæ* proper many species having no relation whatever with those near to which they are placed, but are referrible to some others of the genera belonging to the other divisions of the *Confervæ* already established. Thus *C. alpina, C. purpurescens, C. zonata, C. punctata, C. ericetorum, C. mucosa*, are placed by Agardh the elder and Harvey amongst the *Confervæ* properly so called. The first two, nevertheless, are *Conjugateæ*, *C. zonata* and *C. punctata Sphæropleæ*, and *C. mucosa* a *Desmidium*."

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As we have remarked, the literary illustration of such a performance is impossible; but we confidently refer botanists to the first volume of excellent text, and the second of capital plates.

INDIA.—*Four Years' Service in the East.* By Capt. J. M. B. Neill, 40th Regiment. 8vo, pp. 364. Bentley.

The Punjaub, &c. By Lieut.-Col. Steinbach. Pp. 145. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Two publications which convey information to us on Indian subjects of considerable importance. Captain Neill served with General Nott, and gives us a spirited account of his Affghanistan compaigns in 1841-2; but as we have been called upon already and frequently to traverse this ground, we shall content ourselves with quoting only two or three brief exemplary passages. On the march for Cabul, October 14th, the journal says:

"Entered the Khourd Cabul Pass; the road very narrow, but better for marching than the Bolan, being less stony; as in the latter, however, there is a stream, which, in its serpentine course, crosses and re-crosses the road, and which we had to ford upwards of twenty times. On either side of the road, steep, nay, almost perpendicular hills tower to an immense height; in many places the path is overhung by rocks and cliffs, which it would be perfectly impossible to crown from the interior of the pass; and if well defended it would require an army not only strong in courage, but in numbers also, to carry it. Even now the cold was intense, the water forming in icicles on the wheels of the guns as they passed through the stream; judge, then, what must have been the sufferings of our famished, disheartened, and devoted troops, who traversed it in the month of January, when the ground was covered with snow, and they were exposed to the heavy and too unerring fire of the Affghans! The pass was literally strewed with the horrid remains of men,—skeletons they could not be called, for in many the features were so hideously perfect, that little difficulty was experienced in recognising, in this sad and changed state, those who had been known in life. Mingling with the corpses of our comrades were those of camels, horses, &c. In some places the slain lay in heaps, probably marking the place where they had made a gallant but ineffectual stand; in others they were to be seen crowded in the caves and crevices whither they had fled from one sure death to meet another, even more dreadful and lingering. Nor were the evidences of death confined to those whose loss we were here to avenge. Several corpses of the straggling followers of the divisions in front, who had been cut up and plundered, were lying about. All around was horror, the very birds of prey seemed scared by such a sickening, such a revolting spectacle!

'For, oh! to see the unburied heaps
On which the lovely moonlight sleeps—
The very vultures turn away,
And sicken at so foul a prey!'

The painful feelings connected with our march through this appalling scene of death were augmented by its being impossible to avoid driving the guns over the remains of our slaughtered comrades: the wheels crushed the bones of those unburied masses, and the harsh, agonising sound struck mournfully and direfully on the heart. There was no sun to impart a ray of cheerfulness to the bold and beautiful mountain-scenery around—nothing to dispel the gloom and horror of our associations, and lead the mind to happier subjects for contemplation than the sad, affecting, and humiliating scene through which, in this 'valley of the shadow of death,' we had passed, and from which at length, in sorrow and in heaviness, we emerged."

This is a horrid picture of war; but it was not always the past which revolted the feelings. "All the baggage and the old rear-guard having cleared the pass, our companies were withdrawn, and we also retraced our steps. I was ordered to move in advance with two companies; following me were the two guns, and bringing up the rear were the remaining companies of the 40th and the two of the 41st. During our passage through the narrow defile, a continued fire from matchlocks was kept up on us; occasionally the bullets whistled unpleasantly near, but, thanks to the intense darkness of the night, the Affghans could not take good aim. They were completely out of our sight, and it would have been useless attempting to fire at them. One young soldier, notwithstanding the caution to reserve his fire, thinking he saw something moving along the top of one of the ridges, could not withstand the temptation to try and dislodge it: the flash from his musket giving the enemy a correct idea of where we were, brought down upon us a volley, but, strange to relate, only one man was hit. After running the gauntlet between the high rocks for about a mile and a half, we cleared the pass with only one man wounded, although several hundred rounds had been discharged at us: so much for the Affghans as marksmen. * * * Our loss in camp-followers to-day must have been immense,—judging from the numbers of these poor creatures we saw lying about, even in the short distance we traversed while proceeding to reinforce the rear-guard."

Another melancholy scene is thus depicted: "24th. Sultanpoor, nine miles, road good over a sandy plain; the enemy still continuing to follow us, several of them were cut up today, without doing much injury to us. Poor Ravenscroft, 3d cavalry, died this morning of the wounds he had received in the cavalry affair on the 28th of August last. At night all his old friends attended to pay the last tribute of respect to his memory. To guard against the remains of our comrades being disinterred, it was necessary to bury them with the greatest secrecy, the ground being afterwards carefully levelled, and generally a fire lighted on it, to mark, as it were, the spot where some of the soldiers had been cooking. Ravenscroft's grave was dug inside the mess-tent of his regiment. Here we all assembled; a few wax candles glimmered faintly round the grave, and at ten P.M. the solemn service of our church was read over his body, which was lowered by some of his troopers; the grave was then filled up and made even with the rest of the ground. In the morning the tent was struck, and a fire was kindled on another of those graves of the brave o'er which 'not a soldier discharged his farewell shot.'"

And having gone through these perils and sufferings, we read with regret their welcome back: "Scarcely (says Captain N.) had we cleared the passes when we were assailed by accounts, in the columns of part of the Indian press, of the horrible excesses we had committed. Enormities unheard or unthought of were most unblushingly laid to our door. Men unprincipled enough had been found to detail the perpetration of crimes which they well knew had never disgraced our army;—individuals there were fiendish enough to seem 'loosed out of hell to speak of horrors,' which had their existence only in their own black and malignant hearts. Such was the return for our services from a contemptible section of our countrymen!—such the gratitude of a tribe of hirelings, who, perched aloft on their tripod stools, dared to vilify the members and impugn the actions of an army, the meanest spirit in which soared immeasurably superior above their traducers! Well might General Nott with difficulty curb his indignation when he was required to answer queries called forth by the propagation of falsehoods so base and dastardly. 'I am desired to state,' writes this illustrious man, 'whether unresisting individuals were destroyed in cold blood for mere vengeance? and whether women were either violated, or murdered for their ornaments?'—'I will endeavour to suppress my scorn and indignation while I shortly reply to this charge, or suspicion, or whatever it may be called by the persons from whom it emanated.' Our armies had marched to Cabul through scenes well calculated to excite the most revengeful and bitter passions. On the one hand, the walls of the citadel of Ghuznee were written over with accounts of the indignities and ill-treatment our captive countrymen there experienced; on the other side, General Pollock advanced through passes where almost every step spoke of treachery—where the blood of our yet tombless dead was still crying aloud for vengeance. Yet forbearance and humanity undeviatingly marked our progress. The honour due for the practice of that difficult forbearance—the brightest jewel in the crown of glory which our soldiers had achieved—their malicious calumniators would fain have wrested from them; but it was in vain. A nobler and better spirit actuated the people of England! to them the integrity of our actions needed no vindication—proudly and dearly will they cherish the remembrance of our services in Affghanistan. To us the recollection of those services is hallowed by the approbation of our sovereign, and endeared by the admiration of a grateful country!"

With another extract of a different nature we finish our brief notice. "About two miles from our encampment, passed the celebrated Tope of Maunicyaula, a large and singular-looking dome, built of hard stone—supposed to be a Grecian structure, coeval with the time of Alexander the Great. Near camp were the extensive ruins of an ancient city."

And it is added in a note: "By the active and persevering researches of Mr. Masson and Dr. Martin Honisberger, a great number of topes resembling this one have been discovered in the tract extending between the river of Cabul and Hindoo Coosh, from the Hydaspes to Cabul. The oldest coin found in those buildings of which the date is known is one of the second triumvirate in the first century before Christ, and the last is of Khoosroo Purbeez, in the sixth century after Christ. The construction of the topes, therefore, was probably within those epochs."

The *Punjaub* volume, with a good map, makes us acquainted with all these *Singhs* whose treacheries and slaughters resound through every organ of Indian intelligence. How soon it will be added to our Eastern empire is rather a pressing consideration, and we care not to discuss a question which the next mail may shew to be settled. It is certainly a fine and fertile country, possessing considerable mineral wealth, abounding in animal life, and the population amounting probably to between four and five millions, if we add to the Sikhs above a million of Kashmireans and natives of Ladakh and Bulte.

We refrain from quotations; and the little

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book is well worth reading through by all who desire to be well informed respecting Lahore and its sadly agitated territory.

The Talba; or, Moor of Portugal: a Romance. By Mrs. Bray. Longmans.

This is the fifth volume of the series of Mrs. Bray's works of fiction. In our general review of this lady's writings, we alluded to the present as perhaps the most epic of them all; and mentioned the remark of our ever-lamented poetess, L. E. L., that the *Talba* contained some of the most powerful scenes she had ever read in a work of imagination. Certainly there could not have been selected a more interesting subject than the deeply affecting story of the unhappy Ines de Castro, which forms the leading feature of the romance. With this the author has combined a tale of the Moors—wild and beautiful in itself, but deriving a double interest from the combination. In the treatment of the tragedy of Ines, Mrs. Bray affords another striking instance of the truth of a remark we have often made, that a subject, however well known, may become new under the touch of genius. And we may instance, among the charms so plentifully thrown over her theme by the author, that admirable scene where Ines, accompanied by her children, throws herself at the feet of Alonso and pleads to him for mercy, and of which it was said by a celebrated critic, "that no one but Mrs. Siddons could have done justice to it." The chapter where the unhappy Ines, unconscious of the fate that awaits her, visits her sleeping children, is also exquisitely tender, and contrasts impressively with what immediately follows in the chamber of midnight council, where the wretched men, who, to screen their own villany, are bent on her destruction, deliberate on the means for the accomplishment of their horrid purpose.

In this romance are likewise several very fine reflections on human life; and many delicate traits in the development of the feelings of the heart. The descriptive sketches are ably pencilled: such as those of the valley of Cintra, the ruined Moorish palace, the moonlight landscape, and the early morning.

In her general preface, Mrs. Bray tells us she was careful to distinguish between the Moors such as they were in their flourishing state under the Caliphs of the West, and the same race of men when hatred, oppression, and superstition, on the part of their Christian conquerors, had changed their manners, and, in some degree, their nature. They were a nation—like the Jews of old—peculiar to themselves, resembling no other: ardent and noble in their virtues, but not less marked in their vices; the Moors were, in fact, a people of passion. In the character of Hassan (the Talba), our authoress tells us she endeavoured to depict one which no other writer of fiction has yet employed: for a Talba, in his peculiar office and the varied qualities necessary to fill it, had, at the date of the tale, no prototype in Europe. He was at once warrior, councillor, philosopher, diviner, and magician; whilst his profound study of the occult sciences rendered him, in the eyes of the people, something almost more than mortal. His councils were oracles, his person sacred, his sword the chastening weapon of Heaven entrusted to a human hand. In Hassan Mrs. Bray has endeavoured to portray such a character acting on true principles of greatness; on those strong impressions of moral truth and justice which, even in a follower of Mahomet, God has implanted in his breast "to be a law unto himself."

Altogether, we repeat, the romance of the *Talba* is certainly the most poetic and the most impassioned of all Mrs. Bray's works.

HOLMES' CASPIAN.
(Second notice.)

The public interest excited by our first notice of this volume is no doubt "fructifying" on its perusal; but still it is our duty to proceed with our agreeable task for the benefit of those who may not be able, for some time, to drink at the fountain-head. We therefore resume our notice with some extracts descriptive of the shore of the sea which gives the title to the book. Upon it Mr. Holmes, on various occasions, makes the following remarks:

"I wandered about till long after the sun had set, enjoying the delicious weather. The view of the Caspian had something of that peculiarly pleasing effect which an expanse of water generally produces, but the refreshing salt scent of the ocean was wanting, for the water was only brackish; and the absence of all shipping, save a solitary, strangely rigged Russian craft in the distance, the want of seaweed, and the general appearance of the coast, suggested the idea of a large lake. This sea is usually called by the natives, the 'Derrieh Hushtakhan' (sea of Astrachan). It is also called the 'Derrieh Khizzar.' The evening was very damp, and I returned home nearly wet through by the heavy dew that was falling. The peasantry along the coast are sallow, unhealthy-looking people. Dreadful fevers, ague, putrid sore-throats, and various eye-complaints, are the prevalent diseases. The costume is very simple; that of the women consists of a cloth round the head, a pair of wide shalwars or trousers tied tightly above the hips, and of a short shirt reaching scarcely halfway down the thigh: both the latter articles of dress are generally of a dark blue calico. The men wear the same shirt and trousers; but, when out of doors, they put over them a felt coat without seam, and an immense pair of wide dark-coloured shalwars, of a coarse native manufacture. They are shod with a sandal of raw hide, laced over the instep and ankle; and from a belt round the waist hang a kummer, powder-horn, and various small leather-bags containing apparatus connected with their arms, while a long flint-and-steel gun completes their equipment. * * *

"We rose with the sun; and leaving Rood-i-sir, continued our journey at about half-past eight. Just outside the village we forded the river Norood, about fifteen yards wide, running over a sandy bed, between high and thickly wooded banks; and after about half an hour's ride, came to the sea-shore, along which the road lay during the remainder of the day's march. The scenery along these shores of the Caspian is usually of the same character,—a narrow strip of sand, bordered on one side by the sea, and on the other by a belt of forest, beyond which is a level, sometimes wooded and sometimes cleared, backed by a range of high forest-clad mountains, the loftier summits of which are bare, and at this season covered with snow. * * *

"During the night the rain had fallen heavily; the morning turned out cold and dreary; and a sharp wind blew from the sea, driving before it dark banks of mist, which in many places rose no higher than the tops of the trees. Little more than a month had passed since we entered the wooded districts along the shores of the Caspian; but how changed the scene! Then all was bright and cheerful, and the forest was clothed in the foliage of summer: now nothing but bare, damp-looking branches, covered with moss and lichens, stretched themselves above our path, hoarsely creaking in the wind and dripping with rain; so that a more wintry scene cannot possibly be imagined. * * *

"Soon after returning home, we received a visit from Mahomed Ameen Khan, accompanied by Aga Meer Sadok, the derrieh beggee, or 'admiral' of the Caspian; an empty title, as the Persians do not possess a single ship of war, and not more than two or three small merchant-vessels. He was a very gentlemanly and intelligent man, and formed a striking contrast with his companion, who appeared exceedingly stupid, and had hardly a word to say for himself. * * *

"Provisions are dear as compared with the price at Tabreez. Bread costs here about 1s. 2d. for six pounds; at Tabreez about 4d. A fowl here is 6d; at Tabreez 2d. Mutton is of about the same value, but rice is cheaper. Bread is seldom found at the villages along the coast, and only in the towns even at this high price, as rice and fish are the principal food of the inhabitants."

And at Sefeed-rood, not far from Langerood, one of the most picturesque towns the author ever saw, but very unhealthy, he visited the Russian fishery, passing across Lake Enzellee, swarming with fish and covered with sea-fowl:

"The river is about seventy or eighty yards broad; and, at this season, runs quietly and smoothly between its clayey banks, which it does not appear often to overflow. The water, however, might rise three or four feet without this taking place. The number of Russians who remain here permanently is but small, as the settlement does not consist of more than thirty huts, and half-a-dozen storehouses thatched with reeds. During the months of February, March, and April, however, which is the season for taking the sturgeon, a reinforcement of some 300 men arrive from Astrachan to assist at the fishing. In the beginning of February they catch about 100, and towards the end of the month from 600 to 800, per day. In March, the number increases from 800 to 2000; and during April they take between 3500 and 3800 a day. The larger number, however, is only caught for about fifteen days previous to the rising of the river, when the ships depart with the produce. The few families which are left during the remainder of the year still continue to fish, though chiefly for their own consumption, taking from four to eight fish a day. After the month of May, little or no roe is found in them. The superintendent of the fishery was very obliging, and explained to us the whole process of curing the roe and fish; and as we expressed a desire to see the manner of fishing, he ordered out a boat, and we witnessed the capture of several."

We need not detail the process, nor that of curing the caviare; only adding:

"We were informed that the number of fish taken in a tolerably good year amounted to about 125,000, which, in their salted state, sell at Astrachan for from three to five kurrauns (shillings) per poot. About 250 poots of the isinglass are produced, fetching between thirty and thirty-five tomauns per poot. The caviare-casks contain forty poots each, and the annual number amounts to 300 or 350. It is sold in Russia for about two tomauns per poot. When the caviare is intended for immediate use, it is merely washed clean, and steeped in salt and water for half an hour. There are three species of sturgeon, besides some other fish, from which the roe is taken to make caviare; but all the different kinds are mixed up in the same vat.

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The colour before preparation is precisely the same as it is afterwards, being generally of a greenish black; but there are some few fish that yield roe of a lighter hue, which is kept separate for presents to great people, being esteemed on account of its rarity, but not for any peculiar flavour."

We are further told:

"The geography of the coast hereabouts has been in some maps laid down very erroneously. In Colonel Monteith's, the coast from the mouth of the Sefeed-rood lies north and south to the mouth of some imaginary branch of this river, which with it forms a large delta; from this point the coast is represented as running south-east to the Langarood river, and the town stands on the sea-shore. Now, from the mouth of the Sefeed-rood the coast lies nearly north and south to the Langarood-river; the town is situated about eight miles from the sea; and there is no branch of the Sefeed-rood that I could see or hear of as laid down in the map alluded to. In an old map, by John Elton, to be found in Hanway, the coast and situation of Langarood are laid down much more correctly, and a succession of long narrow islands are marked along the shore, which have since probably joined together and formed the strip of sand dividing the moordaubs from the sea. This may have been occasioned by a receding of the Caspian, which, as in the time of Hanway, is said to advance and retreat every thirty years. At this period we were told that it was receding."

This is a curious fact, and ought to be borne in mind when we are reading the philosophical operations to ascertain the relative levels of the Caspian and Black Seas, and determine the disputed question of there having been, in ancient times, a communication between them, where there is now dry land. Has the same phenomenon been observed of the Caspian towards its northern boundary; or any of a similar nature in the Black Sea?*

But leaving geography for statistics, it is sad to read, in every portion of Mr. Holmes's travels, his account of the depopulation of the country, and especially in Gheelaun, by the pestilence in 1830-31. Of all the rest, Resht (of about 360 years' standing) may be taken as an example. It "is situated in a plain, which about an hundred years ago was cleared of wood by the Russians, from the sea-shore as far as fifteen miles inland; but it has been since overgrown with a dense jungle of brambles, dwarf alders, and young forest-trees. The houses are scattered here and there in the midst of this vegetation, and from no point are there more than ten or twelve visible at the same time. The lanes and most of the streets are unpaved, often ankle-deep in mud, and seem to have been formed by the constant passage of men and beasts rather than by an effort to make a regular path. When Fraser was here in 1822, the place was in a highly flourishing condition, and he supposed the population to have amounted to between 60,000 and 80,000 souls. The bazaars were extensive and well supplied, containing some six hundred shops, and every thing betokened a prosperous commercial town. Since then a dreadful plague, which occurred in 1830-31, and destroyed three-fourths of the inhabitants of Gheelaun, occasioned the total depopulation of the town, as those who did not escape to the neighbouring mountains perished; and the succeeding year, though some of the survivors returned, their number did not much exceed a thousand. From that year Resht may be said to have recommenced its existence as a commercial city, and it has since been rapidly increasing in importance and prosperity. At present it contains about 20,000 inhabitants, and its bazaars are again becoming the seat of an active trade."

Other places felt the plague as sorely, but have not recovered to an equal extent; and consequently still remain, as we have read in Persian history, in the state of those outward provinces which were purposely laid waste by the Shah, in order to prevent, or render more difficult, any invasion of the interior.

The discovery of princes of the reigning family as the governors of every considerable town and district is not surprising, when we remember that some of the sovereigns have left as many as from three to four hundred sons; and these increase and multiply in proportion. At Balfroosh — or, more correctly, Borfroosh—we read:

"On arriving at the place which had been designed for our accommodation, we found a spacious house situated between two gardens, very fine to look at, but on nearer inspection proving, as usual, half in ruins, and the only habitable rooms having no glass in the window-frames. As it was our intention to remain here at least a week, we insisted that something better should be found, or we should complain to the shahzadeh. A long palaver ensued, in which the Beglerbeg's man, who had been ordered to find us good quarters, protested that nothing better was to be procured in Borfroosh: this place was not like Saree, the capital; there were no amaurets, no palaces here. We interrupted him at this juncture, and begged leave distinctly to have it understood that we merely wished for two habitable rooms, no matter where; but God preserve us from palaces, as whenever we had been exultingly told that we were to take up our quarters in an amauret, so sure were we to find a large, straggling place, totally in ruins, and not even fit for our cattle. The man then said that the town had fallen to decay; what could be do? God help him! he could not build a house for us, or he would do it with the greatest pleasure; and, moreover, with regard to windows, none of the houses in the town had glass windows. Finally, the matter was arranged by their promising, that, if we would remain here this one evening, every corner of the town should be searched on the following morning for a suitable lodging. We then endeavoured to make the place as comfortable as possible, with a secret presentiment that, notwithstanding all protestations to the contrary, this would be our apartment as long as we remained in Borfroosh. A fire was lighted, as it was chilly, and I was shivering with an ague: in a short time we found the room full of smoke, and, looking for the cause of it, discovered to our dismay that the fire-place was without a chimney. When just one remove from suffocation, the fire was taken away, all the windows and doors thrown open, and we had recourse to charcoal, which gave us both a violent headache, and we went to bed in a miserable plight."

"In the afternoon we returned Abbas Kooly Meerza's visit. This prince, a nephew of the present shah, was a most agreeable person, and took our fancy amazingly. He was very poor, and we found him in a wretched little room waited upon by two other young shahzadehs. Throughout Mauzunderoon and Astrabad, the native country of the Cadjers, almost every other man you meet is a shahzedeh; but most of them not being possessed of a single tomaun, are consequently not regarded with any great degree of respect. During our visit we were shewn some fine falcons; and Abbas Kooly Meerza politely offered to hawk a crow the next morning, and proposed a day's pheasant-shooting some little distance from the town, if agreeable to us: we expressed our thanks and willingness; but, as our time was pretty well occupied during the remainder of our stay at Borfroosh, the idea was dropped. After taking leave, we strolled towards the Baugh-i-shah. It was a lovely sunset, and the scene was altogether beautiful; the snow-capped peak of Demawund in the background rising far above the long chain of distant hills which bound the province. In a short time we were joined by Abbas Kooly Meerza, and, having lingered on the banks of the little lake till long after sun-down, returned home."

And with this short continuation we again close this pleasant work.

A Treatise on the Epidemic now raging among Cattle; its Causes and Consequences; with the Evils likely to result therefrom to the Human Species; and shewing the only Remedy for the evil. By P. Howden. Pp. 30. London, Sherwood and Bowyer.

The author knows and tells a good deal about cows and the milk-trade, but is not versed in those physiological and pathological inquiries which would have enabled him to give a decisive opinion upon the nature of the malady said to be prevalent among cattle. He sets out by indirectly attributing the disease to the importation of foreign cattle; and then proves that it originates in the London dairies, where hundreds of cows are fastened up by the neck, with barely room to move, and with no other exercise than that of rising up and lying down; the stall in which they are kept measuring no more than about three feet in width. The diseases resulting from such a state of things affect both the liver and lungs. The author dwells chiefly on the pulmonary forms; and it is evident that such are neither *epidemical* nor contagious, but resulting from mere force of circumstances. One dairyman in London, he says, lost six hundred cows by these diseases in one year! It is therefore very much to be hoped that the losses entailed by these extremely cruel and unnatural proceedings will be the best remedy to the evil. The author cannot tell upon what principle white hellebore—a most energetic special stimulant—is recommended, but advises instead a mixture of anniseed, coriander, and ginger, for pulmonary diseases.

Such diseases are hereditary; and London and all large towns supply a vast number of diseased calves, which are sent all over the country for the purpose of rearing. The author advises that they should be converted into veal!

Thus it appears that, as the milk of diseased cows forms a considerable portion of the food, not only of infants, but of children generally, thousands of human beings are annually sacrificed at the shrine of Mammon; and that, at the present moment, beef or veal untainted by disease is not to be obtained even by the rich man or the epicure. The vendor of diseased carcasses argues, that after the meat is cooked it is no longer unwholesome; as if that which is impure can ever be pure, or the pestilent diet be converted into nutritious chyle. Great

* The peasantry among the mountains, we are informed, eat bread, which is not to be found nearer the sea; the principal food being rice and fish: and elsewhere it is stated, more in the interior, "the bread here is consumed by the Toorks, Koords, and other strangers, who compose the majority of the population of Saree, as the native peasant, accustomed to a rice diet, is unable to digest bread," and it is asserted that he died if he ate it for two days together!

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communities of men constitute a spectacle much to be wondered at and admired, but they also entail inconveniences of a most serious character, and oftentimes of truly national importance, and yet which are so insidious, and apparently insignificant, as scarcely to claim a notice. Take, for example, the use of Godfrey's Cordial. What can we expect a next generation of men, reared with this baneful poison, will be? Certainly neither men able to till the land or to defend their hearths and homes; and to such small causes may one day be associated the decline and fall of a great nation.

Plain Trigonometry and Mensuration. For the use of the Royal Military Academy. By W. Scott, M.A., Professor of Mathematics in the Institution. 8vo, pp. 237. Longmans.

One of a very able series of mathematical treatises, devoted to Plane Trigonometry; Arithmetic and Algebra, and Geometry, have already appeared; and we have only to say, that a more clear and applicable body of instruction has not met our examination.

Sallust. Translated by E. Peacock, M.A. Pp. 267. Longmans.

A good translation, in which Mr. Peacock appears to have refined upon his predecessors; and endeavoured, not without success, to infuse into his English the elegance of Caius Crispus's Latin.

Of Property, and of its Equal Distribution as promoting Virtue, Population, Abundance. By Geo. Ensor. 8vo, pp. 188. E. Wilson.

Mr. Ensor is gone to occupy that small portion of land allotted to most men after the distribution of this life is over; but this (his) posthumous work is left to us, and apparently doctored both in text and notes, some of the latter being in a most objectionable tone. With a great display of reading, it is a clever democratic production; rather too grave and dull to captivate popular fancies. It is hostile to monarchies, more hostile to aristocracies, holds luxury to be the greatest of national evils except the laws of primogeniture, the abolition of which, and free trade, are the remedies for all ills, and the ingredients for an earthly heaven.

Passages from the Life of a Daughter at Home. Pp. 157. Seeley and Co.

Faith is (here) all in all. The heroine, once one of the elect, cannot fall from that estate; and at the age of eighteen she dies perfectly certain of salvation. Such is the creed exemplified and enforced in this tale.

Treatise of the Law of Contracts and Parties to Actions Ex-contractu. By C. G. Addison, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Pp. 366. London, Owen Richards, and Longmans.

There seems to be scarcely one point of this wide field which is not minutely and practically exhausted by the diligence of the author. For the profession, therefore, it is a most useful guide. For the rest of the world it is an awful puzzle; shewing, as a poor client said upon one of the cases of *nudum pactum*, "it is evident that you are exposed to loss in every bargain you make without legal advice, and certain of loss if you have it."

The Epodes, Satires, and Epistles of Horace. Translated by the Rev. Francis Howes, M.A., &c. Pp. 288. London, Pickering.

A posthumous work of the translator of *Persius*, and author of other translations and original poems. The Odes are not done. The rest are executed in a style honourable to the talents of the dead; and as far as we can judge from what is let out, the task of the editor has been performed with great judgment and discretion. The Epistles are, in the translation as in the original, full of historical, geographical, and biographical information. A little Niebuhr might be constructed out of them.

A Brief Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Transport "Premier," &c. By G. R. Dartnell. 4to, pp. 37. London, J. How.

We literally opened this volume, which we had deposited among our poetical publications, under the idea that it was a satire upon Sir Robert Peel; and sad as seemed the subject, we could hardly restrain a laugh when we found that it was really an account of the wreck of a vessel called the Premier, near the mouth of the St. Lawrence, with part of the 1st or Royal Regiment on board. Fortunately, through the courage and coolness of the soldiery in aid of the seamen, all on board were saved; and we need, therefore, only mention the book as one ornamented with nice lithotint engravings after Mr. Dartnell's drawings, and exhibiting much to be admired in the conduct of our gallant countrymen who were exposed to this great danger.

Poverty, and the Baronet's Family; a Catholic Novel. By the late Henry Digby Beste, Esq. Pp. 415. London, T. Jones.

The nature of this religious novel may be understood from the description of its author, thus given on the title: "*M. A., Fellow of St. Mary Magdalene College, Oxford; Originator of the Religious Opinions of* Modern Oxford." And accordingly a biographical memoir informs us that he was the precursor of Pusey, Newman, the son of a prebendary of Lincoln, and a convert to the Romish faith, into which he drew a number of followers in the part of Lincolnshire where he resided. The story is but a poor one; but the fact of the writer being the first apostle of the schism which now shakes the church of England may give it a curious celebrity.

Days and Seasons, or Church-Poetry for the Year. Pp. 372, and index. Derby, H. Mozley; Oxford, Parker; London, Burns.

A nice little volume of sacred poesy, selected from many popular writers.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TOAD.*

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—In your Number 738, for March 12, 1831, you did me the favour to insert an account of a toad which I had kept and observed carefully. In that account it was observed that the toad is perfectly harmless; and that the idea of its discharging venom is unfounded. I find, however, that M. Raspail, as quoted in your No. 1494, for Sept. 6, goes the length of maintaining that it would be presumptuous not to admit, as a demonstrated fact, that the toad is venomous. I hope you will indulge me in a brief statement of my reasons for still appearing thus presumptuous.

M. Raspail calls the toad a degenerated species of frog. This I do not believe, any more than I believe the wolf to be a degenerated dog, or the goat a degenerated sheep. We constantly meet with close resemblances throughout nature, where the species is yet very distinct. The shape, the motion, and the habits of the toad are all very different from those of the frog. The toad is often seen with a fluid exuding from its skin; but the fluid is not viscous. I have noticed it a thousand times, and it appears to indicate a particular state of health or condition of the animal. But be this as it may, the fluid is never viscous, but thin, and very like any other animal perspiration. M. Raspail proceeds to observe, that all country-people are well aware that, when pursued, the toad ejects an "acrid and corrosive liquid, as if to obstruct its persecutors." Most country-people are full of prejudice and false notions about the toad; and it is no wonder if we hear many tales about toads spitting and ejaculating corrosive fluids. I am not, however, one of those who question the poisonous quality of this liquid without having observed its effects. I have observed them repeatedly, examined them closely, and made many experiments with the express view of ascertaining the nature of the liquid correctly; and I am perfectly assured that the toad never does, and never can, eject or communicate poison in any way. M. Raspail quotes authors of little weight, particularly for the enlightened days of science in which we live. He owns that he has made no experiments upon the toad himself. Now, I have made many; and I will mention the nature of them.

Besides the toad spoken of in my article above referred to, I have kept another since. I have seen both these toads, and many others occasionally met with in the country, as much irritated as the animal can be; I have provoked them in various ways on purpose to test their supposed venomous capabilities; but all that the toad ever ejaculates is clear urine. And this it does through fear, as other animals are well known to do. The liquid is neither acrid, corrosive, green, or nauseous. I have collected it on a white cambric handkerchief, and it produced no stain, nor had it the least smell or colour. I have seen one of my toads in the greatest rage and excitement, from my having put some large ants into his dwelling. They fastened upon the inside of his thighs, and evidently stung him, and put him to great torture. Yet when he was kicking about in rage and agony, I have taken him into my hand without the least fear, and picked off the ants for his relief. Then surely I ought to have come into close contact with the "acrid, corrosive" poison, if there had been any. I have received this fluid upon my hands many, many times; being constantly in the habit of taking up toads as I meet them in my walks, and handling them in all circumstances. If they could infect strawberries or vegetables, or leave venomous slime upon the grass, as M. Raspail seems to believe, I must have been poisoned long ago. For I have been in the habit not only of finding toads in my strawberry-beds, and leaving them there with full welcome, where they evidently crept for coolness and prey; but I have constantly handled the moss in which the toads, which I kept in a large glass, had lain for weeks, and which had, of course, received all that they had ejaculated. Nor could I ever detect any nauseous odour, though the glass jar was always covered up, with merely a few small openings for air.

I think, sir, these practical observations and experiments ought to satisfy M. Raspail himself, that it is altogether a mistaken notion that the toad is venomous. If it were so we should often hear of cases of poisoning, as toads are so abundant. Yet in all my life I never met with one. Has any of your readers?—I am, sir, one of your oldest subscribers,

F. C. Husenbeth.

Cossey, Sept. 13, 1845.

* We hear with pleasure from any old correspondent, but particularly from so intelligent and accurate an observer of natural history, and referring to *Literary Gazettes* so long ago that we had almost forgotten what enriched them above *seven hundred weeks* ago.—*Ed. L. G.*

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ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Sept. 13, 1845.

Academy of Sciences: sitting of September 8.—M. Payen submitted some specimens of diseased potatoes, and read a note on the phenomena which his examination of them had presented to him. The change seems to M. Payen to be transmitted from the stalks to the tubercles. If a diseased potato be cut, the parts attacked can be discerned with the naked eye by their yellow colour, and they emit a marked fungous odour; the tissue of these parts is softened and easily separated. Very thin slices under the microscope exhibit at the limits of the change a slightly yellow liquid, which insinuates itself into the intercellular spaces, and gradually envelopes almost the whole periphery of the cells. In the parts strongly attacked it destroys the adherence of the cells; and this explains the easy disaggregation of the tissue. The cells, by degrees invaded by the yellow liquid, preserve their grains of starch intact. When the dislocation of the cells has made new progress, the mass of the tissue becomes pulpy, semifluid, whitish, or of a brown colour more or less deep; a great number of the cells are destroyed, even broken up. In this state, however, the grains of starch are still intact, their substance being insoluble even in water heated to + 50°; and although with greater ease divided mechanically, they behave with iodine, sulphuric acid, &c., as normal starch.*

M. Philipper had also directed his attention to this subject; and attributes the cause of the malady to the state of the atmosphere only, during the summer of 1845. He has remarked, that the infected tubercles keep badly; that those partially attacked quickly become wholly so, and communicate the evil to the sound ones; and that the change is more rapid if the potatoes are boused moist, and kept in a close place. Hence the precautions necessary are, to dig early, to dry well, separate the bad from the good, house in an airy place, and reduce quickly to starch.

M. Matteuci communicated the results of some new experiments on the electricity of the torpedo. They tend anew to prove that the discharge of the torpedo never occurs except when the circuit is made with the back and the abdomen. Some Germans hold that this takes place when any part of either is simply touched with a conducting body. It was to refute this opinion that the present experiments had been made, and they fully verify the former results which M. Matteuci has already published.

M. D'Arcet exhibited nine specimens of nitre, collected from each of the nine lakes in Upper Egypt which produce it. These lakes contain a solution of the sesqui-carbonate of soda, of chloride of sodium, and of sulphate of magnesia; they are fed by an infinity of small saline springs, and are, in fact, only basins where the water charged with the salts collects and evaporates, and where the residue of this evaporation has crystallised for ages. Some appear red, which is attributed to the presence of small molluscs of a beautiful amaranthine colour; but the lakes are little explored.

M. Gannal described a process for the preservation of objects of natural history, namely, heating them in a sand-bath, treating them at the same time with the essence of terebinthine. The heat which they bear, from 60° to 70°, seems to destroy the larvæ and eggs which they contain. Besides, at this temperature, the pores of the wool, feathers, or hair, are open, and are impregnated with the essence, which remains fixed there after cooling, and which should protect them from fresh attacks.

A memoir by M. Chassaignac was entitled, "On the solidity of bones, their mode of resisting external violence, and an examination of the different mechanisms of fracture, with a view to the appreciation of the solidity of bone." The author relates three causes of the friability of bones in old age: 1st, the re-absorption of the interstitial osseous tissue; 2d, the relative predominance of phosphate of lime during a certain lapse of time; 3d, and in a still later period the partial re-absorption of the phosphate itself: this latter cause has not been before noticed.

* This supports M. Decaisne's experience: see our last No.—*Ed. L. G.*

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.*

[Report continued.]

Thursday.—In the Medieval Section the following, "On coronals of roses as badges of honour; and on the golden rose, annually blessed by the pope," was read by Mr. W. J. Thoms, after the last paper reported in the *Gazette*, No. 1495. The coronals of roses, with which the heads of monumental effigies are sometimes encircled, have never yet been made the subject of examination by English antiquaries, nor has their objects or origin been ascertained. When editing a reprint of Caxton's *Reynard the Fox*, for the Percy Society, the passage in which the lion is represented as bestowing upon the fox, as a reward for his services, a garland of roses which he must always wear on his head, seemed to Mr. Thoms to shew that such coronals were not, as had been supposed, evidences of the wearer's rank, but simply badges of royal favour. In the case of Gower, the poet, who is represented as being so crowned on his monument in the church of Saint Mary Overy, it may reasonably be supposed the chaplet of four roses was a mark of favour from his royal patron; and the same may be inferred with respect to the case of the Comte d'Evreux whose effigy is figured in Shaw's *Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages.* In a Danish legend which describes the Rosenkrantz family as taking their name from a garland of roses given by the pope to the founder of that family, Mr. Thoms at first believed he had discovered the origin of the custom; but finding, on further investigation, that such chaplets of roses were never given by the pope, he concludes that the legend originated in a poetical transformation of a rosary (the Danish name for which is *Rosenkrantz*), and which is a not uncommon gift on the part of the pontiff, into a *Krantz af Rosen*, or garland of roses. While endeavouring to ascertain whether such chaplets were ever given by the pope, Mr. Thoms collected many curious particulars relating to the golden rose, annually blessed by his holiness on Midlent Sunday, and afterwards presented by him to some distinguished individual. This detail of the ceremonies observed upon this occasion, and his list of illustrious personages upon whom this mark of papal favour has been from time to time conferred, formed the longer and more important division of Mr. Thoms' communication. He shewed that the custom existed as early as the tenth century; and those who see in the golden rose an imitation of Virgil's golden bough will find strong confirmation of this opinion in the instance produced by Mr. Thoms, of Sixtus the Fourth having presented to the cathedral of his native city, instead of the golden rose, a bough of a golden oak,

"Aureus, et foliis et lento vimine ramus."

In noticing this curious fact, Mr. Thoms omitted, however, to mention both the dissatisfaction which this innovation excited, and also that Sixtus was induced to choose the oaken branch from its connexion with his own name of *De la Rovera.*

The day closed with the general dinner in the St. John's Rooms, at which the president took the chair; and about a hundred and sixty members sat down to table. It follows of necessity, as a matter of course, that all such entertainments must be of a very complimentary and flattering description. All the subjects presented for observation are Personal; and when the digestive powers are peacefully employing themselves, and the gentle heat of stimulating wine is ascending into the brain, every body who has ever opened his mouth at the social board must be conscious of the halo that is shed upon every object around. We have ourselves felt the irresistible influence, and caught ourselves making demigods of very ordinary individuals, buttering them without stint or mercy, and fancying every soul we saw or spoke of "noble," "illustrious," "glorious," "unparalleled," and so forth. As these speeches, however, do not communicate a great deal of scientific or literary information, our notice of this party, however agreeable and harmonious, may be conveniently short. We shall only say, that the noble marquis in the chair (which had some embarrassments attached to it) displayed all his well-known and justly-prized tact and discretion (the latter quality was especially remarked upon by Sir W. Heathcote); and whilst he evinced zealous warmth on behalf of the meeting over which he reigned, and defended himself from allegations made against his conduct for allying himself to it, at the same time treated the other division of Archæologists with judicious moderation and temperance of remark. The other speakers were Sir R. Simeon, Mr. Way, the Dean of Winchester, Professor Willis, Lord Ashburton, Sir W. Heathcote, one of the county members; Sir W. Erle, Archdeacon Hoare,* the Rev. R. S. Baxter, warden of Winchester College; Dr. Moberley, the head-master; Mr. East, the member for the city; Mr. Mayo, the mayor (of whose address see notice a little further on); Mr. Hallam and Mr. W. Hamilton (V.P.'s of sections, Dr. Whewell, the other V.P., having previously retired); Mr. Cockerell, for the Royal Academy; and Mr. Hailstone, for his health as the indefatigable collector of the museum at the deanery.

Friday.—An expedition to Porchester Castle, by the half-past nine o'clock train, was the chief feature of attraction; Mr. Hartshorne accompanying it to point out what was most worthy of observation. Porchester church (of which Mr. Petit was the cicerone), and its fine font, also received due attention. Other parties went to Netley and Beaulieu; and others on various excursions about the city and neighbourhood.†

* The new name adopted by the final meeting at Winchester, on Monday, is, "*The Archæological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland.*"

* He returned thanks for the toast of "The Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese;" and it was laughable to see all the black coats and white cravats that rose with him, and stood up whilst he spoke. About one-third of the company were on their legs.

† For a guide to such excursions, a very worthy example was set by Mr. Parker, who caused to be printed and distributed a pamphlet of twelve pages, under the title of "Architectural Notes," which indi-

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At eight o'clock an evening meeting took place, when Mr. Hartshorne read a long paper, occupying an hour and a half, on Porchester castle, and the Roman defences and architecture along the coast, &c., including Pevensey, Richborough, Burgh, and Dover. Of this discourse we borrow the following leading points from the *Hampshire Chronicle* (premising that the date of the building has not been ascertained):—In the uncertainty as to the precise dates of the different Roman fortresses on the southern coast, it is essential to examine the modes of construction employed in the works themselves, since this plan will exhibit the close analogy and characteristic marks of Roman architecture in England with what is observable on the opposite coast; and shew that all the military works of that age are precisely the same in their principles. The works on the coast are the earliest; and as the conquest of the county extended, the same quadrangular forms of encampment followed its progress. The foundations of these buildings, upon examination, shew them to have been laid in conformity to the rules given by Vitruvius. The towers on the walls, the modes adopted to give them stability, and the method of binding together by means of Roman brick, are all in obedience to the precepts of this great architect. The same system prevails from Caenwent and Caernarvon to Dover and Silchester; and from Lillebonne and Soissons to Autur, in France. The durability of these tiles is occasioned by the clay having been thrown up a long time previously to its being used. The more important question of cements was next entered upon; from which it appeared that, by a careful analysis having been made of several, they were also found to agree with the rules of Vitruvius; and, moreover, shewn that their peculiar hardness depends upon their coarseness, which hastens crystalisation, and causes the latent cohesiveness of the slaked lime to be brought into action, so that the mass became more perfectly carbonated. There is no connecting link between the genuine Roman work of the second century and the Norman keep of the twelfth. This keep, which was the temporary residence of King John on nineteen different occasions, gives a curious insight into the domestic inconveniences of the early English monarchs, who, when compelled to stay within doors, must have passed much of their time in murky twilight, a gloom they tried to dissipate by the great quantity of wine that was always ordered to precede their visits. Mr. Hartshorne formally referred to various documents illustrative of the expense, the number of workmen employed, &c., and insisted on their importance and value in investigations of this description.

In this paper the leap from the Romans (whose style of building was beautifully exemplified in a long roll of drawings, exhibiting the rubble-work and the double or treble binding layers of tiles*), took the audience all at once to the Conquest — a period of some nine hundred years — and assigned the keep to *temp.* Henry I., and great repairs to Henry II. — almost obliterating the Roman remains. With the end of the 14th century, except as a receptacle for French prisoners during the late war, Porchester Castle ceases to belong to English history.

cated what was deserving to be visited and inspected in all the country churches in the vicinity of Winchester.

* There were also specimens of the concrete on the desk before Mr. H., and the mortar in small boxes, as it had resulted from analysis with hydrochloric acid.

Mr. Beresford Hope said a few words about a triangular bridge, the only instance in existence; but we did not catch the locality.

Mr. Edmund Sharpe read a paper on pointed architecture, and traced its rise upon the Norman style to its superiority in construction. It thus superseded the circular arch, which lost its form at the crown; and the stronger pointed was used wherever strength was required, whilst the other was reserved for decoration during a considerable period of transition. He stated that the earlier instances did not spring from two distinct centres, as they ought to do; but from a single centre, and were therefore only modifications of the circle. Several churches at home and abroad were mentioned as combining both styles—the pointed in the exterior, to support walls and towers, &c.; and the circular in the interior, where strength was not needed. Britton's *Architectural Antiquities* was referred to on the subject with praise; and a description of a Neapolitan church in Gally Knight's magnificent work (reviewed in *Literary Gazette*, No. 1370) was asserted to be erroneous, in not having attended to the facts now brought forward.

Mr. Gough Nichols read a genealogical paper on the secret history of Margaret Duchess of Savoy, and the fortunate Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. It was illustrated by some quaint correspondence.

Saturday.—Two sections met a little after ten o'clock, viz.: 1st, the historical, presided over by Sir J. Boileau (Mr. Hallam having left); and, 2d, the early and mediæval, of which Mr. Hamilton was president.

History.—Sir T. Phillipps read a MS. account of the marriage of Margaret, sister of Edward IV., to the Duke of Burgundy; but only imperfectly heard in the court, which, from being thinly attended, was found to be more than usually unfit for the distinct transmission of sound.

Mr. Hawkins read a paper "On the ancient mint and exchange of Winchester," the subject so ably treated at the preceding meeting by Mr. Akerman. Mr. H. glanced at the earliest vestiges of British coinage, and held it to be derived from the Macedonian type, through the Greeks and Romans. The early Saxon bore the names of kings and moneyers; and he alluded to the coinage of Athelstan as the first, and to the mint of Winchester as being mentioned at a very ancient period. This mint was burnt in the time of Henry I.; and in a document to which he referred the mintage of this city was declared to be *honest*, when that of other places was fraudulent and debased. The moneyers were appointed by the mayor and corporation about 1209; but all mention of Winchester as a mint ceased with Edward III. On the question of an Exchange at Winchester, the fact had hardly been stated to the present day. Mr. H. held that it was one of the cities which enjoyed the privileges pertaining to those who were entrusted with bullion to mint, of which they had the monopoly, and the circulation of the coinage throughout the country. When, and how long it lasted, could not be made out; but in the 26th of Henry II. a grant to the sheriff of Southampton proved not only its existence, but the extent and importance of its operations.

A gentleman present observed that it was to be regretted in the investigation of this subject that no reference had been made to the Chancellors' Rolls in the British Museum, which were contemporary with the Pipe Rolls consulted, and contained official returns of the moneyers and their productions.

A paper by Sir F. Madden, "On the common seal and privileges of the men of Alverstoke," was read by the secretary; and the seal and an impression in wax were shewn, as being superior to the drawing engraved and published by the late Mr. Cayley. It is boldly executed, and in the centre, in high relief, is a seated episcopal figure, probably intended for St. Swithin, having a low mitre on the head, and holding in the right hand a white-headed crosier or pastoral staff, and in the left a book, the cover of which is studded with round bosses. Around the edge of the seal is the following inscription in capital letters:—"Sigill. comune hominum prioris Sci. Swithuni, de Alwarestoke." (The common seal of the men of the prior of St. Swithin of Alwarestoke). Very little has been recorded of the history of this manor; but from an entry in the register of John de Pentissara, still preserved in the episcopal archives of Winchester, folio 160 b, we learn that Alwarestoke, together with Extone and Wydehay, were bestowed on the church of St. Swithin by a noble Saxon lady named Alwara, for the soul of her husband, Leowin; and a similar notice is found in Leland's *Collectanea*, extracted apparently from the chronicle of Thomas Rudbourne, a monk of Winchester. After some further remarks on the history of the manor, Sir F. Madden proceeded to the consideration of a vellum roll which serves to throw some additional light on the seal above described. This vellum roll or charter is an agreement between the convent of St. Swithin, Winchester, acting by the prior, Andrew de Londonia, by which charter certain privileges are granted to the men of Alwarestoke.

Mr. Hartshorne read a paper on the ancient parliament at Acton Burnell, near the Stratton Hills, Shropshire, where a parliament was assembled in the 13th of Edward I. (or rather, adjourned thither after the barbarous execution of David, Prince of Wales, at Shrewsbury), the king having on certain occasions taken up his residence with his chancellor, Robert Burnell, here. The following are the principal archæological points brought forward:—At the time of the Conqueror's survey, Æctune, or the oak-town, was held by the sheriff, who held it under Roger de Montgomery, the earl. It next came to the Burnells, who held it under the Corbets; and in 1265 Henry III. remitted to Robert Burnell, the clerk of Edward, his eldest son, fines which his tenants had been accustomed to pay for reducing their lands into cultivation. He afterwards granted to him free warrens and fairs, and the right of emparkment. The eminent abilities of Robert Burnell caused his appointment as secretary and confidential clerk to Edward I., to the bishopric of Bath and Wells, to the nomination to the see at Canterbury, and to the chancellorship of England, which he held from the year 1274 to his death in 1292. His temporal possessions were commensurate with his dignities, as he held more than thirty manors, besides vast estates in nineteen different counties—wealth that increased in the hands of his nephew Philip, to whom it descended; that dwindled under Edward, who was summoned to parliament as a baron by writ in 1316; and of which no more is heard till the time of Nicholas, who was a collateral branch. Nicholas Burnell, to whose memory there is a sepulchral brass in the church, was the cause of a very curious heraldic dispute in the court of chivalry with Robert de Morley, on account of the arms that Nicholas bore in right of certain lands of the barony of Burnell bestowed on him by his mother. De Morley and Burnell being both

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arrayed in the same arms at the siege of Calais in 1346, the latter challenged the arms as belonging to the Burnells only, having at the time under his command a hundred men, on whose banners they were displayed. The dispute was referred to the court of chivalry, held on the sands, before Bohun, Earl of Northampton, High Constable of England, and lasted several days, finally terminating by the king himself requesting Lord Burnell to permit Robert de Morley to bear the arms in dispute for his life only, which Nicholas assented to. The judgment on this question was performed in the church, and immediately proclaimed by a herald throughout the whole army.—Mr. Hartshorne then described the domestic buildings by large drawings, and proceeded to view the connexion of Acton Burnell with the political history of parliaments, shewing from documentary evidence the several days that Edward I. spent at Acton Burnell, and pointing to representations of the building where the parliament passed the Statute Merchant bearing its name. He defended Edward from his supposed massacre of the Welch bards, and concluded with an oratorical peroration on the constitution of his first parliament, at which the three estates of the realm were assembled. [Only the two gable-ends of the ancient house remain.]

In the afternoon the Architectural Section met, and several papers were read, as were also others at an evening meeting at 9 o'clock; to aught that may be of value in which we shall hereafter refer. In the mean time we may mention perhaps the most gratifying enjoyment of the meeting—namely, the opening of the cathedral from 8 to 9 o'clock, for a moonlight view of its imposing features. There was but little moon; but to compensate for this, the church was picturesquely lighted up, and the performance of some of the finest sacred music by the organ and choristers had an effect beyond description.

On Monday the last general meeting took place, and was hailed triumphantly by the President, Mr. Way, and the assembled members. It was stated that 700 names were enrolled; and the Association (No. 2) felt its strength to be so complete, that they could magnanimously make No. 1 a present of the original name, whilst they adopted that of "Institute."

York has been chosen for their next year's congress, the Marquis of Northampton again accepting the presidency; and they anticipate a great swelling of their ranks from those northern provinces. We hope the Yorkists will not stick on their exorbitant charges as they did to the last British Association: but we shall have some concluding observations, &c., to offer on the whole of this affair in our next *Gazette*, and meantime rejoice that one bone of contention and confusion, in the name or title, has been abandoned. We think both the original Association and the later Institute may now pursue their separate courses without clashing or reference to past grievances; and *Palmam qui meruit ferat!!*

The Dinner-Speeches on Thursday.—Though we have not gone into the complimentary speeches at this dinner, there are one or two things which we think call for our notice. The first is, an evident missapprehension of what the noble chairman said about his having been president of the Architectural Section. As we heard the Marquis, he distinctly referred *not* to the Canterbury meeting, but to an intermediate arrangement with the Way party, which had been superseded by his acceptance of the office of general president.

The next point which has struck us is, the suppression of the reply of the mayor of Winchester on his health being drunk, which is the more remarkable as it was the only speech in which the division that had unfortunately sprung up in the original Association was referred to. Such being the case, we take leave to supply the deficiency—certainly not the only *hiatus* cautiously made in the published accounts of these proceedings.*

The Marquis of Northampton, in proposing the health of the mayor, stated that the society felt obliged by the kind reception and the facilities afforded on the part of the municipal authorities; although he was well aware that the mayor had been equally civil to the party which had preceded them, and had in fact said, on the part of the city, that he should be glad to receive half a dozen such societies. He could not blame the mayor, it being his duty to consult the best interests of the city, and not at all his business to inquire into the differences or disputes of such societies before their arrival in Winchester. He therefore commended his conduct, and hoped he might be in office again when their congress should be held in this city at some future period.

The Mayor said, he felt much obliged by the kind manner in which his health had been proposed by the noble Marquis, and by the flattering reception which the company had given to it. The observations which the noble chairman had made had considerably lessened the embarrassment which he felt in stating, that it had been his duty to fulfil the wishes of his brethren of the corporation in giving a cordial reception, scarcely a month ago, to Lord Albert Conyngham and a division of the Archæological Association, who, although they had not the good fortune to be patronised by so numerous and distinguished an assembly, had yet devoted themselves with great earnestness and success to the investigation of the abundant and interesting antiquities which this city and its neighbourhood contained. Ample evidence of these exertions, he trusted, would be found in the volume of 600 pages and 50 plates which they were about to publish; and if a similar volume should be the result of the present congress, who could doubt that Winchester would derive great advantage from such publications; and that, with the present facilities of travelling by railways, strangers would flock to examine and admire its venerable cathedral and numerous other antiquities; the salubrity of its position might induce them to sojourn amongst us, and justify that great increase of buildings which was now going on in this city? He could not reproach himself with having neglected to attempt the reconciliation of the hostile parties; because, in reply to the applications of both, he had said, on the part of the town-council, that although they would be happy to receive them in separate divisions, they would be much better pleased to receive them as a united body; and his exertions to effect so desirable a result were well known. He trusted that, before the next annual congress, harmony would be restored, and that both divisions of the Association would unite in the successful prosecution of archæology. But if not, in accordance with what the Dean of Westminster had said, of the grave importance of the progress of archæology, he trusted that we may charitably hope, that as discord between the apostles had been made subservient to the propagation of Christianity among the Gentiles, so, in like manner, the diffusion of archæological inquiries may be the result of such continued discord. He hoped that he might be again in office when the congress was next held in this city.

* *Inter alia*, a paper by Mr. Bailey, the town-clerk, was never read, and yet we see portions of it in the report of one of the provincial journals.

[In the hurry of reporting the proceedings at Winchester in last *Gazette*, a few slight mistakes occurred. It was Sir J. Awdry, not Sir J. Earle, who endeavoured to reconcile all the hypotheses about the Round Table, p. 610, col. 2. The *two* elder windows at the west end of the cathedral nave are on the north, not the south side, and the *one* on the south, p. 609, col. 2.]

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

In reference to a notice in our last number, some members of the Central Committee repeated on Monday their visit to the Essex churches; and were, as heretofore, kindly and hospitably received by the rector of Childerditch. At the church of East Hornden Mr. Waller made a rubbing of a beautiful incised alabaster slab, hitherto apparently but little noticed. It is to the memory of Alice, daughter of William Cogeshall and wife of John Tyrell. Its date is 1422. It represents the lady under a rich canopy, supported by shafts containing niches, in which are figures of her children holding scrolls with their names attached. This slab is in fine preservation, of a style of execution uncommon in this country, one only of similar workmanship being known, namely, that in Brading church in the Isle of Wight, a rubbing from which was exhibited at Winchester by Mr. Rosser, during the Congress of the Association held there in August. The niches in the Brading slab are filled with figures of the apostles. Both of these monuments are probably of French design and execution, being similar to those met with in many parts of Normandy. The church of East Hornden is of early brick workmanship, and has an interesting sacristy of the latter part of the 15th century.

Mr. Rolfe is continuing with success his researches on the site of the Saxon cemetery in the Isle of Thanet; and we understand that another member of the Association, Mr. Bland of Hartlip, has fixed on the present week for laying open a Roman villa on his estate.

ON SOME SUPPLEMENTS OF THUCYDIDES,

Obtained from Suidas and other Sources.

No. II.

In my last communication I pointed out no fewer than twenty-two Supplements of Thucydides obtained from Suidas, and, as my papers read before the Royal Society of Literature will shew, supported in part by Maximus Tyrius and the Scholiast on Aristophanes; and I will now produce an equally remarkable Supplement of i. 67, furnished by the same lexicon, and supported, as I have proved in the same paper, by the same Scholiast. For the Historian wrote to this effect:

"Others likewise came forward and brought accusations, each in their own case; and the Megareans, too, detailed other not trifling differences, and especially that they had been, contrary to the treaty, excluded from the ports under the control of Athens, and from the soil of Attica itself. *For Pericles had charged them with having cultivated the sacred ground belonging to the two goddesses, and with the murder of Anthemocritus, the Athenian herald, while in the very act of forbidding the cultivation.*"

So, too, the same Scholiast has, with his brother Scholiast on Thucydides, preserved some words wanting in v. 15; where the historian wrote, as I have shewn in the papers alluded to, something more fit to be read than the rub-

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bish of the received text: for by uniting various facts furnished by various authors, even Arnold, who had here a glimpse of the truth, might have recovered what has been lost for nearly eight centuries.

"For the Spartan troops were the first *amongst the Æitæ*, and related, *as they say*, to the *Homœi*. Immediately, therefore, on their surrender, the relatives, *especially of those detained in bonds*, began to execute *what they had kept in mind, and exerted themselves to bring about a peace*. But the Athenians, who had been successful, were by no means willing to come to a reconciliation upon equal terms."

In like manner, by uniting what has been preserved by Suidas and Priscian, I have shewn that Thucydides wrote in vi. 89:

"It is necessary for me to address you first respecting the *cruel* accusation brought against me, in order that you may not, through feelings of suspicion, listen with less attention to *my communications. It is meet, indeed, to look into the charge, but not to be carried away too far by fancies*."

But in the very same chapter, although both H. Stephens, 270 years ago, and, more recently, Krueger, had the sagacity to see a Supplement furnished by the Scholiast, they did not perceive that by the aid of Valla's version it was easy to restore what Thucydides wrote to this effect, as I pointed out partially in the papers already alluded to:

"Other leading men have been of old and now are, who have instigated the rabble to rather scurvy acts, which have driven me out likewise. But during the whole *time* our party was in power, we deemed it just to preserve that form of constitution by which the city had become most great, *most glorious*, and most free, and in behalf of those from whom we had received it. And though we, who have any sense, know what kind of a thing democracy is, *and I can claim the right to abuse it better than any one, inasmuch as I have been injured by it the most*, still, as nothing new can be said of an acknowledged folly, *it was to be borne patiently*, nor did it seem safe to make any change in it, while you were sitting near in a hostile attitude."

For the restoration, however, of the conclusion of the same speech, we are indebted to Suidas alone; by whose preservation of some words, at present wanting in the text, I have been able to ascertain, in the papers alluded to, that Thucydides wrote in vi. 92 to this effect:

"*And I deem it necessary for you to be persuaded by my counsels so far*, as not to hesitate *to send simultaneously* expeditions to Sicily and Attica, in order that by your presence in both quarters you may in a short space *of time* place matters there on high ground, and destroy the present and future power of the Athenians."

Of the preceding twenty-nine Supplements, some have been, and the rest will be, printed in the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature." But as it is uncertain when the volume will make its appearance, I have been permitted to bring them forward now, as it was felt, that if my views are correct, the subject was of a nature not to be longer withheld from the learned world.

With regard to the remaining 100 Supplements which I have obtained from Suidas and other sources, I will now produce about thirty; although I feel that they will fail to carry the conviction they would otherwise do, from the want of the reasons required to shew the defects of the present text, and the fitness of the insertions and their accordance with the style of the author and his imitators. Such, at least, has been the fate of the Supplements suggested by other scholars. For in v. 9, a single word omitted in all the MSS. but acknowledged by the Scholiast and Stobæus, has been scornfully rejected by all the modern editors, whom Duker failed to convince by quoting only a few passages, when he might have produced fifty, as I shewed in the papers referred to, and where I likewise supported the insertion of a single word in i. 126, first detected by Hemsterhuis in Julius Pollux. So, too, a word wanting in iv. 69, but supplied by Suidas, has been rejected for reasons repugnant alike to sense and syntax. Hence it was only natural for persons, but slightly conversant with correct Greek, and still less imbued with the spirit of Thucydides, to neglect the Supplement which H. Stephens was the first to elicit from the version of Valla in ii. 11; and to reject nearly the whole body of similar Supplements first furnished by Valla in the two last books, even when they have been found in one or more MSS., as I pointed out in Poppo's *Prolegomena*, p. 195, and which Bekker alone has had the good sense to adopt; and though I could produce many more, I shall for the present confine myself to such as Suidas alone has supplied; from whose lexicon I have, in the papers alluded to, restored ii. 66 as it was written originally, to this effect:

"During the same summer the Lacedemonians and their allies conveyed, in a fleet of 100 sail, an army against the island Zacynthus, which lies over against Elis. Now the people there are colonists from Achæa in the Peloponnesus, and were *constantly* fighting on the side of the Athenians. *The* 1000 heavy-armed Lacedemonians sailed therefore against them, under Cnemus of Sparta, as admiral, and disembarking, went through the country, *driving off the live stock and carrying away the dead; and after laying it waste in every way, when they saw no enemy in arms come out to oppose them*, they sailed homewards."

GEORGE BURGES.

20 A Bayham Street, Camden Town.

FINE ARTS.

Illustrations of the Castle of Indolence.

THIS work consists of twelve outline-plates by Mr. W. Rimer, and is intended for distribution among the subscribers to the Art Union for the year ending with March last.* They belong to the German fashion, which seems to be now more than ever on the ascendant in our schools of Sculpture, Painting, Drawing, and Engraving. In this instance it is not incongenial to the poetic subjects so imaginatively handled by the Bard of the *Seasons;* and is altogether a portfolio to be laid on the table and turned over with satisfaction. The plates, however, display considerable inequalities, and a strange mixture of beauties and deformities. Take for example No. IV., "The Robing Hall;" in which, whilst the four figures on the left are eminently graceful, the figure in the centre (the "eye" of the design) is outrageously burlesque. "The Magic Globe," No. VII., is finely composed in a circular form, and, if Hogarth's doctrine of the line of beauty be correct, is a pleasing specimen of the flowing curve.

Ex duo disce omnes. As an inducement to adventure in the Art-lottery, this alone is a bribe worth all the money; and no wonder that thousands take their chance together with their certain engravings.

* In addition to "The Convalescent," by Mulready, now engraving by Doo.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT.

A PARTY of the members of the Irish Society of London, and other friends of this distinguished individual, on Wednesday last, entertained him with a dinner, at which about sixty noblemen and gentlemen sat down to table, and presented him with a beautiful golden dessert-service, of the value of seven hundred guineas, which was purchased by subscription, agreeable to a resolution passed on the 18th of June. We need not say that much of regret was mingled with the grateful and gratifying feelings called forth on this occasion. A brief but admirably written and touching address was read by Mr. Robert Bell on the presentation of the brilliant tribute of affection and esteem then borne in by the servants; and Mr. Sergeant Murphy, who presided, followed it up by proposing health and happiness to Sir James, introduced by a eulogy upon his public character and private virtues, which those who are acquainted with the eminent talent and powers of the learned speaker will readily imagine was a treat of no common order of fervour and elocution. Sir J. E. Tennent returned thanks in a manner no less eloquent; commingling just and simple observation on that course of life which had been so flatteringly commented upon and procured for him the present high mark of approbation, and the warmest expression of his sense of the honour done him; dwelling upon which, and the pride with which he should transmit the splendid gift now before him to his son, as an incitement to diligent perseverance and integrity in all his doings, and to kindliness towards his fellow-men in all, even the humblest, relations of society, he became deeply affected; and resumed his seat with a hurried acknowledgment. Other toasts called up the chairman frequently; Dwarkanauth Tangore, the Indian merchant-prince; Dr. Croly (who delivered most appropriate sentiments with masterly force), Mr. Jerdan, Mr. Hartley, Mr. Forster, and others, till the noon of night demanded an unwilling separation.

The excellent effects, both in London and in Ireland, which are resulting from the Irish Society, were repeatedly and prominently dwelt upon; and the merits of Sir J. Tennent in being one of its most prominent founders and zealous supporters formed a theme of the evening which was always loudly applauded. Indeed, it would not be easy to say too much in praise of this Institution, which unites men of all shades of religious and political opinions, smooths asperities, and creates a happy fusion of what is best in the national character, directed to promote the weal of Fatherland, and banishing every party and sectarian discord.

It was pleasing to see the same spirit so strongly manifested here. Besides the persons we have already incidentally named, Catholic and Protestant, and members of the legislature of opposite principles, sat harmoniously side by side; and the room was filled (even at this empty season of the year) with the representatives of so many classes, that it made the compliment paid almost cosmopolitan. We may mention Lord Rossmore, Mr. Butler, Ald. Moon, Mr. Stanfield, Mr. M'Dowall (the sculptor), Mr. Doyle (HB.), Rev. Mr. Mahony, Mr. W. Cubitt, Mr. Carter Hall, Mr. Moran, Mr. D'Arcy, and gentlemen of Ireland, England, and Scotland, of consideration in their various walks of life, all assembled with one object, to bid a friendly farewell to a man who had so deservedly won their cordial regards. It is not for us to add our humble mite to this public testimony; but twenty years of unbroken intercourse may ca-

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title us to say, that whether we view Sir James Tennent in his public capacities as a member of the House of Commons and a holder of ministerial office; as a zealous and indefatigable promoter of the interests of his native land; as a distinguished and successful friend to commercial enterprise, and the improvement of British manufactures; as a gentleman not only eminent for literary talent and the love of literature, but for his sympathies and influential activity in all circumstances where the benefit of literary men was concerned; or in the more limited, yet wide, circle of individual friendships, social qualities, and unvarying courtesy and consideration for every claimant,—no One could have afforded more just cause to have his departure from amongst us lamented, and the warmest wishes to accompany him on his distant way, and hope his fortunate and happy return.

The last of his evenings with us was soothed with some charming amateur singing and harp music; several of the songs (Moore's and Lover's) offering poetical and natural allusions, applicable and applied, to the object of the meeting.

MUSIC.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA'S PRIVATE CONCERT AT HIS PALACE IN COBLENZ.

[From our own Correspondent.]

Aug. 14.—The morning after the festball the following artistes and musicians left Bonn for Coblenz in the same steamboat, viz.:

Gentlemen.

Batta, violoncellist; Beckerath, Von Wilhelm, chapel-master in Düsseldorf; Berilotz, composer, from Paris; Böttlcher, first bassist, from the theatre of Berlin; Flowers, French, founder of the Contrapuntist's Society in London; Gear, Handel, tenor singer, from London; Lisst, Dr., pianist and royal chapel-master in Vienna; Mantius, tenor singer, from the theatre in Berlin; Meyerbeer, the celebrated composer from Paris; Mosevius, chapel-master, from Breslau; Möser, violinist, from Berlin; Pischek (and his amiable wife), baritone, from the theatre of Stutgard; Schneider, Sir Frederick von Danebrog, and royal chapel-master; Vieuxtemps, violinist, well known in England.

Ladies.

Kratky, mezzo-soprano, from the theatre of Frankfort; Lind, Jenny, perhaps the most famous soprano singer Germany ever produced; Novello, Sabella, soprano singer, from London; Pleyel, Madame, from Paris, the most famous female pianist on the continent; Tuczek, prima donna from the theatre of Berlin, and a singer little inferior to Jenny Lind; Viardot-Garcia, contralto, from Spain, and a great favourite abroad.

After a wet journey we arrived before dark at Coblenz, where we found every inn and private house already so full, that visitors were absolutely obliged to sleep in their carriages, and in out-houses of all descriptions, and on made-up beds, on chairs, tables, and even under the steps of doors that were at all sheltered from the rain, which continued to fall during most of the night. Coblenz never was so beset by strangers; and we believe it was fuller than Bonn had ever been on the four previous days. All this excitement was occasioned in consequence of the Queen of England's visit to Stolzenfels (the King of Prussia's castle on a mountain about two miles from Coblenz), who was followed by hundreds of people of almost all nations.

Before the scramble (for such it was) for beds, however, came on, the enchanting view of the fireworks took place about eight o'clock in the evening. The mountains opposite the Stolzenfels, viz. Neiderlahnstein, Lahnstein, Allerheiligenberg, lying behind the Lahnstein, and the Jahannerkirche, were most brilliantly and imposingly illuminated. The whole tower of the Jahannerkirche seemed to be enveloped in red flames; and in the churchyard below it were seen several persons running as if through the white flames, which had a very singular appearance. Fire-rockets innumerable, and of all descriptions, issued from all points; and two fire-ships of great brilliancy floated on the Rhine, which gave such an intense light that the castle and all the surrounding mountains were quite visible. We had an excellent opportunity of seeing this splendid sight, being in a steamboat which plied to and fro before the romantic castle on the Stolzenfels.

The last entertainment the King of Prussia provided for our Queen was the concert at this castle; but before giving the programme, we will not forget to mention the peculiar attention, kindness, and respect, which his Majesty shewed to our Sovereign during her visit to Prussia. Wherever our Queen moved, entertainments of the rarest and most costly descriptions were provided for her; and we understand the King felt truly grieved that the weather proved so unfavourable for this memorable royal progress.

The programme of the concert at Stolzenfels, conducted by Meyerbeer, was as follows:

First Part.

I. Quartet, from the Earl of Westmoreland's opera, *Phædra*; sung by Demoiselle Tuczek, Madame Viardot-Garcia, and Messrs. Mantius and Böttieher.

II. Pergolese's Sicilienne; sung by Madame Viardot-Garcia.

III. Herr Vieuxtemps performed a solo on the violin, by Bériot.

IV. Mère-grand, a duet by Meyerbeer; sung by Demoiselle Jenny Lind and Madame Viardot-Garcia.

Second Part.

I. A duet by Trubn Taubert; sung by Mantius and Böttieher.

II. A trio for three female voices, from Meyerbeer's opera, *Il Crociato*; sung by Jenny Lind, Tuczek, and Viardot-Garcia.

III. "Die Fahnenwacht," a song: sung by Herr Pischek.

IV. Three Swedish national songs; sung by Jenny Lind.

Not having been present we can give no further account; but the concert at Coblenz, which took place on tha 18th of August, we attended in consequence of the politeness of Herr Meyerbeer, expressed by the following letter:—

"Coblenz, Aug. 16.

"Sir,—I have, according to your desire, spoken to the Graf von Redern, who is appointed to introduce strangers to the royal concert; and he intimated your wish to the King of Prussia, who commanded the Graf von Redern to invite you to the royal concert at his palace in Coblenz.—Yours, respectfully,

"MEYERBEER.

"To George French Flowers, Esq."

When we entered the middle room in the palace it was crowded with visitors: on one side, gentlemen, dressed in military costumes (with the exception of a very few foreigners), were standing closely together; and on the other side, ladies, almost all attired in white, were as closely packed. The King, who was in the adjoining apartment on the right hand, received his guests individually, who, after being presented, retired into the middle room again. After this, the Queens of Prussia and Belgium went to every lady who was standing in that room, and, addressing a few words to them, re-entered the King's apartment. In a few minutes afterwards, his Majesty, with the Queen of Belgium, followed by the King of Belgium, with the Queen of Prussia, proceeded through the middle room into the concert-room (which was the next on the left), and were followed by the royal visitors. The programme of the concert was drawn up and conducted by Herr Meyerbeer, thus:

First Part.

I. Gebet chor. (thanksgiving chorus); then followed the beautiful romance and duet out of the opera of *Joseph*, by Méhul; sung by Demoiselle Tuczek and Herr Pischek.—We were as much astonished at Miss Tuczek's singing the part of Bengimen, as we were that Miss Kratky had to sing Beethoven's tenor song "Adelaide," at Beethoven's festival! Miss Tuczek, however, took the part of Bengimen most admirably; and we regretted we had not another opportunity of hearing this young lady sing at this delightful concert, for we feel confident that her splendid voice and fervent style of singing would have greatly pleased the King of Prussia, had she had a solo to sing, for he is a good judge of music and musicians. We hesitate not to say that a trip to England would be of peculiar service to Demoiselle Tuczek, both as regards her fame and her purse.

II. Phantasie for the violoncello, composed and performed by Batta. This gentleman is a most delightful player in all respects; in England his fine talents would not only be appreciated, but be rewarded.

III. 18th Psalm, by Marcello—a noble composition, with solo and chorus; the solo sung by Viardot-Garcia, who possesses a splendid voice of great compass, and much under her control; the chorus, like all German choruses, was very fine.

IV. Phantasie upon themas out of *Der Freischütz*, composed and performed on the violin by Möser.

V. Der Flötenkampf: scene out of Mayerbeer's new opera, *Ein Feldlager in Schlesien*; sung by Jenny Lind and Herr Mantius and chorus. Jenny Lind's flexible and perfect voice had full play in "Der Flötenkampf," and although the composition abounded in monstrous difficulties, yet she performed all of them with the greatest ease. The vivacious passages for the flute were echoed distinctly and sweetly by the interesting Jenny Lind, who, as an actress also, is as great as a singer.

Part Second.

I. Der Wanderer, by Schubert; sung by Staudigl. We need not comment on the singing of Staudigl, he is too well known to need praise: but yet we must say, that we never heard him before to such advantage. His singing evidently moved the heart of the King of Prussia.

II. Le songe de Tartini, a ballad, with violin accompaniment and soprano voice, by Panseron; admirably sung by Madame Viardot-Garcia, and splendidly performed by Herr Vieuxtemps, who excelled himself on this occasion.

III. Terset for three bass voices, out of the opera of *Margarethe von Anjou*, by Meyerbeer; sung by Herren Staudigt, Pischek, and Böttlicher. The two first celebrated singers are well known; but Herr Böttlcher deserves our attention. He has a noble organ and correct judgment: we are inclined to think highly of this gentleman from the little we heard of him.

IV. Phantasie upon Spanish national melodies, composed and performed by Dr. Liszt, who may, without hesitation, be considered to play with more soul than any modern performer on the pianoforte.

V. Arie out of Mozart's immortal opera *Don Giovanni*; sung most splendidly by Jenny Lind.

VI. Three Spanish national songs, admirably given by Madame Viardot-Garcia.

This finished tha pieces performed at this admirable concert, which was marked by more combined talent than we can get together in our concerts in London. At the conclusion the royal personages present complimented Herr Meyerbeer and the performers on the great treat they had experienced in their able performances.

Before closing, it may not be irrelevant (as it is certainly characteristic) to relate a remark made to us by this celebrated composer, who, when speaking of the music which was performed at the castle of Stolzenfels, said, "I wish you could have been present at the first concert to have heard parts of my new opera; for although I am neither a Beethoven, Mozart, nor Cherubini, yet I flatter myself you would have been pleased with my music;" to which we replied, "The man who wrote the opera of *Robert le Diable* deserves a monument."

VARIETIES.

Drury Lane Theatre is announced to open next Saturday, with operas and ballets; and Madlle. Jenny Lind is among the musical company.

Sadler's Wells.—On Thursday, *Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage*, was produced here, and the character of *Isabella* sustained with great power

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by Mrs. Warner. Mr. G. Bennett also played *Carlos* in a forcible manner. The tragedy itself is no favourita of ours: it is sombre throughout, and only occasionally deep; the utter blackness set in so dark a general shade, that we do not feel the despair so much in consequence of its emanating from so danse a cloud of o'erspreading sorrows. Relief is needed.

Romsey Church.—Since it has been visited by the Archæological *Association* and *Institute*, an old stone coffin has been uncovered by the repairs in the floor of the nave of this church, and carefully removed and preserved by Mr. Ferrey, the intelligent architect who superintends them. On the floor was a black granite slab, inlaid with a cross flory, and metallic chasings, measuring near twelve feet in length; and under this the coffin was found. It contained the skeleton of a priest, with his chalice and paten by his side, and near the feet bits of black leather, as if he had been buried in his living vestments. The occupant had been a short man, the skeleton measuring only five feet two inches; and Mr. Ferrey supposes that *it* may have been William Schyrlock, a prebendary who flourished towards the close of the 13th century.

The British Museum.—The last portion of old Montague House, the centre, was sold by auction in lots on Monday; and brought, for lead, brickwork, and all, about 1300*l.* It will forthwith be pulled down, and the new centre raised, to assimilata with the modern wings. The Museum continues to be open to the public on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, by an entrance west of the central gateway.

Baths and Washhouses.—This useful charity is working its way steadily and prosperously in London. During the thirteen weeks it has been in operation in Glasshouse Street, 13,422 poor people, or about 1000 weekly, have availed themselves of the establishment to wash their clothes (viz. 7104) and clean and refresh their persons (6318). The number of articles washed was 61,595; and we are glad to observe how large a proportion in both departments were natives of Ireland.

Diseased Fish.—The fish in the river Barrow (Ireland) have, it seems, become diseased, like the potatoes. The *Leinster Express* says: "The pike seem emaciated, and the inside of the mouth presente a fungous ulceration, covering the teeth, palate, and tongue; and when the body is opened, the stomech is filled with a green slimy substance. Eels are seen with little apparent life for a day or so, and afterwards dead in shoal water (the place where all wounded or sick fish swim to); the under part of the body, from the mouth to the tail, is speckled with blood-red spots, and the mouth is sometimes full of coagulated blood. However, the fish do not seem to be in bad condition, or to have suffered so long as the pike. The same kinds of fish in the canal about Monasterevan have also suffered from the saoic malady."

General Tom Thumb is reported, in the French papers, to have been lost in a wood. His *great* prototype used to find his way out of such scrapes with marvellous ingenuity, and save not only himself, but all his big brothers and sisters, by his cunning.

Landslip.—On the 19th ult. a huge fell of rock from a mountain near Steg, in the Tyrol, caused the river Elsack to overflow the adjacent meadows, and greatly obstructed the road; and on the 30th, the Adigo rose fourteen feet at Trent, and flooded the country round.

Shall Cromwell have a Statue in the series of sovereigns to adorn the parliament-house? The *Times* argues bravely that he should. In our opinion, it would be a striking monument *pour encourager les autres* to cut off kings' heads, and "be-rogue" parliamente; and "Take awey that bauble" would be an appropriate point of sculptural action. We fancy we can see Mr. Speaker marching up at the head of the Commons to the house of Peers, with his maca borne before him, making it a profound bow as he passed! Then what are we to say about his son and nominated successor, Richard? His, to be sure, was but a short reign; but here is no question of time, and a ruler of six weeks has as clear a right to a niche as one of six years. Richard, then, abdicating to tha cabal of Wallingford, ought to stand between his father the Protector and Charles II. the King!!

Volcanic Eruption.—An immense fall of dust and ashes in the vicinity of the Orkney Isles is supposed to indicate some great volcanic eruption in another locality. Hecla is 400 miles distant; too far, we should think, to produce such an effect, though smaller quantities of light matter from volcanoes have been shed on the decks of vessels as far from the scene of action. "The men at the herring-fishery (says the *Edinburgh Advertiser* of Friday) describe it as being like a thick shower of snow-drift from the north-west. It began to fall before daylight, and continued very thick for a few hours, and afterwards more slightly till about midday. Those who had clothes out bleaching had them completely blackened, and it seeme very difficult to wash off. The white flowers in the gardens are quite destroyed, and every "kail blade" is covered. The only way of accounting for it is by supposing that Mount Hecla has had an eruption, as the wind was exactly from that quarter, and it is quite evident the dust is volcanic. Dr. Barry, in his *History of Orkney*, says that, in 1783, the last dreadful eruption of Mount Hecla, the dust fell here in the same manner, though it does seem surprising that it could be carried so far—upwards of 400 miles. The fishermen were so terrified at the uncommon and inexplicable sight, that several of them refused to go out to sea next day."

Cologne Cathedral.—We understand Professor Scholz, of the University of Bonn, is endeavouring to raise a subscription in England towards the completion of the magnificent cathedral at Cologne, and that our Queen has most liberally given 500*l.* for that purpose.

Honour to the Mechanic.—The candidate for Governor in Maine is a practical mechanic—a ship-carver. The editor of the *Kennebec Journal* says he called upon him, at his shop in Bath, a few weeks ago, and found him with his coat off, busily engaged upon the figure-head of a ship. Thus merit rises in this country."—*New Jersey Vindicator, 30th August.* [This paper is a curious American specimen of periodical, being as entirely Irish and anti-Saxon as the Dublin *Nation*, from which it copies the greater part of its contents, songs and all.]

Errors of the Press.—Merely by the separation of a letter from its proper neighbours, a person sporting with Coroner Wakley in the Scottish Isles is made to say that he never was so tired by "any mans hooting before" as by Mr. Wakley's; thereby meaning, any man's shooting. The letter is a droll one altogether, describing the coroner as the *lion* of the place, killing lots of *sea-fowl*, and his *clothes* much too large for him. HB. or *Punch* might realise this picture.

Museum at Hyderabad.—A proposition for the establishment of a museum at Hyderabad having been submitted to Major-General Fraser, he has expressed his cordial approbation of the undertaking and his desire to forward it by every means in his power. The object in view is twofold: 1st, the collection of matters of interest to which an easy reference may be made; 2d, the supply of similar institutions in Europe from the superfluity of the collection. It is believed that H. H. the Nizam's territory is in many respects well fitted for the supply of an institution of the nature contemplated; the field has long lain fallow. Besides the well-known cave-temples of Ellora and Adjuntah, the remains of ruined cities and extinct tribes are profusely scattered over the land; and in the Arts, the Beda ware and manufacture of steel at Maiduck by a process believed to be different from that pursued in other parts of India, offer a branch for mechanical inquiry. In Botany, meny plants unknown to naturalists must, it is thought, exist in the unexplored jungles of Neermul and the jungles to the north; and attention is particularly directed to plants used by the natives for medicinal and dietetic purposes, also to dye-stuffs.

Milnes' Pictorial Plan of Edinburgh (Edinburgh, Milnes; London, Bogue).—A pretty way of exhibiting the principal buildings of the Scottish capital, neatly executed and engraved, and the sheets in which they stand only represented in lines, with a key and names. The idea is novel and so cleverly carried out that it will doubtless be much imitated.

Burials.—It is hinted in the *Ecclesiologist*, that the sect whose organ it is proposa to introduce a new system of burying the dead; not so paganish as the existing practice, but more Christian and Puseyite.

Liverpool first in Philology.—It is said that the Collegiate Institution of Liverpool has engaged a Chinese professor, who speaks the purest Peking dialect, to teach the Chinese language there; so that its traders, captains of merchantmen, supercargoes, mates, &c., may be enabled to hold *vivâ voce* intercourse with the natives at Hong-Kong, Canton, and other ports. This ie a very sensible measure, and does credit to Liverpool enterpriee.

Tyrolese Archæological Speculations.—From the strata of ancient remains found in Tyrol, some of the ingenious theorists of that mountain-land, athirst for national antiquity and fame, are building up an hypothesis that three periods belong to their history: 1st, Etrurian; 2d, Roman; 3d, mixed Gaulish, Frankish, Gothic, &c. &c.

Fine Arts in Egypt.—The magnificent silver fountain designed and executed by Messrs. Smith, for presentation from the East India Company to the Pasha of Egypt (described in the *Lit. Gaz.* some months since), has safely reached its destination; and has so influenced the pasha's ambition in this line that he has resolved on establishing a school of arts in Cairo, in furtherance of which object he has sent several young Egyptians to study at Rome.

M. Royer Collard, the distinguished French author, and professor of philosophy at the College of France, died at Chateauvieux on the 4th, in his eighty-second year.

Continental "Ambulatory" Science.—The congress at Rhaims,* which comes under the name so pleasantly and aptly given by the Marquis of Northampton to such annual provincial meetings as these, held its session during the first week of the month, and was attended by

* An interesting mosaic found whilst repairing the archbishop's palace furnished a pleasant ancient novelty for discussion. It is represented to be a beautiful design, and to belong to the early part of the middle ages.

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about a hundred native savans and many distinguished foreign visitors. To-day (20th) commences the proceedings of the Italian Association at Naples, under the presidency of the Marquis of San Angelo.

Ecclesiastical Architecture.—In these days, when ecclesiastical architecture is so prominent a topic, the following delicious jumble from an Irish popular work, descriptive of St. Anne's Church, Belfast, will amuse the *conoscenti*:—"It has a body of brick, a tower of wood, and a cupola of copper, and possesses greatly more elegance than might be supposed possible from the composition of such unmanageable and heterogeneous materials. Its font is adorned with a handsome Doric portico and Attic balustrade; its tower is of two stages, and in the Ionic order; and its cupola has Corinthian ornaments, and is surmounted by a spiral termination."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Prisons and Prisoners, by J. Adshead, 8vo, with illustrations, 7*s.* 6*d.*—The Ocean-Flower, a Poem, with an Account of the Island of Madeira, &c., by T. M. Hughes, 12mo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic War, with English notes and indexes, by C. Anthon, LL.D., new edit., 12mo, 5*s.*—Maunder's School Edition of the Omnipresence of the Deity, by Rev. R. Montgomery, 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.* roan.—The Sanctification of the Elect People of God, by Rev. R. Shittler, 12mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—The Early Irish Church, by the Rev. M. W. Foye, 2d edit. 12mo, 3*s.*—Whittaker's Hand-Books of Musical Instruction: Singing, by H. Rodwell, 18mo, 1*s.*—Tables for Calculating Railway-Shares, &c., by R. E. Robinson, 12mo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Wilson's Sharebrokers' and Speculators' Account-Book, oblong, 4*s.*—Of Property, and of its Equal Distribution, &c., by G. Ensor, 5*s.*—Hope's Scripture-Prints, Part II., 9*s.*—Logan's Scottish Banker, 2d edit. 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Secret Prayer, by J. M'Gill, 2d edit. 18mo, 2*s.*—Biblical Cabinet, New Series, Vol. I., Hengstenberg's Commentary on the Psalms, 15*s.*—Letters on various Subjects, by the Rev. J. Caughey, Vol. II., 3*s.* 6*d.*—Thomson's Castle of Indolence: Text to the Illustrations for the Art-Union Copy, folio, 4*s.* 6*d.*—Barnes Notes on St. Paul's Epistle to the Thessalonians, &c. &c., 12mo, 4*s.* 6*d.*—The Real Property Acts of 1845, by E. V. Neale, 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Daniels' Practice in Chancery, Vol. III. Part II. 8vo, 9*s.*—Sermons by the Rev. Joseph Haslegrave, post 8vo, 5*s.*—Scripture Argument against Apostolical Succession, by J. Stratton, 12mo, 4*s.*—Surgical and Practical Observations on the Diseases of the Foot, &c., 4to, 21*s.*—The Wandering Jew, by Eugene Sue, Vol. III. 8vo, 7*s.*—Hall's Six Sermons on our Lord's Temptation, 12mo, 2*s.*—Heidelberg and the Way thither, fcp. 5*s.*—Royal Agricultural Society of Jamaica: Six Essays on the best mode of establishing Industrial Schools, 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Manual for Shipmasters, by J. Lees, 12mo, 5*s.*—The Harvest Surveyor's Best Assistant, by P. Fountain, 18mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*—Scenes from the History of the Christian Church, by the Rev. A. R. Bonar, 12mo, 4*s.*—Thornton's History of British India, Vol. VI. (completing the work), 8vo, 16*s.*—On Procuring Sleep in Insanity, by J. Williams, M.D., post 8vo, 4*s.*—The Nature and Treatment of Gout, by W. H. Robertson, M.D., 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Plain Sermons to a Country Congregation, by the late Rev. E. Blencowe, 12mo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Cudworth's Intellectual System of the Universe, new edit. 3 vols. 8vo, 2*l.* 2*s.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is curious that strictly literary correspondence, coming within the plan of a journal like the *Literary Gazette*, should frequently convey intelligence of considerable importance to other portions of the community. This is called to our attention within the last three days, during which the public news received from the northern whale-fishery and Buenos Ayres only confirms the statements which have appeared in our page in the latest letters from the Arctic Expedition (though on the subject of natural history), and the striking accounts of the condition of the river Plate, and the barbarous tyranny of Rosas, which we received from that quarter, and inserted in our Nos. 1434, 1464, and 1482, as 'Sketches of Society.'

Answers to several communications and inquiries during the last fortnight are unavoidably delayed.

We hope to give the "Sea-side in September" next Saturday, before the month is out.

We cannot help "Help," answer his question, nor accept his offer.

We cannot even state the theory of "Originator:" it would be thought profane if not blasphemous, though the writer appears to be quite serious, and certainly displays much learning.

Cold friends deserve cold returns: it is but justice to mete out to them what they mete out to others. Let "Impromptu" adopt this rule, and it may mend matters. At any rate, it cannot make them more disagreeable.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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It is well known to practical chemists, that all water (except that from rain and snow) contains a variety of extraneous substances, changing in kind and quantity in the various localities from which it is procured; but Mr. Maugham, by analysing the water taken from many different sources, found that one substance was almost universally present—that substance was LIME. This circumstance suggested the grounds for the composition of the Carrara Water. A great and, apparently, almost insurmountable obstacle, however, presented itself to the employment of lime as the base of an ordinary drink, viz. the extremely unpleasant taste of the mixture; for lime-water itself is so extremely nauseous to the palate, that even as a medicine few persons can be prevailed upon to take it.

Undismayed, however, by this difficulty, Mr. Maugham pursued his experiments, which ultimately led to a simple and most efficacious means, not only of entirely destroying the taste of the lime, but of producing a highly agreeable and refreshing beverage. This was effected by the addition of carbonic acid gas, which was forced into the liquid by powerful machinery, and the two submitted to a pressure sufficient to liquefy the gas, which, combining instantly with the lime held in solution by the water, formed an ærated solution of bi-carbonate of lime, which would, in fact, be the proper chemical title of the Carrara Water.

Now although this water is introduced to the Public as an article of luxury, yet as every ærated water, and indeed almost every article of food, possesses more or less medicinal properties, Mr. Dunlop feels it right to mention some of the cases in which the Carrara Water would, and indeed has been, highly beneficial when taken medicinally.

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THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1497. LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1845. PRICE 8d. Stamped Edition, 9d.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

CENTO.

Richmond, and other Poems. By Charles Ellis. Pp. 133. Madden and Malcolm.

The Practical Cook, English and Foreign, &c. &c. &c. By Joseph Bregion, formerly Cook to H. E. Prince Rausmouski, &c. &c., and Anne Miller, Cook in several English Families of distinction. Pp. 498. Chapman and Hall.

t hardly know what tempts us to put these volumes together, and under the head of etical reviewing; for though the first is parently in verse, the second is apparently prose. But there must be a Mesmerian apathy somewhere, a *rapport*, either between works themselves or their authors: for Mr. is the host of the Castle Hotel at Richmond (and, we believe, in a tie with the Star Garter on the hill there); and Mr. Bregion and Miss Miller are also distinguished ists on the *tapis* of culinary art and table-th of appetitive provocation. How wonder-are the radiations of Genius! In the one ance, we have them flooding the sight with lux of poesy; in the other, tempting the pa-with a super-flux of *veloutés* and *quenelles.* Ellis is a name dear to the Muse, from orge, of the "Specimens of Early English," John, the friend of Samuel Johnson, to histlecraft, and now the bright bard [*query,* ll-Bore Ellis?] of Richmond Hill, on which re once lived a lass more blythe than May-morning, who surpassed all other maids, was, in the language of natural history, etry, and love, a Rose without a Thorn.

But these were days of humble life: our bitious and more fortunate contemporary of tavern leaves the village-lasses and cham-maids to others, and is occupied (we mean, etically and florally) with the ladies who fre-ent his delectable bowers. At page 92 his piration breaks out, as hot as the kitchen-e, upon "Lady H—— (we cannot make out individual from the Peerage) *on receiving books from her.*" Perhaps there is nothing the English language equal to this effusion. runs thus:

> "Most honoured lady, unto thee
> I cannot tell
> The sentiments that in my full heart dwell—
> They beat there all tumultuously,
> And rise, and swell
> Too big to be poured out in utt'rance free.
> A revel, exquisite, is there,
> Called up to-day—
> I would you could be witness to its play,
> While I, unconscious of your care,
> Looked far away,
> Subduing not the spirit's freedom rare.
> *Good God!*—I thank him for that great—
> That most dear gift—
> The sweet and generous love, which so doth lift
> The soul to pleasure delicate,
> Above all *shift,*
> Aiming to make another's heart elate;
> To make it bound, and leap, and sing,
> E'en as my own
> Does now, with pride and happiness full blown—
> E'en as my own does hum and spring,
> Nigh overthrown,
> Dear lady, thou hast touched so fine a string."

oore, one of the Fudge-family compared with is; Byron, namby-pamby; Campbell, a ca-el; Ellis is the Poet of the Heart!

Ay, of the heart, the full heart, wherein sentiments beat tumultuously, and rise and swell too big—kick up an exquisite revel, which it is desirable the lady should witness; and, "Good God!" above all *shift*, bounding, and leaping, and singing, full-blown (no wonder with such violent exercise!), and *humming*, and springing nigh overthrown, and all in consequence of the dear lady having touched one of its finest strings. We call this a Description: Joseph Bregion cannot come near it in the heart-line; and so conscious must he have been of this deficiency, that he does not even mention how hearts should be cooked at all; and with regard to the interior of calves, merely notices their livers. The next female of rank and quality immortalised, or *immortalellised*, has deserved it by an act of elegant devotedness. The poem is entitled,

"FLOWERS.

On receiving a Geranium from Lady ——."

From which we copy the following choice *morceaux*:—

> "Flowers are favoured ever—
> The haughtiest lady takes them to her bosom—
> The noblest poet loves their tender blossom—
> They make mankind each other love,
> And lovers more intensely love;
> Flowers are favoured ever.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Flowers are priceless gifts—
> Day after day, still putting forth fresh buds
> Indicative of love not born of moods
> Ecstatic—heedless—soon repented;
> But calm, reposing, fast cemented;
> Flowers are priceless gifts."

Comment is surely uncalled-for: the last stanza is, in our opinion, as priceless as the flowers it celebrates. Mr. Bregion is, however, considerable on the same topic, for he says:

"Take a pound of flowers, of what sort you please, and put it into an earthen or stone pot or pan, with three pounds of powdered sugar; then make a layer of sugar, a layer of flowers, and so on, till you have used the whole. This done, cover them up close, and place them in a cool cellar for twenty-four hours; after that, let it be placed in the sun or on a stove for twenty hours; after which, let it drain on a sieve (not to be pressed through), and bottle the liquid that comes from it; stop the bottles very close. This can be used to flavour all kinds of liqueurs or other things for which it may be wanted."

Quære, if the cool cellar might not be an improvement on Mr. Ellis?

In another charming passage upon love, including the "firmness of imperial love," our bard gives another delicious touch at the heart:

> "So the blythe Isabel and Laura loved.
> *Sweet heart!* fair Isabel! her wakeful eyes
> Bathed in emotion's lubricating spring,
> Clear heralded the parting of her lips—
> Her full voice followed their diffused light
> As on the sun's appeal upsprings the lark;
> And frost would hurt her as the tender spring.
> She lived to be beloved, and love, repay."

We trust there is imagery here: Bregion, as we have remarked, omits the sweet Hearts, but he is almost as affecting on the sweet Breads, *ris de veau*, as he beautifully yet forcibly and tragically expresses it: "Take five sweetbreads, *cut off the throats*, and let them drain," &c. &c. But this is almost too horrible for sensitive imaginations, and we return with increase of delight to the tenderness of Ellis, excited by "The Parting."

> "What days of joy—of happiest joy—
> Calm—cloudless—robed in quietude
> *Are whelmed in all eternity;*
> And circumstances must destroy,
> By separation chill and rude,
> Sweet intercourse and unity.
> Adieu, adieu!—a last adieu,—
> No, not a last adieu,
> For surely we shall meet again
> In realms of brighter hue."

But though parting be such sweet sorrow, our poet is as great in meeting. *Ex. gr.:*

"SONNET.

On first seeing Mrs. N——.

> She came—oh, she was charming to behold—
> Smiling, not archly—neither mournfully—
> It was a radiance like the sun's rich gold
> Upon the banks, and o'er the surface free
> Of a calm river, which arrayed her lips
> And floated in her eye.—She was not fair,
> If fairness her *soft* pencil only dips
> In *strength of light, for darkness dyed her hair,*
> *And daintiest twilight bathed her countenance.*
> Her voice was sweet, and oh, Æolian-like,
> *Rose murmuring—just as it were by chance;*
> Each motion did with admiration strike—
> As perfect roses bending in reply,
> When the young zephyrs fondly whisper nigh."

We deny that any other hotel in Europe could evict so perfect a composition, or compote, as this. In our mind's eye (mind that, Horatio!)—in our mind's eye we behold the Mrs. N— alighting from her britska at the door of the Star and Garter, with a light bound almost affording a glimpse of the namesake of the latter, and the bard in extasy,

"She came—O!" . . . . .

And then her *indescribable* smile, so inimitably described; and the brave impersonation of Fairness, worthy of Richmond Fair. The lines we have marked in italics defy improvement: why she murmured, *except by chance*, is one of those strokes which only the most extraordinary genius can elicit: for was not young Zephyrus, in the person of Poet, offering to help her to alight, fondly whispering nigh? The only approach to this which we have (*sed longo intervallo*) between Bregion and Miss Miller, is as follows:

"*Ginger Soufflé.*—Boil in one pint of milk, and half a pint of cream, one ounce of isinglass, one ounce of whole ginger; pour the above boiling on the juice of a lemon, and half a pound of beaten white sugar; whisk it till cold, and then put it into a mould. To be made twenty-four hours before wanted."

When Ellis does prose, he is almost as supereminent as in verse. For example, the subject of a sonnet is thus described:

"The first hour of the morning, 21st of November, 1844.—The moon was up, the arch of heaven serene, the wind hushed perfectly—the flame of a candle was motionless in the open air. The atmosphere was clear unto the very grass, and even the river was as free from mist as on a summer's noon; then withal, so mild that at this hour Fahrenheit's thermometer marked 48°."

The parallel to this in the *Practical Cook* reads thus:

"*A Card.*—Bregion, professed cook, continues to dress dinners, suppers for balls, petits soupers, déjeuners à la fourchette, and

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the same terms, which have given such universal satisfaction for the last twenty years. Letters addressed to him, at 36 South-street, Manchester-square, will meet with immediate attentinn."

Pursuing great and philosophical ideas, inclining, as it were, metaphysically:

"Although the humen mind (says Ellis) can, with delight, be full to overflowing, there is soon a pause in search of others who may share equally in the sweets (jellies, blanc-mangas, Italian creams, and syllabubs) enjoyed; and if in the plentitude of its own, it arrogates to itself e keener sense of that excellence than others feel, and thus is prompted to a deed of poetry, it may perhaps be forgiven."

"Far are we (says Bregion) from seying that a dinner should be e subject of morning or mid-day meditation, or of luxurious desire; but in the present advanced state of civilisation, and of medical and chemical knowledge, something more than kneading, baking, stewing, and boiling, ere necessary in eny nation pretending to civilisation."

"Would that a worthier pen (continues Ellis) had written on this subject with more reflection, and to the extent it merits, exciting thereby e powerful consciousness of its uncommon beeuty in the breasts of those who may forget to claim for it the rightful praise of being one of the choicest localities of their native lend: which should be referred to as e proof of thet country's luxurience, where desolation has no footing, decay is not, and devastation has not dared to lay his hand."

"We greatly surpass (continues Bregion) the French in mutton, we produce better beef, lamb, and pork, and are immeasurably superior both in the quantity and quality of our fish, our venison, and our game; yet we cannot compare, as a nation, with the higher, the middle, or the lower classes in France, in the science of preparing our daily food. * * * The compilers of this work lay no claim to originelity, though there is much that is new in these pages."

But having trod the prosy earth, our poetical Antæus again bursts away with renewed strength to the ethereal heavens:

"The recreations of a toilsome day—
The sportive fancy of a leisure hour—
The love, o'erflowing, caught in verses stray—
The heart's misgivings, in a lyric shower—
The olive-branch of reassurance' ray—
Ecstatic joy's intensest glowing flower—
The greensward of repose and gleesome play—
The cooling river, and the shady bower,
With speed, my brother, *I convey to thee*"—

end every article, brench, flower, river, greensward, and bower, by the London Parcels' Delivery Company: carriage paid. And talking of conveyance, mark the information conveyed in the annexed sublime page of Bregion end Miller, though it alludes to a natural production not found on the above exquisitely-painted landscape of Richmond Hill:

"There is a vegetable much eaten in France (says the editor of the *Magazine of Domestic Economy*, vol. i. pp. 308, 345), because it is of delightful flavour; and es digestible as it is pleasant—we mean the cardoon, or thistle-head. In England it is never used except by French cooks, probably because this vegetable requires more skill to cook it then any other. It is, however, worthy of being introduced at the tebles of our middle classes, as it is cheap and nutritive. We think that, having noticed the cardoon, we are bound, before we go any further, to state how it mey be prepared without much trouble end expense. The whiter the cardoon-heads, the more delicate they are. tough and fibrous, or hollow; cut the others into strips about five or six inches long, cleansing them well from the prickles. Then put them into boiling water, and parboil them, giving less time to the heart than to the outer stalks. As soon es the slime will come off by dipping a strip of it into cold water and rubbing it with the finger, it is done enough. On removing the cardoons from the fire, throw them into cold water, and cleanse them immediately from the skin, using to do so nothing but friction with the fingers. Stew them afterwards in a little rich gravy, and just before they are taken off the fire, add a lump of butter rolled in flour. This is a cheap wey of dressing cardoons, which may likewise be tossed up with cream, or even sent to table with plain melted butter."

"Where Fancy's unrestrained children play,
And walk in smiling talk, or sing, or dance the day."
Ellis, p. 5, *passim*.

Morning before breakfast, is fine:

"I cannot take thee in a happier mood
Than et the sun's first greeting—*when sweet sleep*
Has just escaped the far-spread, varied wood,
Flying before the adoration deep,
That opens with the glorious orb's first peep.
* * * * *

"In just variety of tint and form
Th' unbroken foliage clothes the happy plain,
Gigantic oaks screen off the raging storm,
And give protection to the chesnuts' *train*,
Here elm and beech stretch out, a lengthened *chain*.
* * * * *

"There peeps the small neat church, of *red brick* built,
With wooden belfry, simple, to accord;
The homely *alehouse white*, with signboard gilt
In honour of the manor's wealthy lord;
While chestnut trees in front their shade afford
To seats beneath, for weary labour set;
Where after toil is done, the frugal board
Is spread on summer's eve—and near are met
Villas recluse, well fit for silent enchoret."

The recluse villas meeting the labourers to lunch at the alehouse-settle and frugal board, is a bold stretch of the figurative; but Bregion, on the said "board" goes more into detail, end shews that there are other varieties. "There are (he declares) trifling local peculiarities to which the mistress of a house must attend. A centre ornament, whether it be a *dormant*, a *plateau*, an *epergne*, or a *candelabra*, is found so convenient, and contributes so much to the good appearance of the teble, that e fashionable dinner is now seldom or never set out without something of this kind."

[We presume the alehouse fresco is an exception, although the latter authority pronounces that "beautifully white damask and a green cloth underneath ere indispensable;" whereas Ellis considers the "greensward" to be enough.] But proceed we with extracts mutually illustrative:

"Quite near, at heart retreating, curious still,
Close herding, stand the dapple-sided deer—
Their eyes are fixed on us with dread of ill,
In evident mistrust—in too much fear
Of human form, which, doubtless, has been near
When terrible events have come to pass!"—*Ellis*.

"The haunch (of venison) is the finest joint. The keeper should bring it in es early after killing as possible. There is a kernel in the fat as in e leg of mutton. It should be taken out, the part wiped very dry, and e little ground pepper and ginger rubbed on the inside. This will keep the flies away. Venison will keep well.—*Bregion and Miller*. * * *

"It must be first cut ecross down to the bone; put in the point of the knife, and cut it down es deep as possible" (*idem*); and doubtless alluding to the "terrible events" dimly shadowed forth by the poet. So replete with beauties of every sort is that poet that we almost lose our breath in turning over his leaves, and discovering at every turn some ley has been panegyrised before; and his widow has poured out her affectionate remembrances of him; but who has sung like his brother-bard the Ellis!

"Next, deathless Shelley—as the lark shall live
While man enjoys existence *temporal*,
And with unwearied energy shall give,
Unbidden, his celestial *madrigal*—
So, Shelley, in his tribute, *prodigal*
To that sweet bird, shall be immortal here—
Hereafter too, for his impassioned call
To every spirit that, on earth, is dear
To liberate mankind from pride, and hate, and fear"

The "sweet bird" of this stanza is the sky-lark, of which Bregion also treats:—

"Larks, being picked clean, must have their heads cut off, and the pinions at the first joint; beat the breast-bone flat with the handle of a knife; turn the feet close to the legs, and one into the other; draw out the gizzard, and run a skewer through the middle of the bodies of as many as you mean to dress; they must be tied on the spit. * * * They should be roasted on skewers, with bands of bacon round each, with which they may be sent to table. In England they ere roasted and served up without bacon, and with fried bread-crumbs. In France, being roasted es above described, they are served on the skewers, and garnished with water-cresses."

In one of his stanzas we suspected that our Homer had nodded; for he writes:

"Even es e city, when its blaze of day
Has past meridian power, but all before
Pleasure's fierce punishment has swept away
The glory of extreme refinement's store—
E'en as was Rome—that city, now no more."

And on consulting Bregion, we find our suspicion of e geographical error confirmed; for he not only speaks of Rome as still existing, but as being glorified with feeds in which *potage de lazanges à l'Apicius*, *ravioles à la Tivoli*, *potage de macaroni*, *quenelles à la Juvenal*, and other edibles, ere consumed. We forbear Ellis's verse to *Ham* House, p. 31, as treuching too closely on the other volume; end shall now content ourselves with quoting a few specimens of the true poetry, which we think it will be universally acknowledged exalt the Bard of the Hill far above at least all contemporary competition, end place him on e par pinnacle with the immortal Cheucer. Our first line is a curious felicity of a new order, which may be called the question-end-answer style.

"Is't Sunday morn?—'tis quiet Sunday morn!"

Of Thomson's *Seasons*:

"And *too*, when Winter, grave, sublimely came,
And slowly uttered his affecting *dole*."

Of Dryden's verse:

"*Here rapture sprung to banishment of woes*,
Safe from the violence of the *winds unsure*.
Athletic Day is down—full vanquished."

And—

"*Now is eternal space from bondage freed!!!*"

Did ever Crabbe or Bloomfield draw a more natural picture then the annexed?

"Few minutes—and the world is dusk and grey,
A pleasant, friendly time for lovers *sly*—
A rustic youth, with hat and kerchief gay,
All smart attired, has just past hurriedly—
Down to the silent meadow doth he hie,
Nor long time is alone—with welcome glow,
A lass from the *sweet shrinking village nigh*
Receives the happy boy—we may not know,
Ah, would we might! the warm, the honeyed words that flow."

No wonder the villaga shrinks; for in the next stanza we learn that

"Evening's tender light has sunk in *swoon*!!!"

But, neverthaless—

"*Perhaps a slow cart is heard; and by and by*
Some late swain whistling—or, with fond delight,
Some skilled musician wakes melodiously
The bugle's swelling notes that soft in echo die."

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And consequently

"There is *peculiar glory* in this hour—
Midnight approaches—p'rhaps the radiant moon
Is at her zenith, while the big clouds lower.
On Thames's bank, beneath us, at this noon
'Tis sweet to watch the silver light commune
In unheard language with the wavelets free;
When majesty, extended in soft swoon
Gives massiveness to fabric, hill, and tree."

And the nightingale sings as she sings nowhere else:

"Now softly falling on the ear, as 'light
The dews on delicatest flowers—oh bliss!—
Tender as flute-strains—song of love's delight—
Now like a rapidly repeated kiss."

Smack, smack, goes the carter's whip as he whistles on; and smack, smack, goes the nightingale as she imitates the rapid kissing, doubtless heard and learnt from the "lovers *sly*"—the rustic youth and the lass from the shrinking village, whose warm words, *et cetera*, we may not know.

But we have done: we are, though Ellis is not, exhausted. *Faites des perruques*, said Voltaire to an ambitious hairdresser — *Faites des côtelettes*, say we to our hare-dresser. And for this good advice we feel certain that we shall be forthwith invited to go, whenever it is convenient, and live in Free Quarters at the Castle or the Star and Garter, and never be told—

"*Oft* too have I, with *love** *much overdue*,"

enjoyed the fragrance of nature outside, and the fragrance of the cuisine and cellar within. For truth it is, very commendable provender is to be had at these pleasant resorts, and the dinners *Ellisian*, when properly supervised, are of the genus Elysian. We have no fault to find with them. *Faites des omelettes*. And of Bregion also, and his *joint* book with Miss or Mrs. Millar, as the case may be, it is but justice to say, that it is a comprehensive and useful cookery-guide to all sorts of national dishes. Both shine and are glorified, like peaches or Stilton cheese, in the language of the bard,

"With that ripe lustre which precedes decay;"

i. e. if ever immortal poetry and cookery could decay!

Old Flanders; or, Popular Traditions and Legends of Belgium. By Octave Delepierre, Attaché to the Belgian Embassy, &c. 2 vols. London, T. C. Newby.

M. Delepierre has broken rather new ground for English readers; and that is always a strong recommendation of any literary production. But his Traditions and Legends possess inherent merits of their own; and often portray national characteristics with a simplicity which is pleasantly removed from the high-wrought and high-seasoned dressing of professed authorship. His preface breathes ardent patriotism; and he writes English extremely well for a foreigner, though the sad blundering on the part of the printers disfigures the volumes throughout.† "It is (he remarks) strange to say, that hitherto no one has thought in England of making a complete collection of Belgian legends, although few countries offer a richer harvest to the imagination that loves to revel amidst the lore of bygone times. The popular traditions of that country possess that strong local colouring which gives to the narration of past or present events such life-warmth and energy, and which has been one of the chief elements of success in the works of Sir Walter Scott. * * * In the ninth century we find the imposing figure of Charlemagne ruling over Belgium. It was during his frequent visits to his palace of Herstal that he composed many of his immortal capitulars. A little later we have the romantic life of Baldwin, called *Bras de fer*, unrolled before us. If we turn to the Crusades, so abounding in interesting adventures, traits of character, and turns of fortune, we find that, at the period when they commenced, the Belgian princes were the chiefs of these extraordinary expeditions, and that Belgian valour is justly celebrated in all the histories of these events. The eleventh century is signalised by the affecting and terrible murder of Charles the Good, and the tragical insurrections of the corporations. The singular traditions of Baldwin of Constantinople, of the Arteveldes, the brilliant festivals of the reign of Philip the Good, amidst a court then unequalled for magnificence, the Knights of the Golden Fleece, the eventful and remarkable life of Charles the Fifth, that of Philip, surnamed the Damon of the North: all these events have left their popular reminiscences, many of which are fraught with the most lively and dramatic interest. We have collected materials from every source in which any thing relating to the past history of Belgium was to be found; and to the information drawn from printed books we have added that derived from a careful investigation of numerous manuscripts and ancient records, the whole eked out by oft-repeated inquiries made amongst the people of the various provinces."

The line begins early enough, viz. with Antwerp fifty-four years before the Christian era; and the story tells of a giant called Antigon, who cut off the hands of his victims and threw them bleeding into the river—for "Antwerp is the Antwerpen of the ancient Flemish language, which still preserves its original strength and richness, and its Saxon garb; Antwerpen, in which word the chroniclers find *Hand* and *Werpen*, hand and throw, in remembrance of the giant Antigon, and the hands which he threw into the Scheldt."

From this we make a leap to the year 1111, from the tale belonging to which we may select a specimen of the way in which the author depicts ancient manners and customs. The Count of Flanders, determined on reforming the evils of feudal tyranny, assembles a sort of parliament at Ypres, and as he on his road thither "was traversing a glade in the forest, he was astonished to see a crowd. 'What mean these preparations?' said he; 'if I am not mistaken this shield is for the game of Quintain, and this bird for dove-shooting. But why this fair damsel all arrayed in white, crowned with flowers? ah! this must be a wedding.' And approaching the young girl, he curbed in his prancing steed, exclaiming to those around him, 'By all the saints in paradise she is charming! Herman, why did you not tell me that a daughter of one of my vassals was going to be married so near my domain? I might have contributed something to the entertainment, and joined in the festival myself.' 'I was not aware, my lord, that you would so have condescended.' 'What!' interrupted the count; 'every thing relating to the welfare of my vassals is interesting to me.' And approaching the young maiden, the count graciously presented her with a valuable ring, saying, 'Receive this as a pledge of my future protection.' The young girl, blushing, accepted the ring, and the knights, struck with her beauty, followed the example of their chief, and made her a present. They were still grouped round her, and the count, meditating on graver subjects, was already far in advance of them; 'Ah! my notice of those happy rustics has quite broken up the order of our march.' 'Malitia Diaboli!' murmured the chaplain; but a look from the count silenced him, and a cloud of dust announced the speedy return of the idlers. In the mean time the proclamation of the count had assembled all the nobles and clergy of Flanders at the town of Ypres. Many churches, priories, and monasteries, as well as fortified walls round the town, gave to it an imposing aspect. The streets were crowded with knights and men at arms, in plain clothes, training their long cloaks on the ground, which was the fashion of those days, and carrying at their waist a dagger, the hilt of which was made of the foot of a hind. The landlords of all the inns were seated at their doors, loudly vaunting the excellence of their liquors, and inviting the passengers to try their cervoise, and good cider, and delicious hypocras. The hall of council had a grand and solemn appearance; the most distinguished of the Flemish nobility were seated on the highest benches, Jacques de Lille, son of Gaultier, the lords of Gruthuise, Vassenaere, Staden, and Berchem; a number of barons and knights were seated in the lateral galleries, and the citizens, vassals, and gownmen, in those above. This grand hall formed an oblong: it was lit by eight lofty windows of painted glass, representing some of the most remarkable exploits of the heroes of Flanders: at equal distances from each other were large oaken doors, and one half open discovered a circular chapel, the altar of which was dressed. The oaken wainscot was exquisitely carved, and waxed, but forming a strange combination of subjects, sacred and profane, on the painted panels, the martyrdom of St. Laurent, the loves of Jupiter, then the taking of Jerusalem by Godefroy de Bouillon. This last painting was done in honour of the late count, opposite to which was one representing the burning of the three witches at Rouen, not long past. At the further end of the hall was a spacious chimney-piece, supported on each side by an enormous lion, and over them the coats of arms of the principal houses of Flanders. In front of this noble hearth was placed the chair of state for the count. The grand door was thrown open, a dead silence followed, and a herald, with a loud voice, announced the arrival of Baldwin. All rose as he entered, followed by a number of officers of state. He looked grave and thoughtful, and as if there were some persons present with whom he was displeased; he bowed but slightly, then advancing he seated himself, and desired the assembly to follow his example."

He then addresses them with a frightful picture of their excesses. "'When my late father, the count, was called upon to sustain our brothers in the East, he prayed with pious trust that God would protect his native soil, and Providence did bless the laborious toil with rich harvests; and never did commerce flourish more rapidly than during the holy wars; but the wickedness of some disorderly and disloyal subjects overthrew those happy prospects, and filled the provinces with desolation. This gave great grief to my father in his last moments; and when I came to this noble possession, in what a deplorable state did I find my vassals! Misery and neglect stared me in the face; in the villages and cottages, hunger, oppression, and wretchedness; while vice walked boldly in the face of day, and poverty and disorder triumphed in the towns. The shepherd of the valleys was slain, and his rich flock dis-

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* Query, bill?—*Printer's imp.*

† It is quite vexatious that more care should not have been taken in this respect; especially when the slips, inseparable from using a foreign language, required correction, instead of an accumulation of added errors.

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persed, stolen, or destroyed. Merchants were attacked and robbed with impunity on the public way; young women and innocent maids seduced, insulted, torn from their homes. Such were the scenes, such the tales, that greeted my return to my country! But posterity shall not say that the son of Count Robert, called by the Christians of Jerusalem their sword of glory, was deaf to the cries of his oppressed people. Noble lords! too long has the blood of our vassals been wasted; too long have their fields been pillaged and ravaged by the insatiable avarice and shameless vices of some of their masters.' Then drawing his sword, he continued: 'By the great name of God, I here solemnly swear, that I will preserve peace and order, and that I will myself punish with death whoever shall violate the laws, to the disgrace of honour and justice. You, gentlemen, barons, knights, and churchmen, who hear me, you have all lands, and your vassals are all oppressed, unite yourselves with me to redress these wrongs; and if there be any one amongst you, who from some hidden motives will not join us in our efforts to restore justice and exert humanity, I call upon him now to come forward and avow his reasons for doing so.' The assembly were amazed at this energetic appeal, when the count, laying his naked sword upon a velvet cushion, requested his chancellor, the provost of St. Donat, to pass it on to every knight in turn, that he might take the same oath and engagement. After this ceremony the chancellor read out several new police-regulations, which were approved of by the assembly. The count then addressed the nobleman on his left hand: 'Count Vassenaere,' said he, 'let the esquires be introduced.'"

They are knighted with the usual ceremonies, and swear to be true, pious, and faithful; but, alas, their resolutions and oaths are as tow in the flame! They get warmed with wine, and, in the night, eight of them set out for the abduction of the captivating rustic bride; unluckily for them the count and his chaplain also set out for the forest to witness the happiness of the same party, and come upon the Tarquins in the midst of their villany. A desperate conflict ensues, the count closing his beaver, and rushing upon them unknown; and "whilst the count was thus valiantly fighting, the chaplain, now wide awake, and quite undeceived as to the nature of his lord's opponents, seeing him surrounded by so many enemies, withdrew behind the trees, and there blew on his horn, with all the strength of his lungs, the count's accustomed call, in hopes that the guards of the castle would hear it, and come to the aid of their master; but so loud was the confusion of the affray, that the call was not noticed by the combatants. But it was otherwise at the castle. A party of the guard were sleeping round the wide hearth of the common hall, where burnt a bright fire of fern and brushwood: one of them who watched was stirring it from time to time with the point of his sword, and large goblets of cervoise were ready for them, when they awoke to take their turn of the watch. 'By the last trumpet, what is that I hear at this hour?' exclaimed Jehan, one of the old veterans of Count Robert. 'Silence,' replied the other, listening; 'I know those sounds, and if the count were not at Ypres, I should think—' 'Baldwin,' interrupted Jehan, 'I pledge my head that this sound comes from the thick throat of our old chaplain, none other could be so hoarse—listen, my friends, it is the count's summons, and for us!—to horse! to horse!' and quick as thought they had cleared the castle-bridges, making full speed for Winnendale. The call continued guiding them to the scene of action, where they arrived just as the combatants were drawing their poniards for close combat. 'Stop,' said Jehan, in a loud voice, throwing himself between the two enemies, having by the light of the moon recognised the horse and arms of the count. 'Halt yourself,' said Baldwin, to his trusty guard; 'and you whom I oppose, whoever you may be, hear and answer me.' 'Be brief then,' replied the knight. 'Know you against whom you have broken a lance?' 'What is that to me?' 'But if he were a vassal?' 'I would make him kneel, and my men at arms should chastise him.' 'Thou hast well spoken; that be thine own sentence, and that of thy accomplices,' exclaimed Baldwin; 'look at me!' and he raised his vizor. What consternation! almost involuntarily and together they exclaimed, 'The count!' 'To the castle,' said Baldwin, and the whole party followed, and once again they enter the castle-gates, and once again the drawbridge is raised after them. The knights, disarmed and closely guarded, were conducted to the hall of audience. The count soon joined them, accompanied by the provost and guards. On beholding Wezel and his companions the indignant count expressed his astonishment with a bitter oath, and these words: 'If counsel, warning, and threats, have no effect, we will try a severe example.' He then began to reproach the guilty knights for the infamous and unworthy crime they were engaged in, reminded them of his own solemn oath, to punish with his own hand the first who should commit an act of violence in his dominions; 'and here,' he added, 'before my own castle-gates, are my peasants robbed and beaten. Lenity would here be treason to myself and to them, prepare then to pay the penalty of your crime with your life.' Now the guards were doubled, cords were brought and placed round those necks so lately decorated with badges of honour and distinction; they stood on a bench, and the cords being made fast to the beams of the hall, then the count, with an indignant kick of his foot, threw down the bench, and the offenders were executed. Pale and trembling, with fearful and grievous anger, the count turned away from the fatal spot, foreseeing a mortal struggle with the depravity of his confederate chiefs and the false and shameless guardians of the poor and defenceless."

From a later tale, of 1467, when Charles the Bold succeeded his father, Philip the Good, we select some passages to illustrate our author, but without connecting them with the adventures of the human actors:

"The inhabitants of Antwerp celebrated his succession to his inheritance with much joy, and the day of Trinity of the following year was fixed on for that purpose. Every preparation was made by the people of Antwerp; the streets were planted with shrubs, and from tree to tree were suspended whole rolls of cloth of various bright colours, and the fronts of the houses were covered with moss and flowers interspersed, which perfumed the air; with a little stretch of fancy, you might have imagined yourself amidst the balmy atmosphere of some more genial land. Complimentary verses and mottos, in Latin and Flemish, were placed over every conspicuous archway or entrance; cages of singing birds were hung in the windows, gilded and adorned with flowers; and a more than usual heartfelt joyousness inspired these accustomed emblems of ceremony and rejoicing. All the images of different saints, placed at the corners of the streets, or over doors, were richly drest in silks, lace, velvet, and jewels, and in every direction fluttered flags and banners, many of which were richly worked in gold and silver. But what is most curious upon record are the mysteries from holy writings, which were acted in the squares and public streets. In the egg-market was a stable built of straw and sticks, one side of which was left open, and there you might see a woman in a robe of red silk, after the manner of Judea; she sat with the infant Jesus in her arms, and was proudly shewing him off to angels, come to pay him adoration. Before her, three young men were kneeling with crooks in their hands, personating the shepherds; for this was the mystery of our Saviour's birth. Near one of the canals was a similar hovel, where also a woman was placed, representing the Virgin. She had also an infant on her lap, and three men were kneeling before her, presenting offerings of myrrh and sweet incense; a fourth actor in this mystery was a man, supposed to be St. Joseph; he was sawing wood. Such representations were to be seen in every street. Before the town-hall was performed the flight into Egypt. In another place was St. Ann with her predestined daughter, and many others. But these scenes attracted little admiration in comparison to that which was performing in the Friday market-place, which was beautiful from its simplicity, and from the perfect loveliness of the female who represented the Virgin. Against the front of a handsome house was erected a sort of altar, considerably raised above the street, before which was seated a young girl; she was in a graceful attitude of thoughtfulness, and from time to time an angel, a youth, with long wings and flowing robes, was let down from a window, and descended before her, saying, 'Hail! Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with you!' He was then very ingeniously drawn up again. This contrivance delighted the people, to whom it was new; every time the angel appeared they clapped their hands, and shouted. But it was not the youth whom they most admired, it was the young girl, whose surpassing beauty fixed the admiring gaze of every passer-by, and occasioned a crowd around her. She was a young creature, not more than seventeen, of most slender and delicate form, seated in a chair of state, and a perfectly graceful attitude. A crown of gold was on her head, and a vast profusion of fair shining hair flowed over her alabaster neck and shoulders in rich natural ringlets; her hands, of peculiar delicacy, rested on her knees, in the position often chosen by painters and sculptors to represent the calm and meditative Virgin. They were of a pure white, like agate; her feet, of the same nice exquisite proportions, were bound round with sandals of ribbon; and the full flowing sleeves of her dress partially marked out her perfect form. Many stood in admiration of her so long, that they began to forget she was not in reality the personage she was only placed there to represent. * * *

"The sun was still above the horizon, though hastening fast below it, leaving only some flickering beams upon the upper windows towards the west, whilst dark shadows rolled over the lower parts of the town. Still the streets were full of strange things and strange faces. People of various nations crowded the streets; Spaniards and Portuguese, with their wide cloaks crossed over their breasts and their plumes waving on their heads; Frenchmen, with their tight trousers, loaded with bunches of ribbons; Germans, in close short jackets and white pantaloons; and Italians, with their rich bronzed complexions and bright dark eyes shaded by flapping hats. Scarce a national costume in

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Europe was wanting in the curious picture. Head after head, colour after colour, passed rapidly by; glittering armour, neighing horses, tall spearsmen, all continually changing place, and accompanied by shouting and singing; but the scene was becoming indistinct, the mysteries had been acted over and over, and the temporary altars and other light structures were taking down."

We have purposely omitted all reference to the Don Giovanni romance, of which these clever sketches are the well-painted scenery.

The life of Baldwin of Constantinople is the chief subject in these volumes; but their instances of the monstrous oppressions and cruelties of the Duke of Alva and the Spanish tyrants in the Low Countries will be read with greater interest by a people descended from those into whose homes and hearths the famous Armada was destined to bear the same atrocities. And we take pleasure in recommending this publication, as containing many mingled truths and traditions, realities and legends, of these terrible times; as well as striking accounts of the other periods embraced within the cycle of M. Delepierre's first publication. If successful (as it ought to be), we are glad to see he has materials for a sequel.

The Bromsgrove Greek Grammar. Second edition. 12mo, pp. 295. London, Simpkin and Marshall.

Ditto, abridged for Beginners. Same.

An excellent grammar; in fact, one of the best, if not the best, we have seen within the same compass. The Etymology contains all the most important exceptions and peculiarities of formation, as well as clearly expressed rules for the regular inflections, on the crude-form system, which we think a great improvement on the old plan of grammars and dictionaries, and which in nouns (for instance) makes the nominative case singular with its affix the basis of declension, instead of presenting the root in its unformed state. But it is the Syntax of this grammar that especially deserves praise: in the space of 100 pages every thing needful for a young scholar relative to the construction of this subtle and beautifully-various language is contained, and supported by constant precise references to the best authors, among whom Thucydides and Herodotus, as well as the Tragedians, here hold a prominent place. There is only one small drawback to all this excellence,—a frequent want of accuracy; and we are sorry that, as honest critics, we must notice it, and substantiate our charge.* In a cursory survey we have detected such errors as *βλαστόντων* for *βλαστούντων*, p. 166; *δύστυνε* for *δύστηνε*, p. 170. In p. 176 we meet with an important omission: *ὡς ᾔσθοντο* (Thuc. i. 72) is quoted in proof that verbs signifying "to perceive or learn" have a genitive of the object, instead of *ᾔσθοντο τῶν λόγων*. And in the accentuation hardly a page which we have examined is free from mistakes: we will note a few, from pp. 160-173. *εἶσιν* (*he goes*) for *εἰσί* (*they are*)—rather puzzling to a boy!—*ἀκρὴν αἰ* for *ἄκρην αἶ*, *ἡ* for *ἥ*, *ἔστιν* for *ἔστιν*, *ἕτοιμος* for *ἑτοῖμος*, *ἀριστέρης* for *ἀριστερῆς*, *ἔνθαδε* for *ἐνθάδε*, *δυσαλωτός* for *δυσάλωτος*, *σπόνδας* for *σπονδάς*, *ὥσει* for *ὡσεί*, *στρατηλατοῦ* for *στρατηλάτου*. &c. We could very easily give more (p. 29, *νεοῖν* for *νεοῖν*, *βοοῖν* for *βοοῖν*!); but suppose we have shewn sufficient cause for our censure in this respect. We cannot, however, dismiss this Grammar without again expressing our high estimate of its value. With elementary works such as the present, our grammar-schools are little behind the boasted institutions of Germany in the means of acquiring an accurate knowledge of the classical languages.

The Abridgment consists merely of the principal rules of Etymology, extracted from the preceding work for the use of beginners.

* At the very opening of the book (p. 2) we were surprised to read: "The following authors contain some of the best specimens of the different dialects: ..... Doric, *Hippocrates*, Theocritus." Now we had always thought that Hippocrates wrote in the so-called new Ionic; and on turning to Buttmann (*Ausführliche Griechische Grammatik*, p. 4) we were confirmed in our belief by reading: "Der eigentliche, aber jüngere, ionische Dialect ist in den Prosaisten, worunter Herodot und *Hippokrates* die vornehmsten waren. ..... In dorischer Prose ist nur sehr weniges, meist mathematischen und philosophischen Inhaltes, noch vorhanden." This is a remarkable oversight.

HOLMES' CASPIAN.

[Third notice.]

Following the footsteps of our pleasant guide, who by not pretending to do all things touching the country through which he travelled (as is too generally the case with the wiseacres, who must descant on their arts, early history, politics, antiquities, &c. &c., without understanding them, or being able to find the time needful for their investigation) has given us so lucid a picture of what he did see, we resume the narrative at Borfroosh, the chief commercial town of Mauzunderoon, which stands on the flat country, about half-way between the mountains and the sea, *i. e.* about twelve or thirteen miles from each. Here they were entertained by the governor, Ardeshir Meerza; and the following are more strange than commendable illustrations of Persian manners:

"In the evening we went to dine with the prince. We were shewn into the same room as on our first visit, and found his royal highness seated on a small rickety chair, at the head of the Russian table before mentioned. It was covered with various nondescript little dishes, and saucers of pickles, chiefly garlic; there were also two water-bottles of sherbet, two black bottles conspicuously marked 'London stout,' one of which, however, contained rum, and several square decanters of Persian wine. Four glass candlesticks of Russian or German manufacture occupied the corners; they were ticketed just as they came from the shop; the tallow ran in streams upon the table from the candles, which were all of different lengths; and there being no such convenience as a pair of snuffers, Abbas Kooly Meerza, who sat at the shahzadeh's right, occasionally snuffed them with his fingers, which he wiped on the skirts of his dress."

A series of different dishes was "brought in by the young princes in waiting: first, some devilled bones; then, after an interval of twenty minutes or half-an-hour, another dish of the same description: and so on till about twelve o'clock, when dinner was announced, which I thought would have been finished long since, as we had been eating since seven o'clock; but I found that all this was only intended as a whet to our appetites. The dinner, however, consisted simply of a pillo and chillo, and was soon disposed of. Ardeshir Meerza was in high spirits, and laughed and chatted merrily, making occasionally most vigorous applications to the rum-bottle. His band of musicians and a singer were in attendance, who kept up an incessant strumming and shouting from the time of our arrival to that of our departure, near two o'clock in the morning. There were three instrumental performers: one had a kind of drum, which he beat with his fingers; another played a mandolin; and the third a stringed instrument, placed on the ground before him, striking the cords with two small sticks. Persian singing seldom possesses any melody; and its excellence seems to consist in noise, and the most violent contortions of the visage, and exertions of the lungs in various shakes and roulades. The instrumental music is, at best, droning and monotonous, and often most discordant. It is curious, when the musicians are expert, to hear them for the first time, and for a few minutes; but the inevitable consequence of a prolonged performance is a headache. The black who played the little drum occasionally danced, if the term may be applied to what was merely a series of indecent postures and grimaces. The scene was rather amusing as a novelty. The prince's great delight was to tease and pull the beard of one Daoud Meerza, who sat near him on the ground. This man, a sullen, dark-looking fellow, the toady of the prince, and the butt of his jests, is the son of the Zil-i-Sultaun (shadow of the sultan), so called from his extreme likeness to Fath Ali Shah. On the death of that monarch, the Zil-i-Sultaun was governor of Tehraun; and, having obtained possession of the royal treasury, proclaimed himself king, under the title of Adil Shah. He appears, however, to have been a complete imbecile; for, although master of the treasury, in a country where any thing may be done by the power of money, and where no one has any scruples as to the manner in which he uses that power, he only retained possession of the throne for thirty or forty days. When the present shah's army approached Tehraun, the beglerbeg of the town was ordered to apprehend Adil Shah; and, entering his presence in his own palace, walked up to him with the usual obeisance, and said, 'May it please your majesty, you are my prisoner!' Zil-i-Sultaun scratched his head, stared, and looked rather puzzled; but at length coolly replied, 'Bussior khoob; very good, very good! I suppose I am—perhaps it is as well that I should be. It is my destiny!' and surrendered, without the slightest attempt at resistance. He was confined in the fortress at Ardebeel, from whence he afterwards escaped by digging through the mud-walls, and fled to Georgia in company with two other princes, Alnackee Meerza, the Rookhn-i-doulet (tower of the state), and Imaumverdi Meerza. Towards one o'clock, it being mentioned that we intended to go to Meshed-i-sir on the morrow, the prince called for his meerza, and ordered him to write a letter to ensure us good accommodation; and told our head-servant to send in the morning, and he would furnish us with rum and wine for our journey. Dinner having been protracted to a tedious length, we departed; the shahzadeh inviting us to dine with him again on our return from Meshed-i-sir."

On their return, the second dinner presented some remarkable varieties of *entertainment:*

"The dinner (says our author) was a repetition of that of the former evening, but even more tedious, since it had not novelty to recommend it; and the misery of sitting at table on a small rush-bottomed kitchen-chair, without stirring, from seven in the evening till three in the morning, is much easier imagined than described. Just as we were seated, Abbas Kooly Khan, sirdar (general), the chief of Lorijan, came in: he was invited to join us, and sat on the ground beside Daoud Meerza. The general was a fine handsome man, and seemed very merry and fond of fun. The shahzadeh was also in high spirits, which increased in proportion as the contents of the rum-bottle decreased: and the chief amusement of both

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himself and his guests was, as before, making a butt of Daoud Meerza. Abbas Kooly Khan would endeavour to keep him in earnest conversation, while the prince stuck goose-quills in his cap, and encouraged the young imps of princes, who were waiting at table, to pin pieces of paper to his dress. At last Daoud pretended to be annoyed, and, starting from the ground, made a rush to the door, exclaiming, 'What dirt have I eaten that I came here? Wahi! Wahi!' The servants were told to hold him, and bring him back; and a great scuffle ensued, in which all rolled on the floor, and nearly upset the dinner-table, to the great amusement of the party. All this, and the various jokes cut upon him, and his answers thereto, kept the prince, the general, and Abbas Kooly Meerza, in one continual roar of laughter the whole evening. During dinner a live jackal, taken in a trap, was brought in. We asked Ardeshir Meerza what he intended to do with it. 'Oh,' he replied, 'I don't know: sometimes we cut them in pieces with our swords, and sometimes we rub them over with naphtha and set fire to them.' An approving buz went round at the mention of this last humane pastime, and the naphtha appeared to be the decided fate of the unfortunate victim before us; but on our intercession, which seemed quite incomprehensible to some of our friends, the shahzadeh promised that the beast should be killed in a less cruel manner; and on the morrow we saw its skin in the bazaar, its throat having been cut. In the mean time, however, it was necessary to prevent its escape, and Abbas Kooly Meerza, rising from table, sewed up its eyes; which operation being performed to his entire satisfaction, he resumed his seat. This little incident had for a moment interrupted the boisterous merriment of the party; but it was soon renewed with increased spirit: endless successions of paper-pigtails were affixed to the unhappy Daoud; quills were stuck in his cap, till he was tired with making resistance; and the room shook with the loud and reiterated peals of laughter. As I looked on the absurd scene, it was difficult to regard the prince, his general, and the master of ceremonies, as more than a pack of bearded children, and I rather wondered that they were not ashamed of making such an exhibition of themselves before strangers; but something must be attributed to the numerous empty bottles lying either on or under the table. We were delighted when all was over, and returned home, devoutly hoping never more to be subjected to such dinner-parties."

At Saree, the incidental mention of a youth leads to an interesting sketch of Persian education:—

"When our visitors had departed, we went to call upon the vekeel, a nice little boy of about ten years old. On our entering the room in which he was seated, he rose, told us we were welcome, and inquired after our health with all the self-possession and gravity of a man. Having paid his compliments, however, we found that he had nothing further to say, and the conversation was kept up by his minister and his tutor, who were present. Schoolmasters are the same all the world over; and I could immediately have decided on the calling of the worthy pedagogue, who sat next me, from an indescribable something in his physiognomy. The system of education in this part of Persia, and, I believe, elsewhere, is as follows:—When the child is about five or six years old, he is sent to school, or, if the son of a great man, generally has a private tutor. He is first taught to read the Koran and the works of some of the favourite poets, than to write, and also how to behave to superiors and inferiors, and other points of etiquette, which form a very important branch in Persian education. The boy is kept to these several studies with little intermission or recreation nearly all day. This discipline continues till he is about fourteen years of age, when he is taught to shoot, to ride, and other manly accomplishments, which are generally far more congenial to his tastes than his former employments; and at eighteen or twenty he is married. The schoolmaster now present received sixty tomauns (30*l.*) a year as private tutor to the beglerbeg's son. When boys are sent to school, which is something like an English day-school, the parents pay according to their means, from sixpence to a shilling per month."

It is thus briefly and unpretendingly (as we set out by observing) that Mr. Holmes imparts to his readers so much true insight into the actual condition of the country: it is worth a hundred pseudo-learned dissertations. As for Antiquities, it is much the same. There is no display of research; but what can be more intelligent and intelligible than the following?

"Riding onwards for several miles, we came in sight of Karatuppeh, which, as its name implies, is built on a dark-coloured mound rising abruptly from the plain. Not far distant is another similar hillock, but not surrounded by habitations. The natives can give no satisfactory information with regard to these mounds. It is very evident that they are not natural elevations; and it is probable they may be the burial-places of the ancient kings of Hyrcania. Herodotus details at full length the mode of sepulture of the ancient kings of Scythia, when, after various sacrifices,—the slaughter of their wives and chief attendants,—all the bodies were piled together, with numerous utensils of gold and silver, and covered with a lofty mound of earth. The same custom may have prevailed here. I was afterwards told that one of them, called Turenge Tuppeh, a short distance from Astrabad, had been opened by Mahomed Nessr Khan, the late governor of the province, who found various rings, plates, knives, and cups of gold and copper, and also some men's bones of large size. My informant had seen these, and had a ring in his possession, which he promised to shew me, but it was forgotten. Most of these curiosities were sent to the shah, and the rest kept by the finder. There are many tuppehs in Azerbijan, similar in shape, which, when opened, have been found to contain nothing but ashes. These are by some supposed to be the remains of villages of the ancient Guebres or fire-worshippers. A Guebre village was built of mud-houses, ranged in a circle round the sides of a high mound, on the summit of which stood a temple. In process of time, both houses and temple having crumbled to their original dust, nothing was left but a mound of earth. Near Ispahaun are the ruins of a Guebre village, in a sufficient state of preservation to shew that they were constructed in the manner just described. A friend of mine, who has resided a long time in Persia, told me that in many villages there exists a custom of throwing all the ashes and rubbish in one particular spot. They gradually accumulate to a vast heap, which assumes a conical form, as the fresh ashes are always carried to the top; and on the desertion and decay of the village, it becomes covered with a coating of earth and grass. This way of accounting for these tuppehs seems to be particularly applicable to those which have been found to consist of ashes."

We look upon this to be an unusually interesting passage; and when we consider the near resemblance of ancient rites and funereal customs over the face of the earth, we may apply some of this Scythian revelation to account for similar remains in our own northern regions. The modern sepulture is not likely to leave traces so long.*

"We passed the villages of Kellaugh and Kalapoin, hid among the trees on our left, and then for about two miles proceeded through a low thick jungle of fern and brambles. Further on we passed Tilletash, Tillenoh, Imraun, and Hermindzemeen, all small villages situated close to one another at the foot of the hills on the right. Several burying-grounds lay by the road-side, which were filled with curious-looking gravestones, painted with different colours—red, green, and blue. Some of them had inscriptions, and others merely fanciful devices; they were not more than a foot and a-half high, and a few of them were covered with small sheds formed of four sticks, supporting a straw or wooden roof, to preserve them from the rain."

A visit to the Russian naval force in the Caspian (Bay of Astrabad), stationed off the Island of Arshourada. After much difficulty in procuring boats to carry them, they were rowed on board the Russian steamer, a very neat little craft of 40-horse power, called the Kama, where they were hospitably entertained by Mr. Duhamel.

"She drew five feet water, was used chiefly for carrying despatches, was commanded by a lieutenant, with two midshipmen, and a crew of sixteen seamen, and was armed with four small signal-guns. * * * The Kama was the only steamer then on the Caspian; but there was another boat built of iron, of forty-five-horse power, on the stocks at Astrachan, which was expected to be launched in the spring, as soon as that port was free from ice. Shortly after we were up, Mr. Duhamel made his appearance, and, having ordered his gig, took us on board the Araxe, a fourteen-gun brig (12-pounders). Every thing looked clean and in good order, though we found out that much was got up for the occasion. We were introduced to her captain, a young man about twenty years of age; but as he could speak no other language than Russian, of which we knew nothing, it was a most silent visit. The Araxe will remain on this station about a year, when some other vessel will be appointed to replace her. The Russian naval force in the Caspian consists of the above-mentioned steam-vessel, and seven or eight brigs, the largest of which carry eighteen guns. The only other vessel here was a transport brig, of about an hundred tons burden, laden with provisions and stores."

The station and life of the officers appear to be altogether as miserable as can be conceived. The climate is most unhealthy; and neither Persians nor Toorcomans look upon their allies with very favourable eyes.

Having been relanded, our travellers went to Gez, and thence continued their route to Astrabad, where they were ceremoniously received.

"On entering the town, a couple of files of matchlock-men were drawn up, and a body of ten or twelve ferashes headed our now imposing procession, and led the way to the pa-

* In the Elburz range, Mr. H. says, "I am not aware of any antiquities or remains save the mounds before mentioned, and a curious old tower, called the Goombuz-e-Caoos, in the plains of Gourgaun, said to have been erected by Yezzid-ibn-Mehlub, an Arabian general, and to be the only remains of the ancient city of Jorjan, or, as it is now called, Gourgaun."

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lace. Here we dismounted, and passing through several courts were shewn into a private garden, in the centre of which stood a small summer-house and fountain, where we found Suleiman Khan. He is a handsome and perfectly well-mannered man, of about forty years of age, and received us with great cordiality. He is of the Kadger tribe, and a nobleman of high rank. His sister is one of the king's wives, though not a particular favourite, as her nose is a trifle too much hooked: a peculiarity which runs in the family, and is held by the Persians to be very disfiguring. I have seen men that we should term handsome, considered just the reverse merely from having aquiline noses. In Fathy Ali Shah's time, Suleiman Khan lived in a house of his own at Tehraun as a private gentleman; but, for some political reasons, his property was confiscated, and he was thrown into prison. He remained there for some months, when he was set at liberty, and turned adrift on the world without a penny. He then became a dervish, and wandered for a year and a half in Khorassaun and the Toorcoman desert between Astrabad and Khiva, where, he says, he was always kindly treated by the Toorcomans. When the present shah ascended the throne, Suleiman Khan returned to Tehraun, and through Hadgee Meerza Aghassee, the prime-minister, got some trifling appointment at Tabreez, acting, I believe, as a spy on the late Ameer-i-Nizaum; and, after his death, he obtained the government of Astrabad. The circumstances which led to his appointment are singular, and will serve as an instance of the manner in which persons are sometimes appointed to different posts without the slightest reference to their abilities or qualifications. An artisan even, in Persia, may, by the revolutions of fortune's wheel, become a shah; and I have heard it remarked, that there is hardly a man who has not some idea of the possibility of his becoming king. An envoy in Persia once remarked, that the first person to whom he should put such a question would not laugh at the idea nor deny the possibility of the event. A poor meerza was called, and asked by the envoy whether he considered it possible that he should be one day the shah of Persia. The man seemed to consider the question for a moment very seriously, and then replied, 'God knows.' There is at Tehraun a son of Fathy Ali Shah, Ali Kooley Meerza, whose mother the Hadgee married, and having no children of his own, he took a great liking to the boy, adopted him as his son, and always finds excuses for his various excesses. He is a most dissolute vagabond, generally goes by the name of Hadgeeoglu (Hadgee's son), and lives in great state, which he keeps up by means of the bribes he receives for asking his adopted father to bestow places, pensions, and other good things in his gift to those applicants who pay best. As he has great influence with the Hadgee, who seldom refuses his requests, there is no lack of cash in his coffers. One morning Suleiman Khan went out hunting in the train of Ali Kooly Meerza, and it so happened that the same morning had also been chosen for a hunting excursion by Mohamed Cossim Khan, a son of the Ferosh-bashi (chief of the Feroshes), a powerful nobleman. The two parties took nearly the same direction, and were not far from each other when Mohamed Cossim Khan's dogs started an antelope, and gave chase; the animal ran past the prince, who fired, and killed it just before the dogs. Mohamed Cossim Khan, coming up, demanded it as his own, and expostulated with the prince for interfering with his sport. Ali Kooly Meerza refused to give up the antelope; high words ensued, and both parties being heated with wine, a fight took place, in which the prince cut his antagonist's head open with his kummer, and several persons on both sides were severely wounded. When this became known to the Ferosh-bashi he made bitter complaints to the shah, who was very angry, insisted on knowing the rights of the story, and sending for the Hadgee, lectured him on the shameful behaviour of his *protégé*, which was daily complained of in some way or other. The Hadgee defended his son, and became sulky. For some time no one would say any thing either way, fearing the consequences, as both parties were very powerful; but at last Suleiman Khan came forward with a most plausible account of the affair, which he had witnessed from beginning to end; swore on the Koran that the prince was perfectly right, and his opponent consequently wrong, and by dint of a few lies, and a plausible tongue, which he possesses in an eminent degree, he managed completely to exculpate the prince, much to the Hadgee's delight. Two days afterwards Suleiman Khan was made governor of Astrabad, to the astonishment of every body, as these places are generally handsomely paid for, and it was well known that he did not possess a kurraun; since then he has probably been endeavouring to put his treasury in a more flourishing condition to meet future emergencies. * * *

"In the course of conversation, remarks being made upon the nature and character of the inhabitants of Astrabad, the khan said, 'Oh, they are beasts, rascals; they are very bad;' and told us that, a few days since, one of them had enticed an aged uncle into the desert, and there sold him for eight kurrauns to a Toorcoman, with whom he had appointed a meeting for the purpose! that he (the khan) had heard of this, and by good luck managed to seize both the buyer and seller; and that, considering this a horrid crime, requiring a severe example, he proposed, on the morrow, to boil the Astrabaddee in a cauldron, and then kill the Toorcoman, having first made him breakfast on a boiled leg of the nephew! The khan drank off his wine and smacked his lips, as he said this, with infinite satisfaction and composure; and Humza Khan seemed to think the sentence unexceptionable, as, stroking his beard, he muttered Belli, belli, Inshallah! inshallah (please God). It appeared to us, however, rather horrible than otherwise; and we begged that some more merciful mode of punishment should be adopted. 'What you say is very true,' observed the khan; 'mercy is a very good thing in its way, but you little know the people I have to deal with: were I not to make an example of this fellow, in less than a week, by your fortunate heads, there would not be an uncle left in all Astrabad! However, as you have made the request, we will try to find some other punishment.' 'Belli, belli,' chimed in Humza Khan. The dinner was a nondescript sort of thing, consisting of various kebobs, pillaws, pickles, sherbets, wine, and rum. It was something similar to that of Ardeshir Meerza, but not quite so tedious, though it lasted at least three hours. Suleiman Khan was completely at his ease, took off his cap (not to differ from ourselves, though the Persians seldom or never do so but in the anderoon), and drank his wine, as did Humza Khan, without the slightest hesitation or scruple. Two singers were called in, who performed till long after we were tired of hearing their monotonous quaverings. At last the khan began to sing himself, and gape, roll about, and laugh, when there was nothing to laugh at; and finally, after being exceedingly puzzled to know why he could not snuff the candles, bade us good night with a peculiarly benevolent expression of countenance, and many shakes of the hand."

[To be continued.]

REVELATIONS OF SPAIN.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

The civility of the upper orders is more acceptable, though the author illustrates it by a very silly anecdote.

"The polite conclusion of a Spanish letter is an odd-looking heap of initials preceding the signature of your name. The initials are for the most part these: 'S. S. S. Q. S. M. B.' (*Su seguro servidor que sus manos besa*—'Your sure servant who kisses your hands.') This led once to a ludicrous mistake. A raw *attaché* to the British legation, having received a letter with this cabalastic termination, and pervaded by a tone of *badinage*, from a much more able diplomatic acquaintance, called on a friend to consult him as to whether he should not send a message to the writer of the letter for a supposed insult conveyed stenographically by the initials recorded above, which he supposed to represent these words: '*Simpleton, Sumph, you're a Quizzical Servant of Sa Majesté Britannique!*'"

Speaking of the English and French in Spain, we have a story not much more piquant.

"When the Prince de Joinville came in his frigate, the Belle Poule, to Cadiz, in 1842, some of his countrymen, who had been compromised in certain political conspiracies at Paris, posterior to the house of Orleans ascending the throne, and who, having served in the Carlist war till the convention of Bergara, were consuming their spirits in vainly pressing on the Spanish government their claims to large arrears of pay, and to a permanent pension, according to the terms of their entering the service, waited on his royal highness to represent their wishes. The prince, surrounded by his naval staff, received them with an airy urbanity, and the principal members of the deputation having been withheld by considerations of *convenance* and politeness from nakedly stating the hardships of their case, a herculean and broken-nosed Gascon, who held the rank of captain, and the bridge of whose nose had been shot away while defending a bridge in Navarre, stepped forward, and stript the question of all its obscurity, thus: 'Ils sont tous des polissons, des traitres, des infâmes, mon prince—' 'Mais, mon ami, il ne faut pas parler comme ça,' interrupted the prince. 'Les voleurs!' roared out the Gascon; 'ils nous ont pillé. Ce n'est qu'un brigandage ouvert.' (All further interruption was unavailing.) 'Ils ne sont que des fourbes, des filoux, des fausseurs, des flibustiers; ils tromperaient le bon Dieu lui-même. Que diable, mon prince! Faites que nous rentrions en France. Parlez tout doucement à votre père, il est assez bon enfant au fond. Oui, faites que nous rentrions en France; c'est un pays où l'on peut vivre. Il n'y a que les Français et les Anglais qui sont des hommes!' Perhaps such a speech was never before addressed to a royal personage. But it came from the heart, and was efficacious for its purpose. The prince appealed to Louis-Philippe's generosity; the case of these exiles was made to include itself within the terms of the last amnesty, and the parties are now in France. But I am assured, upon good authority, that M. de Joinville acted a characteristic part upon this occasion, frowning when the Gas-

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con blurted forth his compliment to the English, and thereupon cutting short his speech as appears above. 'Prince, vous nous rendrez justice,' said the deputation. 'Avec celle-ci, s'il est nécessaire!' rejoined the brave de Joinville, drawing and flourishing his sword after a fashion familiar in the booths at Bartholomew fair. The deputation stared, bowed profoundly, and retired. It is curious to observe what tricks are played with national emblems. Each nation's own emblem is of course the only genuine article. The Russian eagle, the Austrian eagle, the American eagle, each looks with a jealous and surly eye on its ornithological rival. When France sported on her banner the Imperial bird, if a man spoke of *L'Aigle* in a Frenchman's presence, the Frenchman would take it as an insult if any but his own great goose were intended; and Jonathan, at the present day, takes every allusion of the kind to mean, as a matter of course, the Yankee bird. If meanings were sifted, there would be much more sense in a roasted chicken than in the embroidered *Halieætus leucocephalus*.* The jealousy extends to the British lion, whose claims, ridiculous to relate, are not acknowledged in western Europe. France scouts them through jealousy, and Spain through a more intelligible motive—she has lions of her own. Her national standard displays a pair of castles and a pair of lions—the visible type and embodiment of the united crowns of Castile and Léon. All Frenchmen and Spaniards, therefore, combine, of malice prepense, to lower us on the zoological scale, and our national emblem is converted into a leopard! Neither in Spain nor in France do you ever hear of the 'British lion;' no, it is always 'the leopard,' 'the cruel and bloodthirsty leopard,' with divers absurd variations to the same tune, at which England can well afford to laugh. It is curiously illustrative of the national wealths respectively, that a Spaniard when he talks of 'millions,' means millions of reals or twopences; a Frenchman, millions of francs, or tenpences; but an Englishman, millions of solid pounds sterling. There are points of affinity between Spain and England, which will doubtless surprise. St. George is the patron saint of Britain, and likewise of the kingdom of Aragon. The lion rampant figures on the national standard of both countries. Both have been for the most part in constant hostility with France. Spain and England had once a common king in Philip II. The kingdom of Galicia is the exact counterpart of Ireland, in the mountainous and sea-girt character of the country, and in the manners, habits, and appearance of the people. The Castilian monarchy is fused out of eighteen distinct kingdoms—ours is consolidated out of ten, the Heptarchy, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland. Spain had once the dominion of the sea, to which England has succeeded. We drink more of her wine than all the rest of the world, take more of her oil, her bark, her fruit. We lend her our money; we work her mines. To our arms alone is she indebted for her triumph in the war of independence, and to our negotiation for the close of the wasting war of succession in the convention of Bergara. We have fought for her, bled for her, died for her. We have squandered in her behalf our gold and our lives. Why should the ports of Spain be closed against us?"

This "why" leads to long dissertations on commercial points and national produce; but we leave these for those whom they concern, and come to something a little in our own way. Of Spanish literature it is mentioned:

* "The bald eagle, the United States emblem."

"Besides the indispensable supply of professional works on law, medicine, and surgery, the chief issues are translations from the French, and the works of Sue, Scribe, Dumas, Dudevant, Balzac, and Kock, are published in a cheap and popular form. The singular absence of literary activity is strikingly illustrated by the fact that the 'Society of Friends of the Country,' in so considerable and prosperous a place as Xerez de la Frontera, having, in May 1843, advertised handsome premiums for the best Manual of Physical Science, adapted to the use of the primary schools, as well as for the best Manual of Natural History, no attempt whatever was sent in with reference to the first subject, and only two in reference to the second, both of which were so bad that the society could not conscientiously adjudicate a reward to either candidate. Such was the result, after six months' interval. The mind of Spain is, however, not wholly inactive, but its activity passes into channels which enfeeble instead of invigorating its energies. Almost every thing in prose or poetry assumes a political shape, and is imbued with violent political passion. Espartero is abused, Diego Léon exalted, in stilted prose and rhyme; the 'siege of Seville' is celebrated in a hundred different forms, and even the inglorious field of Torrejon de Ardoz, where the warriors of Spain flung down their muskets on the miserable 22d July, 1843, finds infatuated bards to praise it. Serial publication is naturally resorted to in Spain, as a means of cheapening, or apparently cheapening, works which in the lump would be by no means so readily purchased. The principle is analogous to that which makes indirect taxation popular. In a country where money is scarce, small outlays at intervals are preferred. The works thus published are of a very miscellaneous character, and when original seldom aspire to a high order of literature. The romance and drama are almost invariably translated from the French; but Scott is likewise much in vogue. Scarcely any other English writer is known. The serial publications chiefly met are as follows:—'The Church and State, a religious and political review.' This is of moderate price and slight pretensions—the fact being, that all the available talent is absorbed into the daily political journals. It is, however, of some authority and extensive circulation, one-third of its space being devoted to ecclesiastical affairs, one third to politics, and the remaining third to general news. It appears every month.—The *Reparado*, a periodical of a nearly similar character.—The *Voz de la Religion*, whose objects are evident from the name, a cheap register of events, interesting to Catholic devotees, in every quarter of the globe.—The *Fray Gerundio*, *Tarantula*, and *Domine Lucas*, small but pungent satirical journals, intensely and exclusively political, and sometimes replete with admirable stinging wit.—The 'Preacher's *Prontuario*, or Heads of Sermons (in curious juxtaposition with the preceding), for the use of ecclesiastics who desire to improvise, or prefer composing their own discourses.' This work is divided into twelve monthly issues, of forty pages each, for transmission by post to country subscribers.—'Annals of Jurisprudence and Legislation'—a professional work, published periodically for the use of the Spanish bar and the law-students of the several universities. This work is *utriusque juris*, giving more prominence to the law than the canon, and contains a useful record of the various orders and circulars of the Minister of Grace and Justice, together with an analysis of the current legislation of the Córtes. It is a publication of respectable merit.—The *Risa* and the *Carcajada* (the Laughter and the Horselaugh), collections of the jokes of Spain and all other nations—indiscriminate Joe Millers—published fortnightly, and highly popular; for the Spaniard, of all men, perhaps, most dearly loves his laugh.—'The Portable Encyclopædia,' abridged from the French, &c. &c. Amongst the popular works in progress there is a serial publication, entitled 'Celebrated Personages of the Nineteenth Century.' The selection of celebrities is not a little curious. The following is the order of publication:—Louis-Philippe, Charles X. of France, Queen Cristina (Dona Cristina de Borbon), the Duke of Wellington, and Abd-el-Kader. Select works of Walter Scott, and one or two likewise of Bulwer, are translated; but the marvels of hydropathy, and the astounding pretensions of Vincent Priessnitz, find still readier circulation and currency. The *Panorama* is a work imitated from our penny journals, in which the illustrative woodcuts are bad copies, and demonstrate great backwardness in the arts. The letterpress, too, is not so correct as it should be; and though I am far more disposed to encourage than to depress, I cannot exactly approve of such slovenliness as 'Loock Lowond' instead of Loch Lomond, and Nottinghamshire in the impenetrable disguise of 'Nitingamshive'—almost equalling Theodore Hook's 'épécana' for Hyde Park Corner. The puffing system flourishes here upon a ridiculously inflated scale. Thus I have seen a 'Prodigy of the Press! a continuous library of works literary and pleasing, historical, instructive, and pious (spectacles for all ages), at a real (2½d.) the volume! A volume every day!! For all tastes, ages, and conditions;' which prodigy was unhappily strangled in the womb; an 'Omnibus,' which rolled over the length and breadth of Spain for some months, and really made great progress while in motion, its career being arrested by pure mismanagement; a 'Literary Miracle, or Wonder of the Art Typographical; being the publication of a volume every day, consisting of one hundred pages in 16°. at the incredible price of a real the volume, with a handsome coloured and bordered cover.' This twopenny-halfpenny marvel became wheezy on the second day and expired on the third. These speculations are unfortunately crude and puerile, figuring at a great rate on paper, but defective in a somewhat important point, seeing that they are absolutely impracticable. The projectors aim at the realisation of vast plans of civilisation, and forget the stubborn and nearly insuperable material obstacles in their path. They aim at a revolution in the press, but a revolution, like all others here, to be effected by violent means; and nothing either solid or substantial, nothing but disgust and disappointment, can be the result. Political passions are a stumbling-block to progress, and no reading is relished but the party-papers. Joint-stock reading societies upon an enormous scale have been projected, and national libraries, guaranteeing 15 per cent interest to the shareholders: but these were mere bubbles. * * *

"The cross of the order of Carlos III. was lately given to Don Tomas Rodriguez Rubi, author of a comedy called 'The Wheel of Fortune;' and, according to the official announcement in the 'Gazette,' conceded 'in considera- of his literary merits.' In England you must either cut throats dexterously or be a dexterous diplomatic cheat, to secure the chance of such decorations. Yet they do not make poets in Spain. The literature of France is considerably more popular in the peninsula than that of England. Political troubles, and temporary

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emigration, have made Spaniards more familiar with England of late years; but the genius and habits of the Frenchman approximate more closely to those of the Spaniard—France sets the fashion, and is more admired and studied in spite of the invasion and its attendant horrors. The drama is borrowed from the romantic drama of France. Yet one evening in the Salon Theatre of Cadiz, I was present when the performances consisted of 'Lord Mervilla' and 'The Two Robinsons'—obscure pieces from the British repertory, done both in manner and language into Spanish. It is singular that Spain, with its literary apathy, should possess what is nearly without parallel in Europe—a novelist of ducal rank. The Duke de Rivas has assiduously wrought in the copious stores of Spanish history, and constructed some remarkable romances, which, if they are without European fame, are by no means destitute of merit; recording now the sublime virtues of Don Juan de Padilla, and now the sentence of infamy pronounced by the mouth of the town-crier through the streets of Valladolid, upon the unfortunate Alvaro de Luna. I am happy to record that some isolated but creditable efforts have been made of late, in the revival and intelligent editing of the early Spanish literature, as well as in archæological research and topographical description—studies of surpassing interest in a country like Spain, and in which an infinity remains to be done. The most attractive of these which have appeared are topographies of Iliberia, or the ancient Granada, and of the Vascongadas, or Basque provinces. These pioneers of civilisation, if they ply the hammer lustily, will at last awaken an echo in the minds of their countrymen. The Spaniard is with difficulty brought to read. He will smoke and lounge, and chat, and gape, and joke, and stroll through square, church, and *café*, to the crack of doom; but he won't read more than the newspaper of his own way of thinking. He is too lazy or careless to peruse an additional paper, and thus by a comparison of conflicting statements elicit truth, and discern perhaps, at last, in what leading strings he is held, and by what falsehoods he is daily deluded. He is helpless because he will not help himself—at the mercy of a confederation of journalists, who, aware of his apathy, know that there is no invention of theirs he is not *gobemouche* enough to swallow. Nay, they are even forced to exaggerate, and at times falsify and concoct, if they would keep up their influence with their party and please their readers. A tame, truth-telling, and colourless journal, would soon be flung aside for a more highly-seasoned commodity. Reflect, for a moment, how the journalist's leading article enters the minds of those for whom he writes. A score of persons are seated round a table in a *café*, or under a thick vine-trellis, or in the centre of a wide patio beneath its canvas shade, and the clearest-tongued youth and best reader of the party, is chosen to declaim the article as a violent speaker might deliver his harangue in the Córtes, or a passionate preacher his sermon, with cross in hand, during holy week. This is one way of appealing to the reason!"

As our stage is so low, the following hint may be worth consideration:

"The spirit of gambling penetrates within the theatres. When actors desire to have their benefits particularly attractive, they usually make a genuine lottery a part of the performances. At the principal theatre of Cadiz, upon one of these occasions, I witnessed the eagerness with which the fair part of the audience participated in this excitement. A ticket was given to every person in the theatre, and the drawing was accomplished on the stage, out of a small box, by a child. The prizes were three in number: 1, a mantilla of black silk (as usual), fringed with valuable lace; 2, a handsome crape dress; 3 *a ticket for the next lottery in Madrid.* Thus, the perpetual round of gambling is most ingeniously kept up. The petty playwrights of Spain are as reluctant as those of other countries to avow that they are plain translators from the French, though all their resources are drawn without transmutation from the exhaustless Parisian mines. Instead of announcing their dramas as naked translations, they set them forth as an 'Imitacion by Senor So-and-So.'"

Our readers will now, we fancy, agree with us, that we have done enough for this publication; and we therefore conclude with one other short extract:

"The glorious bombast of Spaniards in a rage is matchless all over the world. I once heard a brace of espadachins, or bullies, retort these compliments:—'*Belitre!*' said one, 'I'd catch you in my teeth, and fling you so high that there would be an eclipse of the sun!' '*Bribon!*' said the other, 'I'd seize you by the leg, and hurl you up so far that you would not come down till the middle of a new century!' When I visited the Lonja at Seville, and passed through the celebrated gallery containing, in cases of glass and mahogany, the immense series of official documents relating to the Indies from the days of Columbus and of Cortés downwards, I was no little surprised to see on these sacred archives the most striking evidence of the unsettled state of a language as glorious as the deeds which it commemorates. The word 'register' was spelt, on papers lying cheek by jowl, in three different ways, 'registro,' 'rejistro,' and 'rexistro!' The Spanish Academy undertook to systematise their orthography in the commencement of the present century, and laid it down as an unalterable rule, for instance, that *Alexandre* should be written *Alejandre; Don Quixote, Don Quijote, anarchia, anarquia,* &c. Now you cannot put language thus in a Procrustean bed, and make us depart from the cherished memories of our youth. The result is, that at the end of forty years, every one spells pretty much after his own fashion, using his *g*'s, his *j*'s, and his *x*'s, indiscriminately, and the name even of the national wine may be met in the varieties of *Jerez, Xerez,* and *Gerez.* The confusion in the spelling and pronouncing of the *b* and the *v* is equally unfortunate. 'Wine' is almost as often spelt '*bino*' as '*vino*;' and I have seen the word 'bile' printed in a medical lecture '*vilis*' instead of '*bilis*;' which, considering the meaning of the Latin words respectively, produced rather a ludicrous effect. But the inaccuracy is indeed universal, and (for one comical instance) I have scarcely ever seen the common Latin phrase, '*in flagranti*,' printed otherwise than 'in fragranti.' Think of a murderer caught 'in fragranti!'"

Elements of the Christian Religion, &c.; Sketches of Sermons preached at St. John's, Brighton. By the Rev. Spencer Rodney Drummond. Pp. 107. Brighton, R. Folthorp and Co.; London, Hatchards.

Within these few pages the duties of the Church and its ministers and its flocks are set forth in an original, axiomatic, and very striking manner. It is not, however, a subject within our province to discuss, and we merely cite an example of the impressive manner in which the reverend author has put his lessons.

"The design of the Author of all Good, is for the happiness of man—to inculcate humility, in obedience—

'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.'

The aim of the Promoter of all Evil, is for the misery of man—to foster pride, in rebellion—

'Ye shall be as gods.'

The system of Divine Government is entirely opposed to the system of Satanic Government, whether in its principle, its effect, or its end. The principle of Divine Government is to preserve oneness—to stand upon revealed superiority.

As this is preserved,
The effect is, subordination.
The end is, order.

The principle of Satanic Government is to foster separation—to extend upon professed equality.

As this is attempted,
The effect is, insubordination.
The end is, confusion."

The following will startle republican readers:

"*Nationally,*

Monarchical rule is of God, and happiness follows.
Democratic rule is of Satan, and misery ensues.

God, 'the creator and preserver of all mankind,' is the source of legitimate power.

Monarchy shews it forth—
'By me kings reign, and princes decree justice.'

Satan, the enemy of all mankind—

'The spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience,'

aims to teach that the people are the source of power.

Democracy shews it forth—
'Who is the Lord, that we should obey him? We will not have this man to reign over us.'

It is upon this grand and glorious foundation, that the monarchical system in England is based."

Jacob's Ladder, &c. By the Rev. G. Oliver, D.D. Pp. 195. London, R. Spencer; Wolverhampton, J. Bridgen; Lincoln, Drury and Brooks; Sleaford, Smedley; Nottingham, Oliver.

We are not surprised to see so many publishers' names to this small volume; for if there be any thing in title-page promise, it is the book to sell! By *Jacob's Ladder*, it is stated, "the ascent to heaven is plainly pointed out;" and, truth to say, notwithstanding this startling assertion of power, the work is really a valuable and intelligible inculcation of the best practical moral and religious principles, distilled as it were from the Rev. author's sermons, and well adapted to the capacity of the less instructed classes. It is a very good little book, and an excellent gift for the agriculturist's cottage or the mechanic's lodging.

Examples in Orthography, on an Improved Plan. By H. Hopkins. Relfe and Fletcher.

A sixth edition: no more need be said. *The Teacher's Manual of Exercises in Mental Arithmetic,* by the same, is also a useful educational book, as cultivating the memory, the powers of which are exhibited by calculating boys, &c., and often shewn by persons in humble life, who have not been taught accounts with the pen.

The Emigrant's Guide to Australia. By the Rev. D. Mackenzie, M.A. Pp. 280. Orr and Co.

We cannot take upon ourselves to pronounce judgment on works of this kind, often coloured by the views of the writers. All we can say is, that the character of a clergyman, and ten years of practical experience, are the vouchers for this volume.

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LITERARY AND LEARNED.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

We understand that the meeting of the Central Committee on Wednesday last (at which the president, Lord Albert Conyngham, attended) was remarkable for the number and interest of its communications and exhibitions. We have been favoured with a few notes, which we have much pleasure in publishing.

After the election of about a dozen new associates, with a very cheering account of the prospects of the Association, Mr. Smith gave a report of the visit to Childerditch, and other churches in Essex, which has already been described in our columns, and an account of excavations on the site of a Roman villa, on the estate of Mr. Bland, at Hartlip in Kent, at which he assisted last week. Six rooms were opened which, like most of the Roman buildings in the county of Kent, were destitute of tessellated pavements, and of small dimensions. From numerous fragments of coloured stucco, the walls of some of the apartments had evidently been painted in a good style, and the durability of the red colour was strikingly evinced by a portion which adhered to one of the external walls, and which must for centuries have been exposed to the air, possessing its original appearance. The masonry of one of the rooms, which had been protected by a high bank, exhibited a good example of workmanship. Another, of considerable extent, and six feet beneath the surface, had a kind of seat running round. Mr. Bland intends resuming his researches at a future opportunity, as the whole extent of the field appears to contain foundations of buildings.

Interesting communications were then read from Mr. Brooke of Hastings, on church mural frescos lately discovered, and by Mr. John Barrow, on a head covered with a vitrified substance brought from Babylon; Mr. Wright gave an account of Hythe church, Kent, visited last week by himself and Mr. Fairholt, and exhibited a drawing of the elegant sedilia there; he also exhibited some coins found in the railway excavations at Canterbury, and read an account of discoveries made by Mr. Bartlett in the barrows on the Breach Downs, accompanied with a drawing of a very remarkable ornamental Saxon metal pin. Several communications were made by Sir William Betham. Mr. Smith gave an account of new discoveries, by Mr. Rolfe, in Saxon barrows in the Isle of Thanet. These were of a most interesting character. Among a number of articles of various descriptions brought to light by Mr. Rolfe's exertions, we may particularise a pair of Saxon scales with a set of weights, these weights being made out of Roman coins. Mr. Smith also announced the discovery at York of about 200 coins of William the Conqueror, a portion of which were laid on the table: and he also exhibited a considerable number of leaden tokens or coins of a rather early period just discovered in the city of London. Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper exhibited several medieval antiquities. Mr. Waller announced the discovery of paintings on the walls of the abbey church of St. Albans. Mr. Gomonde communicated an account of some very curious early monumental slabs, with drawings. Other communications were made, chiefly on the subject of recent discoveries, from his Grace the Duke of Rutland, Counsellor Thompson of Copenhagen, Mr. J. Adey, Repton, Mr. Dunthorne of Darlington, the Rev. John Jones, of Nesome, in Wales, Mr. John Barrow, Mr. Keats (on recent discoveries in Romsey Church), Mr. Wake Smart (on interesting discoveries in Dorsetshire), Mr. Tupper (on a weapon found in a rivulet near Winchester), and a number of others, some of which from the great press of business were simply referred for notice in the Journal. The whole gave most satisfactory evidence of the resources and extensive influence of the Association.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

A considerable storm has arisen in the newspapers respecting this institution; and the *Morning Chronicle, Times*, and *Examiner*, have published very biting remarks upon it. This circumstance, and an accidental pressure upon our time this week, have induced us to defer till next Saturday the conclusion of our report and remarks on the late Winchester meeting; the concluding exultation of which has been attended with such unpleasant consequences and strictures, that we cannot approach the subject without desiring to give it the fullest and calmest consideration.

The recent change of name by Association No. 2 to Archæological Institute reminds us of an anecdote of our friend the late James Smith, well known as one of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses*, who was a most respectable solicitor, and for many years resided in Austin Friars. Another Mr. James Smith, also a solicitor, took chambers in the same house; and as his letters were frequently delivered at the office of the James Smith of facetious memory, No. 2 wrote to No. 1, suggesting that they should respectively affix the letters A and B to their names, and that he should place accordingly the former letter after his signature, or that one or the other should remove to another locality. To this proposal the following reply was returned; and we are almost inclined to think that Mr. Secretary Albert Way has taken a hint from it: "My dear sir,—I am James the First, you are James the Second; therefore you must abdicate.—Faithfully yours, James Smith."

ON SOME SUPPLEMENTS OF THUCYDIDES,

Obtained from Suidas and other Sources.

No. III.

I come now to the Supplements, only one of which has been noticed in my papers read before the Royal Society of Literature; but which are scarcely less remarkable, as they contain some curious details relating to the events of the Peloponnesian war.

Of these omissions, some have arisen from accident, others from design; the latter, when subjects were touched upon of an indelicate nature, as I have shewn in Poppo's *Prolegomena*, pp. 146 and 184, in the story relating to Pausanias and the Argilian; and, as I might have added, in that of Harmodius and Hipparchus, where Suidas has enabled me to see that Synesius transcribed from Thucydides some expressions he found in his copy of the historian.

Upon such passages, however, I do not mean to say a word here, content to draw attention to the omissions resulting from accident. And I will first refer to the chapters where four, three, and two *lacunæ* are to be found respectively, and afterwards proceed to those where only a single one is to be supplied.

The most remarkable chapters where four Supplements have been furnished by Suidas, are in ii. 21 and viii. 1. In the latter the historian wrote originally to this effect, as I partly stated in the notes to my third paper read before the Royal Society of Literature:

"When *floating* rumours reached Athens, *not a single person gave credence to the tale, or endured the mention of it;* and even some of the troops, who had returned, refused to believe those who had fled from the scene of action and stated distinctly that the army was completely destroyed. But when the people knew it *fully, as their expectations had not only been all disappointed, but had taken a different direction*, they felt exasperated against the orators who had eagerly advocated the expedition, as if they themselves had not voted it; and were angry with the tellers of oracles and soothsayers, and whoever else had madly inspired them with the hope of becoming the masters of Sicily; and every thing from every quarter was a source of pain, and, in addition to what had occurred, fear and the greatest consternation stood around them; *for the conviction came upon them, that from all reasonable calculations the army had been utterly annihilated.*"

Here all the words in Italics have been obtained from Suidas; who has enabled me to fill up another gap a little lower, in the following manner:

"Still, in the present posture of affairs, it was determined that they must not yield; *but with brighter omens and better preparation put their hands to the work of war*, and get ready a fleet, and obtain where they could both materials and money."

With regard to the other passage in ii. 21, where Suidas has preserved four Supplements, the author wrote originally to this effect:

"But when they saw the enemy all round Acharnæ, distant only sixty stadia from the city, and the land laid waste, as is natural, by *marauders*—a sight the younger people had never seen, nor even the older, except *during* the Median invasion—*they deemed what they took deeply to heart was not to be borne;* and it was determined by others, and especially those *excited* by the feelings of youth, that they ought not to overlook *the disgrace, but then and there, with such arms as they had, put an end to the war; while some were eager to make every exertion to gain fresh glory, that admitted of no dispute.* Forming themselves into groups, they quarrelled greatly: some insisting upon marching out, and others not permitting persons to engage in hostilities *who were vainly excited;* for the tellers of oracles were chanting all kinds of prophecies, by which, each one, after he had *eagerly listened* to them, was led *to dare.* The Acharnians too, who considered themselves not the least important portion of the state, urged the going out most vehemently, as their lands were being laid waste; and in every way the city was excited and angry with Pericles, *who nobly looked down upon their reproaches.*"

Of the two instances of three Supplements furnished by Suidas in the same chapter, the first is in v. 10, where the historian thus describes the cowardly conduct of Cleon, whom he seems to have hated most cordially.

"But when he saw *what he did see, he was seized with a trembling fit, and his colour was changed, frightened at the number of the troops and the splendour of their arms.*"

And shortly afterwards, where it is stated that both Brasidas and Cleon were killed, Suidas alone has told us how the two opposing generals met with their deaths.

"The left wing of the Athenians—was broken and fled; and as it was already in retreat, Brasidas, while he was *advancing against* the right, received a wound; *for he was struck by a dart in the right shoulder, and the weapon, after passing quite through, protruded; for* the right wing still continued *sending missiles.* Cleon, however, who had no notion of waiting *for the advancing body*, fled immediately; but being overtaken by a Myrcinian peltast, was killed; *for the*

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ar of the soldier passed through his side,
the violence of the thrust its head pro-

second instance of three Supplements
d by Suidas in a single chepter is in

ibiades *demanded that the matter should*
as quickly as possible the strictest inves-
content for the present to defend him-
nst the informations, and ready to be
to trial before he sailed.—But his ene-
re fearful, should he be tried imme-
that he would have the ermy in his fa-
d that the people would have their hearts
, and pay court to the man through
neans the Argives had joined in the war,
e Mantineans *had been turned aside (for*
rsuasive language he had led them to forego
y intended to do) and who had inspired
daemonians with such fears for the safety
that they placed a garrison in the city.
erefore *adopted another plan*, and brought
speakers to say that he ought to sail
ately, and not detain the deperture of
."

omparing, however, the received with
roved text, it will be seen, that besides
rtion of the Supplements, I have intro-
ome alterations suggested by myself, as
absolutely requisite to restore the cor-
of the language, and the clearness of
rative; and though in support of both
rtions and elterations I heve evidence
in my MSS. notes to satisfy the most scep-
e reader must be content to take me et
; for the display of book-learning merely
ited to the columns of the *Literary Gez.*
ng thus disposed of the longer Supple-
I proceed to those of a shorter but not
kind, where Suidas has furnished two
gle chapter. And here I might refer to
and viii. 108. But as the latter passage
not be satisfactorily treated without en-
into a long discussion to shew the absur-
of the received text, I shall pass it by,
rely produce the other passage es it was
originally; where, after detailing the
of Demosthenee, with whom Eurymedon
ed, Thucydides stated, in vii. 49—
it as Nicias opposed it, there erose some
ion and delay, and at the same time a
on that Nicias insisted the more from
better information; *and though he con-*
hat such a step would be disgraceful, and a
neither becoming at present, nor hereafter
ill the delay took place with his consent,
re was a tardiness in the forward move-
consequence of the want of discipline and
forethought respecting coming events."
re now orrived at the passages where
has preserved only a single Supplement
hapter. Of these I shall select the ten
ng, as they can scarcely fail to carry con-
on their very face:—
136, where Themistocles is described as
g the protection of Admetus, Thucydides
originally that—
dmetus, after hearing him *earnestly en-*
g with a piteous voice, and in the garb of
liant, not to disregard him while suffering
ips in the extreme, raised him up."
too, in I. 137, where Themistocles is re-
ted as being fearful of falling into the
of the Athenians while he was passing
Greece to Asia Minor, the historian said
ally—
s he was unknown to these on board, in
e explains to the master of the vessel who
and why he is e fugitive; *and forbidding*
mention the circumstances to any one, tells
him that if he does not save him, he will say that he was bribed *to carry him secretly*; there would, however, be no denger, if *he would suffer* no person to quit the vessel as long es the voyage lasted; and if he followed his suggestions he would remember *to pay* him e fitting acknowledgment."

Here, however, I heve introduced into the words unconnected with the Supplement a few alterations absolutely required by the language; end e similar observation is applicable to some of the passages following.

In ii. 25, where Thucydides has given a sketch of the character of Pericles, he said originally:

" The perty, however, *who used to speak against him*, ceased not their animosity until they had mulcted him, *for envy gained the victory; and by the confiscation of his property he lost ten talents.*"

In iii. 81, where it is said that the democratical party persuaded the aristocratical suppliants to undergo a trial, and then sentenced them all to death, the historian added originally:

" *And they who had been persuaded, and gave themselves up, met their fate nobly.*"

In iv. 79, after the statement that Brasidas, anticipating the enemy, marched rapidly through Thessaly before preparations were made to stop him, end reached the court of Perdiccas and the country of the Chelcidians, it was added originally:

" *And he went to the cities rising into revolt.*"

In iv. 108, where Thucydides mentions the earnest demands made by Brasidas for reinforcements, there the historian, who was evidently an admirer of the Spartan general, and not the less for the victory gained over Cleon, whom he heted, gave the following graphic sketch of his favourite's character—

" The Lacedæmonians, *who had now a general conspicuous alike for his activity against the enemy and his daring in danger, but in other respects of obscure origin, and who had raised himself from an humble station, and was suspected by persons most in repute, and envied for his unexpected successes,* refused to assist him, partly through the *clamour* of the leading men in the state, and partly from the desire rather of recovering the troops taken in the island, end of putting an end to the war."

In v. 100, after the Melians hed asked, " Would it not be an act of great cowardice for persons still free not to meet every danger rather then submit to slavery?" they added, as the historian stated originally—

" *When it is in our power either to perish utterly, or being successful to gain the character indeed of precipitancy, but yet to live our own masters.*"

In vi. 23, where Nicias closes his speech by saying, that " if eny person is of a different opinion, I will resign to him the command," there was added originally—

" *For it is neither the duty of myself nor of any other good man to stand individually in the way of what is conducive to the public good.*"

In vi. 30, where Thucydides is describing the embarkation of the army destined for Sicily, he wrote originally—

" And the whole, so to say, *unarmed* multitude in the city, both natives and strangers, went down together (to the Piræus); *nor was there e single person but wanted to be a spectator of preparations so unreasonably extensive.*"

In vi. 32, the account of the sailing of the expedition was thus closed originally—

" *And the departure of the fleet created a sensation, not so much from the number of the troops on board, as from the splendour of their arms and the other preparations made to render it unnecessarily beautiful.*"

In vii. 79, where the storm is described by which the Athenian troops became dispirited, the historian wrote originally to this effect—

" And there came on *violent* thunder-claps and a *continued* rain, such es is usual when the year is inclining towards autumn, *and thunderbolts fell and set fire to the tents.*"

Such is nearly a moisty of the Supplements I have been eble to discover unexpectedly in Suidas; where Thucydides is already quoted directly or indirectly in 300 places, as may be seen by turning to the Index in Gaisford's edition; but whether any of the preceding have been attributed to their real source by Bernhardy is more than I can tell; for there is no copy of his edition in the British Museum, nor am I rich enough to buy one. I suspect, however, that no attempt has been made on the continent similar to mine, or else some notice would have been taken of it by Poppo in his second edition of Thucydides, if it were only to ridicule it; for as he believes most devoutly that the very words of the original history have been preserved, like title-deeds, in certain parchment documents, which he fancies to be as ancient as I heve shewn them to be modern in my Poppo's *Prolegomena*, pp. 186, 7, he will of course assert that I heve murdered and marred the beauty of his Dulcinea the vulgate, and will reject all the Supplements as scornfully as he has done the most certain emendations proposed by different critics, end even the correct readings of the best MSS., supported by, end in turn supporting, the valuable version of Valla.

George Burges.

20 A Bayham Street, Camden Town.

FINE ARTS.

Scripture Prints. Edited by J. R. Hope, D.C.L. London, Houlston and Stoneman; W. Grigg. Oxford, Parker.

We do not remember the first part of this series of subjects from the Old Testament, as embodied by Raphael in the Vatican, drawn thence by M. N. Cousoni, a highly distinguished Italien ertist, and prepared under the eble inspection of Mr. Lewis Gruner, than whom no individual of purer taste or greater experience could heve been found to superintend such a work. Of the part et which we are now looking, we can hardly say too much as e production which suggests ideas of the grand and captivating in art in almost every line and trace. The expulsion of our first parents from Eden is treated with much simplicity end pathos; and the representation of Lot's Wife in the flight from Sodom is of supernatural impressiveness; whilst e holy fear impels forward with downcast eyes the patriarch and his two daughters, the bold disobedience of the divine command by the wife and mother is pictured, with its punishment, as it were in the very act of paralysing the human frame, and turning it into a lifeless substance, in a style of most extraordinary effect. It is a noble conception—an illustrious inspiration. The Blessing of Jacob and the Blessing of Esau are also splendid compositions, and finely varied in design; end the Return of Jacob full of the Master. The last of the six, the Selling of Joseph, is yet more interesting. The different modes in which the brethren view this vile transaction, and the unhappiness of the victim of their jealousy and avarice, are contrasted with the hard and unmoved countenances of the slave-dealing purchasers; and the nature of the entire scene, without an effort,

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tells the story with wonderful truthfulness and feeling. It is delightful from such publications to gather a tolerably correct notion of these glorious frescoes; and at the present time, when our own school is aiming at the same style, nothing could be more opportune and valuable than furnishing us with examples of Raphael!

Ancient Historical Pictures. By G. P. Harding. Folio.

THE Granger Society having been dissolved, the able draughtsman connected with it, and who first projected the publication of unengraved historical pictures, has been left with accumulated materials and a number of drawings upon his hands, which he judges (and we think upon very excellent grounds) worthy of being presented to the public, so as to perfect his original intention. Mr. Harding has accordingly produced, and we have now before us, a series of works of much general interest, executed by him since the society, to which we have referred, ceased to exist.

1. "King Henry VIII. and the Emperor Charles V.," from the Strawberry Hill picture, offers very different features from the usual portraits of the king, who was, nevertheless, a handsome man at this period of his life—about thirty years of age. The dresses and decorations of knighthood are extremely rich; the whole "of formal cut."

2. "Sir Robert Dudley," a whole-length, from a Hilliard miniature in the collection of Lord de Lisle; is dressed in a singular manner, and altogether a curious specimen of the age and the arts. It is elaborately finished.

3. "Katherine of Arragon," after Holbein, with a pet monkey on her arm,—is admirably painted, and as well engraved, by Greatbach.

4. "Sir William Russell," the friend and companion of Sidney at the battle of Zutphen, is another fine whole-length.

And 5. "Sir Anthony Browne, K.G.,"—a very striking head and bust, with a long inscription, from a picture in the possession of Thomas Baylis, Esq., whose collection of art and *vertu* at Priors Bank is so well known to the lovers of rare antiques. He was the husband of the Fair Geraldine, who survived him, and married again; and, among other good gifts from his royal master, with whom he was a favourite, got Battle Abbey, and part of Chertsey and other church-lands, on the dissolution of the monasteries. Certain peculiarities in costume, short-cropped hair, and a remarkably ornamented cap, add to the value of this portrait.

We have only to repeat, that both intrinsically, and to illustrate history, we deem this publication to be eminently worthy of high patronage.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

CANONS OF CRITICISM.

THE "independent and vigorous tone" illustrated from periodical sources.

1. Never have the heart to praise any thing heartily. [This is truly "independent."]

2. Ever have a sneer, a growl, or a snarl, to mitigate any expression of eulogy which may be wrung from you. [This is still more "independent."]

3. Be "obliged" to accompany every tribute of approbation with the notice of some depreciating circumstance: no matter whether true or false. [This is very "independent;" and if applied to a popular author just dead—say a Theodore Hook—still more manifestly displays the absence of all partial bias.]

Three canons per contra.

4. Review the works of favourites and lick-spittles (for none are so low as not to have a few of both classes), by altering the language of their own prefaces or introductions, and quoting the specimens they fancy to be the best. [This is the "vigorous" tone.]

5. Never miss an opportunity to boast of, refer to, and puff yourself. [This is extremely "vigorous;" and shews you could do any thing better than any body else—if you chose to try.]

6. Always view the business of literature and criticism as you would the business of any *other* chandlery concern. [Peculiarly and pecuniarly "vigorous."]

Variorum.

7. Review the productions of those to whom you are adverse, or of whom you are jealous, by getting some mechanician (if mechanical), some competitor (if literary or scientific), or some rival author or publisher (if in general affairs), to pick out every possible fault, and denounce every alleged error. To which be sure to pin a profession of your integrity and disinterestedness.

8. Always be as malicious as you can, because it is easy, and exceedingly smart in vulgar eyes.

9. Never fail to crush young feelings and aspirations as far in you *lies*. In order to accomplish this in an "independent and vigorous tone," it will be as well to be utterly devoid of literary spirit, and never to commit yourself by the utterance of one weak literary sympathy.

10. Be delighted in squabbles whenever you can provoke a respectable author or ingenious person (not belonging to your own little clique) to the folly of remonstrance against your misrepresentations or injustice.

11. Never explain or offer reparation; but if ever so much in the wrong, quote and refer to yourself as having been quite right, and well informed.

12. Praise every thing in which you are concerned; and, as a make-weight, abuse every thing in which any one you dislike or envy is engaged.

13. Imitate every feature, old or new, of any publication to which your own is similar; and accuse that other of every species of infirmity and corruption. If you take the hints from home and self, you may execute this with singular perspicuity and effect.

By these thirteen (the d—l's dozen of) rules, if constantly and fairly worked upon, any clever critic, deserving reviewer, or honest journalist, may establish the highest reputation for the independent, vigorous, and transcendently enlightened within the limits of human ambition.

So sayeth CROP the CONJUROR.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES WRITTEN BY THE SEASIDE IN SEPTEMBER.

OH! the seaside—the seaside in September!
How it stirs to a flame each poetical ember!
This air, more elating than sparkling champagne,
How it raises the spirits and rouses the brain,
And freshens not only the glow on the cheek,
But that of the soul, for which words are too weak,
And sets the heart dancing and bounding for glee,
And chanting a wild hymn of joy to the sea!

The ocean—the restless chameleon ocean!
Type of infinite space and perpetual motion!
The firmament's mirror—the bath of the moon—
What music there is in its deep-swelling tune!
Whether lulling-voiced waves a sweet murmuring keep,
Like an infant that sings itself softly to sleep;
Or rough giant-surges with shouts toss on high,
Their snow-clouds of spray meeting those in the sky.

Ye clouds, so ethereal, changeful, and pure!
If stars are the night-heaven's poetry,* sure
Ye are that of the welkin by day, with your hues
And shapes, that the Spirit of Beauty imbues!
Now a lake, rose or azure, with islets of gold—
Such isles as in Dreamland alone we behold;
Now a purple-tinged mountain, or silver-tipt rock,
Now fleecy and fair as Endymion's flock.

How many a castle in air we are building
While gazing on *yours* which the sunshine is gilding!
Our thoughts flit about like the birds o'er the main,
Or the rainbow-tints streaking the watery plain;
As light as the white sail that flaps in the breeze,
As high as the whiter cliffs crowning the seas;
And bright as the burnished barks rocked on the deep,
And the breakers that o'er the sand laughingly leap.

Oh, the seaside—the seaside in September!
Long, long will it be ere I cease to remember
The bliss of these mornings, so balmy and bright,
That make e'en the sense of existence delight!
Too soon will they fleet, like all other glad hours;
But we've *one* kind consoler—the dearest of powers—
Ay, *one* who, thank heaven, at her bidding can call
Loved beings and things to her shadowy hall.

Oh! time's ever speeding, and life ever changing,
Through new feelings and scenes ever shifting and ranging;
Clouds pass away, day-beams and day-dreams depart,
But memory lingers—sweet friend of the heart!
And as shells of the ocean retain far on shore
The deep diapason which filled them of yore,
So memory often shall whisper to me
The billowy music—the song of the sea!

Dover. ELEANOR DARBY.

* "Ye stars! that are the poetry of heaven."—BYRON.

DRAMA EXTRAORDINARY.

ON Saturday evening a party of gentlemen, most of them distinguished in literary circles, recreated themselves, and entertained an audience of some two or three hundred invited friends, by the amateur performance of a play in Miss Kelly's compact little theatre in Dean Street. Ben Jonson's comedy of *Every Man in his Humour* was well chosen for this dramatic essay; for there is no predominating single influence in character to throw all the rest into shade, but rather an equality in the parts which renders *Kitely*, *Bobadil*, *Brainworm*, *Master Stephen*, and *Master Matthew* almost equally conspicuous; whilst the more subordinate personages, the *Knowells*, *Downright*, *Cob*, *Cash*, and *Dame Kitely*, &c., have scenes of sufficient interest to prevent them from appearing as ciphers in the sum-total of action and attraction.

Before saying aught farther, we should remark that the amusement was meant to be private, and the guests were admitted upon that understanding; but it is not easy to keep from the press secrets entrusted to ten or fifteen score of confidants, especially within the walls of a theatre; and as this matter transpired as soon as possible after it was realised, we have been released from our implied pledge, and may speak of the representation nearly as of a public event.

The company assembled was very select, and pit, boxes, and gallery displayed a critical tribunal of rank and reputation in literature and the fine arts, worthy to sit in judgment upon those who figured on the stage. The cast was as follows:

Kitely	Mr. Forster.
Knowell	Mr. Mayhew.
Captain Bobadil	Mr. Charles Dickens.
Brainworm	Mr. Mark Lemon.
Edward Knowell	Mr. Frederick Dickens.
Downright	Mr. Dudley Costello.
Master Stephen	Mr. Douglas Jerrold.
Master Matthew	Mr. Leech.
Thomas Cash	Mr. Augustus Dickens.
Oliver Cob	Mr. Leigh.
Justice Clement	Mr. Frank Stone.
Roger Formal	Mr. Evans.
William	
James	Mr. W. Jerrold.
Dame Kitely	Miss Fortescue.
Mrs. Bridget	Two pupils of Miss Kelly's.
Tib	

A beautiful landscape-scene painted by Mr. Stanfield obtained great applause when the

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brought it into view. From the very ing it was evident that we were not to ny of the crudeness and awkwardness, almost invariably deteriorate private cals, to contend with here. There was at once a self-possession and earnest- which seemed far more like long practice xperience than first attempts, however hearsed, to embody the admirably drawn ns of the dramatist. And this feeling ompletely established by Mr. Forster's ation of *Kitely;* a character of great dif- , and requiring equal discrimination and . Mr. F. threw himself into it with a t *abandon*, and executed his task as if he od the boards for years, with perhaps little more freshness both in conception lineation. It was impossible to fancy it . We may next mention Mr. Dickens' l, which, though it plays itself more off- lly than *Kitely*, yet requires much skill lent. The bold and impudent swag- of the earlier acts was excellent; but after he was "planet-struck" (or, as *Stephen*, in his literal truth, expresses fter he was "struck with a stick") new reading (we are not sure that it ight one; for it may be contended that ass Bobadil are braggart to the last, nder every circumstance of humiliation ntempt) produced a capital effect in the pment of the part. Mr. Dickens makes stricken deer" the veriest bang-dog and t that can be imagined; a sneaking, piti- low, above whom even *Master Stephen* of olen cloak towers heroically. Having ned this Gull, we may briefly state that Douglas Jerrold played his humours to tion, not only directly where he has some- to say or do, but in the nicest by-play of posture, and attitude. Nor was Mr. Leech e in the fantasies of the other Gull; and a hearty laugh testified to the comic of both performers. The next and last the leading parts that claims our meed lause, was the *Brainworm* of Mr. Mark , who, in all his disguises, was pre-emi- successful. His unpretending demeanour mere servitor *Brainworm* was a fine pre- n for his roguish humility in the poor of mis-fortune; and his copy of *Formal*, erty *Justice's* copying-clerk, was an iden- To the last he exhibited rare ability; and afterpiece with Mr. Dickens (*A Good Rest*), carried out the fun with unabated

Having given our opinion individually principal characters, we shall only say e of a secondary importance, that they ttributed their fair complement to the l effect with which the comedy was acted, at the whole went off with just and unani- applause.

t our praise may not be taken for unde- flattery to our contemporaries, who, we , rather disappointed us in not affording f the ridiculous food at which we antici- a good laugh when we entered the house, y add, that we are old enough in our chair to remember when *Every Man in mour* was played by Drury Lane and t Garden as a trial of powers, and with ongest caste that the drama, then in st state, could afford; that we have d had the indelible impression made s by Kemble, Cook, Bannister, Fawcett, n, Knight, and other of the most popu- edians; and that with a full recollection r versions of the *dramatis personæ*, and great talent in presenting them to the of the spectators, we are not disposed to abate one jot of our compliment to the amateurs who furnished us with so acceptable a treat on Saturday last.

Haymarket Theatre.—The novelty of the week is *A Cabinet Question*, a comic one-act drama by Mr. Planché, in which Buckstone plays the prime-minister or foreman capitally, well supported by Miss Julia Bennett, Mr. Brindal, &c. That it is a most amusing little piece there is no question; nor that the putting on the stage is perfect; nor that the laughter it excites is general; it will therefore be a long time before the Cabinet Question is settled. One question, in conclusion, Does this make up the thousand-and-one successful pieces by Planché?

VARIETIES.

Arts and Manufactures.—It would be a strange thing if the sheriffs' carriages this year did not exhibit the perfection to which the art of carriage-building is now carried in London, when we remember that one of the two, Mr. Laurie, is of the firm of Marner and Co., whose "*Turn-outs*" have often attracted so much public admiration. As specimens of British manufacture these civic equipages are superb proofs of taste and style, removed from gewgaw finery, and shew what can be done by English artisans. To us they look to be patterns for any court in Europe, either as regards the luxury of ease and conveniency, or of elegance and finish; but above all, we have thought it our (literary) duty to notice them as examples of the progress and improvement of national and industrial manufactures.

The Bishop of Bath and Wells, at the mature age of eighty-four, has been gathered to his predecessors. He was brother to the late Lord Ellenborough; and of literary habits and attachments, though he published nothing beyond Charges, and we believe Sermons preached on particular occasions. He was one of the founders of the Royal Society of Literature, and took an active interest in its formation.

Mr. William Upcott.—The death, after a very short illness, of this eminent and well-known literary antiquary is announced in the *Globe* of Thursday last. He died at his residence in Islington on Tuesday morning. Together with Mr. Ilbery he was joint-librarian of the London Institution when it was first formed in the Old Jewry, and the learned Professor Porson at its head. From that period he exercised in a wide field his experience on books and manuscripts; and to his sagacity we owe the Pepy's Memoirs, and other works of the greatest public interest. His collection of autographs and manuscripts of eminent authors is probably unprecedented; but for the present we have only time and space to express our sincere sorrow for the loss of an old friend, a man of great simplicity of mind and manners, of extraordinary research and information, and warmly esteemed by every one who knew him.

The Board of Trade and Privy-Council Office.—A great improvement for Whitehall appears to be in progress, if we may judge by the scaffolding about this elevation at the corner of Downing-street. The crushing lowness of the roof was always felt as a great architectural deformity; but it was forced upon Soane by superior influences, and we well remember that his original design possessed striking beauty and merit. We trust it is now likely to be *super*-added.

A Debt Owing.—Some one said, the other day, complaining of the weather, "We have had no spring, no summer, no autumn." "Well then," observed an able accountant, "if we have no winter, there will be a whole year owing to us."

No. 1 of the Philathenic Literary Magazine is acknowledged with thanks; it seems to be, as its title would indicate, an ambitious sixpenny-worth; and is very commendably executed on a variety of topics.

Engineering made easy.—An advertiser in the newspapers offers to make any body capable of earning 10*l.* a week by "railway surveying and levelling" in a fortnight or less!! We daresay there will be no more mistakes in estimates, nor accidents, after such competent engineers are employed.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Margaret, on the Pearl, by the Rev. C. B. Tayler, 2d edit. fcp. 8vo, 6*s.*—History of Scotland; from the contribution of P. F. Tytler to the Ency. Britannica, enlarged and continued, 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.* bd.—The Pirate and Three Cutters, by Capt. Marryat, R.N., new edit., 8vo, 17*s.* 6*d.*—Grammar of the German Language, by K. F. Becker, M.D., 2d edit. 12mo, 6*s.*—Woman in the 19th Century, by S. M. Fuller, fcp. 2*s.* 6*d.* sewed.—Sanctification of the People of God, by the Rev. R. Shittler, 12mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Contrasts between the Righteous and the Wicked, by the Hon. Mrs. Penrose, 12mo, 4*s.* 6*d.*—Wandering Jew, by E. Sue, Roscoe's Library Edit., royal 8vo, 9*s.*—Rev. J. Platt's Dictionary of English Synonymes, 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Old Flanders, or Traditions of Belgium, by Octave Delepierre, 2 vols. post 8vo, 21*s.*—On the Nature of the Scholar, by J. G. Fichte, translated by W. Smith, 12mo, 6*s.*—Preparations for Hours of Prayer, 13 Sermons, by the Rev. R. Shittler, 12mo, 5*s.*—The Wanderer and other Poems, by J. D. Sandland, 12mo, 5*s.*—Justini Philosophi et Martyris Apologia Prima, edited by Rev. W. Trollope, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*—England and its People, by Emily Taylor, 2d edit., 18mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Wandering Jew, by E. Sue, 18mo edit., 2*s.* cloth.—Memoir of the Life and Writings of T. Cartwright, by the Rev. B. Brook, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Mesmeric Experiences, by S. T. Hall, 12mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—History of the later Roman Commonwealth, by T. Arnold, D.D., 2 vols., 8vo, 28*s.*—The London Art-Union Prize Annual, 250 Engravings, 4to, 2*l.* 2*s.*; large paper, 4*l.* 4*s.*—Little Book of Objects, square 16mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Juvenile Museum of Entertainment, royal 8vo, 7*s.*—Chillingworth's Religion of Protestants, new edition, by Nichols, 12mo, 7*s.*—The Master-Passion, by T. C. Grattan, Vol. III., post 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—The New Lunatic Acts, with Introduction, Notes, &c., by W. G. Lumley, 12mo, 5*s.*—The Physical Atlas, 10 Parts, Part 1., folio, 21*s.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Answer to A. H. B. in our next.

In reply to H. B.'s inquiry, we can, upon the best authority, inform him, or her, that the famous Mdlle. Tuczek, principal soprano from the theatre of Berlin, was the prima donna at the late grand Beethoven festival in Germany.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PATENT READING EASEL.—Sold by Mr. A. Saunders, Upholsterer and House Decorator to Her Majesty, 170 Regent Street; Messrs. W. and C. Wilkinson, 14 Ludgate Hill; Messrs. Snow and Son, 6 Finsbury Pavement; Messrs. Letts and Son, 8 Royal Exchange, London; and by all respectable country Upholsterers and Librarians. Prices—Mahogany, 30*s.*; Do. or Maple with Velvet Desk, 32*s.* 6*d.*; Rosewood, 35*s.*; Satin Ebony, and ornamented, 50*s.* to 5*l.* Box, 1*s.* Orders with Post-Office remittances will have prompt attention.

GREAT RUSSIAN CHRONOMETRICAL EXPEDITION.—E. J. DENT, 82 Strand, and 33 Cockspur Street, has the high and distinguished honour of stating, that his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia has recently condescended to confer on him "the appointment and title of Chronometer-Maker to his Imperial Majesty," as a reward for the unequalled performance of his Chronometers during the Expedition of 1844. In 1843, his Imperial Majesty the Emperor was pleased to reward the performance of Dent's Chronometers with a Gold Medal of the highest Order of Merit.

Dent's Patent Watches, Chronometers, and Clocks.

TO VISITORS to the CONTINENT.—Messrs. J. and R. M'CRACKEN, Foreign Agents, and Agents to the Royal Academy, No. 7 Old Jewry, beg to remind the Nobility and Gentry that they continue to receive Consignments of Objects of Fine Arts, Baggage, &c. from all parts of the Continent, for clearing through the Custom-House, &c.; and that they undertake the Shipment of Effects to all parts of the world.

Lists of their Correspondents abroad, and every information, may be had on application at their Office as above.

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MAUGHAM'S

PATENTED CARRARA WATER;

SOLE WHOLESALE AGENT,

Mr. ARCHIBALD DUNLOP, 78 Upper Thames Street, London.

MR. DUNLOP begs leave respectfully to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public in general, that he has obtained the appointment of sole Wholesale Agent for the sale of the above Patent Ærated Water.

Mr. Maugham, during a long course of chemical investigation, having been forcibly struck by the very great imperfections and injurious effects of Soda Water, Ginger Beer, Lemonade, and other such-like compounds, and seeing the almost absolute necessity which existed for the introduction of some beverage at once wholesome and grateful to the palate, devoted his serious attention to the subject of Ærated Waters in general, and after upwards of four years' research, and a careful analysis of a vast variety of artificial and natural waters, succeeded in producing the article now presented to the Public under the title of CARRARA WATER.

In endeavouring to effect his object, Mr. Maugham constantly aimed at the production of a water that should in its composition assimilate as much as possible to the water given us by nature for our common use, and not at the discovery of a new medicinal combination, which, however beneficial it might be as a temporary remedy in incidental cases, could not be recommended as an habitual beverage.

It is well known to practical chemists, that all water (except that from rain and snow) contains a variety of extraneous substances, changing in kind and quantity in the various localities from which it is procured; but Mr. Maugham, by analysing the water taken from many different sources, found that one substance was almost universally present—that substance was LIME. This circumstance suggested the grounds for the composition of the Carrara Water. A great and, apparently, almost insurmountable obstacle, however, presented itself to the employment of lime as the base of an ordinary drink, viz. the extremely unpleasant taste of the mixture; for lime-water itself is so extremely nauseous to the palate, that even as a medicine few persons can be prevailed upon to take it.

Undismayed, however, by this difficulty, Mr. Maugham pursued his experiments, which ultimately led to a simple and most efficacious means, not only of entirely destroying the taste of the lime, but of producing a highly agreeable and refreshing beverage. This was effected by the addition of carbonic acid gas, which was forced into the liquid by powerful machinery, and the two submitted to a pressure sufficient to liquefy the gas, which, combining instantly with the lime held in solution by the water, formed an ærated solution of bi-carbonate of lime, which would, in fact, be the proper chemical title of the Carrara Water.

Now although this water is introduced to the Public as an article of luxury, yet as every ærated water, and indeed almost every article of food, possesses more or less medicinal properties, Mr. Dunlop feels it right to mention some of the cases in which the Carrara Water would, and indeed has been, highly beneficial when taken medicinally.

Lime is considered by medical men to be one of the finest antacids known, affording great relief to persons suffering from acidity of the stomach, heartburn, thirst, flatulency, and the many other forms of indigestion.

In cases of temporary indisposition arising from indulgences of the table, the Carrara Water will be found invaluable. Instead of producing that chill caused by the use of common Soda Water in such cases, it imparts a warmth and glow to the stomach, acting as an agreeable tonic.

Gouty subjects find great relief from alkaline remedies; the Carrara Water will therefore be an excellent, as well as a most agreeable, means of checking the great tendency to acidity to which such persons are liable.

The cases, however, in which the daily use of the Carrara Water will be of the greatest value and importance are in many forms of calculus, for medical men know of no certain means to check predisposition to that terrible disease. The Carrara Water is not a composition of such a powerful nature that a few bottles of it could be expected to afford a cure in cases of confirmed disease,—for if it were so it could not be used as a daily beverage,—but is intended to produce its effects by habitual use, and to act on the constitution in the same manner as common water is well known to act on the general health of the inhabitants who drink it.

The composition of the Carrara Water would of itself be a great recommendation: but Mr. Dunlop feels that the reputation of Mr. Maugham (who, besides being a practical and analytical chemist, has for a great number of years practised as a surgeon, and held the appointment of Lecturer on Chemistry and Medical Jurisprudence at one of our public hospitals) may be regarded as a perfect guarantee for its excellence and wholesomeness. Such a guarantee is, indeed, required; for unfortunately the numberless compositions in the form of beers, liqueurs, ærated waters, &c., are generally the productions of persons as totally unacquainted with the chemistry of the human frame as they are with that of the mixtures which they compound for its use.

The title of "Carrara" has been given to the new beverage on account of the Carrara marble being the source from which the purest lime is obtained, and which is employed in the manufacture of the water.

The bottle made use of (in order to stand the great pressure) is constructed on the principle of high-pressure steam-boilers, viz. a cylinder with semi-spherical ends.

Detailed Prospectuses, with Medical and other Testimonials, may be had on application to Mr. A. Dunlop, Jun., 78 Upper Thames Street, London.

Mr. Dunlop begs to acquaint all Chemists, Wine-Merchants, the Proprietors of Hotels, Stewards of Clubs and Packet-Ships, &c., that he is now prepared to execute their orders to any extent.

R. HENDRIE,

Perfumer to Her Majesty, 12 Tichborne Street, London.

HENDRIE'S OLD BROWN WINDSOR SOAP, so long celebrated for improvement, retains its superiority as a perfectly mild emollient Soap, highly salutary to the skin, possessing an aromatic and lasting perfume: each Packet is labelled with Perkins's steel plate of Windsor Castle.

A variety of highly perfumed Soap Tablets, Sand Balls, &c., prepared without angular corners.

HENDRIE'S PRESERVATIVE TOOTH-POWDER, an effectual preparation for beautifying the Teeth, and preserving them in a sound and healthy condition, is exceedingly agreeable to the mouth, and divesting the Teeth of every impurity, increases the beauty of the enamel in polish and colour.

HENDRIE'S MOELLINE is the most beneficial extract of oleaginous substances for maintaining the beauty and luxuriance of the Hair, having also a delightful perfume.

His Germinative Liquid is a certain specific for producing a new growth where the Hair is failing.

HENDRIE'S COLD CREAM OF ROSES, prepared in great perfection.

IMPROVED SCOURING DROPS, for removing greasy spots from Silks.

INDELIBLE MARKING INK, for Linen, to be used without preparation, 1s. a bottle.

LITERATURE AND ART.

School of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy.

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THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

o. 1498. LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1845. PRICE 8*d.* *Stamped Edition, 9d.*

ɪEVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

ɪ and Prisoners. By Joseph Adshead. h Illustrations. 8vo, pp. 320. London, gmans.

NITY is the glory of civilisation and the essence of Christianity.

man who is harsh, and severe, and cruel fellow-man, is not only a bad citizen, but human being; for it is only through our creatures that we can affront, and hurt, end the Divinity.

refore, above all things, ought the duty ANITY to be enforced in every relation and the wrong and sin of Inhumanity to nded as the canker most destructive to ppiness of man and the well-being of .

o sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto: t merely in connexion with nearness in friendships, alliances, pleasant or pro- intercourse, satisfactory impressions, or able opinions, that we owe this paramount tion; it is equally due to the criminal, ore than equally due to the poor and un- ate.

thus that the voice of Nature, unvitiated did motives and unhardened by theoreti- ews, cries aloud against the barbarous ent of the lowly classes, who are driven erty to the last refuges of charity; it is hat the case of a single individual op- d according to system rouses the generous ment of the whole species, and that none he base, the brutal, the unfeeling, and eartless) can calmly endure to witness and suffering, super-loaded upon the ca- es of disease or the infirmities of old age. we must go farther than this, and guilt must share our sympathies. Vice must countenanced, error must be checked, ime must be punished; but in discoun- ing, in checking, and in punishing, it never to be forgotten, that all men are y frail and feeble, and that the way to an easy descent, aud beset with many ations, which do not occur alike to the nt travellers on life's various road. What the rich and prosperous of the difficulties often engender the first thoughts of tres- n the breasts of the poor and wretched? is there in common between the affluent xurious, full of food, softly clothed, and ly lodged, and the ragged and homeless ling—the culprit for a meal to satisfy the gs of outrageous hunger? Of these lapses, neglected education and the worst ex- of depraved parents, are begotten that depravity which ends in the abyss of —fraud, robbery, horrid murder itself. e strong, the powerful, and the unfallen k them of these things when they have al with the weak, the helpless, and the ved. Let them also remember, in looking their own minds and casting a retrospect heir own acts, *nam vitiis nemo sine nascitur* e are free from blot, and but a shift of stances the overseer and the justice might een the beggar and the prisoner.

MANITY then, we repeat, is the great duty nkind, the noblest principle in the true faith of Christianity, the nearest approach to the godlike attribute of mercy—upon which depends the ineffable blessing of universal salvation. It should be exercised even in reference to animal existences; and how much more in reference to alleviating the distresses, redressing the injuries, and reclaiming the misguided and wicked of our brother-men!

The volume before us, which has led to these reflections, is addressed to questions of infinite importance as connected with the fate of the farthest lost of these: it treats of prisons and prisoners, subjects towards the proper understanding of which the experience of the last seven years ought perhaps to have contributed more than it has done. Still, much light has been thrown upon them; and it is not beyond hope that out of the intelligence communicated from actual observation, and the suggestions of official inquiry and comparison, as well as from the public attention having been directed to the issue, a more perfect system of criminal jurisprudence and treatment may soon be developed. Towards this desirable consummation Mr. Adshead's volume will lend a helping hand, though his information is coupled with much debate and censure of others with which we cannot chime. In regard to his means of acquiring that information and his general plan, he says: "His particular attention has long been given to the condition of penal institutions and their general regime; and as opportunities have been presented, he has made himself acquainted with the main points of dispute respecting the prevailing systems of discipline at home and abroad, and in no limited degree, by personal observation, has endeavoured to ascertain their practical results."

In setting out, he combats, in no measured terms, statements and opinions which have appeared in the *Times* newspaper on prison-discipline, and in Mr. Dickens' notations on the Solitary Prison at Philadelphia, and then he proceeds to draw a frightful picture of the condition of the metropolitan gaols. The controversial passages we will avoid as much as possible; and endeavour to illustrate somewhat of the science of PENOLOGY* from other parts. The author concurs entirely with the third Report of the Prison-Inspectors of the Home District on *Solitary and Separate Confinement*—the former he denounces as a monstrous and abhorrent punishment, treating the offender as a being divested of the "common rights, capacities, and feelings of human nature," and tending to "harden, provoke, and brutalise" him. On the contrary, he upholds the latter, as it is careful "in providing the prisoner with every thing that is necessary for his cleanliness, health, and comfort during the day, and for his repose at night, instead of denying him these advantages; in supplying him with sufficient food of wholesome quality, instead of confining him to bread and water; in alleviating his mental discomfort by giving him employment; by the regular visits of the officers of the prison, of the governor, surgeon, turnkeys, or trades' instructors, and particularly of the chaplain, instead of consigning him to the torpor and other bad consequences of idleness, and the misery of unmitigated remorse, resentment, or revenge; in separating him from none of the inmates of the prison except his fellow-prisoners, instead of cutting him off, as far as may be, from the sight and solace of human society; in allowing him the privilege of attending both chapel and school, for the purpose of public worship and education in class (securing, on those occasions, his complete separation from the sight and hearing of his fellows), instead of excluding him from divine service and instruction; in providing him with the means of taking exercise in the open air, whenever it is proper and necessary, instead of confining him to the unbroken seclusion of his cell. The object of separate confinement is the permanent moral benefit of the prisoner—an object which he can plainly see that the system has in view. Under the separate system, an appeal is made to the moral sense and understanding of the prisoner; he is treated as a man, and with the respect and benevolence due to humanity, even in its lowest debasement."

The charge against the *Times* is, as we have noticed, brought in no complimentary manner: "We have (says the writer) read carefully, and with no common interest, the diversified statements, and we may say watched also, with deep concern, the various incongruities of the *Times* in reference to that subject; we cannot, therefore, refrain from expressing ourselves strongly on their proceedings. And we are compelled to charge them — First, with a knowledge and suppression of facts, which they have most culpably distorted and perverted, to support their own prejudiced, and, as appears to us, egregiously mistaken views of prison-discipline; secondly, we impute to them that they are uninstructed in the true nature, operations, and results of a great vital and national subject, on which they have presumed to be the directors of public opinion; and thirdly, we accuse them of most unduly and arrogantly taking advantage of the popular ignorance, assuming, as they seem to have done, that their statements are entitled to general credence and implicit belief. We repeat, that we are aware of their immense power and influence; we well know, upon entering on this controversy, the unequal position we occupy—the opportunity they have, and the nonchalance with which, when unable to bring fact and argument to bear, they can treat with ridicule and contempt those who may have the hardihood to contend with them,—and that, with the dash of a paragraph, they may hold up, comparatively, to public derision such persons. But we appeal not to the *Times* in this matter; a reflecting

* *Penology* is the term invented by Professor Lieber in his writings on penal law, and by it "is understood that branch of knowledge, the chief subjects of which are punishment, and the criminal after conviction; crime, responsibility, and the mode of convicting, forming the main divisions of criminal law. The meting-out or application of the proper punishment for each class of crimes is the common ground where criminal law and penology meet. A department in literature on topics connected with punishment and the treatment of criminals exists, but there is no comprehensive name which designates at once all these subjects as forming a distinct branch of knowledge. When Professor Lieber shewed the outlines of this new branch of science, and the necessity of treating it separately and systematically, and not merely incidentally, he proposed for it the term *penology*."

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and dispassionate community are able to judge, and to form their opinion of the right and the wrong in the argument, of the fairness or perversion of dealing, when truth and falsehood are placed in juxtaposition. This we shall attempt to shew in sifting the artifices, tracing the misrepresentations, and winnowing the chaff of sophistication, of the *Times*; and it is before the public we lay our evidence, and to the public we appeal."

This involves many pages (above ninety) of quotation and confutation, entitled, "The Fallacies of the *Times*," to which we must refer our readers; and then Mr. Adshead hits as hard at Mr. Dickens, under the denomination of "The Fictions of Mr. Dickens," as absolute chimera and inflated romance. These also we bequeath to curious readers, merely observing, that Mr. Adshead is one of your matter-of-fact men, and will allow nothing for the emotions that may colour the same scenes so very differently to the hearts of different people, and that he tries Mr. Dickens's statements by the standard of the impressions made upon persons of less sensitive minds and imaginations. The miserable mulatto-girl who affected him so much was examined with perfect nonchalance by Professor Lieber—so be it; and we pass from America to London, where we are told that Newgate is a great school of crime, where, "associated together in large numbers and in utter idleness, frequently moved from ward to ward, and thereby their prison-acquaintance much enlarged, we affirm that the prisoners must quit this prison worse than they enter it"—In short, "*a disgrace to the metropolis, and a national reproach.*" We believe, however, that considerable improvements have been introduced since this was written, two years ago, and that we cannot so truly adopt the unhappy Dr. Dodd's description:—

"Is this the place
Ordained by justice to confine awhile
The foe to civil order, and return
Reformed and moralised to social life!
* * * *
This school of infamy! from whence improved
In every hardy villany, returns
More hardened, a foe to God and man,
The miscreant nursed in its infectious lap;
All covered with its pestilential spots,
And breathing death and poison wheresoe'er
He talks contagious!"

But if Newgate be bad, Giltspur Street, according to our author, is infinitely worse.

"If (he says) the reader will accompany us to a kindred institution, we shall there also see the hideous effects of city legalised association in its full deformity. This prison, it is well known, fronts upon Giltspur Street, looking west to St. Saviour's Church and Skinner Street, and is bounded on the south by the houses which form the north side of Newgate Street, and on the east and north by the land and buildings of Christ's Hospital. The area of the prison 'is occupied by a multiplicity of yards and sleeping cells, constructed without regularity or order.' With regard to the evidence we shall adduce upon the abominable enormities of this gaol, the unsophisticated inquirer would be ready to doubt the reality of the existence of such things, 'were not the proof so high,' and to be found in the parliamentary documents periodically published."

We need not travel through Mr. Adshead's objections (drawn from inspectors' reports within the last seven years) against Bridewell, Coldbath-Fields, Tothill-Fields, Clerkenwell, &c.; but will quote a portion of his remarks thereon:

"The most casual reader will not fail to have received the conviction that our penal system, with all its classifications and amalgamations, is a system both degrading and depraving; and whilst we would not in the slightest degree detract from the sanction of the law, with all its just and penal attributes, still we maintain that the state has no right to render that law extra-judicial in its administration. Nor ought we to pass unheeded a class of criminals of melancholy interest—juvenile offenders—for whom most of our penal institutions are but training establishments for our penal colonies. Little are the community aware of the deplorable extent of juvenile depravity, and the various social and relative causes of its production. Were we disposed to enlarge upon this branch of the subject, we could furnish deeply painful details—the personal narrations of the neglected, the friendless, the outcast, the orphan,—of those whose crime has been misfortune, destitution, and want,—who have had no other resource but plunder, no other asylum but a prison—there, passing through the various departments of our penal institutions, an annual average of from 13,000 to 14,000 of this class of transgressors, ranging under twelve to seventeen years of age."

In the end, the model prison of Pentonville is upheld to be *the model* for all that is sound in principle and safe in practice. For ourselves we shall simply observe, that we deem the author a reprover of very gross inhumanity, and the apologist for inhumanity of a less grievous sort, but still such as neither law, justice, nor nature, authorises one set of men to inflict upon others.

The History of the British Empire in India. By Edward Thornton, Esq., author of "India, its State and Prospects," &c. Vol. VI. London, W. H. Allen and Co.

With this volume concludes the laborious task of a history written in the most impartial and independent spirit; and if it were in that respect alone, entitled to be considered a model for the important class of literature to which it belongs. But Mr. Thornton has also brought other valuable requisites and great ability to enhance the merits of his work. His unfettered freedom of opinion is not tainted with asperity, but displays marked moderation. His judgment is not only without bias, but sustained upon mature investigation and solid reasoning. His praise and his blame are alike irrespective of persons and interests, and his integrity is unaffected by the individual circumstances which were so likely to bias a servant of the Company, or the national feelings which are calculated to make a loyal patriot a doubtful historian. This, on the contrary, is an honest performance, and written in a straightforward manner and style; conveying the facts to the reader in perspicuous language, and commenting upon them with strong sense and palpable conscientiousness. Whether, therefore, we agree with or differ from his conclusions, we cannot but confess his candour and fairness; and whilst we regret some of the measures upon which he animadverts, and wish, for the credit and honour of our country, they had never been adopted, we are bound to acknowledge that his mode of discussing them is the highest possible proof of the unimpeachable character of his publication.

Having thus afforded our testimony to the general credit of these six volumes (from time to time favourably noticed in the *Literary Gazette*), we have very few more particular observations to offer upon that which so consistently closes the series. It commences with the much-disputed affairs of Oude, involving the differences between the Cabinet and Court of Directors, the questions about the appointment of Governor-General, and the effects of the removal of restrictions on the Indian press. The latter, having produced consequences equivalent to a revolution, and being intimately connected with every subsequent event and the manner of its representation to the European as well as Indian public, we select for a few quotations illustrative of Mr. Thornton's talent.

Lord W. Bentinck left India in 18[illegible], and was succeeded, in virtue of a provisional appointment, by Sir Charles Metcalfe, whose reign (previous to the arrival of Lord Auckland), says our author, "will chiefly be remembered by one act, which can scarcely fail to have a powerful effect, either for good or evil, upon the interests of India, and of the British government in that country. This was, the removal of the restrictions on the public press in India was previously subjected. For a long period preceding the year 1818, the press had been subject to a censorship, a measure first resorted to during the war with France, with a view of preventing emissaries of the enemy in India conveying intelligence derived from the newspapers published there to the French cruisers in the Indian seas. The Marquis of Hastings was induced to introduce a different system—partly, it may be presumed, by the influence of one of his ruling passions, the love of popularity, but partly, also, by another motive. The editors of newspapers were generally [illegible] and disobedience to the orders of the censor was liable to be visited with deportation—the Company's government having at that period the power of removing, from all parts of its territories, any person, not native born, whose residence there was considered dangerous. As an Indian editor, at length, recollecting that [illegible] punishment could not be applied to him, set the government at defiance, and refused to be restrained by the directions of the censor. The government then made a merit of necessity, and removed the censorship, but substituted a set of rules to which they required the editors of the periodical press to conform. This was regarded as equivalent to the establishment of a free press, or at least it was pretended to be so regarded by those who wished to [illegible] the governor-general to such a [illegible] as well as by the governor-general himself, who luxuriated in the public congratulations poured in upon him with reference to this extraordinary exercise of liberality. The press, indeed, was relieved from the censorship; but editors were enjoined to comply with the [illegible] introduced in the place of that more [illegible] check upon publication—they were [illegible] the government, of which the Marquis of Hastings was the head, when the rules were disregarded, and reproof on these occasions was not unmingled with reference to the power of inflicting summary punishment upon European offenders. The governor-general, [illegible] who had eulogised a free press, and [illegible] credit for bestowing this boon upon India, could not with decency be a party to the infliction of such punishment for using the freedom which he had professed to grant. His immediate successor, Mr. Adam, was not so [illegible] and an editor who persevered, after many warnings, in passing the bounds prescribed by the rules, was ordered to quit the country. The authority of the Supreme Court was subsequently obtained to the passing of more stringent rules, and under these rules one or [illegible] newspapers were suppressed. The [illegible]

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the changes to which the press was subjected in Bengal. At Madras, the censorship had never been abolished. At Bombay, the regulations of the Marquis of Hastings were introduced by Mr. Elphinstone, and the censorship abandoned. The more severe regulations, established in Bengal under the government of Mr. Adam, were subsequently adopted at Bombay; but as the Supreme Court refused to register them their effect was limited. Such was the state of the press when Lord William Bentinck arrived in India, and his lordship, though an ostentatious upholder of liberal measures, made no change. During his administration, indeed, little or no interference with the press took place; either none was needed, or Lord William Bentinck was from principle averse to interference, or it might be that the press was, for the most part, laudatory of the governor-general and his measures. Some attempts were made to induce him to take a more decided course, and his lordship answered, that the subject was under consideration. Consideration, however, was all it received, and it was left to Sir Charles Metcalfe to reap the harvest of popular applause consequent upon removing all restraint upon the publication of opinion. Under his brief and temporary administration, an act was passed repealing the existing regulations, and giving to the press, in regard to the publication of political periodicals, a greater degree of freedom than is enjoyed in England. On this measure, as may be supposed, opinions, both in India and at home, widely differed. By some it was eulogised for its liberality—by others condemned for its imprudence. Of this latter quality it seems impossible altogether to acquit it. Whether the repeal of all restrictions on the press were or were not good in itself, serious objections lay against the time chosen for effecting it, and the circumstances under which it was accomplished. Sir Charles Metcalfe held the reins of government but as the substitute for another. He was aware, not only that his administration was temporary, but that its term would be short. He had reason to believe that his successor was on the sea, and he knew that with the arrival of that successor his authority ended. He might readily imagine that the expected governor-general would be in possession of the views of the home authorities on so important a subject, which Sir Charles Metcalfe certainly was not; and this adds greatly to the amount of his imprudence. He knew that in setting free the press he was binding the government to an act which could not be recalled without multifold inconvenience. The home authorities had indeed the legal power of rescinding the law, but such a step would have been attended by consequences which, to a mind so acute as that of Sir Charles Metcalfe, could not fail to present themselves. He ought not, therefore, to have placed them in a situation which virtually deprived them of the power with which the law invested them. A governor-general permanently appointed ought not to have thus acted—still less should such a course have been taken by a governor-general acting only provisionally. If he thought the press ought to be free, it was his duty to represent his opinion to the home authorities, and to ask their sanction to the passing of an act to give to that opinion effect. The great danger with regard to governments at a distance from the supreme power at home is, that they should become in practice, if not in theory, absolute and independent. The evidence of history strikingly illustrates this principle, and every advance, in such a direction, should be carefully restrained. These remarks apply especially to the position of Sir Charles Metcalfe. The question, whether or not the press, in a country situated as is India, should be free, is not perhaps so easily answered. It may readily be conceded that in England, and in every country similarly situated, the press should enjoy perfect liberty; that every individual should have the right of publishing, without control, whatever may please him; and that, after publication, he should be liable to no legal penalties, except in cases where he may have offended against the laws of morality, or given utterance to that which is false as well as scandalous. This much may be granted: but then follow the questions—Is India in the same situation with England? and, if not, can the same degree of liberty which may be safely enjoyed in England be safely conceded to India? No one will answer the former question in the affirmative; and before replying to the latter it would be well to bear in mind the many peculiarities of our position in India. A handful of foreigners exercise rule over millions of natives—some of them of warlike habits—many of excitable temperament. We hold our dominion by a native army composed of men such as have just been described. The people of India, too, it should be remembered, have never been accustomed to the use of a free press, nor to any free communication of opinion—they have no experience of free institutions at all: such institutions have not, as with the great Saxon communities, grown with their progress as a people, and gathered strength from their gradual development—they are in India exotics, and, like other exotics, are in danger either of perishing from neglect, or, from injudicious culture, of running into wild and rank exuberance."

Sir C. Metcalfe's defence of the measure is averred to be little more than a string of plausible fallacies; and, after arguing the points at issue, Mr. T. adds:

"Never, perhaps, did there occur a more striking instance of begging the question, than in the assumption that nothing was more likely to conduce to the spread of 'the enlightened knowledge and civilisation, the arts and sciences of Europe over India,' than a licentious and unbridled political press. * * *

"It appears that Sir Charles Metcalfe was aware of the dangers attending his favourite measure, and that he knowingly risked those dangers in carrying it out. Alluding to the difficulties of framing a law to restrain the excesses of the press, he expressed his belief that on such a point legislation was set at defiance—that the enjoyment of the liberty of the press involved the necessity of being exposed to its licentiousness. The laws in England, he remarked, had failed in preventing the licentiousness of the press, and he intimated, though with some appearance of doubt, that they could not be made more efficient without endangering its freedom. The expression of doubt was superfluous. Any attempt to give to the law additional means of curbing the licentiousness of the press would certainly destroy its liberty; and in England we must, in the language of Sir Charles Metcalfe, 'submit to the attendant evil for the sake of the predominant good.' But here the good is predominant. A man in robust health may indulge in exercises which would be injurious to an invalid, and may derive benefit from them. A man of mature age and competent knowledge may direct, to his own benefit and that of society, those powerful elements of nature which judiciously employed become useful ministers to the wants of man, but which, in the hands of a child, or of one unacquainted with their management, would produce nothing but mischief. The child in time may become qualified to guide them aright, and India may in time be prepared for an extent of freedom not inferior to that enjoyed by the nations most favoured in this respect. But time is wanting. The freedom of Englishmen is the growth of centuries. Why should it be thought that in India the same results can be suddenly attained by inscribing words on a piece of paper or parchment? In all colonial communities—or communities which, though not strictly colonial in their origin, are in the position of dependencies—the character of the press is far inferior to that of the parent or protecting country—inferior in talent, knowledge, and high principle. Local squabbles—for it would be wrong to give to such disputes a more dignified name—furnish a large proportion of their material, and local libels supply the place of better sources of excitement.* This difference of character Sir Charles Metcalfe seems to have passed over; for he could not have been ignorant of it. With him a free press was a blessing, not only whatever might be the circumstances of the country, but, apparently, whatever might be the character of the press. It is true that in the course of his address he did advert to the possibility of freedom being abused, and that he read the editorial world a lecture, by which it is charitably to be hoped they were edified. It is true he warned them that by the abuse of the freedom of the press 'its proper influence' was destroyed; but it does not seem to have occurred to him that it still might have an influence which, though not 'proper,' would be wide and powerful—powerful for evil, though feeble for good. He opened the flood-gates, and then conjured the water to flow softly.†"

* "The character of part of the Indian press, soon after the period when it was thought expedient to set it free, is thus described by one of the most respectable of the Indian journals: 'The *Delhi Gazette* announces the retirement of the editor of that paper, in consequence of the violent and personal nature of the attack of the *Agra Ukbar*. We think the tone of the Mofussil journals towards each other is very discreditable to the press, and highly prejudicial to its best interests. Nobody unwilling to 'run a muck' should undertake the office of editor beyond the Mahratta ditch; within it we do now and then indulge in a gentle, sometimes a rather brisk, passage of arms; but our brethren of the Mofussil seem to think it the great object of their editorial life to bespatter each other with mud in every number of their respective journals.'—*Bengal Hurkaru*, March 19th, 1836. These editors seem to have been little benefited by Sir Charles Metcalfe's good advice."

† "In comparing the colonial press with that of the mother country, the few foul and filthy prints which exist in the latter, to the disgrace alike of their conductors and their readers, are of course excluded from consideration. The character assigned to the press of the United Kingdom is based on that of the daily morning and evening papers of the metropolis, and the more respectable of the weekly papers, together with the great mass of provincial prints, which, for the most part, contribute to maintain the reputation of the press by following the honourable example set by their metropolitan leaders. The opinion of a very high authority—perhaps the very highest living authority on Indian affairs—upon the freedom of the Indian press, cannot fail to be instructing and interesting. In his answer to a series of questions circulated by the Board of Commissioners in 1832, one of which related to the press, the Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone, after adverting to the restrictions then existing, thus declared his views: 'It may be taken for granted that if the European press be free, the native one cannot long be otherwise. If all be free, we shall be in a predicament such as no state has yet experienced. In other countries the use of the press has gradually extended along with the improvements of the government and the intelligence of the people; but we shall have to contend at once with the most refined theories of Europe and with the prejudices and fanaticism of Asia, both rendered

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We are free to say, that some of the Indian journals which we are in the habit of receiving are quite the turbulent and turbid reverse of this soft flow; and that it is (at our distance from the scene) often impossible to glean the real truth from their conflicting and angry statements.

But to resume our subject. The Affghanistan war, the subjugation of Sinde, and the rupture with Gwalior, are the other principal topics treated of at length by the author, and with his usual comprehensiveness of view. In the first case, he justifies the resolution to restore Shoojah-ool-Moolk to the throne; and on the recall of Lord Auckland, observes:

"For obvious reasons, no attempt can be made towards a general estimate of the character of the Earl of Auckland in the manner pursued with regard to some of his predecessors. The judgment of the reader must be determined altogether by the facts recorded. The great event of his lordship's administration was the invasion of Affghanistan, and to what extent he is responsible for this is uncertain. The impression which he left in India appears to have been highly favourable, and the candid among those who dissent from his policy will unhesitatingly concede to him the possession of many qualities calculated to command respect, and many to conciliate regard. Though the larger portion of the period of his administration was passed amid the turmoil of war, he found opportunity to turn his thoughts to questions connected with the internal improvement of the country which he governed; and had his lot been cast in calmer times, it cannot be doubted that such questions would have occupied much more of his attention, and have been pursued to results of practical utility."

The invasion of Sinde, and the whole course of policy pursued towards the fated Ameers, are arraigned at the bar of public opinion, and unhesitatingly condemned. The conduct of France in Algiers, and of Russia in the Caucasus, are considered as nearly parallel, and no plea is put forth to save the Indian councils from the censure bestowed on all these aggressions. The Gwalior business is also censured in most of its particulars, and the indecision and want of political foresight, in measures connected with it, are distinctly pointed out. But we can only mention these things, and refer to them as shewing that what we have said of Mr. Thornton's justice and impartiality is fully deserved; and we leave his excellent production to the patronage it so highly merits as an "honest history," with only one other quotation, in which he sums up the character of another governor-general.

"On the 15th of July it became known that his lordship had been removed from the office of governor-general by the court of directors of the East India Company. From this unusual exercise of authority, it must be concluded that the points of difference between Lord Ellenborough and those whom he served were neither few nor trivial. The precise grounds of removal were not made public, and consequently they can for the present only be inferred from a consideration of his lordship's acts. Of Lord Ellenborough, as governor-general of India, it is as yet difficult to speak with the freedom which may be used towards the statesmen of a former age. It is certain, however, that his Indian administration disappointed his friends; and if a judgment may be formed from his own declarations previously to his departure from Europe, it must have disappointed himself. He went to India the avowed champion of peace, and he was incessantly engaged in war. For the Affghan war he was not, indeed, accountable—he found it on his hands; and in the mode in which he proposed to conclude it, and in which he would have concluded it, but for the remonstrances of his military advisers, he certainly displayed no departure from the ultra-pacific policy which he had professed in England. The triumphs with which the perseverance of the generals commanding in Affghanistan graced his administration seem completely to have altered his views; and the desire of military glory thenceforward supplanted every other feeling in his breast. He would have shunned war in Affghanistan by a course which the majority of his countrymen would pronounce dishonourable. He might without dishonour have avoided war in Sinde, and possibly have averted hostilities at Gwalior, but he did not. For the internal improvement of India he did nothing. He had, indeed, little time to do any thing. War, and preparation for war, absorbed most of his hours, and in a theatrical display of childish pomp many more were consumed. With an extravagant confidence in his own judgment, even on points which he had never studied, he united no portion of steadiness or constancy. His purposes were formed and abandoned with a levity which accorded little with the offensive tone which he manifested in their defence, so long as they were entertained. His administration was not an illustration of any marked and consistent course of policy; it was an aggregation of isolated facts. It resembled an ill-constructed drama, in which no one incident is the result of that by which it was preceded, nor a just and natural preparation for that which is to follow. Every thing in it stands alone and unconnected. His influence shot across the Asiatic world like a meteor, and but for the indelible brand of shame indented in Sinde, like a meteor its memory would pass from the mind with its disappearance."

We have neither the means nor the wish to enter upon any opinion delivered by the writer: we have placed him, on important matters, before our readers, and they will form their own judgment on the data laid down, without an argument, *pro* or *con*, from us.

CENTO.

The Bridal of Salerno: a Romance in Six Cantos, with other Poems, &c. By J. Lodge Ellerton, M.A. Pp. 304. London, Longmans.

The author has made Scott his model, and fairly followed in his footsteps, with that easy, flowing, and sonorous versification which is read with pleasure, and from its varying rhythm and rhymes is relieved of the sameness which often attends more severe and difficult composition. That it is also more facile to write is confessed; and what with the easy amble of the lines, and the scope given to amplification, unconfined by strict rules, it is a style well suited to the offices of romance. Another of its recommendations is the tempting readiness it offers for description; and this is one of the qualities in which Mr. Ellerton evidently delights to indulge. Nor unsuccessfully; as witness the following opening of the poem:

"The midnight air breathes soft and cool
O'er fair Salerno's glassy bay,
Which gleams like some vast waveless pool
Beneath the moonbeam's mellowed ray:
From where the fitful night-winds creep
Amid the pines that crown yon steep,
Like spirit-voices on the gale,
Whispering in the moonlight pale,
The giant branches wildly moan
Deep music to the murmoring sea:
Which ever gives its answering tone
Of strange and solemn harmony.
Through tangled shrub and clustering vine,
That wrap the stem of each tall pine,
The fire-fly shoots with meteor-train,
Now glancing by—now lost again.
Bathed in a stream of silvery light,
Salerno's watch-towers glimmer bright;
And the hush'd city seems to sleep
In death-like silence, calm and deep:
No voice is heard, save where alone
Yon massive walls in darkness frown,
And from their towering height survey
The deep blue waters of the bay.
Within that castle's pillar'd hall
Which lours above the city-wall,
William of Hauteville holds this night
A royal feast, and many a light
Twinkles from open casement high:
Mid distant sounds of revelry
Faint harp-notes steal upon the ear,
With trembling murmurs swelling near
Upon the fitful breeze, and now
Dying away in whispers low:
Till all is hush'd, and every sound asleep,
Save the light ripple of the chiming deep."

This quotation may be accepted as a candid sample of the whole; and, whilst feeling its descriptive beauty, the critical reader must also observe its defects, which are of a kind that runs through the entire work. The first is the perpetual occurrence of the same rhymes, and often so closely together as to evince the extreme of carelessness. Thus, in the first 54 lines, we have the rhymes 'light' and 'bright,' 'night' and 'light,' 'night' and 'dight,' 'flight' and 'light.' This bespeaks much poverty in the command of language; and within the same compass (almost every where) we could point out 'ear' as being jingled to by near, fear, dear, &c. These rhymes occur four times in fifty lines, pages 24, 5, and 6; and there are others of equal superabundance, much to the detriment of the poetry. If the author had bestowed a little more pains upon it, and endured the labour of polishing after he had thrown it off in the heat of conception, it would have been much more worthy of him and the public. But amateurship in such matters is a fatal bar to eminent distinction and popularity. We may also note that the best epithet is not always chosen, even where the rhyme has not forced an indifferent term upon the author. He might have improved many of his adjectives, so as to produce finer pictures, and add to the impressiveness of his diction. Occasional changes of time from present to past and *vice versâ*, and now and then weak expletives which might easily have been avoided, are other, and the last, of the blemishes we are doomed in our critical capacity to notice.* But we have more gratification in selecting a favourable specimen of Mr. Ellerton's poetical fancy; the annexed reflections are sadly pleasing:

"Hark! 'tis the midnight chime,
Pealing slow and mournfully—
From holy Matthew's temple rung,
It tells, with hoarse, relentless tongue,
Of yet another day gone by,
From life's brief sum of time!

How many hear that midnight bell!
The gay and happy throng who dwell
Mid thoughtless pleasure's wild career,
Who for the morrow have no fear,

---

doubly formidable by the imperfect education of those to whom every appeal will be addressed.' These, it should be remembered, are the sentiments, not of a bigoted opponent of improvement, but of a statesman of large and enlightened views, whose name is inseparably associated with the cause of education in India—a cause of which he was the earnest advocate and zealous patron."

* For instance:—

"Few steps *did* bring him to the portal wide;
But entrance to make good, long time in vain he tried."

And

"More wildly now the combat raged,
For Manso, in the strife engaged,
Led on his troops, who fought like men
Whose doom was to be *seal'd e'en then*."

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Nor dream that aught exists on earth
Save revelry and idle mirth;
And they who vainly seek repose,
For brief oblivion of their woes,
Thinking of days they loved so well,
Now start to hear that solemn bell!
It meets the ear of those who keep
Their anxious watch, in silence deep,
O'er the death-couch of one they love;
And like a warning from above,
Peals forth to them a boding strain,
As if to tell them hope were vain.
The doomèd prisoner, in his cell,
Trembles to hear that midnight bell
He careless heard in happier years,
Ere guilty sorrow came, and tears.
He shudders!—For the last, last time,
He hears that once unheeded chime:
Oh, warning often heard in vain!
That solemn sound proclaims again,—
'While yet ye may, take heed of time,
And think that ere to-morrow's chime
Tolls slowly forth the midnight hour,
E'en ye who list may be no more!'"

On the first meeting of the lovers they expound too much; and we hardly think the following applicable to the heroine's hair, which a few lines before is described as dripping wet; nay, worse, for

"Her *flowing hair*, with sea-drops wet,
Streams o'er the marble parapet;"

yet we are told:

"Like to a flower that fades away,
Pallid and wan the maiden lay;
Her lover bent in mute despair
And wonder o'er that form so fair!
He felt her ringlets as they strayed
Forth from their jewelled wreath,
And o'er his burning temples played,
Stirred by the night-wind's breath;
Like fairy tendrils of the vine,
That flutter round the lofty pine."

A minstrel chants two lyrics in the princely hall, which have considerable spirit; and the characters are well and distinctly drawn throughout: with which compliment we conclude our brief review, adding only one example of the minor pieces (where still more polish was demanded), the first three stanzas of

"*Snowdon.**

I sit alone on my cloudy throne,
High sovereign of the vale;
I robe my breast in its regal vest
Of misty vapours pale:
Or I crown my brow with a wreath of snow,
That glitters beneath the sun,
Then softly gleams in the moon's pale beams,
When his glorious race is done:
Rugged and bare through the deep blue air
Sometimes I lift my brow,
And from my height survey the night
As it creeps o'er the plains below.

The cataract's roar—from the pealing shore
The voice of the stormy main—
Seem mingled in one majestic tone,
One deep and solemn strain,
With forgotten lays of by-gone days,
That wander through the sky;
Though they are fled whose voices shed
The music that still floats by.
Soft harp-notes rise with the balmy sighs
Of summer's opening rose;
And swell on the breeze with the murmur of trees,
To lull me to calm repose.

Ere sets the sun, when the day is done,
In the wide and billowy waste,
He colours my brow with a purple glow,
And bids me farewell the last.
While dewy drops hang on the tops
Of the tall and waving trees;
And sleeping flowers in their leafy bowers
Are stirred by the morning breeze:
Though he saw me last, ere to rest he passed
When his daily toil had ceased,
He salutes me first with the early burst
Of his glory in the east!"

Now, to clench our verbal criticism: in these forty lines we find 'brow' thrice as a rhyme, 'trees' and 'breeze' twice, 'sun' twice, and so forth. This was not the way Campbell won his fame; nor even the careless Scott either.

* An etymologist, not a Welsh one, suggested that the orthography of this mountain-name ought to be Snowed-on.

Petra and Nehemiah: Poems. By J. T. Wheeler. Pp. 16. Oxford, Shrimpton.

The first an unsuccessful Newdigate prize-poem, but still possessing considerable merit in versifying the images of holy writ. Polish, as in most youthful essays, is wanting.

The Ocean-Flower: a Poem, &c. By T. M. Hughes, author of "Revelations of Spain." Pp. 309. London, Longmans.

This volume is a compound of various materials: 1. a historical account of the discovery of Madeira (the island, we mean, and the Ocean-Flower of the poetry); 2. a description of it; 3. a glance at the early chivalrous enterprises of the Portuguese; 4. an essay on their literature; 5. the poem in question; and 6. and last, notes thereon. When we add, that there are, intermingled with the foregoing, legends and ballads, advice to invalids, geology and volcanic phenomena, botany, romance, statistics, &c., it may be taken for granted that there are variety and matter enough for all tastes within the compass of 300 pages.

With regard to Portuguese literature, we do not find Mr. Hughes so much at home as the late Lord Holland, nor nearly so much as its still more able expositor, Mr. Adamson of Newcastle, whose works on the subject are replete with information and interest. In respect to his other subjects, they form altogether a miscellany of agreeable and instructive reading—the poetry, we are sorry to say, being the least attractive of the number: but

"Sublime Corrál! o'er thy majestic head
Forked lightnings flash, but scatheless fall on thee;
Three thousand feet below, the torrent's bed
Sends man's poor fragments whirling to the sea.

Enormous chasm, that seems as if their shock
Ten earthquakes joined in sunder earth to tear;
While pierce the clouds huge pinnacles of rock,
And Titan forms to scale Olympus dare!"

Or—

"The gallant Gazúl is his name,
Who comes dashing on Andalus barb;
He is full of the trophies of fame,
Alcalde of Moorish Algarb.
From the lists of Galvéz he hath come,
Full of lady-gifts spurring afar,
Like a soldier at sound of the drum,
To the bower of fair Lindarajár.

Oh, trust me, he waited not long,
When he spied his sweet lady-love's charms,
Till he leapt from his barbaro strong,
And flew into Lindara's arms."

It is good to notice, that the introductory prose and quotations occupy a third of the volume.

Reflections for Leisure Hours. By Caroline Jane Yorke. Pp. 193. London, Hatchard and Son.

Very earnest and pious, to persuade mankind that the utmost happiness and enjoyment in human life is to be found in performing the duties and cherishing the immortal hopes of Christianity.

Irene: a Poem. By Alexander Comyne. Pp. 47. London, J. Gilbert.

We presume a youthful essay, with some graceful thoughts and lines, and some of the latter not now recognised as allowable in poetry. The former we acknowledge in such expressions as these:

"The voice of day is silent now,
And hushed is every sound,
Save when the spirit of the waving bough
Its music breathes around.
* * * *
It is not day, it is not night—"

[Not quite new]—but the sequent half-page is a just sample of the whole:

"It is not day, it is not night:
The tranquil flood of amber light
That lingers on the mountain's brow,
And casts its fading tints below,
That parting, yet in union holds
The approaching twilight's dusky folds;
And the pure brilliance of the west,
That gilds afar the *æthereal* vest;
Combine an atmosphere of *bliss*,
So soft, so calm, to human sense;
There breathes around such innocence
Of thought and passion, that the soul,
Springing beyond its earthly goal,
And free as its own *element*,
With health and vigour *redolent*,
Dwells in ideal happiness.
It is not night: the veil of *bliss*
That hangs o'er nature, *shrouds a rest*,
Oh, far more exquisitely *blest!*
'Tis day, now melted into *peace*."

This versification cannot pass current; but we have seen worse beginnings than Mr. Comyne's turn out well.

Memoir of John Aubrey, F.R.S., &c. &c. By John Britton, F.S.A., &c. 4to, pp. 131. Published by the Wiltshire Topographical Society.

None but persons acquainted with the difficulties of research in ascertaining past facts and dates, correcting errors, comparing statements so as to get them to correspond, and extracting truth from masses of received misrepresentation and accredited fallacy, can surmise how much pains and labour the indefatigable author must have bestowed on this memoir. From its examination we feel certain that he has discharged the duty of a *bonâ fide* and diligent editor most conscientiously, and left no inquiry unsifted which could lead him to as ample and accurate an account of Aubrey as it is now possible to accomplish.* For ourselves, we are not sure that we consider the antiquary of the seventeenth century worthy of so much trouble; but whatever the public might think, the Wiltshire Topographical Society cannot but be much gratified with the performance in honour of one who (if living) would necessarily have been one of its chiefest and most active ornaments.

John Aubrey was born in 1625-6, and died in 1697; and of his career within these two periods, embracing seventy years, Mr. Britton says:

"In examining the published accounts of John Aubrey's literary and personal career, I soon found that several of the circumstances and dates mentioned in them were inconsistent, contradictory, and improbable, and appeared to rest on slight foundations; that the information to be gathered from them was very unsatisfactory and imperfect; and that an attentive perusal even of his printed works would supply better details of his life and actions. I had long possessed some extracts of a personal nature from his manuscripts in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, and was persuaded that a careful examination, not only of those papers—of which, in fact, no complete list has hitherto been printed—but of his writings in other places, was essential to the preparation of a correct and judicious biography. * * * By this course (he adds, after mentioning other steps), I have produced at least a consistent and authentic memoir; and if it tends to increase the reputation of John Aubrey as a zealous and industrious antiquary, and an honourable and upright man, I shall be rewarded for the labour it has involved. Himself a judicious and discriminating biographer, it is remarkable that Aubrey should have been so slightly noticed by those who have professed to write accounts of his life and literary works."

Of these a sketch is given, from the earliest

* We have had great satisfaction in learning that H.R.H. Prince Albert has sent a subscription of ten guineas towards the testimonial in honour of this veteran antiquary and votary of literature.

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by Dr. R. Rawlinson in 1719, to the latest in the present day, and our authority observes, "as a singular feature in the previous biographies of Aubrey, that the date of his birth has been erroneously stated in some of them; and that until now neither the day nor even the year of his death, nor the place of his interment, has been correctly ascertained. After a series of inquiries in many quarters, as to his death and burial, resulting only in disappointment, it was at last almost by accident that I was directed by a manuscript note of Dr. Rawlinson's to the church of St. Mary Magdalene, at Oxford; on searching the registers of which, Dr. Ingram found the record of his burial. It is surprising that a man so well known to the literati of Oxford should quit the scene of life thus unregarded by his contemporaries and immediate successors, and that nearly a century and a half should have elapsed before the publication of this obituary record."

And he continues:

"That the present memoir has been the result of extensive and diligent research and inquiry must be apparent to every reader: that it is not more copious and complete no one can regret more than myself; for the subject and the times to which it refers are replete with interest, as well as with important matter for the consideration of the biographer and historian: and materials for their further elucidation once existed, and perhaps are still concealed in some obscure unexplored repository. I have devoted many years to inquiry and collection, and sought for information from every available source. In some instances, indeed, I have to apprehend that such inquiries have been deemed impertinent, or too troublesome to be noticed; as I have written letters to two principal descendants of the Aubrey family without obtaining replies. I have been likewise unsuccessful in procuring any account either of the present owner of the *Monumenta Britannica* (mentioned in page 87), or of its condition. On the death of Mr. Churchill, of Henbury, the Dorsetshire parts of his library and property were sold by auction, and it is not unlikely that the manuscript referred to was amongst the objects then disposed of. Some of the unsold books descended to his cousin, the late Sir Charles Greville, and from that baronet were transferred to his brother, the present Earl of Warwick, who, in answer to my application, very promptly and politely writes, that he cannot find any trace of the Aubrey manuscript in his collection. It is lamentable and surprising that four volumes of such writings should thus be so heedlessly neglected, and perhaps lost."

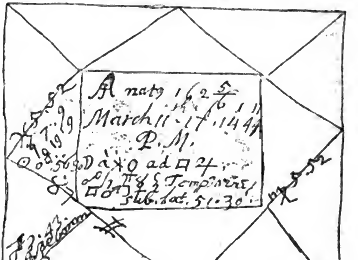
These quotations sufficiently explain the nature of the work; and though defeated in some cases, either by listlessness and apathy, or by other unknown causes, shew how civilly and sensibly applications for information were elsewhere met. Whilst acknowledging the latter, Mr. B. says of the Ashmolean Museum:

"Although the fees for searching and examining the archives of that valuable Museum are comparatively moderate, I think they should not be required from professional authors; for added to travelling expenses, residence from home, &c., such charges tend to make authorship expensive."

Indeed, too much cannot be done to prevent the heavy charge of money being accumulated on the heavy charge of time devoted to such pursuits; but we are a commercial country; we have vested interests in every corner; and to be able to get any thing for nothing is limited within the smallest imaginable circle of true-hearted and genuine lovers of literature for its own sake.

The illustrations of the volume are a portrait after Faithorne; a view of Lower Easton-Pierse, the birthplace of Aubrey, from a drawing by himself; and also his horoscope, from his own drawing, the original of which is in the Ashmolean Museum. These astrological computations are curious signs of the times, the mesmeric superstitions in another shape of two centuries ago. And as the present is an amusing instance of the delusion, we cannot better exemplify Mr. Britton's work than by selecting a portion of what relates to it as our specimen illustration.

"The downfal of astrology was effected by a combination of causes. The great discoveries in astronomy, soon after the formation of the Royal Society, proved the fallacy of the views on which the 'celestial scheme,' or 'horoscope,' was drawn. The degraded character of its professors naturally led to the degradation of the art itself; and perhaps the quaint, satirical, 'Hudibras' of Butler had some share in producing this result. The three parts of that celebrated poem were published from 1663 to 1678, and the character of Sidrophel affords a strongly marked and ludicrous picture of the judicial astrologer of the time. It is probable that this character was intended as a satire upon Lilly, who is, at all events, expressly ridiculed in the same work, under the names of 'English Merlin' and 'Erra Pater.' The operation of these causes became manifest very soon after Aubrey's death; and it is not too much to infer that, had he lived a few years more, his treatise on 'Hermetic Philosophy,' as he terms the 'Miscellanies,' would never have been published. His sagacity and shrewdness on other subjects justify the belief that, in a more enlightened age, he would have been amongst the first to discountenance and expose the fallacies of that 'occult science.' The leading features in Aubrey's literary and mental character, thus generally noticed, are further exemplified in the following autobiographical notices of his early life and studies, copied from the manuscript of his 'Lives of Eminent Men,' in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. These reminiscences were probably overlooked when the selection from those lives were published, in the work entitled 'Letters from the Bodleian Library;' for, holding his literary labours, as the editors of that publication did, in such high esteem, it is not otherwise easy to account for their omission. These notes, which are now printed for the first time, were evidently written (as were the majority of the memoirs in the same work) at different times; the facts being narrated in a loose and vague manner, and blanks left for names, dates, and sums, which, not occurring to Aubrey's recollection when he wrote, were never afterwards supplied. They are covered with interlineations and marginal additions, and in many parts so illegibly written that it is difficult to decipher many of the words. The singular and unaccountable transitions from the first to the third person in the manuscript from which the following is printed, are remarkable. The article is here given verbatim: the heading prefixed to it shews how little value Aubrey set upon it himself.



"'I. A.

'To be interponed as a sheet of wast paper only at the binding of a booke.

'This person's life is more remarqueable in an Astrologicall respect, then for any advancement of learning, having, from his birth (till of late yeares) been labouring under a crowd of ill directions: for his escapes of many dangers in journeys both by land and water. He was borne at Easton Pierse, (a hamlet in the parish of Kington Saint Michael,) in the hundred of Malmesbury, in the countie of Wilts, (his Mother's inheritance, D. and H. of Mr. Isaac Lyte), March the 12, (St. Gregories day,) A.D. 1625, about sun-riseing; being very weak, and like to dye, that he was christned before morning prayer.

'I gott not strength till I was 11 or 12 yeares old, but had belly ake, paine in the side, sicknesse of vomiting for 12 houres, every fortnight for . . . yeares, then about monethly, then quarterly, and at last once in half a yeare: about 12 it ceased.

'When a boy bred at Eaton, (in Eremiticall solitude,) was very curious, his greatest delight to be with the Artificers that came there, *e.g.* joyners, carpenters, cowpers, masons, and understood their trades; horis vacuis, I drew and painted. In 1634 was entred in his Latin gramer by Mr. R. Latimer, a delicate and little person, rector of Leigh-de-la-mere,—a mile, fine walk,—who had an easie way of teaching; and every time we asked leave to go forth, we had a Latin word from him, wth at our returne

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:e to tell him again: which in a little ımounted to a good number of words. my unhappinesse in half a year to lose od enformer by his death, and afterwards ıder severall dull ignorant teachers till ·8, about which time I was sent to Blandhoole, in Dorset. W. Sutton, B.D. who -natured. Here I recovered my health, ı my Latin and Greeke. Our usher had ance) a Cowper's Dictionary, which I ver seen before. I was then in Terence. ring his method, I read all in the booke Ter. was, and then Cicero, which was ray

aues by which I got my Latin. 'Twas a rfull helpe to my phansie in reading of Metamorph. in English by Sandys, made me understand the Latin the bet- .lso I mett accidentally a book of my Mo- —Bacon's Essayes,—which first opened derstanding on the moralls, (for Tullies were too crabbed for my young yeares,) ie excellent clearnesse of the style, and and transitions.

as alway enquiring of my grandfather of l time, the rood loft, &c., ceremonies of iory, &c. At 8 I was a kind of Engineer, fell then to Drawing, beginning first with outlines, e. g. in draughts of . . . . .; ın to colours, being only my owne in- ır. Copied pictures in the parlor in a book. I was wont (I remember) much ecot with myselfe that I lived not in a .g. Bristole where I might have access tchmakers, locksmiths, &c. Not very care for gram'. Apprehensive enough, y memorie not tenacious, so that then , I was a promising morne enough, of ventive and philosophicall head. My ns alwaies working, but not to verse. ding mild of spirit, mightily susceptible cination. Strong and early impulse to ities. Tacitus and Juvenal. Look't th logique and some ethiques.

e began to enter into pocket mdm books, ophicall and antiquarian remarques A°.D. at Llantrithid. • • •

ı April I fell sick of the small pox at Coll; and when I recovered, after Trin. , my father sent for me into the country where I conversed with none but ser- and rustiques, (to my great greefe, for in days fathers were not acquainted with children,) and soldiers quartered. Odi anum vulgus et arceo. It was a most e to me then, in the prime of my youth, have the benefitt of an ingeniouse con- ion, and scarce any good bookes. Al- ı consumption. This sad life I did lead country till 1646, at which time I got much adoe) leave of my father to let me the M. Temple. April 16, 1646, ad- l. 24 June following Oxon was surren- and there came to London many of the party, with whom I grew acquainted of them I knew before). I loved not ches, but their martiall conversation: ot so fit for the messe. Novemb. 6 1 ed to Trin. Coll. in Oxon. again to my joy: was much made of by the fellows, heir learned conversation, lookt on books, ise. • • • A° 165–, Octob. —, my r dyed, leaving me debts 1800 lib., and proceed. 1000 lib. A° 16— I began my suite on the entaile in Brecon, which d till . . . . . , and it cost me 1200 lib. . . I was to have married Mrs. K. Ryvs, dyed when to be married. . . . 2000 lib., be- counting one of her brothers 1000 lib. p. A° . . . I made my will, and settled my estate on trustees, intending to have seen the antiq. of Rome and Italy, and then to have returned and married; but (Diis aliter visum est superis) viz. . . . . . to my inexpressible griefe and ruine, hindered the designe, which was my . . . . cause. But notwithstanding all these embarrassments, I did . . . . (as they occurred) tooke notes of antiq., and having a quick draught, have drawn landskips on horse-back symbolically, *e. g.* journey to Ireland in July, A° Dom. 166–. • • •

'Stomach so tender that I could not drinke claret without sugar, nor white wine but 'twould disgorge; not well recovered till 1670. • •

'It was I. A. that did putt Mr. Hobbes upon writing his Treatise de Legibus, which is bound up with his Rhetorique; that one cannot find it but by chance.'"

We will add nothing to these characteristic traits; but "for farther particulars inquire within." The following is a complete list of Aubrey's works:—

"1. Antiquities of Wiltshire, after the method of Sir W. Dugdale's Description of Warwickshire. 2 parts in fol.—2. Monumenta Britannica. 3 parts fol. W^th Mr. Secretary Trumbull.—3. Memoires of Naturall Remarques in Wilts. 2 parts fol.—4. Perambulation of halfe the County of Surrey. Fol. With Mr. J. Evelyn.—5. Miscellanea. Fol.—6. Lives 3 parts.—7. Mr. Th. Hobbes' Life in English.—8. An Apparatus of the Lives of English Mathematicians. A q^r. at Gresham Colledge.—9. Idea of Education of Young Gentlemen from 9 to 18. Fol. The correct copie is wth Anthony Henley, Esq. at ye Grange, in Hampshire.—10. Remaines of Gentilisme. 3 parts, sc. about 3 q^rs. With Dr. Kennet.—11. Villare Anglicanum, [to be] Interpreted. Fol.—12. A Collection of Divine Dreames from persons of my acquaintance, worthy of beliefe. 8vo.—13. Hypothesis Ethic & Scala Religionis. W^th Dr. Waple, Minister of Sepulchres by Newgate.—14. A Collection of Genitures well attested. 4to.—15. Easton Piers delineated.—16. Villa, or a Description of the Prospects from Easton Piers.—17. Faber Fortunæ, a private essay.—18. A Collection of Approved Receipts.—19. A Collection of Letters, writt to me from about 200 ingeniose persons inch ½ thick. This I designe for the Museum.—20. Adversaria Physica.—21. An Introduction to Architecture.—22. Some Strictures of Hermetick Philosophy, collected by J. Aubrey. W^th Dr. Waple."

Big Abel and the Little Manhattan. By Cornelius Mathews. Pp. 93. Wiley and Putnam, London and New York.

AN American story, the bearings of which we do not so clearly apprehend as we presume American readers will do. It pictures the society, business, pursuits, and pleasures of New York in an ironical manner, of which the following may be taken as a sample:

"The city wide awake again! Nimble, serpent-eyed, fresh, how he hears his crest this Monday morning, as though he had got back somehow to his prime, without a thought of all his cares and crosses and riots! Clear and wide awake! Every body abroad, with a new face born of Sunday! Everybody with a sprightly good-morrow! Everybody at a higher rate of speed! People coming in from the Islands, from Jersey, from down the Bay, ripe for new traffic on the keenest edge! The cartmen hurrying to the wharves in clean frocks; collars even, snow-white, twinkling among the whiskers of omnibus-drivers! 'Up Broadway? Right-up! Right-up!' This was the cry, passing the Bowling-Green. Presently a gouty old gentleman, from one of the hotels, is got in. 'Up Broadway? Right-up! Right-up!' How the great square stage rolls about, like a heavy fellow as he is, upon his wheels! He's in no hurry—you may be sure of that. A confused grumbling in his bowels, and the gouty old gentleman seen, through the windows, to be growing red in the face. A voice down the money-hole, and silence; followed by a motion, on the part of the stage, of six paces; a pause; and still the cry goes on—'Right-up! Up Broadway! Right-up!' Wall-street, now. Plenty pouring down, neat-dressed, trim-whiskered, but none coming out; a fine full flow of smoothly-shaven, well broad-clothed, sprightly gentlemen as eye can light upon. Not frightful, and blood-seeking, and cruel-eyed as the story goes out of doors; but nice, comfortable persons, as ready for a good turn, when their hand is in, as though their business lay in Rose-street, where the Quakers live! • • • • The cheerful chirrup of the drivers still kept up; the pale, quick men, whose fingers change all to gold they touch, still poured down the street. The flood of porters, clerks, and masters, increased and deepened as they went on; but, a little further on, the stream was ruffled with a sudden cry, and there came tearing through it, as for life or death, a line of ragged boys. With what watchful faces everybody listened: with eager hands clutched out from underneath the arms of these the sheets they bore: and on they sped, more furious in their cry as they neared Wall-street. 'Extra *Sun!* Extra *Tribune!* Extra *Herald!*' The Great Western steamship was in, of a Sunday (always of a Sunday!), and the news-boys laid themselves out in a big hour's work to make it known. Barnum's now; Barnum's Museum, with the giant, full-length upon his canvass, going to take the dwarf: you see the little fellow quite well if you carry a spy-glass: by way of a pinch of snuff. The band hard at work in the balcony; that patriotic band, whose wind will blow nothing but 'Hail, Columbia' and 'The Star-Spangled Flag' for a hundred years, if they hold out so long. The moose, the elk, the buffalo; these were all up stairs; almost as good as life. • • • Then there rolled past the fork of the Park, in a good deal of dust which it was at the pains to raise for itself, by help of two great coach-horses, fed up to the last oat, a carriage all in blue, a crown all of gold (no doubt some near kinsman of good Queen Victoria within!) upon the panel, a couple of live boys holding on behind, in blue, too. Lankey Fogle was taken strongly with the paint, although he had a notion that pure red, as being more according to his honest Indian taste, would have been a shade or two nearer the thing. Big Abel—a strange fellow, he! burst out with a laugh so quick, so hearty and tempestuous, one would have thought dashing against its side it must have shattered blue-coach all to naught; but blue-coach rolled away, and Big Abel, with Lankey, recollecting dinner, stepped back a square or two, and were at a door where, at this hour, a broad stream of busy-looking men poured in and out, without a pause. And well they might! There was a saloon for you! Where the eagle that spreads his wings above it whets his beak every morning (it is said) upon a carving-knife; where flags fly at the house-top to make known to all the town about that dinner's ready; where, without end, along the floor small tables stand and call for company, with salt-cellar, pepper-box, and black-bottle, with his quill, for pepper-sauce (or some such thing); where young gentlemen, all alike as twins, in white jackets and aprons (white once, it is said, and since the Flood), run to and fro, in answer to a hubbub on every side, from every one and all at once, interpretable by them alone; where strange dishes float along the air, sometimes a bowl, steaming high with nothing to prompt him, inside; then a yellow ball (pudding, it is said) upon a plate; then a cup, with a faded spoon upright therein, waxing sadder day by day, till some day or other he will go off, as has

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his element of chocolate before, in dregs; then gasping with great eyes, swimming through the room, a fish (this is tradition, for who that lives can tell when he has seen the sea?). There was a time for Lankey and Big Abel! Cheap, too! Anything you choose to call for, and no charge worth mentioning, and it was sure to come out of a mysterious cavern somewhere in the earth thereabouts, in some shape or other; and when the door which led back into the cavern opened with a waiter, what a rush of steams and odours. Five thousand dishes inside, all in a hurry to get out; and coming out so fast, in such a confused way, I guess that saloon ought to keep a chemical gentleman to call 'em by name. Anyhow, the Little Manhattan and Big Abel (thank Heaven for that!) got forth with their lives; and proceeded up the city again by way of Park Row; and as they passed along, the door-ways of the Row, they saw, were held by men who were all nicely shaven as to the face, and in a high state of embellishment, with well-cut coats, new hats, striped pants, great chains across their breast, and heavy rings upon the finger. These were butchers, tradesmen, and others of that stamp, who, having fallen in with fortune one day,—the acquaintance came about through a little rattling box,—stand at leisure on these steps when off duty at the green table up stairs, serenely ignoring their old professions; and looking abroad from the cleanest shirt-collars, and with the reddest of well-fed gills, upon their world of old acquaintance. Neither Lankey nor Big Abel made any claim to these persons, but allowed them to stand just as they did; striving to look innocent and childlike with all their might. * * *

"To close the day, they resorted to a refectory, hard by: a spruce, elegant, fashionable, that's-your-sorts, refectory: where they were allowed, at tip-top prices, to embower themselves in a genteel stall, and to be shut in by gorgeous blue curtains, in company with a castor all of silver; when there came to them, at tip-top prices, a gentlemanly man of a mulatto aspect, who was good enough (still on the same terms) to request their pleasure; which, being known, he returned presently at tip-top speed, to answer to the prices, with a dish of birds (quails, he called them; that was the dialect of the place), very much crisped up, very much be-saged and be-seasoned and be-condimented; and the quails flew away presently—for there was a good appetite between them—tip-top, from the first moment to the last. Then wine of the same family. Then the genteel stall fell in and lost compass, and was altogether too narrow for Big Abel and Lankey, who, putting their heads forth from time to time, made discovery of numbers of elegant young gentlemen coming in, bringing with them little black smutches upon the lip, and cocked hats, and small canes, which all together proceeded to a white marble bar, and were impertinent. But, still, at tip-top prices, everything being allowed, on these terms, at that shop. Neither Lankey Fogle nor Big Abel went out, as you may guess, to find lodgings that night, but made the best of the refectory, picking out a downy spot, and dreaming, one of them, all night long of a hideous man (the civilest man in the world!) with a bill, bearing a strong family likeness to the silent man in the bar."

Mesmerism: Cases and Disclosures. By James Arnott. London, J. C. Moore.

A MIXTURE of mesmerism in its wildest and radicalism in its rankest forms, served out weekly to edify the people. As a sample of the former, if not of both, including balderdash and profanity, imposture and impiety, read the annexed:—

"To-day at noon, Mary being present, I put Ellen into the clairvoyant state, and asked whether she saw the angel Alicia. 'Yes.'—'Ask what made me red to-day.'—'God makes his light to shine on you as he thinks fit.'—'Am I to speak to Mr. Walpole?'—'Yes. The angel Alicia has gone up; I see her far up.' Ellen here started on her chair, and seemed restless. On being asked the reason, she said, 'Four angels have come into the room, and they are very different from any I have seen before; they are far too bright to look upon.' Here she again started, and seemed as restless as before. 'There is now another angel in the room, like the other four. There is now a sixth, and he is Jesus Christ. They are all far too bright to look upon.'—'What is Jesus doing?'—'He is leaning over you, and has his hands upon your head.' The same question was asked several times, and the same answer returned. She then said, 'He is standing at your right hand, leaning on his cross.' Mary, I may remark, asks the questions while I write. She also says she sees the six figures; she sees Jesus Christ, but he does not seem to her so bright as Ellen described him; she can look at him quite well. Fanny, the servant, came into the room at three minutes past one, when both Ellen and Mary said, 'The angels have gone up quickly out of sight.' I asked Ellen why the angels had raised themselves on Fanny's entrance. She said, 'The pure holy beings cannot look upon such sinful creatures.' At five minutes after one, Mary asked Ellen, 'Where is Jesus Christ now?'—'He has gone up out of my sight.' At a quarter past one, she said, 'I see him again, but he has not got his cross.' On hearing this, I said, 'The Christian dispensation has then ceased.' Mary asked Ellen, 'Is Mr. Arnott right in his belief regarding Jesus Christ?'—'Yes.'—'Who says so?'—'Jesus Christ.' Both girls said they saw him speak to the angel Alicia, who was one of the other five angels. 'Jesus is now suspended above you with his wings extended; he has put his hand over all your head, but especially on your forehead,' which I felt excited with holy calmness and a sensation of fulness. 'He has gone away, and the angel Alicia has come and put her hand upon your forehead also:' the sensation was not quite so intense, but very pleasing. The other four angels were female figures, and had wings; Mrs. Arnott had none. The whole had crowns on their heads; but Jesus Christ and the four female angels had no canopy over their heads; but they had very bright robes, and were altogether much brighter than Alicia. At twenty minutes past one, three young ladies came in, when all the angels left, the instant the door was opened."

One is almost tempted to wish there were censors of the press, when they see such deplorable trash published; the only effect of which upon the ignorant must be, to bring every thing that is valuable to human beings into contempt.

Pictorial Penny Shakspeare. Part I. 8vo, pp. 40, double cols. London, J. C. Moore.

Pictorial Penny Balladist. Part I. 8vo, pp. 40, double cols., Monthly Parts. The same.

THESE are singular productions. The *Tempest* and *Two Gentlemen of Verona* for fivepence halfpenny is sufficiently cheap, we hope, to satisfy the lowest of economists. But the Ballads strike us as yet more deserving of our notice; for they not only require judgment in selecting, but intelligence in editing. These seem to us to have been bestowed upon them as much as if published in a larger and more imposing form, and thus to have commenced a very promising series.

The Zoology of the Voyage of H.M.S. Sulphur, under the Command of Capt. Sir E. Belcher, R.N., C.B. No. X. Ichthyology. By J. Richardson, M.D., F.R.S. London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

LIKE all that have gone before, this is a beautifully got up No. Ten plates filled with the extraordinary forms of the fish of the African coasts, display such a variety of shapes, some of them almost monstrous, that we almost fancy the very successful labours of the burin misapplied. The curiously spotted Philypnus Sinensis (*Ocellicauda*), the odd-looking Tetradons and Balistes, Clarias, Gobins, &c. are all figured with the utmost accuracy; and we need not say that in Dr. Richardson's hands the scientific descriptions are perfect.

Critical Letters. By H. R. P. Halle, &c. Letter II. [we do not remember having seen the first]. Pp. 14. Houlston and Stoneman.

MR. HALLE treats of education, and his opinion is in common, he says, with every exact logician in Christendom, "that the legitimate consequence of the prevailing educational methods, of public-school methods especially, has often been the 'development' of a semi-intelligent scamp, rather than the constitution of strong-souled, fresh-hearted youthhood."

Whether the increase, if there be an increase, of scamphood is owing to the systems of education, or to the altered circumstances in the race of after-life into which every one is plunged on leaving school, is a question we will not stop to discuss. Probably the latter has more influence than the former in our push-along times, when money has become the universal standard for every consideration, and engulfed the claims of virtue, science, and learning. But if attributable to the former, it can only be considered as a proof that too many cooks do spoil the broth, and render us the more reluctant to admit another, even with the pretensions of Mr. Halle, to get his finger into the pie. He, in this brief pamphlet, chiefly objects to the mere cultivators of memory, on the one hand, and of the emotions of the heart not in union with the reasoning powers, on the other, as injudicious modes of education; and arraigns the *Times*' Irish Commissioner for asserting that the Protestant population of that country are superior to the Roman Catholics, and attributing it to race. Far be it from us to meddle with the dogmas of that travelling potentate: we leave the question between him and the author.

The Philosophy of Human Happiness. By W. Robinson, author of "Self-Education," &c. Pp. 176. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Leeds, Webb and Millington.

WITH much good sense, and not much of originality, the author of this little book has composed a useful treatise upon one of the most important of all human questions, How is happiness to be attained? It is a volume worthy the serious regard of readers, and must minister to their welfare.

Exercises in Logic. By J. T. Gray, Ph. D. Pp. 148. Taylor and Walton.

A USEFUL book for young collegians.

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ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Sept. 27, 1845.

Academy of Sciences: sittings of Sept. 15 and 22.—Several communications on the potato-disease were read, some attributing its origin to the fungous parasite, others to the bad state of the weather: a commission has been named to report upon the subject. M. Gruby announces the discovery, in the affected tubercles, of a great quantity of the *Acarus* in all stages and states of existence. M. Dumas asserts that marine salt, which has been recommended by some as an antiseptic, hastens in an extraordinary degree the putrefaction of the tubercles attacked. M. V. Paquet advises the use of powdered quick-lime mixed with soot and pounded charcoal as a preservative of the sound potatoes from contagion. General experience goes to prove the harmlessness of the disease in regard to food, even when the whole of the tainted portion may not have been cut away.

The experiments of M. Cahours lead him to consider the perchloride of phosphorus as a compound resulting from the union of equal volumes of chlorine and of the protochloride of phosphorus, with condensation to one-half.

M. Cahours has produced *uréthane* (Dumas) from the simple reaction of ammonia on carbonic ether.

M. De la Rive writes that, for the lighting of mines by voltaic electricity, he employs a battery of several concentric copper or platinum cylinders, separated from each other by porous cylinders, so as to form a series of four or five couples. The positive metal is an amalgam of zinc, or, still better, an amalgam of potassium; the liquid a solution of sulphate of copper, or of chloride of platinum, according to the negative metal. One of the greatest difficulties experienced is, to have the light constant: this, however, he has overcome, in a great measure, by using small hollow and thin coke cylinders, similar to those in Bunsen's battery, but much less, and by arranging them as wicks in a lamp. A metallic ring, or thick disc, of the same diameter as the coke cylinder, is placed above it, so that the electric current should escape between the two. Care is taken that the current passes from the coke below to the metal above, in order that the particles of the former, carried up, may fall again by their own weight. This whole arrangement is hermetically sealed in a glass globe. It is not necessary to exhaust it of air, because the oxygen it contains is soon absorbed by the incandescent coke; but all communication with the external air must be intercepted. The battery outside the globe is connected by metallic ties, which communicate—the one with the coke cylinder, the other with the metal conductor.

MM. Ledoyen and Raphanel have patented a disinfecting liquid, composed of 125 grammes of nitrate of lead to 1000 grammes of water. It is said to be very efficacious; the nitrate is readily decomposed, and sulphuret, chloride, and sulphate of lead formed; the nitric acid going off as ammonia, or combining with the soda present.

M. Biot, having been presented by M. Soleie with a great number of plates of rock-crystal of different thicknesses, and cut with greater exactness than any he had before met with, perpendicularly to their axis, has most satisfactorily confirmed his former experiments on the rotatory phenomena of quartz.

The law propounded by M. Laurent, that in all organic combinations the sum of the atoms of azote and of hydrogen (or the substitutes of hydrogen) is always divisible by four, has been confirmed by new analyses for all these bodies, the purity of which could be depended upon, the melonurets apparently excepted. Melon, according to Liebig, contains $C^{12} Az^8$: treated with potash, a melonuret of potassium, $C^{12} Az^8 K$, is formed; and when an acid is poured on this salt, hydromelonic acid, $C^{12} Az^8 H^2$, is precipitated. M. Gerhardt denied the exactness of these formulæ; but M. Liebig, after a new examination of these bodies, persisted in their correctness. In this state of things, MM. Laurent and Gerhardt together have investigated the question. The result of their analyses gives for melon $C^{12} Az^8$, agreeing with Liebig; but for the melonuret of potassium $C^{12} Az^8 H^2 KO^2$, and for hydromelonic acid $C^{12} Az^8 H^4 O^2$. These formulæ were ably maintained in the memoir, experimentally and argumentatively.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

FROM our page 627 we resume the account of the Winchester meeting.

Mr. Beresford Hope animadverted on the unsafe condition of the far-famed Croyland Abbey; the west front of which was in so perilous a state, that the next high wind might level it with the ground. [What the Institute can do to provide against such a misfortune we cannot tell; but we are obliged to Mr. Hope for directing attention to it, and we believe we may say, that there is still a greater debt of thanks owing to him for having, at very considerable cost, undertaken to convert the ruins of St. Augustine Abbey at Canterbury into a well-endowed College for the education of persons in the middle ranks of life for the priesthood of the Church of England.] In the Saturday Architectural Section the same gentleman read an account of the Priory Church, Christ's Church, Hants.—Mr. Ferrey another, on the churches of Crondall and Christ Church, and Mr. Carter a third on the church of East Meon; adding three more to the numerous papers on Church-architecture, which, in fact, nearly swamped all the other subjects and sectional proceedings announced in the programme.* This was to be regretted, for, through the favourable consideration of the Dean and Chapter, the working antiquaries belonging to this division had access to the cathedral muniments, which, we have reason to think, are rich in historical remains; and whether from incapacity to avail themselves of the opportunity, or from want of inclination to investigate other subjects as carefully as those connected with the clerical and professional feelings of the numerous body of churchmen present (there were close upon *a hundred Reverends, i. e.* 95, in the printed list of 269 male and female members), it is certain that the golden occasion was neglected.†

At the evening meeting, after the delightful refreshment of the cathedral music, another paper of Prof. Whewell's on the distinction of styles in architecture in general, and their names (a little more than the learned Master of Trinity had learnt from Rickman), was read; and another, by Mr. Charles Winston, on the painted glass in Winchester cathedral, which glass, by the by, is much in the situation of a hundred broken windows being thrown into one, like a patchwork-quilt, but only without any order or attempt to preserve figures or patterns. Mr. Winston thought there were fragments as early as the beginning of the 13th century; and he attributed much of the beauty of the choicest specimens to the texture of the glass.

Mr. W. S. Vaux read a notice of records in the corporation-chest of Southampton, following up Mr. Wright's notes and extracts at the preceding meeting. He also quoted amusing examples of old customs, fines, punishments, &c., some of the latter being hardly fit for ears polite or lady auditors.

This, however, varied and concluded the scene, the extracts, we presume, being obtained by means of the catalogues of the corporation, rather than from wading through the yet undescribed documents. The noble chairman apologised for the many promised papers which had been unavoidably passed over,* and the assembly broke up.†

The note from our provincial contemporary, which we have just appended, gives a very correct idea of the two meetings. At the *first*, that of the British Archæological Association, there was a great deal of research, and consequent information on the antiquarian subjects into which their plan was divided, viz. Primæval, Mediæval, Architectural, and Historical Antiquities; about seventy communications being read, and not many minutes during the whole week allotted for making speeches. At the *second*, that of the Archæological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, there was more of brilliancy, and less of work; and the work suffered from various reasons, such, for example, as being a sequel and imitative;‡ as being

* "Church-architecture in England (says a Roman Catholic periodical) is one of the banners of Puseyism and of the progress of Rome."

† Yet were any matters of history announced by the programmes with a rather auctioneer ostentatiousness; as thus:

"*Thursday, September* 11.—In the course of the morning a meeting of the Historical Section will take place. Communications will be read by T. Hudson Turner, Esq. on *the history* of Winchester, and its commercial importance, from the earliest times; on the municipal records of the city, by Charles Bailey, Esq.; the Winchester mint, by Edward Hawkins, Esq.; and *interesting historical details* connected with the county of Hants, by Sir Frederick Madden, Rev. J. Ingram, D.D., William Sydney Gibson, Esq., John Gough Nichols, Esq., &c."

Of all which we might say, *parturiunt montes*, &c. &c. some of the mice never appearing at all; and S. Gale's octavo of 1715, and Dr. Milner, furnishing the biggest of the rest.

* And they were indeed legion: for, besides others advertised from day to day at Winchester, the following, in the original London announcements, never came to light: "Communications on various subjects of historical and antiquarian inquiry have also been supplied, or are in the course of preparation, for this occasion, by the following gentlemen: Rev. H. Addington, J. Auldjo, Esq., Rev. C. Bingham, W. Bromet, Esq., M.D., S. M. Colls, Esq., Sir H. Dryden, Bart., Rev. J. Fawcett, Rev. W. H. Gunner, Rev. A. Hussey, R. C. Hussey, Esq., F.S.A., Rev. W. C. Lukis, Rev. S. R. Maitland, F.S.A., Rev. R. F. Meredith, C. Newton, Esq., J. L. Patterson, Esq., C. Seagrim, Esq., Rev. D. J. Stewart, T. Stapleton, Esq., F.S.A., P. F. Tytler, Esq., Rev. J. Ward, Sir R. Westmacott, R.A."

† "We are bound" (says the *Hampshire Advertiser*, an ably conducted local newspaper, in concluding its report), "in justice to add, that the Archæologists who assembled under Lord Albert Conyngham were a far more energetic and working body than those congregated under the Marquis of Northampton. The former were incessantly engaged in active operations, rummaging the municipal treasures of Winchester and Southampton, and prosecuting 'the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties' of all kinds. The latter are 'the refined and fashionable attendants at lectures upon subjects having no peculiarly local interest, excepting, of course, the cathedral, the college, and St. Cross.' The labours of the Association are now almost completed; the number of papers already read do not exceed fifteen in number, and twelve more are to be read this day. During the stay of the former Association, more than four times as many papers were disposed of. This has indeed been a gay week in Winchester, the old city not having witnessed for many years such an influx of rank, talent, and beauty, whilst the very rev. the dean, the warden, and other of the resident clergy and gentry, have hospitably entertained large numbers of their friends."

‡ There was something laughable in their Sections meeting in the *Nisi Prius* Court, where half their

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too much occupied with what might better pertain to the Cambridge Camden Society, and its commingling disputes of orthodoxy and Puseyism; and as producing a very modicum of intelligence on the most interesting topics of antiquarian investigation, especially when coupled with the attractive show of names so complacently exhibited and extolled in all their addresses, printed or oral.

Of the *finale* on Monday, when the name was surrendered, and great exultation was displayed, we have already briefly spoken; and the matter is so unpalatable to us, that we wish we could avoid saying one word more.

The Rev. Mr. Maitland, the treasurer, gave a cheering account of the state of the finances, and Mr. Way read a "satisfactory report." [We copy from the newspapers supplied with the Winchester reports by shorthand writers employed by and paid out of the funds of the Institute.]

The Marquis of Northampton then delivered a pleasant address for such an audience; though we cannot deem it convincing in several important respects. For instance, his supposition that Lord A. Conyngham had allowed himself to be deceived has been well answered by that nobleman to the effect:—"I have in person gone along with all the proceedings from first to last; and I am not so likely to have been misled as the speaker, who only joined after the division had existed for a considerable period." We are perfectly aware that the Marquis of Northampton (justly esteemed by all who have the honour to know him) would not take a step of the kind he has taken unless thoroughly and conscientiously convinced of its perfect rectitude; but, in our humble judgment, we cannot help doubting the propriety of one nobleman being persuaded to place himself at the head of a faction which had repudiated another person of high rank, after the quarrel had taken place, and hostilities were carrying on; and still more whether the President of the highest scientific body in the British empire should have accepted this unenviable rival post, the invitations to occupy which had been declined by other noble lords.* But the amiable Marquis was disposed to throw such trifles overboard. "Why," said he (*Times* report), "why make matters personal that ought not to be personal? Why talk of the Way party and the Wright-party? *We are now strong. We can stand upon our own ground.* (Cheers). *We can say to Lord Albert, "You are the minority; the name is of no consequence to us, you may have it."* (Hear, hear.) *We are* 700. (Loud cheers.)† Under these circumstances, I deny that we are making any concession, and if we were, we can afford to make it. We do not say we are not in the right, for I believe we are. We were right in not consenting to the violent measures taken at the time, but our opponents always avoid the real question at issue. Lord Albert Conyngham resigned the presidency, and this put us into a difficulty. There are times when it is necessary for public bodies to use violent means, but they should always be careful of being more violent than is absolutely necessary.

papers would have been of far greater value if the other Association had not been *Before* them with the same inquiries. *Nisi prius*, indeed, might have been taken for their motto, and was certainly a rock ahead of nearly all their movements.

* Lords Carnarvon and Prudhoe, we are informed, and probably others.

† In extraordinary competitions, such as trade engenders, we do not recommend the hiding of your light under a bushel; but in high affairs of literature and science, we cannot but deem the parade we have witnessed throughout these proceedings to have been *infra dignitatem*.

Now, in this case, admitting, for the sake of argument, there was a grievance to be redressed, all that could be necessary was, that *the general committee should be called upon to call a general meeting of the members. However, they held a meeting, at which about* 150 *out of* 1700 *or* 1800 *members attended.* No notice was given that they, the minority, intended to turn out the majority of the committee; but an intimation rather to the contrary. What right, then, had they to turn them out? None. But we had a right to say we would not abide by the decision of such a meeting. And mind another thing—the meeting took place before Easter—three weeks or a month before any one was in London. A meeting so called had no power to re-elect Lord Albert Conyngham."

The gist of this is, that Mr. Way, having canvassed and recruited a majority in the committee to have every thing their own way, and therefore not allowing there was any grievance at all to be remedied, they were the only parties who could lawfully convene a general meeting of the members to remedy the non-existent evils! The treasurer having done this, the noble Marquis holds to be "an irregularity most dangerous as a precedent" [see our remarks below]. The announcement of the new name was made; and twenty-two rules for the government of the Institute (the word implying that they "meant to teach, and were not merely a company met together for the sake of society") read with unanimous applause. Mr. Burge, the learned recorder of Winchester, moved, and the dean seconded, a vote of thanks to the president, which was appropriately acknowledged; and other resolutions were agreed to, of a general and personally grateful nature, such as were required by and well became the meeting. The Marquis of Northampton was re-elected president; the place of meeting next year was fixed for York; a general committee was named; Mr. Burge and the Rev. Mr. Hartshorne appointed auditors; the Dean and Chapter of Winchester were warmly and deservedly thanked for their cordial hospitalities; the recorder was also thanked, as were the high sheriff, the county members, the city members, the proprietor of Porchester Castle, the Irish Academy, the Irish Archæological Society, the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, the Royal Institution of South Wales, Col. Greenwood, the local committee, Mr. Hailstone, for his indefatigable zeal in getting together the interesting museum at the deanery, and Mr. O. B. Carter for his drawings and other services—and the curtain dropped.

On taking a retrospect of this unfortunate "split," there are certain points which seem to be established beyond contradiction, and which should ever be borne in mind, separated from the embarrassment of verbiage and argument which has clouded the correspondence and speeches of the disputants.

1. The original ground for quarrel taken by Mr. Way was, the publication of the *Archæological Album*, by Mr. Wright; who had given, and was giving, his time and talent gratuitously to the editing of the Journal of the Association.

The futility of this pretence has been demonstrated; and whether to preserve the profits of the Journal to the publisher,* or to carry some

* The introduction of the spirit of trade into an affair which ought to have been entirely literary, and *pro bono publico*, was an unlucky ingredient, and certainly produced most of the mischief, though individual vanity had also some share in it. Its continued existence is drolly exemplified by an advertisement from Mr. Parker for advertisements to be stitched in the forthcoming (if forthcoming?) No. of the *Archæological Journal.* He states the prices, and says (we speak by the card), the "*circulation (is)* 2000;" but strange to remark, for this circulation only "1500 *bills*" are required; so that at least 500 copies must go without.

other design, it must be surrendered as a sufficient motive for disturbing the harmony of its councils, and breaking up a successfully established national association.*

2. The seceding party have latterly been desirous of sinking every transaction previous to the general meeting called by Mr. Pettigrew, and to put the rights of the case upon the propriety or legality of this proceeding.

Now it is a perilous question to moot, whether the adoption of subsequent measures on the foundation of a public meeting of subscribers and members, and the resolutions to which they agreed, or on individual responsibility, without that sanction, is the most effective in authority? If the treasurer, the founders, and the general body so called together, did not possess the power to act and reorganise the association, surely such a power could not belong to Mr. Way, only one of the secretaries, and a portion of a self-elected committee canvassed to assume the entire direction of affairs.

3. The public having to look which stands first, *i. e.* those who appealed to the mass of subscribers or those who declare themselves, being a majority of a divided committee, the sole sources of authority; there is considerable importance attached to the objection raised against that appeal, and especially as Mr. Parker has gone so far as to assert that the president, treasurer, and other officers of a society, are merely the servants of the committee, and have consequently no right to act in any manner whatever without the order of the committee. Upon this we may observe, that the eighth chapter of the statutes of the Society of Antiquaries (an authority which the seceders will hardly deny) provides, that the president, or, in his absence, the vice-president senior in nomination, "shall summon all extraordinary meetings of the society or council upon any urgent occasion." Was not the disruption of the committee here an urgent occasion, and did not the treasurer, the next officer to the president, where there were no vice-presidents, stand precisely in the predicament that he must obey the call made upon him from many parts of the country as well as the town? He was the senior in nomination, and always presided at the committee in the absence of Lord A. Conyngham; yet this has been called, with no little assurance, a hole-and-corner meeting! A meeting held by public advertisement, and in the worst season of the year, attended by a hundred and fifty members.

4. The following pertinent remarks have been sent to us, and seem to set the legality of the issue in so strong a light that we adopt them, believing they have all the force of a high and learned official opinion.

"Giving Mr. Parker credit for his accuracy

* Mr. Wright has several times so explicitly and unequivocally denied any application to Mr. Parker for payment for editing the *Archæological Journal*, or any agreement with him on that subject, that we cannot but feel surprised at seeing Mr. Parker again state that he had done so; in fact, it does not appear probable, from the nature of the case, that he would have made such application, as Mr. Parker's duty, if we understand right, would have been simply to refer such an application to the committee of which Mr. Wright was a member. To say the least of the matter, even if it were possible that any letter of Mr. Wright's on such a subject could bear two interpretations, the explanation given by Mr. Wright ought to have satisfied Mr. Parker and every body else, that he (Mr. P.) had made a mistake. We simply refer on this subject to Mr. Wright's letters in our *Gazettes* Nos. 1472 and 1476.—*Ed. L. G.*

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(merely for the argument's sake) in asserting that the president, treasurer, and secretaries are the servants of the committee, it of course *follows* (and it may be said with much greater truth), that the *committee* are the *servants* of the main body of the association; and as such Mr. Pettigrew very properly obeyed the requisition. If the association had *no laws* by which to bind them, then nothing they could do, in their collective capacity, could be *illegal;* but the fact is, they did what other societies regularly constituted do by virtue of their constitutions, and which was the most *sensible* course to take: thus they are *morally* justified. The absence of laws also renders the *protest* of the dissentients nugatory."

5. These considerations seem to settle the Constitutionality of the respective parties; and indeed the abandonment of the name by No. 2, though tardily done after it had served its purpose, and in a vaunting style repugnant to good taste, may be received as a confession that the claim to the title was felt to be obnoxious and untenable.

The caustic and unanimous remarks of the contemporary press* upon reviewing all the circumstances of the two congresses at Winchester, confirm us in the soundness and justice of the views taken from the beginning by the *Literary Gazette* in this truly vexatious and annoying controversy. We have always approached it with hesitation and dislike; and steered as clear as we possibly could of the personalities and personal questions unhappily mixed up with it.†

ON SOME SUPPLEMENTS OF ÆSCHYLUS,

Obtained from satisfactory Sources.

As the Supplements I sent of Thucydides have been considered of sufficient importance to occupy a place in the columns of the *Literary Gazette*, I trust that similar discoveries in the case of other authors will be deemed equally curious, and meet with the same honour.

Of those relating to the Dramatists of Greece, I first gave a few specimens 24 years ago in the Preface to my edition of the *Supplices* of Æschylus; where, with the aid of the Scholiast, Lucian, and Clemens of Alexandria, I supplied some omissions in the *Prometheus, Persæ, Sept. Theb.*, and *Ajax;* and in the year following, in my note on *Eumen.* 230, I filled up from Julian, quoted by Suidas, a gap in *Œdip. T.* 1289; while in this very year I pointed out, in a paper read before the Royal Society of Literature, a distich omitted in all the existing MSS. of the *Medea*, but which was evidently read by the Scholiast and the Author of the sacred drama which passes under the name of *Christus Patiens;* and it was from the same cento, made up from six plays of Euripides, two of Æschylus, and the pseudo-Euripidean *Rhesus*, that I restored a lost scene in the *Bacchæ;* the subject of which is described by the rhetorician Pseud-Apsines, as Victorius was the first to remark, and to which not only is there a distinct allusion made by Horace, but it seems to have been imitated by Xenophon and Libanius, and has been put partly into heroic verse by Nonnus, and into prose by Philostratus. It was first published by myself in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Sept. 1832, but in a less perfect form than I could now exhibit it; as I will prove in a future paper, should it be considered worthy of notice. For the present, I shall confine myself to the *Prometheus*—a play that, with the exception of the omissions, has come down to us in a more satisfactory state than any of the remains of the tragic stage of Athens.

Of the *lacunæ* to be found in the *Prometheus*, the earliest notice was taken by Morell, who was led by the metre to see, and by the Scholiast to supply the single syllable ἐν wanting to complete the measure in v. 551. So too, in v. 621, Hermann first detected in the Scholia the word Ἥρας required by the metre; while Brunck was the first to point out the loss of some lines after ἠλιοστιβεῖς in v. 816, where Haupt would insert a tetrastich preserved by Galen, which has been generally and correctly assigned to the *Prometheus Freed;* for it formed a part of the description of the wanderings of Hercules, put into the mouth of the prisoner of the Caucasus.

With regard, however, to the omissions first pointed out by myself in my edition of the *Prometheus* published in 1831, although this play has been edited by Haupt and Minckwitz in Germany; in England by Scholefield, Dindorf, and Griffiths; and in France by Ahrens, not a single scholar has attempted even to explain the passages where such *lacunæ* are to be found, much less to supply them; unless, indeed, something of the kind has been done in the notes of Woolsey, who has published the *Prometheus* at Boston in North America, or in the *Adversaria in Prometheum* by Weiseler, or in the German review of Minckwitz by Halm, or lastly, in the remarks appended to Schoemann's German translation—works of which I know nothing but the name. Nor have the different English translators—Medwin, Barrett, Chapman, Fox, and Cell, paid the least attention to the subject; for they felt themselves, no doubt, unequal to an inquiry that belongs exclusively to the Critic by profession. It is possible, however, that Welcker, Klausen, and some other German scholars, who have written upon Æschylus, may have touched upon the question; but, judging from the general character of their writings, I suspect that nothing bearing upon the present investigation is to be gleaned from them.

Here too, as in other cases, the omissions are partly accidental and partly designed. To the former class, first pointed out by other scholars or myself, belong the twenty-two following:—207*, 281, 328, 503*, 549*, 551*, 559*, 579*, 588*, 599*, 623*, 641*, 645*, 753*, 817, 834*, 842*, 918*, 1015*, 1055*, 1060, 1093; and to the latter the seven following:—195*, 239†, 257, 458, 694†, 976, 1064-5†.

Respecting the means of supplying the accidental omissions, I have said nearly all that is requisite in my notes on the lines marked by an *asterisk*, with the exception of v. 817, where I have stated, that although the very words of the Dramatist have been lost irretrievably, the subject of the missing matter may be gathered by comparing another description of the wanderings of Io in the *Supplices*, v. 539, where the countries omitted in the *Prometheus* are mentioned in their consecutive order, and similarly in a passage of Eunapius, to which I ought to have referred. So too I should have remarked, that a line has dropped out after v. 823, which Teles, quoted by Stobæus, had in his mind; and that something was originally mentioned after v. 693, to which an allusion is made by Ovid, who probably got his information from Callimachus, and he from the *Prometheus*, or the *Inachus* of Sophocles, where the story of Io was made the subject of a satyric drama.

But with regard to the designed omissions, I confess my inability to recover what Æschylus wrote in the places marked with an *obelus;* and though I am well aware that over all cases like the present there must ever hang a cloud of doubt, to be removed only by the discovery of a MS., I trust the reader of taste and learning will acknowledge, even in the absence of the evidence I have it in my power to produce in support of each supplement, that the sentiments put into the mouths of the different characters are every way worthy of Æschylus; while the Greek itself, which I will readily communicate to any person interested in the subject, will be found to be as pure as was ever pronounced on the stage at Athens.

As it will be unnecessary, or, if necessary, not practicable, to give in this paper all the Supplements, and especially such as relate to the omission of two or three words, or even of a whole line, I shall content myself with selecting merely the most remarkable, consigning the others to the tomb of my MS. papers, from whence they will emerge into the light of day, when my grandchildren shall want materials for the tails of their kites—a fate that awaited the unedited notes of Tanaquil Le Fevre, the father of the more celebrated Madame Dacier; unless, like Musgrave, I leave the accumulated labours of a long literary life to be committed to the flames.

After v. 249, where Prometheus had given an account of his suffering for the exertions he had made to prevent Jupiter from annihilating the whole human race, there followed originally something to this effect:—

Cho. Of iron heart, and moulded from the rock,
Was he, Prometheus, who would not condole
With woes like thine, that I ne'er wished to see;
And, seeing, I have felt my heart-strings torn.
Pro. E'en to my *foes* I am a piteous sight.
Cho. Deeds beyond these thou surely didst not dare.
Pro. Man ceased through me to look with fear on death.
Cho. *What, do not mortals justly fear their fate?*
Pro. *No. 'Tis of many ills the best of cures.*
Cho. What remedy for diseases found thine art?
Pro. 'Twas mine to build for mortals the *firm* hope,
That, when men nobly die, they shall enjoy
A change of being better for the life,
And not in darkness nor in filth remain,
As silly mortals must, who sink at last,
And, through the love of life, all ills have borne,
Fed with false hopes, that, though misfortune's bolt
Falls now, the future will not feel it too—
Hopes cherished from the time the lid was ta'en
From off the cask, where good and ill were mixed.
Cho. Great was the boon thou hast bestowed on man.
Pro. Nay, more; I gave the fire *that never fails.*
Cho. And mortals now the flame-faced fire enjoy.
Pro. From whence they'll learn the arts not few of life.
Cho. Does, then, the god of heaven, for cause like this,
Maltreat thee, nor relax in doing wrong?
Pro. Of these my sufferings no other end
Is fixed, save when it fitting seems to him.
Cho. And how shall it seem fitting? what the hope?
See'st thou not thou hast erred? But how, 'tis pain
For us to tell, and thee to hear: *one thing,*
The best, we'll say. From sufferings seek release.
Pro. He, who from suffering 's free, can easily
Give to the wretched good advice; but I,
Who knew all *this unwillingly*, have erred,
I'll not deny it, willingly, and found
Pains for myself by giving aid to man.
Cho. And yet I scarce had deem'd with woes like these,

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* The *Chronicle, Times, Examiner, Spectator,* &c. alluded to in our last.

† In describing the proceedings of the Archæological Institute, we commended the idea of "Architectural Notes for the use of Members," to guide them in visiting the churches in and near Winchester; but we have been a little surprised to find that in this list has been *forgotten*, or at least omitted—

1. The church of Corhampton, one of the most remarkable of existing Saxon specimens.
2. The church of St. Thomas, the most interesting in the city.
3. St. Michael's, singular for having a Saxon dial of a former church built into its walls.
4. Bighton.

And the most curious circumstance connected with these omissions is, that the first three of these buildings were prominently brought under the notice of the British Archæological Association meeting in August, and especially by Mr. Haigh. The fact could hardly be accidental.

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Painful to suffer, piteous to see,
Thou wouldst be wasted on the lofty crag,
Nor find upon this desert spot a friend.
Pro. No more, no more my present ills bewail;
But lighting on the ground *with firm foot form*
The choir; and ye shall hear of injuries past
And those to come; and *see how I will laugh*
At Jove himself, and words by lacquey sent;
And if ye listen to my tale, ye'll calm
Heart-sickening *sorrow. Like a fly*, ye know,
Misfortune *wandering* settles here, now there."

After v. 455, where Prometheus is giving an account of man in a primitive and uncivilised state, Æschylus wrote to this effect originally:

" Who seeing saw in vain, and hearing heard not;
But passed in dream-like forms the *dead man's* life;
For with no human voice, but sounds of beasts,
They spoke; and signs instead of words express'd
What each to the other scarce intelligible
Could tell. In the open air, nor hid by trees,
All intercourse took place; nor knew they how
To build the wooden hut, nor weave the tiles
Upon the sun-burnt rafters; but *like worms,*
That pierce the clod and creep into the earth,
Within the sunless cavern dwelt; *until*
The future they foresaw; and, like the ant,
That ever hoards, *their food preserved in stores*—
Fruits that the oak on lands unsown had shed,
And roots the earth by man unploughed produced."

After v. 835, where Prometheus is telling Io to keep clear of the Arimaspi, Æschylus wrote originally to this effect:—

"These approach not; but to a distant clime
Urge on thy *quickened* course, until thou gain
The *friendly lotus-eating tribe*, who dwell
Near the Sun's fountains, where sends down its stream
The Æthiop river from the Byblian *hills:*
Then creep along its banks until thou reach
The Catabasmus, *whence* its waters sweet
Yearly the Nile rolls o'er *fruit-bearing fields,*
And melted snow pours riches through the land."

After v. 955, where Prometheus is foretelling the future downfall of Jupiter, the dramatist wrote originally:

" So strange a wrestler, of strength invincible,
Himself against himself he now prepares;
Who shall a fire than lightning fiercer find,
And thunder, *hurling Pluto from his throne,*
While a *sea-shake* earth's shaker shall destroy,
And a new *trident* shiver Neptune's spear;
When falling on misfortune, Jove shall learn
How wide 's the difference 'twixt lord and slave.
Cho. Must we, then, look for one to be Jove's master?
Pro. Pains from still harder yokes than these he'll bear.
Cho. Predictions *vain!* 'Gainst Jove thou idly talk'st.
Pro. What, to my heart's content, will come, I tell.
Cho. Hast thou no fear in venting words like these?
Pro. Whom need I fear, whose fate 'tis not to die?
Cho. 'Ere thou sayest so, 'twere well to close thy lips;
Who Adrasteia reverence are wise.
Pro. Give honour, prayers, lip-service, thou to power.
To fawn on foes with mock respect I hate.
Cho. Thou should'st have more of power or less of pride.
Pro. I care for Jove himself less e'en than—nothing.
Cho. Oh, say not so; assume a milder tone.
The god, though far aloof, still hears thee near.
Pro. Let him, and lord it for his power's brief span,
E'en as he will; he'll reign not long o'er gods.
For, rest assured, the dismal day shall come
When red, like molten gold, the air shall burst
The treasury of his lightning; and the flame,
Fed with all things on earth and in the sky,
Burn madly, and the breath of life leave all.
Then shall the depths of ocean disappear,
And desolate be earth's seat; nor man, nor bird,
Nor bud, be seen to grow again, until
The fire that all consumed shall all restore."

The next passage I have to produce, where some verses are wanting, is in the dialogue carried on between Prometheus and Mercury. Not only, however, is there a *lacuna*, but the lines have been so completely transposed as to defy all possibility of perceiving the least connexion of ideas, unless it be conceded that Æschylus wrote to this effect after v. 1001:—

" *Pro.* I would not barter—rest assured of that—
My evil fortune for your willing service.
'Tis greater *glory* bound to serve this rock,
Than *go about* Jove's trusty messenger.
Mer. None would endure thee, were good fortune thine,
Since e'en in present sufferings thou revellest.
Pro. I do; and 'twill be mine my foes to see
Thus revelling, and thee among the rest.
Mer. What blame for thy misfortunes rests on me?
Insults upon the insulters thou should'st throw.
Pro. In one word, all the gods I hate, who thus
Evil for good return, and wrongly treat me.
Mer. Misfortune's common; mind is theirs, who own it.
But my ears tell me thy disorder 's madness.
Pro. Mad let me be, if, hating foes, I'm mad.
Mer. The wisest of the wise will sometimes err.
Pro. Alas!
Mer. This word the god of heaven knows not.
Pro. Yet time, as it grows old, doth all things teach.
Mer. Thou hast not wisdom's lesson learnt e'en now.
Pro. Else I had ne'er to thee, a lacquey, spoken.
Mer. Of what my father seeks, wilt thou say nought?
Pro. 'Tis thus I pay the *handsome* debt I owe."

The last passage to be supplied is in the speech of Mercury, where the future fate of Prometheus was thus unfolded, after v. 1052:

" First my sire
Will, with the thunder-bolt and lightning-flash,
Shiver this rugged rock, thy body *hurl,*
And, borne upon the splinters, carry thee
To deep recesses of the dark abyss.
Thence, after periods of unmeasured time,
Shalt thou to light return, when the winged hound
Of Jove shall, in the shape of blood-fed eagle,
With *ravenous beak* tear up thy blackened liver,
An uninvited guest; and what by day
Is fed on, shall at night grow whole again.
Nor of this suffering seek an end to see,
Before some god appears, the substitute
For man of woes, and willing to descend
To the *unfeeling* grave and hell's dark depths,
Himself destroyed to loosen others' bonds:
This hath Jove ordered me to plainly tell.
Take counsel, then; nor deem it a mere boast
Spoken at random. *'Tis an oath pronounced*
Clearly, and fixed as fate, if he but nod.
For to tell lies the lips of Jove know not,
And every word he speaks shall come to pass."

Such are the principal Supplements I have discovered for the restoration of the *Prometheus*; and an attentive perusal of such of the Greek Fathers as allude to the history of the creation, the fall of man, and the deluge, will perhaps enable me at some future time to supply the omission I have pointed out after v. 239.

With regard to the other plays of Æschylus, the whole put together would not furnish half the number of omissions to be found in the *Prometheus* alone. Still, as they are all of importance for the perfect understanding of the author, I shall be ready to produce them as soon as I find that the readers of the dramatist, unlike the deceased Wellauer, *the saviour of Æschylus*, as he is called by one English editor, and *the Hector of Critics* by another, are desirous of knowing what the author did in reality write, instead of pretending to construe what he did not.

George Burges.

20 A Bayham Street, Camden Town.

FINE ARTS.

What with Science, so busy two and three months ago, and Archæology, still busier to the present day, we have a considerable arrear of Fine Arts to bring up, and shall spend the next few weeks in discharging the debt.

Compositions from Shakespeare's Tempest. By J. Noel Paton. Chapman and Hall.

These do credit to the youthful genius of this artist, who has also already distinguished himself by other productions, acknowledged in Westminster Hall. The title-page is characterised by spirit and invention; and the first scene has great classic beauty. Miranda throughout is lovely and full of expression; and both her simple nature and the dignity of Prospero contrast finely with the brutal form of Caliban and the debased vulgarity of Trinculo. The supernatural creations of the poet, who exhausted worlds and in this Play "created new," afford scope for the flowing outline, the combination of figures, and the display of the grotesque and strange, of all which Mr. Paton has availed himself, and disported with Ariel and many a subject-sprite in various graceful and effective ways. The monstrous are worthy of the wildest German imagination; and the ludicrous and horrible are often very happily thrown together. The sight of Caliban's tortures is enough to give the spectator the rheumatism, gout, and tic doloureux; and yet there is something laughable in them, and we hardly pity the sufferer. In short, many admirable ideas are embodied in this performance, which shews a true feeling for the conceptions of our immortal bard, and links the name of the artist to his in a manner to be honourable as a tribute, and promising of future excellence. The work is dedicated to Mrs. S. C. Hall; and we are glad to see illustrations of Shelley's *Prometheus* promised from the same hand.

A Manual of Gothic Mouldings: a Practical Treatise on their Formations, gradual Development, Combinations, and Varieties. By F. A. Paley, M.A., Hon. Sec. to the Cambridge Camden Society. 8vo, pp. 72. London, Van Voorst.

With nearly five hundred engraved examples, Mr. Paley gives us directions for ascertaining their dates and copying them; so that the volume must be accepted as a useful contribution to our acquaintance with the wide and interminable field of Gothic mouldings. Exactitude in dates in reference to such features, or in fact any features of architectural styles, we hold to be impossible; but approximation, which can be accomplished, is a desideratum sufficiently valuable to make us thankful for every light that is shed in that direction. In old times, as well as in modern, the Arts travelled progressively, and were necessarily, from the state of social intercourse, diffused more slowly than in later and railroad-days. It consequently happened that the date of an ornament or style might be, say, of the year 1000 in Kent or Yorkshire, but of the date of 1300 in North Wales, Ulster, or the Highlands of Scotland. How, then, can we assert that such and such a church must have been erected in a certain Anno Domini, when centuries might have intervened between similar buildings within a small number of miles of each other. This consideration has hardly been enough attended to, especially by dogmatic writers on the subject.

The volume being dated from "St. John's College, Feast of the Annunciation," indicates the author to be of the Tractarian school; and the work itself shews every sign of its bearing on the views of that division of the church. But as they need not interfere with the elementary data it exhibits, and the elementary instruction it conveys, we shall only advise readers to study those, and eschew its polemic infusions, which ought to be kept apart, and never interfere with lessons of art.

The different effects required by climate are finely illustrated by the broad lights of Grecian architecture, and the shadow-forming carvings of the more northern Gothic. The clear skies of Greece illuminated the former, set up on heights in the face of day; the grey atmosphere of Britain slept upon the latter with a calm religious repose, equally suited to the beauty, and grandeur, and purpose of the temple. And the rites and ceremonies of worship adapted themselves to these opposite characters in the buildings: in the one, brilliancy prevailed, in the other, solemnity. Both were splendid, but it was in one case triumphal and flashing, in the other, rich and sombre. But we must not fail

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into dissertation on a production of this class; to the utilitarian!

There are several ways of copying mouldings. "The best and simplest of all is by inserting the paper in a loose joint, or by passing a saw through an arch or jamb, or by applying a large sheet of paper where a stone has been removed, and left the edges sufficiently clear and sharp to trace their outlines by pressure against them, or by a pencil. These methods, however, are but seldom available except in ruined buildings; and even here we ought not to damage or destroy any portion of the little that is left. But many fragments of monials, groin-ribs, voussoirs, and other moulded stones, may be found in every old abbey; and these may readily be placed upon sheets of paper for the purpose of tracing their outlines. By these means alone a large collection of very valuable specimens may be made. Another way is by the use of the leaden tape. A thin flexible riband of this metal, about a yard in length, may be rolled into a coil, so as to be easily portable. By being manipulated and impressed upon the mouldings to be copied, and thence carefully removed, and laid upon a sheet of paper, it retains the exact shape it has received, and may be traced off with a pencil. In this process, however, which requires both pains and practice to ensure tolerable accuracy, there are many difficulties to overcome."

Professor Willis (as stated in a late *Literary Gazette*) has invented a machine for taking perfect facsimiles; but the above methods may be conveniently employed till that invention comes into common application. "Full-sized mouldings are reduced by the use of the well-known instrument called the pentagraph. All other methods require both time and care."

We leave it to students, readers, and archæologists (and that portion of the latter who, from their devotion to a single branch, may be called Ecclesiologists), to follow Mr. Paley through his accurate accounts of early mouldings—early English, decorated, perpendicular, &c. &c. "Occasionally (in Norman work commonly) some subject is grotesquely sculptured below the abacus. Of this there is a very curious example at West Keal, Lincolnshire." Here, "on one of the capitals (which are decorated), a fox is carrying off a goose, while a chained ape is laying hold of it behind. The decorated capitals in Oakham Church exhibit the same design, among others."

The details and the cuts can only be found in the book itself, which we can cordially recommend for furnishing a mass of general and particular information on the subject of which it treats.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MARY.

The graceful and the beautiful,
The gentle, kind, and airy,
Together met, to mould the form
And gift the mind of Mary.
There's nature in each careless curl,
In every grace a moral;
Her mouth—'tis Cupid's mouth, sweet girl,
And full of pearls and coral!

She's like the keystone to an arch,
That consummates all beauty;
She's like the music to a march,
Which sheds a joy on duty!
All happy thoughts and feelings rife
Seem evermore to guide her,
The very ills and cares of life
Forget themselves beside her!

Each sweet expressive glance appears
Of nature's best selection;
It took the world six thousand years
To perfect such perfection!
All gifts divine that could combine,
All charms of nymph or fairy,
Agreed to grace one beauteous face,
And witch the world with Mary!

She speeds as if with wings, so fleet
No bird's could e'er surpass them,
Yet none can ever spy her feet,
Though 'tis believed she has them!
She lends a spell to every scene;
Her step makes *winter* vernal;
A something half divine, between
The earthly and eternal!

Charles Swain.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane opened on Saturday with the opera of the *Enchantress*, the chief female part sustained by Miss Romer, and a grand ballet called the *Marble Maiden*, in which Made. Adela Dumilatre was alternately stone and flesh and blood. A considerable degree of sameness and repetition added injuriously to the length and effect of this exhibition; and even with great curtailment it is still too prolix. There is, however, much show; and the acting of the heroine in many passages is very captivating.

Haymarket.—On Wednesday was so successfully revived, as to be repeated every night, the comedy of *Wives as they were and Maids as they are*, with Farren, Mrs. Glover, Stuart, Hudson, Tilbury, Mrs. Yarnold, and Mrs. Seymour as *Miss Dorillon*. In this lady we recognise a deservedly popular favourite, who made her first essay in the line of tragedy, and played *Juliet* with great talent and pathos, whilst yet young in her teens. Since then (and especially latterly, if we may judge from her personation of *Miss Dorillon*) she must have addressed her looks, like Garrick in the picture, more towards the comic than the tragic Muse, and her studies appear to have been rewarded with cordial acceptation. We have, however, to confess to having enjoyed only partial means to form an estimate of her qualifications for this high walk in the drama—a walk in which we are most deficient; and whilst we state that what we had an opportunity of witnessing afforded us extreme satisfaction and pleasure, we must reserve our criticism on the whole part till we have seen it from first to last.

Lyceum.—On Thursday a new farce, called *Next Door*, was produced here, and developed another phase of the confusing adjacency which has recently become a feature on the French stage. Two neighbouring interiors, divided as the spectators look perpendicularly, are possessed by two damsels more or less involved in the doings of a certain *Jack Skylark* (Wigan), whose eccentricities fill the piece; till in the end he marries one of them, and the other becomes the bride of a favoured musical cousin. The activity and humour of *Skylark* entertained the house throughout; and *Next Door* was received with ample manifestations of favour.

Adelphi.—Seeing Wright, the name of a slight new piece, explains its order enough to save us from the trouble of description. The *dramatis personæ* are left to do pretty much as they please, and the fun is kept up by Mrs. Matthews, a soubrette, Wright, a policeman, and Paul Bedford, an amatory perfumer, in a style to keep the house in roars of laughter. The whole is of the broadest cast; and may therefore be classed with that species of the ludicrous which has nearly driven the more refined, and true, and genuine comic from the stage; and has rendered even Farce himself dubious for humour.

C. Kemble's Readings.—On Wednesday Mr. Kemble commenced a course of six dramatic readings from Shakspeare, with *Hamlet*, at Crosby Hall. The hall was crowded, and we need not say the treat of the most intellectual character. Wednesdays and Fridays, in the evening, are appointed for these interesting entertainments.

VARIETIES.

Redcliffe Church, Bristol.—We are glad to learn that contracts have been entered into during the last week, with several tradesmen of Bristol, for commencing the restoration of this once magnificent and unique edifice, under the direction of Messrs. Britton and Godwin. The works will comprise, in the first place, the complete restoration of the large east window, and one entire compartment, or severy, of the building, north and south, with its connecting walls, windows, roof, buttresses, parapets, pinnacles, panelling, &c. When completed, this portion will clearly shew the effect of restoration, and, by its contrast with the adjoining parts of the church, will at the same time exemplify the lamentable operation of time and neglect on the original materials.

The Patent Reading-Easel.—In one of our Variety-paragraphs last week, we described the production of a very handsome carriage, upon which all the town, we presume, has had an opportunity of exercising its judgment in the streets; and we now direct attention to an object which can only be seen and appreciated in the penetration of the domestic interior—the study, or boudoir. We have tried this easel-apparatus; and only fear that it may induce in us such habits of idleness and indulgence that the *Gazette* will be the worse for it. We have fastened it to our already easy-chair, and found our ease made far more easy. Attached to a couch, or sofa, the temptation was still more seductive; and we almost wished to be an *invalid*, to have a *valid* excuse for resorting to it. Ashamed of this, we tried a cane-bottom; and must add, that even therein we felt so comfortable, that we are almost afraid to recommend to all readers to provide themselves with this agreeable and ingenious invention.

Winchester Cathedral.—The Dean and Chapter have ordered the nave of this highly interesting edifice to be open free of charge to the public four hours each day—from nine to eleven, and from two to four. This is a further consequence of the good behaviour of the people, and augurs well of the experience of the church-authorities at York, Durham, Norwich, and Westminster.

Earl Spencer died on Wednesday, at his seat at Wiseton Hall, Notts, having just reached his grand climacteric, 63. His lordship was the author of several publications on financial and agricultural subjects.

Portrait of Sir Thomas Gresham.—The Art-Union states that a contemporary full-length portrait of this princely merchant, painted on panel, and a good specimen of the arts at that period, has been presented to the City Gresham Lecture-Room. It represents Sir Thomas at the age of 26, and is therefore the most juvenile portrait of him we possess. He is (adds our authority) attired in a plain black doublet, hose, and gown, with a flat cap upon his head, and a small lace collar, all indicative of the unpretending British trader. In one corner of the picture are the letters "A. G," tied together by a knot, beneath which are the words "Love, serve, and obei," and under that "T. G.," also tied by a knot; and upon the frame, which is of black wood and of the same age as the pic-

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ture, is the motto, "Dominus mihi adjutor, T. G." repeated on each side.

Protestant Church in Jerusalem.—The firman for the building of the Protestant church in Jerusalem has at length been granted by the Porte.

Earthquakes and Meteorological Phenomena in India.—Our reeders are perhaps not aware, that a very curious meteorological phenomenon took place on Seturday evening last, the 2d instant, in the south part of Celcutta. It was a very smart fall of rein, with a bright starlight sky, without clouds! between eight and nine o'clock in the evening. The fall did not extend, unfortunetely, as far up the Chowringhee-road as the Sudder-Board office; and thus the rain-guage of the Surveyor-General's office, which is fixed there, did not indicate the quantity which fell. At the Meuritius, this phenomenon is said not to be uncommon, of rein without cloud; but it rarely falls heavily. It is enelogous, no doubt, to the icy spiculæ which fall in high northern latitudes, and on the passes and *plateaux* of mountain-chains, before storms of snow. We learn from our informant, that some netives, one a men who had been many years at Lucknow, end enother who has lived at almost every station between Calcutta end Delhi, steted, that this is not uncommon, and that it happens every year once or twice! We should be obliged by any of our readers informing us of any well-ascertained instances of rain without clouds, either formerly or thet may heppen in future. Much attention is (at last) being paid to meteorological phenomene et home, end the peculiar ones which form the "outstanding" end "residual" instances, are calculeted to throw light on such researches.

Another shock of an earthquake was very distinctly felt on the morning of yesterday, the 7th instant, et ten minutes to 2 A.M.; and from Burrisal we learn that "two distinct and rather severe shocks of an earthquake were felt at this station at 3h. 35m. of the 23d of July—a third end last shock was very slight indeed. A clock, the pendulum of which wes swinging east and west, stopped at that hour; but another clock, in a contrery position, and near it, wes not et all affected."

We heer that three shocks of earthquake, two of them severe, heve been experienced in various parts of Assam: one et Gowahattee, at 4 A.M. of the 22d of July, which startled the good folks from their downy couches, and was accompanied with considerable noise and undulations of the eerth. Another occurred at the same stetion, in the middle of the night of the 25th of last month, stated also to heve been e severe one. We have leernt no deteiled particulars of these subterraneous commotions, but trust, that if eny memoranda have been taken of their duration, exact direction, with the atmospheric phenomena observed at the time, they will be made known. It is only by e careful and accumulated record of facts, that the laws end phenomena regulating such occurrences can be correctly ascertained, or any useful prectical conclusions be deduced from them.

During the continuance of the shocks of earthquekes, felt in and neer Celcutta end its suburben districts, an account was received of a meteor having been seen, particularly bright and luminous. It is described as being of a form resembling a star; its centre of a brilliant brightness, and its edges of a fine light blue,—passing rapidly in a direct line from north to south. It had a tail of considerable length, and in its passage was accompanied with a similer noise to that made by a rocket; it did not appear to be more than one quarter of e mile above the houses; and from the time of observence to thet of its disappeerance, lasted somewhat more than five seconds.

At Agre the rains have been very heevy this season. The Jumna has risen unprecedently high, so thet parts of the strend were under water, end a portion of it under the fort is impassable. Severel old houses had fallen in, by which some lives had been lost.

Several severe shocks of earthquake continue to be felt in various parts of the country.—*From the Calcutta Englishman.*

SYMPATHY. TO LOUISA.—"*Nec sine te.*"

The stricken chord awakes its brother,
Lute answering lute with skill divine,
Each thrill, each tone, thrills, tones the other;—
These chords are hearts—thy heart and mine.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Mrs. Bray's Novels and Romances: Vol. VI. Warleigh, or the Fatal Oak, fcp., 6s.—Ravensdale, a Tale, by a Lady, 2 vols. post 8vo, 21s.—The Ancient Stone and Leaden Coffins, Encaustic Tiles, &c., recently discovered in the Temple Church, by E. Richardson, imperial 4to, 21s.; columbier 4to, 1l. 11s. 6d.—The Words of a Believer, by the Abbé de la Mennais, translated by E. S. Pryce, 18mo, 2s. cloth.—Prayers and Hymns, by Clara Coulthard, 18mo, 1s. 6d.—The Cruise of the Midge, new edit., fcp., 3s. 6d. sewed; 4s. cloth.—G. P. R. James's Works: Vol. VI. Henry of Guise, 8vo, 8s.—The Acts relating to Lunatics, &c., 12mo, 5s.—Care and Treatment of Lunatics Act, fcp., 2s.—Lunatic Asylums and Pauper Lunatic Act, fcp., 2s.—Lord Nelson's Despatches and Letters, Vol. IV., 8vo, 15s.—Thiers' History of the Consulate and the Empire, Vol. V., 8vo, 5s.—The Mysteries of London, by G. W. M. Reynolds, Vol. I., royal 8vo, 6s. 6d. cloth.—Davidson's Concise Precedents in Conveyancing, 2d edit., 12mo, 9s.—Laurie's Foreign Exchange Tables, 2d edit., 8vo, half-bound calf, 20s.—Life of Mozart, by E. Holmes, post 8vo, 7s.—Struggles for Fame, a Novel, by Eliza Meteyard, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1l. 11s. 6d.—A Book for a Rainy Day, by J. T. Smith, post 8vo, 10s. 6d.—The Lady of Milan, edited by Mrs. Thomson, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1l. 11s. 6d.—Lusitanian Sketches of the Pen and Pencil, by W. G. H. Kingston, 2 vols. post 8vo, 18s.—Two Series of Discourses, by C. H. Terrot, D.D., Bishop of Edinburgh.—An Ecclesiastical Biography, by W. F. Hook, D.D.: Vol. I. 12mo, 6s. 6d.—Lyra Ecclesiastica, by eminent living Composers, edited by Rev. J. Fawcett, imp. 4to, 21s.—Little Mary, a Tale for Children, square, 2s.—The History and Antiquities of Brentford, Ealing, and Chiswick, by Thomas Faulkner, 8vo, 21s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To A. H. B., that the History of Germany, translated from F. Kohlrausch, and published by Chapman and Hall, would satisfy his wish for information respecting that country; and in regard to Spain, there is a very sufficient history in Knight's Library of Useful Knowledge; or if all sorts of detail are sought, there is Murray's Hand-Book, just published.

Z. Z. We are unacquainted with the merits or demerits of Zumpt's Latin Grammar; and Z. Z. may be perfectly correct in his opinion, that few of the necessary improvements have been effected. There is often great cry where there is little wool.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

R. HENDRIE,

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HENDRIE'S OLD BROWN WINDSOR SOAP, so long celebrated for improvement, retains its superiority as a perfectly mild emollient soap, highly salutary to the skin, possessing an aromatic and lasting perfume; each Packet is labelled with Perkins's steel plate of Windsor Castle.

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MR. DUNLOP begs leave respectfully to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public in general, that he has obtained the appointment of sole Wholesale Agent for the sale of the above Patent Ærated Water.

Mr. Maugham, during a long course of chemical investigation, having been forcibly struck by the very great imperfections and injurious effects of Soda Water, Ginger Beer, Lemonade, and other such-like compounds, and seeing the almost absolute necessity which existed for the introduction of some beverage at once wholesome and grateful to the palate, devoted his serious attention to the subject of Ærated Waters in general, and after upwards of four years' research, and a careful analysis of a vast variety of artificial and natural waters, succeeded in producing the article now presented to the Public under the title of CARRARA WATER.

In endeavouring to effect his object, Mr. Maugham constantly aimed at the production of a water that should in its composition assimilate as much as possible to the water given us by nature for our common use, and not at the discovery of a new medicinal combination, which, however beneficial it might be as a temporary remedy in isolated cases, could not be recommended as an habitual beverage.

It is well known to practical chemists, that all water (except that from rain and snow) contains a variety of extraneous substances, changing in kind and quantity in the various localities from which it is procured; but Mr. Maugham, by analysing the water taken from many different sources, found that one substance was almost universally present—that substance was LIME. This circumstance suggested the grounds for the composition of the Carrara Water. A great and, apparently, almost insurmountable obstacle, however, presented itself to the employment of lime as the base of an ordinary drink, viz. the extremely unpleasant taste of the mixture; lime-water itself is so extremely nauseous to the palate, that even as a medicine few persons can be prevailed upon to take it.

Undismayed, however, by this difficulty, Mr. Maugham pursued his experiments, which ultimately led to a simple and most efficacious means, not only of entirely destroying the taste of the lime, but of producing a highly agreeable and refreshing beverage. This was effected by the addition of carbonic acid gas, which was forced into the liquid by powerful machinery, and the two submitted to a pressure sufficient to liquefy the gas, which, combining instantly with the lime held in solution by the water, formed an aerated solution of bicarbonate of lime, which would, in fact, be the proper chemical title of the Carrara Water.

Now although this water is introduced to the Public as an article of luxury, yet as every aerated water, and indeed almost every article of food, possesses more or less medicinal properties, Mr. Dunlop feels it right to mention some of the cases in which the Carrara Water would, and indeed has been, highly beneficial when taken medicinally.

Lime is considered by medical men to be one of the finest antacids known, affording great relief to persons suffering from acidity of the stomach, heartburn, thirst, flatulency, and the many other forms of indigestion.

In cases of temporary indisposition arising from indulgences of the table, the Carrara Water will be found invaluable. Instead of producing that chill caused by the use of common Soda Water in such cases, it imparts a warmth and glow to the stomach, acting as an agreeable tonic.

Gouty subjects find great relief from alkaline remedies; the Carrara Water will therefore be an excellent, as well as a most agreeable, means of checking the great tendency to acidity to which such persons are liable.

The cases, however, in which the daily use of the Carrara Water will be of the greatest value and importance are in many forms of calculus, for medical men know of no certain means to check predisposition to that terrible disease. The Carrara Water is not a composition of such a powerful nature that a few bottles of it could be expected to afford a cure in cases of confirmed disease,—for if it were so it could not be used as a daily beverage,—but is intended to produce its effects by habitual use, and to act on the constitution in the same manner as common water is well known to act on the general health of the inhabitants who drink it.

The composition of the Carrara Water would of itself be a great recommendation; but Mr. Dunlop feels that the reputation of Mr. Maugham (who, besides being a practical and analytical chemist, has for a great number of years practised as a surgeon, and held the appointment of Lecturer on Chemistry and Medical Jurisprudence at one of our public hospitals) may be regarded as a perfect guarantee for its excellence and wholesomeness. Such a guarantee is, indeed, required; for unfortunately the numberless compositions in the form of beers, liqueurs, aerated waters, &c., are generally the production of persons as totally unacquainted with the chemistry of the human frame as they are with that of the mixtures which they compound for its use.

The title of "Carrara" has been given to the new beverage on account of the Carrara marble being the source from which the pure lime is obtained, and which is employed in the manufacture of the water.

The bottle made use of (in order to stand the great pressure) is constructed on the principle of high-pressure steam-boilers, viz. a cylinder with semi-spherical ends.

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Mr. Dunlop begs to acquaint all Chemists, Wine-Merchants, the Proprietors of Hotels, Stewards of Clubs and Packet-Ships, &c., that he is now prepared to execute their orders to any extent.

GREAT RUSSIAN CHRONOMETRICAL EXPEDITION.—E. J. DENT, 82 Strand, and 33 Cockspur Street, has the high and distinguished honour of stating, that his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia has recently condescended to confer on him "the appointment and title of Chronometer-Maker to his Imperial Majesty," as a reward for the unequalled performance of his Chronometers during the Expedition of 1844. In 1843, his Imperial Majesty the Emperor was pleased to reward the performance of Dent's Chronometers with a Gold Medal of the highest Order of Merit.

DENT'S Patent Watches, Chronometers, and Clocks.

LITERATURE AND ART.

GEOLOGICAL MINERALOGY.—Mr. J. TENNANT, F.G.S., will commence a Course of LECTURES on MINERALOGY, with a view to facilitate the Study of GEOLOGY, and of the application of Mineral Substances in the ARTS. The Lectures will be illustrated by an extensive Collection of Specimens, and will begin on WEDNESDAY Morning, the 8th of October, at 9 o'Clock. They will be continued on each succeeding Wednesday.

Further particulars may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, King's College, London.

October 3, 1845. R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

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PARSEY'S AIR-ENGINE.—Mr. PARSEY, removed from No. 2 Spur Street, Leicester Square, to No. 90 Regent Street, Quadrant, where his WORKING-MODEL may be seen daily from 11 to 4 o'Clock, and to whom all Communications are to be made.

THE late Mr. WILLIAM UPCOTT, the Author and Editor of various Works on Topography, &c. &c.

The recent demise of that eminent Collector, Mr. WILLIAM UPCOTT, of Islington, induces Mr. C. HAMILTON, of the firm of Hamilton and Bird, to offer his services, to those Gentlemen and others who so kindly patronised the above-named individual, as their Collector of AUTOGRAPHS, MANUSCRIPTS, BOOKS, and PRINTS. Mr. H. having been intimately acquainted with Mr. UPCOTT, and has had some years of practical experience in collecting for him, as well as many other Gentlemen, hopes, by a strict and persevering attention, to execute all Orders and Commissions with which he may be entrusted by his (Mr. U.'s) friends, and that he will be able to merit fully the attention of the same individuals who so liberally supported Mr. UPCOTT.

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ROYAL INSTITUTION of GREAT BRITAIN, Albemarle Street.—The extended and practical Course of CHEMICAL LECTURES and DEMONSTRATIONS for Medical and general Students, delivered in the Laboratory of this Institution, by Professor BRANDE, will commence on TUESDAY, the 7th of October, at 9 in the Morning.

The Lectures will be continued on TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS, and SATURDAYS, at the same hour during the Session, which terminates in May.

A Prospectus and further particulars may be obtained at the Royal Institution.

JOSEPH FINCHER, Assistant Sec.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

THE LITERARY ASPIRANT.—A few SHARES may be had in the first-rate MAGAZINE about to be established under the above title. The price of a Share in this novel and spirited concern is very moderate; and not only does it entitle the Holder to a fair division of the Profits, but also to A CERTAIN SPACE IN ITS PAGES FOR HIS (OR HER) LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS, NOT RESTRICTED AS TO SUBJECT.

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PROCEEDINGS of the ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE of GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND at the Meeting at Winchester, Sept. 9-15, 1845.

London: Longman and Co.; W. Pickering; and G. Bell. Oxford: J. H. Parker. Cambridge: Deightons.

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

A View of the Coinage of Scotland, &c. By John Lindsay, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Member of the British Archæological Association, &c. 4to, pp. 271. Cork, Messrs. Bolster; Edinburgh, Black and Co.; Dublin, Cumming; London, Longmans.

ALREADY esteemed by the public as a diligent numismatologist, from his esteemed Views "of the Coinage of Ireland" and "of the Heptarchy," Mr. Lindsay has here added considerably to our obligations by a similar inquiry into the much-neglected coinage of Scotland. His volume, as stated in the title-page, comprises copious tables, lists, descriptions, and extracts from acts of parliament; accounts of numerous deposits of coins discovered in Scotland, and Scottish coins found in Ireland; and engravings of above 350 specimens, many of them hitherto unpublished. It is needless to expatiate on the valuable nature of such a work.

Adverting to the immediate subject, Mr. Lindsay remarks that, though the annals of British coinage date as far back as (according to belief) antecedent to the Christian era, and of the Irish at least as far back as the middle of the tenth century, those of Scotland commence so late as with William the Lion in 1165, and that even his coins should be questioned as belonging to William the Conqueror. In endeavouring to account for this, he observes:

"The small extent, however, of the Scottish series hitherto published must be in a great degree attributed to the little interest taken in these coins; and its actual extent to the circumstance that a large portion of the fairest part of Scotland was, until 956, comprehended within the Saxon kingdom of Northumberland, whose coins are more numerous than those of any other kingdoms of the heptarchy; whilst a great portion of the remainder, embracing the islands, was possessed by the kings of Man and Norway."

He then proceeds to a minute and serial examination to shew that the Scots had a coinage at least a century earlier than the period assigned; and produces some very curious and interesting types in support of his position, which he farther strengthens by striking analogical references, and by more accurate representations of the coins than are engraved in Snelling and Cardonnel. In advancing to this examination he says:

"In treating of the ancient coinage of any country, one of the most important difficulties is to ascertain from what point to commence; and this observation is particularly true as regards Scotland, whose early coinage, as well as her history, is involved in great obscurity, and whose territories were at different times so mixed up with those of other kingdoms, as to render it doubtful in some instances to what country certain coins should be attributed. It may reasonably be supposed that coins were struck in Scotland at a very early period; the first, however, which I can with any degree of certainty assign to it is that very rare and interesting one in the Rev. Mr. Martin's cabinet, which I think it will be admitted may, with a high degree of probability, be assigned to Malcolm III., who began to reign in 1056, and with this reign I shall commence the Scottish Numismatic Series. Before doing so, however, I think it right to notice a few coins of a more doubtful description, which, from their apparent connexion with Scotland, and their appearing to be of an earlier date than that just alluded to, demand our first attention."

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To these still apocryphal pieces Mr. L. goes on to contend for coins of Malcolm III. A.D. 1056, Donald VIII. 1093, Alexander I. 1107, David I. 1124,* and Malcolm IV. 1153.

Then comes William the Lion, whose "coins are extremely numerous,† and a few of them of good workmanship, although the greater part rude and destitute of ornament. They may be divided into three classes, the first bearing the king's head, with crown fleury to its right; reverse, a short single cross, with crescents in the angles: the second, the king's head, with crown of pearls to its right; reverse, a short double cross, with stars of five or six points, sometimes shaped like a flower growing from a stalk: and the third, the king's head, with crown of pearls to its left, and reverse similar to the last. There are also a few which differ in some particulars from those enumerated, but which may be considered as belonging to one or other of those classes. The first class has not been noticed by Snelling; but this is the less to be wondered at, when we consider that, when he wrote, few of this type were known—by far the greatest part of those now in our cabinets being found at Inverness in 1780. Cardonnel, who has published several of them, has justly supposed this to be William's first coinage, and the work of French artists, probably sent over, when he was residing in captivity in France, for the purpose of coining money to pay his ransom, which circumstance is rendered still more probable from the fact that the names of mints which appear on them are, with one exception, those of the castles delivered up as a pledge until the ransom was paid; the castles delivered up being those of Roxburgh, Berwick, Edinburgh, and Stirling; and the mints we find on them, Edinburgh, Perth, Roxburgh, and Berwick."

It is quite impossible for us to follow the minute course of Mr. Lindsay from this period to the accession of James I. to the English throne; suffice it to state, that his descriptions and illustrations are all that the antiquary could desire. The quotations of various acts of the Scottish parliament are historically important; and the variations of the money-standard not only bear upon the relations of Scotland with England, France, and other countries, but occasionally, as we think, account for the greater or less number of types which have descended to posterity. The debased would be called in when the abuses on which they issued were rectified; and the sterling would, of course, be the longest preserved.

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As additional illustrations of the general subject, we have selected the following extracts:

Robert III.—"1393, Oct. 24. It was ordained that from henceforth 'our money of gold and silver should be fabricated by Bonachius of Florence, our moneyer,' in form following: viz. that of six ounces troy of pure silver twenty-one shillings shall be made, of which there shall be groats of fourpence, and half-groats of twopence, of good silver, as of King David's; and there shall be pennies made, in four of which there shall be as much silver as in one groat, but shall weigh six pennies; and there shall be halfpennies made, of the same proportional weight as the penny; and the fifth part of this coinage shall be made in pennies and halfpence. There are also ordinances relative to the gold."*

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* In one of the engravings assigned to his coinage (No. 9 in the plate) is the earliest example we have seen of the St. Andrew's cross.—*Ed. L. G.*

† Another powerful argument, not urged by the author, for presuming that there must have been anterior coinages of his predecessor kings.—*Ed. L. G.*

* "The following are the clauses which relate to the coinage of gold:—That from henceforth 'our money' of gold and silver should be fabricated by Bonachius of Florence, 'our moneyer,' in form following, &c.:—That the *scutum* should no longer have course, but be received at the treasury at the rate of four shillings, if of good weight. That the halfpenny of gold, viz. the *maille*, if of sufficient weight, should pass for thirty-two pennies. That there should be made of good gold a piece called a *lion*, to have course for five shillings; so that two lions shall be worth ten shillings of the same money, and shall be worth more than the *noble* by threepence; and the noble of good gold and good weight shall have course for nine shillings and sixpence, and the noble of Flanders for nine shillings and fourpence, and that no other nobles shall pass current."

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In the year 1398 it is enacted, "that 2000*l.* be raised of the money now running, for the purposes of the message and treaty in France and England; that 2500 marks be raised out of the customs of sundry boroughs for the pension of our lady the governante. The contemporary acts of the English parliament also throw some light on the state of the Scottish coinage; indeed, the coins themselves fully shew that the standard had been still further reduced in this reign; the well-preserved groats of Robert III. seldom exceeding forty-five grains, and being often found under forty; whilst that of England remained, during the entire reign of that prince, and for a few years after, at seventy-two grains. It is no wonder, therefore, where so great a disparity existed between the standards of the two kingdoms, that the attention of the English parliament should be so frequently directed to the subject. Accordingly we find that, in 1390, the commons of England petitioned that the Scottish money might be removed out of the realm. This petition was not, indeed, granted by the king; but he declared it to be his pleasure that the Scottish groat, half-groat, penny, and halfpenny, should be current for no more than half their value; and in 1398 the ordinance to reduce the current value to one-half in England was again enforced. On the silver coins of this king a remarkable change of type is observable, the head on the obverse now presenting a full face, whilst the reverse exhibits a cross and pellets instead of the cross and mullets so long used on the coinage of Scotland. This close imitation of the English money is the more remarkable, when we consider that the difference as to standard between the coins of England and Scotland was in this reign greater than before, and must have added considerably to the confusion which existed as to the coinages of the two kingdoms, and well accounts for the strong desire of the English people that the Scottish money should not circulate amongst them."

An inventory of the cash found on the death of King James III., 1488 (we cannot say in his coffers or treasury), and handed over to his successor, displays a curious medley of coinage.

"Memorand deliverit be dene Robert Hog chanoune of Halirudhous' to the thesaurar tauld in pns of the chancellar lord Lila the p'or of Sanctandrs' in a pyne pig of tynn.

In the fyrst of angellis twa hundreth four scor & v angellis.

It' in Ridars nyne scor & aucht Ridars.

It' in Rialis of France fyfty & four.

It' in Unicornis nyne huodreth & four score.

It' in Demyis & Scotts crovnis four hundreth & tuentj.

It' in Ros' nobilis fyftj and four.

It' in Harj nobilis & saluts fourtj & ane.

It' fyftene Flemis Ridars.

It' tuelf Lewis.

It' in Frencha crovnis thre scor and thre.

It' in unkennyt golde — threttj punds.

"Memorand be the comand of the king thar past to tha castell to see the Jowalis Silu' money & uther stuff tha xvii day of Junij tha yer of God Jm. iiij c. lxxxviij yers thir psouns und' w'tin that is to say.

The Erle of Angus
The Erle of Ergile
The Bischope of Glasgw
The Lord Halis
The Lord Home
The Knyt of Torfichane Thesaurar'.

"Memorand fund be the saids psons in the blak kist thre coffers a box a cageat.

It' fund i the maist of the said coffers lous' & put i na thing bot liand w'in the said coffyr fyve hundreth thre scor ten Rois nobilis and ane angell noble.

It' in a poik of canwes beand w'in the said coffre of angell nobilis seven hundreth and fyftj angelis.

It' in a litill purs w'in the said coffre ef quart'is of Rois nobilis sevin scor nyne Rois nobilis a quart' of a nobill.

It' in a litill coffre beand w'in the said coffre of Rois nobilis sevin hundreth fyftj and thre nobilis.

It' in a litill payntit coffre beand w'in the said blak kist of Henry nobilis a thousand thre hundreth and sevintene nobillis.

It' in ane vth' coffre beand w'in the said blak kist a poik of canwes w' demyis o'tenand aucht hundreth ane lea'.

It' takin be the smy' that opinit the lokks in gold fourtj demyis.

It' in Inglys' grots ——— xxiiij lis & the said silv' gevin agan to the takars of hym."

Other lead purses, and canvass pokes (bags), &c., are enumerated; and *inter alia:*

"Memorand fund in a blak coffre quhilk was brocht be the abbot of Arbroth. In the first the grete sarpe of gold c'tenand xxv schaiffs wt the fedd betuix.

It' in a ledd'ing purs beand i the said blak coffre tuelf scor & xvj saluts.

It' in the same purs fourtene scor of ducats and of thame gevin to the erle of Angus fyve scor and six ducats.

It' in a blak box brocht be the said abbot to the toune of P.th the xxvj day of Junij in the first lows' in the said box four thousand thre hundreth and fourtj demyis.

It' in a quhite coffre of Irne deliu'it be the said abbot thre thousand nyne hundreth four scor & viij angellis.

It' in a purs of ledd' w'in the said box a thousand & twenti Ros' nobilis and in the said purs fyftj & four Harj nobilis i half Harj nobilis.

It' th' was a writ fund i the said box sayand in hac boxa xij c Harj nobllis, et in ead' boxa xj c Rois Nobilis.

Thir ar the names of thame that wist of the said box quhen it was in the myr.

James Averj.—William Patonson.—
William Wallace."

Of the plates we can only speak, without exemplification, and can safely affirm that they do credit to the author; who has, besides the valuable matters which we could only indicate, collected much novel and interesting information respecting the billon, copper, and base coinage of Scotland, the *white* pennies, and the *black* pennies, and the *small* pennies, the *placks* and *halfplacks*, the *hardheads*, the *nonsunts*, the *bawbees* (alias *babies*), &c. &c.; but "in 1597 a coinage was ordered of pure copper, and from this period no billon of any description was struck in Scotland; indeed, a coinage in mixed metal must have been at all times productive of great confusion and fraud; and from the Scottish acts, and from the coins themselves, we have abundant proof that the greater portion of this class of coins was of insufficient fineness, and counterfeit; and the substitution of a copper currency introduced a system of regularity previously unknown. The change, however, was not adopted until nearly the period of James's accession to the English throne; and we have but one type and class of copper coins previous to that period."

Altogether this is a standard book for numismatic and antiquarian consultation for ever.

A Book for a Rainy Day; or, Recollections of the Events of the last Sixty-six Years. By John Thomas Smith, late Keeper of the Prints in the British Museum, and author of "Nollekens and his Times." Pp. 306. Bentley.

If it be allowable for garrulous old age to speak volumes, we will answer for it, that the weather anticipated for the publication has been exactly *apropos;* for a rainier day than that on which we have read this "book" seldom occurs even in our variable (but should wet this year be implicated, we ought to say invariable) climate.

An octogenarian author is so rare, that no critic of less than a century should venture to find any fault with his writings; and we therefore rejoice, in our juvenility, that the popularity of his *Nollekens, &c.*, has induced Mr. Smith again to come forward as the remembrancer of a past generation. He tells us, that his production is a salmagundi; and truly it is composed of as many heterogenous materials as that odd dish, of which we think the principal ingredients were, salt herring, apples, chicken, mustard, oil, onions, &c., shred up together, and taken without questions being asked.

The beginning of the book is an amusing promise of the rest. The author intimates, that his birth took place A.D. 1766, June 23, in a hackney-coach, wherein his mother was hurrying home; and lest the reader should imagine that, owing to this circumstance, he meant to put himself on a par with the "Car-born(*e*) Fingal," he risks the chance of being considered a destined *hack* writer, for he adds: "Although I dare not presume to suppose that the vehicle in which I was born had been the equipage of the great John Duke of Marlborough, or Sarah his duchess, at all events, I probably may be correct in the conjecture, that the *hack* was in some degree similar to those introduced by Kip, in his plates for Strype's edition of Stowe."

After this anecdote of himself, the first we fall upon is that of an extraordinary goose:

"I have heard my mother relate, that when at Greenwich this year for the benefit of her health, an aged pie and cheesecake woman lived there, who was accompanied through the town by a goose, who regularly stopped at her customer's door, and commenced a loud cackling; but that whenever the words 'not to-day' were uttered, off it waddled to the next house, and so on till the business of the day was ended. My mother also remarked, that when ladies walked out, they carried nosegays in their hands, and wore three immense lace ruffle cuffs on each elbow."

Thus gossiping, year after year, our author enacts the part of Amber, and enshrines many an entertaining morsel that would otherwise be lost; and if the trifles are neither rich nor rare, at any rate we do not wonder how the devil they got there. *Ex. gr.*, in 1766:

"In the month of March, this year, died Mary Mogg at Oakingham, the woman who gave rise to Gay's celebrated ballad of Molly Mogg."

1767. "Nancy Dawson, the famous hornpipe-dancer, died this year, May 27th, at Hampstead; she was buried behind the Foundling Hospital, in the ground belonging to St. George the Martyr, where there is a tombstone to her memory, simply stating, 'Here lies Nancy Dawson.' Every verse of a song in praise of her declares the poet to be dying for Nancy Dawson; and its tune, which many of my readers must recollect, is, in my opinion, as lively as that of 'Sir Roger de Coverly.' I have been informed, that Nancy, when a girl, set up

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the skittles at a tavern in High Street, Marylebone. Sir William Musgrove, in his 'Adversaria,' (No. 5719) in the British Museum, says, that 'Nancy Dawson was the wife of a publican, near Kelso, on the borders of Scotland."

[This is correct. The family to which she belonged were very respectable farmers, holding lands of their own; and died out (if entirely) only within the last few years.]

In 1771, among other curious bits of the old customs and topography of London, we are told of the Milkmaid's holyday in May, not only long since obsolete, but followed in dark opposition and dark oblivion by the Chimney-sweeper's festival. They, the milkmaids, "danced round their garlands of massive plate, hired from the silversmiths to the amount of several hundreds of pounds, for the purpose of placing round an obelisk, covered with silk, fixed upon a chairman's horse. The most showy flowers of the season were arranged so as to fill up the openings between the dishes, plates, butter-boats, cream-jugs, and tankards. This obelisk was carried by two chairmen, in gold-laced hats, six or more handsome milkmaids in pink and blue gowns, drawn through the pocket-holes, for they had one on either side; yellow or scarlet petticoats, neatly quilted, high-heeled shoes, mob-caps, with lappets of lace resting on their shoulders; nosegays in their bosoms, and flat Woffington hats, covered with ribands of every colour. But what crowned the whole of the display was, a magnificent silver tea-urn which surmounted the obelisk, the stand of which was profusely decorated with scarlet tulips. A smart, slender fellow of a fiddler, commonly wearing a sky-blue coat, with his hat profusely covered with ribands, attended; and the master of the group was accompanied by a constable to protect the plate from too close a pressure of the crowd, when the maids danced before the doors of his customers. One of the subjects selected by Mr. Jonathan Tyers for the artists who decorated the boxes for supper-parties in Vauxhall Gardens, was that of milkmaids on May-day. In that picture (which, with the rest painted by Hayman and his pupils, has lately disappeared) the garland of plate was carried by a man on his head; and the milkmaids, who danced to the music of a wooden-legged fiddler, were extremely elegant. They had ruffled cuffs, and their gowns were not drawn through their pocket-holes, as in my time; their hats were flat, and not unlike that worn by Peg Woffington, but bore a nearer shape to those now in use by some of the fish-women at Billingsgate."

Mr. Smith does not seem to be aware of the resuscitation of most of the Vauxhall pictures, and their being in the possession of the late Mr. Gwynn, as described in the *Lit. Gaz.*

Among the topographical notices we read:

"Dean Street and Compton Street, Soho, were named in compliment to Bishop Compton, Dean of St. Paul's, who held the living of St. Anne. • • •

"On the left hand of High Street, St. Giles, passing on to Tottenham Court Road, there were four handsomely-finished brick houses, with grotesque masks on the key-stones above the first-floor windows, probably erected in the reign of Queen Anne. The next object of notoriety is a large circular boundary stone, let into the pavement in the middle of the highway, exactly where Oxford Street and Tottenham Court Road meet in a right angle.* When the charity boys of St. Giles's parish walk the boundaries, those who have deserved flogging are whipped at this stone, in order that, as they grow up, they may remember the place, and be competent to give evidence should any dispute arise with the adjoining parishes. Near this stone stood St. Giles's Pound.

"The ground behind the north-west end of Russell Street was occupied by a farm belonging to two old maiden sisters of the name of Capper. They wore riding-habits and men's hats; one rode an old grey mare, and it was her spiteful delight to ride with a large pair of sheers after boys who were flying their kites, purposely to cut their strings; the other sister's business was to seize the clothes of the lads who trespassed on their premises to bathe. From Capper's farm were several straggling houses; but the principal part of the ground to the King's Head, at the end of the road, was unbuilt upon. The Old King's Head forms a side object in Hogarth's beautiful and celebrated picture of 'The March to Finchley,' which may be seen, with other fine specimens of art, in the Foundling Hospital, for the charitable donation of one shilling. • • •

"Henway Street, better known by the vulgar people under the name of 'Hanover Yard,' was, at this time, the resort of the highest fashion for mercery and other articles of dress. The public house, the sign of the 'Blue Posts,' at the corner of Hanway Street, in Tottenham Court Road, was once kept by a man of the name of Sturges, deep in the knowledge of chess, upon which game he published a little work.* From the Blue Posts the houses were irregularly built to a large space called Gresse's Gardens, thence to Windmill Street, strongly recommended by physicians for the salubrity of the air. The premises occupied by the French charity children were held by the founders of the Middlesex Hospital, which were established in 1755, where the patients remained until the present building was erected in Charles Street. Colvill Court, parallel with Windmill Street northward, was built in 1766; and Goodge Street, further on, was, I conjecture, erected much about the same time. Mr. Whitefield's chapel was built 1754, upon the site of an immense pond, called 'The Little Sea.' Beyond the chapel the four dwellings, then called 'Paradise Row,' almost terminated the houses on that side. A turnstile opened into Crab-tree Fields. They extended to the Adam and Eve public-house, the original appearance of which Hogarth has also introduced into his picture of 'The March to Finchley.' It was at this house that the famous pugilistic skill of Broughton and Slack was publicly exhibited, upon an uncovered stage, in a yard open to the North Road.† • • •

"Notwithstanding Tottenham Court Road was so infested by the lowest order, who kept what they called a 'Gooseberry Fair,' it was famous at certain times of the year, particularly in summer, for its booths of regular theatrical performers, who deserted the empty benches of Drury Lane Theatre, under the mismanagement of Mr. Fleetwood, and condescended to admit the audience at sixpence each. Mr. Yates, and several other eminent performers, had their names painted on their booths."

To our taste these are agreeable reminiscences, something like those of Pyne's popular *Wine and Walnuts*, which originally enlivened our weekly page; and we therefore proceed to select a few more of them, in miscellaneous *dis*-order. Under the date of 1786 occur a number of biographical and characteristic sketches of individuals who used to attend the print-auctions of Moser's and Millan's collections three years before; from which we copy the following:

"Mr. Gough, the editor of 'Camden's Britannia,' was a constant frequenter of his book-sales. This antiquary was about the same height as the auctioneer, but in wig very different, as he wore, when I knew him, a short shining curled one. His coat was of 'formal cut,' but he had no round belly; and his waistcoat and smallclothes were from the small piece. He was mostly in boots, and carried a swish-whip when he walked. His temper I know was not good, and he seldom forgave those persons who dared to bid stoutly against him for a lot at an auction: his eyes, which were small and of the winky-pinky sort, fully announced the fretful being. As for his judgment in works of art, if he had any, it availed him little, being as much satisfied with the dry and monotonous manner of Old Basire, as our late President West was with the beautiful style of Woollett and Hall. Dr. Lort, the constant correspondent of Old Cole, a man of his own stamp, broad and bony, in height nearly six feet, of manners equally morose, and in every respect just as forbidding. His wig was a large *busby*, and usually of a brown appearance, for want of a dust of powder. He was chaplain to the Duke of Devonshire; and as he wore thick worsted stockings, and walked any-how through the mud, considered himself in no way obliged to give the street-sweepers a farthing. He had some wit, however, but it was often displayed in a cowardly manner, being mostly directed towards his little opponent, Doctor Gossett, who was unfortunately much afflicted by deformity, and of a temper easily roused by too frequent a repetition of threepenny biddings at Patterson's."*

"Caleb Whiteford was what is usually called a slight-built man, and much addicted, when in conversation, to shrug up his shoulders. He had a thin face, with little eyes; his deportment was gentlemanly, though perhaps sometimes too high for his situation in life. His dress, upon which he bestowed great attention, was in some instances singular, particularly in his hat and wig, which were remarkable as being solitary specimens of the Garrick school. He considered himself a first-rate judge of

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* "Two old houses stood near this spot on the eastern side of the street, where the entrance gates of Meux's brewery have been erected: between the second-floor windows of one of them the following inscription was cut in stone: 'Opposite to this house stood St. Giles's Pound.' This spot has been rendered popular by a song, attributed to the pen of a Mr. Thompson, an actor of the Drury Lane company:

'On Newgate steps Jack Chance was found,
Bred up near St. Giles's Pound.'"

[Did Douglas Jerrold take the hint and title of his *St. Giles and St. James* from this couplet or song?]

* "As is acknowledged on his tombstone in St. James's burial-ground, Hampstead Road."

† "See the before-mentioned picture by Hogarth. The rare and beautiful etching from this picture was the production of Luke Sullivan, a native of Ireland; but how he acquired his knowledge of art I have not been able to learn; most probably he was of Dame Nature's school, where pupils can be taught gratis the whole twenty-four hours of every day as long as the world lasts. Sullivan's talents were not confined to the art of engraving; he was, in my humble opinion, the most extraordinary of all miniature painters. I have seen three or four of his productions, one of which was so particularly fine, that I could almost say I have it on my retina at this moment. It was the portrait of a most lovely woman as to features, flesh, and blood. She was dressed in a pale green silk gown, lapelled with straw-coloured satin; and in order to keep up a sweetness of tone, the artist had placed primroses in her stomacher; the sky was of a warm green, which blended harmoniously with the carnations of her complexion; her hair was jet, and her necklace of pearls."

* Patterson sold his books singly, and took threepence at a bidding.

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pictures, always preferring those by the old masters, but which he endeavoured to improve by touching up; and when in this conceited employment, I have frequently seen him fall back in his chair, and turn his head from one shoulder to the other, with as much admiration of what he had done, as Hogarth's sign-painter of the Barley-mow, in his inimitable print of 'Beer Street.' Captain William Baillie was also an amateur in art; he suffered from an asthma, which often stood his friend by allowing a lengthened fit of coughing to stop a sentence whenever he found himself in want of words to complete it. When not engaged in his duties as a commissioner of the Stamp Office, he for years amused himself in what he called etching; but in what Rembrandt, as well as every true artist, would call scratching. He could not draw, nor had he an eye for effect. To prove this assertion I will 'end him at a blow,' by bringing to my informed reader's recollection the captain's execrable plate, which he considered to be an improvement upon Rembrandt's 'Three Trees.'* He commonly wore a camlet coat, and walked so slowly and with such measured steps, that he appeared like a man heavily laden with jack-boots and Munchausen-spurs; and whenever he entered an auction-room, he generally permitted his cough to announce his arrival. * * *

"Mr. Rawle, an accoutrement-maker, then living in the Strand, was a visitor: he was the friend of Captain Grose, and the executor of Thomas Worledge, the etcher. In his early days he had collected many curious and valuable articles. His cabinets contained numerous interesting portraits in miniature of Elizabethan characters. He was a professed commonwealth man, and possessed many of the protector's, or, according to some writers, the usurper's letters. He also prided himself upon having the leathern doublet, sword, and hat, in which Oliver dissolved the parliament, and shewed a helmet that he could incontrovertibly prove had belonged to him. He likewise frequently expatiated for a considerable time upon a magnificent wig, which he said had been worn by that merry monarch, King Charles the Second.† * * *

"Henderson, the player, who was also a collector of Hogarth's works, seldom made his appearance on these boards — John Ireland being his deputy-manager. I must not omit to mention another singular but most honourable character, of the name of Hayward, nicknamed 'Old Iron Wig.' His dress was precise, and manner of walking rather stiff. He was an extensive purchaser of every kind of article in art, particularly Rowlandson's drawings; for this purpose he employed the merry and friendly Mr. Seguier, the picture-dealer, a schoolfellow of my father's, to bid for him. I shall now close this list by observing, that my early friend and fellow-pupil, Rowlandson, who has frequently made drawings of Hutchins and his print-auctions, has produced a most spirited etching, in which not only many of the above described characters are introduced, but also most of the printsellers of the day. There is another, though it must be owned very indifferent, plate, containing what the publisher called 'Portraits of Printsellers,' from a monotonous drawing by the late Silvester Harding, whose manner of delineation made persons appear to be all of one family, particularly his sleepy-eyed and gaudily-coloured drawings of ladies."

We ought, by the by, among these characters, to have mentioned Mr. Matthew Mitchell, a banker, who was signalised by a strange natural antipathy to a kitten:

"He could sit in a room without experiencing the least emotion from a cat; but directly he perceived a kitten, his flesh shook on his bones, like a snail in vinegar. I once relieved him from one of these paroxysms, by taking a kitten out of the room; on my return he thanked me, and declared his feelings to be insupportable upon such an occasion. Long subsequently I asked him whether he could in any way account for this agitation. He said he could not; adding, that he experienced no such sensations upon seeing a full-grown cat; but that a kitten, after he had looked at it for a minute or two, in his imagination grew to the size of an overpowering elephant."

Here we must break off, reserving a few of the more modern anecdotes for next week.

* "Mr. West classed him amongst the conceited men. 'Sir,' said the venerable president, 'when I requested him to shew me a fine impression of Rembrandt's hundred-guilder print, he placed one of his own restored impressions before me, with as much confidence as my little friend Edwards attempts to teach perspective in the Royal Academy.'"

† "This singular character never would allow more than a halfpenny-worth of vegetables to be put upon his table, though they were ever so cheap; and when they were above his price he went without."

The Lady of Milan; or, Fidelity unto Death. Edited by Mrs. Thomson, author of "Widows and Widowers," "Ragland Castle," &c. 3 vols. Bentley.

This work affords a very striking description of northern Italy in the middle of the 14th century, and of one of those merciless feuds which deluged states and cities with blood. The scene is laid in Lombardy; to the sovereignty of which Luchino, one of the Gonzaga lords of Mantua, succeeded in 1340, and his villanies and cruelties weave the web of crimes and horrors unfolded by the author. To say that any of these Italian stories enlist our sympathies would be untrue, and in the present instance we are really glad of it; for if we felt deeply for the sufferers, their tragic ending would be too distressing. As a series of pictures of the age and country, shewing the iron despotism of sanguinary tyrants, the pliancy of their personally brave tools, the knights and mere soldiers delighting in battle, the hatred of the oppressed among the aristocracy and rival factions, and the passiveness, if not subserviency, of the terrified people, the work will be read with interest and instruction; and as examples of its manner and style, we copy a passage from the beginning and another from the close. The first is a drawing of a court-fool, in a grand procession:

"Grillincervello—this was the name of Luchino's buffoon—was of a character the most becoming his profession and dignity; his dress and person were in entire harmony.. His shaven head was protected by a conical white cap, surmounted with a scarlet crest, resembling a cock's comb; his doublet and breeches, both ill-fashioned and somewhat too large, were loaded with enormous buttons and ring-shaped bells. He carried in his hand a short staff, the other end of which was carved into the figure of a fool's head, and adorned with ass's ears. Two radishes, which he called his spurs of Pavian manufacture, attached to his heels, served to excite the mettle of a spirited 'palfrey of Barlassina' (for so he usually designated his ass), caparisoned and gaily decked with a profusion of ribbons and small bells. His mouth was constantly distorted into a smile, half idiotic and half malignant. His eyes, wandering and askance, seemed to dance hither and thither, now giving chase to a pig, and now intent on the poultry; for these creatures ran freely about the streets, to the great annoyance of passengers, and sometimes entirely blocked up the way. On these animals he was accustomed to bestow a bon-mot or a jest; for which, however, he usually substituted a blow, when they came within the reach of his wand. He muttered some phrases of incomprehensible jargon in the ear of Melik [German captain of the guard], and the better to attract his attention, sharply twitched his enormous whisker; then he suddenly darted away to a great distance, before Melik, who abated not a jot of his wonted gravity, had time to give him a stroke with the flat of his sword. Matteo Salvatico, the renowned author of the 'Opus Pandectarum Medicinæ,' a treatise on the virtues of herbs, rode in the procession, with all the affected dignity of a physician of that day, wearing a purple cloak, many costly rings on his fingers, and having his buskins armed with spurs of gold. The fool, after cracking one of his best jokes on Matteo's unfortunate steed, the pith of which it would be impossible to convey in written language, said to the doctor, 'Do you feel his pulse.' Then making his way to Andalon del Nero, the astrologer, an indispensable attendant on all the courts of that period, he found him apparently absorbed in a profound mental calculation; 'The stars,' said he, 'have not forewarned thee of this,' and accompanied his observation with a sturdy blow on the nape of the neck."

Our contrast is from one of the final executions:

"Two persons among the many fixed their eyes on this affecting scene with widely different sentiments—alas! as widely different as those of a faithful brother and an insulting enemy, namely, Alpinolo and Ramengo. The first, under the appearance of a criminal, possessed a generous heart, full of penitence and unbounded compassion, that in its refined sympathy for those virtuous beings seemed to have forgotten the sentence that would in a few moments place him beyond the confines of mortality. Ramengo, beneath the mask of pity, concealed that deep depravity of heart that God sometimes permits to be exhibited on earth as proof and a foretaste of hell. Ramengo looked on Margaret as a sacrifice to his tormenting revenge; and when the head was severed he pushed himself forward to gratify his loathsome vengeance with the sight of the streaming blood, some drops of which fell on his white raiment. He surveyed, numbered, analysed, the spasmodic contractions of the dying face; the increasing paleness as the blood forsook the skin; the eyes, that vacantly rolling in their sockets, seemed eager to retain the latest perception of light; in short, he imagined that those eyes threw a last look on him, and he exclaimed, 'Now I am satisfied!' While the executioner was removing the coagulated blood, and placing in the coffin the lifeless trunk, which now had ceased its convulsive vibrations, and had just exclaimed, 'Now the other,' Ramengo turning round, found himself facing Alpinolo, who with eager and silent courage was just mounting the scaffold. Pale and wasted with wounds of the body, and the still deeper wounds of his heart, the prospect of present death gave this youth no concern, nor abated one jot of the determined fierceness of his brow; he took his station proudly, like a fallen angel that glories in his deeds, and disdains the thought of pardon! No sooner were the chains removed that fastened his hands behind, than he raised the ring

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to his lips, and kissed it. That diamond flashed on the eyes of Ramengo, and reminded him of one exactly like it that he had formerly placed on the finger of his Rosalia, and had afterwards found again in the cabin of the miller on the banks of the Po. This vague recollection was quickly changed into a fierce consternation when he saw the condemned draw this ring from his finger, look on it with tenderness, kiss it, press it to his heart, and kiss it again; then with the expression of one whose heart is divided between the objects most beloved and all that is now left dear to him on the earth, he presented it to the executioner's boy, and said to him, 'Keep it; and when I am dead, bury me beside that saint.' While this scene was being enacted, Ramengo observed that Alpinolo's hand was deficient of a finger, and the very same finger that he had cut from the hand of his infant son in a fit of jealous fury. That finger, the ring, and the words of the culprit, increased his agitation to the utmost. He took a step forward, stretched out his arm, and snatching the ring from the hand of the executioner's boy, exclaimed, 'Let me see it! let me see it!' The executioner was struck with astonishment at this act. Alpinolo looked on the masked face of the stranger with mingled curiosity and displeasure: the other examining attentively the features of the condemned, at length recognised him, notwithstanding the alteration that pain and anxiety had produced. He recognised Alpinolo his son, whom he had sought with such anxious desire, he who alone could render him the consolations of filial love, the fulfilment of his vanity, make him the envy of the world; here, at last, he had found that son, but with his feet on the scaffold, and brought thither by his father's means! He could no longer restrain himself; and with furious gesticulation he exclaimed, 'Alpinolo, Alpinolo, I remember you!' Alpinolo, who had already mounted the block, was aroused at hearing a voice address him by name, that seemed to be calling him from the dead. The executioner, unable to comprehend this scene, stood a moment in suspense; then crying, 'Take yourself away, you busybody!' he returned to his victim. But the other opposed him by main force. 'No, no,' he cried; 'this youth must not die; no—he is not the one I supposed—he is not a hireling soldier. This is the brave Squire Alpinolo, the same that saved the Lord Luchino at Parabiago. No, gentlemen, no—this must not be; he is not to be executed in this way, like a common murderer ——' 'What is all this hubbub about?' demanded the executioner. 'Whoever this youth may be, it is my business to execute him. Do you suppose I don't know how to behead a squire as well as any other culprit? You should have told all these stories to my Lord Vicar.' 'Yes,' replied Ramengo, with anxiety; 'the Lord Vicar knows him well; but he does not know that he has condemned him. It is altogether a mistake. He has given me impunity for him. Wait, for charity's sake, wait one moment—lay aside your axe! Soldiers, mark me; this man is your own comrade; he is the Squire Alpinolo, who fought so valiantly at Parabiago—you have surely heard of him, eh? Well, then, this is the very same man; he has joined your company. But surely you will not allow one of your own comrades to go to the gibbet. Hear now—mark what I am going to say. I do not wish to save him unjustly, although he has been unjustly left to suffer death. I only ask this favor—suspend the execution a short time—just half an hour—I pray you, I conjure you; by your wives, by your children. Is there none among you who has a wife? who has children? Make the executioner wait: call your captain, eh, Signor Melik! you that are so brave, so valiant: this youth is not the one I took him to be. Look at him; don't you know him? Why, it is he that fought with you at the battle of St. Agnes, where he gained such signal honour. And when the Lord Vicar knows who he is, he will punish those that have suffered him to die in this manner—because he, the Lord Luchino himself, has granted letters of pardon for this youth; I have them—signed and sealed by the Visconti. In charity, stop the proceedings one moment, a single moment, while I go and fetch the letters of impunity. No, he must not die. Let us see who is to be lord of Milan, the prince or the executioner. He shall not die, no.'"

We will not anticipate the last—it is a terrible retribution.

Before laying down our pen, we should advert to a number of natural moral reflections which are sprinkled like pearls over this woeful tale of folly and guilt: they do credit to the author (who is much of a translator), or to the accomplished editor. An amusing typographical error, so slight as the position of a comma, but which puzzled us for a moment, may relieve the sombre aspect of the scaffold *dénouement*. The text reads thus: "If we correctly picture to our minds the men of that ancient period, with their steel armour, rich cloaks and furs, collars and necklaces of gold hats, o'erwaved with nodding plumes, the sword at the side, and the heavy iron mace resting on the saddle-bow," &c. We could not imagine what, in the name of costume, the "necklaces of gold hats" could be; but the moment we put the comma after "gold" we pounced upon the meaning.

Lusitanian Sketches of the Pen and Pencil. By W. H. G. Kingston, Esq., author of the "Circassian Chief," &c. 2 vols. post 8vo. London, J. W. Parker.

THESE are what they purport to be, and nothing more, sketches of the north of Portugal, lightly and naturally describing country and inhabitants, and farther illustrating both by pretty lithographs of interesting views, and characteristic cuts of various classes of the people. The author appears to have greatly enjoyed his sojourn, and to have benefited his health by his mountain and other excursions. His accounts accordingly partake of his temperament, and are gently tinged with the rose-colour. What he saw was seen through a favourable medium; and it does not detract from the reader's pleasure to find himself accompanying a well-satisfied and socially disposed traveller. Such a one is infinitely to be preferred to the eternal grumbler; and, if the precise truth be sought, is quite as much to be depended upon. *Ergo*, we say, give us such writers as Mr. Kingston; and were we to crack a few bottles of Port with any Portuguese tourist, from Beckford to Pardoe, we really think, for reasons which occur in his second volume on the subject, and to which we shall refer, he is the individual we should honour by our selection for a symposium. And this is all we need say by way of introduction to a publication of this unpretending order; for the rest our quotations may speak.

The work is dedicated to the Earl of Carnarvon, with just compliments to his literary tastes and merits, and in unison with his lordship's good opinion of the Portuguese. The author then specifies the district through which he wandered, viz. the provinces from the Minho to the Mondego, and laying down chapter and verse (*i. e.* head lines to every page), good humouredly gives every body leave to skip over the parts least interesting to their curiosity. Availing ourselves of this permission, we have quitted England, visited Vigo, seen Oporto, and have journeyed to Guimeraens, where stands the cathedral, adorned by the following story:

"We wandered into the sacristy, but could find no one to shew us the treasures it contains. These treasures are called 'The Treasures of Our Lady'—Os Thesouros de Nossa Senhora. A young lady of my acquaintance made an odd mistake on that subject when visiting Guimaraens some time ago—a very natural one, it must be confessed. On her first arrival, while dressing, the maidservant at the hotel informed her that among the many wonderful things her native city contained were those in the cathedral, particularly, 'Os Thesouros de Nossa Senhora,' which she understood—Our Lady's scissors. When, therefore, she with the rest of her party visited the sacristy, and several venerable priests, whose fair round bellies were with fat *caldo* lined, were standing round, and politely exhibiting the holy treasures of their shrine, she after all had been shewn, with much hesitation, from considering that they might be unwilling to allow eyes profane to behold so valuable a relic, begged to see 'the scissors of Nossa Senhora.' 'What does the lady want to see?' said one worthy priest, holding his sides, while his cheeks filled out, his lips curling and a bright sparkle illuminating his eyes. 'The scissors of Nossa Senhora,' said the young lady quietly. 'The scissors of Nossa Senhora! Ha! ha! ha! The scissors of Nossa Senhora! Ha! ha! ha!' repeated the priests in chorus; and never was such holy cachinnation before heard. At length the first who recovered his breath and voice, with tears in his eyes, explained, amid numerous bursts of merriment, that however much they should value so inestimable a treasure, they did not possess it; that they had already exhibited '*os thesouros* de Nossa Senhora,' but that for '*suas tesouras*,' they unhappily possessed them not. Ha! ha! ha! and again they all laughed. Whoever visits the cathedral of Guimaraens, and wishes to hear a hearty laugh, let them ask to see the 'scissors' of Nossa Senhora."

Allied to this spot we have a nice national legend, attached to an ancient tree wonderfully respected by all the inhabitants. It stands on a green mound, and is surrounded by iron palings. Its history, told by a female interpretress, runs thus:

"You must know, senhor, that many hundred years ago—I might almost say thousands—there lived in this province a man of the name of Wamba. He was a person noted for his extraordinary piety, his bravery, and his learning; for it was well known that, although he could not write like the learned clerks to be found in the monasteries, he was well able to read, and thus was he reputed far and wide by those of all ranks who knew him throughout the peninsula. The former king of the country having died, the people were anxious to elect a new one, but had great difficulty in making their choice. In this emergency they fixed their eyes on Wamba. At that time the spot where we now stand was an open space, in a fine grove, where the neighbouring proprietors used to assemble to exchange their cattle or corn and wine for what they might require. There was one day a collection of people far greater than usual on the spot, when the prin-

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cipal ones again began to discuss the subject of electing a king; and at last it was agreed that no man was more fitted for that office than Wamba. He had not then made his appearance; but scarcely had he been unanimously elected when he was seen approaching the spot, driving before him with his long stick a remarkably fine pair of oxen. He drove them into the crowd, and offered them in exchange for so much corn and wine and oil, which he was anxious to present to some holy monks who lived up in that sheltered nook in yonder mountain, which you see from hence; when what was his surprise on beholding all the surrounding people take off their hats and hail him king! Wamba was a pious man, and modest respecting his own virtues and acquirements—a sign of true talent, it is said, senhor; he therefore at once, taking off his own hat, entreated his friends not to expose him thus to ridicule; but if they wished to make a mockery of any one, to select some other person as their laughing-post. They one and all declared, that far from wishing to mock the good Wamba, they were never more serious in their lives; again entreating him to accept the regal dignity. 'It cannot be!—it cannot be!' he exclaimed. 'I am not fitted for so high an office. Heaven has appointed me to the quiet life of an humble *lavrador*, and in that, please God, I will remain. Receive many thanks, my friends, for your good opinion of me, of which I am sufficiently proud, and do you select some more worthy person.' 'No one is more worthy than Wamba! no one is more worthy than Wamba!' was shouted among the crowd; and the chief people again stepped forward, entreating him with prayers to accept the regal crown. Now Wamba, though a pious man, was a little impatient in his temper, as even the best of us are at times when tried; and he was anxious to dispose of his oxen, and to return home to his wife; so when thus unexpectedly delayed, he began to lose patience. 'It is enough, my friends; I beg you do not mock me!' he cried: 'I must away to my home.' But as he endeavoured to retire from the little mound on which he was standing, they thronged still more round him, taking hold of his robes to detain him. 'This is folly, my friends!' he exclaimed, striking in his vexation his long iron-pointed goad (his *pau*) into the ground with considerable force. 'When my stick, which I cut twenty years ago, begins to flourish, then, if it please Heaven, I will be your king, or any thing you require; but till then, I swear on the four evangelists and the holy gospels, I will never make so great a fool of myself.' At hearing these words the people were sadly disappointed, for they knew well that no earthly power would make him break so great an oath; and though they were determined to have a king, they knew not whom else to select. They were all retiring disconsolate to their homes, and the humble Wamba was about disposing of his oxen, when a loud exclamation of wonder was heard from those standing round the little mound, where in his vexation he had left his stick. They rushed to the spot, when, what was their amazement to behold the dry iron-pointed stick, which they had seen thrust into the ground a few minutes before, now sending forth green leaves in every direction! Wamba flew towards it, and his first impulse was to attempt to draw it forth, thinking it was the work of witchcraft; but it resisted all his efforts; it had taken too firm root—an emblem of the Portuguese monarchy. Overcome by his feelings of pious amazement, he fell on his knees, beseeching power might be vouchsafed him from above to fulfil the onerous and honourable task he now clearly perceived he had been especially selected by Heaven to perform. He was at once proclaimed king with loud shouts from all the people as they rose from their knees, on which they had fallen at sight of the wonderful miracle. He no longer made a pretence of refusing the regal crown. They immediately set to work to erect a palace for him near the spot where Heaven had itself conferred this dignity on him; and that was the very first house built in Guimaraens, which has since become so important a place. His reign was long and prosperous; nor were the people ungrateful for the benefit Heaven had conferred on them. The tree, too, has always been preserved with religious care by succeeding generations, but has never increased nor decreased in size, being the first to put forth leaves in the early spring, and the last to shed them in the autumn; a living manifestation of the truth of miracles which the most sceptical cannot doubt."

The annexed, at the same place, may serve as a specimen of Mr. Kingston's descriptions of the country:

"Few towns in Portugal are more beautifully situated, or surrounded by a more fertile and lovely country, than Guimaraens. In the orchards in the neighbourhood grew those delicious plums which, being dried, are packed in small round boxes by the nuns, and ornamented with silver and silk flowers. They are well known in England by the name of Guimaraens plums. I remarked particularly the great number of elegant crosses of every shape throughout the town, chiefly of stone, the stems of a light spiral form with merely a cross piece at the top; also in every direction the numerous shrines, the architecture and ornaments of which were far from deserving of the same admiration. I understand that there are many other objects to be shewn in the town, which we did not see; particularly various relics of peculiar sanctity, not exhibited except to the devout eyes of true believers; but I trust on a second visit that I may be considered as such, and enjoy the inestimable satisfaction of viewing them, when I promise to give a full and exact description of their peculiar virtues. On leaving Guimaraens, we passed under a dark and venerable gateway of the ancient town, on which the hand of time had worked with slight effect; and we might have fancied ourselves a company of the knightly followers of the brave Alfonso Henrique, had we not been clothed in the effeminate habiliments of white jackets and straw-hats, which I opine they did not wear. It were endless to describe the beautiful scenery we passed—on each side fertile valleys and laughing hills, rich orchards and luxuriant corn-fields, while every hedge was overhung by the slender tendrils of the vine loaded with its juicy fruit; so that, as we rode along, we might pick and eat to our heart's content. Such is the fertile province of the Minho—the bright gem of Lusitania's lovely land. There are, it is true, steep and rugged serras intervening—the bold outlines of the landscape; but far up their sides extend cornfields or vineyards, and on their summits graze numerous flocks of sheep or goats. When the gradual extension of good roads enables the farmers to bring their produce at a less expense to market, not a spot of ground will remain unemployed; so that this province will become, for its size, one of the richest in the world, as it is now the richest in Portugal."

The Romans had good roads in this country, and why should not its modern possessors, though, as Mr. K. assures us, it is far too mountainous to be able to avail itself of the great advantage of railways? In his chapter entitled "Traits and Traditions," the author states several matters, from among which we select the following:

"Saints' days are here ushered in by fireworks, such as rockets, squibs, and crackers. It is extraordinary what a noise they make—one cannot fail to be struck by the piety of the people. No sooner does the day break than those under the immediate protection of the saint commence their noisy salutations—bang, bang, bang—crack, crack, crack. Not a soul in the parish can longer hope to sleep, but must up and do him reverence. * * * Each saint, besides being the peculiar protector of different individuals, has some especial office in which his brother-saints do not interfere; and no well-instructed person in religious affairs would dream of appealing to one of them in a matter belonging to the jurisdiction of another. St. Gonsalves cures pains in the knees and arms, and patronises tinsmiths and potters. St. Vincent is the patron of cutlers, and cures the small-pox. Combmakers are under the patronage of St. Bless, and tanners are cared for by St. Anthony. St. Barbara watches over the artillery. Carpenters, musicians, painters, goldsmiths, and barbers, acknowledge the guardianship of St. Joseph, St. Cecilia, St. Luke, St. Elvi, and St. George. St. John Nepomucene secures his suppliants against ill-fame. St. Jerome wards off thunderbolts; and conflagrations are extinguished by St. Mershal. St. Egmidius is called upon during earthquakes; and St. Onofrius in hunger. St. Michael de Sanctis heals tumours and cancers. Coughs are treated by St. Jude. St. Ovidio is invoked for deafness; St. Apollonia for toothache; and St. Clare and St. Lucy for sore eyes. St. Sebastian cures malignant fevers; and St. Benedict venomous bites. Indeed, there is not an imaginable situation in life, a danger, or a disease, which has not its corresponding saint, or, as is commonly said, its advocate. * * *

"The Portuguese peasantry are still very much addicted to performing penances. As they are seldom very heavy, they find it an easy way of soothing their consciences. The most severe I have seen some poor women perform, such as crawling round a church many times on their bare knees: frequently they hang a bag of sand to their necks, to increase their toil, and let it run out as they proceed. This is done frequently under a pelting rain, the poor wretches literally tracing their progress with their blood. Sometimes these penances are inflicted by their confessors for sins committed; at other times they are in fulfilment of vows made in consequence of recovery from sickness, or on account of finding any lost treasure. They are not in general, however, such sorrowful affairs. I have seen men with thick cloths tied round their knees; for though they had vowed to go round the church on their knees, they did not consider themselves obliged to spoil a new pair of trousers on the occasion; and as the handkerchief alone could not have preserved them, they were compelled to add pads also. They deserved as much credit as the pilgrims who boiled their peas which they put in their shoes. Young maidens frequently perform the same progress round the church, habited in thick cloth petticoats, and too often most irreverently laughing and joking all the time with attendant swains, who will on occasion most gallantly lift them over any very rough places. An old lady I formerly

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knew vowed to make a pilgrimage barefooted to a shrine at a considerable distance; but her friends persuading her it was more than she could perform in the way she first intended, she yet determined to keep her vow, so she ordered her sedan-chair, doffed her shoes and stockings, and was carried thither. Truly there appear to be many curious ways to heaven; and had I the creed of some persons, I might add, 'few there be who find the right one;' but as I pity these poor people who are not taught better things, so do I believe will their and my Maker. I do not give these accounts as amusing stories to be merely laughed at, but that the character of the people may be better understood. Theirs is not an earnest, deep character; they have faith in what we consider absurdities, and yet they laugh at them. On being asked if they really believe in the efficacy of such things, a shrug of the shoulders is the general answer. 'We are told to believe in them, and why not?' is the utmost that can be extracted from them. One then finds the question put to oneself, and one is compelled either to say things which are considered little less than treason against the church, or to hold silence. Thus the uneducated, ignorant peasant gains the day with her '*Pois não?*' Why not? Nor is this species of penance exacted only of human beings. Frequently cattle, which have escaped a murrain that has destroyed their fellows, are led round some favourite shrine; horses, oxen, asses, and swine sometimes, shewing most irreverent unwillingness to fulfil their owners' vows, by the performance of what they, more wise, must look upon as a useless ceremony. From days of yore, I fear pigs have had few religious tendencies—the exceptions, at all events, are rare. These exhibitions are by no means grateful to the ear. Grunting and squeaking they go round; sometimes, too, the hinder part foremost, when the penitential hog takes it into his head to turn back the way by which he came. Asses shew more respect to the sacred edifice, though they do sometimes bray rather loudly; but oxen appear the most piously inclined of any. While I am laughing, I am reminded of a story told by a friend of mine of two ladies who made a vow to walk to Matozinhos, a distance of four miles, without speaking. They tried it nine times, and were at last compelled to undergo a severe penance to exonerate them from what they found to be impossible of performance. Another favourite vow, made chiefly by farmers, is to present to their church their own weight in corn or wax; for weighing which a large pair of scales are suspended in the sacristy, or some room adjoining the church, into which the votary and his produce are placed. Should he desire to recover it again, he may commute it with money —a very wise arrangement of the priests!"

[To be continued.]

Legends of the Isles, and other Poems. By Charles Mackay, author of "The Salamandrine," "The Hope of the World," &c. &c. Pp. 230. Edinburgh and London, Blackwoods.

THE "wild and poetical originality" of Mr. Mackay's powers, as well as his imaginative mind and descriptive talents, have been the theme of our admiration when his preceding volumes appeared, and established him on the roll of popular living poets. Being again called upon to act the part of revising-barrister in regard to his claim, it affords us much satisfaction to say (no objection being offered from any quarter, liberal or illiberal), that he stands more than entitled to all the distinctions and privileges of our former award, and is consequently not only not to be struck off, but to be continued, with an increase of credit, and fully confirmed beyond appeal in all and sundry his rights to be considered a freeholder of our constitutional Parnassus.

The *Legends of the Isles* are in very various metres, and give us stirring descriptions of superstitions which have been alluded to by former authors, as handed down among the thousand and one tales of the Scottish Highlands. Each is marked by an appropriate versication, which shews how finely their spirit has been communicated to the brain of the writer, and how competent he is to develop in composition what his fancy so happily conceives. The first, the "Sea-King's Burial," is a striking account of the tradition according to which the old Norse naval heroes when about to die were shipped in the vessel, committed to the sea, with flowing sails and a fire lighted below, so that it might blaze up and consume the body in a style befitting his warlike exploits and fame.

"'My strength is failing fast,'
Said the sea-king to his men;
'I shall never sail the seas
Like a conqueror again.
But while yet a drop remains
Of the life-blood in my veins,
Raise, oh, raise me from the bed;
Put the crown upon my head;
Put my good sword in my hand,
And so lead me to the strand,
Where my ship at anchor rides
Steadily:
If I cannot end my life
In the bloody battle strife,
Let me die as I have lived
On the sea.'

They have raised King Balder up,
Put a crown upon his head,
They have sheath'd his limbs in mail,
And the purple o'er him spread;
And amid the greeting rude
Of a gathering multitude,
Borne him slowly to the shore;
All the energy of yore
From his dim eye flashing forth—
Old sea-lion of the north—
As he looked upon his ship
Riding free,
And on his forehead pale
Felt the cold refreshing gale,
And heard the welcome sound
Of the sea.

'Hurra! for mighty Balder!
As he lived, so he will die!
Hurra! hurra! for Balder!'
Said the crowd as he went by.
'He will perish on the wave
Like the old Vikinger brave;
And in high Valhalla's halls
Hold eternal festivals;
And drink the blood-red draught
None but heroes ever quaff'd,
With Odin and the spirits
Of the free.
In the fire, or in the wreck,
He will die upon his deck,
And be buried like a monarch
Of the sea.'

Old Balder heard their shouts
As they bore him to the beach;
And his fading eye grew bright
With the eloquence of speech
As he heard the mighty roar
Of the people on the shore,
And the trumpets pealing round
With a bold triumphal sound,
And saw the flags afar
Of a hundred ships of war,
That were riding in the harbour
Gallantly.
And said Balder to his men,
And his pale cheek flushed again—
'I have lived, and I will die
On the sea.'

They have borne him to the ship
With a slow and solemn tread;
They have placed him on the deck
With his crown upon his head,
Where he sat as on a throne;
And have left him there alone,
With his anchor ready weighed,
And the snowy sails displayed
To the favouring wind, once more
Blowing freshly from the shore;
And have bidden him farewell
Tenderly,
Saying, 'King of mighty men,
We shall meet thee yet again,
In Valhalla, with the monarchs
Of the sea!'"

The whole is too long for us to quote; but this opening is enough to display the skilful adaptation of the song to the event celebrated; and we may point to the famous Battle of Largs, as another gratifying example of the same merit.

Saint Columba's spectral numbering of the Western Isles is also an impressive piece. The saint is graphically described in his lonely boat, till he reaches the sacred Iona:

"And the lone traveller stepped on shore,
Leaning upon the staff he bore.

A long loose mantle wrapped his limbs—
A cowl concealed his head;
And meek, yet lordly, was his look,
And solemn was his tread.
And lo—to meet him on the beach,
A pale and shadowy band,
Barefoot—bareheaded—holding each
A taper in his hand,
Came in long line, from Oran's shrine,
And gathered on the strand.

No word was said, no sign was made,
Spectres all pale and wan,
With earthward looks—'mid silence deep—
Their noiseless march began.
And slow they followed where he led;
And, moved as by a blast,
The doors of St. Columba's kirk
Flew open as they passed,
And shewed the lights on roof and wall
Lit up for solemn festival.

And choral voices sweet and clear,
Drawn out in cadence long,
Re-echo'd through the vaulted aisles,
Attuned to holy song;
And music like a flowing tide,
From organ-pipes unseen,
Poured forth a full majestic strain
Each solemn pause between;
And myrrh and incense filled the air,
And shadowy lips were moved in prayer.

Each damp and moss-grown sepulchre,
Each vault and charnel cold,
Each grassy mound, let forth its dead,
And from th' enfettering mould
Dim shadows of departed kings,
Sceptred and robed and crowned,
And mitred bishops, meek and pale,
And abbots cowled and gowned,
Came thronging in the moonlight grey
In long impalpable array.

And fierce Vikinger, swathed in mail,
Pallid and gaunt, stood forth,—
Old pirates, that to spoil the land
Had issued from the north;
Lords of the isles, and Thanes, and Jarls,
Barons and Marmors grim,
With helm on head and glaive in hand,
In rusty armour dim,
Responsive to some powerful call
Gathered obedient, one and all.

And now the choral voices hushed,
And ceased the organ tone;
As to the altar steps, high raised,
Sad, silent, and alone,
The traveller passed.—To him all eyes
Turned reverent as he trod,
And whispering voices, each to each,
Proclaimed the man of God—
Columba, in his ancient place,
Radiant with glory and with grace.

Back fell his cowl—his mantle dropped,
And in a stream of light,
A halo round his aged head,
And robed in dazzling white—
The saint, with smiles of heavenly love,
Stretch'd forth his hands to pray,
And kings and thanes, and monks and jarls,
Knelt down in their array,
Silent, with pallid lips compressed,
And hands cross'd humbly on their breast.

He craved a blessing on the Isles,
And named them, one by one—

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Fair western isles, that love the glow
Of the departing sun.—
From Arran, looming in the south,
To northern Orcades,
Then to Iona back again,
Through all those perilous seas,
Three days and nights the saint had sailed
To count the Hebrides.

He loved them for Iona's sake,
The isle of prayer and praise,
Where Truth and Knowledge found a home
When fallen on evil days.
And now he blessed them, each and all,
And prayed that evermore,
Plenty and Peace, and Christian love,
Might smile on every shore,
And that their mountain glens might be
The abiding-places of the free.

Then, as he ceased, kings, abbots, earls,
And all the shadowy train,
Rose from their knees, and choral songs
Re-echoed loud again—
And then were hushed—the lights burned dim,
And ere the dawn of day
The saint and all the ghostly choir
Dissolved in mist away:
Aërial voices sounding still
Sweet harmonies from Duni's hill.

And every year Columba makes,
While yet the summer smiles,
Alone, within his spectral boat,
The circuit of the isles;
And monks and abbots, thanes and kings,
From vault and charnel start,
Disburied, in the rite to bear
Their dim, allotted part,
And crave, upon their bended knees,
A blessing on the Hebrides."

We find, when we begin to quote, that we are seduced by the liquid verse to swim sweetly on, as if borne on gentle waves, much farther than our first intent; and we must tear ourselves from the recreation and leap ashore, like the Norsemen of Haco. In a philosophical mood, the author thus speaks of "the struggle for fame" of an ingenuous soul:

"If thou canst dine upon a crust,
And still hold on with patient trust,
Nor pine that Fortune is unjust;

If thou canst see, with tranquil breast,
The knave or fool in purple dressed,
Whilst thou must walk in tattered vest;

If thou canst rise ere break of day,
And toil and moil till evening grey,
At thankless work, for scanty pay;

If in thy progress to renown,
Thou canst endure the scoff and frown
Of those who strive to pull thee down;

If thou canst bear the averted face,
The gibe, or treacherous embrace,
Of those who run the selfsame race;

If thou in darkest days canst find
An inner brightness in thy mind,
To reconcile thee to thy kind:—

Whatever obstacles control,
Thine hour will come—go on—true soul!
Thou'lt win the prize, thou'lt reach the goal."

Such goal, and by no less virtuous means, we believe, has Charles Mackay attained: that he may long enjoy this noble position is the heartfelt wish of all who know him, or taste the pure spring of his poetry. We must abstain from more illustrations, and yet regret we cannot quote many single lines which approve the bard as entirely as pages could do. Here is a splendid image:

"Starless and moonless was the night,
And on the waters lay,
Like silence palpable to sight,
Thick wreaths of vapour grey."

Or again, in the striking supernatural dance of Ballochroy:

"And now they bounded, now they tripp'd,
With panting pleasure, open-lipp'd,
And brisker, merrier, louder still
Sounded the music o'er the hill."

We could instance many such touches, but must conclude; and we do so with the finale of this highly spirited and affecting poem, after the deceitful fairy or witch enchantments, which have led him to voluptuous ruin, disappear:

"And once again the dance they twined—
They seemed like feathers on the wind—
Their hands they waved, their feet they twirled—
They ran, they leaped, they tripped, they whirled.

But as he danced, his eyes grew dim,
His blood ran thick through every limb;
And every face, so fair and bright,
Appeared distorted to his sight.

The lustre of their eyes was gone,
Their cheeks grew wrinkled, pale, and wan;
Their fair plump arms grew shrivelled skin,
Their voices hoarse, and sharp, and thin.

Bloodshot, and blear, and hollow-eyed,
Each raised her finger to deride;
And each more hideous than the last,
Chattered and jabbered as she passed.

And with discordant yell and shout,
They wheeled in frantic droves about,
And gibing, in his visage scowled,
And moaned, and shrieked, and laughed, and howled.

Again he fell to speechless dread;
And then came one with drooping head,
And looks all pity and dismay,
And gazed upon him where he lay.

Her glancing eyes were black as jet,
Her fair pale cheeks with tears were wet;
And beauty, modesty, and grace,
Strove for the mastery on her face.

He knew her well; and, as she wept,
A cold, cold shudder o'er him crept:
'Twas Ellen's self! ah, well he knew
That face so fair, that heart so true!

He felt her teardrops fall and flow,
But they were chill as melted snow;
Then looking on her face, he sighed,
Felt her cold kiss, and, shivering, died."

HOLMES'S CASPIAN.

[Fourth notice: conclusion.]

SOME of the country sporting is well described, but we leave the particulars for our Nimrods, for extracts of more general interest.

"This evening, however, an incident occurred, which broke the usual monotony. Just before sunset, while taking a constitutional turn in the garden, we heard the loud report of a cannon in the adjoining yard; but as it was the season of the Moharrem, and guns were being continually discharged in different parts of the town, we took no notice of the circumstance, and continued our walk. A few minutes afterwards, Suleiman Khan with his two sons and some attendants entered the garden. He came towards us half-laughing and half-pretending to be angry, though evidently delighted, and exclaimed, 'Look here! What shall I do? This Jansiz Khan' (pointing to his eldest son, a lad of about seventeen years of age)—'this Jansiz Khan has been blowing away a Tooreoman from a gun, without consulting me, or in any way having my permission. What shall I do? Vai! Vai!' There were smiles on all the surrounding faces, and the khan himself could, with difficulty, refrain from laughing; we therefore supposed that a joke was meant to be practised upon us, and began to laugh likewise. Their repeated assurances of the fact, however, soon made us understand that there was small matter for joking, but that a human being had been massacred by a boy, without warrant or authority. 'By Allah! By your heads, it is so!' said the khan; 'go and see.' We went, and there lay the remains of the unfortunate wretch, a bloody and sickening spectacle. The legs had been tied by the heels to the gun-carriage, and had just fallen in front of it: the body had been blown to atoms, and its blood and fragments were spattered against the opposite wall. One arm had been torn off from the shoulder, and the other, with the head attached to it, lay near. The countenance was rather handsome, and as if composed in sleep; and though this mode of death is very horrible to the spectators, it must be without pain to the victim. The man's name was Mourud Allee, of the Otterboy tribe, a well-known offender, who had at different times stolen four men, and sold them as slaves at Khiva, besides carrying off quantities of cattle. He was caught coming into the town for the same purpose, and the punishment happened to be just and necessary; but the unceremonious manner in which it was performed, without any kind of inquiry, at the order of a mere boy, and the levity and total want of feeling exhibited on the occasion were altogether disgusting. He died without making any supplication for mercy, or without uttering a single word.

"Jan. 27. The khan paid us his usual visit at breakfast, and in the course of conversation intimated his intention of likewise blowing away the gentleman who had sold his uncle, saying that the execution should take place on the morrow, and that he would give us notice in time to witness it. We, however, declined, and once more begged that the man's life might be spared, and some other punishment decided on. 'Well,' said the khan, 'while you are here, he shall live.'—'And when we are gone!' interrupted my friend.—'He must die; the Mollahs have so decided.' Several months afterwards I heard that the man's nose, ears, a hand and a foot, had been cut off, and that he had died in consequence. Among such a people some degree of severity is undoubtedly necessary, and similar examples, were they occasionally made, would go a great way to prevent their malpractices; but it is to be regretted that sometimes governors are lenient, and allow culprits to escape with impunity; at other times they prefer the more profitable alternative of a fine; so that the example of a terrible fate is seldom presented to the people to deter them from crime."

Dramatic representations during the Moharrem, though curious, need not detain us, who have enough of bad pieces and bad acting at home. A night's bivouac in some extensive caves, and the wonders of a miraculous spring, may be pointed out as worthy of attention; and, indeed, the various notices of Persian superstitions will be found to be equally deserving. Here are a sample or two:

"Auhoowan is one of the chuppar stations on the road to Meshed; two or three horses are always in readiness, and the chuppargee keeps a small shop, where bread, corn, and other necessaries, are sold. The following tradition is told regarding the name of the place. The Imaum Reza happening one day to pass this way, met a hunter, who had just caught an auhoo, or wild sheep. The animal recognised the Imaum, which the huntsman did not; and, with tears in its eyes, entreated him to intercede, that she might be allowed to return to the desert for a young one she had left there. The Imaum spoke to the huntsman, who does not appear to have been at all astonished to hear the sheep speak; and who refused at first to let her go, as he shrewdly supposed that she would not return. However, on the saint offering himself as surety for her, he consented. In a short time the auhoo returned with her young one; seeing which, the hunter fell at the feet of the Imaum, acknowledging the saint, and entreating pardon for having at first refused his request: since then the place has been called Auhoowan. The caravanserai has not been built on the exact spot where the scene described took place, as it is destitute of water: the real place is about three miles distant to the north, and is marked by a clump of trees standing in the surrounding desert, which a belief in the story has been the means

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of preserving from being cut down for fire-wood. It is a matter of firm faith with the people, that if a man break a branch from one of the trees, he is certain shortly afterwards to break his own sacrilegious arm. A story is related of a man who, a short time ago, cut down two of them, and having loaded his asses with them, came to the caravanserai, intending to depart early the next morning. At a late hour, however, his asses were still seen unladen in the court-yard; and, on going to his cell, he was found dead, having been bitten in the breast by a serpent. This story may be true as far as regards the man's death by the reptile, as there are many most deadly species of serpents in this part of the country; and nothing is more likely than that it might have got in amongst the loads of wood, or have concealed itself amongst the rubbish in the cell; but, of course, it was believed to be a special punishment for the impiety of destroying the sacred trees."

Of Semnoon, "tradition says that it was built by two sons of Noah, Sin and Lam, whence it was called Sinlam, and afterwards, by a rather curious corruption, Semnoon."

Miscellanies to conclude:

"Laeghird is famous for its cheese, which is considered to be the best made in Persia: Persian cheeses, however, at best are very poor and dry, being generally extremely salt, but otherwise devoid of flavour."

At Khaur, a division of Irauk, we are told:

"It is well watered by numerous canals, cut from a stream, called Dellichai, and is exceedingly fertile, producing great quantities of wheat, barley, and a little rice and cotton. Unfortunately the grain-crops had been almost totally destroyed for the last two years by an insect, which the natives call 'sin.' They come from the north, in immense flights, about the middle of the spring, when the grain has attained about a foot in height, and having remained three days laying their eggs in the plants, disappear as suddenly as they came. About forty days afterwards the young ones come forth, and eat the inside of the ear, leaving only the husk. The parent flies then return, and, remaining one night, assist their progeny to devour what may remain untouched, and then all depart together. Formerly, they used only to be seen in their flight to some other place, or perhaps a village only occasionally suffered from their devastations; but latterly, throughout the whole district, their visits have been so destructive, that the people have not been able to pay the customary revenue."

At Tehraun:

"Paid our respects to Hadgee Meerza Aghassee, the prime minister. We found him in his divan-khaneh, surrounded by people, who, at the moment we were announced, were all unceremoniously turned out, except Meerza Abool Hassan Khan, formerly ambassador to England, and now minister for foreign affairs; who, being the Hadgee's colleague, was seated on the same nummud. The room was a very handsome one; the walls and ceiling being beautifully painted in flowers, women's heads, and other devices, and the windows being of coloured glass. The Hadgee received us very politely, and commenced a most extraordinary conversation, sometimes on one topic and sometimes on another; in the same breath asking questions, and answering them himself: and, before we had been there five minutes, he gave us clearly to understand, that, in his own estimation, the world had seldom seen a man equal to Hadgee Meerza Aghassee. 'Who was Bonaparte?' he exclaimed; 'he could have made him walk round his little finger. And Aflatoon (Plato) and Aristotle—whose dogs were they? They might have been wise—it was likely they were; but he was not altogether an ass!' ('Asterfarallah!—God forbid!' muttered his companion.) And then shoving his cap on one side of his head, with an air of immense satisfaction, he dashed off to quite another subject, and, without a moment's pause, inquired, 'What kind of fortress are the Russians building at Arsbourada?' We endeavoured to persuade him that no such thing was intended, but he did not appear convinced of it. He spoke with no great favour of the Russians; and, having asked many questions regarding their occupation of the above-mentioned island, said, that the Persian government had no wish that they should remain there. On it being remarked that they were the guests of Persia, that they had been invited to come there, and therefore ought to be better treated, he denied having given any invitation, and inquired, 'What is your idea of a guest? This is mine:—You come, unattended, to see me; you make your bow. I say, 'Khosh aumedeed! you are welcome; take a seat, take a seat.' I call for kalleoons, order tea, coffee, sweetmeats—in short, every thing you can wish for. I call that being my guest. But, supposing you come to see me, with a fellow behind you pointing a bayonet at my breast; I say, 'Khosh aumedeed!' I tell you to be seated; I shew you, apparently, the same attention as before; but I conceive the case to be very different. Had your mission come here while a squadron of your ships of war pointed their guns on Bunder Busheer, you would have been somewhat the same kind of guest as the Russians:—guests indeed!' And then, again instantaneously changing the conversation, he began enumerating the improvements he had lately made about Tehraun; and soon after we took leave. The Hadgee resembles a Toorcoman in features, with his long wrinkled face and scanty beard. He is a spare man, has a very peculiar expression of countenance, and I should have rather supposed him to have been some harmless lunatic than the prime minister of Persia. His history is rather singular. He was one of the meerzas, or scribes, of the Armenian patriarch at Erioon, and is said to be very learned and well read in Persian literature. Abbas Meerza wanting a tutor for his sons, the Hadgee was recommended and engaged, with a salary of fifty or sixty tomauns per annum; he educated all the princes, and prophesied to each that he should one day wear the crown of Persia. In one case, of course, he was right; and, on Abbas Meerza's death, Mahomed Meerza was named, by Fathy Ali Shah, his heir, and succeeded to the throne of his grandfather. The Hadgee used to say that he was the most stupid of the sons of Abbas Meerza, and that teaching him was like driving a nail into a stone block. Soon after the accession of the new king, the Hadgee went to Tehraun to remind him of his services and his prophecy, with a view to obtain a pension; and he was then so poor, that he was obliged to pawn a gun, a sword, and some other articles, to pay the expenses of his journey. He was favoured with an interview with his old pupil, and, having received an imperial order for a pension of five hundred tomauns a year, he retired to get the paper sealed by Meerza Abdul Kossim, the vizier, or Kaimakan, as he was called. The affixing of the seal was put off, on one pretence or another, from day to day; and the Hadgee, seeing that his firmaun was likely to undergo the fate of many others, again went before the shah. 'What manner of king are you?' said the Hadgee; 'it is true you gave me a firmaun, but your minister will not seal it, and it is useless—take back the paper! Is it thus you treat your oldest and most faithful servant?' 'Stay,' said the shah, reddening with anger; 'wait a moment, Hadgee: we shall see whether I am the shah of Persia or not.' The same hour, or very soon afterwards, the Kaimakan was summoned to the royal presence. He came, as usual, without suspicion of what had occurred. The king looked fiercely at him, and commenced a long list of complaints: 'I have now been on the throne nearly six months—my army is not paid—nothing is attended to; my commands are slighted—everything goes wrong; and, by the head of the shah! when I give firmauns to my old and faithful servants, they are thrown aside as so much waste-paper. Wallah! Billah! Is it not so? Is my beard to be laughed at in this fashion? Seize him,—seize him!' The feroshes rushed on their prey, and, before he was well out of the presence, not a rag remained on his back. He was much hated at court; all therefore treated him as a disgraced minister having no friend, cuffing and kicking him to their heart's content. He was afterwards conveyed to a small garden outside the town, near the Doulet-gate, where he was strangled. No one expected that the Hadgee would ever rise to the post of prime minister; but he managed to be constantly near the king, gained his confidence and became necessary to his comfort, and gradually and quietly slipped into the place, which he has occupied ever since. He is now, in fact, the actual monarch, as almost all business about the court is done by him. He sometimes says to the king, 'As I am your sacrifice, what does your majesty know about the matter? Let the shah attend to his pleasures, and leave business to me.' The Kaimakan was strangled in the spring of 1835: the immediate cause of his death was, no doubt, the Hadgee's firmaun; but he was much disliked and distrusted by the king, whom he used constantly to control in a thousand trifling ways. The shah, for instance, would call in his jellowdar, and order out horses to take a ride; but, before the man could reach the door, the minister would say, 'May it please the Kiblehaulum (point of the world's adoration), but it is going to rain; your majesty had better not ride to-day;' and turning to the grooms, 'There is no occasion for the horses.' He knew the king to be a weak man, and relied too much on the influence he supposed himself to have obtained over him. I was told, that after his death two chests full of unsigned beraats (orders on the treasury) were found, all of which were, of course, charged as paid in the government accounts. Many people believe the Hadgee to be really insane, while others say his eccentricity is more feigned than real. Stories of the most childish absurdity are related of him. While the army was encamped before Heraut, he would frequently inquire if the town had yet surrendered. The reply being in the negative, he would burst into most furious invectives against Kamraun Shah. 'May the graves of his ancestors be defiled!' he exclaimed: 'whose dog is he, that he thus presumes to oppose me? But I will have mercy no longer; tell Sheari-Mohamed (the chief executioner) to come here.' The Nasackchi Bashi was introduced, and the Hadgee ordered him to take some stout feroshes, and instantly bring him the head of the prince. 'Becheshm,' said the executioner; and he went very quietly back

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to his quarters. As soon as he had left the audience-hall, the whole assembly would entreat the Hadgee to be merciful. 'Spare his life; remember he has children; Aga, he has a wife; it is a pity to put him to death;' and at length, after much persuasion and entreaty, the farce would be concluded by the order being countermanded. This may appear almost incredible, the absurdity is so great; as every man amongst them knew right well that Kamraun Shah was snug in his own palace, and as much out of the Hadgee's power as the Hadgee was out of his. But, with all this absurdity and eccentricity, the Hadgee is a clever man; he has managed to keep his place for nearly ten years, and is now in as high favour as ever: this alone would prove it."

Several characteristic anecdotes are related of this eccentric premier; but we must now take our leave of a volume which we have perused with both pleasure and profit, and which we trust we have taught our readers to estimate at its real value.

LETTERS FROM ITALY.

[Second notice.]

HAVING in our introductory paper referred to various other points, we must now afford room for a touch of the liberty and equality alluded to at starting with our free citizen.

"The king of Naples has five palaces, while thousands of his subjects have not one blanket. Men talk of travelling when the mind is matured; but I advise every one who wishes to enjoy Italy to visit it before he has thought of the irregularities and miseries of the world. Let him come into this beautiful clime while the imagination holds supreme sway, and life is a golden dream. He then will see but its temples and arts, hear but the voice of the past, and grow enthusiastic on a soil where every stone is a monument, and every wall a history. I could weep when I see the havoc that tyranny and avarice make of the happiness of man. Why is it that these thousands around me should weep, and suffer, and die, that one lazy prince may gorgeously furnish five palaces he enters but five times a year? Why should lazzaroni multiply to be cursed by every stranger, merely that a few lazy nobles may turn a whole country into beautiful villas to gallop through? Italy abounds in lovely scenery, and is rich in classic associations; but he must be a stupid observer, or a heartless one, who can see and feel nothing else. As I wander through the grounds of a princely noble, I enjoy the beauty and taste that surround me, until, mounting some point of view, I look down on a lovely country filled with half-fed men, and then I could hang him on one of his own oaks. There stands a glorious statue, but under it lies a live sufferer. There is a magnificent church, but on its ample steps are heaps of rags, each enveloping a living, suffering man. But, as the Italians say, 'la pazienza e la confidenza.' Yes—patience and confidence: for the ridiculous farce of kings will have an end, and humanity yet shake off its rags, and lay aside its shame, and assert and take its long-withheld rights."

It is said there is no royal road to learning; but, according to our author, there is a very short priestly one—that pursued by "*Cardinal Mezzofanti*, the greatest linguist in the world. He speaks fifty-two different languages. His acquirements alone have obtained for him a cardinal's hat and post-mastership of Rome. The pope attributes his knowledge of languages to a miraculous gift. Conversing to-day with a priest on the subject—a friend of Mezzofanti—he told me that Mezzofanti himself attributes his power in acquiring languages to the divine influence. He says, that when an obscure priest in the north of Italy, he was called one day to confess two foreigners condemned for piracy, who were to be executed next day. On entering their cell, he found them unable to understand a word he uttered. Overwhelmed with the thought that the criminals should leave this world without the benefits of religion, he returned to his room, resolved to acquire their language before morning. He accomplished his task, and next day confessed them in their own tongue. From that time on, he says, he has had no difficulty in mastering the most difficult language. The purity of his motive in the first place, he thinks, influenced the Deity to assist him miraculously. A short time since a Swede, who could speak a *patois* peculiar to a certain province of Sweden, called on him, and addressed him in that dialect. Mezzofanti had never heard it before, and seemed very much interested. He invited him to call on him often, which he did, while the conversation invariably turned on this dialect. At length the Swede calling one day, heard himself, to his amazement, addressed in this difficult *patois*. He inquired of the cardinal who had been his master, for he thought, he said, there was no man in Rome who would speak that language but himself. 'I have had no one,' he replied, 'but yourself; I never forget a word I hear once.' If this be true, he has a miraculous memory, at all events. This the priest told me he had from Mezzofanti himself."

Improvising does not seem to be so easily acquired; for a female gifted with this talent, and seen by Mr. H., is thus described:

"At last she came, a large, gross-looking woman, somewhere between thirty-five and fifty years of age, and as plain as a pikestaff. She ascended the platform, somewhat embarrassed, and sat down: the urn was handed her, from which she drew seven or eight papers, and read the subjects written upon them. They were a motley mess enough to turn into poetry in the full tide of song. I looked at her somewhat staggered, and wished very much to ask her if (as we say at home) she did not want to back out of the undertaking. However, she started off boldly, and threw off verse after verse with astonishing rapidity. After she had finished she sat down, wiped the perspiration from her forehead, while a man, looking more like Bacchus than Cupid, brought her a cup of nectar in the shape of coffee, which she coolly sipped before the audience, and then read the next topic and commenced again. Between each effort came the coffee. Some of the subjects were unpoetical enough, and staggered her prodigiously. The 'spavined dactyls' would not budge an inch, and she would stop—smite her forehead—go back—take a new start, and try to spur over the chasm with a boldness that half redeemed her failures; sometimes it required three or four distinct efforts before she could clear it. The large drops of moisture that oozed from her forehead in the excitement formed miniature rivulets down her cheeks, till I exclaimed to myself, Well, there is *perspiration* there, whether there be *inspiration* or not; and, after all, who can tell the difference?"

We had no notion of the difficulty; but probably Mr. H. might be confused by the single letter which marks the distinction between the sweat and sweet! An artists' *fête* appears to have been a singular orgy:

"At length we came in sight of the spot consecrated by art; and such a sight! Did you ever see a 'general training' in the country? Then you have the first view of the 'artists' fête.' Scattered over the green field were carriages filled with fair spectators, patches of strolling pedlars, carts with the team detached, and 'wine and cake to sell,' and all the strange and motley grouping of a Yankee 'training-ground.' All these were on the summit of the eminence, underneath which were the quarries and the artists. As I approached, suddenly from out the bowels of the earth came a hurrah as wild and jolly as ever Bacchus, in the height of glory and greatness, made to ring through the home of the gods. The next moment I heard an earnest voice hurriedly inquire, 'Ganymede, Ganymede! where is Jupiter?' and then the bacchanalian song, 'Io Bacche!' Really I began to think there might be, after all, a batch of the old gods below, holding a sort of anniversary revel there, on the borders of their old dominions. I hastened down, and oh, such a spectacle! It is impossible to describe it. At one end of the caverns sat the presiding god. Around him were flags of every description, and ornaments of no description. He had on a necklace, made, I should suppose, of a huge Bologna sausage, with pieces a foot and a half long putting out at intervals all round it, at the end of each of which stood an imp striving with all his might to fill it with wind. At his side stood a drummer, that looked more like a griffin than a man, beating rapid and hurried beats upon his drum, while at every pause arose the chorus of some wild German song. Before him, in the dirt, were all sorts of divinities waltzing—two-thirds drunk. Round and round they would spin, ankle-deep in the powdered clay, until they came on the broken rocks with a jar that made my bones ache even to see. Poor fellows, thought I to myself, you will have enough to do to-morrow to count your bruises. This is only a specimen of what was passing. There were other groups in various parts of the quarries, each with its peculiar scene. At length a company of Germans determined to have a ghost-scene, and, German like, they went through all the ceremonies of raising a spirit. In one of the darkest parts of the quarries was deposited a body wrapped in a sheet. At the entrance stood a company of Germans, and began one of their ghostly incantations. It was enough to chill one's blood. Slowly and solemnly the incantation rose and echoed through the cavern, until the ghost was actually raised. There were many excellent singers among the German artists, and some of the choruses were admirable. I never beheld a revel to which there was no limit and no law, in which there was such perfect abandonment, as this. It seemed impossible that the human heart could so utterly throw off all restraint. Indeed, it could hardly be called a revel—it was a frolic, a wild and lawless frolic. The animal spirits of each seemed at the evaporating point. In such reckless mirth, amid flowing wine and song and dance, the hours wore on, till the signal was given for the closing-up scene, which was a general horse, donkey, and mule race out upon the green sward. It was here that the figures and costumes shewed to advantage. Thousands of people, some in carriages, some on foot, were scattered over the field. For a background, a black rain-cloud lay along the horizon. The sunlight from the clear west, falling brightly over the grassy plain, threw the figures on it in strong relief against that dark cloud in the distance, till every colour, ribbon, and plume was distinctly revealed. As the

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crowd gave way, and horseman after horseman galloped into view, it seemed more like a description I had read in some Oriental tale, than an actual passing scene. Now ten or fifteen in a company, mounted without a saddle, would gallop like the wind over the plain, their velvet mantles and plumes streaming in the wind, and the spangles in their vests and bonnets flashing like diamonds in the sunlight. And half of them were such wild, spiritual-looking beings. They were none of your hearty revellers, but had come out this once from the studio, with all the marks of severe study and privation upon them, to be young and thoughtless for one day. Some of them were remarkably handsome fellows; and with their long black hair and blacker eyes, and thin, pale faces, and singular costumes, they shot past you like beings of another planet. There were Americans among the rest, and I am sure if they could have dropped into their native towns at home just as they were mounted and dressed to-day, their friends would have clapped them in a lunatic asylum *sans cérémonie*. The racing was a mere general scamper. One bold rider, on a powerful black steed, galloped round and round without end or aim, while in another direction three artists were mounted on one little donkey, not much larger than a Newfoundland dog, which they were trying to beat into a gallop. But the poor little fellow could hardly waddle under his enormous load, and seemed perfectly stupified at the sights and sounds around him. But the blows, which fell thick and fast, were more natural and home-like, and seemed to restore his self-confidence, for the next moment he laid back his long ears, and with that villanous look a donkey alone can give, let fly his heels into the air, and over tumbled one of the sons of the divine art."

After this long extract we shall conclude with only one other notice, also relating to the arts, and speaking of the artists of America and England in Florence:

"We have long (says Mr. Headley) been accused of wanting taste and genius, especially in the fine arts; and an Englishman always smiles at any pretension to them on our part. In his criticism our poetry is imitation of the great bards of England; while our knowledge of music is confined to Yankee Doodle and Hail, Columbia; and our skill in architecture to the putting up of steeples, school-houses, and liberty-poles. It may be so; but we will cheerfully enter the field with him in that department of the fine arts calling for the loftiest efforts of genius, and the purest incarnation of the sentiment of beauty in man—I mean, painting and sculpture, especially the latter. There are two American artists in Florence by the name of Brown; one a painter, and the other a sculptor. Mr. Brown, the painter, is one of the best copyists of the age. Under his hand the great masters reappear in undiminished beauty. But his merits do not stop here: he is also a fine composer; and when the mood is on him, flings off most spirited designs. In his house we have seen pieces that indicate merit of the highest order. We first saw Mr. Brown in the Pitti gallery. Wandering through it one day with a quondam *attaché* to one of the continental embassies, my friend paused before a magnificent picture, and introduced me to the artist as Mr. Brown of America. It was a copy of one of Salvator Rosa's finest pieces, and had already been contracted for by a member of the English parliament for three hundred dollars. Walking one day through the gallery, the Englishman was struck with the remarkable beauty of the copy, and immediately purchased it, though in an unfinished state. Thus we lose them; and though we possess fine artists, our wealthy men refuse to buy their works, and they go to embellish the drawing-rooms and galleries of England. Mr. Powers stands undoubtedly at the head of American sculptors. His two great works are Eve and the Greek Slave. Critics are divided on the merits of these two figures."

The Englishman, despising American artists, becomes their greatest patron (such are Mr. H.'s contradictions); and how are they encouraged by their own liberal and enlightened fellow-citizens?

"An American, who had suddenly acquired great wealth by speculation, took it into his head to travel, and finding himself at length in Florence, made a visit to Mr. Powers' studio. Looking over the different statues, his eye rested on the Greek Slave. 'What may you call that are boy?' said he. 'The Greek Slave,' replied Mr. Powers. 'And what may be the price of it?' continued our Yankee. 'Three thousand dollars,' was the answer, as the artist gazed a moment at the odd specimen of humanity before him. 'Three thousand dollars!' he exclaimed; 'you don't say so, now. Why, I thought of buying something on you, but that's a notch above me. Why, statiary is riz, ain't it?'"

A Dictionary of Practical Medicine. By James Copland, M.D., F.R.S. Part X. Longmans.

ANOTHER *fasciculus* added to this solid, luminous, and much valued work; the only blame we have heard imputed to which, either by the profession or the public, is, the slowness with which Dr. Copland elaborates his extensive and most desirable intelligence. Paralysis and pestilence, including the momentous subject of cholera, are the principal diseases discussed in this part; which, especially on the latter fatal malady, is deeply deserving of the attention of the faculty.

Rural Records; or, Glimpses of Village-Life. By James Smith. Pp. 210. Longmans.

AMID the arduous duties of editor of a provincial journal, Mr. Smith has found leisure to write these pleasing and instructive sketches. Their moral tone, natural simplicity, and tendency to instil the kindest and best of feelings, recommend them to our cordial approbation. They deserve the epithet of truly amiable—their pictures of rural life are grateful to contemplate; and the little volume, without much pretension, merits much popular favour.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Scientific Memoirs. Vol. IV. Part XIV. London, R. and J. E. Taylor.

The Philosophical Magazine: October 1845. The same.

The Electrical Magazine: Quarter to October. Simpkin and Co.; and H. Baillière.

WE had classed these three scientific periodicals under this head, intending to give a brief abstract of such of their contents as are most novel, and to direct attention to other of their subjects worthy of perusal and study. The time and space, however, required for doing this satisfactorily, we found, as we proceeded, would be more than we could spare, and our original design was partially, though not wholly abandoned. Briefly, therefore, must we dismiss Part XIV. of the *Memoirs* with a strong recommendation of the whole work; the selections are made with good judgment, and carefully edited. The present subjects are, gases and vapours, by Holtzmann and Magnus; the allotropy, or the dissimilar state of elementary bodies as one of the causes of the isomerism of their compounds, by Berzelius; the morphology, classification and distribution of the trilobites, by Dr. Emmerich; and the employment of polarised light in studying chemical mechanics, by M. Biot.

From the *Philosophical Magazine* we select the points of three novelties, but without trenching upon the interest of the description or reasoning: 1st, an account by Messrs. E. W. Binney and R. Starkness, of the Fossil Trees found at St. Helen's in August 1843, and visited by the authors occasionally until May last, when the whole of the larger tree was uncovered. The result of their examination claims the settlement of the question as to the relation which existed between Sigillaria and Stigmaria in favour of the opinion that the former is the stem, and the latter the root of the same plant.—2d, *Bebeerine*, an organic base extracted from the bark of a species of Nectandria. The formula of this alkali, according to the analysis of Messrs. Maclagan and Tilley, who describe also the process for preparing it pure, is C^{36} H^{40} N^{2} O^{6}. In composition it is isomeric with morphia, and presents the first instance of isomerism occurring in organic bases. Its remedial powers, however, are anti-periodic, like quinine and cinchonine, whilst morphia acts as a pure narcotic. Hence the conclusion is drawn, that similarity of physiological properties does not depend upon similarity in the proportions of their constituents, and that the difference in the physical properties of morphia and bebeerine proves that their elements are differently arranged.*—3d, *Spheroidal condition of liquids.* Mr. Armstrong attributes the low temperature of the liquid spheroid to the cooling action of evaporation, and not to the reflection of heat according to M. Boutigny's explanation. The heat necessary for conversion into vapour being abstracted, not from the vessel as in ordinary cases, but from the rest of the liquid, causes it to remain below the boiling point. Thus a liquid in the spheroidal state never can attain the temperature at which it boils, because the more the heating action of the vessel is increased, the more also is the cooling action of evaporation.

The *Electrical Magazine* affords a variety of matter; but we must be content to notice only, that the coil of the magneto-electric machine has been arranged by Prof. Page for the production of a most effective quantity-current; and that Mr. Walker, the editor, in an article on the electricity of paper-mills, states as a new fact, that the paper becomes *negatively* electrified.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ON THE RECOVERY OF A LOST SCENE IN THE BACCHÆ OF EURIPIDES.

IN my article on some Supplements of Æschylus, which appeared in the *Literary Gazette* Oct. 4, I stated that I could exhibit the whole of a lost scene in the *Bacchæ* of Euripides in a more perfect state than when I first published it in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Sept. 1832; and as, during the interval, I have met with some curious confirmations of my views, I will now reproduce it, retaining only so much of the former translation, furnished by a friend, as does not swerve too far from the original Greek; for I am one of those who think that, even in the case of poetry, a faithful version, if it be not too prosaic, is preferable to a less faithful paraphrase.

* An instance of allotropy (Berzelius)?—*Ed. L. G.*

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To understand the nature of the lost scene, it is only necessary to state that a rhetorician, under the name of Apsines, distinctly testifies, in p. 724, 30. Ald., that, in the *Bacchæ* of Euripides, Agave, after she returns to her senses, takes each of the limbs of her son Pentheus, who had been torn to pieces, and utters lamentations over them. Following the clue furnished by this author, first noticed by Victorius, and subsequently by Tyrwhitt, Porson was the earliest to elicit from the *Christus Patiens* of Pseudo-Gregorius a distich belonging to the missing matter; while I was the first to remark, in *Gent. Mag.* Nov. 1832, p. 430, that from this very scene Philostratus drew the account he has given of the pictura of *Pentheus*, where Agave was represented as eager to embrace the corpse, yet afraid to touch it, while the relations were employed in putting together the mangled limbs.

After v. 1327, ed. Elmsl., there followed originally something to this effect:

"*Agave.* Father, what changes on thy child have come
Thyself hast seen; nor need thy tongue again
Tell what hath met my eyes and ears alike.
Say rather, where's my son, my dear boy's corse.
Cadmus. I bring the limbs I scarce could find.
Ag. Oh, quickly
Lay them with minist'ring hands upon the ground,
That I may once more throw around my arms
And kiss the limbs I nurtured as a mother.
Cad. Oh! hold her, friends. I dread that, when her eyes
Upon the corse so torn and injured turn,
Mischief still heavier on some head will fall.
Ag. Do I still live the actress in this scene?
Cad. This way, move on a little. There thou'lt see
The sufferings of thy son.
Ag. As ye can best
Obey the bidding, haste my feet.
Cad. Alas!
A new and painful sight will strike thine eyes,
If thou canst dare with stedfast gaze to look.
Come, then, and touch—not hold within thine arms—
His limbs, and on them drop the tear and kiss,
If such thy wish. Receive from me the dead.
Ag. I will, if strength fail not, receive.
Cad. And I
Will wait to see of these sad rites the end.
Ag. Stay we awhile, and I will thus address
The dead. To Hades' house thou'rt gone, my son,
Caught in the chase, where thou didst others hunt.
'Twere better far to die than see thee dead.
Before the act methought I could strong-nerved
The flesh and hands of this dead body touch;
But now, when I might handle the marr'd corse,
I shudder e'en to look; to touch it, shrink.
Where shall I wretched find the fitting power
To press thee to my bosom? how pour forth
The notes of wailing! With a wretched hand,
Come, let me this thrice-wretched corse compose,
And careful as I can the limbs collect.
This head, which now lies here, I cannot doubt
Was my own boy's. Yet Pentheus was a youth
With ruddy cheeks and golden locks; alas,
Such is not this! And now I know why graced
This head no ivy-wreath or clustering vine;
Why to our orgies led no lute his soul.
With other frenzies maddened, he refused
To join in joyous madness e'en a god,
And now he suffers what the god would pity.
Why, with thy mouth still open'd, speak'st thou not?
Oh! say but one word to thy wretched mother.
That voice in every accent once was sweet.
Oh! features, of regret how full, and form
Of beauty, equal to the limner's art,
Why change your smiles to scowls? I cannot bear them.
Oh! lips, whose touch was dear delight, when I
Gave from this miserable breast of nourishment
The sweet and living stream. Oh! dearest flesh,
Which oft I've clasped and in my bosom warmed,
Now hold I clammy, cold. See, if eyes can,
How full the stream of blood runs down, and bathes
Thy side with gore, and rolls on me a tide
Of filth, that Ocean's salt waves cannot cleanse
My hands and cheeks and blood-polluted bosom.
And I, who know this hand hath struck the blow,
Feel all the cruelty of deadly deeds;
And now, to sense returned, alas, too late!
Think my past madness was the better boon.
But let me, since thy nakedness no more
I dare behold, thy head with coverings veil,
And limbs no longer limbs, so torn and marred,
So gore-distained and furrowed, and enwrap
With these rent garments—not, indeed, as erst
I decked thee when a child, nor such I deemed
These hands would place upon thy bier; but now
'Tis all I have to grace thy grave with honour.
Chorus. Thy words, Agave, have o'ertopped thy griefs;
And, horror-struck, we loathe the spectacle
Of this our murdered lord.
Cad. And since the sight
Of blood perpetual is only pain,
Attendants, carry to the hollow grave
The corse, nor let the entrails soil the path.
Ag. And I with sighs, and heart o'ercome with fear,
Will follow thee, my child, nor longer stay.
Cad. Let us depart.
Ag. Lead on, that I may place
Upon the tomb of one myself destroyed
This epitaph, the record of my acts:
'Pentheus, Agave's son, doth lie here dead;
The mother's own hand killed, whom once it fed.'
Cho. But hold, what vision comes? what form of grace
And beauty more than human, clad in white,
Is this? I dread to look upon its splendour.
Quick, let us fly: fly swifter than the winds.
Bacchus. Shriek not, nor let fear come upon ye, women.
Bacchus in me behold; who, having changed
This my immortal for a mortal form—"

. . . .

Although nearly thirty years have elapsed since I first discovered the greater part of this scene lying hid in the cento of the *Christus Patiens*, I have been more and more convinced that, with the exception of a few expressions, it contains the very ideas of the dramatist conveyed in the language of the original author. Of course I am aware, as in the case of the Supplements of Thucydides and Æschylus, that the only satisfactory proof of the truth of my theory, which some will consider the height of absurdity, will be the discovery of a MS. containing the whole of the missing matter. But as such an event is scarcely within the range of the most distant probability, the reader of Euripides must be content with the fare I have furnished, unless some better scholar shall be found to place before him a more tempting repast.

With regard to the general character of the scene, it was first imitated, it would appear, by Xenophon, in the *Cyropædia*, vii. 3, whose story of Panthea was put into verse by Soterichus, as we learn from Suidas. It next attracted the attention of Seneca, who says in the *Hippolytus*:

"Disjecta, genitor, membra laceri corporis
In ordinem dispone, et errantes loco
Restitue partes. Fortis hic dextræ locus;
Hic lacera frænis docte moderandis manus
Ponenda; lævi lateris agnosco manus."

The next imitation of this scene is to be found in Libanius, t. i. p. 617 D., to which I will refer the learned reader; for the hieroglyphics of Greece would look oddly in the columns of the *Literary Gazette*. To Libanius must be added Nonnus; who, in the *Dionysiaca*, has put into *heroic* verse the substance of every scene in the *Bacchæ*; and not only alluded to the passage as supplied by myself, but has shewn, what is not to be found elsewhere, that Agave mentioned the epitaph she intended to place upon the tomb of Pentheus; just as Hecuba alludes, in the *Troades*, to the one which ought to be put over the grave of Astyanax.

Nor was this remarkable scene neglected by the ecclesiastical writers of later times; for it is evidently imitated in the *Planctus Mariæ*, so beautifully translated by Miss Barrett in the *Athenæum*, March 19, 1842, from the Greek of Simeon Metaphrastes; to whom, or to Libanius, Addison was indebted, I suspect, oftener than once. For while his Cato thus addresses the soldiers, who bear in the dead body of his son,

"Here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
His bloody corse, and count his glorious wounds;"

he says in the *Spectator*, No. 113, when describing the decease of a young lady: "Those lips, which look so pale and livid in death, within these few days gave delight to all."

With regard to the original Greek, the reader will find in the *Gent. Mag.* for Sept. 1832, what I first elicited from the *Christus Patiens*; and in the No. for May 1833, p. 420, I pointed out the identical verses of the cento I had made use of; while in the No. for December, and the Supplement 1832, I gave not only the remainder of the speech of Bacchus, here left imperfect, but whatever else I conceived to be wanting for the completion of the tragedy, with the exception of a Chorus, which, strange to say, has been preserved accidentally in the *Helena* of Euripides, as I proved nearly thirty years ago in the *Classical Journal*, No. 20, p. 374. I do not, however, mean to assert that, in the latter fragments, I have recovered the identical words of the dramatist, although I feel as confident as ever that I have come very near the mark.

Having thus produced, I trust, some curious specimens of Supplements in one of the Historians and in two of the Dramatists of Greece, I could easily proceed in a similar strain with the Comedies of Aristophanes, the Dialogues of Plato, and the Orations of Demosthenes. But the readers of the *Literary Gazette* have, I suspect, long since been disposed to cry out:

Scholar, now thy scribblings close!
Leave our leaves, unfit for those
Who still stick to ancient lore,
And with learning moderns bore!

GEORGE BURGES.

20 A Bayham Street, Camden Town.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

WE understand that the next year's meeting of this Association is fixed for Gloucester, a city with a neighbourhood around replete with antiquities of interest in every department of archæology—British, Roman, Saxon, and Mediæval. The principal nobility of the county, we see it stated in the newspapers, the Duke of Beaufort, Earl Fitzhardinge, Lord Ducie, &c., have zealously entered into the design, and thus every thing tends to promise a congress of a personally gratifying order, and highly beneficial to antiquarian research and science.

FINE ARTS.

Illustrations to Adventures in New Zealand. By E. Jerningham Wakefield, Esq. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS handsome volume, in a large folio form, illustrates Mr. Wakefield's characteristic work on New Zealand, already reviewed some time since in the *Lit. Gazette*. The prints are lithographed from drawings on the island by several hands, including those of ladies, whose management of the pencil exhibits high talents. Mrs. Wicksteed, Miss King, and Mrs. Fox, are named as the associates in the performance with Mr. J. Saxton, Mr. C. Heaphy, Mr. S. C. Brees, and Capt. W. M. Smith, R.A.: so that we have plentiful variety in style and execution, as well as in subject.

On looking over the whole, we find ourselves at a loss to afford an idea of its copiousness and diversity without going at great length into the list; for there are landscapes, scenes of every sort in which natives or settlers are engaged, native portraits, botany, objects of science and cultivation, peculiar and remarkable features—as tapus, or burial-grounds, volcanoes, &c.,—and the whole executed in a first-rate manner, conveying perfect impressions of every

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thing represented. Some of the panoramic views open out (on the drawing-paper as well as in the original) to a great extent; and if they are expansive in reality and nature, they are no less so in imitation and art. On the whole, we obtain more clear and comprehensive ideas of the country from this publication than we have done from any former descriptions; and it is one of much national interest, as well as pictorial beauty and effect.

The Ancient Stone and Leaden Coffins, Encaustic Tiles, &c., recently discovered in the Temple Church. By E. Richardson, Sculptor. Longmans.

As the Temple Church has just been reopened, we cannot choose a more proper moment to commend this concise, but artist-like and sufficient, account of some of its interesting monuments to our readers. It is full of accurate information, as all archæological pursuits ought to be; and will instruct those who do not, and guide those who do, visit the church in a very satisfactory manner. The illustrations are excellently executed.

Roberts's Sketches of the Holy Land. Descriptions, &c., by Dr. Croly. Parts XIX. and XX. F. Graham Moon.

This publication continues with unabated spirit to lay before the public, from the admirable artist's designs, those scenes of Palestine which his genius has selected, and which range the spectator, on every turn of a leaf, from the sublime to the beautiful. We have the wild and rugged mountains, the sacred temples, the picturesque and peaceful-looking valleys, the ruined cities, the caravan, the figures in every costume; but these have been already so justly estimated and highly prized, that we need only repeat, "the present are worthy of the past, and add more to the enjoyment of the whole."

Treatise on the Knowledge necessary to Amateurs in Pictures. From the French of M. François-Xavier de Burtin. By Robert White, Esq. Pp. 338. London, Longmans; Edinburgh, Blacks.

M. Burtin's work, published at Brussels nearly forty years ago, contains as many useful hints and as much good advice as can be communicated in language (accompanied by apt illustrations) to the unlearned and uninitiated in picture-dealing, and was therefore deserving of the translation now bestowed upon it for the benefit of persons not acquainted with the French tongue. There are, we fear, many tricks and many secrets in this trade not to be learnt without experience; that sort of bought wisdom which conveys intelligence even to the understanding (such as it is) of fools; but if to be put on our guard be good, and if to be informed of what is really valuable in paintings be desirable, we can safely vouch for this volume conveying a great deal of that instruction. It displays competent knowledge of art and pictures, and may accordingly be consulted as a serviceable guide, which may save from many *a bargain*, and from being laughed at besides by connoisseur friends who know better.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FAREWELL.

Farewell! oh, what a mingled train
Of crowding thoughts rush through the brain,
When parting friends have said and heard
That simple, sadly-uttered word!
Feeling, that when its thrilling tone
Their lips have tremulously spoken,
The spell by girlhood o'er them thrown
Will be, alas, for ever broken:
For many a summer's fervid ray
Must darken those clear brows ere they—
The playmates *once* in careless glee,
The parted *now* by land and sea—
Can hope again, with pleasant greeting,
To hail another happy meeting.

Oh, who can tell what joys, what tears,
Will mark those yet unwritten years!
The untried future, will it be,
When proved by stern reality,
Indeed so bathed in sunny gleams
As pictured in youth's radiant dreams?
Or rather, will not fancy weave,
'Mid cares that harass, thoughts that grieve,
Bright memories of the early days,
When, yet unchilled by worldly guile,
They spake in kind affection's phrase,
And smile was met by answering smile?
Ah, yes! amid the fluttering throng,
And pleasure's gayest bowers among,
The parted heart is lonely still,
And feels a melancholy thrill,
Sighing to bring, with yearnings vain,
Childhood's companions back again.

How shall they meet?—not as they parted,
With youth's elastic step and air,
For ever hopeful and light-hearted:
Changed will be then the golden hair,
The raven tresses. On each brow
Time's fingers will be graven deep;
Afflictions may have laid them low,
Or sorrow will have bid them weep.
But pause!—it may be, that on earth,
Within the land that gave them birth,
They meet no more. Pause, and repeat
With solemn thought—How shall they meet?
How meet their spirits? Once they knelt
Around one altar here below:
Still be the hallowing influence felt
Uniting them, that, whether so
In earth or heaven, their portion be
"The *bright* wave of eternity."

Rosa.

THE DRAMA.

The Princess's Theatre opened on Monday with a light piece, called *Advice to Husbands*, very cleverly acted by Mrs. Stirling and Mr. James Vining; and also a grotesque farce, entitled *A Man without a Head*, which Man was whimsically personated by Mr. Compton. The design (for plot it is not) is of the broadest character; but once allowing the groundwork of most extraordinary obliviousness in memory (which is not so unnatural nor uncommon as may be supposed), the whim and absurdity of the situations are exceedingly laughable. The announcements for the next week and the management of the season are more than ever attractive at this theatre.

The Olympic.—Miss Kate Howard again opened the campaign here on Monday, as fresh herself as the newly decorated and painted house in which she appeared, with an appropriate address to a full auditory. A new drama, called *The Queen of Bohemia*, and a musical mythos, *The Boyhood of Bacchus*, were successfully produced on the occasion.

The Alethorama, or Animated Illusions, is a picturesque exhibition, at which we were present, in the concert-room of the Princess's Theatre, on Thursday evening. It consists of a series of views in the Netherlands and other countries, most minutely painted and wrought up to truthful effect. But it is not still life only that is placed before the spectator: men and women pursuing their daily avocations or recreations; horses and vehicles passing the roads; ships and boats traversing the rivers and canals; birds swimming and flying; people fishing, fowling, skating, &c. &c.,—animate appropriately each scene in succession; now a winter one, now a summer; now morn, now eve, changing to twilight, night, and moonlight. The programme contains a description of forty-five views, out of which are to be selected and varied about five for each evening's exhibition, occupying about two hours. The style of the programme is very quaint; a specimen or two of which we are disposed to give, because it will convey an idea of the representations more concisely than we possibly could. The first two views for this occasion were Nos. 7 and 8, and are described as follows:

"No. 7. *The Palace of Santa Felice, at Verona.*—This splendid building, one of the finest specimens of art, is here given with the utmost correctness in all its details,—its columns of white marble, and its mosaic pavements. In a short time the duke and all his court appear, and go off to the chase; and, in conclusion, a peacock is seen, which for the perfection of its mechanism may be safely said to be without a parallel. This wonderful automaton imitates all the actions of the real bird in so lively a manner, that few at a distance would imagine it to be a work of art. Nothing but the actual examination and handling of the automaton could suffice to betray the deception."

This peacock is really deserving of high praise; but he has greatly the advantage of the human figures and of the buildings in point of magnitude—in proportion to either he is gigantic. This, and a jerking movement of some of the figures, which probably will wear away on repetition, are all with which we have any fault to find in the five views; the second of which was, according to programme:

"*No. 8. The Maas at Rotterdam.*—In the foreground is the harbour, in the background is the city. Ships of every kind, from men-of-war down to brigs and cutters, appear under sail, while by land the scene is no less animated. In one part the country-people are going to market with provisions; in another, a party of seamen put ashore their captain, who, as it begins to rain hard, is seen to open his umbrella as he goes off. The fishermen, too, follow their occupation upon the water; they cast their nets, then take a dram to recruit themselves, and again pull up the nets, in which the fish may be plainly seen struggling. A sailor attempts to take them out, be is awkward, and they all escape from him into the water; while yet farther to add to the general life and movement, swans, swimmers, &c., appear in different quarters."

As we have referred to the peacock in No. 7 with somewhat of detraction, we can most heartily and thoroughly praise the swans in No. 8; their movements are exceedingly graceful and natural, evincing a close study of the habits of those aquatic birds, and exhibiting the perfection of the mechanism employed.

VARIETIES.

Coverdale's Bible, folio, 1535, "is," says our informant, "supposed to have been printed at Zurich. No perfect copy is known; the one at Holkham makes the nearest approach to what the book was when first issued from the press, possessing, at it does, the original title-page in a perfect state, and a fragment of the original prologue, neither of which are known to exist in any other copy. What is deficient in the Holkham copy is also wanting in every other, viz. the remainder of the prologue in the same type as the body of the book. Before the discovery of the Holkham copy, it was generally supposed that the prologue was first added to the book on its arrival in England, in consequence of the different type with which it is printed; the fragment already spoken of proves that such was not the case. From the first chapter of Genesis to the last of the Apocalypse the Holkham copy is quite perfect, and in a beautiful state of preservation." The foregoing is the answer from Holkham to our inquiry respecting this literary treasure. We are informed from another quarter—"The

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book was in the library along with other valuable works, and in 1827 examined and collated by Mr. Pettigrew when on a visit to Holkham. It is, indeed, mentioned by that gentleman in the second volume of his *Bibliotheca Sussexiana*, and is there described as having the title-page, which is of very great rarity, but as defective both of dedication and preface."

Archæology: Excellent Example.—Mr. Hudson ought to be elected a *most* honorary member of the British Archæological Association, or the Institute, or both, for setting the following laudable example:—"Mr. Hudson has promised the antiquaries of Newcastle whatever antiquities may be discovered in the formation of the Newcastle and Berwick Railway."—*Halifax Guardian.*

Walk-the-Water was the title of a famous Red Indian, but, if report be true, ought now to be inherited by two German geniuses, who can perambulate on the liquid surface in hollow cast-iron shoes, of a canoe-shape. They have done it, they say, at Hanover, and may shortly be looked for on the Serpentine.

Artistical Fête.—A number of foreign artists have been entertained at a banquet in Brussels, M. Van de Weyer presiding. Of our countrymen, Roberts and Prout were distinguished representatives.

French Expedition to South America.—M. de Maslatrie, author of the *History of Cyprus*, &c., has been appointed to head a French commission about to be sent out to explore Palenque and the surrounding territories; lately illustrated by Mr. Stephens and other travellers, and first brought prominently under public notice, by correspondence, in the pages of the *Literary Gazette* in former years.

Dr. Lepsius.—According to accounts by the last Egyptian mail this celebrated German traveller left Alexandria on the 17th ult., on his way to Damietta, Jaffa, and Jerusalem.

Floods.—The northern parts of England, especially in the districts of the Tyne and Weir, have of late been much injured by heavy inundations.

Hebrew Literature.—The library of the late Dr. Herschel, chief rabbi of the Jews in England, has been purchased for the Hebrew College for 300*l.* only, though it consists of a very considerable collection of Hebrew learning, including some rare and curious works.

New Diamond-Mines.—A diamond-mine, of inestimable value, is stated to have been discovered in a desert, difficult of access, about eighty miles from Bahia.

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THE LITERARY GAZETTE

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Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1500. LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1845. PRICE 8d. Stamped Edition, 9d.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

THE LITERATURE OF FRANCE.

Histoire de la Littérature Française. Par F. Haas. 8vo. The first portion. Darmstadt.

AMONG a number of foreign works which lie on our table, our attention is attracted to the one of which we give the title above, as possessing very considerable merit, although put forth only in the modest form of a popular manual. The portion now before us contains the earlier period, and forms a very useful book of reference to the literary antiquary: it shews that the author has studied extensively the old literature of France.

Mr. Haas very judiciously, and as a necessary foundation, prefaces his history with a sketch of the Latin literature of the last days of the Roman empire. The language of Rome had usurped in every country of western Europe which fell before its arms the place of that of the people subjugated, a sufficient proof that the Celtic nations were in a comparatively low state of civilisation. It is probable that in the fourth and fifth centuries the only language spoken publicly in Gaul, Spain, and Britain, except in remote and wild districts, was the Latin. But the Latin, as spoken among the people, was very corrupt, and differed considerably from the same tongue as preserved in books, particularly in the irregularity of terminations of words and grammatical constructions. For some time after the establishment of the Frankish kingdoms, the Germanic tongue, which the conquerors brought with them, held somewhat the position of the Anglo-Norman dialect of the French in our island during a couple of centuries after the Norman conquest: German was the language of princes and nobles, corrupt Latin that of the populace. The Franks, however, appear to have been one of the most illiterate of the German tribes, and we have no monuments of any consequence of their language, as used in the Gallic provinces. Accident alone has made us acquainted with the condition of these languages, at a date no earlier than the ninth century. In 842, the two brothers, Charles-le-Chauve and Louis-le-Germanique, met at Strasburgh, and took oaths with their peoples of brotherly friendship and alliance. These oaths were written in the two languages, for the use of the different races, and they have been preserved by a chronicler of the time. One is in pure German, the other in a very corrupt form or dialect of the Latin language, fast approaching to the *langue d'oc* of two or three centuries later. It seems evident that, in Gaul, at the date of these oaths, this debased Latin, which was called the *lingua Romana* or *langue Romane*, was overcoming the dialect introduced by the Germanic conquerors. But the political debasement of the country, and the troubles attendant on the invasions of the Northmen, retarded any thing like literary development, and we do not believe that there are any monuments of the French language that can be fixed with certainty to a date older than the end of the eleventh century.

At this period we find the French language separated into two great divisions, distinguished as the *langue d'oc* (that of the south), and the *langue d'oui* (that of the north), or as the language of the trobadors and that of the trouvères, these being the forms of the title given to the poets in the two grand dialects. Much unnecessary rivalry and debate has been carried on among different writers, as to the priority of literary development in these two dialects. In the twelfth century there was, without doubt, more freedom of thought and expression in the south than in the north; but the productions written in one dialect seem to have so constantly changed hands in passing into the other, that the particular dialect in which any piece is found is no proof that that was the one in which it was originally written. When we first become acquainted with the literature of the different races, we find that, in the south of France, poetry was often the profession and amusement of the great barons and princes of the land; while in the north it was left almost entirely to the more lowly jongleur.

Mr. Haas has given us a very comprehensive chapter on the trobadors and their works, in which the general reader will find at once what it would require the study of large volumes to obtain elsewhere. The arrangement is simple and good: he describes first the different forms in which the poetry of the south manifested itself; there is then a general account of its style and character; and lastly, biographical notices of its principal writers, with specimens of their works.

The poetry of the south was stifled in the blood of the martyred Albigeois, so horribly slaughtered to satisfy religious persecution; and after that domestic crusade, the literature of the *langue d'oc* has little interest for us. Nearly two-thirds of this first portion of Mr. Haas' book are devoted to the literature of the *trouvères*, which was more especially the parent of that of France in modern times. We would here observe, that our author, in entering upon this part of the subject, has fallen into some confusion and error, which we have not space to rectify at length. "*Les jongleurs sont plus anciens que les trouvères—Les jongleurs ont été les continuateurs des bardes.*" By the bardes, Mr. Haas means the ancient Armorican minstrels. Nothing can be more incorrect than these two sentences, which sum up his opinions on the subject, and nothing more erroneous than the grounds on which they rest. The jongleurs were not the descendants of the bards, nor had they any connexion with or resemblance to them; and they were not distinct from the trouvères. These were two terms generally applied to the same class of persons, and in the same age, but referring to different attributes. A man was a trouvère by his poetical compositions, and a jongleur by his recital of them, or by his other performances, including both minstrelsy and mountebank tricks; and although these two attributes belonged only to one profession, a man might be a jongleur who was utterly incapable of composing himself; while another might be a trouvère and write poetry, who would not condescend to recite it in the character of a jongleur—a character, by the way, which appears to have been derived from the east. If the poets of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries did derive some of their subjects—their "Breton laies," as they called them—from Armorican popular traditions, it was not because they were the "continuators of the bards."

The first class of the poetical compositions of the French in the middle ages to which Mr. Haas calls our attention is the "romances of chivalry;" in fact, these come first in order, if we include under them all sorts of romantic narratives of which the subject is wars and political commotions, and if we except a few early poems of an ascetic character. The term "chivalry" is not good; it is a thing which, in the modern acceptation of the term, had no real existence in the middle ages, and leads only to false ideas. But still, it is in very general use. Our author divides the romances into three grand classes — the romances of Charlemagne, or, as they were called in ancient times, the *chansons de geste;* the romances of the Round Table; and what he terms the *mixed romances*. The first of these, which forms an exceedingly numerous class, are the early historical romances of France; they are founded on traditions of the great events of the Carlovingian dynasty, and especially of those connected with the grand struggles between Christianity and the Crescent, which put a check upon the power of the Saracens in the West. Of the second class the origin is much more obscure; and, as we have given our opinions on the subject more than once, we shall say no more on the present occasion: it includes the singular cycle of the romances of the St. Graal. The third is a very miscellaneous class indeed, but it is very well arranged here under four general heads: the romances of which the subjects are taken from ancient history and mythology, those of which the subjects are purely religious, the romances of chivalry and love, and the allegorical romances. The first grand cycle of romances of which the subject was furnished by antiquity, was that of the adventures of the great Alexander, and it is doubtful whether the first notion of this personage as a hero of romance did not come direct from the East, where Alexander still holds the same position. The different branches of the early French cycle of Alexander would of themselves fill an ordinary library. The romance of Troy, and many others of a similar character, followed. The religious romances form a numerous class. Mr. Haas' third division is not a very definite one; it appears to be intended to include all "romances of chivalry" which do not belong to the two grand cycles of Charlemagne and the Round Table. It would be better divided, or at least subdivided, into two or three classes, and we would especially combine together a series of romances which had their origin in England, —such as Horn, Bevis of Hampton, Guy of Warwick, &c., which appear to relate to the Danish invasions of our island, but which are perhaps merely modernised forms of the romances of the earliest periods of Anglo-Saxon and Germanic fiction preserved in tradition through many ages. The allegorical romances include such poems as the Romance of the Rose, &c.

The age of romances was followed by that of

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poems of a lighter class: there were, first, the *contes* and *fabliaux*, a most abundant field of study, and most interesting in many points of view. Next come, in Mr. Haas' arrangement, the satirical poems; then the lyric poetry, and the smaller pieces. Another chapter of some length gives us a history of French prose during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, arranged under the heads of historians and writers of sermons. This is followed by the history of poetry in the fifteenth century, which occupies the remainder of this first portion of the work. We recommend it warmly as a very useful book for every one who wishes to obtain a general knowledge of the literary history of the middle ages.

Stable-Talk and Table-Talk; or, Spectacles for Young Sportsmen. By Harry Hieover. 8vo, pp. 453. London, Longmans.

A PERSON of literary tastes and habits is not the most desirable reviewer for a work of this kind: it is out of his line. To have justice done to it, the critic ought to be a jolly-looking coachman, with flaxen wig curling systematically round his ears to his ruddy cheek and over his brow to his laughing eyes; his livery rich, his vest and linen purely white, and his tie unexceptionable:—or, a saucy groom, neat as a fancy milliner just turned out of one of her own bandboxes, his hat of glaze, laughing to scorn the quaint, old-fashioned, three-cornered cock of coachee, but turned up jauntily on each side, one flanked with a cockade, his coatee smart, his buttons brilliant, his smalls of cord or leather descending considerably below the knee and buttoned in front, and his inferior leathers polished like a mirror:—or, at least a tiger, small abortion of a male child, large-headed, top-booted, fox-like in look and cunning, temperamentally inclined to the fair sex, from the fat cook whose waist he could not encircle with his arms, to the slender housemaid whose apron-strings measure the altitude of his height:—or, but query? a knowing hostler, a cabman who has seen the world, or the hydropathic cad his companion on the stand? It would depend upon their natural abilities and acquired intelligence—they might or they might not be competent; they might be too high or too low for the job; they might be fit to do it in the ——— or ———, but not as it ought to be in a periodical which shall be nameless!!

Accordingly we must do it ourselves. To us there appears to be more Stable-talk than Table-talk in the volume; a quality which will render it more acceptable to a numerous set of readers, and less so to others, whose ideas range towards topics of a different nature. For ourselves, for example, the Table-talk which pleases or delights us would admit of the Stable-talk in very homœopathic doses indeed; we would converse of new publications and literature, pictures, engravings, scientific discoveries, marriages and music, births and operas, deaths and the drama, accidents, remarkable police-cases, railroads, politics, learned and archæological meetings, charities, dinner-parties, pic-nics, *fêtes*, *soirées*, balls, including polkas for the fair and young, dress, fashions and the court, intersprinkled sparingly with the results of such and such races, of such and such exploits *versus* partridges, hares, grouse, &c. &c. But we could not abide to have our whole precious time engrossed with the tricks and frauds of the turf, the landed abomination and barbarity of steeple-chases, the wretched no-sport nor healthful exercise of battues, the chanting of horse-dealing thieves, the swindling of black-legs, withers, breaking-in, the action of this cob, and the broken-windedness of that thorough-bred mare, warranties, screws, butchers' nags, jades, spavins, dead-lames, matches against time, oats, hay, dung, driving over a country (described with wonderful prolixity by the yard, as if by an engineer employed to take levels), such a distance, in such a manner, at such a rate, and within such a time; breeding, feeding, betting, disguising, sweating, perjuring, and the other interesting themes that pertain to the stable. And this is what we have a sort of sense of, after having read this work—*we* are neither wiser nor better, but somewhat sadder, and a little fatigued, as if the journey had been none of the shortest, or we had not been accustomed to travel over such ground, and look right and left at such objects. In short, we prefer our easy or *easel-ed* chair and our table, where books talk, to witching the world with noble horsemanship, or trying it at the risk of tumbling off in the latter case, which we cannot physically do in the former.

Still, we are again free to confess that, for the young squires, sporting farmers, country-gentlemen, cockneys aping them, pseudo Nimrods and incipient Hieovers, there may be a good deal gotten out of these pages. Thus of racing, the author (who seems to the manner born, though an officer of fair rank and station in life) observes:

"I allow that to triumph when we win, or shew temper when we lose, is ungentlemanlike and ungenerous; that is, when the loss or gain of money is the consideration; but I glory in seeing a man delighted when his horse wins; there is a freshness in the thing that really does one good to see. Depend on it, such a man is no *leg*. The latter wins or loses his money with the most inflexible coolness; be takes it as a matter of business. If he keeps horses, so far from taking any pleasure in them, he cares not if he never sees them from one year's end to the other; whenever he does, it is merely a visit of business. If his horse wins, he pockets the money, but neither cares nor thinks more about him than he does about the spit that hangs in his kitchen, and has roasted the mutton for his table. Unfortunately for racing, it is chiefly this description of turfmen who virtually (certainly not virtuously) hold the helm of racing affairs; yet such men might all be driven off the turf. If such owners of race-horses as keep them from the love of racing, and the proper emulation of having the best horses, would only set about the thing, it would cost them neither trouble nor expense, but would put their own characters beyond suspicion, and would at once draw a distinct line between such men as keep race-horses merely as machines to win money with, and those who keep them from a patriotic wish to encourage the breed of superior horses, to enjoy sport themselves, and contribute to that of others."

And with regard to royal plates, the following remarks and suggestions seem well worthy of attention.

"King's plates were given for this patriotic purpose [*i. e.* improving the breed of horses]; and doubtless at the time when a hundred guineas was worth the best horse's starting for, it had a very good effect; but our other stakes have now become so heavy that a queen's plate is considered a very mediocre affair. To win a king's plate formerly stamped a horse's character at once; now, only two years since, the same horse won seven queen's plates in the same season—a good horse certainly, but still no flyer. It is flattering to the turf to be patronised by royalty, and queen's plates add to the respectability of a meeting; but as to the original intention of these gifts, that is now totally set aside. I think, between England, Ireland, and Scotland, the queen gives about fifty plates to be run for; that is, five thousand pounds. For many of these we see every year several 'walks over;' and where this is not the case, the field generally comprises four or five horses at most, often two or three; so, from the smallness of the amount (in these days), it has become comparatively five thousand thrown away. It would be too great a tax on royal liberality to increase the value of this host of plates so as to make each worth running for; but if perhaps five royal plates of a thousand pounds each were given in lieu of these, the original intention would be more brought to bear than it is at present. When it took a week to get a race-horse a hundred miles, and that also stopped his work for so long a period, it was quite necessary to have royal plates distributed thus widely over the country, otherwise the horse in training at Ascot could not without great inconvenience be got to Doncaster to run for a royal plate there; but now the railroads have remedied that inconvenience, there would be sure to be good fields for plates worth a thousand, or even five hundred each. The towns from which they might be taken would lose little by it; for where we see a 'walk over,' or a field of three horses, it plainly shews that at the present moment queen's plates create but little attraction."

The exposures of the rogueries in horse-dealing are ample and significant; and we daresay the more likely to be useful to buyers of every class; but we can only refer to them. The writer's opinions are rather in favour of boxing matches and the ring, though he will hardly succeed in his arguments so immediately after the late disgraceful and degrading exhibition for the championship; yet he speaks moderately and compunctiously of less savage practices:

"The huntsman (he says), the jockey, the steeple-chase rider, the bull-baiter, and dog-fighter—even the gentleman, if he is merely a 'bookless sauntering youth, proud of the scut that dignifies his cap'—will all deny that there is a particle of cruelty in any of their several occupations; while the man of sense will candidly admit the charge, but may very justifiably add, that if we do not let a selfish thirst for amusement benumb or obliterate our feelings of humanity, the great source of amusement arising from sporting, and also the great advantages a large portion of the community derive from it, over-balance the trifling cruelty we inflict in its pursuit; and this is the only true state of the case. No man can attempt to deny that to turn out a stag merely for the pleasure of hunting him is gratifying ourselves at the expense of a harmless animal; it would be folly to deny it: still, I hunted seven seasons with stag-hounds, and must allow I never thought of any thing but keeping as near to the hounds as a sportsman ought to be. Foxes are vermin, some will say, therefore we ought to kill them: 'so where's the cruelty?' This is all nonsense. If there is any cruelty in hunting, whether it be the fox or the hare, the thing is the same; and for this reason, a gun would be a quicker mode of ridding ourselves of the one and of possessing the other. It is always bad policy to pertinaciously defend a bad cause, or to attempt to controvert that which in itself is incontrovertible. Let us allow therefore, like honest fellows, that there is some cruelty even in fox-hunting, but that it is so born with those of the right sort, and is so fascinating in its pursuit,

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that death would almost be preferable to resigning it. Then fill a bumper to fox-hunting, and I will be as vociferous in the three times three, and again, again, again, as the loudest of you all. That fox or stag-hunting is the frequent cause of a great deal of cruelty and suffering to horses is quite clear; that is, when they get into certain hands. I have some years since seen the Hon. Mr. P. with his horse spurred from shoulder to flank, and that because, from want of common sense and judgment in the early part of the day, he had beaten a good horse before it was half over. If this is not cruelty, I do not know what is. Depend upon it, the man who would be guilty of it towards his horse, would be equally the brute to his wife or child. God forbid he should ever have the one or the other! Let no man tell me that enthusiasm in the chase is an excuse for premeditated and wanton cruelty. I maintain it to be wanton cruelty to butcher a good horse, when the only plea we can produce for so doing is a wish to see more of the end of the run, as if a man could never see another during his life. I can assert from experience and observation—and have had no small share of the former, or want of opportunity for the latter, in these matters—that I never knew one of these real butchering riders in the field who was not a brute in all his relative connexions in society. Let it not be supposed that I mean in any way to infer that riding straight to hounds necessarily involves cruelty to a hunter; quite the contrary. I am perfectly satisfied, and I am sure the best judges in these matters will agree with me, that the man who rides straightest to hounds, generally speaking, distresses his horse the least: he keeps near enough to watch the leading hound, or couple or two of hounds, by which he is enabled often to avail himself of sound ground instead of heavy, and perhaps cuts off the whole angle of a fifty or sixty-acre field. If hounds throw up their noses for only half a minute, he can give his horse the full benefit of that half minute; and half a minute, aye ten seconds, is an age to a horse all but blown. When they hit it off, he is off with them; they don't gain an inch on him: he has no ground to make up, for he is ready to take his place. Long may he keep it, both here and in his chase through life!"

Mr. Hieover speaks with just indignation of the cruelty, which, a few weeks ago, led to the death of a fine spirited pony on the road, whilst being urged beyond his strength and speed in a race against time; and adds the following anecdote:

"Reverting to the boast of the pony having been driven without a whip, reminds me of an anecdote told of a noted coachman. He was for some reason or other taken off one coach to be put on another: he was told by the late coachman of the latter, that no man could get the first team he would have to start with along, or, at all events, 'thrashing in a barn was light work to driving them.' He made no reply, but contrived to get into the stable during the morning, and unobserved locked himself in with the aforesaid team: he then took a broomstick, and belaboured each and all of them, shouting at them at the same time, till they would have jumped through the wall if they could the moment he spoke to them. This done, he walked quietly out. On the team being put to the coach, they from habit took the thing as coolly as ever; sundry jokes passed on the new coachman; offers of extra whips, a shoulder to each wheel, and the late coachman presented his successor with a stout ash-wattle by way of an *apprentice*. Coachee took it all in good part, got on his box, and waited the signal. 'Right,' cries the guard; then at one word from the well-remembered voice, to the perfect astonishment of every one, off each horse bolted like a snipe just flushed. The secret afterwards came out. I do not mean to assert that this kind of thing was practised on the pony; but I do say, that a voice that had often been followed by a severe stroke of the whip would have been quite sufficient (as the event proved) for so high-spirited an animal. Let me remind my readers, there is also a way of punishing a horse by his mouth to get him along—a vile and uncoachmanlike practice, I allow, but sometimes resorted to. If a snatch at (or rather on) a horse's mouth by means of the reins is always followed by a few strokes of the whip, the horse very soon learns that the one is as much a signal to go on as the other; and both being a punishment, he accelerates his speed in both cases to avoid it. Thus we see that driving without a whip is no proof that a horse is not forced to cruel and unnatural exertion if a good one, and bad ones are never selected for such performances."

But as we need not enter upon the whole course pursued throughout this volume, we shall now recommend it briefly to the sporting world, dealers in horse-flesh, and those so fond of these concerns, that they would keep their stable as they lodge their wife, go in couples with her;* and finish with a merry *tail*. The author between Calais and Dunkirk had his gig smashed by a French carrier, and applied to the laws in vain for redress; for he informs us, "in lieu of damages, I got this piece of advice from the bench, '*Il faut qu'il l'apprenne donc.*' I thought this hint was quite superfluous, my first lesson having completely enlightened me on the subject. My next appearance before the most worthy —— shewed how little I had profited by his advice, or I should not have troubled him again; but I did, and my present case was this: Riding one evening after dark along the same delectable road, on a favourite English horse, down he dropped as if he had been shot, sending me over his ears *en avant courrier*. This mishap had arisen from my (Englishman-like) taking the side of the *pavé* in preference to the middle of the route. A drain had been left open of about two feet deep, into which my horse had gone. He was up in a moment; I remounted, and what I said about French high roads was bad enough then; but when I examined my horse's knees by the first light I came to, and found two concavities made in them something the size of a teacup, I fear what I said was ten times worse. I really now thought, that from this trap having been left open, and holding myself a loser of about thirty pounds each knee, some redress would be afforded me. I found, however, that redress, something like promotion or reward for services, was likely to be some time in coming, for I was first told I had no business riding where I did; and secondly, from whom was the redress to come? Before this could be got at, it was necessary to find who made the drain, and it behoved me to find that out. 'Did Monsieur know who it was?' Of course Monsieur did not. I saw my chance was out; but to render assurance doubly sure, out came again the infernal 'Il faut qu'il l'apprenne donc.' The prayers of the wicked are sometimes heard: I prayed for a chance to return all favours to Monsieur le ——, and it came. I learned that his lady had taken a mania for riding *en Amazon*, and that her lord and master would give any price for a perfectly broke English horse accustomed to carry a lady. Just before I left England a very beautiful horse that had been carrying a friend of my wife's had unfortunately gone badly broken-winded, so much so as to be useless. I started my groom off for this said horse, and he brought him back in blooming condition, and looking worth as much as any lady's horse could be, and only six years old. I got the daughter of a friend of mine, a girl nine years of age, to ride him about the town, taking care he should be seen by the lady and her good lord. The beauty and docility of the horse in carrying a mere child could not be resisted; so a note arrived filled with apologies for asking if I would sell 'le beau cheval,' in which case I was begged to name a price, and to pass my word that he was as docile as he appeared. Monsieur would only ask leave for a friend to look at him in the stable, who would bring the 'ergent comptant.' I replied by saying I would sell the horse, that on my honour he was 'doux comme un agneau,' a hundred and fifty Napoleons his price, and that Monsieur's friend was quite welcome to see him, assuring Monsieur 'de ma parfaite considération,' &c. &c. Yes, thinks I to myself, you are welcome to *ma parfaite considération*, but I suspect you will not get much *consideration* for your hundred and fifty. I have the 'Il faut qu'il l'apprenne' fresh in my memory—'chacun à son tour!' I have not spent so much money about horses without being able to make a broken-winded one fit to be examined by your friend. The 'ami' came; the 'valet d'écurie' came; the saddle and bridle (such a saddle, a kind of 'demi-pique' resuscitated), the bridle half red velvet and silver buckles, came—no matter; the money came. Out of kindness to the horse, I desired the French groom not to give him any cold water that day. Those initiated in such matters will know why; the groom did not. 'Il faut qu'il l'apprenne,' thinks I. The groom mounted, rode off 'en dragon,' stiff as a poker, Monsieur l'ami walking by his side, and, as I saw, Frenchman-like, stopping ten times in the street to shew le beau cheval to some friend. 'Tout à l'heure, tout à l'heure,' thought I. The next evening 'l'ami' waited on me, begging I would go with him to look at the horse. 'Volontiers, Monsieur;' and away we went. I found him of course blowing away like a blacksmith's bellows. What was the de mattere? vas de horse indisposé? 'Eh, non; Monsieur says il est poussif; voila tout.' 'Poussif, poussif!' cried Monsieur le ——. 'Sacré ——! do I heer you right? you say de hors is what you call broke in de vind, —do I hear dat?' 'Yes,' said I, 'you do;' and thinks I to myself, Madame will hear it too *occasionally* if she rides him. Monsieur assured me he had no idea of the horse being so when he bought it. I freely expressed my conviction that this was correct. Vat was he to do? 'Ce n'est pas mon affaire cela,' said I. Doubtless my reader has seen two Frenchmen in a passion; but to see two most passionate ones in a regular white-heat rage is really a treat. Now, says I, for the *coup de théâtre*. I reminded Monsieur of the broken-gig and broken-knee decisions; he recognised me in a moment. 'Now, Monsieur,' says I, 'what have you got to say? You wanted 'un beau cheval,'—you have him; you wanted a docile one,—you have that also; I said nothing about his being sound: you have no fault to find with me.' 'Mais, mille tonnères! I no vant de hors broke in de vind, dat go puff puff all de day long.' 'C'est possible,' says I; 'mais cela m'est parfaitement in-

* See the *Winter's Tale*, act ii. *plurified*. (A capital new word for changing the quotation singular into plural.)—*Ed. L. G.*

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different. You trusted to your friend's judgment.' 'Bote my friend have no jugement for de horse.' 'Il faut, Monsieur,' said I, making my bow, 'qu'il l'apprenne donc.'"

CENTO.

The Spirit of the Vatican, illustrated by Historical and Dramatic Sketches, during the Reign of Henry II. &c. By Joseph Turnley. 8vo, pp. 246. London, H. Cunningham.

With the full determination which makes a man, *nolens volens*, a poet, Mr. Turnley has herein dedicated his talent also to the prose exposition of his subject and enforcement of his argument. In employing the Latin *nolens volens*, we hope we shall not be understood to imply that natural and genuine poetry is wanting; but simply that, in sooth, such compositions as the author is resolute to produce are not the esteemed or profitable in our day.

The object of this volume (being one of a projected series) is to uphold the Reformation, and, from the contest between Becket and the king, to demonstrate the ever usurping policy of the Romish religion.

Our readers are aware that polemics are not our favourite studies, or, in short, that we cordially detest them. We need not therefore apologise for entering very briefly into the contents of this volume, and meddling not at all with its doctrinal reasonings. Of the author's qualities the annexed extracts will afford an idea, and we make them in fairness from his prose and verse.

"The Toulouse war happened in the reign of Henry II., and attracted adventurers from all orders of society, and many priests of various nations. Indeed, in this age, all things were devoted to war, and bore its impress. It was then, as now, an occupation which raises a standard before the eyes of men, which challenges many of the noblest parts of their nature, tendering gauds and honours in exchange for blood, and shewing pyramids for their manes to rest under. It takes man away from the lingering sorrows of domestic life, and makes an independent way to death's domains. We may loathe when we look upon the ravages war has made; yet we must admit that it has scenes in which the leading parts of the soul must be brought into vigorous action; and all that is solid and brilliant in the spirit is elicited and concentrated in one focus of bold and dauntless resolution. Such an organisation then takes place, that soul and body seem electrified into one excited and impassioned power. This was an age of chivalry; and all orders of society, including even the priesthood, seemed ever ready to follow the clarion trumpet of war. It was a disposition gratifying to the monarch, and aggrandising to the people. Perhaps one of the most remarkable facts during this distinguished reign was, the subjugation of Ireland to the papal power, which involved the assertion of the papal right to bestow kingdoms and empires, and is the origin of the connexion between Great Britain and Ireland. The Irish church had been united in fellowship with the Romish church by the exertions of St. Malachi; but the claims of the prelates to exclusive privileges were long resisted by the native Irish princes and the inferior clergy, who were strongly attached to their ancient institutions."

In the drama the characters, of whom Walter Mapes is one, are drawn with force and discrimination; and the following is a taste of the poetry:

"*King Henry.* My summer now, dear Leicester, is far spent.
'Tis neither burnished lance, nor love, nor lust,
Can wake it from the dead. Once—once, indeed,
And only once—I loved. Ah! who can tell,
When first the new-born infant opes its eye,
And drinks the light of heaven, what mystic thrill
Of joy extatic then from nerve to nerve,
Through this of all the portals to the brain
Most complicate, attends that rushing beam!
'Tis even thus with passion's first wild throb
In noble hearts: 'tis indefinable;
And all we know is, that it gave a zest,
An impetus unto the tide of life,
That until then had sluggish been and dull.
Oh, 'tis a gift from Heaven! and could it last,
I could not wish for any higher heaven
Than this bright trance of love.
Leicester. Once, my good lord,
You loved.
K. H. But ah! soon came the fiends from hell,
Bringing their tainted precious things from thence,
And, in arrangement, with much artful guise,
They offered honour, power, wealth, and fame,
Together with the shadowy form of love!
'Twas then I did my ardent spirit sell;
And now am patchwork—an unreal thing,
And life is weary, flat, and profitless.
I charge the Vatican with this foul sin,—
It pressed me to that marriage which I hate.
Leic. Oh, let not sorrow thus o'erwhelm your soul!
The ruby stream which flows from holy church
Will purify all fallings off in kings;
And in thy treasury there is bright gold
Which will absolve for every broken vow.
K. H. Leicester, these things do oft disturb my soul.
But I would be alone. To-morrow's noon
Shall summon thee again; till then, farewell.
[*Exit Leicester.*
K. H. (*walking in the wood*). Yes, my dear Rosamond, I know the hour
Fixed by thy love. And in this wilderness,
This weary, barren desert of my life,
That hour smiles forth a glad oäsis bright
To cheer my soul, and give it impulse fresh
To wander on unto my journey's end.
Oh, I can ne'er forget what thou hast done
And sacrificed for me. The new-fledged swan
Has not a plume in either wing so white,
One-half so purely white, as was thy soul,
Thy virgin soul, when first thy trembling eyes
Encountered mine with timid furtive glance.
Oh! hadst thou been less chaste, less innocent,
Thou wouldst not, in the world's misjudging eye,
Now guilty seem, immodest, and unchaste.
Ye matrons dignified—so active seen
To play the coy, the amiable, to catch
Some rich inheritor in Hymen's noose—
Sneer not, that Rosamond the Fair, my love,
Has ne'er profaned, with false and faltering lips,
The altar of her God with impious vows
Of love and constancy, what time her heart
Did to another secret homage pay.
To thee, dear Rosamond, I'll bend my steps:
Yes! thy caresses ardent, fond, sincere,
Shall banish every wrinkle from my brow,
And light it up with cheerfulness and love.
* * * *

Scena III.—*An Apartment in the Labyrinth.*
Rosamond. Aba *reading.*

Rosamond. Dear Aba, read no more. This history
O'ercomes me, and awakes such painful throes,
That at my very shadow I do start.
Aba. Yes, lady dear; the once-loved past is quick,
And its impressions ineffaceable
Do sometimes start before the astonished mind,
After long years of slumbering.
Rosamond. Oh yes!
I know that many a thought long buried lies,
And e'en forgotten, in the mind, until
Some kindred thought strikes on its tomb, to which
It wakes and quick responds;—as my sweet harp,
Untouched by hand, vibrates, when I do sing,
To some concordant note most faithfully.
But oh, the echoes from the past do all
Breathe melancholy through the pensive soul—
A drop of pleasure in a sea of pain!
Aba. Yes; but that drop is of so potent taste,
The mind is left in doubt which quality
Is prevalent. But sometimes wringing pangs
Are requisite to search and purify
Young hearts. I'll bow before that sacred form,
That holy Mother mild may grant us peace;
'Tis her fond will that we be sad awhile.
Rosamond. Aba, thy words are true. My Aba dear,
I know this earthen vessel must be searched
By woes, which her great hand alone can heal."

The Modern Poetical Speaker. By Mrs. Palliser. 12mo, pp. 495. Longmans.

Mrs. Palliser, believing that there is a great want of a selection of modern poetry for the purposes of education, has compiled this volume from authors of the present century, and subdivided the whole under heads, to keep together (for instance) extracts or poems on natural history, on the sea, on history, on slavery, on the poor, on death, and so forth. She has sought her flowers from every quarter of a published description; and been careful that no weeds should mingle with the bouquet. It is therefore very fit for the youthful sense.

Luther for the People. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Nottingham, Dearden.

A cheap edition of Mr. Montgomery's poem of *Luther*, in double columns.

Maunder's School-Edition of the Omnipresence of the Deity. By the Rev. R. Montgomery. Pp. 126. Longmans.

Though Mr. Robert Montgomery's later productions did not fulfil the promise of his more youthful poems, and his writings were exposed to more severity of criticism and ridicule than justice seemed to demand, his earlier works of a religious character have (with all their blemishes) retained a strong hold upon the public mind, and justified the encouraging praise bestowed upon them by the *Literary Gazette*. In the present copy (the third school-edition) of the best of them, Mr. Maunder has displayed the skill of a sensible and experienced editor; and, by dividing the subjects into appropriate heads or lessons, given almost a new semblance to the old materials, and made a useful and impressive educational volume.

Stella: a Poem of the Day. In Three Cantos, &c. &c. Pp. 231. Longmans.

Addison says, that public curiosity is so much excited to know some of the authors of books, that portraits of them or descriptions of their persons are always looked at and read with avidity. Otherwise it is like getting into a stage-coach (when such things were) or a steam-carriage (now) after nightfall, and travelling till the break of morning with people in the dark, unknowing who they are or what they resemble. Our fair author appears to have fully felt and appreciated the justice of this Spectatorial remark; for though she neither favours us with description nor portrait, she does indulge us with a preface. Hence we learn that she grew and flourished to the sweet age of eighteen, and up to that period gave vent to her virgin fancies by composing nearly the whole of the poetry contained in this publication. Since then she has enjoyed the blissful state of matrimony for about six years,* and added the experience of wife and mamma to her preceding imaginative powers; and so has been enabled to correct, amend, and improve her verses before they were presented to the world. She speaks of her girlhood, &c., in a simply touching manner:—"Six years have scarcely yet elapsed since then, during five of which the writer's time has been wholly occupied with the various cares which, generally speaking, belong to a wife and a mother. Nor would the following pages have ever been published, had not the request of friends, during a few weeks of prescribed quiet, induced her to draw forth from their hiding-place the scribblings of her child and girlhood."

Under such auspicious circumstances, we certainly looked for a higher effort than is here achieved. Lo a group:—

"'Mid the boy's curls his fingers fondly play;
And round his friend's one girl, with scarcely less
Of love, his arm he winds; and tells, smiling,
Of what has happened, and his new styling.

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* We have never known any young poetess fulfil her promise after she turned to having babies; and on looking through the biographical dictionary to refresh our memories, *Suckling* (Sir John) seems to be the only recorded instance.—*Ed. L. G.*

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That young boy glanced more proudly as his sire
Spoke of his poverty; champing the bit,
Like a young horse—the rider doth desire
To render to the bridle every whit
Obedient; a little lord still higher
Thrown back his head; 'Did she not think that it,'
He asked his playmate young,' would nice to be
Him in some future day an earl to see?'"

Our authoress is a strenuous upholder of women and their rights:

"A fine thing, persons deem, is woman's pride,
Womanly feeling is a man's by-word,
Such, I suppose, as Milton has described
In Eve's first view of him she *knew* her lord;
'Tis pretty true, that cannot be denied,
And with much gracefulness the scene is stored,
Still the old tale with which the world begun,
That woman's heart must not unwooed be won.

So Milton makes it out, at least, and he
Is in such matters unto almost all
A modern Lycurgus; alas! for me,
I never could wear easily the thrall
Of man's opinions; sent to Coventry
Was I long since, for thinking it no fall,
No sinking of the nicest woman's feelings,
To spurn deceit, and scout all double dealings.

The fact is this: *man's* heart cannot conceive
What girl's love is."

We think this very likely to be true, and also a good deal of the following:

"A woman's first love!—did ever woman read
A bard's description, and feel satisfied?
Describe a mother's anguish when, of need,
Her first-born dies; tell of some balm applied
To heal her wounded spirit; or, indeed,
Tell how a widow may have wept and sighed.
Open to pity those—but ne'er doth eye
A woman's first love when 'tis blighted, spy.

Or even when 'tis prosperous, we guess
All in the dark as to its depth, breadth, height;
Nor know we aught of its forgivingness,
Or the excuses which it fondly might
Make for its idol:—a lion's gentleness
Resembles most a woman's! e'en when blight
Hath marked her for its prey, still I have seen
Her hand bless him who hath the blighter been."

We have ventured, in our masculine ignorance, to guess that a good deal of this may be true; but it is exactly that portion which we cannot comprehend, which nobody can understand, and which, the dear poetess herself declares, Eye hath not heard nor Ear hath not seen. The invisible and impossible image of a blighted first love may, perhaps, be like an orange-tree full of pseudo bridal and marriage blossoms struck with lightning: that our imagination can conceive; but when we are asked the questions about the mensuration of the prosperous passion, we give it up. We never were good at accounts; and it is long since we left the school where arithmetic, logarithms, and land-measuring were taught; and therefore the depth, breadth, and height of a young lady's first concern in the amative line involve a problem it is not ours to solve. And so, being altogether perplexed with *Stella*, we must abandon her to solitude and her own, to us, inexplicable communings, whilst we merely add a few extracts from the more intelligible minor or occasional pieces.

"*A Girl's Musings.*

Yes, I am changed! When openings are dried up,
The sap continues in; when currents cease,
The heart expands itself, and sup by sup
The store of thought and sorrow doth increase;
Had either vent, they would their burden ease,
And ebb, to flow again. The grief that wreaks
Its depth in words, need not despair of peace;
But that heard by no ear, which no tongue speaks,
Warms, glows, takes fire, then the scooped heart-shell breaks.

* * * *

"And we have met once more—I almost thought
We should not meet again, the last few weeks were fraught
With so much pain;
One day was like a score,
And in a week a year seemed o'er.
I caught the glance of that dark eye, and yet the while
Pride kept my features calm; but, oh, that smile
Sent through my frame a qualm—
'Twas not of pleasure—no;
Nor could I call it woe.
'Twas like the beauty of the lightning's flash,
That causes fear—the grandeur of the thunder's crash—
But rain is near.
A poisoned arrow cased in gold,
Which not the less takes fatal hold
Because the fluid's hid—the point is sharpened still—
The bow is bent—it doth the archer's will—
The heart is rent—
And there it will corrode,
Till it congeal that bosom's blood."

Why the writer should have been persuaded to publish we cannot tell: she ought to have known better; for she says, sensibly enough, though in bad enough rhyme:

"Nay, tempt not my breast with a prospect of fame;
'Tis a shadow, a meteor, a fine-sounding name;
Its joys, like all others, but live for a time;
Besides, *home* is the place for a woman to shine.

Yes, home is her sphere. Does she dazzle elsewhere,
Her light is but borrowed, her brilliance false glare;
She becomes to all archers a mark and a sign—
'Tis at *home*, at *home* only, a woman should shine.

Does she snatch at the laurel, she'll find that its fruit
Resembles what takes on *Asphaltic's shore root*, [!]
All ashes to taste, though appearing so fine—
Home, home is the place where a woman should shine.

* * * *

Then tempt not my breast with a prospect of fame—
Its crown could but rest on a brow flushed by shame;
This only endeavour to cherish be mine,
To strive in my *home*—as a woman to shine."

Warleigh, or The Fatal Oak: a Legend of Devon. By Mrs. Bray. Collective Series. Vol. 6th. London, Longmans.

THROUGHOUT the whole range of modern history, there cannot be a more interesting time for the admirers of heroic daring and romantic incident than that of the civil wars. Mr. Disraeli truly remarks in his pleasant *Commentaries*, that "their local traditions are scattered over the land; and that we may listen to the narrative of many an achievement of chivalric loyalty whilst on the very spots of their occurrence." Mrs. Bray has so listened to the voice of tradition amid the wild rocks, the sequestered valleys, and the stately mansions of other days, in her favourite county of Devon, nor has she listened in vain. *Warleigh* is a story of the times of King Charles I., connected with the belief attached to a venerable oak-tree, still in existence, though marked by "bald antiquity," in a village near Plymouth. The spirit of the age, and the agitated state of the west, at that period (though only incidentally introduced, for the novel itself is of the domestic class) are sketched with great fidelity, and give a more vivid and impartial account than many a professed history.

The tale traces the fortunes of an amiable and high-spirited young man, the orphan heir of a noble house, who has been committed to the guardianship of his godfather, Sir John Coplestone, the proprietor of the old mansion of Warleigh. It opens with this youth's return from a foreign land to the shores of Devon, where he is shipwrecked off the Eddystone reef, the grave of so many vessels before the erection of a light-house. We notice this opening merely because the whole scene is so powerfully drawn, that few authors would have ventured to begin with such a chapter. Yet, greatly as the expectation of the reader is raised by it, the interest is not allowed to flag; and, more especially in the scene of the judicial trial in Lidford Castle, becomes even intense towards the close. The characters are various, and depicted with a bold hand; the descriptive sketches of Devonshire, such as those of Mount Edgcumbe, Dartmoor, &c., we can attest from our own knowledge, are no less faithful than picturesque. The local customs and superstitions are curious; and, like those of the Highlands, tell well in a story. There are likewise many animated scenes and dramatic dialogues in *Warleigh*. Nor must we pass unnoticed the heroine, Gertrude Copplestone; a character originally conceived and forcibly drawn. Yet much as we admire her, we confess that nothing strikes us more throughout the whole work than the love of Dame Gee for her idiot-boy. Nothing can be more happily or naturally painted; it softens, too, the stern and repulsive disposition of the woman who is thus alive to one tender affection common to humanity, and imparts at once truth and reality to the picture. The adventure at the fairy well, where, according to an ancient practice and superstition, the lovely Agnes applies to Dame Gee, the sybil of the spring, to consult its mystic waters respecting the welfare of one absent and beloved, is a very striking incident; so likewise, though of a very different kind, is the deathbed of the conscience-stricken Gabriel—replete with awe and terror. We could point out many other effective scenes; nor must we forget to notice the comic characters, which are highly amusing, and yet are never so introduced as to jar on the more serious portions. On the whole, *Warleigh* is a very charming work, and deserves all the reputation it has acquired both at home and abroad. In the west of England, like *Fitz of Fitz-ford*, it was received with universal delight; and has, in common with Mrs. Bray's other local novels, contributed to spread far and wide the deep interest which her writings have awakened for the traditions both of Cornwall and Devon.

The Zoology of the English Poets, corrected by the Writings of Modern Naturalists. By R. H. Newell, B.D., &c. 12mo, pp. 160. London, Longmans.

NONE of the synonymes of Nice express the quality of this publication half so well as the word Nice itself in its common acceptation. It is a nice book; a pretty interchange of poetry and natural history, the one ever pleasing, the other ever instructive.

The definite articles in the title-page are perhaps a little too much. *The* Zoology of *the* English Poets corrected by modern Naturalists would furnish many volumes like this; and if carried on merely to illustrate the subjects (as here exemplified in the chapter on the Swallow, p. 102 to 107 inclusive), and not to expose errors, ten times as many more might be added. We remember the project of a literary friend of ours to produce two goodly octavos in this very exposition, and to be dedicated to Shakspeare alone.

But it is no matter; for wherever you slice into the loaf, you are sure to cut out something palatable and nutritive. Mr. Newell has taken nine insects, thirteen birds, seven reptiles, and eight mammals, and shewn what poets have sung of them, and what naturalists have ascertained—the former intent on enriching their lessons by comparisons, the latter of defining facts for immutable lessons. The whimsical language of a child, which lately amused us, seems so applicable to the philosophy of both, that we cite it for the benefit of domestic repetition and family fun—

"WELL, DID I NEVER SEE SOMETHING LIKE THAT!" is the exclamation, to establish a genus for the naturalist, and a figure of speech for the bard—"Well, did I never see . . . . . !!—Oh, very like a whale!"

But to our insectivorous pursuits; the ant, of course, is among the prominent.

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"Solomon's lesson* has been generally adduced as a strong confirmation of the ancient opinion: it can, however, relate only to the species of a warm climate, the habits of which are probably different from those of a cold one. So that his words, as commonly interpreted, may be perfectly correct and consistent with nature, and yet be not at all applicable to the species which are indigenous in Europe."

The teaching author of a production like this ought to have no "may be;" in the present instance it is a mere *nil*. Then come we to the bee: "Mr. Rogers, in his elegant poem, supposes the bee to be conducted to the hive by retracing the scents of the various flowers which it had visited.

'Hark! the bee winds her small but sullen horn,
Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn;
O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,
And many a stream allures her to its source.
'Tis morn, 'tis night; that eye, so finely wrought,
Beyond the reach of sense, the soar of thought,
Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind,
Its orb so full, its vision so confin'd!
Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell?
Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell?
With conscious truth retrace the mazy clue
Of varied scents, that charm'd her as she flew?
Hail, memory, hail! thy universal reign
Guards the least link of being's glorious chain.'
Pleasures of Memory, Pt. 1.

"This idea, however, is more poetical than accurate, bees flying straight to their hives from great distances. The poet might have employed with as much effect the real fact of bees distinguishing their own hive out of numbers near them when conducted to the spot by instinct. This recognition of home seems clearly the result of memory. A more intimate acquaintance with the natural history of this insect, which modern discoveries have so much enlarged, would supply the poet with many interesting facts less trite and common than those usually adduced, and equally adapted to his purpose. The bee is, of all the social insects, the one whose instinct is most perfect, the only one whose habits are not carnivorous, and whose existence is one of the blessings of nature. The others are born for destruction; *she*,† on the contrary, appears to have been made to secure the fecundation of vegetables, by transporting from one to another the pollen of their flowers, which the winds alone could not as certainly have propagated. Our domestic bee can live in every climate; it can brave the wintry breath of Siberia, and the heats of the torrid zone."

The glowworm next attracts us. "The glowworm has till lately been incorrectly described, and some of the most pleasing facts in its economy unobserved or unknown. Shakspeare, in his 'Midsummer Night's Dream' (act iii. sc. 1), has fallen into an error which his own observation might have easily corrected.

'The honey-bags steal from the humble bees;
And for night tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glowworm's eyes.'

He might have observed that the light proceeds from the tail and not from the head of the insect. The passage is faulty also in another point, not so obvious, nor indeed known in his time; for late experiments have shewn that the substance affording the light, and here poetically employed in lighting fairies' tapers, is incapable of inflammation if applied to the flame of a candle or red-hot iron."

Yes, but it might nevertheless light "fairies' tapers" for all that the *Philosophical Transactions* might allege against it. Heads or tails we care not for the toss, nor will we stand up for either; but we will maintain that glowworm's eyes are as capable of inflaming the tapers alluded to as any lucifers that ever were sold at a penny the box.—The bittern succeeds in our references.

"The cry which the bird emits in the mornings and evening of February and March was formerly supposed to be produced by the bird inserting its bill into a reed, and then blowing through it.

'Then to the water's brink she laid her head,
And as a bittern bumps within a reed,
To thee, O lake! she said, I tell—'
DRYDEN. *Wife of Bath*, l. 193.

Chaucer, in his corresponding line, seems to follow another explanation which has been given, that the bittern thrusts its bill into mud or water, and, after retaining the air awhile, suddenly expels it.

'And as a bittore bumbleth in the mire.'

Thomson has adopted this explanation:

'As yet the trembling year is unconfined,
And winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
Deform the day delightless; so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill engulfed,
To shake the sounding marsh.' *Spring*, l. 18.

The sound is now more rationally believed to be the call of love, uttered in that season by the male, in order to invite the female to him."

Here we do not perceive a contradiction. To Thomson in his birthplace and youthful home the cry of the bittern was familiar enough: near to his native Ednam they were nightly serenaders during several of the spring-months, and the singular booming sound they uttered in the stillness of rural midnight was heard at an incredible distance. They were seen so rarely as to be declared "never;" and "the bull of the bog," for such was their name in rustic and boyish (and perhaps poetical?) ignorance, was almost a fabulous creature,—a *vox et prœterea nihil*.

The next bird mentioned is the bullfinch, and, like all the rest, Mr. Newell's comments on it are very agreeable:

"Thomson has (he observes) classed the bullfinch among the melodious songsters of spring, and has given it the epithet of '*mellow*,' which, in its natural state, it does not merit.

'The blackbird whistles from the thorny bush,
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove.'

Barrington, in his table of the comparative excellence of English singing birds, has not mentioned the bullfinch, because its wild note, without instruction, is most jarring and disagreeable. Yarrell, too, makes the same remark, that the notes of the bullfinch, as heard in a wild state, particularly the louder ones, have no remarkable quality of tone to recommend them; its call-note is, however, soft and plaintive: it is principally for its power of imitation that this bird is prized."

Of the oft-described cuckoo we shall take only a short note:

"It has been said that the cuckoo casts a saliva on plants which is fatal to them, by the larvæ which it engenders; and that these again prove fatal to the bird by stinging it under the wing. The fact is, that this pretended saliva of the cuckoo is nothing but the frothy exudation of a species of cigala."

The fieldfare offers a fair field for shewing how the author generally treats his subjects; and we quote it entirely in proof of his merits.

"Sir Walter Scott seems to have been unacquainted with the natural history of this bird; for it does not (as he described it) visit Great Britain in the summer, nor breed there, nor make its nest upon the ground.

'Beneath the broad and ample bone,
That buckled heart to fear unknown,
A feeble and a timorous guest,
The fieldfare framed her lowly nest.'
Lady of the Lake, p. 163.

"The fieldfare is a well-known migratory thrush, that comes to us from the north, and is one of the latest, if not the last, species that makes its annual and regular winter visit to Great Britain and the north of Ireland. It seldom appears much before the beginning of November, depending on the temperature of the season, and frequently later than that; arriving here in large flocks in search of food, and, if the weather continue open and mild, spreading themselves over pasture-lands, to look for worms, slugs, the larvæ of insects, and other soft-bodied animals of that sort: but on the occurrence of snow or frost, they betake themselves to the hedges, and feed greedily on haws and various other berries. Mr. C. Hewitson, in a recent visit to Norway, made the following interesting observations on the nesting habits of the fieldfare: After a long ramble through some very thick woods, our attention was attracted by the harsh cries of several birds, which we at first supposed must be shrikes, but which afterwards proved to be fieldfares, anxiously watching over their newly-established dwellings. We were soon delighted by the discovery of several of their nests, and even surprised to find them (so contrary to the habits of other species of *turdus* with which we are acquainted) breeding in society. Their nests were at various heights from the ground, from four feet to thirty or forty feet, or upwards, mixed with old ones of the preceding year: they were, for the most part, placed against the trunk of the spruce-fir; some were, however, at a considerable distance from it, upon the upper surface, and toward the smaller end of the thicker branches; they resembled most nearly those of the ring-ouzel: the outside is composed of sticks and coarse grass and weeds, gathered wet, matted together with a small quantity of clay, and lined with a thick bed of fine dry grass: none of them yet contained more than three eggs, although we afterwards found that five was more commonly the number than four; and that even six was very frequent: they are very similar to those of the blackbird, and even more so to the ring-ouzel. The fieldfare is the most abundant bird in Norway, and is generally diffused over that part which we visited; building, as already noticed, in society, two hundred nests or more being frequently seen within a very small space. Mr. Gisborne's winter sketch of these birds is pleasing and correct:

'Lo! on yon branch, whose naked spray o'ertops
The oak's still clustering shade, the fieldfares sit
Torpid and motionless, yet peering round,
Suspicious of deceit. At our approach
They mount, and, loudly chattering from on high,
Bid the wild woods of human guile beware.'
Walks in a Forest: Winter, 3."

Mr. Newell states a good deal to prove that the "night-raven" is the *strix stridula*, the brown or screech-owl, the *hulote* of Buffon. It seems probable. We are glad to see an appeal, *ad misericordiam*, in favour of rooks (pp. 93 to 101); we believe them to be far more beneficial than injurious to the farmer. Mr. Newell notices that their usefulness "was facetiously commented upon, in a pamphlet, by *one* James Monteath of Closeburn;" surely the "*one*" is out of place in mentioning so ancient a family and well-known name. Lord Erskine, too, wrote, and gave to private circulation, an inter-

* "'Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise: which, having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest.'—*Proverbs* vi. 6, 7, 8. 'The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in summer.'—Ch. xxx. 25."

† Not *she*.—*Ed. L. G.*

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esting pamphlet on this subject, with a copy of which he honoured us.

But now we will conclude this gossiping review with two farther extracts.

Slow-worm.—" This reptile has commonly received the appellation of blind-worm; its eyes, from their minuteness, not being easily discernible: it has also been supposed venomous,—an opinion still held by some.

'Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm.' *Macbeth*, act iv. sc. 1.

'Whose self-same mettle
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm.'
Timon of Athens, act iv. sc. 3.

The slow-worm, when seized, stiffens itself with such violence, that, according to Laurenti and other naturalists, it sometimes breaks in two; and this peculiarity, united to the great fragility of its tail, causes it, in many countries, as well as the *ophisaurus ventralis*, to receive the name of glass-serpent. It is an extremely mild and perfectly innoxious animal; and no more merits the reputation of being poisonous than of being blind, which the vulgar in some countries have persevered in calling it, in defiance of their senses. It not unfrequently becomes the prey of hens, ducks, geese, swans, hedgehogs, adders, frogs, and large toads."

Mole.—" It appears that this animal was not known to the ancients, who have been wrongfully accused of supposing that it was blind. The animal respecting which Aristotle has twice made this assertion was the mole of his native country, the σπάλαξ, or ἀσπάλαξ of ancient Greece—a little subterraneous animal totally deprived of sight, and which naturalists have become acquainted with but comparatively lately, and have designated it under the appellation of the rat-mole. Hence has probably arisen the error of early naturalists and of the the poets, who derived their knowledge from them, that the European mole has no eyes.

'Like a mole, busy and blind,
Works all his folly up, and casts it outward
To the world's open air.'
DRYDEN. *All for Love*, act iv. sc. 1.

'Tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell.'
SHAKSPEARE. *Tempest*, act iv. sc. 1.

The eyes, though very small and a little concealed, are yet sufficiently apparent. The skin which surrounds them, as well as the hairs by which they are partly concealed, may be removed at the will of the animal, to permit it to perceive objects when it is above ground; while, at the same time, they preserve it from

The birth of Barnacles.

being dazzled by any glaring light. This skin and these hairs, on the other hand, form a complete covering for the eyes, and prevent them from receiving any injury when the mole is at work in its subterraneous galleries. The eyes, which are not imbedded in their orbits like those of the majority of quadrupeds, are somewhat of the shape and bigness of a grain of mustard-seed, and appear like two black glittering points. The different parts of them, and the several humours also, are perfect, as has been proved by repeated dissections, so that the mole is not even dim-sighted, nor its vision imperfect, as Pope represents it:

'What modes of sight betwixt the wide extreme!
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam.'

The mole's sense of hearing is remarkably fine, and justifies Shakspeare's allusion. Its touch also is delicate, and sense of smelling most exquisite. Its nutriment consists of tender succulent roots, the bulbs of the *colchicum*, also worms and insects. The labours of the mole, at the commencement of a thaw are thus described by Hurdis:

'Scarce disappears the deluge, when the mole,
Close prisoner long in subterraneous cell
Frost-bound, again the miner plays, and heaves,
With treble industry, the mellow mound
Along the swarded vale. The shepherd's eye
With unforgiving enmity surveys
The long concatenated sweep of hills,
Whose soft and crumbling soil abridges more
The scanty pittance of his hungry fold.'
Favourite Village, book iii.

Cowper has made them the subject of an ingenious comparison:

'We mount again, and feel at every step
Our foot half sunk in hillocks green and soft,
Rais'd by the mole, the miner of the soil.
He, not unlike the great ones of mankind,
Disfigures earth, and, plotting in the dark,
Toils much to earn a monumental pile,
That may record the mischiefs he has done.'
Task, book i."

After these quotations it is unnecessary to add, that we consider this to be a delightful little work, and we trust only the beginning of a long similar line.

We have given two of the antique embellishments from Gesner.

Very like a Whale!

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SMITH'S BOOK FOR A RAINY DAY.
[Second notice: conclusion.]

Pass we into the bounds of the present century, and to the sad death of a man witnessed by Mr. Smith, who was commissioned by John ("the Book") Duke of Roxburgh to take his portrait, and who, we presume, will now be generally confessed to have fallen a sacrifice to popular clamour rather than to the rigid administration of justice; we mean the unhappy Governor Wall. Mr. S. writes (1802):

"The late Duke of Roxburgh, whose wonderful library will ever be spoken of with the highest delight by bibliomaniacs, had an attachment to the portraits of malefactors as closely as Rowland Hill to his petted toad. I made many drawings of such characters for his grace during their trials or confinement; that which I made this year was of Governor Wall, whose trial produced much discussion. Having been deprived of admission at the Old Bailey on the day of his trial, I went to the duke, and he immediately wrote to a nobleman high in power, for an order to admit me to see the unfortunate criminal in the condemned cell, which application was firmly, and, in my humble opinion, very properly, refused. I walked home, where I found Isaac Solomon waiting to shew me some of his improved black-lead pencils. Isaac, upon hearing me relate to my family the disappointment I had experienced, assured me that he could procure me a sight of the governor, if I would only accompany him in the evening to Hatton Garden, and smoke a pipe with Dr. Ford, the ordinary of Newgate, with whom he said he was particularly intimate. Away we trudged; and upon entering the club-room of a public-house, we found the said doctor most pompously seated in a superb masonic chair under a stately crimson canopy placed between the windows. The room was clouded with smoke whiffed to the ceiling, which gave me a better idea of what I had heard of the Black-hole of Calcutta than any place I had seen. There were present at least a hundred associates of every denomination; of this number, my Jew, being a favoured man, was admitted to a whispering audience with the doctor, which soon produced my introduction to him. 'Man's life is all a mist, and in the dark our fortunes meet us.' Standing beneath a masonic lustre, the doctor immediately recognised me as a friend of John Ireland, but more particularly of his older crony Atkinson Bush; he requested me to take a pipe, to me a most detestable preliminary. He then whispered, 'Meet me at the felons' door at the break of day.' There I punctually applied; but, notwithstanding the order of the doctor, I found it absolutely necessary, to protect myself from an increasing mob, to shew the turnkey half-a-crown, who soon closed his hand and let me in. I was then introduced to a most diabolical-looking little wretch, denominated 'the yeoman of the halter,' Jack Ketch's head man. The doctor soon arrived in his canonicals, and with his head as stiffly erect as a sheriff's coachman when he is going to court, with an enormous nosegay under his chin, gravely uttered, 'Come this way, Mr. Smith.' As we crossed the press-yard a cock crew; and the solitary clanking of a restless chain was dreadfully horrible. The prisoners had not risen. Upon our entering a stone-cold room, a most sickly stench of green twigs, with which an old round-shouldered, goggle-eyed man was endeavouring to kindle a fire, annoyed me almost as much as the canaster fumigation of the doctor's Hatton-Garden friends. The prisoner entered. He was Death's counterfeit, tall, shrivelled, and pale; and his soul shot so piercingly through the port-holes of his head that the first glance of him nearly petrified me. I said in my heart, putting my pencil in my pocket, God forbid that I should disturb thy last moments! His hands were clasped, and he was truly penitent. After the yeoman had requested him to stand up, 'he pinioned him,' as the Newgate phrase is, and tied the cord with so little feeling, that the governor, who had not given the wretch the accustomed fee, observed, 'You have tied me very tight;' upon which Dr. Ford ordered him to slacken the cord, which he did, but not without muttering. 'Thank you, sir,' said the governor to the doctor; 'it is of little moment.' He then observed to the attendant, who had brought in an immense iron shovel full of coals to throw on the fire, 'Ay, in one hour that will be a blazing fire;' then, turning to the doctor, questioned him, 'Do tell me, sir: I am informed I shall go down with great force; is it so?' After the construction and action of the machine had been explained, the doctor questioned the governor as to what kind of men he had at Goree. 'Sir,' he answered, 'they sent me the very riff-raff.' The poor soul then joined the doctor in prayer; and never did I witness more contrition at any condemned sermon than he then evinced. The sheriff arrived, attended by his officers, to receive the prisoner from the keeper. A new hat was then partly flattened on his head, for, owing to its being too small in the crown, it stood many inches too high behind. As we were crossing the press-yard, the dreadful execrations of some of the felons so shook his frame, that he observed, 'the clock had struck;' and quickening his pace, he soon arrived at the room where the sheriff was to give a receipt for his body, according to the usual custom. Owing, however, to some informality in the wording of this receipt, he was not brought out so soon as the multitude expected; and it was this delay which occasioned a partial exultation from those who betted as to a reprieve, and not from any pleasure in seeing him executed.* After the execution, as soon as I was permitted to leave the prison, I found the yeoman selling the rope with which the malefactor had been suspended at a shilling an inch."

In 1804 we have an interesting account of Belzoni's gigantic performances at Bartholomew Fair; and an anecdote of the death of Dr. Johnson, viz. "During the time the surgeon was engaged in opening his body, Sir John Hawkins, knight, was in the adjoining room seeing to the weighing of the doctor's teapot, in the presence of a silversmith, whom Sir John, as an executor, had called upon to purchase it."

In 1813. "At the sale of the Rev. William Huntington's effects, which commenced on the 22d of September, and continued for three following days at his late residence, Hermes Hill, Pentonville, one of his steady followers purchased a barrel of ale, which had been brewed for Christmas, because he would have something to remember him by."

1818. "It was the regular custom of Mr. Alderman Boydell, who was a very early riser, at five o'clock, to go immediately to the pump in Ironmonger Lane. There, after placing his wig upon the bill at the top of it, he used to sluice his head with its water. This well-known and highly respected character, who has done more for the British artists than all the print-publishers put together, was also one of the last men who wore a three-cornered hat.* I recollect another character, a bricklayer, of the name of Pride, of Vine Street, Piccadilly, who wore the three-cornered hat commonly called 'The Cumberland Cock.'"

If we had not said we would not find fault with the author, we would censure his repeating such an anecdote as he records of Mr. Dance (on the authority of Mrs. Garrick) at page 220, and a few other stories derogatory to characters of the dead. Of Mrs. Garrick herself his stories are curious enough: at an interview he had with her to shew a collection of likenesses of her husband, he says:

"Mrs. Garrick, being about to quit her seat, said she should be glad to see me at Hampton. 'Madam,' said I, 'you are very good; but you would oblige me exceedingly by honouring me with your signature on this day.' 'What do you ask me for? I have not taken a pen in my hand for many months. Stay, let me compose myself; don't hurry me, and I will see what I can do; would you like it written with my spectacles on, or without?' Preferring the latter, she wrote E. M. Garrick; but not without some exertion. 'I suppose now, sir, you wish to know my age? I was born at Vienna, the 29th of February, 1724, though my coachman insists upon it that I am above 100. I was married at the parish of St. Giles, at eight o'clock in the morning, and immediately afterwards in the chapel of the Portuguese ambassador, in South Audley Street.' A day or two after Mrs. Garrick's death, I went to the Adelphi, to know if a day had been fixed for the funeral. 'No,' replied George Harris, one of Mrs. Garrick's confidential servants; 'but I will let you know when it is to take place. Would you like to see her, she is in her coffin?' 'Yes, I should.' Upon entering the back room on the first-floor, in which Mr. Garrick died, I found the deceased's two female servants standing by her remains. I made a drawing of her, and intended to have etched it. 'Pray, do tell me,' looking at one of the maids, 'why is the coffin covered with sheets?' 'They are their wedding-sheets, in which both Mr. and Mrs. Garrick wished to have died.' I was informed that one of these attentive women had incurred her mistress's displeasure by kindly pouring out a cup of tea, and handing it to her in her chair. 'Put it down, you hussy; do you think I cannot help myself?' She took it herself, and, a short time after she had put it to her lips, died. This lady continued her practice of swearing now and then, particularly when any one attempted to impose upon her. A stonemason brought in his bill with an overcharge of sixpence more than the sum agreed upon; on which occasion he endeavoured to appease her rage by thus addressing her, 'My dear madam, do consider—' 'My dear madam! what do you mean, you d— fellow? get out of the house immediately. My dear madam, indeed!'"

And talking of Garrick affairs, ought not Mr. Smith to remember the Garrick Club as the proper recipient of the legacy thus described, as it possesses Mathews's entire collection?

"By the liberality of my amiable friend William Henderson, Esq., I am in possession of a cast taken by Lochee the modeller from

* "For the honour of England I may say, we are not so revengeful as some of our continental neighbours have been; as Mrs. Cosway assured me that she was in the room with David, then esteemed the first painter in Paris, at the time that he and Robespierre were in power; and that when the reporter, from the guillotine, came in to announce eighty as the number of persons executed that morning, David, in the greatest possible rage, exclaimed, 'No more!'"

* "Commonly called 'Egham, Staines, and Windsor.'"

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the face of this wonderful actress, which I intend leaving to that invaluable gallery of theatrical portraits, so extensively formed by that favourite offspring of nature, Charles Mathews, Esq., at Kentish Town; but should that collection ever be dispersed, which I most heartily trust it never will be, then I desire that it may go to the Green-room of Drury Lane Theatre. To this bequest I subscribe my name,

"JOHN THOMAS SMITH.

"Witnesses to this my declaration, } JOHN BANNISTER, — HARLEY."

The Garrick-Club committee should send in a memorandum of their claim with a *Gazette* copy of our legal opinion! But one touch at Wigs, and we have done.

"The term *busby*, now sometimes used when a large bushy wig is spoken of, most probably originated from the wig denominated a buzz, frizzled and bushy. At all events, we are not satisfied that the term *busby* could have arisen, as many persons believe, from Doctor Busby, master of Westminster School, as all his portraits either represent him with a close cap, or with a cap and hat. During a most minute investigation of a regular series of English portraits, which I was led into by a friend, in order, if possible, to clear up this point, I was induced to look for the origin of wigs in England, and their various sorts and successions, by commencing at the time of William the Conqueror. In this search I was not able to find any representation of wigs earlier than those worn by King Charles the Second* upon his restoration, in proof of which I refer the reader to Faithorne's numerous portraits of that monarch, and he will find that that sort of wig continued to be worn, with very little deviation, by succeeding kings till George the Second's time, with whom it ended. King George the Third commenced his reign with wearing his own hair dressed and powdered, in the style of Woollett's beautiful engraving of his majesty,† after a picture painted by Ramsey. It is worthy of observation, that in the reign of King Charles the Second the lord mayors of London followed his majesty's example by wearing wigs precisely of the same make, and equal to those worn by the royal family, the highest courtiers, and persons of the first eminence in official capacities. Nay, indeed, Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, a wood and coal-monger, wore wigs of this shape, perhaps because he was a justice of the peace within the king's court. The same kind of wig, equally deep, but with curls rather looser and more tastefully flowing, was also worn by the following high literary characters in the reigns of Charles the Second, James the Second, William the Third, and Queen Anne,—Waller, Dryden, Addison, Steele, Congreve, Vanbrough, Butler, Rowe, Prior, Wycherly, &c. Of these, perhaps the two last mentioned were the most foppish in their wigs, particularly Wycherly, from whom the sets of large and beautifully engraven combs of the finest tortoise-shell are named. With these combs (which were carried in cases in their pockets), the wearers of wigs adjusted their curls, ruffled and entangled by the wind.* I have somewhere read, that Wycherly, who was esteemed one of the handsomest men of his day, was frequently seen standing in the pit of the theatre combing and adjusting the curls of his wig, whilst in lolling conversations with the first ladies of fashion in the boxes. Most of Sir Godfrey Kneller's portraits were painted in this flowing wig, particularly that celebrated series entitled 'Queen Anne's Admirals.' The actors at this time wore immense wigs, particularly Bullock, Pinkethman, &c.; Cibber's was in moderation. It must here be observed, that I now allude to their private wigs—their stage-wigs were, as they are now, purposely caricatured to please the galleries. I believe that the first wig worn by an English divine was that of John Wallis, engraved by Burgers, and published at Oxford in the year 1699; it was profusely curled, but not so deep over the shoulders as those of statesmen. There were many singular, and, indeed, learned characters whose wigs were peculiarly shaped—such, for instance, as that of Bubb Doddington, Lord Chesterfield, and the Duke of Newcastle. Mac Ardell's print of Lord Anson, after a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was, I have every reason to think, the first of the shape erroneously called the bushy. This sort Dr. Samuel Johnson, Armstrong, Hunter, the Rev. George Whitfield, Lord Monboddo, &c., wore in their latter years. The earliest engraved portraits of Dr. Johnson exhibit a wig with five rows of curls, commonly called 'a story wig.' Among the old dandies of this description of wig we may class Mr. Saunders Welch, Mr. Nollekens' father-in-law—he had nine stories. So was that worn by Mr. Nathaniel Hillier, an extensive print-collector, as is represented in an engraved portrait of that gentleman. Dr. Goldsmith's wig was small and remarkably slovenly, as may be seen by Brotherton's etching. Sir Joshua's portrait of him is without a wig. Mr. Garrick's wigs (I mean his private ones) were three in number: the first is engraved by Wood, published in the year 1745; the second is by Sherwin, engraved for Tom Davis; the last is from a private plate by Mrs. Solly, after a drawing by Dance. I will leave off here with the wig, and give a few instances of the tails. These, perhaps, originated with the Chinese; but the first specimen of a tail, which I have hitherto been able to procure, to which a date can be given, is in Sherwin's print of Frederick, king of Prussia."

To Mr. Smith we now bid farewell; and if snarlers might find ought in his Rainy-Day divertisement aught to cavil at, as too insignificant, or tedious as a twice-told tale vexing the dull ear of a sleepy critic, he shall not class us in the number. On the contrary, we wish him longevity to refresh his memory, and write another such book, when we may again ramble through it, and not expose ourselves to his comparison of the famous Mrs. Abington, of whom he says: "She was [and there are too many of her sort and disposition] not unlike the miller's mare, for ever looking for a white stone to shy at."

* "The Merry Monarch, it has been stated, followed the fashion of wearing a wig from Louis the Fourteenth, with whom that custom commenced with the kings of France. The Duke of Burgundy wore a wig."

† "King George the Third wore a wig in the latter part of his reign, made from one of those worn by Mr. Durall, one of the masons of the Board of Works, with which shape his majesty was much pleased. The line in Pope,

'Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone,'

alludes to the wig carved on the monument of Sir Cloudesley Shovel in Westminster Abbey. This sort of wig, which received the appellation of 'A Brown George,' was also worn by several persons of rank, particularly the late Earl of Cremorne. Townsend, a Bow-Street officer, condescendingly noticed by the king, thought proper to wear a wig of this kind, in which he appeared at the morning-service in Westminster Abbey."

* "These combs are held as curiosities by many of our old families. The last I saw was in the possession of the friendly Doctor Meyrick, author of 'The History of Armour.'"

Evenings in Haddon Hall. Edited by the Baroness de Calabrella, with Illustrations by G. Cattermole. Pp. 453. Colburn.

THOUGH this splendid volume reached us so late as yesterday morning, we cannot permit one of our *Gazettes* to appear without mentioning its appearance. It is certainly one of the most beautiful productions we have seen, and may well supply the place of any Annual that has ever adorned the press.

The Book of One Syllable. Pp. 183. Simpkin and Marshall.

THIS is a second edition of a useful and, generally speaking, well-executed design to tell pleasing and moral stories in words of one syllable. But all such productions ought to be submitted to even more rigid criticism than works for mature age; for the impressions on childhood are irrevocable, and the utmost care ought to be taken that error, however trivial, should not be found where it is so difficult to be eradicated. Therefore, with due praise for what has been done, we advise a strict revision of this nice little book; so that we may not discover *boa* to be one syllable, nor such grammar as "the fall of poor boa and *of him*," the ship "long *at* shore," the "ship came *to* shore," &c. &c. There are but very few of these faults, but they require correction.

Exercises in Logic, designed for the Use of Students in Colleges. By J. T. Gray, Ph.D. Pp. 148. Taylor and Walton.

LOGICAL rules well laid down, and all the little volume constructed on an able and useful plan, combining some novelty with judicious experience.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Oct. 12, 1845.

Academy of Sciences: sitting of 6th October.—The first part of a report, by MM. Poncelet, Arago, and Dupin, on the experimental researches of M. Bourgeois, relative to the application of the screw for propelling vessels, was read.

Also a memoir, by M. C. Opperman, on the reaction of the alkaline bicarbonates upon vegetable bases in the presence of tartaric acid. The author's researches had reference to the observation of M. Persoz, that certain organic bases possessed the peculiarity of being masked by tartaric acid. The result arrived at is, the establishment of two very distinct alkaloid groups; the one comprising cinchonine, veratrine, narcotine, and strychnine, which are precipitated by a sodic bicarbonate, notwithstanding the action of tartaric acid; the other including quinine, morphine, and brucine, which are masked.

M. E. Delacroix writes, that his experiments last summer, on multiplying plants, were very successful. In the month of June, branches of rose-trees, in full vegetation and covered with leaves, were placed in vials full of water. Outside the neck of the bottle, the branch was tightly tied. The vials were then put into the ground, so that the ligature was buried about ten centimetres. A bulging out (*un bourrelet*) was formed above the tie; roots proceeded from it, and in two months the cuttings increased from twenty-five to thirty centimetres. M. Dalacroix says, that ligatures made on young wood did not answer; whilst those made on wood a year old were perfectly successful. The experiments were conducted in common earth, and in the open air and sun.

French Antiquarian Intelligence.—A large mosaic pavement, of the Roman period, re-

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presenting a mythologic personage bearing the emblems of Apollo, and playing on a lyre to animals which seem to be listening to him, has been lately discovered at Aix in Provence. Two other mosaics have been found at Auneau, near Chartres.—A large Roman camp, with various objects of art of the Roman epoch, has been satisfactorily made out at Petit Oiseau, near St. Mamers in the Sarthe. Numerous remains of the same period have been recently brought to light at Laudun, in the Gard. It is inconceivable how rich the soil of France still is in Roman remains; hardly a week passes without some fresh discoveries being made.—Great care has been recently shewn by the chapter of Sens for preserving the valuable objects of art, relics, &c., contained in the sacristy of that cathedral. The episcopal habits of Thomas à Becket have been repaired and placed on proper stands under glass cases, so that they can be seen without being touched. All the treasures of the chapter have been scrupulously examined, catalogued, and re-arranged.—One of the new numbers of the *Statistique Monumentale de Paris* (published by the French government) will contain a series of plates representing the statuary of Nôtre Dame de Paris. This valuable collection of mediæval sculptures, although in parts mutilated, still offers a rich mine of study to the antiquary.—A curious work on a part of France highly interesting from its historical associations has lately appeared, under the title of "Inedited Documents relating to the Albigeois, the Castrais, and the old diocese of Lavaur." Its author is M. Compayré, who holds an important situation under the prefect of the Tarn, and has been thereby enabled to gain access to the archives and the most valuable muniments of the district.—M. Guénébault's "Iconographical Dictionary of the Monuments of Christian Antiquity and the Middle Ages," now reckons up a considerable number of *livraisons*, and maintains its character as a most useful publication.—We ought not to omit to mention, that the great work of Baron Taylor, *Voyages Pittoresques dans l'Ancienne France*, continues to appear at the usual intervals. This splendid book (which reflects great honour both on the authors and the compiler, and also on the French public for appreciating and supporting it) has been justly styled the foundation of modern archæology in France. It was one of the main causes and symptoms of the revival of that taste for the remains of national monuments which has become so widely developed in that country; and which, being fostered and aided by an intelligent government, seems to repose on a more secure and better seated foundation than it does in England.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, *Oct.* 10.—The Rev. R. Poole, M.A., of Catherine Hall, Cambridge, was admitted *ad eundem*; and the following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity.—The Rev. G. M. Webster, formerly fellow of St. John's College.

Masters of Arts.—The Rev. L. C. Bathurst, Trinity College; F. H. Laing, Wadham College.

Bachelors of Arts.—S. Sturges, grand compounder, W. W. G. Cooper, Magdalen Hall; W. Harvey, Brasenose College.

CAMBRIDGE, *Oct.* 10.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. Twisaday, C. W. Cahusac, St. John's College; Rev. G. A. M. Litle, Christ's College; H. Walker, Sidney Sussex College.

Bachelors of Arts.—G. J. Lyons, Trinity College; A. Woodd, Emmanuel College; G. H. Rolls, Sidney Sussex College.

Ad eundem.—W. C. Randolph, M.A., Trinity College, Oxford.

FINE ARTS.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

THE fourth Report of the Commissioners on the Fine Arts has been published, and copied into all the newspapers. It contains a good deal of curious matter and opinion; deferring the consideration of the embellishments by paintings, and addressing itself to the admission and location of statues and busts. The commissioners consider that six insulated marble statues might be conveniently placed in St. Stephen's porch, and that sixteen such statues might be conveniently placed in St. Stephen's Hall:—that it is not desirable that a corresponding number of eminent names be now pointed out with a view to the entire occupation of those places; but that statues of Marlborough and Nelson should forthwith be placed in St. Stephen's porch; and of Selden, Hampden, Lord Faulkland, Lord Clarendon, Lord Somers, Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Chatham, Lord Mansfield, Burke, Fox, Pitt, and Grattan, in St. Stephen's Hall. They farther propose that W. Calder Marshall, John Bell, and J. H. Foley, should be at once commissioned to prepare models for three of the aforesaid statues, viz. those of Hampden, Lord Faulkland, and Lord Clarendon, and that the execution of such statues should be allotted to the said artists respectively as they, the commissioners, might hereafter decide. A grant of 2000*l.* is required for this purpose.

The classification and recommendation of other renowned names (121 in number), for these posthumous honours, afford interesting matter for speculation. There seems to have been an attempt to balance individuals of all parties and difference in rank; and a singular medley do they compose! What a sight it would be to witness them all alive and assembled together in the hall of parliament; Alfred in the chair; and on a division, pairing off, say two dozen:

Edward the First and Sir William Wallace.
Queen Elizabeth and John Bunyan.
John Hampden and the Earl of Strafford.
Cardinal Wolsey and John Wesley.
Lord Burleigh and David Garrick.
The Venerable Bede and Lord Erskine.
Lord Russell and the Marquis of Montrose.
Roger Bacon and Robert Burns.
Sir Francis Drake and W. Wilberforce.
Jeremy Taylor and David Hume.
Spenser and Grattan.
Cœur-de-Lion and Dr. Johnson.

What a set for a quadrille or polka!—Looking to other parts of the building, the commission recommends, as the entrance to the houses of Parliament by St. Stephen's porch will contain statues of distinguished statesmen, warriors, and other eminent subjects, the entrance by the grand staircase, the landing-place, guard-room, Victoria Gallery, and lobby to the house of Peers, should contain the statues of sovereigns. The statues of Egbert, Edgar, Canute, and Edward the Confessor might be fitly placed on the first landing-place. That the principal landing-place should contain the statues of the sovereigns from William the Conqueror to Edward IV. That the statues of Edward V. to Richard III. might be placed in the guard-room. That in the Victoria Hall the series should be continued, beginning with Henry VII. and ending with Queen Anne. That the lobby to the house of Lords* should contain the statues of the sovereigns of the house of Brunswick, beginning with George I. and ending with her most gracious Majesty.

In this proposed arrangement it appeared that one pedestal in the lobby to the house of Lords would still remain unoccupied. A resolution was referred to (recorded in the minutes on the 21st of April, 1843), to the effect that a statue of his Royal Highness Prince Albert would be appropriately placed in the Victoria Gallery (of which the lobby in question originally formed a part). Thus the situations for statues in the state-apartments and the approaches to them would, in the event of the above resolution being confirmed, be entirely occupied.

According to the above proposed distribution, the number of statues on the landing-places and in the guard-room would be twenty-two; in the Victoria Gallery twelve (William III. and Mary being both represented); in the lobby, including the statue of her Majesty, seven.

It was considered that the statues in the robing-room might, according to a resolution proposed by Mr. Gally Knight with reference to another locality, consist of allegorical figures.

It was further proposed that the lower waiting-hall should contain eight statues of celebrated scientific men; that the upper corresponding hall should contain eight statues of celebrated poets, and that the panels in the latter should be adorned with paintings. The lower hall has no panels available for paintings.

It was further remarked that, if required, statues could be placed in the open air in many of the courts, and that some of the larger corridors or passages on the ground-floor would also admit of such decorations.

The consideration of the place for the statue of Alfred, and of the precise number and situations of other statues in the central hall, was postponed till that part of the building should be more advanced.

The comprehensive and widely diffused task devolved on the Royal Commissioners was certainly one of considerable difficulty; and must, however guided in the selection of Worthies for statuary fame, have led to a considerable conflict of opinion and jumble of personages. We will not ask why no eminent literary character of our own day should be included; why, for instance, there should not be Hallam instead of Hume, or James instead of Richardson, or Tom instead of Sir John Moore; as it is not the habit of England to honour living genius. But surely there are names set up whose pretensions are very dubious; and others forgotten which might well occupy a distinguished place. Among barons and statesmen to adorn a parliament house, how came the great SIMON DE MONTFORT to be omitted? *He was the founder of the House of Commons*, and held an infinitely more prominent position in English constitutional history than any other in either of the lists, unanimously or by majorities, agreed upon!

It is *odd* that English history should furnish only one woman to grace this assemblage: Elizabeth will look quite strange among so many men, till we come to the reigning sovereign. Henry II. was one of the greatest kings that ever reigned in England: James I. of Scotland, and one or more of his immediate descendants, were monarchs of regal fame, and highly cultivated intellects: but many individuals occur who seem to belong to a superior grade to others who have been chosen. To see Roger Bacon among the doubtful, and Gresham (a wealthy merchant to be sure, and most fit to adorn the Royal Exchange) among the uncon-

* The names of various apartments have been altered and finally determined since the date of this memorandum. The principal landing-place is called the Norman Porch; the Victoria Gallery is called the Royal Gallery; the lobby to the house of Lords is called the Victoria Hall.

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cted, is an example of bad weighing. And 'enerable Bede, in his monk's cowl; who vs any thing about him, and what artist is his likeness? Who "the Bishop of Lon-" retained among the *Magna-Charta* folks, is probably a secret to the generality of rical readers; and the name of Cardinal ton will not suggest much of importance; ser will that of Almeric, the chief of the ghts Templars, a body, altogether, never noted in our annals.

unter-lists A. 1 and B. 2 might be an sing speculation; and questions upon those osed no bad exercise in lessons on na-l history.

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e's Irish Melodies. Illustrated by D. Maclise, R.A. 4to. Longmans.

poetical shamrock so green of Moore, ed with the shillalah-wood pencil of Mac-is a regular Donnybrook Fair knock-down t to the United Irishmen of literature and ut a floorer to the public at large. Where-it may be sought, no *Repale* of this Union ever be wanted. Heart and hand go to-r: imagination all compact of song and re.

the bard, nothing remains to be said, after iving popularity of nearly half a century; of the artist, but little in detail. The de-which adorn every page of this very hand-publication (above 200 in number!) are uted "in facsimile of the original drawings, the text engraved by Mr. Becher's pro-" so that we have the former as they flowed the genius of Maclise, and not interpreted ny engraver, however excellent. Speaking em generally, we would say they possess uberance of fancy, a most characteristic nal feeling, a wonderful freedom, and a sense of the martial and chivalrous, the etic and desolate, the humorous and gro-te, the wild and superstitious, the graceful nament, and the beautiful in nature.

invention and expression there are no ds: the whole is a rich exhibition of Irish ns, realising to the Eye what Irish genius presented to the mind, accompanied by harming passport of music to the Ear.

at some of the drawings are not equal to s may be anticipated without seeing them: quality of skill and effect was impossible in a work. The feature occurring most fre-tly, on which we would venture to offer al animadversion, is the length of limbs, their thin or indefinite proportions. The le rotund bust, and male athletic muscle, sometimes disadvantageously contrasted this defect; but, after all, these are only t scratches on the splendid and polished ce, and we almost take blame to ourselves ticing them. Let us look at the frontis-alone. With the least drawback that can nceived in the peculiarity to which we alluded, viz. the limbs of the boy under ea. st ballad-singer's arm in the centre at the top, such a page is worth the f nty volumes. The harper is the per-eau-ideal; and the piper is a truth ad-ly enunciated. The medallion of Moore midst of love (how tenderly and exqui-portrayed!), and upheld by supernatural s and banshees, is gloriously composed; when we leave these delicious creations, ok to the left, or the right, or below, we egaled with other striking, appropriate, aptivating figures and groups. The young pair on the one side, with uplifted arms lasped hands, and the old on the other, ing down as it were to the grave; the spectacled dame immediately under the portrait, and the cradled infant still lower, make altogether a central division full of fertility and character. And then, as if nothing had been accomplished, we have two as perfect subjects as ever even Maclise has painted. Sleeping warriors roused to approaching peril by the loud horn of a companion form a concave circle of superb art; and are balanced by a social group of youthful friends of the present time, disposed (if we may use the term as relating to the first) in a convex style, and all and every part reflecting some favourite and oft-quoted sentiment in the lyrics of Moore.

The merits condensed on these few inches of paper are profusely scattered throughout the work; not repeated, but others of equal attraction. We will not go through the list, but simply point to a few instances as we turn the leaves.

1. "Go where glory waits thee." The knight is rather too young: the rest perfect.

17. "The sweet vale of Avoca," is sweetness indeed.

25. "When the light of my song is o'er," an affecting group of three; the departing minstrel, his sorrowing friend, and his lovely mistress. The head-piece on the opposite page is also a charming classical *morceau*, and the tail-piece, p. 26, no less happily expressive.

37. "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," is another of the most successful illustrations; and

70. "Nora Creina," if ever there was a genuine and magnificent Irish girl, is that individual, and personified with the utmost fervour of the painter's adoration.

98. Though mere outline, "On music," is exceedingly pleasing.

106. "Oh, doubt me not." A glowing bit of true poetry; and 107. "I'd mourn the hopes," a sketch of touching simplicity.

At 109, we recognise a glorious likeness of Maclise himself, filling the "One bumper at parting;" and we think in one or two other countenances we may trace the lineaments of familiar faces. Perhaps at 81, and elsewhere, the artist is also visible.

120. "The Sprite," is superb; and the expression of the kneeling girl in particular incomparable for quiet humour.

But why should we go on "particular"-ising? Do not pass 149 or 161, the latter of dim and unearthly power; and if you, O gentle reader and lover of the fine arts, do not find enough to gratify your every taste, a very little to censure as incomplete, and a "tottle of the whole" to delight you for many a day and night, we must forswear our sense of the admirable, or, at least, apologise to you for an incongeniality which we trust rarely occurs between our opinion and those of our intelligent and intellectual friends.

MUSIC.

THE CONTRAPUNTAL AND MUSICAL REVIEW.

A Treatise on Harmony. By Alfred Day. London, Cramer, Beale, and Co.

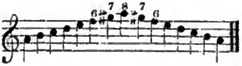
It is no easy matter to invent a new and useful system of harmony; and we firmly believe it to be out of the power of one unskilled in composition to accomplish such a task with any degree of credit to himself or satisfaction to others. We had heard of Mr. Day's intention of bringing out this treatise long before it went to the press, and, from what we gleaned in conversation, were rather curious to see it.

In the hands of a medical man (for such is our author) something of unmusical doctrines might be anticipated; but the sanction of Mr. Macfarren, a professor of harmony in the Royal Academy of Music of London, seems so far to compromise his theoretical reputation, that we must confess our surprise at that accompaniment to this work. "Truth is single (writes Mr. M.), so none but yours [system] could be true." Our readers shall soon learn, however, that if the science of music and her laws were left to the private notions of Mr. Day and his Voucher, it would be out of the power of human probability to write a composition free from faults and free from stiffness. That 'truth is single,' there can be no doubt; and were this treatise its minister, it would leave us no room for *parler*: but when we find Mr. Macfarren saying, "Above all, I am gratified by it, inasmuch as I find in it an explanation of and a rule for many of the greatest beauties of the best masters, which formerly appeared to violate all the rules of music, and which were sanctioned as the unaccountable abberations of genius.", Yet this treatise absolutely finds fault with the writings of the "best masters;" how, then, can we satisfy our minds that it clears away their mysteries, when, in point of fact, it accuses them of violating the laws of music?

In chapter iv., page 14, the first paragraph opens with this startling theory: "The use of the common chord on the third of the major scale [in C, it would be E G B] in its original position is forbidden (!). . . . There are numerous instances in which the best writers (Handel especially) use it, but I always think, with bad effect." We will repeat the seven last words of this quotation—"but I always think, with bad effect." This means, in plain English: Do not suppose Handel's (Mozart and other good writers have also been guilty of this 'bad effect') ears were tuned so finely as to perceive what ought to be avoided, but rather take the judgment of a theorist who has, perhaps, never composed a piece of music in his life!!

As the safety of a science depends on its first principles, authors should most carefully avoid any thing approaching to contradiction. We shall, however, discover so many instances either of contradiction or of doubtful notions at the commencement of this work, that it at once makes us distrustful as to any future advantages it may possess; yet, as we shall content ourselves by analysing only the first four chapters on the present occasion, we will reserve our misgivings for a future opportunity, being anxious to speak faithfully and fully on the many points which have been so oddly handled by our author.

Mr. Day absolutely insists on making only one sort of minor scale, subject to no change either in ascending or descending: *e. g.*



There is no reason, however, why there should not exist two other minor scales: the best masters have employed three sorts, and who would be so presumptuous as to say they ought not to have done so? As one example out of thousands, we will give the *andante* from the overture of Mozart's opera of *Il Don Giovanni*, wherein he employs a major sixth and major seventh ascending, and a minor sixth and minor seventh descending.

Our author considers a perfect fourth a discord (see ch. iii. page 9); we have, in an earlier stage of the Contrapuntal and Musical Re-

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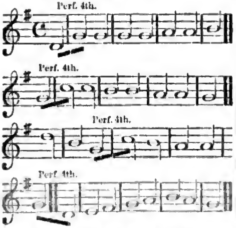
view, shewn up the fallacy of such an opinion; but when our readers are reminded that the first two notes in the well-known psalm-tune "Helmsley," or the Evening Hymn, starts with the interval of a perfect fourth, no one will give old Tallis credit (or rather discredit) for commencing a simple church-tune with a dissonant interval: *e. g.*



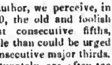
We have printed the whole of the melody, not only to shew our readers the four different perfect fourths employed in this tune, but also to give them the original melody of Tallis; and they will easily see how it has been marred by modern hands,—methodists, ranters, and even by arrangers of music for the church of England.

In returning to our author, we perceive, in ch. iii. pp. 9, 10, sect. 10, the old and foolish reason assigned against consecutive fifths, which is no more probable than could be urged against three or more consecutive major thirds. Musical theorists, unfortunately, are often too bold. They suppose it displays ignorance if no cause can be given against offensive combinations of sounds, but rest satisfied, if they can but quiet the minds of their readers, to offer reasons beyond the power of solution. Our author's language is very indefinite, and often exhibits a want of discrimination. He says, in sect. 11 in the same page, "No two parts are allowed to move in octaves on account of the thinness thereby produced, the parts lying between the octaves being scarcely heard." This is not the reason why parts may not move in octaves, but simply because each part of the harmony must form a distinct melody, which could not be the case if two parts moved exactly similarly. The same language equally applies to sect. 12.

Sect 13: "Fifths by contrary motion should not be used, although by most writers allowed." And, we believe, on this account they *may* be used, in spite of our author's opinion.

Sect. 14: "Octaves by contrary motion . . . should not be used." Why not, when they are effective?

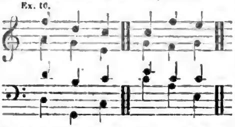
Sect. 15: "It is not allowable to come on a perfect concord by similar motion in two-part writing." Why not? *e. g.*



Mr. Day should have said, 'when the upper part skips, then it is not allowable,' &c.; but why did he not say so?

Page 11, sect. 16: "It is not allowable to come on a perfect concord in similar motion between the extreme parts." If this were true, it would be a difficult matter to get parts at all, and there is not a writer in the known world who would be so stupid as to adhere to this rule; and why are the following errors?

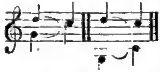
Ex. 16.



The first example of the two is as common a cadence as possibly can be, and one employed by all the best writers.

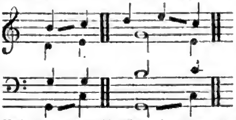
Sect. 17: "It is not allowable, between any of the parts, to come on an unison by similar motion." Yes it is; but when the upper part skips, it is not advisable.

Sect. 18: "It is not allowable, even by contrary motion, to skip to the unison or octave in two-part writing when the bass moves." Yes it is: *e. g.*



Through the inaccuracy of Mr. Day's language he makes innumerable errors, and his own Example 12 is indicative of a want of musical education.

Sect. 19: "It is not allowable, even by contrary motion, and whatever be the number of parts, to skip to the octave in the extreme parts when the bass moves." Yes it is: *e. g.*



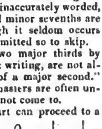
Had our author said, When the upper part skips and the lower part moves (*i. e.* does not skip), then this section would have been consistent with the general laws of harmony, but as it now stands it is absurd.

Sect. 20: "It is not allowable to move an augmented interval unless it occur in the repetitions of a sequence." Then why should Mr. Day insist on sixth to the seventh degrees of the minor scale being an augmented second, if augmented intervals are not allowed to move?

Sect. 21: "It is not allowable for any part to move a seventh . . . neither ascending nor descending." This is also inaccurately worded, as both the diminished and minor sevenths are allowed to do so; although it seldom occurs that a major seventh is permitted so to skip.

Page 12, sect. 22: "Two major thirds by similar motion, in two-part writing, are not allowed to follow at a step of a major second." If this be true, the great masters are often untrue,—a conclusion we cannot come to.

Sect. 23: "No lower part can proceed to a note above the note which an upper part has just quitted (Ex. 17)." We cannot see why these two chords may not succeed each other: there are innumerable examples to justify their employment, and it would be perfectly monstrous to object to this example.



Sect 27: "No two notes of the same name, but of a different pitch, can occur simultaneously." The best writers, then, are in error.

In consequence of the number of quotations we have been obliged to give, we must, for the present, close our remarks, all of which can be proved upon the best possible authorities.

We understand the work is to be introduced in the Royal Academy of Music. If so, how *learned* the students will become (?).

THE DRAMA.

The Princess's Theatre, and with it the English drama, was illustrated on Monday by the appearance of Macready in *Hamlet*, after his long absence from the London boards. The house was crammed, and the applause "tremendous"—we use the word not in the usual extravagant or exaggerating theatrical mood, as meaning something very distinguished, but truly as an expression of feeling, unanimous, hearty, and prolonged, which was not merely a grateful triumph to the artist, but a sensible public recognition of the claims of the art. To us the individual, much as we admire him, and earnestly as we have maintained his superior merits against all prejudice and cavil since first he graced our stage, became as nothing and these shouts of welcome and applause; they bore a higher and more permanent import, for they spoke of an inherent national love of the drama, and of Shakespeare, which may be obscured by usurping trash of many a kind, but which will live, and revive, and cherish the glorious fabric of intellect, imagination, and poetry, whenever favourable circumstances enable the rational and refined to cleanse the Augean Stables whose sordid sites occupy those of the august Temples of the Muses. Never was popular demonstration more plain and distinct. "Give England her national drama, and English men and women will feel, admire, love, and support it." Why, then, have we not got this favoured and highest of popular recreations? The question is susceptible of many answers—not separate, but combining to make one whole, a sufficient obstacle to the satisfactory establishment of a truly legitimate theatre. These include moral, pecuniary, and accidental considerations, which it would require a large space to point out and dismiss—some of them very obvious, but others of a description it would require both acumen and discretion to treat of in openness and verity. Suffice it to say, Covent Garden is a blank—Drury Lane a ... of imitative Anglo-Italian — the Haymarket limited to comedy, with some able artists—the other theatres dedicated to show, burlesque, travestie, farce (more or less amusing in their way), and the distant Sadlers' Wells alone honourably endeavouring to transfer the ... famed waters of the stage to the eyes of audiences affected by real tragedy. Elsewhere Melpomene and the sterling breathe not—... not.

But Hamlet starts up in Oxford Street, and behold a revolution. The greedy, grasping money-making management of this small bo... has *nous* enough (and where profit is concerned who ever knew a want of such comprehension in a mere theatrical speculation) to discover that the population of the metropolis pine for the dramatic enjoyments of their forefathers. Last season it played the game with inferior counters, and succeeded; and now, thrice a week, it has secured the genuine attraction. So long as that can be produced, so long ... the utmost popularity attend the wise experiment. Of Macready's *Hamlet* we shall ... observe, that whilst as or more forcible ...

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ever, it seems more matured and refined in the slightest lights and shadows. There are touches in single words, looks, and gestures (or rather indications of gestures, the passion being as it were checked by the judgment in an instant), which none but a consummate master could imagine. Altogether it is a noble reading of one of the most difficult characters that ever emanated from the human mind. There was a good company to support this grand principal; Mrs. Ternan the *Queen*, Miss E. Stanley *Ophelia*, C. Fisher *Horatio*, Ryder *King*, Cooper *Ghost*, Granby *Polonius*, and Compton and Oxberry *Grave-diggers*, both extremely comic, and the former having no occasion nor opportunity in the character of raising a laugh by the indecorous disposition of his *lower* dress, a practice to which he is addicted (as we have witnessed in more than one part), and which he may be assured the very *lowest* comedy does not palliate in the eyes of the judicious.

Haymarket.—Here a succession of sterling comedies has followed the successful *début* of Mrs. Seymour in the line of Madame Vestris, and in these she has continued to augment the favourable impression she made on the public in this difficult and deficient class of character, without a good representative of which the genteel comedy must languish. Next week we shall probably return to this subject.

Lyceum.—*The Last of the Bravoes* is *Ragantino*, Mr. Keeley, the son and successor of a notorious brigand, some of whose virtues he inherits, if not all his courage. By a series of mistakes he is engaged in as many villanies as would have adorned his exemplary parent, and these lead to an equal number of highly comic situations, of which, it may be believed, this original actor makes the most. The last scene is irresistibly ludicrous, and like the motto on the lid of the tap-room snuff-boxes, slightly altered,

"Those laugh now who never laugh'd before,
And those who've laugh'd throughout now laugh the more."

The drama is completely successful: and in *Next Door*, Wigan, who has been gradually climbing up the farce-tree, is equally entertaining as *Jack Skylark*. In *Aladdin*, Emery has superseded Keeley, and a pretty girl, Miss Hodson, taken the character of the *Princess*. A very various and very merry evening may be spent here.

Strand Theatre.—M. Phillippe having transferred his magical illusions from the French Theatre to the Strand this season, we can merely vouch for their being fully or more effectual in the smaller theatre (a great test of excellence), and for the unaccountable profusion of his bounties in bouquets, sweetmeats, and coffee, &c., being quite a *soirée*, in the common acceptation of the word, for almost every individual among the audience.

VARIETIES.

WARNING! *to Professed Authors and Contributors to Magazines, &c.*—By a report of the Middlesex magistrates, in session assembled at Clerkenwell, on Thursday, the worthy Mr. Pownall in the chair, it appears that the *Lunatics in the Hanwell Asylum* have not only taken to printing on a scale coextensive with their literary demand, but that several of the Inmates or Patients have commenced a course of highly imaginative and interesting authorship. In proof of this Mr. Tulk, the chairman of the visiting justices, either read or sung "a beautiful song, written by one of the lunatics," which "elicited (from the other judges) warm demonstrations of *sympathy*" (sic in report!) and applause. What the effects of this new competition may be in the established literature of the metropolis it is impossible to foretel; but they must evidently be of much importance to vested interests.

Mr. Basevi, the architect, well known by many extensive and public works, was accidentally killed on Thursday forenoon, by falling from the belfry of Ely Cathedral whilst inspecting it for projected alterations, in company with the dean (Dr. Peacock) and Mr. Stuart, one of the minor canons. The unfortunate gentleman never uttered word or groan.

Mrs. Fry, celebrated for her philanthropic efforts for reclaiming criminals and reforming prisons, died on Tuesday last, after a long illness.

Lincoln's Inn Hall.—The ceremony of opening this handsome edifice on the 30th is, it is stated, to be limited to the Queen, Prince Albert, the Court, and persons of high political station and rank; to whom a *déjeûner* is to be given, and not a grand dinner, as originally proposed, including the members of the Inn.

The Bromley Magazine.—We noticed this juvenile literary performance with commendation, both of the talent displayed, and the likelihood of beneficial results from such pursuits; and we are glad to see, by Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 (courteously sent to us by our young contemporaries), that our prediction of mental improvement, and an increase of knowledge, receives ample evidence from these their later efforts.

An abridged Catalogue of the Saffron-Walden Museum—(for which we have to thank the donors), does credit to provincial typography and illustration. But what is yet more exemplary in this matter is, to see how much may be done for the diffusion of useful and genuine intelligence, in a country town, within the space of a very few years, where a public-spirited individual embarks in a judicious design, and is seconded by his fellow-citizens and the local gentry and nobility. Thus in 1832, we observe from the introduction, the late Mr. Jabez Gibson established the inchoate Museum in his private residence; and since then, it has increased so much as to form an interesting and instructive collection of natural history, antiquities, numismatics, geology, literature, &c. &c., which must tend greatly to improve the rising generation of the place, and the fruits of which may be of high importance to them, and perhaps to their country and mankind. All such institutions are good: and it is impossible to foresee what they may produce. The sight of an object or book in early life has often been the germ of great future distinction—touching the sense where genius might otherwise have lain dormant.

Service of Plate.—A service of plate for the King of Holland, executed by the successors of Storr and Mortimer, has been shewn during the week, and is certainly a favourable exhibition of English design and execution in this branch of manufacture. Some of the articles are very elegant (all are rich), and the silver candelabra, several of the claret-jugs, and spoon-patterns, white glass vases in fanciful chasings, and the four seasons for corner-ornaments, appeared to us to be particularly deserving of encomium. Others of the articles, might, we think, be improved in taste; but the whole have a splendid appearance, and are not unworthy of the arts, endeavouring to combine beautiful ancient forms with modern embellishments of particular character.

American War.—The first volume of a historical sketch of the second war between England and the United States, by Mr. Ingersoll, has been published in America.

Converts to Roman Catholicism.—The Rev. Mr. Newman, B.D., has at length thrown off his connexion with the Anglican church, and publicly embraced the tenets of the church of Rome; attended in his transit (according to the *Morning Post*) by the Rev. Mr. Stanton, M.A., the Rev. Mr. Bowles, M.A., the Rev. Mr. A. St. John, student, Mr. J. D. Dolgairns, and Mr. Albany Christie, all of the University of Oxford.

Religious Differences.—In the Far West of America religious differences do not appear to be so peaceably arranged: the Mormonites and Anti-Mormonites are carrying on a war of mutual extermination, at which the red savages look pale.

The Glasgow Wellington Statue.—We read with regret in the Glasgow journals, that this statue has been several times mutilated in the night-time by worthless persons, who have broken off what they could forcibly detach, and have escaped from their vandalism undiscovered.

The Marquis of Breadalbane, who was educated at Glasgow College, and has been twice elected rector of his *Alma Mater*, has munificently endowed two scholarships there, with an annual pension of 50*l*. each.

A New Comet is rumoured to have been seen with the naked eye, between 2 and 4 A.M., somewhere in the constellation Cancer.

Norwegian Archæology.—The society for the discovery and preservation of national monuments is flourishing at Christiania. In the island of Hovedoen they have explored an ancient Capuchin convent and church, in the vaults of which above 200 of the ancient inmates lie buried in stone coffins, with rings of various metals on their skeleton fingers.

Staudigl.—On his arrival at Vienna this summer, after his visit to London, a dinner, band of music, and singers from the operas, welcomed him. He is the first singer so honoured by the Vienna people.

M. Minasi the aged artist, whose inimitable pen-and-ink portraits have been frequently mentioned in the *Literary Gazette*, is, *in his 70th year*, a candidate for election into the National Benevolent Institution. Alas, says not the Ode to St. Cecilia's day,

"So should desert in ARTS be crowned!"

Earthquake, and Eruption of Mount Hecla.—Copenhagen, Oct. 4: "The English journals have already stated [see *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1496] that the largest of the Orkney Isles was, during a violent storm from the north-west, on the night of the 2d ult., covered with fine ashes, resembling ground pumice-stone; and that it was thought they had been driven by the wind from Mount Hecla, in Iceland, as similar appearances had been observed from a great eruption some years ago. We now learn, that, on the same or the following night, the crew of a vessel, bound to this port from Reikiavik, observed, whilst about eighteen English miles from land, volcanic flames on the southern coast of Iceland. On September 3d, two vessels near the Fawe Isles, were also covered with ashes. According to letters which have been received here, an earthquake occurred on the previous day in the west, north, and east portions of Iceland. More recent intelligence has arrived from the southern part, and it appears that the eruption was more violent than any that had taken place there during the last sixty years. The latest accounts are of September 15. They confirm the intelligence of a volcanic

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eruption in the southern part of the island on September 2d, the first since the memorable one which occurred nineteen years ago. The extent of the fall of sand and ashes is not yet known, but it is ascertained that the populous districts adjacent to the volcano have not been seriously injured, except that the grassplots near the mountains were destroyed."—*Hamburgh Borsenhalle.* Since copying the above, the *Kjobenhaenspost*, a Danish journal, has been received, and gives the following account of the eruption:—"Hecla, after reposing eighty years, threatens, according to private letters, to ravage Iceland. In the night of the 1st September a frightful subterranean groaning filled the inhabitants around it with terror. This continued till mid-day on the 2d, when the mountain burst in two places with a horrible crash, and vomited masses of fire. In former times these explosions came from the summit, where Hecla has no regularly formed crater; but this time torrents of lava flowed down two gorges on the flanks of the mountain.—Letters from Reikjavik of the 13th state that up to that day no great damage had been done in the Syssels of Rangervalla and Arnds, situated close to the mountain, inasmuch as the openings whence the ignited masses issue are fortunately on the north and north-west sides, and consequently took that direction, in which there is nothing but barren heaths. Besides, the wind having constantly blown from the south and south-west, has driven the ashes and dust towards the opposite points. From the clouds of smoke and vapour, the top of the volcano could not be seen. The sheep on the heaths were driven down to the plains, but not till several of them were burnt. The waters of the neighbouring rivers near the eruption became so hot that the fish were killed, and it was impossible for any one to ford them even on horseback. Although the lava and ashes took a northern direction, the eruption was not known on that side of the island till after the 11th, and even as late as the 15th the people at the Syssels of Mule, in the north-east, were ignorant of it. In the western parts, the noise accompanying the eruption was distinctly heard, like the rolling of distant thunder. Nothing was heard at Reikjavik."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A quarterly publication, entitled "*Archæologia Cambrensis*," is announced to commence with the new year, and proposes to be a record of the antiquities, historical, genealogical, topographical, and architectural, of Wales and its Marches.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Moore's Irish Melodies, illustrated by D. Maclise, with 160 designs, engraved on steel, imp. 8vo, proofs, 6*l.* 6*s.*; and India proofs before letters, ½ columbier, in portfolio: 25 copies only printed.—The Lunatic Act, edited by F. Winslow, M.D., fcp. 6*s.*—Self-Instruction for Young Gardeners, Foresters, Bailiffs, Land-Stewards, and Farmers, by the late J. C. Loudon, with a Memoir of the Author, 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—The Zoology of the English Poets, corrected by the Writings of Modern Naturalists, by Rev. R. H. Newell, fcp. 5*s.* 6*d.*—The Power of the Soul over the Body, by G. Moore, M.D., 2d edit, post 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Analysis of the Blood and Urine, by G. O. Rees, M.D., 2d edit, 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Sacra Domestica, a Course of Family Prayers, 8vo, 3*s.*—Lushington's Life of Lord Harris, 2d edit., fcp. 8vo, 6*s.* 6*d.*—Hodgson's Analysis and Digest of Appeals and Removals, 12mo, 5*s.* 6*d.*—Correspondence of Sir P. Sydney and Hubert Languet, edited by S. A. Pears, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Small Books on Great Subjects: Introduction to Vegetable Physiology, fcp. 3*s.* 6*d.*—A Pilgrim's Reliquary, by the Author of "Fragments of Italy and the Rhineland," fcp. 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Sermons preached in Lent 1845, &c., before the University of Cambridge, by W. H. Mill, D.D., 8vo, 12*s.*—Eight Sermons preached during the Visitation of the Bishop of Exeter in 1845, 12mo, 6*s.*—The Law of Inferior Courts, by Josh. Moseley, 8vo, 20*s.*—Rev. T. K. Arnold's First German Book, 12mo, 5*s.* 6*d.*—Book of One Syllable, 2d edit., square, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Rev. W. Bate's College Lectures on Christian Antiquities, post 8vo, 9*s.*—Phillips' Elements of Syriac Grammar, 2d edit., 8vo, 10*s.*—The Diplomatists of Europe from the French of Capefigue, edited by Major Gen. Monteith, fcp. 6*s.*—Lectures addressed to the Working Classes, by W. J. Fox, Vol. II., 12mo, 5*s.* 6*d.*—Juvenile Englishman's Library, Vol. II., English History for Children, 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—College Life; Letters to an Under-Graduate, by the Rev. T. Whytehead, fcp. 3*s.* 6*d.*—Adcock's Engineer's Pocket-Book, 1846, 6*s.*—Evenings at Haddon Hall, edited by the Baroness de Calabrella, with Illustrations by Cattermole, royal 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Illustrations of the early Domestic Architecture, by J. Britton and Rev. C. Boutell, 5*s.*—Rev. Hugh Stowell's Sermons on Tractarianism, Vol. I., 12mo, 6*s.*—Mrs. Abel's Recollections of Napoleon in St. Helena, 2d edit. post 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Universal History on Scripture Principles, Vol. II. fcp. 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*—Practical Treatise on Healthy Skin, by E. Wilson, post 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

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This volume occupies the space between September 1st, 1799, and December 10th, 1801, —the opening of a new century. The principal events to which it relates are, the supercession of Nelson, as commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, by the appointment of Lord Keith, the attack on Copenhagen, the command of the Channel-fleet, the peace, and a few months of the hero's retirement to the *otium sine*...of Merton.

The first of these affairs seems to have given high offence to Nelson; and he occasionally lets out his bitterness on the subject, besides acting in contradiction to the orders of his superior,—an offence he would never tolerate when committed against himself. Indeed, he systematically justifies his disobedience in his own case, and refuses to surrender his own judgment to any control whatever. From Palermo, in September 1799, he writes to the secretary of the Admiralty:

"I have received their lordships' disapprobation of my conduct in having sent a part of the crews of the squadron against Capua, and their direction not to employ them in like manner in future. And I also observe, and with great pain, that their lordships see no cause which could justify my disobeying the orders of my commanding-officer, Lord Keith, or for leaving Minorca exposed to the risk of being attacked. I have to request that you will have the goodness to assure their lordships that I knew, when I decided on those important points, that perhaps my life, certainly my commission, was at stake by my decision; but, being firmly of opinion that the honour of my king and country, the dearest object of my heart [were involved], and that to have deserted the cause and person of his majesty's faithful ally, his Sicilian majesty, would have been unworthy my name and their lordships' former opinion of me, I determined at all risks to support the honour of my gracious sovereign and country, and not to shelter myself under the letter of the law, which I shall never do when put in competition with the public service. I only wish to appeal to his Sicilian majesty, Sir John Acton, Bart., and his Excellency Sir William Hamilton, whether they are not clearly of opinion, that if I had drawn any part of the force landed from the squadron from the shore, that Capua and Gaeta would at this moment have been in the hands of the French; and who can say what evil consequences might not have ensued from it?"

Again, to Lord Spencer, in November:

"Much as I approve of strict obedience to orders—even to a court-martial to inquire whether the object justified the measure—yet to say that an officer is never, for any object, to alter his orders, is what I cannot comprehend. The circumstances of this war so often vary, that an officer has almost every moment to consider—What would my superiors direct, did they know what is passing under my nose? The great object of the war is—Down, down with the French! To accomplish this, every nerve, and by both services, ought to be strained. My heart is, I assure you, almost broke with that and other things."

And, in the same month, to the Marquis de Niza, the admiral of the Portuguese squadron:

"Do not, my dear marquis, let any man draw your excellent judgment from doing what is for the good of our respective sovereigns and their allies. They are not your true friends, or faithful servants of their sovereigns; therefore, again, and ten times again, I direct you, I entreat you, not to abandon Malta. Stay till the Russians, or English troops, arrive; it cannot be many days. You have, my friend, gained more honour by obeying my order against that of your prince, and for which his royal highness will thank you, than ever can be done by obedience, if it is to injure the good cause. You are a seaman, and we never wish to find shelter, when the public service requires our being exposed; and as we risk our lives, so we willingly risk our commissions, to serve the public."

And to his friend Duckworth:

"I am aware that the first moment any insult is offered to the British flag [the best plan] is to get as large a force as possible off Algiers and seize all his cruisers; but if, in such a contest, any English vessel is taken, I know what will be said against me, and how little support I shall experience. But, my dear admiral, when the object of the actor is only to serve faithfully, I feel superior to the smiles or frowns of any board. *Apropos*, I have received a severe set-down from the Admiralty, for not having wrote by the Charon, attached to a convoy, although I wrote both by a cutter and courier the same day. But I see clearly that they wish to shew I am unfit for this command. I will readily acknowledge it, and therefore they need have no scruples about sending out a commander-in-chief."

These sentiments are strangely in opposition to the blind obedience required by the service, and strenuously enforced by Nelson himself; but after the battle of the Nile, and his royal, political, and seductive intercourse with the court of Naples, he became impatient of all restraint,* and acted upon his own will as if it had been supreme.

"On the 30th of November, Lord Keith, then off Vigo, issued an order to Lord Nelson, which stated that the Admiralty had directed him to proceed forthwith to the Mediterranean, and take under his command such flag-officers, ships, and vessels, as he might find on that station, applying to the senior officer for such orders as might remain in his hands unexecuted; and Lord Nelson was desired to put himself under Lord Keith's command accordingly."

Nothing could be more disagreeable and irksome, and he writes petulantly to Lady Hamilton:

"My dear Lady Hamilton,—Having a commander-in-chief, I cannot come on shore till I have made my manners to him. Times are changed; but if he does not come on shore directly, I will not wait. In the mean time, I send Allen to inquire how you are. Send me word, for I am anxious to hear of you. It has been no fault of mine, that I have been so long absent. I cannot command, and now only obey."

By an autograph in the Nelson papers we are farther informed, that "Lord Nelson felt deeply mortified at a commander-in-chief being sent to the Mediterranean; and his friends Sir William and Lady Hamilton, as well as some of his captains, frequently expressed themselves very unfavourably towards Lord Keith. Soon after Lord Keith arrived in the Mediterranean, Sir William Hamilton was superseded as minister to the King of the Two Sicilies, by the Honourable Arthur Paget (the late Right Hon. Sir Arthur Paget, G.C.B.), and in a letter to Lord Nelson, written on the 7th of February, 1800, Sir William Hamilton, after speaking slightingly of Lord Keith, and eulogising all Nelson's measures, said, 'As I now find that Lord Keith is really in the place of Lord St. Vincent, established commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, I have now not a doubt but we shall have the extreme satisfaction of returning home with our dearest friend Lord Nelson; for your lordship will have known from Emma, that I have (after thirty-six years' service at this court) been either kicked up or down out

* A curious letter from Admiral Goodall, dated London, the 15th November, illustrates this point; he writes: "They say here you are Rinaldo in the arms of Armida, and that it requires the firmness of an Ubaldo and his brother knight to draw you from the enchantress. To be sure 'tis a very pleasant attraction, to which I am very sensible myself. But my maxim has always been, *Cupidus voluptatum, cupidior gloriæ*. Be it as it will, health and happiness attend you."

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of my post; and Mr. Paget, Lord Uxbridge's son, is named envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the King of the Two Sicilies, and is on his way here in a frigate. I have not had the least hint of such an intention from England, public or private; but Lord Grenville has a letter of mine, the beginning of the year 1798, authorising his lordship to dispose of my place to whom he pleased, if he would ensure me an annuity for life of clear two thousand pounds sterling—not a nominal pension, as I would rather continue all my life at Naples than retire for less. So that, as the Marquis Circello's letter to Acton says, that my retreat is at my own desire, and that the king reserves for me what will always give me the pleasing satisfaction of having gained the esteem and approbation of their Sicilian majesties, my request must have been fully granted. I suppose it is a cabinet job, wishing to provide for Paget, and they could do it no other way than by satisfying me. I see it gives much uneasiness at this court, and poor Emma is in the greatest distress. But let me get home, and settle my affairs, and she and the queen may dispose of my old carcass as they please."

And "on the 24th of February, Lord Keith issued an order to Lord Nelson, which stated that he was 'called from the blockade of Malta to attend to other services of public importance,' and directed Lord Nelson to take the command of the ships therein named, 'and to adopt and prosecute the necessary measures for contributing to the complete reduction of Malta.' Full and explicit directions were given for his conduct in the event of the surrender of La Valetta, and for the disposition of the squadron, &c. As the remoteness of Palermo from Malta rendered it an inconvenient place of rendezvous, Lord Keith directed it to be discontinued, and substituted Syracuse instead of it; but if Lord Nelson preferred Messina or Augusta, he was at liberty to use one of them, provided he made Lord Keith acquainted therewith. The order concluded in these words:—'During the progress of this complicated and important service, and on the eventual surrender of Valetta, many circumstances will naturally occur, and a variety of objects present themselves, for which it is impossible to provide. But, impressed as I am with every conviction of your lordship's ability, zeal, firmness, discretion, justice, and humanity, I rely with all confidence on your being prepared to act, on every exigency, for the honour of the nation, the advantage of the public, and the interest of the forces employed under your direction; and also, whenever it may depend upon you, for the protection of individuals, the security of private property, and the distribution of public justice.'"

But nothing could detach Lord Nelson from Palermo; and he immediately fell sick, and from the Foudroyant, off Malta, returned for answer:

"My state of health is such, that it is impossible I can much longer remain here. Without some rest, I am gone. I must therefore, whenever I find the service will admit of it, request your permission to go to my friends, at Palermo, for a few weeks, and leave the command here to Commodore Troubridge. Nothing but absolute necessity obliges me to write this letter, being, with the greatest respect, &c.

"BRONTE NELSON."

To conclude this subject,* we may note, that "early in the morning of the 10th of June, the Queen of Naples, three princesses, and the young Prince Leopold, embarked, with all her attendants, on board the Foudroyant, together with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, and Miss Knight. The Foudroyant immediately sailed, in company with the Alexander, Princess Charlotte, and a Neapolitan packet, for Leghorn, and they arrived there on the 14th. This disposition of the ships was inconsistent with Lord Keith's wishes; and on the 5th of June he issued an order (but which had not reached Lord Nelson) directing him to send the Foudroyant and Alexander immediately to Malta, and forbidding the king's ships to be employed on any other service than such as he had appointed."

In July, Nelson struck his flag and left Leghorn with Sir William and Lady Hamilton for England *viâ* Vienna, and landed at Yarmouth on the 6th of November. Ovation and triumphs awaited him in his native land. Promotions and honours attended him; but unfortunately domestic felicity did not accompany them. In January he finally separated from his wife.

The expedition to Copenhagen immediately succeeded, into which we abstain from entering. Lord Nelson's anxious perseverance to obtain medals for the officers who shared in this great danger, affords a rather curious example of diplomatic or official correspondence on such claims; it would appear as, if a public board had once decided one way, nothing on earth would induce it to alter its verdict.

Before we come to home-affairs we must quote a few striking passages of general interest. In October 1799, Nelson writes to Sir Sidney Smith from Palermo:

"I have just got a report that appears to have some foundation, that Buonaparte has passed Corsica in a bombard, steering for France.* No Crusader ever returned with more humility—contrast his going in L'Orient, &c. &c."

In December, to Lord Elgin: "I have regretted sincerely the escape of Buonaparte; but those ships which were destined by me for the two places where he would certainly have been intercepted, were, from the Admiralty thinking, doubtless, that the Russians would do something at sea, obliged to be at Malta, and other services which I thought the Russian admiral would have assisted me in—therefore, no blame lies at my door. The Vincejo, a few days ago, took a vessel from Egypt with General Voix and seventy-five officers, mostly of Buonaparte's staff; and also Captain Long was happy enough to save the despatches, which were thrown overboard, but with an insufficient weight to instantly sink them."

And when in command of the Channel-fleet, and we were threatened with the famous invasion from Boulogne, to Henry Addington:

"In my command I can tell you with truth, that I find much zeal and good humour; and should Mr. Buonaparte put himself in our way, I believe he will wish himself even in Corsica. I only hope, if he means to come, that it will be before the 14th of September, for my stamina is but ill-suited for equinoctial gales and cold weather. I feel much obliged by your kindness about the extension of my title, and rely on your good intention for my brother. I hope you will hear of me soon."

Some of the letters about the title are rather amusing: thus, for instance, to Garter, in Nov. 1799, Nelson writes:

"My dear sir,—I am not certain that I answered your kind congratulatory letter on my elevation to the peerage—if not, I beg your pardon, and probably deferred it at the moment, in expectation of receiving the plan of the arms you sent to Lord Grenville, but which has never reached me. I should be much obliged to you for them, but now I suppose the ducal arms of Bronté must have a place. If his majesty approves of my taking the title of Bronté, I must have your opinion how I am to sign my name. At present I describe myself 'Lord Nelson, Duke of Bronté in Sicily.' As the pelises given to me and Sir Sidney Smith are novel, I must beg you will turn in your mind how I am to wear it when I first go to the king; and, as the aigrette is directed to be worn, where am I to put it? In my hat, having only one arm, is impossible, as I must have my hand at liberty; therefore, I think, on my outward garment. I shall have much pleasure in putting myself into your management, for, believe me, dear sir, your most obliged servant,

BRONTE NELSON.

"I have just received the imperial order of the crescent from the Grand Signior, a diamond star; in the centre the crescent and a small star."

A dispute about and with the consul, Mr. Lock, is hardly worth comment: Nelson was rather hasty andangry in the business. The capture of the Généreux, and afterwards of le Guillaume Tell, the only French men-of-war that escaped from the Nile, were sources of great gratification to Nelson. These, but for the escape of "the man of destiny," who so soon changed the face of Europe, made a completeness of the thing, which ended it like the *dénouement* of a perfectly constructed drama. And so it was: Buonaparte's performances were but the commencement of another and new play—the beginning of the end, on land, a grand military and not a naval spectacle.

We have now, however, to conclude; and do so with only two quotations, after the toils of war were over.

"Amazon, Downs, September 14th, 1801.

"My dear Davison,—I have to give you ten thousand thanks for your very friendly offer of assisting me in purchasing the farm. It is true it will take every farthing I have in the world, and leave me in your debt, and also in Tyson's; but I hope in a little time to be able at least to pay my debts. Should I really want your help, and know that I have enough in the world to pay you, I shall ask no one else. The Baltic expedition cost me full 2000*l*. Since I left London it has cost me, for Nelson cannot be like others, near 1000*l*. in six weeks. If I am continued here, ruin to my finances must be the consequence, for everybody knows that Lord Nelson is amazingly rich! Sir William and Lady Hamilton leave me on the 16th. You will easily guess my feelings at their going. • • • A man, a few days ago, sent me a letter demanding a bank note of 100*l*., or he would abuse me in the papers: I sent it of course to Nepean; the porter who went to the post-office for my answer has been taken up, but he knew not his employer, and probably never will be caught."

The next applies (gentle readers) to us all:

"Like all great men, Nelson was deeply impressed with the value of time. In conver-

* Nevertheless, in a letter to the Duke of Clarence, he declares somewhat contradictorily:—"But, sir, I find few think as I do—but to obey orders is all perfection! To serve my king, and to destroy the French, I consider as the great order of all, from which little ones spring; and if one of these little ones militate against it (for who can tell exactly at a distance?), I go back to obey the great order and object, to *down, down* with the damned French villains. Excuse my warmth; but my blood boils at the name of a Frenchman. I hate them all—royalists and republicans."

* "Buonaparte arrived at Toulon from Egypt early in October, on board La Murion, of 28 guns, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Ganteaume."

sation with the late General William Twiss, Colonel Commandant of the Royal Engineers, Lord Nelson observed, "Time, Twiss—time is everything; five minutes makes the difference between a victory and a defeat."

CENTO.

Household Verses. By Bernard Barton. Pp. 240. London, George Virtue.

OUR poet pretends to be getting old: folks in the provinces do so long before the (so-called shorter-lived) mortals who inhabit large cities, and especially London, think of throwing off the *ci-devant jeune homme*. We have seen twenty beaux senior to Bernard Barton dancing polkas within the last six months; and surely men ought to leave off Polkas long before they take their leave of Poetry! But our worthy "Friend" has only become a tinge more serious and religious with his muse, and attuned rather more of his lyre within the sphere of the social and domestic circle. In other respects, it is as moral, gentle, sweet, and instructive as ever. The verses are in great measure "household," but for examples they may lesson the wide world. Above a hundred occasions suggest them; and to criticise a hundred varieties would be a cataloguing beyond our reach; so we shall lay them under contribution, to be their own expositors. The first is a pretty illustration of a solemn principle.

"*The Statue of Memnon.*

Hast thou heard of a statue, erected of yore,
Of whose musical murmurs such marvels are told,
As Philosophy now counts but fabulous lore,
Though trusted as truth by the simple of old?

For 'twas said and believed—In the silence of night
It was mute as the landscape around it that lay;
But awoke at the first touch of morning's glad light,
And with harmony greeted the herald of day.

Be it fiction alone!—yet a truth it may teach,
And one which too many have need to be taught,
Could the emblem's true essence availingly reach
To the inmost recesses of feeling and thought.

Thus the dark heart of man, in its fallen estate,
Bewildered by error, of passion the slave,
To all that is glorious, or god-like, or great,
Is cold as that statue, and still as the grave.

But if on it the bright Sun of righteousness shine,
With light and with life far surpassing the day's,
Enkindled at once by that radiance divine,
It is vocal with joy, and thanksgiving, and praise."

The simplicity and nature of the following are very agreeable to our taste:

"*The Yellow-Hammer.*

O sad yellow-hammer! that singest to me
While blows by my window the swinging birch-tree;
That sorrowful cadence is sweet to mine ear,
For it seeks the forgotten, and summons them here.

O sad yellow-hammer! what long years ago
Through the old woody places we two used to go;
Just that very note falling from bough after bough,
It seemed the same bird that sits singing here now.

O sad yellow-hammer! there was a dun cow
Used to be always grazing, where space would allow
The tall grass to shoot up, and primrose-leaves green,
Beside the park-palings the tree-stems between.

O sad yellow-hammer! a little black dog
Used to flit like a spirit through brier and bog;
The violets all purple bent under its tread,
And the rose-leaves fell down on its beautiful head.

You may go to those woody lanes day after day,
But the cow and the dog they are always away;
I hear in the dim shade, unlife-lighted now,
But the sad yellow-hammer that sings on the bough.

When summer *was* summer, beneath those green trees
A musical voice used to blend with the breeze;
I never went roaming the hazel-wood's side,
But a dark eye flashed by me, a step at my side.

I've outgrown the childhood when we wandered so,
And for hazel-nuts caring have left long ago;
But, sad yellow-hammer within the birch-bough,
I care for the tones thou art bringing back now!

O sad yellow-hammer! while thou sing'st to me,
A carol comes floating far over the sea;
A light laugh is ringing where billows gleam pale,
And a distant voice singing to dare the wild gale.

O sweet yellow-hammer! that singest to me,
An anxious heart's blessing thy recompense be;
Ay, shake the light birch-bough, and cheerly sing on,
For cheerly thou bringest back them that are gone!"

The tender contrast of our next quotation will surely be felt:

"*A Lament.*

We knew the hour was drawing near,
Thy signal of release;
When every conflict, every fear,
For thee, loved friend, should cease.

That hour *has* come! and well may wake
A lay of mingled tone,
Fraught with thanksgiving for thy sake,
And sorrow for our own.

In thankfulness we ought to bow,
Lamented friend, for thee,
E'en while we mourn, remembering thou
From suffering now art free.

When we retrace our long-past hours
Of anxious hope and fear,
And thine of pain—could wish of ours
Desire thy tarriance here?

When faith that happier lot can see
Which now we trust is thine,
Selfish indeed all grief must be
That could for thee repine.

Yet not the less, of thee bereft,
Full many a heart must feel
The aching void which thou hast left,
And own its mute appeal.

Beside thy hospitable hearth,
At no far-distant day,
Thy smile, thy voice, in hours of mirth,
Were gayest of the gay.

Nor less, in seasons dark and drear,
Were we as sure to find
Thy zeal to comfort, soothe, or cheer—
The kindest of the kind!

Oh! well may *I* thy worth confess,
In sunshine or in gloom;
And mourn, with grateful tenderness,
Thy transit to the tomb;

For, dared I give my fancy scope,
I can but feel how vain
It were in me to nurse the hope
To see thy like again!"

Still more poetical, though not more touching, is the annexed:

"*One more tribute to my favourite old Abbey at Leiston, Suffolk.*

The breath of Spring has o'er thee blown,
For thou canst yet her blessing share,
Decking, with beauty not their own,
Those walls, which else were bleak and bare;
The ivy's twining wreath is there,
And, brighter from that ivy's gloom,
Shedding its perfume on the air,
The wall-flower's golden bloom.

And thine is music, even now,
Which suits thy hoary ruins well;—
The blackbird on the ivy-bough,
The bee that comes to store its cell,
Throw round thee music's sweetest spell;
While its yet deeper charm is found,
When ocean's billows proudly swell,
In listening to their sound.

Thus, even in thy drear decline,
Though thou art crumbling in decay,
Beauty and melody are thine
Which cannot, will not pass away:
With every bright and balmy May,
And each successive leafy June,
Thy walls in loveliness are gay,
Thy harmonists in tune!

But not in man's declining years,
Alas! can each revolving spring
To dimmer eyes and duller ears
A sense of fresh enjoyment bring:
Alike round peasant and round king,
When these approach life's closing stage,
Wants and infirmities must cling—
Nature can not assuage.

Has Nature, then, done more for thee
Than Nature's God would do for man?
Oh, surely not! With eyes to see,
And grateful hearts aright to scan,
His mercy's comprehensive plan,
We too, when health and strength decay,
Might find He gives to life's last span
More than He takes away.

The deathless wreath by wisdom twined
Of thankful thoughts and feelings high,
Beyond the ivy's we should find,
Though thine be lovely to the eye:
While hopes of immortality,
Far brighter than the wall-flower's bloom,
In darkest hours would still be nigh,
To cheer us through their gloom.

And sweeter far than bees' glad hum,
More rich and full than Nature's choir,
Would sound, though all on earth were dumb,
From gold harps touched by heavenly fire,
Glad songs of praise! Hope's strong desire
To faith would kindle at their sound;
That faith in triumph might expire,
And mightier love be crowned!"

From the "Poet's Memorial of Robinson Crusoe" we select a few stanzas of wisdom and truth:

"But I must bid my pleasant theme adieu,
Though lingering thought upon it fain would dwell.
Grateful I feel for what can thus renew
A sense of youth's once bright and joyous spell,
And call back from the dim and shadowy cell
Of memory visions of departed days;
Yet ere I take a long, a last farewell,
Forgive me, reader, if my muse essays
To take her leave of thee in fitting minstrel phrase.

Art thou a stripling—in the bloom of youth,
Feasting on fiction in a garb so fair?
Yet may these pages teach thee useful truth,
If they inculcate wisdom, forethought, care,
And shew thee how to suffer and to bear
With patient hope and fortitude, the ill
Which all who live or more or less must share:
So shalt thou best the author's aim fulfil,
Avoid his hero's harms, partake his pleasures still.

Art thou a worldling—in life's thoughtful noon,
Toiling in traffic's ceaseless strife and din;
Or seeking, as thy being's proudest boon,
Ambition's heights or fashion's fame to win?
Turn from each glittering bait and specious gin;
Let a mere school-boy's tale this lesson teach,—
All that ennobles man is found within;
And no bad moral doth our hero preach,
Making the best he can of good within his reach.

Art thou a veteran—in the vale of years,
Yet looking back, at times, with wistful gaze
Upon the pains and pleasures, hopes and fears,
Shadow and sunshine, of thy by-gone days?
Here, if no guilt upon thy conscience weighs,
And generous feelings in thy heart still glow,
Some of the brightness which so fondly plays
Around the past the present shall bestow,
And thou in hoary age a child's enjoyment know.

But now—Farewell to Crusoe and his isle!
Farewell to his man Friday!—best of men,
His toils, his cares, his sorrows to beguile;
'We ne'er shall look upon their like again!'"

We would recommend "A Child's Dream" (pages 214 to 219 inclusive), which is too long for us to quote after the preceding; and say our *vale* to our good and valued bard with the following singular production:

"Once, and once only in my life (writes B. B.) I was in the royal presence: at some courtly festival, I opine; for I 'sate at meat' with unwonted company, and surrounded by regal splendour. Chide me not, gentle reader, with presumption, for it was—*in a dream!* and I am sure no waking thoughts of mine led me there. In this most strange conjunction, I was called on for a contribution to the royal album! Awake under such circumstances, I feel certain I could not have written letter or line: in my sleep I was bolder, and actually perpetrated two stanzas; which I subjoin, as a literary curiosity, having been veritably composed in a dream.

A blessing on thy crownèd head,
My country's youthful Queen!
If such may be or sung or said
Amid this courtly scene!

And if a poet's loyal love
Might more than this impart,
Oh, may that blessing from above
Sink deep into thy heart!"

Two very pretty rural engravings embellish this volume.

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The Attractive Man. A Novel. By Mrs. Trollope. 3 vols. Colburn.

THE *Attractive Man* is not an attractive novel. On the contrary, it is repulsive; and especially as regards the portraiture of the females, of all ages, stations, and descriptions. If we could believe the characters to be truly drawn, and to exhibit classes, not individuals, we should think far less of womankind than we have ever been accustomed to do; and as the drawings are from the hand of a clever and observant woman, we are the more dissatisfied with the degradation of the sex. There is not one specimen among the whole lot whom a man of sensitive feeling and refined taste could admire, and still less love and take to be his companion for life. The bloom is off the fairest and freshest of them; and the others are more seriously blemished, from slighter defects to corruption at the very core. The two heroines, Clara Maynard and Mary Clementson, one after the other, give their hearts to Theodore Vidal, the Attractive Man, and thus come to their allotted heroes, in the end, without the attractions of first love; their promised marriages with Vidal having been prevented by circumstances, and not by their own wills. Second-hand ladies of this sort are not to our mind such captivating treasures as to make the other men mad with joy when they get them from the sphere which won and within which moved their earlier affections. To us the virgin gold would have been so much tarnished by the contact, that we could not well have fancied its purity; and must, on these grounds, withhold our good opinion from this disparaging picture. But if the loveliest creations are thus damaged, what shall we say of the general cast of the rest; of Lady Sarah Monkton, a wife of a certain age, a determined sentimental flirt with every man who approaches her; of the Miss Jenkinses, the elder a scheming, and the other a puling old maid, bent in their different ways on netting the wealthy squire within the links of matrimony; of Lucy Dalton, an unprincipled fiend at seventeen or eighteen years of age; or of her drunken mother, lunatic from gin or brandy? We repeat, it is positively disagreeable, and almost disgusting, to read three volumes in which the development of emotions and passions in the breasts of women affords nothing more refreshing to human nature than such weaknesses, follies, vices, and crimes. Heaven forbid that we should not consider the whole to be a false and malicious libel!

In her preface the author declares that she has never been guilty of personality in this or any other of her writings; and that though she has founded herself on individual study, no One could say that he was the original of such or such a character. Perhaps this may be true in a particularly guarded sense; but, with the exception of the superadded villany of Vidal, it is impossible not to recognise in that impersonation the traits and features of a man who ought not, even in fiction, to have had his distinct lineaments so compounded with odious and contemptible guilt. Those who know better may discriminate and separate the invented from the real; but, as far as the rest of the world is concerned, a cruel and monstrous injury has been done to the memory of the dead in this publication; an injury which the lapse of time would augment, because disproof would be gradually growing fainter, whilst the distressing and foul perversion continued to cast its darkening and yet blacker shadow over the long-closed grave. We are indignant with this defamatory act; and deem disclaimers of individuality but paltry excuses for an offence, if not malignant, at any rate venal and most unjustifiable.

The sort of metaphysical mazes through which Mrs. Trollope elicits the sayings and doings of her female characters are to us rather tedious, though often distinguished by acute remark and ingenious reasoning. Why they speak too much at times, or hold their tongues when a little speaking would be quite to the purpose, are explained with curious minuteness. But we had better try, by a quotation or two, to afford some idea of the better parts of this work. Mary Clementson has been kept secluded by her doting father till she is seventeen years old, when he is provoked to bring her out by giving a ball; and—

"It would have been impossible for any language in the world, though possessed in the greatest perfection—and Mary's vocabulary was by no means a poor one—but it would have been quite impossible for any language, or all languages mixed together, to have sufficed her to express all the variety of happy feelings which now beset her. She talked, it is true, all the time this scene lasted, as fast as it was well possible to speak; but she had recourse to pantomime unceasing, to assist her. One moment she was making, grotesquely, solemn curtseys of reception for all the company that were to come; then she was playing the violin, with her father's riding-whip upon his boot-jack, and performing the choicest steps her dancing-master had taught her; then she flew to the glass, and first shaking all her redundant tresses over her bright face, she began to arrange them in braids and bows, as much like the wig of Mademoiselle Panache as possible; these and a multitude of similar monkey-tricks, all performed at full speed, talking as fast as she could gabble the whole time, at length put her completely out of breath; and then, after having sat panting upon a hat-box for two minutes and a half, she jumped up again, exclaiming, 'Now then, papa, I must go and tell the old ladies all about it!' Neither Mrs. Morris nor Mademoiselle Panache, however, quite deserved the epithet of 'old ladies;' Mrs. Morris, the elder of the two, having but just completed her forty-third year, and Mademoiselle Panache being two years younger. But the housemaids and the groom always called them 'the old ladies;' and Mary, therefore, did so likewise. But it was done without the slightest intention of being disrespectful. She was, in fact, very fond of both her governesses; for they both treated her with unceasing indulgence, and moreover the French lady was always ready to waltz with her, and the English lady to play to her. Then the Frenchwoman was passionately fond of acting; and many a gay hour was passed between her pupil and herself in repeating together the scenes of all the most lively French comedies, in which there was nothing '*trop fort*' for '*la petite*.' Mrs. Morris had various agreeable talents also. She was an admirable and fearless horsewoman; and Mary, under her auspices, had enjoyed her favourite exercise in much greater perfection than she could have done without her. Moreover, Mrs. Morris was not only an excellent musician, but a charming singer; and as Mary's voice was as sweet and as clear as that of a lark, they beguiled many a long summer's day and winter's evening in singing duets together. In short, these ladies exerted themselves quite as much to amuse the young heiress as to instruct her, and decidedly the best part of her accomplishments were acquired in this manner. Her two governesses were also really very fond of her; and in truth she was such a sweet-tempered little creature, that it would not have been very easy to help it. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that their joy did not quite equal hers, when they learnt the news brought home by Mr. Clementson. Not, indeed, but that a little more variety in their lives would have been very agreeable to both of them; but the prospect of it came clouded with the probability that the very comfortable quarters and liberal salaries which they had enjoyed for the last ten years might probably melt away and vanish in the broad sunshine of fashion and gaiety which now at length seemed ready to burst in upon them. They looked into each other's faces and exchanged a sigh. 'Are you not enchanted?' demanded Mary, looking first at one and then at the other. 'Certainly, dearest!' replied Mrs. Morris; 'it is enough to enchant any body to see you look so happy.' 'Mais oui, mignonne; le moyen de n'être pas enchanté quand vous êtes contente?' said Mademoiselle Panache. 'Mais, hélas!' she added, 'n'est-ce pas que nous allons vous quitter?' Mary's answer to this was a violent burst of tears—short, however, as it was violent; for she was both laughing and scolding the minute after—laughing at the idea of setting up for herself in the world, as she called it, and scolding them both for supposing she could be so very happy if she thought two of her best friends were going to leave her. 'No, indeed,' she added; 'I shall tell papa that I intend to have you both living with me till the very day I am married; and then, I suppose, we must part for a little while, because people would laugh at me so if I insisted upon keeping my governesses after I was married; married women, you know, never do have governesses. But then I shall have you both back again the very moment I have got a little girl to teach. You are both of you such dear, kind, good souls, and both of you so very clever! Besides, you know, my dear darlings, that it is not at all likely I should be married quite directly. Indeed, I mean to tell papa that I won't; I have thought a great deal about that already, I assure you, though I dare say that you neither of you gave me credit for having so much gravity and wisdom in my thoughts. But I have long had it in my head that this dear, delightful time of being grown up must come some time or other, though I can't say I expected it would be so beautifully sudden. —Oh! bless you! you dear little birds!' she added, after the pause of a moment, and running to a balcony that had been fabricated for her particular satisfaction. 'Don't they seem to be singing on purpose to wish me joy? And the flowers too! Nobody will ever persuade me, Mrs. Morris, that there is not some sort of mysterious sensibility in flowers. I have observed a thousand times over, I have indeed, that they do smile and look bright and glad upon one at particularly happy moments; and quite early in the morning, for instance, when one goes out unexpectedly to talk to them a little. And then, don't they breathe upon you? don't they? Deny it if you can! I know they have some sort of soul in them, and I never will marry any man who won't let me convince him of it.' At the end of this long harangue, which had been uttered with wonderful rapidity, the young lady became suddenly silent."

We have mentioned Lady Sarah Monkton. Here she is the morning after meeting Vidal for the *first time* at a dinner-party. He calls, is shewn up, and reaches the retreat of her ladyship.

"This was a small room, with a large window opening to the south. An embroidered

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curtain of white muslin, lined with rose-coloured silk, hung over nearly the whole window, casting a roseate light into the room, which made every thing in it look rather prettier than it really was, and her ladyship among the rest. Had it not been for this, Mr. Vidal would have perceived a still greater difference than he did between the graceful *élégante* of the evening before and the recumbent figure in *déshabillé* which he now beheld extended on a couch of her own invention, long enough to permit of a person's sitting at her feet, and having a sort of *table volant* affixed to it, which could be twisted round at pleasure, and which might serve as work, reading, writing, or chess table. Lady Sarah was in *déshabillé*, but such a *déshabillé* as most pretty women would have preferred to the most elaborate ball-dress that ever was worn. Of course it was Parisian, from the little cornette of Mechlin that was loosely tied beneath her chin, to the exquisite bit of embroidered satin which formed her delicate slipper. Nor had Lady Sarah more skill in selecting a morning costume than in wearing it. Never did the most fastidious artist bestow greater care in draping a favourite figure than Lady Sarah did in draping hers. There was just enough seen, and just enough hid, yet the whole had the appearance of being so perfectly negligent and unceremonious, that a greater novice than Vidal might have felt disposed to exclaim, with Paul Pry, 'I hope I don't intrude?' But even had Mr. Vidal been capable of entertaining any doubt of the kind, the manner in which the recumbent Lady Sarah received him would have removed it. Nothing, certainly, could be more gracious. 'Is it possible!' she exclaimed, half sitting up, and extending her beautiful and ungloved hand to him; 'I hardly ventured to hope that we should see you to-day. Monkton will be enchanted! He is dying to shew you his little Raffaelle.' 'And I was dying to come and receive the enchanting reception that my sanguine fancy kept sketching for me during the sleepless hours of last night,' replied Vidal; 'but to which, with all her skill, she knew not,' he added, 'how to give the last enchanting touch. Her witchery is charming. But there is witchery more exquisite still.' 'Sleepless hours?' repeated Lady Sarah, looking at him with very touching interest; 'we must not let you take it into your head that country air is less salutary than that of London. I must prepare some gentle narcotics for you, Mr. Vidal.' 'No, do not!' he replied, seating himself close to the couch. 'Cannot your ladyship imagine that there may be states of mind in which every moment lost in sleep is a positive evil—a robbery, a most atrocious robbery of sensations sacred to—to the best and highest pleasures of existence?' 'Alas! I know not!' she answered, with a sigh as soft as it was unmeaning. 'And yet,' she added, after the meditation of a moment, during which her eyes, that were made to express a vast deal of philosophical speculation, were fixed upon his face—'and yet it may be so. Life, especially English life, Mr. Vidal, is so made up of dull realities, so darkly tinctured with *triste raison*, that a waking dream may possibly be among its most precious pleasures.' 'May be? But it is,' returned the young man, with an accent and manner admirably suited to the occasion. 'Alas, Lady Sarah,' he continued, gently taking the end of a lace scarf, lined with lilac, which was thrown across her shoulders, and pressing it between his hands with wonderful eloquence of expression—'alas! you know not—a woman's heart, I believe, never can know—the marvellous, the entrancing power of an ardent male imagination! Oh! were it not for this, there are moments when the weight of existence would be too, too heavy to bear.' And here, as if by accident, he ventured to raise the scarf to his lips. 'Nay, fie upon you! You must not spoil my pretty scarf. Is it not pretty, Mr. Vidal?' 'Pretty!' he exclaimed, 'what a question, Lady Sarah! Do you really think that at this moment there is any object in creation that I could think pretty, save one?' 'And what is that, you odd creature? I think there are so many things "pretty!"' she replied; 'for instance, I think that is a very pretty riding-whip which you have got in your hand,' and raising herself from her still recumbent position, she leant forward to take it from him. He playfully drew back his hand, and she playfully advanced hers. 'Why, you abominable man! I have let you keep possession of half a mile of my beautiful scarf, and you will not trust me with the butt-end of your wicked-looking little whip!' she exclaimed. 'Swear to me that you will treat my whip exactly as I treat your scarf,' he replied, 'and I yield it, ransom or no ransom.' 'Well—let go, then!' said she. He did let it go, and the whip remained in her hands. 'Now then,' she said, pretending to hold it daintily between her fingers, 'what is to be done next?' In reply to this question he gently, but fervently, pressed the end of the scarf to his bosom, and then as gently, and, if possible, more fervently still, leant down his head and kissed it. In reply to this, the lovely lady at his side shook her head, raised the whip in act to strike, and then exclaimed, as she quietly restored it to him, 'Ah! here is Monkton! He will be in ecstacies! You are something quite in his own way. We owe Lord Randall an ovation for bringing you among us.'"

Pretty well for a virtuous lady on the first call of a stranger — but her husband seems used to it, and has a long chat with their guest; and, "while this was passing between the gentlemen, Lady Sarah settled herself in a beautifully recumbent attitude on the couch, and resumed the studies which the entrance of Mr. Vidal had interrupted. Lady Sarah had but four occupations in the world, for eating must not be classed among the occupations of women. These four occupations were, dressing, dancing, sleeping, and reading French novels. Flirting must not be named in addition to these, because it could no more be classed as a separate and distinct occupation, than breathing might be. She was always flirting, or making ready to flirt. When she slept, her dreams were of accents, attitudes, and accidents, all belonging to the state of being for which she was born. When she read, it was only to learn the speculations of others upon the subject, in order to vary and enrich her own. Need it be said that in dressing she was faithful to the object for which she lived, or that she loved dancing solely as a means of shewing that she had not lived in vain? Lady Sarah was still a beautiful woman, or rather she had not yet lost any of the indications calculated to prove that she had been a beautiful woman. She had, indeed, some short ten years before been surpassingly lovely, and such hold had the pleasurable conviction of this taken upon her heart and intellect (such as they were), that no other thought or feeling ever did or ever could come in contact with it for an hour—no, not for a moment. As she never really did any harm to any body, she might perhaps be considered, and certainly did consider herself, as a very innocent woman. In her own judgment, indeed, she was a good deal more. She truly believed herself to be a perfect model of virtue; and though her life was passed in ceaseless endeavours to inspire passion, the being happily incapable of feeling it herself gave her a superiority over the majority of her most intimate friends, of which she was justly proud. If ladies must flirt through the whole course of their living life, it is assuredly better that they should flirt in Lady Sarah Monkton's way than any other; but the worst part of the business is the sort of dying life that follows, if these innocent assassins of the peace of mankind have not the good fortune to expire, like other pretty flowers, when their bloom is past. It was almost impossible that any married couple could live in a state of greater harmony than did Sir William and Lady Sarah Monkton. Each seemed to have their allotted task, and neither ever interfered unpleasantly with the other."

So much for sketches of youthful life, family arrangements, and fashionable manners! We conclude with one other brief extract, of the reflective order.

"It is by no means uncommon to see women more true than frank. Many very excellent persons of both sexes are so; but I am of opinion that this is oftener found in females than in males. I have sometimes thought that the peculiarity to which I allude is kindly bestowed by nature upon the weaker creature in order to enable her occasionally to avoid placing herself too completely in the power of the stronger. Did women, even when their hearts are true in attachment as is the needle to the pole,—did they always frankly avow every feeling, every emotion, and every thought that finds place within them, as frankly as a true-hearted man does, they would often make wild work with domestic comfort. I have never seen an example of this species of frankness in a woman without hearing her called either capricious, or wilful, or unfeminine; but in general my own judgment has only found her deserving of the last epithet. I am deeply convinced that it is not accordant with a genuine feminine nature to be too frank; but I am quite as much convinced that those who confound this restriction in frankness with any want of truth, blunder most lamentably; and when man passes such a judgment, he blunders most ungratefully too, for nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of every thousand that this species of reserve exists in a married woman, it arises from a wish of pleasing or a fear of displeasing her husband. How many women have I known, who, detesting the smell of tobacco-smoke as much as any dainty man can do of an expiring lamp, have still declared with a smile which, under the circumstances, is really angelic, that, now they were getting used to it, they did not mind it at all. How many pretty creatures who had hated the sight of a boat till they had husbands who liked it, have I seen enter a yacht with love laughing in their eyes and sickness weighing on their hearts! This is not frankness; but it is love. How many do I know, who before marriage avoided the vicinity of a dog with utter distaste, who after it would suffer the canine favourites of their husbands to soil their silken robes, and lick their shrinking hands with every appearance of being infinitely pleased by the compliment. But all these, and a multitude of similar things, shew true love, though false seeming; and I fearlessly repeat, that women incapable of this are unfeminine. But this womanly want of frankness, like pretty nearly every other quality in human beings, whether male or female, is either good or bad as it is modified or not modified

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by other qualities, which seem to act upon each other with a sort of moral chemistry, separating what is pure from what is impure."

KINGSTON'S LUSITANIAN SKETCHES.
[Second notice.]

MR. K. thinks, if research were made, the legendary lore of Portugal would disclose much of romantic interest: and meanwhile tells us:

"The most terrific of all the supernatural beings in Portugal is the *bruxa* (pronounced *broocha*). She is somewhat in her propensities like the Eastern ghoul, or vampire, from whom, probably, she was derived. In the day-time she is like any other woman, performing the duties of her household in a most exemplary manner. She may be a daughter of honest, good parents; she may marry, and have children; she may even be considered amiable, and is often very beautiful, though there is a certain fierce expression in her eye, and an ominous wrinkle on her otherwise fair brow, which the sceptical would suppose proceeded from care or affliction. Nobody can tell who are bruxas and who are not. They never allow any mortal to discover it; and woe betide the wretch who shall attempt to pry into their secrets! They are a heaven-accursed sisterhood—their souls pledged to the prince of darkness by a compact renewed every night. Sometimes their daughters become bruxas, if they by chance escape their infanticidal and vampirish propensities, or else they keep up their numbers by inveigling some hapless maiden whose heart has been turned from the right path, and who has abandoned the holy religion of the church, to join their association. She knows not whither she is to be led, or what is to be her fate, till it is too late to retract—when the fatal compact is signed and sealed with her blood—then, miserable girl! her shrieks, her cries, are of no avail. Repentance is impossible; even the saints themselves have no longer power or will to preserve her. From sunset to sunrise this demoniacal power possesses her; for during the day she returns to her family, no one suspecting the dreadful truth. When darkness has overspread the world, and the spirits of evil are let loose, the bruxas rise from their couches, leaving, if married, their mortal and unsuspecting husbands, and flying to the company of their diabolical paramours. They are then, as a punishment for their crime we may suppose, transformed into the shape of some noxious bird of night—owls or bats of gigantic size. Away they fly at a prodigious rate, far from their homes, over hill and dale, but especially across marshes, stagnant pools, and lakes—unwillingly they skim along the surface, gazing on their hideous forms reflected in the water, and perfectly conscious of their fate. They will sometimes, on these nocturnal rambles, encounter some friend or relation proceeding in one direction, and either by allurements, such as practised by Ariel in Prospero's Island, or by force, will carry him to an opposite point, far away from the one he wished to reach; indeed, over strangers or anybody they meet they have the same power, provided he is not under the especial protection of the saints. Many a poor wretch has thus been led across the country, over rough rocks, and through brambles and briars, which have scratched his face, and torn his clothes, till, almost worn to death, wet, weary, and bloody, he has at length returned home; his wife cursing the hellish bruxas who have thus maltreated and led him astray. Truly the wine-shops have less to answer for than the bruxas; for surely he could not have scratched his face against the bush hung up near the door, or when drunk have tumbled into a ditch! Oh, no! the good man was never drunk in his life—he is rather pale now from very natural fear—the diabolical bruxas did it all! After these demon-excited occupations, they, in one or other of the hideous forms allotted to them, with vampirish hunger will fly back to their peaceful homes, where sleep in calm repose their innocent offspring, born of a mortal father. Yet feeling a human loathing for their terrific task, their accursed propensities overcome their maternal love, and seizing on their babes, their black wings fanning them to repose, they suck the life-blood from their veins—dreadful fate! conscious all the time that they are destroying the only ones they love on earth. When they have destroyed these, they enter the cottages of their neighbours and friends, depriving of life in the same way their sleeping infants; and often when a child is found dead, livid, and marked with punctures, the sage women whisper to each other with fear and trembling, 'A bruxa has done this,' casting eyes of dread suspicion at each other; for no one knows who the bruxa may be. As the first streaks of the grey dawn appear, the miserable females return to their mortal forms, awaiting the time when they must perform their dread orgies, never forgetful of their fate. I do not think that the most poetical imagination could paint a more dreadful lot than that of the hapless bruxa; a being devoutly believed in, and dreaded, in most parts of the country. A destiny scarcely inferior in wretchedness to the bruxa's is that of the *lobishomes*, except that, as far as I can learn, it endures only for this life, and is owing to no fault on their part. They are born under an inauspicious star, and a sad necessity rules their fate. Every family is liable to this curse, from the highest to the lowest in the land; and though they themselves are conscious of it, they keep it a profound secret, as it is considered a great disgrace to be afflicted with it. It is common to both sexes among young people; those who suffer from it never attaining an advanced age. I have been unable to learn at what time of life it appears. If seven sons or seven daughters are born in one family, the seventh generally is subject to the demoniacal influence; at all events, one of the younger ones. The only preventive against this fate is by christening one of the seven Adam: should this be neglected, it is almost certain to visit the family. In the daytime they are free from the spell; but even then wear a peculiarly sad and pained expression of countenance. They mope by themselves, are taciturn and reserved; never enter society if they can avoid it, and then evidently are incapable of its enjoyment. The lower orders sit by themselves, without speaking, in a corner near the kitchen-fire—the expression of their countenances wild and forbidding, their hair and beard long and tangled, their garments disarranged and squalid. In travelling through the country such beings are frequently pointed out as lobishomes. As night draws on, these hapless beings rush from their abodes—the high-born damsel from her bower, the noble youth from his baronial hall, or the hard-featured peasant from his humble cot. No human power can restrain them—the demon has entered into them—they seek some solitary wild spot, untrod by the foot of man. There they leave their habiliments, and are immediately transformed into the appearance of horses, with long flowing manes and waving tails, fire darting from their nostrils, fury in their eyes; yet fear it is which urges them on. Away they fly, fleet as the wind, over rugged mountains and deep valleys, across streams and winter-torrents, through frost and snow, rain and the fierce lightning. Leagues are traversed in as many seconds—all other animals fly before them—they neigh in agony as they rush on, yet have no power to stop. On, on, on! their pulses beat quicker, their breath grows thick, but they cannot, they dare not, rest. They sweep round, forming a wide circuit some hundred leagues in extent, yet before the morning breaks they must return to the spot whence they set out; and there resuming their mortal forms and donning their garments, they once more seek their homes, pale, fainting, and wretched. It is not surprising, after such a night's work, they should be averse to social intercourse. Often at midnight are the cottagers in remote districts startled from their slumbers by unearthly sounds, like the cry of a horse in agony; loud trampling is heard, and a noise as if a sudden blast passed by; and they exclaim, 'It is some hapless lobishome! may the saints have mercy on him!' At times also, as the shepherds are watching their flocks on the mountain's brow, they see a wild steed dash by, on the plain below, fleet as a fiery meteor, while the sheep and goats exhibit their consciousness of something supernatural by scattering far and wide. Their faithful dogs, too, forget to obey their call; and it is with the utmost difficulty they contrive to reassemble their affrighted flocks. The lobishomes endure not this dreadful existence for more than seven years, if even so many; death invariably putting an end to their sufferings at the termination of that period—frequently before. I have been informed of but one mode of escape from this doom, or, it may be said, of being freed from this extraordinary species of enchantment. While in full headlong career they should be boldly encountered by some fearless person, who must wound them slightly in the chest, so that their blood shall flow. No sooner does the ruddy current reach the ground than they are instantly restored to their proper forms. The malign influence henceforth has no further power over them; nor do they ever resume the appearance of a horse: they then become like other mortals. All well-authenticated narrations speak of the horse as the only form they are thus compelled to assume, though some persons suppose, from the name given them, it is that of a wolf; but this I have ascertained to be a mistaken notion. It is to be hoped political economy and liberal institutions will completely banish this curse from the families of Lusitania to the far lands whence it came. Portugal also possesses a class of persons denominated *feiticeiras*, or female soothsayers, with characteristics very similar to our English witches. * * *

"There are wizards also in Portugal—very bizarre beings—little wizened old men, with apish, mischievous dispositions. They do very little harm, partaking more of the character of the hobgoblin than of the magician. They are denominated *feiticeiros*, but are unlike the females of that name. These strange beings amuse themselves by sitting in trees by the road-side at night, and throwing stones at the passengers, almost blinding them. I can hear of no benefit they do to any one; on the contrary, the peasantry always declare them to be very bad people. I suspect them to be somewhat allied to *the good people* of the Emerald Isle. A friend told me, that on a recent occasion his gardener having been sent out by the cook at night to pluck some kitchen-herbs, rushed quickly back, pale with fright, and scarcely able to speak, affirming at last that he

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had been almost pelted to death with oranges as hard as stones by a feiticeiro, whom he saw sitting up in a tree grinning at him. The country-people are not fond of talking about these strange beings to foreigners."

But the most singular of all their superstitions:—

"There is an extraordinary belief very general among the common people, and one very difficult to eradicate, or indeed to disprove, that the souls of the dead enter into the bodies of living persons, ejecting the rightful owners for the time being, in order to perform some duty neglected during their proper lifetime. The only name I can learn for them is *almas d'outro mundo*—souls of the other world; and they are supposed to be peculiarly favoured in thus being permitted to escape many of the pains and penalties of purgatory. If a person dies owing another a sum of money, he will enter the body of some one, and make him both gain the amount and pay the debt; afterwards returning contentedly to the world of spirits, and leaving his deputy unconscious of what has occurred. The country-people will frequently point out a person and say, That is not such a man, it is only his body; the soul is that of ———, mentioning the name of some one who has been dead some weeks or months."

From the land of spirits we may, without far digression, pass to the land of port wine, a liquid with which, as we have hinted, the author seems to be well acquainted. It has been drunk in England for several hundred years; and in 1749 22,738 pipes were exported for the consumption of our progenitors. In 1756 the company was formed, of which some of the powers and usages yet remain in altered forms. In 1843, which was a bad vintage, the whole produce was 72,462 pipes. "Of these, 18,002 pipes were approved for the English market, 15,714 were placed in the second quality list, 17,166 in the third, and 21,580 were pronounced refuse, to be consumed only in the low taverns, or to be distilled into brandy. During the year 1843 only 21,244 pipes of port wine were shipped to England, a considerable deal of it probably of the fine vintage of 1840, which shews a great falling off from former years. Of the vintage 1844, 21,238 pipes were approved as of the first quality, and by an after division of them 14,000 only are permitted to be shipped for the English market, the produce being 66,566 pipes in all. During the year 25,493 pipes were exported to the United Kingdom. America takes some annually, some go to the continent, and a few hundreds have been sent to our Australian colonies, to our East India possessions, and to China. Altogether the export for 1844 was only 8453 pipes, exclusive of that to the United Kingdom. The system of approving wine sounds very well, and by it we may fancy in England that we should have all the good, and the rest of the world all the inferior, wine; but it is notorious, that though the best wine is generally approved, that very good wine is often pronounced unfit to be exported to Great Britain, and that yet much bad wine is sent to that country. The company therefore do not benefit the trade, though by imposing such restrictions they injure it, by keeping up the price of port wine, and allow in the mean time *the taste for other wines to increase in England*. The object for which this false scarcity is created, is to reduce the stocks of the native holders of wine in Villa Nova, whereby the price is for the time kept up, though ultimately they themselves will lose by the English refusing to drink their old worn-out wines. * * *

"It is surprising how many people are employed, and what care and attention is bestowed on a pipe of port wine, before it reaches England. Many years must pass from the first outlay of capital before the actual consumer repays it; so that we cannot be surprised at the high price it costs. * * *

"The time at which the vintage commences varies in different years about a month—from the early part of September to the middle of October. At that period there are 20,000 Gallegos employed in the district, and about 10,000 Portuguese, men, women, and children. As soon as the vintage is over, the Spaniards return to their own homes, each man with from twenty to thirty shillings in his pocket, which he has received as wages. When once the vintage has commenced, time is invaluable. The vineyards are crowded with persons, some plucking the sound grapes and filling large hampers with them, others separating the rotten or dry bunches, while the Gallegos are employed in carrying the baskets down the steep sides of the hills on their backs. The presses are stone tanks, raised high from the floor, about two to three feet deep, and from twenty to thirty square. A boy stands in the centre, and rakes the grapes as they are thrown in, so as to form an even surface. When full, twenty to thirty men with bare feet and legs jump in, and to the sound of guitars, pipes, fiddles, and of their own voices, continue dancing, or rather treading, for forty to fifty hours, with six hours intervening between every eighteen, till the juice is completely expressed, and the skin perfectly bruised, so as to extract every particle of colour. It is found necessary to leave in the stalks, in order to impart that astringent quality so much admired in port wine, as well as to aid fermentation. After the men are withdrawn, the juice, the husks, and stalks, are allowed to ferment together from two to six days; the husks and stalks then rise to the top, and form a complete cake. By this means the colour is still further extracted from the skin. It is a very critical time, much depending on the judgment and practice of the superintendent as to the right moment to draw off the liquor; for so active is the fermentation, that it may be, if allowed to remain too long in the press, completely spoiled. Nothing but long experience can enable a person to judge on this point; and many young merchants who have attempted to do so have had cause to repent their interference with the farmer's business. The taste of the wine before drawn off into the *tonels* is sweet, nauseous, and sickening, and it is of a dark muddy colour, so that one can with difficulty believe it can ever become the bright sparkling and astringent fluid it appears in the course of two or three years. The tonels or vats into which the wine is drawn are in a building on a lower spot than the one which contains the press, a channel leading from it to them. They contain frequently thirty pipes each. The period when the wine is thus drawn off is the time when the rich and generous qualites of the grapes are to be retained, or lost, never to be restored. From the rich nature of the Douro grape, the fermentation once begun will not stop of its own accord (even when the wine is drawn off from the husks and stalks) till it has caused it to become a bitter liquid, almost, if not entirely, undrinkable, and useless, and finally, vinegar. To retain therefore those much-prized qualities, it is absolutely necessary to add brandy at the very critical moment, so difficult to decide, before that stage which produces the bitterness commences. Brandy always has been, and always must be, added to the richer and finer wines, or from their very nature, they overwork themselves, and, exhausting their own strength, are destroyed. The grapes from which the rich luscious port wine is produced become, when hung up in the sun to dry, complete masses of sugar. This excessively saccharine matter, possessed only by those grapes growing in the positions most exposed to the sun's rays, gives that rich and fruity flavour, of which the best port alone can boast. With the poorer and more watery grapes the fermentation, not being so violent, will work itself out, and the little saccharine matter they contain completely disappearing, a dry light wine is the produce, which, though requiring brandy, requires less to preserve its good qualities, for the very reason, that there are fewer good qualities to preserve. Such is the case with regard to the wines of Bordeaux. I do not mean to say that they do not possess good qualities; but that being of a lighter nature than the best port, from the cooler climate or nature of the soil in which they are produced, the fermentation is not so violent, nor do they exhaust themselves from their own strength. No brandy is therefore requisite, and that delicious liquor, claret, is the produce; a successful imitation of which it has been vainly attempted to produce in Portugal. * * *

"The company taste the wines in January; and, according as they think fit, issue tickets of approval or otherwise. The fair commences in the middle of February, previous to which the merchants hasten up to the wine-country, where they have establishments, and, accompanied by their head clerks, commissaries, and coopers, mounted on the backs of mules, and attended by a troop of servants on foot, they visit the different farms where the wine is kept. The wine is tasted from a silver saucer, with an elevation in the centre, which exhibits its colour; and as they taste, they make notes of the quality of each tonel in their books, which they compare on their return home. Sometimes the purchase is concluded on the spot, but generally the farmer proceeds to the merchants' houses to make his bargain. The purchase of wine requires all the judgment and knowledge of the merchant, his credit and profit depending on the work of a few days. It being concluded, he returns to Oporto. The wine is now drawn off into pipes, under the superintendence of a commissary, and is carried down over the most execrable roads to the river's side, in carts drawn by oxen. It is then embarked in large boats, carrying seventy pipes each, and brought to Villa Nova. Next it is stored in the merchants' vaults, or rather lodges, as they are called, they being entirely above ground. Here the wines are racked and lotted according to their respective qualities. The greatest care is now necessary in their treatment; they requiring a little more delicate brandy. In about two years, or even in less, the fine wines of any superior vintage are considered in a fit state to ship to England. The older wines are kept from four to eight years in pipes before they are shipped, according to the quality required."

How to get the best is a lesson worth learning:

"To select a pipe, or a bin of wine, is a matter of consideration, and every man ought to recollect two things—the state of the weather, and the state of his own stomach. Let him choose a fine bright day, but not a cold one. He ought to have spent the previous evening quietly at home, and ought not to have drunk more than a pint of wine, or he will run a great risk of making a mistake. If he is heated, he will like a thin vapid wine; and if he comes from the cold air, he will prefer a highly brandied

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strong wine; neither of which will please him on the following day. This is a golden rule. Few persons can form an opinion of port wine by tasting it only once. After dinner, if you taste a dry old wine after sweets, or after drinking rich wine, the first will appear flavourless or casky. People often wrongly condemn fine old wine from not thinking of that fact. It must be remembered, in choosing wine from the cask, that it is seldom so soft, so bright or so spirity, as wine in bottle. There are many other descriptions of port of less value, but very good; some rather coarser and rougher, others thinner and less rich, varying much according to their age; so that it is impossible to give any advice respecting them. There are also lighter clarety wines, which are very nice when drunk new in Portugal, but requiring brandy to keep in England, else that peculiar flavour disappears, and their best quality is lost. It is absurd, in my opinion, to attempt to make the wines of Portugal like those of Bordeaux. Those who can get claret will not drink thin port instead, and those who cannot afford to drink the former prefer a good stout stomachic wine, which goes the furthest. The commoner sorts, and most to be avoided, are thin stalky wines, with considerable colour, and no softness; or very dark wines, of a vapid sweet taste, yet rough and strong; or very light-coloured, almost tawny, no body or spirit, and pretending to be very old, at a low price. Doubt these last always. They have less harm in them than have others; but they are best known by negatives, and will never improve; whereas the coarser wines may. These sort of wines are shipped frequently to the inferior class of wine-merchants; and a person desirous of abusing port has only, in order that he may obtain credit, to take a sample of them, and exhibit it as the stuff the Oporto merchants ship. He is thus certain, moreover, to create a prejudice against port wine among persons ignorant of the existence of the inferior sorts above described."

A ridiculous and rather disagreeable story is related about the employment of Ashantee negroes in wine-making; but we will say nothing to derange the ideas or stomachs of the imbibers of genuine black-strap; and, wishing to part with Mr. Kingston in perfect good humour, at once consign his volumes, with the samples we have served, to the taste of the public.

Sketches of Saffron Walden and its Vicinity. By John Player, author of "Home," &c. With Illustrations by J. M. Youngman. 8vo, pp. 89. Saffron Walden, G. Youngman.

Among our Varieties last week we noticed another Saffron-Walden production, and need not enlarge upon these Sketches, which have appeared in two of the leading provincial papers, the *Essex Herald* and the *Chelmsford Chronicle*, and are here collected together, as they deserve to be, and illustrated in a clever and picturesque style by a native artist. To any persons, taking advantage of fine spring, summer, or autumnal weather (when they occur), to enjoy health and gather information in a ramble of a few days from the metropolis through this home-district, Mr. Youngman's volume will be a pleasing guide. A couple of quotations will exhibit its manner: the first is in the sketch of Hempsted:

"It is observed, that the present mode of writing the name of this village, Hempsted or Hempstead, is that least authorised by analogy or ancient usage. We think it might well be written Elmstead; for it is the place where the elm—the wych elm—so useful to the wheelwright, naturally flourishes. Evelyn—judicious Evelyn—commends the timber on account of its toughness and long endurance; and this has made it, we suppose, so desirable for grave purposes, as the company of undertakers can amply testify. Let us, then, go over to the churchyard—we need not point it out, for the church-tower is so lofty—situated as it is upon a hill—a steepish hill—it is everywhere visible, now we are in the village-street. This tower commands an extensive view northward, in which Lavenham church is stated to be visible. But passing through the church, we will descend below, where there are two vaults, occupied by a numerous assemblage of the Harvey family of different periods—many in lead, made according to the human figure; and among them—honoured man!—the great Dr. Harvey, the discoverer of the most important fact in physical science—the circulation of the blood. His discovery has eternised his memory; but here his dust reposes with many now unknown to fame. In 1578 he was born in a humble dwelling in Folkestone—became physician to two of our kings, James I. and Charles I.—was elected president of his college in his absence—settled his paternal estate upon that institution, and brought the deeds and presented them himself to the college—and died June 3d, 1657, at the age of eighty, full of honours. Admiral Sir Eliab Harvey, formerly member of parliament for Essex, and one of those brave men who supported Lord Nelson at Trafalgar, likewise reposes here, the last of his family, the estates having been divided among his daughters, as there was no son living to succeed him. He paid an annual visit, while he was able to do so, to the great oak, standing on Mr. Misl's farm, in this parish, now the property of the Hon. Robert C. C. Fane, commissioner of bankrupts, who married first one of the admiral's daughters. Since then this noble specimen of British woods has been considerably injured by the fall of one of its mighty arms; but its size is still calculated to astonish the spectator, who must view with regret those indications of decay in this majestic tree—the impoverished branches, which carry themselves so pitifully in their denuded condition, at the summit of the whole."

The next is of Hadstock:

"It must have been a corroding sense of aggravated wrongs that could have led, as tradition avers, to the skin of human beings being affixed to the doors of the church, as a constant memorial to those passing in and out of a bondage dissolved. The skin of a Dane—some say a Danish king—(a portion of it is deposited in the Saffron-Walden Museum) was till recently seen upon the entrance to Hadstock church, covered with iron-work: the iron remains, but the skin has been taken away by degrees. So also at Copford, in this county, the church-doors are covered with ornamental flourishes of iron-work; and under them, as we have read, may yet be seen the remains of a kind of tanned skin, thicker than parchment (this description is correct as to the specimen mentioned as being preserved in the museum), which are recorded to have been the skins of Danes who broke into and robbed that church."

Struggles for Fame. By Eliza Meteyard. 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

The talent of the fair author has been exercised upon an incongenial and ungrateful soil. The bogs, marshes, and wastes of low life are unfit for female cultivation. No woman of respectability can know their nature from experience, and books can neither teach the facts nor how to treat them. In the hands of men who have taken pains to examine and observe as much as they can, subjects of this class are not the most commendable or salutary; and we cannot but be sorry that a clever and intelligent lady should have fancied she could paint the manners of the base, vile, and criminal. The picture is, of necessity, but a varied copy from the representations of a pernicious school, too common in the press of our day, dressing up the slang, vices, and pollutions of a grade of society from which no good can be learnt, but much injury to the ignorant and young. Of course, the copy must be feeble, and so much the better; but, it must be confessed, there are scenes and passages which, from a lady's pen, do rather surprise us. We have said there is talent; would we could add there was discretion or propriety in the choice of the *dramatis personæ*, or in the conduct of the action of the piece.

The Master-Passion, and other Tales and Sketches. By T. Colley Grattan, Esq., author of "Highways and Byways." 3 vols. Colburn.

Three volumes of the various lucubrations of so popular an author needs must be pleasant reading; and these are so from first to last, with somewhat more of unction here and there, as the theme best suited the talent it evoked. The Master-Passion, the longest, is of descriptive character and tragic interest; and the majority of this class shews that Mr. Grattan felt his powers to be most congenially employed upon subjects which admitted of landscape-painting and pathos. There are others, however, of a different kind, in which humour predominates; and as several countries, in the Old World and the New, furnish actors to fill the dramas, it may be believed that there is diversity enough for three times three volumes. Of this taking quality the mere titles may give an idea; for we have "The Hero of Waterloo," "Sketches of Irish Fools," "The Gambling-House at Brussels," "Alpine Sketches," "The American Bobadil," "The Mother's Revenge," &c. &c., whose names are sufficient to indicate a wide and well-arranged field for the display of life under many a change of clime and circumstance.

There are nearly twenty tales and sketches; and for light or desultory reading, we can commend them to the public. We are glad to see them accompanied by a portrait of their author.

The First German Book, &c. By the Rev. T. K. Arnold, M.A., and J. W. Frädersdorff. Pp. 280. Rivingtons.

On the plan of Henry's *First Latin Book*, and one of the easiest, simplest, and safest introductions to the German language which we have met with.

Wanderings of a Pilgrim in the Shadow of Mont Blanc. By G. B. Cheever, D.D. Pp. 166. Wiley and Putnam.

Prose and poetry, sentiment and religion, blended with picturesque descriptions and moral inculcations. It is a grave volume, but contains many remarks, and mentions many circumstances, of general interest.

Margaret; or, the Gold-Mine. From the French of Elie Berthet. Pp. 373. London, R. Weir.

The scene is laid amid the wildest of the French Alps, towards Piedmont; and the novel possesses much to recommend it, not quite common to the recent fictious literature of its country. There is neither immorality in its lesson, nor base and criminal life in its characters. On the contrary, it shews how the inordinate thirst for wealth (induced by a secret gold-mine) may

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corrupt the godly, the learned, the noble, and the simple; and involves a series of adventures and situations of considerable interest. The translation is not quite so good as it might have been; but the fair doer confesses it to be her first plunge into print, and she deserves well for her choice of original, and for producing a volume which is well calculated to give pleasure to every reader.

Fulcher's Ladies' Memorandum-Book and Poetical Miscellany. Sudbury.

HAVING reached its majority, the age of twenty-one years, we are happy to observe that our worthy and esteemed provincial contemporary (who has, as usual, reached us, violet or snow-drop like, the first of the season) preserves his fresh juvenility with the increased strength of prime. For all the requisites of a ladies' pocket-book, this of Sudbury continues to be one of the best and most convenient extant.

Distinction: a Tale. By the Author of "The Baroness." 2 vols. Seeley, Burnside, and Seeley.

ONE of the very ultra class of religious novels, in which the most rigid Calvinistic doctrines are enforced, good works valued at nought, and worldly amusements severely repudiated. The heroine only becomes a duchess the more highly to exemplify the incomparable and eternal consequences of possessing and acting up to the principles enunciated.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, *Oct.* 16.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law by Commutation.—The Rev. J. P. Parkinson, late fellow of Magdalen College.

Masters of Arts.—The Rev. H. Cotton, Christ Church College; the Rev. J. F. Morgan, Worcester College.

Bachelors of Arts.—L. R. Hamilton, grand compounder, W. L. Gronow, Christ Church College; T. Arnold, scholar of University College.

ABBEY CHURCH OF ROMSEY.

[The proceedings of the British Archæological Association and the Institute have brought Romsey Church so much into notice (besides our review of the *Guide* to its antiquities), that we think the annexed communication will be acceptable to our readers; and not merely for its reference to that abbey, but for the information it conveys relating to ecclesiastical architecture and archæology in general.—*Ed. L. G.*]

STUKELY asserts that Romsey was unquestionably a Roman town, as its present name shews; and he calls it the city of Arminis. It certainly favours this opinion that its once isolated locality, still watered by pellucid streams, lies equidistant from the four Roman stations, Old Sarum, Winton, Broughton, and Clausentium; and that not only in Stukely's time were Roman coins found in Romsey, but in the spring of the present year a black earthen pot of Roman coins, and a bronze figure of Mercury, were turned up near Abbot's Wood by the subplough. The Abbey Church, we see by Spence's interesting essay, is supposed by some to have been founded by Edward the elder son of our great Alfred; another opinion is, that it was founded by Ethelwold. Stowe states its confirmation by King Edgar in 974. There is no doubt that most of our Christian and monastic buildings succeed to and occupy sites first fixed upon by the all-powerful Romans, witness Chichester, Winchester, Manchester, Chester, &c. It is an important fact, that when Henry VIII. appointed visitors to inspect into the lives, conduct, and revenues of the monks and nuns (and there were one hundred of the latter in the abbey at Romsey), the abbots and abbesses, perceiving their dissolution approaching, resigned their houses and abbey-lands, of enormous value, to the king. These were granted to different persons, whose descendants enjoy them to this day. These monasteries and nunneries were no doubt hives of drones, and the lives of the inmates, from secrecy and idleness, none of the purest or most useful. One or two of the abbesses of Romsey are stated to have died in fits of inebriety. Still the monasteries and abbeys were not only the repositories but the seminaries of learning; and no doubt the libraries then were, as they are now in Italy, from my own observation, open to all freely who wish to read without charge. John Bale says in 1549, that when these abbeys were destroyed, "the new possessors used the library books to serve their jacks, scour candlesticks, rub their boots; selling some to the grocer and soap-seller; some sent over sea to the bookbinders by shipfuls: nay, the universities are not clear of this detestable fact. I knew a merchant that bought two noble libraries for forty shillings price: a shame it is to be spoken, this stuff hath he used instead of grey paper by the space of more than ten years, and yet he hath store enough for as many years to come. I judge this to be true, and utter it with heaviness, that neither the Britons under the Romans and Saxons, nor the English under the Danes and Normans, had ever such damage to their monuments as we have had in our time." However superstitious their education might have been, it is well known every abbey had at least one person to instruct youth. Painting, architecture, and at last printing was cultivated as it is now most actively at the Arminian Convent at Venice. The religious houses were hospitals for the sick and poor; faithful servants got meat, drink, and clothes. But these benevolent actions were discontinued as the donations of the "manchet of bread and chalice of sound beer" are at Winchester discontinued; and the leathern beer-jacks are rotting, as I saw them the other day, from desuetude. Thus the monasteries and abbeys degenerated from their original institutions, and the possessors and inmates secured to themselves privileges, exemptions, and amassed riches; while, as now, the poor were defrauded—a sure precursor of their downfall. There were four orders of abbots: the mitred, crosiered, the cardinal, and ocumenical, or universal abbot. Taken from their desert places and sequestered cloisters, they soon lost their simplicity and sanctity of character, aspiring to the pride, prelacy, and independence of the bishops; became so haughty and insupportable that severe laws were passed against them at one of the great councils.

Lady abbesses used formerly to confess their nuns; but their excessive curiosity carried them to such lengths, that a necessity arose for depriving them of this right. However, St. Basil allows the abbess to be present with the priest at the confession of their nuns; and methinks a wise and prudent regulation. It is well observed by a celebrated writer, that irresponsible power is baneful in Italy as it is in England; that the authority of the pope, like all exorbitant power, was ruined by the excess of its acquisitions. When indulgences were sold at a shilling each to relieve sinners from purgatory, and when the influence of the Virgin Mary alone could save, and that by miracle, the lost ones condemned to hell, then the power of the triple-crowned pontiff began to totter towards its fall. The great increase of abbeys and monasteries appears to be the root of the disadvantage connected with Roman Catholicism. Inseparable from these institutions, we find papal usurpation, the tyranny of the inquisition, the multiplicity of holy days, and idleness, with degeneracy, and prostration of the intellect of the people. Mitred abbots were lords of parliament. According to Coke, there were twenty-seven parliamentary abbots, and two priors; in Richard the Second's reign, twenty-five, and two priors; but in the summons to parliament in Edward III., more than these are named.

With these general remarks upon monasteries, abbeys, and nunneries, I come more particularly to the late discoveries in the Abbey Church of Romsey. But mere discoveries are inutile if some great truth be not established, some lesson for the vast family of mankind inculcated. Four or five years since, the respected churchwarden of the Abbey Church was permitted to inter his only son in the aisle thereof. A spot apparently never preoccupied was excavated; five feet from the surface they came to a stone coffin, enclosing one of lead. It was welded together, no solder whatever being used. Within this almost decomposed lead coffin was found nothing but the back part of the skull of a female, resting upon an oaken block or bolster; to this part of the skull was appended a long braided tress of hair, which is still preserved in a glass case by the churchwarden for the gratification of the curious. Since that time, about two years past, was exhumed, during some alterations in the interior of the church, another stone coffin, not two feet from the surface. Here let me observe, that whether from the moisture of the soil, the soft nature of the stone, or the immense lapse of time, each stone coffin had become friable and earthy, falling to pieces immediately. In the second coffin the skeleton of a very tall female was found, but the head had been separated from the neck: whether she was a martyr, or decapitated for immoral conduct, or murdered secretly and buried hastily, as the depth was scarcely two feet from the surface, will perhaps ever remain an inexplicable mystery. Sir Walter Scott's thrilling description of the execution in Holy Isle may give some collateral testimony upon such deeds connected with the church. But the third and last discovery, which took place but a few weeks since, and which has been the cause of my troubling you with this note, is that of another stone coffin, containing the body of a young abbot, priest, or more probably one of the acolythi. The acolyte, or acolothyst, was one of four orders to assist the priest at mass, prepare the sacred vessels, see the elements for the offices, "wine, wafers, &c., provided," and wave the incense-pots; they aspired to the ministry, and the higher order of the acolythi waited on the bishops.

At Rome there are three degrees of acolythi, viz. palatini, who wait upon the Pope, stationarii, who serve in the churches, and regionarii, who officiate in the suburbs, and more distant part of the city. As the skeleton last discovered is not five feet in height, clad in priest's vestments, with slippers on the feet, holding a chalice and patine in his right hand, I deem him one of this class, but perhaps related to some dignitary of the church, who gave him this costly burial; but all is now mouldered into dust by exposure to the air. I may here observe, a chemist, who tasted the dust, says it had quite a saline taste; and the question arises, did they embalm the body, or was it placed in a saline aromatic watery bed within the coffin? How does this youth, with his vestments, ornamented, perhaps abbatical, slippers, appeal to our imagination; his chalice and patine in his hand! Beautifully does the great master of human thought and language, Shakspeare, exclaim, "See how the floor of heaven

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is thick inlaid with *patines* of bright gold; there's not an orb which thou beholdest, but in its radiant course doth like an angel sing, still quiring to the young eyed cherubim. Such harmony is in immortal souls, but that this muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close us in, we cannot tear it." I cannot believe this youthful skeleton to be that of the wild and dissolute prehend, William Shyrlock, who was forbidden by the archbishop to be admitted over the threshold of the abbey, or to have any communication with the nuns whatever.

I consider there is great irregularity in the interments in the Abbey Church of Romsey, necessarily arising from the practice having continued through so many centuries. Thus the depths of interment are always various; the slabs also, particularly this over the acolothyst, not corresponding with the size of the coffin beneath; and some having been discovered without any memorial to mark their last abode.

In alluding to the repairs, improvements, and "embellishments" which are in progress, at the cost of some thousand pounds, it is to be regretted that much money has been expended in filling up the light and elegant arches originally left open in the centre aisle; that the beautiful cruciform part of the "quarter-cathedral" should be loaded with heavy ugly wooden galleries, hiding many ancient columns, with curious antique ornamented capitals; and lastly, that the antique font should have been discarded, and a new incongruous Puseyite thing stuck up at the wrong end of this once beautiful but now marred edifice. If the good people of Romsey wish to have a warm and comfortable place of worship, let them *exclude the external air* by double doors, not fill up arches in the interior. This is done to perfection in all the Italian cathedrals and churches; hence St. Peter's at Rome is cool in the summer and warm in the winter season. The ever-burning lamp before the high altar, and the immense wax candles so often lighted, may partly, but not entirely, account for the uniform temperature. The Italians have a horror of sudden atmospheric changes. In Florence, almost every person on leaving the theatre holds a handkerchief to his mouth; and besides the double door to their churches, a huge leather mat, generally suspended from the top of the entrances, completely excludes the external air and chilling draughts. I enclose you drawings of the coffin and imperfect remains of the acolyte, chalice, &c. EDWIN KEATS.

October 6, 1845.

FINE ARTS.

Evenings at Haddon Hall. Edited by the Baroness de Calabrella. With Illustrations from Designs by George Cattermole. H. Colburn.

IN our last No. appeared a welcome to this handsome volume—it may readily be believed a very hurried one, since we wrote and did not see (nor did our accurate printers) to correct, that we could not permit "one of our *Gazettes* to *appear* without mentioning its *appearance*." We have now, however, had leisure (no, not leisure, but time) to examine it more carefully, and consequently to do it more justice.

Twenty-four illustrations by G. Cattermole are perfect gems. Within the limits of a few inches in length and breadth are expressed the highest thoughts and imaginations of the painter's art. Great in chivalrous power, and in the display of mortal combats, either single-handed or by multitudes, these subjects are relieved by others of touching sentiment and pathos, by exquisite landscape, by extraordinary accidental effects, and by the noblest flights of poetic imagery. The natural and the supernatural are equally fine; and all are stamped with the genius of this admirable artist. Of our favourites (and it is difficult to pick them out, where every thing is so beautiful), we would name the scenic grace and meaning of "The Armourer's Tale," and the larger scope of "The Ancient Hall, with Soldiers carousing;" "The Knight's Death;" "The Sleeping Captive," a charming specimen both of drawing and engraving; "The Ship in Flames," and "The dismantled Vessel in a Storm;" "Moonlight in Venice," "The Magic Fountain," "The Royal Visit," and "The Terrace-Garden," four delicious compositions; "The ruined Abbey," most solemn pile; the fascinating vision shewn by "The Astrologer;" "The Monk," and "The Welcome;" offering various features to contemplate with increasing pleasure, to compare and contrast, and finally to end with almost unqualified eulogy.

The literary accompaniment to, or illustration of, these illustrations is not unworthy of them, being contributed by several writers well known to our passing polite literature, not to mention the elegantly simple and natural productions of the accomplished editress. The description of Haddon Hall, in which this English Decameron is supposed to be brought forth, is a graceful essay and appropriate framework. On the first evening, such a locality leads, as if necessarily, to a Tale of a Tournament, which is of tragic interest, and well told. It is followed by Andriani, one of the most attractive of the contributions, though the scene is laid in Italy, and so far removed from our sympathies as the middle of the 13th century.

Five other "Evenings" succeed, and are whiled delightfully away by narratives of many different sorts of interest, from the Glengarry Clan of the Scottish Highlands, to the Conquistador of Spain, the Nubian Slave, the moral inculcations of "Conscience," and romances of love and superstition.

Some of these are in verse; but we are withheld, by the invidiousness of selection and the impossibility of generalisation, from entering into the merits of any single portion of this publication. Suffice it to repeat, that it amply and satisfactorily fulfils its object, and is an Annual most fit to be offered at the shrine of beauty, taste, and intellect.

The celebrated Pas de Quatre, &c. &c. By A. E. Chalon, Esq. R.A. Lithographed by Hanharts.

FOUR goddesses—Grisi, Taglioni, Lucile Grahn, and Fanny Cerito—illuminate this group, tastefully piled in human pyramid, and looking "unutterable things." In ancient days there was a lady "*danseuse*" who went by the name of Terpsichore; and being the Muse of the χορεία, she is generally represented in much the same style as Carlotta Grisi is in this picture; but though she is reported to have invented the αὐλός, we cannot help thinking, that not only the said Grisi, but any one of her companions, would (to speak in language as classic as our toe-pic) put her pipe out. Whether Terpsichore bore the son Rhesus to the god of the river Strymon (see Apollodorus and the Scholiast upon Euripides), or whether the child belonged to one or other of her sisterhood, it is not absolutely necessary for us here to inquire, as the subject for our criticism relates only to the springs, and not the offsprings (if any), of the fair, fragile, and fascinating creatures upon whom Mr. Chalon has thus exercised his light and airy pencil. It is not easy to write on exhibitions like this. If we do not fall into ecstasies, as is the fashion of the newspaper-critics on her Majesty's Theatre, we should be reckoned cold, heartless, and insensible; and if we take the other course, we should expose ourselves to be considered imitative, inflated, inflamed. For we should have to speak of supernatural boundings, to which those of chamois would be donkey capers, or the leaden frisk of dancing bears or elephants; of eyes, to which all the artillery in Woolwich dockyards, including the newly-invented bombs and rockets, is infinitely inferior in range and weak in execution; of limbs cast in Nature's finest moulds, only a little beyond the pretensions of the mighty mother, who can but walk on her soles, whilst these find the point of a toe suffice for evolutions such as the grand army of Napoleon never achieved; of waists and busts—but, profane vulgar, hence; comment, avaunt; Chalon, appear, and realise (imaginarily) the irresistible mystery of the 12th of July, which produced a sensation far more deeply and universally felt, and calculated to produce far more lasting and surprising effects, than did the battle of the Boyne, which hands down to posterity the 1st of that extraordinary month.

BIOGRAPHY.

JAMES MILLINGEN, ESQ.

THIS gentleman, whose return to England has been for some months anxiously looked for by his friends, died suddenly on the 1st instant, at Florence. He had long been suffering from illness and infirmity; but had only a few days before applied in person for his passport to come home. Mr. Millingen was the eldest son of Mr. M. Millingen, formerly of Queen's Square, Westminster. It was in that neighbourhood that the celebrated Dr. Cratcherode, his father's friend, observed the youth's early disposition to pursue archæologic studies, and he encouraged its growth by frequent gifts of duplicate coins, &c. He was at that time at Westminster School, and a most distinguished scholar under Dr. Wingfield, who was his private tutor; and was on the eve of repairing to one of our universities when his father unfortunately took his family to France, where he lost all his property during the revolution.

He had thus from early life distinguished himself amongst archæologists, and those who cultivated a taste for classic art, as one of the most accomplished of his class; he was a good practical scholar, and particularly well versed in those branches of Greek literature and history which bore on that subject. He had much critical acumen; and in judgment of the genuineness and origin of works of art, whether medals, sculpture in bronze or in marble, ancient vases or bas-reliefs in terra cotta, gold ornaments, or other precious remains of the taste and ingenuity of the ancients, he had long been almost without a rival; and there were few antiquaries in Germany, Italy, or France, none, we may almost say, in this country, who did not bow to his opinion on such matters, or very unwillingly dissent from it. Mr. Millingen contributed also largely to the literature of the fine arts. He published a folio volume on the fictile vases formerly in the possession of Caroline Murat, Queen of Naples; another on those of Sir John Coghill; a very valuable volume in quarto, on unedited antiquities of various kinds; besides several short but most

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valuable treatiees on Greek coins, principally those of Magna Græcia, and on the Roman As; also on the Introduction of the arts into Italy by the Greek colonies in Etruris.

As a collector of objects of fine art, Mr. M. was also very happy and judicious: whatever he possessed, or parted with, was sure to be a gem of its kind. He continued this pursuit quite to the last year of his life; and he had only recently forwarded the fruits of his late researches in Italy to the trustees of the British Museum, by whom they will probably be purchased as valuable accessions to our great national collection. Mr. Millingen enjoyed a pension of 100*l.* a year from this government, as a person devoted to literary pursuits; and was a honorary member of the Royal Society of Literature, of wbieh he had formerly been elected a Royal Aesociate, and to which he contributed some exeellent papers [see *Literary Gazette* reports]. He was, moreover, a Foreign Associate of the French Institute, and member of most of the learned academies of Europe.

Mr. M. has left two sons; one of them, Dr. Julius M., wbo aecompanied Lord Byron in Greece, and is now physician to the Sultan, at Constantinople. The other is on the retired list of the medieal department of the East India Company; in which service another of his sons, Captain M., died at Madras. Mr. Millingen was brother to Dr. Millingen, a medical officer in the army, who eerved in all the Peninsular campaigns, and was principal eurgeon of our cavalry at Waterloo. Dr. M. was also for some time the resident physician of the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum; and is very popularly known as the author of "The Curiosities of Medical Experience," "Aphorisms in Iusanity," and other publications.

Mrs. Murray.—It will not seem inappropriate that the death of Mrs. Murray, the widow of the late John Murray, of Albemarla Street, should be recorded in the *Literary Gazette.* She died at Hampstead, after a very long illness, borne with Christian patienee and piety. Mrs. Murray was not herself addicted to those pursuits of literature which should reqnire of us a tribute to her mamory; but there is hardly a living author of distinetion,—and alas, there are too many within the last twenty years gathered to the grave,—who hae not had eause to think of her with affeetienate regard. All who have enjoyed the intellectual and convivial society so often assembled round Mr. Murray's hospitable board, wbere reigned indeed the feast of reason and the flow of soul, will agree with us in tracing mueh of the chiefest pleasures of these happy hours to the presiding influenee of the gentle and kind-hearted lady whose death has now filled her numerous friends with sad regrets and her attached family with deep affliction. She was a model of wifa and mother.

Dr. James Johnston, tha well-known writer upon medical subjects in a variety of popular forms, and also a gentleman who adorned general literature by hie publications (often noticed in our pages), died last week at Brighton. He had extended his practice to that town, whieh may now, indeed, be called a suburb of London; and, in journeying to and fro, eaught the illness which carried him to his grave. Dr. Johnston enjoyed eonsiderable practice, was much esteemed in the profession, and in social life was a very intelligent and pleasant companion. He was sixty-six years of age.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STARS ON THE RIVER.

Stars on the river
  Night swiftly clears,—
Blest be the Giver
  Of eve and her spheres!
Blest be tha river
  In moonlight that rolls!
Hope's spirit ever
  Thus beam on our souls!

Dew on the roses:
  I've shaken each crest,
One now reposes
  All warm on my breast;
Would we might waken
  From life's weary woes
With tears as swift shaken
  As dews from the rose!

Cares may have bound us—
  Why thus repine?
Love is around us,
  With all things divine:
Words never stated
  The love by Him given
Who earth first ereated,
  Then—*wreathed it with heaven!*

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE DRAMA.

Haymarket.—It is a sort of theatrical rule, that whenever one house sets out upon a particular scheme and succeeds, other bouses (however well to do in their own ways) should, as soon as possible, enter into competition with No. 1. Thus tragedy at the Princess's has stimulated the Haymarket into the eame career, or as yet only the semi-tragical; and Mr. Webster, unlike the Sir Joshua picture of Garrick between the rival Muses, hae turned his face from Thalia with a favouring glance towards her sister Melpomene. The *Lady of Lyons* was produced bere on Saturday, with Miss H. Faucit and Mr. Anderson in the leading parts, neither of them having appeared in London during two seasons. The play was exceedingly well acted. Miss Faucit sustained her original charaeter with all her original feeling; and the only difference we could detect was, a little more effort at expression with her features, which we do not know tbat we consider an improvement; and are sure that we think the reverse of a frequent sinking of the voice, whieh leaves the audience to guess what the worde supposed to be uttered in reality are. Mr. Anderson's *Claude* is very good; differing in some respeets from Macready's, bnt leaving us little to question, and less to censure. In the boisterous scenes he was somewhat too boisterous, and wanted that temperance which ought to modify even the whirlwind of passion. In the garden-scene his felded arms and abetractedness justly merited and received great applause. We must not conclude without complimenting Brindal on his capital personation of *Glavis.* Mrs. Clifford was as excellent as ever; and Tilbury a laudable representative of *Damas.*

The minor theatres, with all the talent in particular lines which they display, operate injuriously upon the dramatic art, especially when there exists no higber or national standard to keep alive the more elevated principles upon which its noblest claime to intellectual approbation are founded. Gag and buffoonery are too apt to step into the shoce of wit and humour. Each house becomes the arena of a particular favourite performer, or little clique, at wbom and their vagaries we laugh incontinently; but meanwhile the genuine universal drama suffers, and we hava seen several artiets of the best promise partially or utterly spoilt by this course of contamination. A very clever actress may arise, full of intelligenee and talent, and still more full of promise. She obtains access to one of tha popular little places of entertainment, and deservedly meets with great applause. Can she proceed and improve in her profession? the ehanees ara a hundred to one against it. Whilst she is endeavouring to develop a comic study of real artistical exeellence, the buffo of the scene is "poking bis fun" at her amid roars of laughter; her delicacy and truth are defeated and swallowed up by his provocation of boisterous merriment, by face or posture-making, or some bit of facetious pleasantry of his own. The actress is ruined, and, instead of first rate, she too becomes a mimie and eoarse candidate for vulgar notoriety. We are led to these remarks by the lady-like acting of Mrs. Seymour, alluded to in our last Number. If she had been utterly led astray by such praetices as we have indicated, nothing conld reclaim her for the stage; and if she bad been even partially infected to any extent witb the false glitter, she must have tried back wlth intenee perseverance to be what she is. We know not how the circumstancee may be, hut she has certainly attained a very artistical command of the difficult elements which constitute genteel comedy, and the Haymarket rejoices thereln. From this theatre we step to its

Adelphi, in order to qualify tha foregoing observations, at least in their application to the new and most deservedly successful "Terpsichorean burletta" (by Mr. Selby), called *Taming a Tartar.* This is, it is true, a burlesque; but it ie a hurlesque not carried beyond the just limits of its class. It is not overdone; it has not a trace of vulgarity. The bumour of Miss Woolgar, Wright, Bedford, and Munyard (a very clever and rising performer), is of the right sort, and keeps up the merriment without a moment's flagging, when they are on the stage; and the eharming dancing of Celeste, with her attendant sprites, and the admirabla effects of scenery, complete an entertainment of frolic and spectacle which deserves the highest praise. But, above all, we would praise it, as well as other pieces brought out under Madame Celeete's management, for the perfect good taste which has superintended them all. Managers, and actors too, may depend upon it, that, in the long-run, a regard to decorous feeling, and a careful avoidance of moral offence, will seeure a lenger and more substantial course of favour than can he obtained by pandering to the filthy appetites of the lew and depraved.

The Lyceum goes on gallantly with its popular entertainments, and is filled to overflowing every night.

Princess's Theatre.—Macready has repeated *Hamlet*, and performed *Lear* and *Othello* with equal *éclat.*

Drury Lane.—On Saturday a new opera was produced with but feeble euccess; yet there is some pretty ballad-singing in it, which might have done more forty or fifty years ago, when the stage, though, did boast of English singers wbo could make the ballad popular by their unrivalled sweetness in tbat style. The *Fairy Oak* is supported by Borrani, Burdini, Allen, and Miss Rainforth in the mueic, by Harley in the humorous, and by Wieland in the grotesque. We need not go into the plot; for we fear it will not long survive this brief notice.

Sadler's Wells.—We visited during the week this little home of the legitimate, and were glad to find it, as usual, well attended, and the audience highly gratified with the exeellent entertainments.

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VARIETIES.

The Authorship of Junius.—The *Inverness Courier* says that Sir David Brewster, who married a daughter of the late Mr. James Macpherson, translator of Ossian's Poems, has discovered some letters among the papers of his father-in-law, which may lead to the discovery of the authorship of "Junius." The person who, as Sir David thinks, may be so identified is Lachlan Maclean, the son of an Irish Presbyterian clergyman, but descended from the ancient Scottish family of the M'Leans of Coll. He was bred to the study of medicine, but became a political writer and adventurer in London, and rose to some eminence. He was once an Under-Secretary of State, in which capacity he might have become acquainted with state secrets. Having been sent out to India by Government in 1776, he was shipwrecked and drowned on the passage—a circumstance that may account for the non-revealment of the secret as to the authorship of "Junius." His papers were all lost at the same time.—*Newspapers.*

Thorwaldsen's Statue of Byron arrived at Trinity College, Cambridge, last week. Since that time preparations have been going on with considerable activity in the noble library of the college for the reception of the work therein, and we believe that it will be placed upon its pedestal in the early part of next week.—*Camb. Chronicle.*

Glasgow University.—This venerable old pile, it is stated in the Scottish newspapers, is about to be pulled down, to make room for a railway-station. A more extensive and eligible site is proposed for the new colleges; and an increase of revenue is anticipated from the large price to be paid for the original locality in the heart of the city.

M. Sue has pleaded ill-health for not accepting an invitation to make a French speech at the anniversary of the Manchester Athenæum; though called a *soirée*, probably in compliment to him, as there are some synonymes to express the same thing in the English tongue.

French Plays.—Mr. Mitchell, the enterprising provider of this species of amusement, has issued an attractive prospectus for the ensuing season, to commence on Monday week.

Sculpture.—On Tuesday, Lough's fine statue of the Queen is to be inaugurated in the Royal Exchange: it is the anniversary of its opening.

London and Croydon Atmospheric Railway.—Some very interesting experiments were made on this railway on the 22d; and we regret that previous engagements prevented our accepting the polite invitation to witness them. We cannot, therefore, report the results from ocular demonstration; but we have heard, on good authority, that the trips were very agreeable, that the peculiar "form and pressure" caused no sensation of fear, and that the principles of power and speed were satisfactorily proven.

The Cymreigyddion of Wales observed its twelfth anniversary with much *éclat* on Wednesday and Thursday in last week. Sir Benjamin Hall presided; and prizes were awarded for lyric odes, Welsh songs, harp-music (Welsh flannel), and other national desiderata.

Great Flight of Birds.—The Mary, Captain Small, from Rotterdam, which arrived at Leith a few days ago, encountered a severe gale off the land on her passage home; and, during its continuance, an immense number of small birds boarded the vessel, covering the rigging, and uttering wild cries, as evidently glad of the shelter from the great wind which had driven them so far to sea. Safe from one disaster, they soon were overtaken by another, in the shape of a large hawk, that pounced upon the timid songsters and killed several of them before he could be secured. A number have been brought home, dead and alive, consisting of nearly all the variety of our European songsters. The hawk is perfectly tame, and a great favourite with the crew of the Mary.—*Edinburgh Journal.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The work entitled "Vestiges of Creation," which has excited so much attention, and which has been attributed to so many different authors, we have good reason to believe is the production of Sir Richard R. Vyvyan, Bart., M.P. for Helston. We hear that the hon. bart. is preparing for the press another philosophical work, to be entitled "The Harmony of the Visible Creation," which, we believe, will command equal attention in the scientific world. We understand that, in support of progressive development, Sir Richard maintains that this world was in its first formation all hydrogen gas, a theory which even transcends that of Thales.—*Falmouth Packet.*

In the press, "The Reformation and Anti-Reformation in Bohemia," from the German.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Moore's Irish Melodies, illustrated by D. Maclise, R.A., with 160 designs, engraved on steel, imp. 8vo, 3*l.* 3*s.*; or bound in morocco by Hayday, 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*—The Rose-Garden of Persia: Specimens of Persian Poetry, translated by Miss L. S. Costello, with borders printed in gold and colours, 8vo, 18*s.*; morocco, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Clinical Introduction to the Practice of Auscultation, by H. M. Hughes, M.D., 12mo, 6*s.*—Bishop Tomline's Introduction to the Study of the Bible, 20th edit., fcp. 5*s.* 6*d.*—The First Note of the Lyre, by Sarah A. and H. Sophia Williams, post 8vo, 5*s.*—Reflections, Moral, Religious, and Political, by D. Urquhart, 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Sixteen Years in the West Indies, by Lieut.-Col. Capadose, 2 vols. post 8vo, 15*s.*—German Tales for Beginners, by William Wittich, 12mo, 6*s.*—Select Remains of the late Rev. Alex. Campbell, with a Memoir, 12mo, 6*s.* 6*d.*—Life of Joseph, and Last Years of Jacob, by R. Wardlaw, D.D., 12mo, 6*s.*—The Ladies' Medical Friend, by W. H. Kittoe, M.D., 2d edit., 18mo, 5*s.* 6*d.*—Anatomy of the Brain, Spinal Cord, and Ganglions, by R. B. Todd, M.D., post 8vo, 7*s.*—Medical and Physiological Problems, by William Griffin, M.D., and D. Griffin, M.D., 8vo, 8*s.*—Treatise on Painted Glass, by J. Ballantine, royal 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Household Verses, by Bernard Barton, fcp. 6*s.*—Meditations and Prayers, selected from The Way of Eternal Life, by the Rev. J. Williams, 8vo, 10*s.*—On a Liberal Education, by W. Whewell, D.D., 8vo, 9*s.*—Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book, 1846, 4to, 21*s.*—Fisher's Juvenile Scrap-Book, 1846, 8vo, 8*s.*—The Sacred Gift, Second Series, edited by the Rev. C. B. Tayler, imperial 8vo, 21*s.*—Sacred Architecture, its Rise, Progress, &c., by R. Brown, 4to, 2*l.* 2*s.*—The Statutes at Large, 4to, Vol. XVII., Part II., 2*l.*—The Recreation for 1846, fcp., plates, 5*s.*—The Holy Gospels in the Original Greek, edited by the Rev. J. E. Riddle, fcp. 3*s.* 6*d.*—Mimpriss' Harmony of the Four Gospels, fcp. 2*s.* 6*d.*—Euripidis Iphigenia in Tauris, medium 8vo, 5*s.*—First Classical Maps, with Chronological Tables, by James Tate, royal 8vo, 6*s.* 6*d.*—A Summer at De Courcy Lodge, by Mrs. Bourne, fcp. 3*s.* 6*d.*—Aristophanis Acharnenses, edited by F. H. Blaydes, 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Rev. J. Jebb's Lectures on the Cathedral Service, 2d edit., fcp., 3*s.*—The European Library: Vol. I. Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo de' Medici, 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—M. Stuart's History and Defence of the Old Testament Canon, post 8vo, 8*s.*—Professor Bush's Treatise on the Soul, 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Rev. J. Dowling's History of Romanism, 8vo, 18*s.*—Peter Parley's Annual, 1846, square, 5*s.*

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Perfumer to Her Majesty, 12 Tichborne Street, London.

HENDRIE'S OLD BROWN WINDSOR SOAP, so long celebrated for improvement, retains its superiority as a perfectly mild emollient Soap, highly salutary to the skin, possessing an aromatic and lasting perfume: each Packet is labelled with Perkins's steel plate of Windsor Castle.

A variety of highly perfumed Soap Tablets, Sand Balls, &c., prepared without angular corners.

HENDRIE'S PRESERVATIVE TOOTH-POWDER, an effectual preparation for beautifying the Teeth, and preserving them in a sound and healthy condition, is exceedingly agreeable to the mouth, and divesting the Teeth of every impurity, increases the beauty of the enamel in polish and colour.

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HENDRIE'S COLD CREAM OF ROSES, prepared in great perfection.

IMPROVED SCOURING DROPS, for removing greasy spots from Silks.

INDELIBLE MARKING INK, for Linen, to be used without preparation, 1*s.* a bottle.

MAUGHAM'S

PATENTED CARRARA WATER;

SOLE WHOLESALE AGENT,

Mr. ARCHIBALD DUNLOP, 78 Upper Thames Street, London.

MR. DUNLOP begs leave respectfully to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public in general, that he has obtained the appointment of sole Wholesale Agent for the sale of the above Patent Ærated Water.

Mr. Maugham, during a long course of chemical investigation, having been forcibly struck by the very great imperfections and injurious effects of Soda Water, Ginger Beer, Lemonade, and other such-like compounds, and seeing the almost absolute necessity which existed for the introduction of some beverage at once wholesome and grateful to the palate, devoted his serious attention to the subject of Ærated Waters in general, and after upwards of four years' research, and a careful analysis of a vast variety of artificial and natural waters, succeeded in producing the article now presented to the Public under the title of CARRARA WATER.

In endeavouring to effect his object, Mr. Maugham constantly aimed at the production of a water that should in its composition assimilate as much as possible to the water given us by nature for our common use, and not at the discovery of a new medicinal combination, which, however beneficial it might be as a temporary remedy in incidental cases, could not be recommended as an habitual beverage.

It is well known to practical chemists, that all water (except that from rain and snow) contains a variety of extraneous substances changing in kind and quantity in the various localities from which it is procured; but Mr. Maugham, by analysing the water taken from many different sources, found that one substance was almost universally present—that substance was LIME. This circumstance suggested the grounds for the composition of the Carrara Water. A great and, apparently, almost insurmountable obstacle, however, presented itself to the employment of lime as the base of an ordinary drink, viz. the extremely unpleasant taste of the mixture; for lime-water itself is so extremely nauseous to the palate, that even as a medicine few persons can be prevailed upon to take it.

Undismayed, however, by this difficulty, Mr. Maugham pursued his experiments, which ultimately led to a simple and most efficacious means, not only of entirely destroying the taste of the lime, but of producing a highly agreeable and refreshing beverage. This was effected by the addition of carbonic acid gas, which was forced into the liquid by powerful machinery, and the two submitted to a pressure sufficient to liquefy the gas, which, combining instantly with the lime held in solution by the water, formed an aerated solution of carbonate of lime, which would, in fact, be the proper chemical title of the Carrara Water.

Now although this water is introduced to the Public as an article of luxury, yet as every ærated water, and indeed almost every article of food, possesses more or less medicinal properties, Mr. Dunlop feels it right to mention some of the cases in which the Carrara Water would, and indeed has been, highly beneficial when taken medicinally.

Lime is considered by medical men to be one of the finest antacids known, affording great relief to persons suffering from acidity of the stomach, heartburn, thirst, flatulency, and the many other forms of indigestion.

In cases of temporary indisposition arising from indulgence of the table, the Carrara Water will be found invaluable. Instead of producing that chill caused by the use of common Soda Water in such cases, it imparts a warmth and glow to the stomach, acting as an agreeable tonic.

Gouty subjects find great relief from alkaline remedies; the Carrara Water will therefore be an excellent, as well as a most agreeable, means of checking the great tendency to acidity to which such persons are liable.

The cases, however, in which the daily use of the Carrara Water will be of the greatest value and importance are in many forms of calculus, for medical men know of no certain means to check predisposition to that terrible disease. The Carrara Water is not a composition of such a powerful nature that a few bottles of it could be expected to afford a cure in cases of confirmed disease,—for if it were so it could not be used as a daily beverage,—but is intended to produce its effects by habitual use, and to act on the constitution in the same manner as common water is well known to act on the general health of the inhabitants who drink it.

The composition of the Carrara Water would of itself be a great recommendation; but Mr. Dunlop feels that the reputation of Mr. Maugham (who, besides being a practical and analytical chemist, has for a great number of years practised as a surgeon, and held the appointment of Lecturer on Chemistry and Medical Jurisprudence at one of our public hospitals) may be regarded as a perfect guarantee for its excellence and wholesomeness. Such a guarantee is, indeed, required; for unfortunately the numberless compositions in the form of beers, liqueurs, ærated waters, &c., are generally the productions of persons as totally unacquainted with the chemistry of the human frame as they are with that of the mixtures which they compound for its use.

The title of "Carrara" has been given to the new beverage on account of the Carrara marble being the source from which the purest lime is obtained, and which is employed in the manufacture of the water.

The bottle made use of (in order to stand the great pressure) is constructed on the principle of high-pressure steam-boilers, viz. a cylinder with semi-spherical ends.

Detailed Prospectuses, with Medical and other Testimonials, may be had on application to Mr. A. Dunlop, jun., 78 Upper Thames Street, London.

Mr. Dunlop begs to acquaint all Chemists, Wine-Merchants, the Proprietors of Hotels, Stewards of Clubs and Packet-Ships, &c., that he is now prepared to execute their orders to any extent.

GREAT RUSSIAN CHRONOMETRICAL EXPEDITION.—E. J. DENT, 82 Strand, and 33 Cockspur Street, has the high and distinguished honour of stating that his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia has recently condescended to confer on him "the appointment and title of Chronometer-Maker to his Imperial Majesty," as a reward for the unequalled performance of his Chronometers during the Expedition of 1844. In 1843, his Imperial Majesty the Emperor was pleased to reward the performance of Dent's Chronometers with a Gold Medal of the highest Order of Merit.

DENT'S Patent Watches, Chronometers, and Clocks.

TO VISITORS to the CONTINENT.—Messrs. J. and R. M'CRACKEN, Foreign Agents, and Agents to the Royal Academy, No. 7 Old Jewry, beg to remind the Nobility and Gentry that they continue to receive Consignments of Objects of Fine Arts, Baggage, &c. from all parts of the Continent, for clearing through the Custom-House, &c.; and that they undertake the shipment of Effects to all parts of the world.

Lists of their Correspondents abroad, and every information, may be had on application at their Office as above.

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LITERATURE AND ART.

CLERICAL ELOCUTION.—MR. RICHARD JONES has returned (for the Season) to his House, 11 Chapel Street, Grosvenor Place, Belgrave Square.

NEW COLLEGE.

LECTURES on NATURAL SCIENCE.

The CLASS of NATURAL SCIENCE, by Dr. FLEMING, to be opened on THURSDAY, the 6th November, 1845, at 3 P.M., will embrace the following Subjects:—

Position of Natural History in the scale of knowledge: it having ceased to depend exclusively on *Observation*, and being now connected with Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, and Physiology, is denominated NATURAL SCIENCE.

The Properties of MATTER, and the forces concerned in its aggregation: the characteristics of the Inorganic and Organised Kingdoms of Nature; the Principles of Classification.

MINERALOGY.

The characters of the Elementary Substances, and their modes of occurrence in Nature. MINERAL SPECIES, and their Classification according to the atomic weights of their essential elements.

BIOLOGY.

The common properties of Living Beings, and the Laws of their Geographical and Physical Distribution; Review of opinions concerning Equivocal Generation, Progressive Development, and the Transmutation of Species; the Polity of Nature.

PHYTOLOGY.

The Structure, Functions, and Classification of Plants, briefly explained.

ZOOLOGY.

The Structure, Functions, and Classification of Animals.

GEOLOGY.

Its dependence on Mineralogy, Phytology, and Zoology: the Form, Density, and Temperature of the Earth. The ATMOSPHERE—its Constitution and Changes. The WATERS—their Characters and Motions. The CRUST OF THE EARTH—the Origin of its Materials, the Agents concerned in the arrangements of its strata, and their relative antiquity. The Character and Distribution of ORGANIC REMAINS, as illustrating the progress of Vegetable and Animal Life on the Globe.

Throughout the Course, the Truths of Natural Science, besides being rendered useful in their application to Agriculture, Mining, and Fisheries, will be employed in the illustration of the Scriptures and the establishment of the first principles of Natural Theology.

MUSEUM.

It is requested that those who are disposed to contribute Specimens for the illustration of the Subjects to be taught in the Class of Natural Science will forward them to Dr. FLEMING, No. 50 George Street, Edinburgh, accompanied with accurate Notices of the Place where they were obtained, and the Address of the Donors.

Books on Natural History, especially those illustrated by Plates, will be acceptable in order to form a Class-Library for Reference.

NOTICE! — AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.—Mr. HARRISON AINSWORTH having resumed the Editorship and Proprietorship of the above Magazine, all communications intended for it are to be addressed to him to the care of Mr. COLBURN, by whom the forthcoming Number will be published.

Henry Colburn, 13 Great Marlborough Street.

SOCIETY for the ENCOURAGEMENT of ARTS, MANUFACTURES, and COMMERCE.

PRESIDENT,
His Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT, K.G., F.R.S., &c.

Ninety-second Session.

The First GENERAL MEETING for the Session 1845-46 will take place in the Great Room of the Society's House on WEDNESDAY Evening, November 5, at 8 o'Clock, for the despatch of business.

By order, J. S. RUSSELL, Sec.

Society's House, John Street, Adelphi,
Oct. 23, 1845.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—On FRIDAY Evening, Nov. 7, will be performed Handel's Oratorio, ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

Attendance will be given at Exeter Hall on Tuesday Evening from 8 till 10 o'Clock, to renew Subscriptions due at Michaelmas, and to receive Applications from parties desirous of becoming Subscribers, a favourable opportunity presenting itself for their admission now the Society is entering upon a new Season. The Subscription is One Guinea, or, for Reserved Seats, Two Guineas per annum; and the number of Subscription Concerts during the past year amounted to Eleven.

THOMAS BREWER, Hon. Sec.

PARTNER WANTED.—To take a Share in a highly popular Publication, between £300 and £400 required. Satisfactory proof will be given of its insuring a large return for the Capital invested. Apply by Letter, with real Name and Address, to C. H., 7 Hope Terrace, Notting Hill.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

On the 1st of November will be published, price 1s.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S TABLE-BOOK. No. XI.

London: Published at No. 92 Fleet Street.

On the 1st of November will be published, price 2s. 6d.

PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK for 1846. Illustrated with a Coloured Frontispiece and Etchings by LEECH.

London: Published at the PUNCH OFFICE, No. 92 Fleet Street.

On the 1st of November will be published,

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S SHILLING MAGAZINE. No. XI.

London: Published at the PUNCH OFFICE, 92 Fleet Street.

Nearly ready, in fcp. 8vo,

A HISTORY of GIBRALTAR. From the earliest Period of its Occupation by the Saracens.

Translated from the Spanish by JAMES BELL, Esq.

William Pickering, Publisher, Piccadilly.

On Thursday next will be published, Part I., price 8½d. (containing the Five Numbers for November), and No. I., price 1½d.

SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE; a Journal of Entertainment and Instruction for General Reading.

The First Part, containing 80 pages, large 8vo size, of Original and Selected Articles, besides Illustrations drawn or engraved by Scott, Dalziel, Meadows, Franklin, Branston, Townsend, &c. &c., may be obtained of the Publisher, T. B. Sharpe, 15 Skinner Street, Snow Hill; or of any Bookseller or Newsvender throughout the kingdom.

On the 1st of November will be published, price 6s.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW. No. VII.

CONTENTS:

I. Mary Stuart and her Times.
II. Robert Hall.
III. Danish Researches in Greenland.
IV. Memoirs of William Smith.
V. The Scottish Iron Manufacture.
VI. Ford's Hand-Book for Spain.
VII. The Physical History of Man.
VIII. Baron Humboldt's Cosmos.
IX. The Present Relations of Church and State.

*** In consequence of the numerous inquiries for the article in No. VI., entitled "Chemistry in its relations to Agriculture," it has been reprinted separately, price 1s.

Edinburgh: W. P. Kennedy. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. Dublin: W. Curry, jun. and Co.

Price 2s. 6d.

THE JOURNAL of the BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION, No. III., published by H. G. BOHN, will be ready by October 30. Exclusive of Accounts of numerous Antiquarian Discoveries, its Contents are:

1. On early Sepulchral Slabs found at Hartlepool. By Mr. D. H. HAIGH.
2. On Mediæval Bridge-Builders. By Mr. T. WRIGHT.
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THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1502. LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1845. PRICE 8d. Stamped Edition, 9d.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

A Grammar of the Irish Language, published for the use of the Senior Classes in the College of St. Columba. By John O'Donovan, M.I.A.S. 8vo, pp. 459. Dublin, Hodges and Smith.

We have frequently been obliged, in our notices of books, to acknowledge our incompetency to the task of doing them justice; for they are sometimes above our comprehension, and occasionally beyond our critical polyglottic learning. The present volume belongs to the latter class; but we have taken the opinions of the best Irish scholars we know respecting it, and their uniform testimony is, that it is the most complete and valuable work upon the language that has been given to the public. It must consequently be of infinite service to antiquaries and philologists; and well does Mr. O'Donovan deserve the national thanks for having bestowed so much labour upon an undertaking not likely to be rewarded in a pecuniary sense by any thing like the remuneration due to its merits.

As we have hinted, the review of such a performance in our pages is impossible; yet there are many incidental matters which might be chosen as exemplary of the author, and for the information of literary readers. Thus:

"There are several short treatises on Irish grammar, in manuscript, by various writers in the seventeenth century, in the library of Trinity College, and one, by O'Mulconry, in that of St. Sepulchre's, Dublin; and we learn from the monument of Sir Mathew de Renzi, at Athlone, who died in 1635, that he composed a grammar, dictionary, and chronicle, in the Irish tongue. The first Irish book ever printed with instructions for reading Irish was John Kearney's 'Alphabeticum et Ratio legendi Hiberoicam, et Catechismus in eadem Lingua,' 1571, 8vo. The only known copy of this curious and rare book is preserved in the Bodleian library, Oxford. The first printed Irish grammar is that of the Rev. Francis O'Molloy, written in Latin, and entitled 'Grammatica Latino-Hibernica, nunc compendiata,—authore Rev. P. Fr. Francisco O'Molloy, Ord. Min. Strict. Observantiæ, in Collegio S. Isidori S. Theol. Professore Primario, Lectore Jubilato, et Provinciæ Hiberniæ in Curia Romana Agente Generali. Romæ, Typographia S. Cong. de Propag. Fide 1677.' It contains 286 pages 12mo, and is divided into twenty-five chapters, of which the first nine treat of the letters; the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth, of etymology, of which he treats but very slightly; the thirteenth chapter is on the oghams and contractions; and the remaining twelve, of the ancient Irish prosody, into which he enters very copiously."

Again:

"The dialects now spoken by the people differ considerably from each other, in words, pronunciation, and idiom, throughout the four provinces. The difference between them is pretty correctly expressed in the following sayings or adages, which are current in most parts of Ireland:

Tá blas gan ċeart ag an Muiṁneaċ;
Tá ceart gan blas ag an Ulltaċ;
Ní ḟuil ceart ná blas ag an Laiġneaċ;
Tá ceart agus blas ag an g-Connaċtaċ.

The Munsterman has the accent without the propriety:
The Ulsterman has the propriety without the accent;
The Leinsterman has neither the propriety nor the accent;
The Conaughtman has the accent and the propriety.

The antiquity of these national Irish sayings has not been determined; but they must be of considerable age, as they are paraphrased by Lombard in his work entitled 'De Regno Hiberniæ Commentarius,' published in 1632. * *

"The grand difference between the dialects of the present living language consists in the position of the accent, and in the pronunciation of the grammatical termination aḋ in nouns and verbs, it being pronounced in Conaught and Ulster like oo, or úiṁ, in all dissyllables and polysyllables, but varied in Munster, being sometimes pronounced like a short, sometimes like aċ, and sometimes like ag. The minor differences consist in pronouncing n like r when coming after c, g, and m, in the north and west. The Munster dialect is also remarkably distinguished by the pronunciation of g in genitive cases from ċ, and by throwing the primary accent on the second or third syllable when long. Those peculiarities are pointed out in the orthography and prosody of the following Grammar with sufficient minuteness. The other dialects which shot off from the Gælic of Ireland at an early period, are the Erse, or Gælic of the Highlands of Scotland, and the Manx, or primitive language of the Isle of Man.

"The Highland Gælic is essentially the same as the Irish, having branched off from it in the sixth century; but there are peculiarities which strongly distinguish it, though the spoken Irish of the north-east of Ulster bears a close resemblance to it in pronunciation and grammatical inflections. * * *

"The Manx is much further removed from the Irish; and it is probable that the Isle of Man had inhabitants from Ireland long before the emigration of the Scots from Ireland to the coast of Argyle. Its words are principally obscured by being written as they are pronounced, without preserving the radical letters, as in the Irish. It also exhibits extraordinary corruptions, and approximations to the Welsh, of which the following are the most remarkable: 1. The nominative plural ends in *n*, as in the Erse and Welsh. 2. A final vowel is lost, as 'O Hiarn,' for O Ṫiġearna, O Lord! *dooys*, for daṁ-sa, to me, &c. 3. *t* is added to progressive active nouns derived from verbs, as *choyrt*, for cur, putting. [This final *t* is also used in some words in Irish, as feicsint, for feicsin.] 4. *d* is often put for g, as *dy bragh*, for go bráṫ. 5. *t* is often written for c or g, as *tustey*, for tuigse, the understanding; *festor*, for fescor, the evening, &c. 6. The final *a* or *e* of the passive participle is always dropped, as *soillsit*, *foluit*, for soillsiġṫe, foluiġṫe, illumined, concealed. There are also many peculiarities of idiom, too numerous to be even glanced at here; and some particles of constant occurrence are so strangely though analogically different from the Irish, that an Irish scholar would find it difficult to understand a Manx book without studying the language as a distinct dialect."

Of the Welsh, Mr. O'D. says:

"It may not be out of place here to make a few observations upon the analogies between the Cymric or Welsh and Scotic or Gælic dialects, they being considered by some as cognate, and by others as belonging to a totally different family of language. That they are very remotely related is quite evident from the fact, that the Gælic dialects of Ireland and Scotland, which separated from each other about the year of Christ 504, may be said to be still the same language: but that the Irish and Welsh were, at a still more remote period, the same language, will appear to any soberminded philologer, on comparing the great number of words which are identical, or different only in analogical dialectic peculiarities in both languages, the almost perfect agreement of their mode of forming grammatical inflections, and even of their idioms, which are considered the soul of language. The number of words, not derived from the Latin, or Danes, in which they agree, having been already sufficiently shewn by Lhwyd and others, it will, therefore, be enough to point out here how far they agree in grammatical inflections; for when this agreement is duly considered, it will, no doubt, impress the conviction, that nothing but relationship of people, and identity of dialect, could have caused it, be the period of separation ever so remote. To a casual observer, the difference between the grammatical inflections of both languages will appear to be very great, because the Welsh have adopted more of the letters of the Roman alphabet, by means of which, and of certain other combinations of their own invention, they write their words, throughout all the grammatical inflections, exactly as they are pronounced, without any regard to the preservation of the radical letters of the word; whereas the Irish, who have not adopted all the Roman letters, always write their words with the initial letters of the roots, and give notice of the grammatical influences, either by prefixing an adventitious consonant, or placing a mark of aspiration over or after the radical consonants."

Examples and illustrations of all these (and many other philological) positions are given, and the summing up of the question regarding the similarity of the two tongues is an amusing historical legend, which points beyond Repeal:

"The Welsh has a greater variety of distinct terminations to express the persons than the Irish, but the Irish is far more distinct in the future tense, and in having a present and consuetudinal tense in the active voice, which the Welsh wants altogether. The reader is referred to Dr. Pritchard's valuable work, entitled 'Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations,' for the theory of the personal terminations of verbs, where he shews that the personal endings of the verbs in the Welsh language are abbreviated forms of the personal pronouns. Whether this agreement of the two languages

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is owing to identity of race, or to an amalgamation of both nations in the third and fourth centuries, is a question not easily determined; but the probability is, that it is attributable to both. We are informed by Cormac Mac Cullenan, bishop of Cashel and king of Munster in the ninth century, that Crimhthann Mor Mac Fidhaigh, monarch of Ireland (of the Munster or Heberian line), subdued the Britons, and established Irish colonies, and erected royal forts at Glastonbury and in Cornwall, and throughout the country; and that the Irish retained this power for a long time after the arrival of St. Patrick. It is not impossible, therefore, that it was at this period the Irish built the forts which the Welsh call *Ceitir Guidelod*, or forts of the Gaels or Irish. Mr. Lhwyd says: 'There are none of the Irish themselves, that I know of, amongst all the writings they have published about the origin and history of their nation, that maintained they were possessed of England and Wales; and yet whoever takes notice of a great many of the names of rivers and mountains throughout the kingdom will find no reason to doubt but the Irish must have been the inhabitants when those names were imposed upon them.' It is not true, however, that no Irish writers attribute to their ancestors the conquest of Britain, though I believe the notice of it had not been published in Lhwyd's time. It is stated as follows in Cormac's Glossary, *voce Mogh Eime:* 'At the time that the sway of the Gaels was great over the Britons, they divided Albion between them in holdings, and each knew the habitation of his friends; and the Gaels did not carry on less agriculture on the east side of the sea than at home in Scotica [Scotia], and they erected habitations and regal forts there; *inde dicitur Dinn Tradui*, i. e. the triple-fossed fort of Crimthann Mor Mac Fidhaigh, king of Erin, Alba, and as far as the Iccian sea; *et inde est* Glastimber na n-Gaedhal [Glastonbury of the Gaels], a large church which is on the brink of the Iccian sea, &c. And it was at the time of this division also, that Dinn Map Lethain, in British Cornwall, received its name, *i. e.* Dun mic Leathain, for *Map* in the British is the same as *mac.* And they continued in this power for a long time after the arrival of St. Patrick. It was at this time Coirpre Musc was dwelling in the east [of the Channel], with his family and friends,' &c."

There is a chapter on versification, which will well repay the general reader for its perusal; and also some curious illustrations of the language in the ancient Brehon laws. But we have left ourselves little room for farther extract. There are "three kinds of verse in Irish, viz. *Dan Direach, Oglachas*, and *Bruilingeacht.*" Some of the rules are remarkable, as, for instance, in the *Rannaigheacht bheag*, in which "every line must end with a word of two syllables;" whereas, "*Casbhairn* requires seven syllables in each line, and is particularly distinguished from all the species of verse already described by this characteristic, namely, that every line must terminate with a word of three syllables. It requires also concord, correspondence, and union."

The following is the only example we can give of the translation from the Brehon laws. It is from a MS. tract in Trinity College, Dublin,—but we cannot be reconciled to its accuracy, or that such law could ever exist:

"Bark for tanning [a pair of] shoes, or a bridle, as told in the books: there is an inherent right to strip it from a neighbouring tree, so as it is not exceeded. If it is exceeded, however, if it be bark for tanning a cow-hide that is stripped, the penalty is two women's shoes worth half a screpall. If it be bark for an ox-hide that is stripped, two men's shoes worth a screpall is the penalty. And this is when not one-third of the round of the tree has been stripped; and should a third be stripped, it is equal to the full circumference in the killing months, or to half the circumference in the months which do not kill the tree. And if less than the full circumference has been stripped, the proportion of the circumference which has been stripped is the proportion of the full penalty which shall be paid in the killing months, and of half penalty in the months which do not kill the tree. Or, where the fine is a screpall, or half a screpall, the bark was stripped off many trees, whether they were stripped with necessity or without necessity, or, this is when they were stripped from necessity. And if it be without necessity, then the rule is, that the case be referred to the 'killing or unkilling months.' The following is the summary of all this. If it be a notch that is made in the tree, the proportion of the tree that is stripped is to regulate the amount of full penalty in a killing month, or half penalty in a month which does not kill."

The Note-Book of a Naturalist. By E. P. Thompson. Pp. 275. Smith, Elder, and Co.

EVEN compilations upon natural history are interesting and welcome to every class of the community; for though much must be old and familiar, there is generally some portion new, and for that, however scanty, we are thankful, and it makes the repetitions go down. For all nature is dear to human nature. There is not the leaf of a plant, nor the limb of an insect, nor the tint of a shell or flower, nor the form of an inanimate object, nor the motion of a point, nor the movement of a mass, nor the darkening of a shade, nor the action of a created being, which does not convey a sense of pleasure to the observant mind. To investigate the most minute is a pursuit of high enjoyment. But the gratification is not confined within these bounds, nor trammelled by philosophy or science. The most illiterate, and the farthest removed from the sources of indulgence, etc, in their way, as apt to be delighted as the best informed. A butterfly may be to them a butterfly, and nothing more; but it is a thing of beauty, and to be admired, without a notion of its three modes of existence. And, in like manner, a whale (when they see one) is a wonder, a bear or a camel a curiosity, and a monkey the most diverting of mimics. And for actual zoology, their own cats and dogs, their little birds, whose songs are so sweet, and the parrots they hear talk so sagaciously, are each in their vocations pleasurable. As for botany, the window-pots, or a nosegay now and then, are not studies but delights for weeks and months. Entomology, as connected with cities, we shall say nothing about, for there are other creeping and leaping things as well as flies, wasps, midges, and bluebottles.

Yet every thing proves the universality of the passion with which learned and unlearned receive every sort of information relating to the world around. White of Selborne, Bewick, Huber, Kirby and Spence, Yarrell, Jardine, Reeve, Waterhouse, Jesse, and many other writers, will always be popular; and the author of this modestly-styled "Note-Book" assuredly deserves to come within the same category, for he not only possesses and communicates the necessary scientific intelligence to impart a scientific value, but he has travelled far and near, and from very infancy been devoted *con amore* to the freemasonry of natural history, which operates so beneficially on every habit and condition of life.

The gossip of an individual of this description is consequently as interesting as the information is instructive; and we rely on the following quotations to support our opinion of the very agreeable and various character of this volume. It opens with an essay, and thus:

"The advantages arising from a study of natural history are so important, that we cease to wonder that men possessed of great mental powers and discernment should have devoted their time and attention to endeavour, by promoting the knowledge of its various branches, to add to the comfort and happiness of their fellow-men. Towards the extension of this most desirable object, costly libraries and well-stored museums have been established, and now grace our principal towns; and without such aid, how could we hope to investigate, or become in the slightest degree acquainted with any portion of the 80,000 species of living beings already described, the thousands of others known to exist, and the tens of thousands which in all probability remain to be discovered? In a national point of view the benefits are incalculable, since from one branch or other of this science our food, our clothing, and every domestic convenience, are derived; commerce is extended, and daily discoveries add to its increase; civilisation is promoted, and the intercourse of man placed on a more friendly and, consequently, on a firmer footing. There is a peculiar interest attached to natural history, even when pursued as a mere recreation, or without any view of benefiting others by our observations. The charm which it throws on a summer's walk, or even on a simple turn in the garden; the habits of quick observation which it excites in the youthful mind, or the expansion it gives to the heart in more mature life; all these, and many more of its attractions, have been enlarged upon and illustrated by able pens. * * * Unlike the paltry productions of man, all the minute parts of these works of God appear in greater perfection, and afford to us a greater degree of admiration, the more minutely and accurately they are examined. M. de Lisle saw, with a microscope, a very small insect, that in one second of time advanced three inches, taking five hundred and forty steps; and many of the discoveries of Leuwenheck were even still more wonderful than this. If, from the contemplation of microscopic objects, we turn our attention to animals, we shall find them calculated in every way, and in the best possible manner, for the climates in which they reside, and for their separate and peculiar modes of life."

Going into particulars, we are told:

"A singular circumstance connected with a kestrel occurred at Dover some short time since. The common guillemot (*Uria troile*) breeds in considerable quantities in the cliffs to the eastward of the town, where they are rarely disturbed, excepting by some adventurer lowering himself from above to take eggs, or by some gunner anxious to try his dexterity from below. In the present instance a kestrel, soaring along the surface of the cliff, bore off a squab guillemot from its nest in one of the ridges. This, from the weight of the young bird, was a matter of some difficulty, and enabled the old one, which had taken the alarm and become desperate in defence of its young, to come speedily up to the kestrel, when a sharp contest began between them. The hawk, burdened as he was and determined to keep his prey, was bent

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on retreat; the guillemot, therefore, notwithstanding the awkwardness of its flight, was enabled to push him hard, and annoy him so much, that, in self-defence, he was compelled to drop the young one, which fell unhurt on the beach below. Then began the battle in good earnest: in a straight line the guillemot had the decided mastership, by charging the hawk *à posteriori* with its sharp bill, and apparently with some success, as the flying feathers indicated. But these attacks always finished by the hawk soaring upward, and then stooping at its opponent. The watchfulness with which the guillemot avoided these charges, and availed itself of the hawk being again undermost to renew the engagement, was highly interesting; and from the vigour with which it pushed its foe on these occasions the victory seemed to be safe; but at last, one unlucky stoop made by the hawk, from a considerable height, struck the poor guillemot with such violence that it could not recover its flight, and came tumbling to the beach alive and unhurt, but so much exhausted that it was picked up, and now, with its young one, forms a portion of my cabinet."

The migration of birds is next discussed; and we read of the *Anas olor*, or mute swan:

"Previous to the breaking up of the ice in the Gulf of Finland in the spring of the year, they arrive in large flocks, and continue about its edges awaiting its total dissolution, when hundreds may be seen collected together feeding. They are wary, and exceedingly difficult of approach; but I once had an opportunity of getting almost among them. I was shooting wild fowl in the gulf with a friend, one evening in the middle of May, in one of Colonel Hawker's punts carrying a large swivel gun, when, in the middle of our sport, we heard the distant hooping of swans. The inducement to follow was too great; and allowing our canoe to drift towards them, we could soon see that we were approaching a flock of at least one hundred and fifty birds, but, notwithstanding our precautions by lying on our faces, and suffering the boat to drift of its own accord almost, we could perceive that they were alarmed, and not being provided with swan-shot, it was necessary that we should get as near as possible. At last they rose, and I fired, but none fell, though we plainly heard the shot rattle among them. It was beautiful to see them rise on the wing simultaneously, beating the water with their wings for many yards, and throwing up a complete spray before they were fairly in flight. The paddles of twenty steamers could not have made more noise; indeed, the passengers in a steamboat, coming up the gulf at a great distance, distinctly heard the rush, without either seeing them or hearing the report of the gun. As the season advances, they disappear entirely for more northern parts for the purpose of breeding. At this season snipe and woodcock shooting is in great perfection, particularly as they assemble at their breeding places. The former are by no means solitary in their habits, for hundreds of couples may be found in a morass of thirty or forty acres; and, as regards the latter, the sportsman need only station himself in the centre of a heath common towards evening, when the male birds are making their flights, uttering a kind of bleating sound. Bewick is wrong when he states, that these birds 'must have the instinctive precaution of landing only in the night, or in dark, misty weather, for they are never seen to arrive,'—in allusion to the period of their migrating to this country. That a vast quantity do arrive by night is undeniable, for the lighthouse-keepers on the Kentish coast often pick them up dead in the morning, from their having flown against the lights and destroyed themselves—a proof of the rapidity of their flight; and it is a common custom for that dubious race of sportsmen termed gunners to pass under the cliffs at daylight to pick up those birds which, from fatigue, have been unable to clear the heights till they have rested. I have known fourteen couple to be killed of a morning. The birds prefer a moonlight night, with wind at north-east; and with the wind in that quarter, I have often seen them arrive in the daytime. They fly rapidly, and in an undeviating straight line, and apparently regardless of obstacles. One was brought to me which was seen to fly against the banking-house of a firm at Dover, dead, and with its bill broken by the concussion; a bird evidently of unbusiness-like habits, to present its bill in that fashion. Two others, at about the same period, flew so close over the heads of some soldiers on parade, that they involuntarily raised their muskets as they passed over them, to the scandal of the drill-sergeant. Of all the phenomena connected with migration, one of the most astonishing is, that certain land-birds leave us in the spring to nidificate in other countries—a fact to be accounted for only, as I have before stated, by looking to higher causes. * * *

"Travellers in the north of France cannot but perceive the almost total absence of birds in that district. The country is open, and rarely broken by a hedge-row; and thus, shelter being denied them, they seek more favoured spots. The effect is as obvious as it is injurious, for there is no limit set to the ravages of the caterpillar or the destruction of the grub. The *Pontia rapæ*, or small cabbage-butterfly, swarms to an extent which must be seen to be believed. I have seen many hundreds on the wing at one time. The *Scarabæus melolontha*, too, flies in myriads, and there are no rooks to follow the plough. The cuckoo, which collects about the coast before it takes its final flight towards the end of July, ceases its cry before that date. I find that it is totally silent by the 7th of July, and that for some days previously it utters a broken cry, repeating the first syllable several times, thus, cuc, cuc, cuc, cuc, cuckoo, in a hurried and confused manner, as if conscious of the irregularity, and attempting to correct itself. On these occasions it is always perched, while at other times it often cries while on the wing. The life and habits of the cuckoo are paradoxical, and this strange peculiarity in its note is not less so. The Royston crow (*Corvus cornix*) alone, of all the land-birds which migrate to this country, never leaves the coast to any great distance. Its appearance in any of the inland counties is never known. The waxen chatterers, grosbeaks, and crossbills, rarely visit us except in the severest winters, and then they are by no means abundant, remaining principally, in their partial migration from the north, in the fir-woods of Germany: they are most abundant in Russia, and are sold in large quantities in the markets, during the autumn, as an article of food, with bullfinches, crossbills, and even woodpeckers."

The robin has deservedly a chapter to himself:—"He is bold, fearless, and quarrelsome, arrogating to himself a little spot or district, within the limits of which he will allow none others of his species to intrude without offering the most violent opposition. Its combativeness on these occasions blinds it to its own safety, as I particularly witnessed in an affray between two of them at Margate. They fell foul of each other on the Parade, the most frequented part of the town; and after struggling on the ground together at the feet of the passengers, they rose in the air still continuing the conflict till they fell into the harbour, it being high tide. They were extricated by a boy, who took them up still clinging most pertinaciously to each other."

Whilst speaking of nests, we are informed:—"The wood-pigeon occasionally builds on the ground: I have found its nest with young when shooting early in September, which would doubtless be the second brood. The rook and crow do not begin to build their nests in Russia till the end of March; and even there, as with us, they are the first in the field. With the exception of the martin and the stork, it is perhaps the only bird which retains a predilection for its old nest, which it revisits at intervals, during the autumn, to fortify and repair against the future season. Instinct in general is not prescient, but immediate; it is not acted on by calculations of events, but there is some exciting cause which calls it forth. In this economy of the rook, instinct assumes the character of forethought, common in some hybernating animals as regards their collection of food, but excelling them in this remarkable attention to the future wants of their progeny."

Going through many races of animals, the following observations may be selected as among the happy illustrations of the subject:

"Anatomy reveals to us the principles of motion in animals; but we are left to our own observations and conclusions for ascertaining why the modes of progression vary, not only in the different races of animals, but also among those of the same species. That this has not been done without some wise dispensation of Providence, we may rest well assured, although the cause may neither seem obvious to us nor absolutely necessary to the animal, as far as our limited judgment may extend. Difference in formation naturally produces and explains one great cause; but the reason generally is not so well marked, although in some instances we find that the movement of the animal is peculiarly adapted to its manner of feeding. The hare tribe, with its short neck and long hind-legs, would feed with difficulty in any other than a squatting position, which the nature of its food seems also to render requisite; and as its only safety consists in flight, this very attitude is the best which could be adopted to put it rapidly in motion. It is in the walk that the peculiarity of movement in quadrupeds exists. The horse and deer move each leg alternately; but the ox and giraffe advance by moving the two legs of the same side of the body successively. In neither instance does it appear that this difference assists the animal in procuring food; for the horse and ox browse alike, and the giraffe depends on its long neck to reach the branches from above. In opposition to the usual pace of other dogs, the Newfoundland waddles with a sidelong step; and yet, when he swims, his motion is not distinguished by that peculiarity. Whence these exceptions? The fact is a singular feature in animal economy. The elephant is the only quadruped which has the power of bending its hind-legs into a kneeling position: but this is obvious; for other animals, in lying down, bend the fore-legs, and draw the hinder ones forward; but the elephant, from his vast bulk and the length of his tusks, could not accomplish this without falling heavily or driving his tusks into the earth, and thus a different construction was necessary to him. The camel, again, is endowed with a striking peculiarity; for as it never lies on its side, but rests and sleeps with its knees bent under its body, and its breast upon the ground, these parts require to be par-

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ticularly guarded and strengthened: it is therefore furnished with seven callosities, upon which it besides throws the weight of its body, both in assuming its attitude of repose and in getting up. These consist of one on the breast, two on each of the fore-legs, and one on each of the hind. Ignorance and atheism have sought to assert that these marks are the hereditary effects of labour, as a tight shoe will produce a corn; but although the young camel is born with them, it is not ventured to be asserted that a child is born with corns because its parent has a bunion; as well might it be said that, because shepherd's dogs are invariably deprived of their tails, their puppies are produced without them."

The next topic to which we shall allude is instinct; and we are tempted to quote:

"When coursing on the heath-commons in Surrey, I have often noticed a favourite greyhound take its stand on the top of the highest ground it could find, with its ears erect and its eyes gleaming with animation, watching every movement, and ready for immediate pursuit, availing itself thus of its almost only chance of seeing the hare among the high heath and fern. Other dogs watch on the outside of the copse or shaw for the same purpose. This is a high order of instinct, and sufficiently proves that the animal justly calculates on its own powers, and places itself exactly in the position where they will be available. A black retriever I possessed, one of the almost extinct race, was endowed with more than ordinary sagacity. I directed him, on one occasion, to fetch me a small billet of wood which was floating on the sea, about twenty yards from the shore, as a buoy to the anchor of a small boat. He tugged and dragged, in vain of course, when suddenly he dived to remove the obstacle, and continued doing so for so long a time, that I saw he was exhausted by his efforts; and not being able to make him hear me, from the noise of the waves, I was forced to launch a small boat and take him in, literally to prevent his becoming a victim to his courage and stanchness."

We dare say our readers will consider these extracts miscellaneous enough; but what will they say, when we state to them that they have only conducted to Mr. Thompson's own concluding "Miscellanea," which we reserve for future extract.

CENTO.

The Poets and Poetry of Europe. By H. W. Longfellow. 8vo, double columns. Pp. 779. Philadelphia, Carey and Hart.

ACCOMPANIED by brief biographies, and a few critical remarks, this "big book," though not a square one, contains an enormous mass of poetry,—Anglo-Saxon, Icelandic, Danish, Swedish, German (of all ages), Dutch, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. To this vast *mélange* between four and five hundred authors contribute; and the translations are copied from many published sources, and principally from reviews and magazines, with some originally executed by Mr. Longfellow. Of such a collection all we need say is, that it is an ample storehouse of verse, of very various merit, and exhibits national characteristics in general as accurately as they can be reflected from the mirror of another language. We select one specimen to point our remarks:

"*The German Night-Watchman's Song.*

Hark! while I sing, our village clock
The hour of Eight, good sirs, has struck.
Eight souls alone from death were kept
When God the earth with deluge swept:
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
  Lord, through thine all-prevailing might,
  Do thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark! while I sing, our village clock
The hour of Nine, good sirs, has struck.
Nine lepers cleansed returned not;—
Be not thy blessings, man, forgot!
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
  Lord, through thine all-prevailing might,
  Do thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark! while I sing, our village clock
The hour of Ten, good sirs, has struck.
Ten precepts shew God's holy will;—
O may we prove obedient still!
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
  Lord, through thine all-prevailing might,
  Do thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark! while I sing, our village clock
The hour Eleven, good sirs, has struck.
Eleven apostles remained true;—
May we be like that faithful few!
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
  Lord, through thine all-prevailing might,
  Do thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark! while I sing, our village clock
The hour of Twelve, good sirs, has struck.
Twelve is of time the boundary;—
Man, think upon eternity!
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
  Lord, through thine all-prevailing might,
  Do thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark! while I sing, our village clock
The hour of One, good sirs, has struck.
One God alone reigns over all;
Naught can without his will befal:
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
  Lord, through thine all-prevailing might,
  Do thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark! while I sing, our village clock
The hour of Two, good sirs, has struck.
Two ways to walk has man been given;
Teach me the right,—the path to heaven!
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
  Lord, through thine all-prevailing might,
  Do thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark! while I sing, our village clock
The hour of Three, good sirs, has struck.
Three Gods in one, exalted most,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
  Lord, through thine all-prevailing might,
  Do thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark! while I sing, our village clock
The hour of Four, good sirs, has struck.
Four seasons crown the farmer's care;
Thy heart with equal toil prepare!
Up, up! awake, nor slumber on!
The morn approaches, night is gone!
  Thank God, who by his power and might
  Has watched and kept us through this night!"

Fortune, and other Poems, &c. By Hope. Pp. 126. Pickering.

WITHOUT the *incog.* "Hope" on the title-page, we must have decided this to be the effort of a young author. There is talent, and all the blemishes of immaturity and want of polish. We quote one of the most unobjectionable passages.

"As soon as Fortune lends her book to man,
So soon does he forget where he began;
Each rising page conceals what he has seen,
Shews where he is, and not where he has been:
The scenes of yesterday are but a mass,
That cannot now be seen but through a glass.
The friends of yesterday are now forgot;
He knew them then, but now he knows them not!
From twenty pounds a year to twenty more,
His pride takes forty steps, his purse, a score:
From that, to hundreds, and from that, to more."

Then we read this distich:

"Of all the ills that Fortune deals below,
Poverty is felt the heaviest blow."

Prosaic enough; but *Fortune* is not a dealer in "ills"—she makes mistakes, but cannot be the bestower of poverty. Again, merely to shew that the corrective is wanting:

"In wisdom's seat there lived an honest pair,
  Known to the world as Diligence and Truth;
And though mortality hath tomb'd their care,
  They've left a precept both to man and youth."

"Man" and "youth" are not even poetical opponents—*age* would have been the contrast. Only one more *lapsus* (of a hundred):

"One crust at length from pleasure's tray
  His gratitude *undress'd;*
For every feature seemed to say,
  'May you enjoy the *rest!*'"

The Maxims of Francis Guicciardini. Translated by Emma Martin, &c. Pp. 158. London, Longmans.

IT was of this celebrated Italian historian the anecdote was related, that when some courtiers of the Emperor Charles V. complained of his preferring him and his fellow Florentines to them, the sagacious monarch replied, "I can make a hundred Spanish grandees in a minute, but I cannot make one Guicciardini in a hundred years!" The translator gives parallel passages: so will we.

"The king can mak a belted knight,
  A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboun his might,
  Gude faith, he manna fa' that!"—*Burns.*

It is above three hundred years since these Maxims were written, and it is curious to observe how many of them have been reiterated since then by individuals of great name, such as Machiavel, Lord Bacon, Pascal, Rochefoucault, Montesquieu, Fox, Burke, Talleyrand, Guizot, and others. Penetration and wisdom, no doubt, suggested the same ideas to thousands of human beings, both before and after the period of Guicciardini; and from Plato, Aristotle, Confucius, Pythagoras, and Seneca, to Shakspere, Hobbes, Reid, Dugald Stewart, and living authors of our own day, similar reflections have been coined from the original mints of philosophic minds. But in many cases it is easy to trace the sage saying to the present source; and to be convinced of the careful study bestowed by very eminent persons upon the golden rules now given to the English in this little volume. And let us note *en passant* that the frame-work is congenial to the literature it contains. It is in the old-fashioned style, wooden boards neatly and antiquely ornamented, a portrait of the Albert Durer kind, black-letter running titles, the pages squared in lines, with marginal indexes, and, in short, all the fanciful accompaniments which make us like the author better from his appearing as it were in the dress of his time.

But we must look to the matter, and not say more of the manner; and for its inherent merits recommend the book to the public. A biography of the author is prefixed, and then a hundred and fifty-eight of his axioms, political, religious, moral, and social, are communicated, with resembling passages from the subsequent writers, &c. to whom we have alluded. Of the quality of these *dicta*, the following selection will suffice to afford a notion; and some, it will be seen, are profoundly just and right, whilst others belong rather more loosely to the school of selfishness and expediency. Kingcraft has been exposed in other works; and there is occasionally a pretty obvious exposure of democrat-craft in this, worthy of the free citizen of the free city of Florence in the sixteenth century. *Ex. gr.:*

"It commonly happens in our city that he who is most eager in forwarding another's greatness, this done, quickly becomes his enemy. The cause is said to be, that these being commonly persons of rank, and high spirit, and restless, when another is great they grow sus-

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picious. Another may be added, that such, thinking themselves entitled to much, often require more from him whom they have helped to rise, than is fitting; which not being yielded to them, they are offended; hence often is hatched enmity, and suspicion on both sides."

A Parallel.—"From which comes a general rule, such as never, or scarce ever, fails, that he who hath caused another's power, perishes, for he hath caused that power either with his labour or with his strength, and both are suspected by him who hath power."—*Machiavelli, The Prince*, chap. iii.

The 27th maxim, on dissimulation, is omitted—we cannot tell why, not having the Italian to refer to. It seems odd to mutilate an author by cutting a joint of his little toe or finger off. But to proceed:

"Whosoever doth speak of the people doth speak of a madman; for it is a monster full of confusion and error, and its judgments are no nearer to the truth than, Ptolemy tells us, Spain is to the Indies."

"The nature of the multitude is no more to be blamed than the nature of princes; for all alike err, when all have no check upon erring." —*Machiavelli.*

There is much prudence in the next:

"When thou shalt have the opportunity of a thing thou dost desire, lose no time to seize it; for the things of this world change so often, that no man can say he hath a thing until he grasp it. And when any thing which displease thee be proposed, seek to put it off as long as thou art able; for we see every day that time brings forth chances which may free thee from that trouble; and thus is that saying of the sages to be understood, Profit by Time's vantage." And Lord Bacon says: "Fortune is like the market, where many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall. And again, it is sometimes like Sibylla's offer, which at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price. For Occasion (as it is in the common verse) turneth a bald noddle, after she hath presented her locks in front, and no hold taken."

"I have constantly observed this method, in my divers governments, that when a cause hath been brought before me, which, for some sufficient reason, I was desirous to accommodate, I did never speak of accommodation; but interposing different delays and obstacles, I caused that the parties themselves did seek it; thus, in due time, I have been besought for that very thing which, if I had proposed it at the first, had been rejected."

"Understanding does not always drive onward like an arrow. The mind sometimes, by making a halt and going round for advice, hits the mark much better than if she had let fly directly upon it."—*Marcus Antoninus, Meditations*, book viii. lx., Collier.

"I have desired honour and profit, as other men do; and until now, I return thanks to God, and to my good fortune, I have gained even more than I sought for. *Et tamen* when I have obtained that which I did desire, I have not experienced any of those enjoyments and satisfactions therein which I had imagined to myself; which, if it were well considered, is enough to extinguish many of the desires of men."

"Avant de désirer fortement une chose, il faut examiner quel est le bonheur de celui qui la possède."—*Rochefoucault, Maximes Morales. Désir.*

"Things which are desired by the general do scarce ever happen. The reason of this is, that it is the few which commonly give the turn to affairs, and little will have they to what the many wish."

"All direction of public humour and opinion must originate in a few. . . . I never yet knew an instance of any general temper in the nation that might not have been tolerably well traced to some particular persons."—*Burke, Correspondence*, vol. ii. pp. 48-49; Letter to the Marquis of Rockingham.

"Time was, when I thought I should never see, *etiam* by much thinking, what I saw not at once; but experience hath shewed me this to be most false; wherefore mock at whoever shall tell thee otherwise. For the more thou dost toss and turn things in thy mind, the better are they planned and put into action."

"Endeavour to gain thyself friends; for they are good in places, times, and chances which thou wouldest never have thought of; and though this maxim be of the vulgar, yet none can thoroughly consider the value thereof but he who hath chanced, in his need, to feel it by experience."

"Beware of every thing which may do thee hurt and can do thee no good; wherefore neither in absence, neither in presence of another, ever say, without necessity, things which may displease him; because it is foolishness to make enemies without purpose; and I give thee this maxim because scarce any one but errs in this childishness."

The next savours strongly of the Machiavellian school:

"It is an honourable thing to a man to promise nothing but what he is determined to observe, yet commonly all those whom thou deniest, *etiam* justly, are dissatisfied; because men do not allow reason to have their governance. The contrary happens to him who doth promise; because many chances intervene, which occasion that there is no need to make proof of what thou hast promised; and thus thou hast given satisfaction as to the will, and if, indeed, it doth come to the deed, often excuses are not wanting; and many have so coarse a wit, that they will let themselves be juggled with words. Nevertheless, it is so base a thing to fail in a man's word, that this doth overbalance every utility which may be drawn from the contrary. *And therefore a man ought to endeavour to amuse as much as he can with general replies, and those full of good hope; but of such sort as that they do not positively oblige him.*"

A gleam of the light darting in upon the dark age:

"A prince who should wish to take away the credit of the astrologers, which print their universal schemes, would have no more easy method than to command, that when their scheme for the coming year be printed, the scheme for the last year be printed with it. Because people, when they read over again how little they have hit of the past, would be constrained to give no faith to what they say of the future; whereas reading only the future, and having forgotten the falsehoods of the past, the natural curiosity which people have to know what is to come to pass doth readily incline them to lend them faith."

The next observations are very acute:

"When no man can tell me the author of the tidings, and they be likely, or such as are looked for, I give them little faith; because men readily invent that which is expected or is credited. I give more ear to any strange or unlooked-for tidings, because men are less apt to invent or to persuade themselves of that which is in no man's thoughts. I have many times seen proof of this."

"In war no enterprise is so easy to you as one the enemy thinks impossible."—*Machiavelli, History of Florence*, book v.

"I once heard a friar say, that a man should have more credit from one ducat kept in his purse than from ten that he should spend. This saying is to be noted, not to the growing sordid, neither to the failing in honourable and reasonable expenses, but as a bridle upon thee from superfluous disbursings."

"There is no doubt but that avarice doth creep the more upon a man the older he doth grow; and the cause is commonly said to be, that his spirit doth decrease; but I think that this reason holds not. For that is a very ignorant old man that doth not see that the older he grows the less need hath he of money; and moreover, I see that the other vices of old men also continually increase. Wherefore I think the true reason to be, that the longer a man lives, the more doth he grow familiar with the things of this world, *et ex consequenti*, the more doth he love them."

"The same reason is cause that the older a man doth grow, the more is death irksome to him; and more and more, both outwardly and inwardly, doth he live as he were certain never to die."

Now these examples must suffice to introduce and represent this very acceptable volume, which, both for its external and internal deserts, deserves to lie on every table; and we bid it farewell, with a quotation in honour of true and genuine lovers of literature and men of letters, in which we most cordially concur.

"He doth err who says, Letters and studies waste men's brain; for it may perhaps be true where it is not sound; but where letters find Nature good, they make her perfect. For natural talents, joined to talents which a man may get, do make an admirable mixture."

Punch's Pocket-Book for 1846.

TOGETHER with the usual almanac referential matter, and conveniences for memoranda, &c., this Annual presents us with fun both graphic and literary. Some of the bits are very laughable and entertaining; but, upon the whole, the humour is hardly so racy as might be expected from the wag-subjects of the hero of the comic opera, the model of Don Juan, and the first who introduced animals upon the modern stage. The following is a sample of the whimsical articles:

"*Tied up.*—This morning, April 1, at half-past eleven precisely, the unfortunate young man, Mr. Edwin Pinkney, underwent the extreme penalty of infatuation, by expiating his attachment to Mary Anne Gale in front of the altar-railings of St. Mary's Church, Islington. It will be in the recollection of all those friends of the parties who were at the Jones's party at Brixton two years ago, that Mr. Pinkney was there, and there first introduced to Mary Anne, to whom he instantly began to direct particular attentions—dancing with her no less than six sets that evening, and handing her things at supper in the most devoted manner. From that period commenced the intimacy between them which terminated in this morning's catastrophe. Poor Pinkney had barely attained to his twenty-eighth year; but there is reason to believe that, but for reasons of a pecuniary nature, his single life would have come earlier to an untimely end. A change for the better, however, having occurred in his circumstances, the young lady's friends were induced to sanction his addresses, and thus to become accessories to the course for which he had just suffered. The unhappy man passed the last night of his bachelor existence in his solitary cham-

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ber. From half-past eight to ten he was busily engaged in writing letters. Shortly after ten o'clock, his younger brother Henry knocked at the door, when the doomed youth told him in a firm voice to come in. On being asked when he meant to go to bed, he replied, 'Not yet.' The question was then put to him how he thought he should sleep; to which his answer was, 'I don't know.' He then expressed a desire for a cigar and a glass of grog, which were supplied him. His brother, who sat down and partook of the like refreshment, now demanded if he would want any thing more that night. He said, 'Nothing,' in a firm voice. His affectionate brother then rose to take leave; when the devoted one considerately advised him to take care of himself. Precisely at a quarter of a minute to seven, the next morning, the victim of Cupid, having been called according to his desire, rose and promptly dressed himself. He had the self-control to shave himself without the slightest injury; for not even a scratch upon his chin appeared after the operation. It would seem that he had devoted a longer time to his toilet than usual. The wretched individual was attired in a light-blue dress-coat, with frosted metal buttons, a white waistcoat and nankeen trousers, with patent leather boots. He wore round his neck a variegated satin scarf, which partially concealed the Corazza of his bosom. In front of the scarf was inserted a breast-pin of very conspicuous dimensions. Having descended the stair-case with a quick step, he entered the apartment where his brother and a few friends were awaiting him. He shook hands cordially with all present; and on being asked how he had slept, answered, 'Very well;' and to the farther demand as to his state of mind, he said 'He felt happy.' One of the company having hereupon suggested that it would be as well to take something before the melancholy ceremony was gone through, he exclaimed, with some emphasis, 'Decidedly.' Breakfast was accordingly served, when he ate the whole of a French roll, a large round of toast, two sausages, and three new-laid eggs, which he washed down with two great breakfast-cups of tea. In reply to an expression of astonishment on the part of a person present, at his appetite, he declared that he never felt it heartier in his life. Having inquired the time, and ascertained that it was ten minutes to eleven, he remarked that 'It would soon be over.' His brother then inquired if he could do any thing for him; when he said he should like a glass of ale. Having drunk this, he appeared satisfied. The fatal moment now approaching, he devoted the remaining brief portion of his time to distributing among his friends those little articles which he would soon no longer want. To one he gave his cigar-case, to another his tobacco-stopper, and he charged his brother Henry with his latch-key, with instructions to deliver it, after all was over, with due solemnity, to his landlady. The clock at length struck eleven; and at the same moment he was informed that a cab was at the door. He merely said, 'I am ready,' and allowed himself to be conducted to the vehicle, into which he got with his brother —his friends following in two others. Arrived at the tragical spot, a short but anxious delay of some seconds took place; after which they were joined by the lady with her friends. Little was said on either side; but Miss Gale, with customary decorum, shed tears. Pinkney endeavoured to preserve a composure; but a slight twitching of his mouth and eyebrows proclaimed his inward agitation. The ill-starred bachelor having submitted quietly to have a large white bow pinned to his button-hole, now walked, side by side with Miss Gale, with a firm step to the altar. He surveyed the imposing preparations with calmness; and gazed, unmoved, on the clergyman, who, assisted by the clerk, was waiting behind the railings. All requisite preliminaries having now been settled, and the prescribed melancholy formalities gone through, the usual question was put, 'Wilt thou have this woman for thy wife?' To which the rash youth replied, in a distinct voice, 'I will.' He then put the fatal ring upon Miss Gale's finger; the hymeneal noose was adjusted; and the poor fellow was launched into matrimony."

The History and Antiquities of Brentford, Ealing, and Chiswick, &c. &c. By Thomas Faulkner. 8vo, pp. 504. Simpkin and Marshall, Nattali, Nichols, Pickering, Rodd, J. R. Smith.

A FINE old topographical veteran, at the end of forty years' labours, gives us this addition to his patient efforts upon the metropolitan county of Middlesex. These are humble contributions to literature and knowledge; but they possess remarkable elements, which can be denied to much more showy productions. Out of an epic poem, or an illustrious historical romance, we look for nothing beyond the delight which the lofty genius of the author has provided for us; but from the researches of the diligent creeping topographer are deduced proofs of ancestry, property, and other *Items*, which are of extreme interest to individuals; whilst other apparently insulated and not very important facts serve to correct the faults of the splendid historian. A small truth is enough to destroy a magnificent hypothesis.

Mr. Faulkner has been a stedfast gleaner in the field which promises only the sort of harvest we have indicated; and left it to others to reap the grand general *shearing* of the crop.

This volume treats of interesting localities near London. Many of the famed have lived, died, and been buried in these suburban parts. Fashions have changed, and the rural retreat of the sumptuous has changed into the "seminary;" the tusculum of the minister has become a market-gardener's dormitory; the noble philosophic academe has been converted into a workhouse; the lovely villa of the poet (blessed the time when poets had villas instead of lodgings!) has been beautified into a railroad-station, and never were lines and measures of his (the original) so perfect as theirs, the men of the lanterns and red-lights. But in the churchyards there is little of difference. There they lie, with their tombstones and epitaphs, and there, already, are the mounting hillocks of their less noted successors. Honest Mr. Faulkner rescues and tells us of the past. Let the present alone, and the future to speak for itself.

We cannot be expected to go through the particulars of a volume of this kind. It possesses all the qualities which (within its boundaries) claim the attention of the genealogist, antiquary, and historian. We cite a few samples of its quality.

Brentford.—"1682. Parish armour—one chest of armour, parish 'shedonle,' 1682. It appears that every parish was obliged to keep a certain portion of armour, according to its size, which was exhibited once a year before the justices. In villages the armour was kept in the church, and was called the church-armour, or harness, as in the following and other entries in the churchwardens' accounts at Lambeth:—

"1568. For skouring the church-harness and carriage, and a man to wear it before the justices, 3*s.* 8*d.*

"1688. Paid for a declaration of liberty of conscience, 1*s.*

"Paid for a form of prayer for the Dutch first landing, 1*s.*

"Paid for a thanksgiving for deliverance from popery, 1*s.*

"1695, Feb. 12. Alice and Elizabeth Pickering, wandering children, were whipped publicly according to law, and sent with a pass to Shrewsbury, the place where they were born.

"1699, Dec. 2. Ann Roberts, a vagrant, about 40 years of age, was whipped publicly according to law, in order to be passed from town to town till she comes to Gheton, which was the place of her last abode."

These were according to the notions and manners of our forefathers and mothers.

Chiswick.—"This parish is not to be found in Domesday Book, but it is mentioned in various ancient records by the name of Ceswyck, Cheswyck, and Cheswick. There is a tradition, that within the last hundred years a very considerable mert, or fair, for cheese was annually held in the field called the 'Great Downs,' nearly opposite the Duke of Devonshire's. If so, we here possess the most probable derivation of the name of the village, which in all the more ancient writings that I am acquainted with is spelt Chesewick, or Cheswick."

Whatever its name or derivation, Chiswick churchyard is the last repository of many by whom the arts and literature of England have been honoured. An afternoon *there* will be well spent. Among the epitaphs of higher kind is the following:

"On a tablet—

'Here lyes ye clay
which the other day
inclos'd Sam Sevill's soul,
but now is free and unconfin'd,
she fled and left her clog behind
Intomb'd within this mole
May ye 21, 1728,
In the 30 year of his age.'"

Every thing worthy of notice in the parts surveyed is minutely recorded in this useful volume.

Memoir of George Heriot; with the History of the Hospital, &c. By W. Steven, D.D., late Head-Master, &c. of the Heriot Foundation Schools. Pp. circ. 540. Edinb., Bell and Bradfute; London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE biography of the renowned goldsmith and banker of James VI. of Scotland and I. of England affords many curious illustrations of the manners of the times in which he lived; and embraces many orders of society, from the king and queen upon the throne, to the humblest citizen and the necessitous poor. The account of his princely endowment of the hospital and schools which bear his name in Edinburgh is also replete with interesting matter; and Dr. Steven, having been five years at the head of these institutions, has been enabled to give us a very clear and satisfactory history of their origin and progress from the earliest period to the present day. The book is therefore one which will both inform and amuse the general reader; containing, as it does, much that is national, as well as personal and anecdotical, and exhibiting the charitable feelings, as well as the peculiar customs and bias, of the times.

Two centuries and a half have elapsed since George Heriot began the world as a young and enterprising tradesman; and his success may be studied for two centuries and a half to come, as a stimulus to industry, integrity, prudence, and enterprise. He was born "in the

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beginning of June 1563. The family from which he was descended, though not opulent, was very ancient, and one of acknowledged consideration in the county of Haddington. Trabroun, the patrimonial estate, was a small property, not exceeding four hundred acres, in the parish of Gladsmuir, and had been acquired by John Heriot from Archibald, Earl of Douglas. In the charter, which was confirmed by King James the First of Scotland, in the nineteenth year of his reign, the earl designates him 'squire,' and son to his confederate, James Heriot of Niddry-Marischal. Several members of the house of Trabroun were connected by marriage with the nobility and landed gentry of the country; whilst Agnes Heriot, one of the family, was honoured in being the mother of George Buchanan, the historian and poet."

He prospered in Edinburgh till James, his royal patron, ascended the English throne; and some of his dealings previous to and at that auspicious event are curious specimens of his *status* in relation to royalty and to his business with the rest of the world.

"His residence in Edinburgh was in the Fishmarket Close. His first shop, or 'buith,' was one of those small erections which, till a comparatively recent period, were attached to St. Giles's Cathedral. His shop, or 'kraam,' as it was commonly called, was at the Lady's Steps, on the north-east corner of the church. This was a central situation and a much-frequented spot. Upon the steps leading up to the krames it was customary to implement the bargains made at the neighbouring cross, by going through certain formalities, and in presenting the hire-penny. In this humble erection, and afterwards in one at the west end of the cathedral, Heriot carried on an extensive trade as a goldsmith and money-lender. He soon recommended himself to the notice of his sovereign, by whom, on the 17th July, 1597, he was declared goldsmith to Anne of Denmark, the gay consort of James VI. Ten days afterwards, Heriot's appointment was publicly proclaimed at the Cross of Edinburgh by sound of trumpet. This, it must be confessed, was a most fortunate appointment; for never, truly, did tradesman get a better customer. There is no question that Heriot was principally indebted to Anne of Denmark for the acquisition of his large fortune. Few of our sovereigns have been more addicted than was Anne to the extravagant bestowal of diamond rings and other valuable ornaments on favourites. Her rage for finery was, perhaps, carried to an unjustifiable length. The original documents preserved in the charter-room of the hospital strikingly exhibit the ruling passion of the queen in this respect, and the no less proverbial caution of her worthy goldsmith. When her majesty was desirous of procuring an advance of money, or some new trinkets, whether for personal use or for gifts, it was no unusual thing to pledge with him the most precious of her jewels. This was very soon the case, as the subjoined letter, which has never before been printed, abundantly testifies:

'Traist Cousing and Counsallour, We greit you hertlie wele. Having oftintymes befoir baith be word and wrett, preissit Mr. Johnne Prestoun of Fentounbarnis' to satisfie and mak pament to George Heriot younger, of that sowme expressit in our precept, of the first and reddyest of our taxatioun, seing our dearest bedfellowis the Quenis Jowallis wer ingadged for this sowme, and that it tuitched Us sa neirlie in honnour, yit hes he ever excusit himselff with the collectioun and keiping togither of that sowme destinat to the dispasche of our Ambassadour to France. For removing of the quhilk his farder delay and excuis, We have thoght guid heirby to will and desire you, That ye faill not to caus the said George be ansuerit of that sowme debtfull to him, and contenit in his precept off the first end of that sowme reservit to the dispasche of our said Ambassadour, or ony uther part of our taxatioun, being presentlie or that salhappin to cum first in your or your substitutis handis, and that ye prefer his pament to all utheris for the releiff of our said dearest bedfellowis Jowellis ingadged, and our honnour and promeis caus; quherunto we dout not bot ye will have a speciall regaird as ye will mereit Our thankis and do Us acceptable plesure and service. Sua we commit you to God. From Falkland, this xiij of Junij 1599. JAMES R.

'To our traist Cousing and Counsallour
The Lord of Newbottle.'

"His majesty, on the 4th April, 1601, was pleased to appoint George Heriot as his own jeweller. This was another important step gained. The fees attached to the two offices which he now held were very considerable. So entirely, indeed, did the royal household seem to require Heriot in his double capacity of goldsmith and cashier, that an apartment in the palace of Holyrood was actually prepared in which he might regularly transact business. It has been computed that, during the ten years which immediately preceded the accession of King James to the throne of Great Britain, Heriot's bills for the queen's jewels alone could not amount to less than 50,000*l.* sterling. Imitating the extravagance of the court, the principal nobility and gentry of Scotland also vied with one another in the frequency and costliness of their purchases. Like royalty, too, they were often glad to avail themselves, in times of emergency, of pecuniary accommodation from Heriot. Subjoined is the copy of an acknowledgment which Heriot received from her majesty on the restitution of a richly set emerald which she had 'engaged:'

'We Anna, be the grace of God, Quene of Scottis, grantis us presentlie to haif ressaved agane of the hands of our servitour George Heriot yonnger, our goldsmyth, Ane Imarod set about with dymontis and rubeis in forme of ane fedder, quhilk was ingaget be us and delyverit to the said George be Alexander, lord of Fyvie of befoir. Be thir presentis, subscryvit with our hand at Dalkeith, the twenty nynt day of July 1601. ANNA R.'

"In the lord high treasurer's accounts, the following sums appear to have been paid to George Heriot by order of the king:—'1601 Jan. *Item*, for ane Jowell quhairwith his Hienes propynit [presented to] his darrest bedfallow in ane new yeir gift, j^m iij^c xxxiij *li.* vj s.—1601 Dec. *Item*, for ane greit cheinzie of gold with his Hienes portrait hingand thairat quhilk wes gevin to ane gentilman that come fra the Duik of Magilburgh (Mecklenburg), vj^c xij *li.* xviij s. iij d.'

"Evidence still exists that Heriot had frequently in his possession most valuable articles pertaining to the king and queen. How he should have become, as he actually did, the temporary conservator of certain title-deeds belonging to the Chapel Royal at Stirling, is not very apparent. From what is known, however, of King James's peculiarities in money-matters, it seems not unlikely that Heriot held this rather unusual pledge in consequence of some pecuniary advances. The royal precept is as follows:—

'REX.—George Heriot younger, It is Our will, and We command you, that upoun the sicht heirof, ye delyver to out servitour Johnne Gib, the wryttis concerning our chappell royall within our castell of Sterling, quhilkis ye have in your handis, according to the particular note to be gevin to you be our said servitour Quhairanent thir presentis salbe your warrand. Subscrivit with Our hand At Halyruidhouse, the —— day of Januar 1603. JAMES R.'

"On the original document, Gib the king's 'servitour' acknowledges the receipt of several legal instruments or papal bulls, which he particularly enumerates. Another communication of the queen, which we shall give, is an extremely brief note. It is holograph, and is one of many of the original papers preserved in the hospital."

It runs thus in her own spelling:—

"'Gordg Heriatt, I ernestlie dissyr youe present to send me tua hundrethe pundes withe all expidition becaus I man hest me away presentlie. ANNA R.'

"On the death of Queen Elizabeth, the British islands were united under one sovereignty, in consequence of the Scottish monarch having been called, by hereditary right, to fill the vacant throne. King James, with no little pageantry, commenced his journey to England, April 5th, 1603. Immediately before the cavalcade started, his majesty took leave in his own peculiar way. 'He bade farewell to his queen in the High Street of Edinburgh. They both were dissolved in tears. The whole population of the metropolis of Scotland witnessed this conjugal parting; and loudly mourned the departure of their sovereign, and joined their tears to those of his anxious consort.' Heriot contributed essentially to the decoration of his royal master's person on this memorable occasion, and furnished him with an abundant supply of valuable rings. The Scottish nobles, who were in attendance upon his majesty in his progress southward, were equally indebted to the court-jeweller. Queen Anne appears to have lost no time, after her consort's departure, in summoning Heriot into her presence, and in giving him extensive orders. The two months which intervened before she proceeded to London were spent in making the requisite arrangements, in accomplishing which Heriot's services were frequently required. Her orders were of a miscellaneous description. As a specimen, we give a few particulars from an original account for jewels and other articles furnished to the queen from the 28th January, 1603, to 10th August, 1604:—'*Imprimis*, Ane pendant, all sett with diamonds, price thereof (in *sterling* money) xlviii lb.; *Item*, for making of a tablett for a portrait, sett with diamonds and rubies, xvi lb.; *Item*, for a silver chafing-dish; waying 47 ounces, xvi lb. xiii s. vi d.' In the same bill the following articles are enumerated:—'*Item*, your Majestie oweth to me of the workmanship, and the gould furnisht to your Majestie's work, made at your entrie in the citie of London, ii^c xviii lb.; *Item*, for making of her Majestie's picture in gold, vi lb.; *Item*, for making of the Prince's picture in gold, vi lb.; *Item*, for setting the two pictures in a jewell set with diamonds, viii lb.; *Item*, for 2 dossen of lambeskins to keep your Majestie's jewells, at 8s. the dos., xvi s.' As might be supposed, the removal of the court from Edinburgh seriously affected the interests of many individuals. Those who, like Heriot, mainly depended upon royalty and its usual retinue, forthwith repaired to the capital. The subject of this memoir was now too important a person, and in various respects too closely connected with his sovereign's arrangements, to be allowed a long absence from his wonted

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post. Accordingly we soon find our goldsmith in London, 'dwelland foreanent the New Exchange.'"

About this time he married Christian Marjoribanks; and "Sir Robert Sibbald, in an unpublished work, records the distressing event that two sons by that marriage perished at sea while on their passage from Scotland to London. It is remarkable that no other writer has even alluded to this mournful visitation: but there is no reason to call in question the accuracy of Sibbald's statement regarding this domestic calamity. After the lapse of five years, Heriot, abounding in wealth and high in reputation, returned to Scotland, for the purpose of forming a matrimonial alliance with Alison Primrose, eldest daughter of James Primrose, the grandfather of the first Earl of Rosebery. This marriage, advantageous to both parties, took place at Edinburgh in the autumn of 1608. The bride was sixteen, and the bridegroom forty-five. James Primrose, the father of nineteen children, was a lawyer by profession; and being a man of no small industry and sagacity, had recommended himself to King James, by whom he was appointed, in 1602, clerk to the privy-council—an office which he honourably enjoyed for nearly forty years. With his second wife Heriot received five thousand merks Scots as her portion; and, as appears from the marriage-contract, he engaged to 'joyne and eik thairto' twenty thousand merks, with the view of purchasing land or annual rents for their mutual advantage. On returning home, Heriot found that his business was daily increasing; and, in the course of a very few months, he was actually unable to procure in London the necessary number of workmen to execute his orders. In these circumstances, a singular method—in all probability the suggestion of the queen—was forthwith adopted. A government-proclamation was issued, calling upon all magistrates throughout the kingdom to aid the court-jeweller in getting the tradesmen he required. This curious document was as follows:

'Whereas this gentleman, George Herriott, hir Majesties Jeweller, is commanded to make with speed some worke for hir Majesties use and service, and for the better expediting of the service, is to use the helpe of other workemen of his Trade, besides thoes that are his servants, Theis are therfore to praye, and require you, and every of you, to bee ayding and assisting unto him, in the taking upp of such workemen as he shall necessarily use for the furthering of the service; Provided allwaies, that the said George Herriott do yeald them such wages for their worke as in theis cases are usually accustomed: wherof I pray you fayle not. From Whitehall, this 15. of March 1609. SUFFOLKE.

' To all Maiors, Sheriffs, Justicis of Peace, Bayliffs, Constables, Hedborouches, and all other his Majesty's Officers to whome it may appertaine.'

"In the month of May of the same year, Heriot received a communication from her majesty, intimating, that having recently got from him to the value of a thousand guineas, she thought it proper, seeing she did not at that moment possess an overabundance of the current coin of the realm, to place in his hands some substantial articles as security. It is certainly somewhat out of character to find the first queen of Great Britain resorting to such a humiliating practice. In consideration of having received some rich pendant diamonds, and a large supply of amber-grease, civet, and musk, to the value just stated, her majesty authorises Heriot to pawn certain jewels enumerated in her precept, and of which she had lost conceit. Economy, it has been well observed, could never be reckoned among the virtues of Anne of Denmark. In consequence of her indiscretion, she shortly discovered that her exalted station did not save her from the anxiety which embarrassment brings in its train. We are told that she became melancholy and dispirited in the winter of 1609; and, on inquiry, it was ascertained that her jointure was insufficient to meet the demands of her creditors, of whom Heriot was the principal. The sum of 20,000*l.* sterling was immediately drawn from the public chest for the payment of the queen's debt, and the royal jointure was increased 3000*l.* a year.—Heriot met with a severe domestic bereavement in 1612. For a second time he had the misfortune to find himself a widower. Alison Primrose, his beloved wife, was cut off in the flower of her days, on the 16th April of that year, at the youthful age of twenty. She appears to have been remarkable not less for her piety, amiableness of disposition, and superior mental endowments, than for great personal beauty. The stroke to Heriot and the family-connexions was the more severe, as they were actually rejoicing in the prospect that she was on the eve of becoming a mother." Her death "proved a most disastrous event to George Heriot. Two months after her decease, we find him tracing on a slip of paper this short but significant sentence: 'She cannot be too mutch lamented, who culd not be too mutch loved;' a declaration the sincerity of which we cannot doubt, as it does not appear to have been intended for the public eye. He had no surviving children by marriage; and he continued a widower during the remaining eleven years of his life. Up to his last wife's demise, his character as a man and a Christian was irreproachable. There is a fact, however, connected with his history shortly after this period, which we have no wish to conceal, though we regret being called upon even to advert to a matter which unquestionably leaves so deep a stain on his otherwise fair name. The circumstance to which we refer is, that George Heriot had two illegitimate daughters. It certainly cannot be insinuated that he left them to pine away in indigence and disgrace. He at once acknowledged them; and in this the characteristic qualities of his mind and heart shone forth. With that high sense of honour and justice by which he was eminently distinguished, he exercised towards them the part of an indulgent and a considerate parent; and, as will afterwards appear, made ample testamentary provision for both."

These are the leading incidents of his life; and we will not enter into its after-details, nor into the measures he adopted to found and endow the hospital by which his name as a benefactor of his kind will go down with honour to the latest posterity. We have only to repeat, that the volume is throughout one of very gratifying character and entertaining description. We notice some inaccuracies or misprints in figures; but as they must strike every one, we need not particularise them.

Minstrel Love; a Romance. From the German of Fouqué. Pp. 333. James Burns.

A NEW translation of this popular romance, and illustrated in the publisher's striking and handsome Germanic style, with nine original designs. It is here that embellishments of the kind are in their proper place, and we can admire horses in attitudes such as only German art, or its imitations, delight in, and costumes of every age and country combined, at any rate, so as to contribute to the picturesque. Indeed, antiquarian correctness would spoil and not decorate romance; and therefore we can fairly recommend *Minstrel Love* as a very pretty and interesting publication.

New System of Architecture, founded on the Forms of Nature, &c. By William Vose Pickett. Pp. 144. Longmans.

MR. PICKETT is not the first person who has thought of new systems of architecture, but we believe he is the first who has obtained a patent for a new system, in which he says the purpose is defined to be, 1st, "The attainment of a description of beauty or effect integrally dissimilar from and if possible of a higher order than that exhibited in the pre-existent architectures;" and in the second place, as to the utilities, "in a comfortable modification of temperature, or the counteraction as far as possible of the effects of heat in summer and cold in winter—durability, dryness, cleanliness, free admission of light, general convenience and economy of space, security against fire, &c.—and facility in erection, and for the removal of structures, without the injury or destruction of their respective parts." The object of the inventor, if the system be an invention, is the use of metals instead of stones and bricks; but in what manner and form the metallurgic system is to be developed, Mr. P. keeps us profoundly ignorant in his book; licenses, however, for the practical operations of this architecture, as required by law, may it appears be obtained; and we presume that lessons in it will be given to architects of "established reputation."

We can hardly think the author serious in this work, or that he has the remotest notion that his hints will be used. We are far from saying that, as respects utility, the use of cast-iron and the metals in building have reached the extent to which they may be carried, but the assumption of Mr. Pickett, "that all and each of the pre-existent styles or systems of architecture are founded on and have especial reference to the properties and capabilities of the same material, viz. *stone*," is not founded on fact. Had it, however, been so, it is no little compliment to Masonic architecture, as the author calls it, to say that it has produced many styles altogether dissimilar.

Githa of the Forest. By the Author of "Lord Dacre of Gilsland." 3 vols. Churton.

IT is almost a hopeless task to invest a tale of Danish invasion and barbarity, and of Saxon bravery and suffering, before the period of Alfred, with sufficient interest to sustain three volumes of mingled historical tradition and romantic fiction. Our author, however, has taken great pains with his descriptions of the country, with his costumes, and with the forms of battles, rites, ceremonies, religious observances, and other public occasions, as far as accounts of them have been handed down, and can be gathered from elder writers. The story relates to the destruction of Croyland, which is assigned to the reign of Ethelwolf; and what with conflicts, conflagrations, treacheries, murders, tyranny, rapine, love, &c. &c. &c., between camp and cloister, there is a constant bustle of adventure, and as good a picture of these rude and bloody times as the most exigent reader could require. The illustration of Anglo-Saxon subjects is the result of research.

The Life and Services of General Lord Harris, &c. By the Right Hon. S. R. Lushington. Pp. 387. London, J. W. Parker.

THIS is a second edition of an interesting biography, but chiefly to be noticed as again vindicating Lord Harris, the Marquis of Welles-

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ley, and the Duke of Wellington, from imputations thrown upon them, and the British army in India, by Mr. Alison in his History, of which a new edition has appeared since Mr. Lushington had corrected the misrepresentations, and yet without having induced Mr. A. to retract them. They are now completely set at rest on many points as adduced in the preface to this volume; and he will be a bold man who can hereafter revive such statements as aught resembling truth. If not for the credit of his country, and the honour of its noblest characters, Mr. Alison, for his own sake, ought to have carefully revised these aspersions, and annulled all that were contradicted upon the most unquestionable authorities—such as are here brought forward and placed in juxtaposition with the fictions and exaggerations of a fine garnished style of historical composition.

The Travels and Adventures of Thomas Trotter (Darton's Juvenile Library). Pp. 207. Darton and Clark.

Peter Parley is herein stated to be in reality Mr. S. G. Goodrich of Boston, America; and this is the first of a series promised by him as "expressly adapted for English readers." We see no reason why it should not be equally applicable to American and all other readers, for it is a very nice account of Mr. Trotter's voyage from Boston, *viâ* Malta and Gibraltar, to Sicily, and his subsequent sojourn in that island and Italy. For young people, nothing of the sort could be better devised, or more suitably written as to manner, style, and intelligence.

The Life of Mozart, including his Correspondence. By Edward Holmes, Author of "A Ramble among the Musicians of Germany." Pp. 364. Chapman and Hall.

To the musical world, this volume will be very acceptable. Of Mozart heretofore they have had nothing but loose and desultory notices: and if music be the fine art (the food of love) to touch and move all the chords of the human heart, assuredly among its votaries there are but few who have played on that wonderful instrument with so masterly a hand as Mozart. In all works of this class there are two lines to be pursued—the very scientific and learned, or the very popular and meaningless. To steer between these Scylla and Charybdis is not an easy task; but as we are aboard, and not on the shore for a fatal purpose, we think we can truly say that the author, without being deep or trivial, has produced a very readable and interesting biography of a justly renowned musical composer.

Life of Lorenzo de' Medici, called the Magnificent. By William Roscoe. Pp. 504. D. Bogue.

This is the first volume of (we presume) a series to be entitled "The European Library," and is a judiciously re-formed edition of the late Mr. Roscoe's work, on which his fame as an English classic rests. The life of his father by Henry Roscoe has also been modified by the editor, Mr. Hazlitt, and prefixed to the work.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

London, 25th Oct.

Sir,—I am a bit of an antiquary, and am acquainted with very many amateurs, who, like myself, are contented with trying to initiate ourselves in the mysteries of archæological lore, without presuming to compete in public with the respectable names engaged in furthering the objects of the two large associations. I was on a visit a few days ago to a gentleman who confessedly knows a good deal about horses and dogs, but who is, alas, deaf to the calls of Gothic architecture and barrow-opening. Imagine my surprise, when he placed in my hands a book of travels published by the Chetham Society, with the remark, "A pretty set of people you antiquaries are, to publish a book in Lancashire, and not know the meaning of *stoop!*" I confess I was staggered. The writer mentions *stoops* placed on the bank of a river. Not only is the word well known to every North-countryman, but is in most of the glossaries, in Brockett, in Jamieson's most excellent Dictionary, &c. It is usually explained, "posts fastened in the earth." The editor conjectures it to mean *barrels!* A Mr. Edward Hawkins is the ingenious annotator.

I am, &c. A Lancashire Boy.

[We insert this note, as all errors of the kind are better pointed out; but it is unnecessary to observe, that philology is, perhaps, of all sciences, the most liable to casual mistakes. At the same time, we are somewhat surprised to find that a provincial society, especially one in the North of England, should not select for their editors men who are well acquainted with the dialects of the county whose history they profess to illustrate.—*Ed. L. G.*]

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.

Oct. 15th.—Mr. J. S. Bowerbank in the chair. A paper by Mr. H. Deane—being a continuation of a former communication, read at the last meeting of the society, "On fossil Xanthidia found in chalk"—was read. After a brief summary of the former paper, in which he stated that various species of the genus *Xanthidium* had been found by him in the Folkstone chalk, Mr. Deane went on to state, that this discovery, by affording the means of isolating and mounting these bodies in various ways for examination, suggested to him the possibility of ascertaining their true nature. Their minuteness, and other obvious circumstances, prevented their chemical examination, and consequently they could only be operated upon mechanically. Their shape is that of a flattened sphere, the major part of them closely resembling some of the gemmules of sponges, most of them having a circular opening. The arms of all appear to be closed at the ends, and not tubular, as has been supposed from the examination of some of the flint specimens under pressure in water between two pieces of glass. They were torn asunder in the same manner as a horny or cartilaginous substance would be; and the arms in contact with the glass were bent. Some, after maceration in water for several weeks, became quite flaccid, thus entirely disproving their silicious nature; on the contrary, there is every reason to suppose them to have been of a horny or cartilaginous nature. Some other bodies, resembling the husks of peas, were also observed, which appear to be identical with the pisidiculæ in flints; but these, although agreeing in colour, he does not consider to have any relation to the Xanthidia; but, from their close resemblance to sponge-gemmules, to be some animal or animals in a progressive state of development.

Another paper by the same gentleman, "On a mode of isolating the silicious shells of infusorial animals found in the Ichaboe guano," was also read. After premising that the guano from Ichaboe was soon found to contain silicious shells of microscopic animals allied to those brought from Richmond in Virginia, and from Bermuda, he stated, that the extreme difficulty of finding them in the ordinary mode induced him to try whether, by decomposing the guano by means of nitric acid, more satisfactory results might not be obtained. The experiment was successful, and the following is the method he employed:—Take any quantity of pure Ichaboe guano, and wash it by repeated ablutions of distilled water, until the water is no longer coloured; observing, after each addition of water, that it must be well stirred two or three times, and allowed to settle for some hours. When sufficiently washed, a small quantity of hydrochloric acid is to be added to the water last used: this dissolves some portion of the guano with effervescence, and causes a more perfect subsidence of that portion which it does not act upon. After this, allow sufficient time for the deposit to become well settled down; then the clear liquor being poured off as closely as possible, without loss of the sediment, a quantity of strong nitric acid, in the proportion of two fluid ounces to every ounce by weight of the guano employed, is to be added: a strong effervescence takes place, which should be assisted by its being placed in a warm place, at a temperature of about 200°, for six hours, during which time the greater part of the guano will be dissolved. After allowing it to stand in a cool place for twenty-four hours, pour off the acid liquor, and wash the sediment with plenty of distilled water. The fine portion of this sediment will contain all the silicious shells of the guano, perfectly freed from extraneous matter.

Extraordinary Appearance of the Planet Mars.—We have lately had our attention invited to the singular appearance now worn by the planet Mars. Hitherto this planet has been distinguished by a fiery redness of colour, which, to use the language of Sir John Herschel, "indicates, no doubt, an ochrey tinge in the general soil, like what the red-sandstone districts of the earth may possibly offer to the inhabitants of Mars." Such is, however, no longer the case, that planet having lost all appearance of redness, and put on a brilliant white aspect, vying in apparent magnitude and brightness with the planet Jupiter itself. The only changes which have heretofore been noticed in Mars are those our knowledge of which was derived from observation with the large reflecting telescopes of Herschel. These telescopes exhibit the appearance of brilliant white spots at the poles, which spots, from the circumstance of their always becoming visible in winter and disappearing as the poles advanced toward their summer position, have reasonably enough been attributed to the presence of snow. The novel appearance now described to us, however, by the Honourable Company's astronomer, Mr. Taylor, is such as that the whole of the planet, with the exception of a moderately broad equatorial belt, assumes a decidedly white aspect, strongly contrasting with what he has ever before noticed. We look forward with great anxiety and interest to those observations on the above planet which may be expected to have been made through the medium of the numerous and powerful telescopes now at work in Europe.—*Madras Spectator*, Aug. 26.

East-Indian Meteorology.—The last bimensal arrivals continue to give us accounts of remarkable meteorological phenomena in Hindostan. "*16th Aug.*—A correspondent states, that in the neighbourhood of Cherra Poonjee, on the 6th instant, the earthquake was alarmingly violent. It took place about twenty minutes past 11 P.M.; and he adds, that he could hardly stand on his feet, and expected every moment the house would fall in." *Englishman.*—The

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Madras papers give an account of a most magnificent meteor. Its appearance was that of a ball of fire, which, falling in a south-westerly direction, in its descent emitted three distinct flashes of light; the first of which was so dazzlingly bright as to startle those who beheld the phenomenon, and for a moment completely to light up the heavens in the direction of its fall. —Letters from Sylhet, an up-country station, mention a shock of an earthquake which injured several houses and the portico of the church.—There have been extraordinary high tides some days past, and the bore upon the Hooghly stronger than has been known for some time. It burst open one of the docks, and covered almost all the low country; and many serious accidents occurred on the river, as well to ships as to smaller and native crafts. The rise of the Ganges has also inundated the country and destroyed crops, and been more rapid than ever remembered by the oldest natives.

English Manufacture of Iron.—One of the most promising projected railroads of the day is called the Shropshire Mineral, and destined, among other traffic, for the transport of iron from the mines of Salop direct to Birmingham, Sheffield, &c., for manufacture. But we mention the circumstance only to introduce some curious statistical matter which this plan has elicited, and with which (when mentioned to us) we were much struck. The value of iron for manufacturing purposes is, it seems, considerably deteriorated by frequent change in the mode of transport and exposure to the atmosphere: a proportionate oxidisation ensues; and when it reaches its destination, it is so much per cent less valuable than if conveyed at once, and almost uncooled, from the furnace to the workshop or factory. What can be done with it in this condition is illustrated by the following remarkable fact:—*Thirty-one pounds* of Shropshire iron has been made (by a Mr. Sims, we think) into *wire upwards of one hundred and eleven miles in length;* and so fine was the fabric, that a part of it was humorously converted, in lieu of the usual horse-hair, into a barrister's wig!! In order to effect this extraordinary tenuity, the process consists of heating the iron and passing it through rollers of 8 inches diameter, going at the rate of 400 revolutions per minute, down to No. 4 on the wire-guage. It is afterwards drawn cold at Birmingham, or elsewhere, down to the extent of 38 on the same guage, and so completed to the surprising length of 111 miles.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, *Oct.* 22.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—W. L. Pownall, St. John's College; M. A. Smett, Caius College; G. Phillips, Queen's College; H. Jones, Z. Nash, Catharine Hall.

Bachelor in Physic.—E. L. Ormerod, Caius College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. Johnson, King's College; J. G. Child, Magdalene College.

Ad eundem.—Rev. T. H. Kingdon, B.D., Exeter College, Oxford.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

A Daughter of William the Conqueror and her Husband disinterred by a Railway!!

MR. M. A. LOWER, one of the most efficient members of the British Archæological Association, and well known within its circle by his contributions, as well as to the antiquarian world at large by his popular publications on Heraldry and the Origin of Surnames,* has communicated to the central committee a very interesting discovery made on Tuesday last, the 28th ult., and of which we have been favoured with an account for early insertion.

In the course of the railway excavations through the site of the priory of St. Pancras, at Lewes, "the bones of Gundred, fifth daughter of William the Conqueror, and those of her husband, the first Earl of Warenne, the founders of this renowned monastery, have been brought to light! Two leaden chests, of which the dimensions are subjoined, have been exhumed, and are in the custody of the rector of Southover. At the upper end of the lid of one of them is the word,

GVNDRADA

incised in the lead; and on the corresponding part of the other is this:

WILLEM.

"The first chest is 2 ft. 9 in. long; 12½ in. broad; 9 in. deep. The second is 2 ft. 11 in. long; 12½ in. broad; 8 in. deep.

"The first contains the bones of a female, and the second those of a male of apparently rather large proportions. The chests have been much bruised by the weight of the superincumbent earth, the lead being of no great substance. The plates of lead are evidently *cast*, and the ornamentation is singular, though simple. A cord of loose texture seems to have been impressed in the sand at regular intervals, and then crossed in the opposite direction, so as to produce *in the cast* a kind of lozengy or net-work pattern, standing in relief, with interstices, measuring 5 in. by 3 in. This is the only ornament attempted, and there are no handles. The letters correspond exactly with those on Gundred's tomb, near which (says Mr. Lower) I have just had the pleasure of seeing the venerable relics deposited."

Mr. Lower adds, that other discoveries are going on; and that, on the same afternoon, a prior had been found buried in the sable garb of his order.

Since preparing the foregoing for the press, we see an account in the newspapers to the following effect:

"On Tuesday the excavators discovered the ancient chapter-house; and on raising a marble slab two cists were discovered, inscribed with the names 'Guillelme' and 'Gundreda,' in antique characters. The contents were a male and female skeleton; and it is remarkable, that the skull and teeth of William de Warren are sound, the latter as perfect as in the living subject. Near the spot were discovered the remains of an ecclesiastic, probably one of the priors, with a cowl on the skull. He appeared to have been interred in a vault without any coffin."

THE MANCHESTER ATHENÆUM.

THE third annual Athenæum *soirée*, at Manchester, on the 23d ult., went off bravely in the Free-Trade Hall, though neither M. Sue, who was indisposed, Mr. Dickens, whose lady was in (not exactly) the same condition (as we see by the papers she had a little boy on the 28th ult.), nor M. Thiers, who was compelled to depart from England before the appointed day, could attend. Mr. Sergeant Talfourd presided; and was supported, as the saying is, by the Mayor, Messrs. Cobden, Gibson, M. Philips, Brotherton, and Bright, M.P.'s, Mr. Heywood, and Messrs. Lover, Douglas Jerrold, F. Stone, and other gentlemen belonging to London circles of literature and the fine arts. The chairman delivered a lengthened and eloquent address on the occasion, and was followed by Mr. M. Philips with more practical matter. Mr. Frank Stone, whose childhood belonged to Manchester, which he left in early youth to pursue the profession he now adorns, spoke next; and Mr. Bright enforced the strong claims of education, according to the views of the political party to which he adheres. Mr. Douglas Jerrold was then presented to the audience, with high compliments from Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, and delivered what has been denominated "the speech of the evening." It hailed the freedom and progress of the Lady Knowledge from the giants and dwarfs who had so long enchained her; rejoiced in the growth of Truth from its acorn to its lofty-oak estate (under whose branches they were assembled): and humorously compared the dissipation of error to the story of an arctic bear, whose iceberg dissolved as it drifted towards the light and warmth of the sun. Mr. M. Gibson next addressed the meeting; and was succeeded by Mr. Lover, who made his exit with a smart joke on the cause of Mr. Dickens's absence, as being almost like his own predicament, viz. an engagement to Biddy-come (Biddicomb). Mr. Cobden (seconded by Mr. Heywood) moved a vote of thanks to the directors, and offered some astute remarks on the position of literary men in England. As this gentleman's observations are almost marked by superior intelligence, we make no excuse for copying a portion of them, as reported in the *Times* (which, by-the-by, could not resist a fling at Sergeant Talfourd, who has incurred its displeasure, and cannot hope for forgiveness): "Literary men," said Mr. Cobden, "had not held their true position in this country. While in France the leading men, the natural leaders of the country, were those renowned for their genius and intellect, in England they held no social position, but were like hermits living in their cells. The reason, he believed, was, they did not know the literary men of their country. They were indebted to their committee for making them better acquainted with their literary men; and he had little doubt, that among other contributions to public usefulness that institution had made, it would be recorded that it had been instrumental in producing a new estimate of literary men, which would not stop in their appreciation of them as the leaders and champions of a large section of the most intelligent portion of the middle classes. But they would, ere long, see the men of science and literature holding that rank which they did in France; and proud indeed would they have reason to be, when they thought that the course of the Manchester Athenæum had contributed to so desirable a result." He concluded with a playful allusion to Mrs. Caudle, as the hour was getting late, and they had "other amusements" in store for some of them; and the vote was passed by acclamation. Mr. E. Watkins acknowledged it. Thanks were voted to the chairman, with three cheers for his lady: the forms were dispensed with, the hall cleared, and the Manchester Polka reigned supreme, after all the intellectual display of the *soirée*.

The flourishing condition of the institution is most honourable to "the Cotton Capital," and must produce excellent and important results. Indeed, there is a very auspicious thirst for the cultivation of literature and knowledge prevalent in Manchester; and well directed, and supplied from wholesome fountains, it cannot but lead to a wide diffusion of mental improvement and social happiness.* May it

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* See *Lit. Gaz.*, Nos. 1339, 1340, and 1465.

* Among other signs, we may notice a very able essay on the Institutions of Popular Education, by

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flourish! and we have only to add, that some evidence of its present advance, from native sources, would have been an agreeable addition to the evening.

The British Archæological Association.—We are glad to state that arrangements have been made for holding public meetings of the Association, twice a month throughout the year, in London. A convenient place of meeting for the first year has been secured of the Western Literary Institution in Leicester Square; and each associate will have the right of attending and introducing a friend. The opening meeting is, we understand, appointed for Tuesday evening, the 19th, on which occasion the president, Lord Albert Conyngham, will take the chair. Of course, objects of antiquity, tapestries, British, Roman, and Saxon remains, &c., will be exhibited; and the remarks or discussions on these will elicit much information of a character which must be very interesting to the public, and serve to advance the knowledge of national archæology.

The Syro-Egyptian Society is, we observe, to hold its first meeting this session on Tuesday next, when a paper is to be read by Professor Fresnel, of Jidda, on the unicorn of Ethiopia, and a communication by the Rev. Albert Badger on the same subject.

The Asiatic Society commences its season meetings this day at the usual hour.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Entomological, 8 P.M.; Chemical, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 2 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.

Thursday.—Zoological, 3 P.M.

Friday.—Astronomical, 8 P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.

Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Royal Botanical, 4 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

The Principles and Practices of Art. By J. D. Harding. With Illustrations drawn and engraved by the Author. Folio, pp. 156. London, Chapman and Hall.

THIS admirable work has lain too long before us unnoticed. That is to say, unnoticed in the way of offering our opinions of it to the public; but not unnoticed as a source of very frequent examination, and, with every new examination, increasing pleasure. We will say, in one word, it is an Honour to the British School of Art.

In Mr. Harding's former Treatise on elementary Art, employing the lead-pencil and chalk, he pointed the way to the great laws of nature, so far above the mechanical manipulation in all that pertains to artistical sentiment and elevation. He now enlarges upon this only true and great principle, and takes us on from the elementary to the higher knowledge of painting, and its imitative powers of every description. Throughout, he displays the mind of a man who thinks and judges for himself, who is independent of oracular conventionalisms, and who is not misled by names and traditions to hail productions as *chef d'œuvres*, which are commonplace and faulty. He can see what is really excellent in old masters, for he has long experience and practical intelligence to guide him; but this does not blind him to their imperfections, nor to the degree of beauty attained by modern and living artists. In short, he can develop immutable truth and correct criticism, as Hamlet to his mother, "Look on this picture, and on this!"

Nature is before the oldest of old masters; and if modern artists will look at her only through their spectacles, they may depend upon it they will never be old masters themselves. Let them consult the rich inheritance left them by their immortal predecessors; but it must be as examples and guides, and not as sole elements, objects, and principals. And all this, and much more, is fully explained and taught in Mr. Harding's volume; and better still, the text is illustrated and the positions proved by a number of charming engravings in every species of composition,—portrait, landscape, history, classic forms, colour, perspective, atmosphere, &c. &c.; and, to the student, the clearest instruction is given for the mechanical application of all that is laid down.

Of such a publication we can afford nothing more than a vague idea; but a brief sentence may pretty nearly describe what it is. It is a manual of the utmost value to artists and amateurs; and it is, besides, a performance so delightful in its engravings, that a portfolio more eligible for the drawing-room or library cannot be imagined.

A Treatise on Painted Glass, shewing its applicability to every Style of Architecture. By James Ballantine, Edinburgh. 8vo, pp. 51. London, Chapman and Hall; Edin., J. Menzies.

THE author, bearing a name honourably connected with Scottish social life and literature, and himself distinguished in the northern school of fine arts, has, in this concise but original-minded and able work, approved himself worthy alike of his artistic eminence and of his near relationship to the most intimate of the friends of Walter Scott.* Mr. Hay's example (see *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1483) may have proximately instigated him to take up the much neglected subject of glass-painting; and at any rate he has, with reference to that art, followed in the footsteps of his skilful contemporary. He has done with and applied to glass what Mr. Hay has done with and applied to general decoration. He has laid down unalterable principles. He has deduced from them certain geometrical forms: and he has illustrated these forms by the application of colours on equally fixed and incontrovertible principles. The common sense is struck by his reasoning, and the eye is convinced by his examples. We at once acknowledge the truth; and wonder how we could have been so much diverted from the right path, and have gone so long blundering in error, and misunderstanding and mangling so brilliant a species of ecclesiastical effect and palatial and domestic splendour. We see what is so beautiful, and we reproach ourselves that it has continued to be so poorly weak and so perversely stupid. Let us hope that Mr. Ballantine's volume will open the way to better things! And believing it likely to accomplish this desirable end, we the more regret that we have not the means to do justice to its merits. But the delightfully coloured illuminations are not transferable to our columns; and the text cannot half explain the views and opinions of the writer. In short, we can only glance at them. Here is a fair specimen of the treatise:

"If the greatest triumphs of art be felicitous imitations of nature, and if it be its chief aim to achieve such imitations—as who can doubt it is?—why should we not have the walls and windows of our apartments decorated with these the most interesting of all the productions of genius? Why should we be deprived of the pleasure of contemplating the representation of objects endeared to us by the most delightful associations? Why believe ourselves capable of producing or conceiving more beautiful forms than those of Nature—more harmonious arrangements of colour than we find in earth and sky? Let it be remembered, that æsthetic proportion is the mere alphabet of colour, the mere anatomy of form, and that genius alone can arrange the former into eloquent sentences, or invest the latter with animation. Geometric combinations and proportions merely mark the limits within which genius ought to confine its aspirations, while, to the mediocre student, they are grammatical rules, the study of which will enable him to write correctly. Seeing, then, that proportionate combinations of colour and form hold this relative position, on what ground can it be contended that the variety of figures and hues arising from such combinations should be used in decorations, in preference to successful imitations of nature? If the human form was distorted or shapeless, or the colour of a rose offensive to the eye, then, indeed, might the imitation of such objects be objectionable, and geometric proportion be considered the beginning, middle, and end of all beauty and perfection. But, as the most beautiful combinations of form and colour are to be found in nature, so will decorative art, under the guidance and control of first principles, become more and more perfect the more closely she studies the beauties and follows the designs of the divine original. The establishment of this important proposition is one of the main purposes of the present treatise; and the following remarks, founded on a careful analysis of the characteristic features of the ornamental glass of the middle ages, are accordingly submitted, as illustrative of the advancement of art in connexion with the imitation of nature, and as tending still farther to elucidate the principle for which we have been contending."

All this is sound and just; and the author proceeds to describe and exhibit patterns of ornamental glass-painting in connexion with pointed architecture,* from which he concludes:

"1. That while decorative art must be guided in her leading features by geometric proportion, she must also imitate in her details the productions of nature. 2. That nature and art must go hand in hand in every artistic effort, otherwise failure is certain. 3. That Grecian foliage was used in the decorations of the windows of pointed structures, and, of course, is much more appropriate for modern edifices of Doric, Ionic, or Corinthian, architecture. 4. That during the period when pointed architecture had attained its greatest excellence, the most original and symmetrical decorations were produced; and that hence, when the principles of proportion and adaptation become thoroughly understood and are applied to the arts, we shall have new and graceful styles of architecture, together with novel and beautiful modes of decoration."

Some clever observations are made on the introduction of the human figure and heraldic devices in glass painting, in all which

the Rev. R. Winter Hamilton, which gained the Manchester prize for the best treatise on that subject.—Pp. 349; Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

* He is the nephew of James Ballantine, the adviser and the reviser of Scott's manuscripts, as well as the printer of his works; and of course the cousin of his son, John Ballantine, who, so creditably to Scotch typography, continues the business established in so improved and excellent a manner by his father. —*Ed. L. G.*

* We should have been well pleased if he had specified the localities of all his examples. Perhaps he will in his next edition.—*Ed. L. G.*

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we cordially agree with the writer (though not in the misprint spelling of Parrhasious, p. 20), and select the following as a specimen of his mode of treating the question:

"It must be admitted, however, that in several modern instances, pictorial representations seem to have been carried beyond their legitimate boundaries. The English widows executed during the last century, after the designs of Reynolds, West, and others, have been sufficiently commented on elsewhere, and need not be alluded to here. In Bavaria, however, where the art of painting on glass has been practised recently, the glass artists, although skilful in their manipulation, have lost sight of the leading principles of their art. They have carried their designs (many of which possess great merit) entirely across and from top to bottom of the windows, without regard to the interference of mullions or tracery. This is as absurd as if in a panelled room it were attempted to cover the entire wall with one picture, and despite the intervention of styles and mouldings, to continue a limb through one or more panels, though stretching out to three times its natural length. Like the French manufacturers of pictorial paper-hangings, such designers seem to make their cartoons without any reference to the size or shape of the windows for which they are intended, and then cut them into stripes to suit the various compartments for which chance may destine them. It surely is not pleasant to see a beautiful arm dissevered by a stone mullion, suggesting the disagreeable idea of amputation. Each compartment ought to be complete in itself. The subjects or figures also ought to be in some measure connected, and might either form a series of historical pictures or emblematic figures. But the idea of extending one single figure over a surface or plane in defiance of strongly marked interruptions, is absurd, and produces an effect much like what would result from an attempt to make a full length figure out of a head-size portrait, by adding limbs painted on separate canvass, and encased in a separate frame."

Without going farther into the volume before us, we may, *en passant*, note on the foregoing quotation that the French furniture-paper (perhaps this is not meant to be included under the name pictorial) is at present by far the finest produced in Europe, whether we regard design or richness and harmony of colour, and we only wish the English manufacture could equal it, or be at the same price. With regard to glass-painting itself, the specimens we saw at York (in the British-Association Museum-room) and which have since, we believe, led to a commission for Ely Cathedral, displayed the highest qualities we have witnessed in this branch of English art.

Portrait of Mrs. Bray. Painted by W. Patten. Engraved by F. C. Lewis.

THIS is a soft and beautiful specimen of the art which expresses so much by the lightest of touches. The likeness of the celebrated authoress is intellectual and elevated; there is thought and imagination, and a tinge of sadness in the countenance, which does credit to Mr. Patten's powers; and the more so as the delicacy of the last-noticed sentiment does not convey a notion of grief or sorrow, but simply of tenderness and feeling. In these we recognise the traits which are so conspicuous in the works of Mrs. Bray; and we therefore at once acknowledge the skill of the artist who has so happily caught and delineated them. It is a literary portrait which very many will long to possess.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TRIFLES.

How is it, o'er the strongest mind,
That trifles hold such sway?
A word—nay e'en a look unkind
May darken all life's day.
Oh, in this world of daily care,
The thousands that have erred
Can any hardship better bear
Than they can bear *a word!*

The man who with heroic heart
Can stern misfortune meet,
Unflinchingly perform his part,
And struggle 'gainst defeat
With faith unaltered,—yet can lose
His temper, e'en for ought
Which falls not as his will would choose,
Or proves not what he sought!

And woman can forgive a wrong
Which casts her on the world
Far better than forgive the tongue
That may some sneer have hurled;
A thousand times prefer a lot
As hard as want deplores,
Than feel or think herself forgot
By one her heart adores!

Alas, the human mould's at fault;
And still by turns it claims
A nobleness that can exalt,
A littleness that shames!
Of strength and weakness still combined,
Compounded of the mean and grand;
And trifles thus will shake the mind
That would a tempest stand.

Give me that soul-superior power,
That conquest over fate,
Which sways the weakness of the hour,
Rules little things as great;
That lulls the human waves of strife
With words and feelings kind,
And makes the trials of our life
The triumphs of our mind!

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE DRAMA.

Haymarket.—Twenty or thirty years ago, such bills as now announce the dramatic performances of the principal metropolitan theatres would have been reckoned derogatory to Saint Bartholemew's Fair, or the provincial rivalry of Camberwell, Peckham, Greenwich, or other booth-ery. It is difficult to gather from them exactly what they have to shew; but there is a confused statement about plays so "legitimate," that it is a wonder that *King Lear* can be done with the *Bastard** (necessarily repudiated by every legitimate mime) in it; and of every principal character being by super-eminent persons, and tremendous, &c. applause just failing to blow the roofs off the houses every evening. Happily escaping from these calamities, we have only this week to notice two novelties here. On Wednesday, Miss Faucit and Mr. Anderson appeared in the *Stranger;* the latter for the first time. This Germanic compound of error and feeling, whatever may and must be said against its immoral morality, has never failed to touch the sympathies of the English public. We will not say that every woman who cried on Wednesday was even in imagination a Mrs. Haller, or every man who blubbered or disguised his snivelling in unison was a "Stranger" to the sort of thing in progress on the stage; but we can truly state that there was a plentiful supply of weeping from both sexes. This has been held to be the best proof of successful performance, and most applicable to what may be called the domestic or matrimonial and parental pathetic, in contradistinction to the grand and high-stilted tragical. Indeed, Mr. Anderson has studied his part with great effect; and Miss Faucit is acknowledged to be a very charming and affecting Mrs. H. We have only to add, that Miss Fortescue displayed far more than common talent in playing up to her (as it is called) in the *Countess Wintersen:* it was a performance of the finest taste, discrimination, and skill,—such merits as secondary characters alone can educe from real talent. The comic parts were clever and amusing.—*Who's the Composer?* a new two-act comic drama, followed, and its sprightliness served to dry the tears elicited by the *Stranger.* Tilbury, Buckstone, and Hudson, are all implicated in the composition of a serenade, which brings its author, whoever he may be, into tribulation. Their humours salt the piece; Hudson has a popular new song. Miss Fortescue and Julia Bennett are the ladies interested; and the whole goes off in an exceedingly pleasing way. We do not know who the composer (from the French?) is; but we may congratulate him and the public on a very agreeable and *plaudited* drama.

* Yet spiritedly and excellently played by Wallack.

VARIETIES.

Opening of Lincoln's-Inn Hall.—This fine building was opened on Thursday by the Queen and Prince Albert, to whom, and their courtly attendants, a handsome *déjeûner* was given. It appears from the newspapers that the reporters were not well accommodated, and consequently left the ceremony in a huff. There seems to be a considerable spirit of antagonism between the bar and the periodical press.

Electrotyping by Chance? On re-coppering the Bentinck, in India, a curious circumstance was observed and mentioned at the Asiatic Society. On stripping off a sheet of copper, on which, before it was nailed on, two years ago, the words "two foot" had (as well as sundry other marks in the same material) been written with chalk, "the writing and marks appeared in high relief on the surface of the sheet, presenting a not distant resemblance to an electrotype deposition. It did not, however, seem that the chalk had protected the copper, which it covered, from corrosion, but had attracted as it were the copper from the solution of the neighbouring parts. The question, however, is well deserving closer examination and inquiry. —*Calcutta Star.*

Young England, or Young Cornwall.—The local journal conveys to us the following important intelligence, touching the march of intellect, the progress of Young Cornwall, and the case of the schoolmaster abroad. "On Monday morning last an interesting discussion took place between *the Boys* of the Falmouth British School and *Mr.* Coombe, the *Master*, concerning school offences and punishments. Propositions were made by *the Master*, and unanimously agreed to by *the Boys*, to test the practicability of laying aside entirely the use of the rod. The experiment has been tried for the week, and an eye-witness is happy to state that the cheerfulness, diligence, and order of the boys have never been exceeded; thus since Monday morning last 192 boys have been governed without the infliction of one stripe." After some discussion, it was (rumour adds) agreed to *upon principle*

That none of the ushers, nor Master Coombe,
Should ever be liable to Birch or to Broom.

Sir Matthew Tierney, Bart.—This eminent physician and gentleman of much literary accomplishment died on Tuesday at Brighton, after a short illness of gout. He was in his 69th year, and had long lived in habits of intimacy and friendship with the highest and most intellectual society. His manners were peculiarly pleasing.

Lord Lyttelton has been installed principal of Queen's College, Birmingham; and after

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addressing the assembly in an appropriate manner, presided over the distribution of the prizes awarded to the successful students.

Count Cassini, the astronomer, and last of the famous name, member of the Academy of Sciences, formerly director of the Royal Observatory of Paris, chevalier of the order of St. Lewis and Legion of Honour, died on the 18th ult., at his chateau of Thury sous Clermont (Oise), aged 90.

Grasshoppers at Sea.—Captain Hager, of the bark Marcella, brought home a preserved grasshopper, of the size of a man's thumb, as a sample of an immense field through which he sailed for five days. He fell in with them off the Western Islands, and the presumption was, that they were blown off from Africa. The water was heavily crusted with them, the grasshoppers filling the surface to the depth of some inches, and extending in the course of the bark for 400 miles.—*Hongkong Register*.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee.—The lessees of Drury Lane and the Princess's Theatre have got up a pretty whet for the public appetite in a dispute about the music of the *Diable à Quatre*. Mr. Bunn quotes a letter from M. Escudier (calling Mr. Madox any thing but a gentleman), assuring him that he alone is entitled to perform the genuine music of M. Adolphe Adam, any other pretension to the score being mere fudge; but on the contrary, Mr. Madox declares that he is the true Simon Pure, and cites a letter from M. Jullien, which states that he (Jullien) had purchased the copyright from the composer, and conveyed it, "note for note," as played at the Académie, for the legal and sole use of Mr. Madox. Thus we have Bunn, Escudier, Madox, and Jullien, all *Diable à Quatre*.

Ceylon Tanks and Canals.—The importance of these reservoirs and means of communication is so great, that their recovery from the condition into which neglect and other circumstances had allowed them to fall, has long been a great desideratum. We are therefore glad to read in the latest newspapers that Mr. Nelson has just completed for government a dredging machine, to be worked by four bullocks, for clearing them out. The novelty in this machine is the application of the power by revolving platforms on which the bullocks tread; and this contrivance is the more creditable to Mr. Nelson's ingenuity and experience, inasmuch as in conversation we have been assured by no less than three other engineers that it would not answer. Of its perfect success, however, there cannot be a doubt, as the surveyor-general has seen it in action, and completely approves of it.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Hunt, who has so much distinguished himself in the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society, and is now curator of the Museum of Economic Geology in London, is announced in the *Falmouth Packet* as "preparing for the press a work on the Poetry of Science."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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We are sorry to repudiate the poem of "The Metamorphosis," so kindly sent us all the way from Pennsylvania; but notwithstanding the poetical mind and the talent of the fair writer, we cannot give her American descriptions European circulation.

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LITERATURE AND ART.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—The FIRST ORDINARY MEETING of this Society for the Session 1845-46 will be held at 3 WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL, on MONDAY, 10th inst., at half-past 8 P.M.

Nov. 1, 1845. J. R. JACKSON, Secretary.

HIGH SCHOOL OF EDINBURGH.

THE LORD PROVOST, MAGISTRATES, and Council, the Patrons of the School, this day resolved to DELAY till this day four weeks, the 25th of November, the ELECTION of a Gentleman to fill the Office of RECTOR, vacant by the retirement of Dr. CARSON.

City Chambers, Edinburgh,
28th October 1845.

ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.

ANNUAL EXHIBITION.—Exhibitors are requested to take notice that all Works of Art intended for the next Annual Exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy, must be sent into the Academy, Lower Abbey Street, Dublin, on or before the 5th of April, 1846, after which no works can be received.

By order.

Academy House, Lower Abbey Street, Dublin, 25th October, 1845.

GEORGE PETRIE, R.H.A., Secretary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GREAT RUSSIAN CHRONOMETRICAL EXPEDITION.—E. J. DENT, 82 Strand, and 33 Cockspur Street, has the high and distinguished honour of stating, that his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia has recently condescended to confer on him "the appointment and title of Chronometer-Maker to his Imperial Majesty," as a reward for the unequalled performance of his Chronometers during the Expedition of 1844. In 1845, his Imperial Majesty the Emperor was pleased to reward the performance of Dent's Chronometers with a Gold Medal of the highest Order of Merit.

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In endeavouring to effect his object, Mr. Maugham constantly aimed at the production of a water that should in its composition assimilate as much as possible to the water given us by nature for our common use, and not at the discovery of a new medicinal combination, which, however beneficial it might be as a temporary remedy in incidental cases, could not be recommended as an habitual beverage.

It is well known to practical chemists, that all water (except that from rain and snow) contains a variety of extraneous substances, changing in kind and quantity in the various localities from which it is procured; but Mr. Maugham, by analysing the water taken from many different sources, found that one substance was almost universally present—that substance was LIME. This circumstance suggested the grounds for the composition of the Carrara Water. A great and, apparently, almost insurmountable obstacle, however, presented itself to the employment of lime as the base of an ordinary drink, viz. the extremely unpleasant taste of the mixture; for lime-water itself is so extremely nauseous to the palate, that even as a medicine few persons can be prevailed upon to take it.

Undismayed, however, by this difficulty, Mr. Maugham pursued his experiments, which ultimately led to a simple and most efficacious means, not only of entirely destroying the taste of the lime, but of producing a highly agreeable and refreshing beverage. This was effected by the addition of carbonic acid gas, which was forced into the liquid by powerful machinery, and the two submitted to a pressure sufficient to liquefy the gas, which, combining instantly with the lime held in solution by the water, formed an ærated solution of bi-carbonate of lime, which would, in fact, be the proper chemical title of the Carrara Water.

Now although this water is introduced to the Public as an article of luxury, yet as every ærated water, and indeed almost every article of food, possesses more or less medicinal properties, Mr. Dunlop feels it right to mention some of the cases in which the Carrara Water would, and indeed has been, highly beneficial when taken medicinally.

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The composition of the Carrara Water would of itself be a great recommendation; but Mr. Dunlop feels that the reputation of Mr. Maugham (who, besides being a practical and analytical chemist, has for a great number of years practised as a surgeon, and held the appointment of Lecturer on Chemistry and Medical Jurisprudence at one of our public hospitals) may be regarded as a perfect guarantee for its excellence and wholesomeness. Such a guarantee is, indeed, required; for unfortunately the numberless compositions in the form of beers, liqueurs, ærated waters, &c., are generally the productions of persons as totally unacquainted with the chemistry of the human frame as they are with that of the mixtures which they compound for its use.

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THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND

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ANNUALS AND FINE-ART EMBELLISHMENTS.

[As this class of publication has inundated us within the last few days, we have thought it would not be amiss to keep them all together, and, instead of ranging some under the head of Literary Review, and others under the Fine Arts, give a general view of them in front of the *Gazette*.]

The Keepsake for 1846. Edited by the Countess of Blessington. Engravings under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath. Longmans.

A PORTRAIT of the Princess Royal, by Lucas, is the frontispiece to this year's *Keepsake*, and represents an interesting girl, bearing a marked resemblance to the royal family, with large intelligent eyes, a plump healthful person, and very womanly arms. She holds a miniature of her father; and the whole arrangement is in the best taste.

This week being like a book-holyday,—for our table is covered with rich and showy bindings, and we seem to be rolling in literary gold (a mighty rarity, and only gilt after all),—we have removed the entire class, as above stated, from a separate existence, although we consider them as belonging rather more to the Fine Arts than to any of the realms of learning or letters. Not but that Lady Blessington, has, as usual, ably and pleasantly performed the part of editor, and not only written some appropriate pieces both in verse and prose herself, but enlisted a popular corps of contributors to vary the themes; but that the pictures are truly the main attractions, and the text generally of that magazine-character of appendage which can only claim secondary rank. The papers are, indeed, very unequal, and some of them, with the best-known names attached, the least meritorious, whilst by far the most original thing in the volume is from a female pen, as far as we can remember, unknown to fame. We allude to the stanzas entitled "Music," by *Miss G. F. Ross*, and which are as follows:

"I heard a warbling lark,
On its upward flight it sprang;
The very air around
With its rich, clear music rang;
And I fancied that the bird
That sang so close to heaven,
To give the very sounds
That reached it thence had striven!

I heard a holy hymn,
The Lord of Hosts it praised;
And it seemed as if the soul
Were with the voice upraised.
'Twas but a boy who sang,
But methought an angel's tone
Must have echoed in his ear
When he made those notes his own!

O God! if such on earth
Thy imperfect praise can be,—
Pour'd by a soulless bird,
Or human minstrelsy,—
What can mortal heart conceive
Of the golden harps above,
That are never, never strung
But to purity and love!"

There might have been more poetical polish bestowed upon these thoughts, but they are new, and delivered with a genuine intensity of feeling, which is the essence of song. A Ghost-Story, by Lady Blessington, and especially its conclusion, is also a happy idea, and wrought out with consummate touches of human nature. A charming three-volume novel might be penned in developing the same principle, and carrying it through other circumstances and relations of life. A beloved wife, lost from the blessedness of early married life, is permitted to return from the grave, and leave a written memorial of her feelings on the occasion:

"'When, in the bitter agony of feeling that I was about to be torn from you, I said that if departed souls were ever permitted to revisit this earth again, I would hover near you; I dreamt not that by the fruition of this wish I should entail on myself pangs sharper even than those I experienced when anticipating our separation, or when gazing on you for the last time. Whether it be accorded to other departed souls to return on earth, or that to me alone the fulfilment of this longing desire was granted, I know not; but that, which in my mortal weakness I believed was to prove my consolation in death, has been so heavy a punishment, that I bow my spirit before the throne of the Almighty, and pray to be henceforth exempted from this privilege. It was not granted me to revisit this earth for many months after my decease. Oh, how interminably long did those months appear! their awful silence and monotony, broken only by the sounds of the iron-tongued clock of the church as it tolled the passing hours, and the solemn peals of the organ, which reverberated in the vault where my mortal remains were reposing. There, powerless, motionless, I was laid; yet oh, horror of horrors! with the loss of life I had not lost consciousness. The memory of those, too, fondly loved on earth, still haunted me; and the craving desire to revisit them never left me. No, I had not lost consciousness. I could feel the cold slimy worm crawl over me, but I had not the power to move even a finger to chase it. At length it was accorded me to return to earth again, and I hastened to the scene of our past happiness—that happiness of which not death itself had brought oblivion; for in that world, the dread secrets of which none may reveal to mortal, the thought of your grief troubled my repose. At the midnight hour, when graves yield up their dead, I glided to your chamber, and there saw another fill my place, bask in your smiles, and listen with pleased attention to those vows of love that had so often delighted *my* ears. I heard your fondly-remembered accents address to her those expressions of tenderness once familiar to my ear, and saw those arms passionately encircle her form, which had been wont to embrace mine. . . . And such is mortal love! the love of man, which outlives not the loss of the object, but hastens to lavish on a successor all those endearments, those nameless proofs of affection, once sacred to another—to one who found that the bitterness of death consisted in leaving him. Your brow was smooth as ever; your eyes bore no traces of tears; health marked your cheeks with its own hue, and your laugh was joyous as that of childhood. I saw that I was forgotten, that the objects around which ought to have recalled me to your mind awakened no reminiscences, and that the blooming creature whom your arm encircled alone occupied your thoughts. And was it for this I refused to taste the Lethean cup prepared for the dead—refused to enjoy the repose allotted to souls unstained by guilt! Oh, pardon me, Almighty, that I should have dared to carry into another world the love that had but too much engrossed my heart in this. I am sufficiently punished in beholding what I have seen—in knowing that I am no longer remembered in a heart where I once hoped my image would never be effaced. I glided from your chamber to that of my children, and bent over the slumbering innocents with all the melting fondness which not even death itself can conquer in a mother's heart. While I watched the peaceful sleepers, the moonbeams playing on their fair faces, one awoke, and called to the other, saying, 'It is time to get up: for dear mamma told me she would take us with her to-day, and that we must be ready early.' 'Yes,' replied the other dear one, 'mamma is so good and dear, we must not keep her waiting.' The husband it was more than death to part from had found a successor for me in his home and heart—the children I had idolised no longer remembered me! Ah! the dead should never desire to revisit this earth—never wish to behold those dearer to them than life! Ere I leave this home for ever, I have sought the boudoir that once was mine, and have traced these lines. I see my writing-table has not been opened since I departed, and perhaps this paper may never meet your eyes; nevertheless, I bid you farewell—a long and last farewell. It would now be a sin to call you beloved, as in other times when you were only mine. You are at present the husband of another, and your poor buried Frances is nought to you. May you be happy, O Henry; and may I find in the world to which I belong as complete oblivion of you, as you on earth have found of me.'"

A "Scene," in French, by Eugene Sue, adds to the novelties and attractions of the volume; and an Irish tale by Mrs. S. C. Hall, and a French one by the Baroness de Calabrella, little sparkling lines by Mr. Bernal (who is author also of a good English prose story), Barry Cornwall, Lord Robertson, &c., and, finally, a smart sketch by Mr. Albert Smith, all deserve to be noticed and praised; and the *mélange, in toto*, pronounced, in respect to its letter-press, to be as pretty, variegated, and entertaining as ever, and as fit for a Christmas-gift.

Of the plates, Olympia, painted by J. W. Wright, is sweetly simple and expressive; Castile Salviati, picturesque, but patchy, dark and light; the Grisette, W. P. Frith, a clever illustration of Sterne; Marie, rather sad; the Bell, E. Corbould, a striking and effective composition; a Rustic Fair, L. Huskinson, a characteristic English fair in the Flemish style; and the Exchange, by Augustus Egg (a young artist upon whose auspicious advance we have, for some time, had an eye), exceedingly spirited, and (Heath himself the engraver) well-executed in every respect. The rest have no distinguishing features to call for remark, except that the lady in the Quarrel, F. P. Stephanoff, hath an eye and a look which we should be sorry to witness in any one with whom we should ever, as the common saying is, "make it up again."

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The Book of Beauty, &c. &c. Edited by the Countess of Blessington. Longmans.

Men never did, never can, never will agree upon the subject of Beauty. What is one man's meat is another man's poison, says the old adage; and old adages have more truth in them, perhaps, than young beauties. But whether this be the case or not, we only offer it to excuse our opinion should it differ, little or much, from the opinions of those who turn over the pages of this Annual to examine and criticise the countenances which it presents for public admiration. To our taste, the specimens of British loveliness will not serve to impress the surpassing charms of our fair countrywomen upon foreign nations. The features of the great majority (though many are what is called very good-looking) do not captivate us; and, probably with the exception of the two sisters Macleod, we could not from a whole portfolio of the others select three as examples of extraordinary female or feminine attraction. There is also an extravagant conventionalism of art in some of them; and though we dislike the invidiousness of individual comparison, it is impossible not to notice eyes protruded with telescopic range, and points of sight and tears expressed by specks of white considerably larger than grains of mustard seed.

The literary illustrations of the pictorial illustrations are contributed by various popular writers, and as pleasant as the nature of the tasks would admit. It is very difficult to say any thing of a high order of poetry, year after year, upon portraits. The *Book of Beauty*, however, will still maintain its claims upon the fashionable world, which is not unreasonable enough to demand perfections in a volume created simply to gratify an idle hour in the Christmas-holydays.

Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book for 1846. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. London and Paris, Fisher, Son, and Co.

In an elegant binding, the modestly-named *Scrap-Book* for the ensuing year presents us, on its very threshold, with great attractions—the name of Mrs. Norton, a noble frontispiece landscape after Rubens, and a sweet vignette by Corbaux. "L'Envoi" opens the way in a charming manner to a medley of the affecting and sportive, which pervades the volume, and excites alternately the tear and the smile. The "Dog's Ambition," illustrating the vignette, is so merry a sample of the latter, that we borrow it for the nonce:

"*The Dog's Ambition.*

What a pity it is that we dogs should be dumb!
I declare I'd give years, if I had them to come,
To be able to utter one fervent petition.
For I'm dying a martyr to baffled ambition.
While I yet was a puppy (the time's long gone by!)
I was given away, with a kiss and a sigh,
By a little Scotch boy to his little pale cousin
(Whose squirrels and birds had died off by the dozen);
And having the luck, while she yet was a child,
And by lilies, or blue-bells, or something beguiled,
Bent over a torrent too rashly to stand,
To plunge to her rescue and drag her to land,—
I was dubbed quite a hero, and made such a treasure,
That my life was a round of perpetual pleasure;
And the laird told all Perthshire, *I* saved his dear daughter,
That terrible day, from the falls of Dunwater!
Well, the pale little cousin grew taller and taller,
Her shoulders much wider,—her waist even smaller;
And I often heard gentlemen say on the moors,
When we met them by chance (for we wer'nt much in-doors),
Though her bonnet was off, and her hair out of curl,—
'Who is that? oh, by Jove, what a beautiful girl!'
The laird kept his house full of comers and goers,
And the awkwardest sportsmen made elegant wooers;
But all Cupid's arrows glanced harmless the while,
Her little red mouth kept its innocent smile;
Not a spark of the light faded out of her eye,—
She talked and she laughed, but she never would sigh.
One day—now begins the hard part of my story—
When the sun on the blue hills was setting in glory,
As we strolled to the house, I perceived at the door
Two visitors who had arrived just before:
One exclaimed, 'What a lovely and picturesque sight!'
And the other, 'Why, Anne, you've forgotten me quite!'
Then she blushed (how she blushed!), and she gazed, still in doubt,
Till he said, 'I'm your cousin, the secret is out;
Give me leave to present Mr. Landseer, a friend
Who has come a few days at Dunwater to spend.'
She, bewildered a moment, continued to stand,
Then started—half curtsy'd—half held out her hand:
And (omen of what sort of luck would befall me),
Walked off with the cousin—forgetting to call me!
Mr. Landseer stood whistling a tune on the lawn;
He stooped down and patted me when they were gone,
And he said, 'Shaggy friend, I suspect you and I
Will be left pretty much to ourselves by and by.'
Yes, that was the way my acquaintance began
With that wonderful artist and excellent man!
I had known him before, by his great reputation—
(An honour, a glory, and pride to the nation!)
And I own that my constant ambition has been
To be painted by him (like the dogs of the Queen),
Ever since I beheld, in the shop of Maclean,
That exquisite portrait,* half canine, half human:
I think it's a spaniel—he says it's a woman—
Where the hair hangs like ears (it is really a puzzle)
All silky and soft round the delicate muzzle,
Looking so like a lapdog I loved in my youth,
That I scarce can believe the sly artist speaks truth.
Now, thought I, if these cousins should happen to marry,
The point will be gained I so much wish to carry!
The least they can do for their old servant's sake,
Is to tell Mr. Landseer my picture to take.
And I ne'er shall forget my alarm and dismay,
When they quarrelled (as lovers do quarrel) one day;
And, wandering out by the side of the torrent,
That once nearly carried her off in its current,
The pale cousin wept, with her white arms flung round me,
And sobbed, 'Would, poor dog, you had left where you found me,
With the cold stones beneath, and the waters above—
I then had not lived to remember his love!'
Then with tears she imprinted a kiss on my head;
When her cousin came up, with a quick, hasty tread,
And looking exceeding unhappy and yellow,
Said sulkily, 'Would I were you, my old fellow!'
I am dumb—but I swear you might read in my eye,
'Make it up! make it up!' (which they did, by the by).
Well, they married at last, and my joy was complete;
Except that another small dog at her feet
Was constantly lying, and snarling and snapping,
Disturbing my slumbers when quietly napping:—
A ridiculous creature, the maids used to deck
With a bit of blue ribbon tied round its fat neck.
When to town for the season the young couple came,
I heard them both mentioning Landseer by name.
They went to his house—I ran after the carriage;
Now, thought I, the great scheme that should follow this marriage!
She told the good painter she never could rest
Till he'd made her a sketch of the dog she loved best;
And she stood, looking up in his face, smiling brightly,
And Landseer smiled too, and he answered politely;
If he hadn't got time, he would find it, or make it.—
And the palette that would'nt serve her—why, he'd break it!
Half frantic with joy, I remained waiting there,
With my tail wagging hard, and my nose in the air,
When—oh, that a dog or a poet should sing it!—
She said, 'Very well, Mr. Landseer,—I'll bring it!'
Bring what!—bring the dog that she wished to be painted!
Oh, woman! oh, gratitude! how my heart fainted!
May each pencil be broken that e'er had a nib on—
'Twas the little fat beast in the bit of blue ribbon!"

The "Song of the Opium-Smokers" is followed by the touching story of the "Dead Soldier on Bingen;" and that, besides the many others intermediately and subsequently, by "Canute reproving his Courtiers,"—a spirited verse; "Jephtha's Daughter;" the pathetic "*Lilla Vannen;*" the "Voyage of the Bird,"—finely descriptive and beautifully applied; and a number especially on Chinese novelties, which have evoked the Muse in every possible tone, from grave to gay, and throughout enforcing the genuine feelings of kindly sympathy and humanity. Need we add, that the engravings partake of the variety of the themes, which expound or enlarge upon their peculiar features? The *Scrap-Book* for the year will deserve the popularity that attends its name.

* Lady and Spaniels.

The Juvenile Scrap-Book. By the Author of the "Women of England." Fishers.

The redoubted Pasha of Egypt fronts this juvenile tome. What a change in "the march of intellect" since the Saracen's Head was a bugaboo to frighten children, not exclusive of their mammas generally, and a fair proportion of their daddies! Now Mehemet Ali is a sweet, comely, cunning-looking old gentleman, with a beard that would make a foreigner's fortune in Regent Street, the Quadrant, or Leicester Square; and the youngest of us can look upon him, as upon them, without the least emotion of terror. The idea of a Great Turk is no longer frightful; and Sultans and Emirs are but small fish in the scale of tyranny and bowstringing. Even a woman ventures to edit a book with this awful portrait to begin it; and to inform us that he, Buonaparte, and Wellington were all born in the same year, viz. 1769. Upon this year we would venture to offer a few hints, which we wonder have never occurred to any of our brethren in the literary line, who produce for pay. Surely it is a fertile subject, and the origin of its causation is deserving of being investigated. There in the East—over in Corsica—and here in England—it managed to possess mothers who could give to the world such "Imps of Fame" as these. But what we should more particularly like to know is, the reason why the rest of the human race belonging to that year have been mere common-place mortals, and utterly undistinguished. Any other man of 1769 ought to be ashamed of himself for being a Nobody; as for their poor parents, we presume they have all slid into their graves to shun the disgrace of having so degenerate and unworthy a progeny. For ourselves, we would not even at this time of day, for the value of a hundred pounds, have been induced to take our first peep at the light in that eventful year. On the contrary, glad are we, like Guy Faux (whose effigy is just passing below our window), we repeat, like Guy Faux in James Smith's droll song, that we were "not born till after that." One does not care if his birth happens in an unremarkable year, but to have it occur at a period when the possibility of being extraordinary is obvious, and established by notorious facts, is a misfortune enough to crush the soul. These reflections are forced upon the reflective mind by the memoir of Mehemet Ali! and we have only to add, that we consider him peculiarly lucky that he never, like the other mighty hero, Napoleon, came into collision with the third magnifico of the '69, his Grace Arthur Duke of Wellington. A view of Richmond, in Virginia, by W. F. Brooke, is a charming repose after reading of warriors; First Grief, by Newton, an affecting figure; but we need only say of the whole, that both the pictorial and literary parts are well calculated to implant gentle, kindly, virtuous, charitable, and pure religious feelings in the breasts of the young; and if they do not lead them to be great heroes, may have considerable effect in making them virtuous and happy.

The Sacred Gift: Meditations upon Scripture Subjects. With Twenty highly-finished Engravings, after celebrated Paintings by great Masters. Second Series. By the Rev. C. B. Tayler, M.A., author of "May you like it," &c. Pp. 203. London and Paris, Fishers.

From the lighter Annuals, which are so prolific at this season, we turn with a chastened spirit to a volume like this. Combining deep int[illegible]

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with holy feelings, and teaching us to pause a little on the important and serious, whilst we are pleased by the graceful and amused by the playful, such a work is eminently entitled to take a place of its own among the different classes of mixed literature and art which mark the expiring of the old and the birth of the coming year. It will be welcome to a very extensive body of readers, whose tone of mind inclines more to the lofty, grave, and instructive, than to the merely interesting or pleasurable in sentiment.

The different styles of Correggio, Rembrandt, Vandyck, the Poussins, &c., are still more varied by engravings after West, Boll, and other less-known artists, such as Mutiano, Ph. Veit, and Drouais. The Correggio print is particularly deserving of eulogy for its impressive execution; and the "Holy women at the tomb of Christ" (Ph. Veit) is a touchingly solemn composition. But we do wrong to the rest in particularising any of these graphic performances: the entire set is full of merit.

With regard to the literature, the name of Mr. Tayler is passport enough. Virtue in its mildest yet strongest forms, and piety in its simplest yet most stedfast truth, have ever been inculcated in his useful, and, we rejoice to add, widely popular writings; and in what he has here contributed, there is no falling off from his pure and convincing standard. We are tempted to quote an example of its poetic attractions:

"*The Shunammite.*

'I dwell among mine own, and I am blest,
My husband, household, dear familiar friends;
I dwell among my people, and at rest,
Thankful to God for all His goodness sends.
I have enough, nay more,' she meekly cried,—
'I dwell among mine own, and I am satisfied.'

Was there no boon a monarch could bestow,
Nought that a prophet might demand on earth,
Nothing to cause that cup to overflow,
So filled with brimming blessings from her birth?
'I dwell among mine own,' she only said,
'In this my happy home, and need no human aid.'

Riches were hers, but she was blessed with more
Than those in earthly treasure affluent,
Or garners teeming with their ripened store,—
A sweet and grateful spirit of content:
This was the great inheritance which Heaven
To the rich Shunammite had largely given.

One blessing long desired, but still denied,
Was wanting to that home of peace and joy:
She had no son.—The blessing was supplied;
The mother smiled upon her infant boy.
But He whose love the long-sought blessing sent
Now taught a higher lesson than content.

The blessing was recalled. The shades of death
Closed the fair eyelids of the lovely child.
The mother felt that with his parting breath
Earth of its sweetest blossom was despoiled,
But checked the strong temptation to rebel,
And said, in meek submission, 'It is well!'

O hard, sweet lesson! taught, my God, by Thee,
Deeply to suffer, and breathe no complaint,
In resignation to Thy wise decree,
With the true wisdom of this gentle saint.
How blest the lot, when in one heart unite
Faith and content, as in the Shunammite!

And I am blest, though poor: I also dwell,
All loving, loved by all, 'among mine own;'
And I have learnt to answer, 'It is well!'
Under the deepest sorrow I have known.
Blest with true riches—in content of mind,
And the best happiness—a will resigned."

To this affecting poem we will add but a brief statement. The other pieces, in prose and verse, bear equally the character of religious persuasion; and in six of them the editor has received the congenial assistance of the Rev. Hugh M'Neile, Canon Slade, Henry Raikes, R. W. Evans, Hugh Stowell, and Joseph Baylee. To the religious portion of the community we can heartily recommend *The Sacred Gift.*

The Poetical Works of Oliver Goldsmith, &c. Illustrated by Wood-Engravings, &c. Longmans.

Edited by Mr. Bolton Corney, whose patience and ability in literary research are always productive of accurate information, and the correction of past errors, which have become current as truths,* this edition of Goldsmith is a "palpable hit," a volume at once valuable for its literature, and delightful for its illustrations. These have been contributed by the following members of the Etching Club: C. W. Cooke, T. Creswick, J. C. Horsley, R. Redgrave, and F. Taylor; and we are free to say, that we have seen nothing of the kind that could surpass them for merit in the treatment and excellence in the execution. We do not think the art of wood-engraving can be carried beyond the beauty of the majority of these cuts. The head-piece to "the Traveller" and the other embellishments of this poem, at pages 15, 17, 19, 21, 24, 27, 31, and 34, are replete with simplicity, sweetness, grace, character, and spirit, as they are severally addressed to the human figure, to landscape, and to the circumstances or events described in the text. The "Deserted Village" is embellished in the same exquisite manner, and perhaps, from the nature of the subjects, even more delightfully. "Sweet Auburn" is sweetness itself—the spurning of imploring famine from the gate, a forcible contrast—the death-bed, most truthful and touching—the Schoolmaster, "a man severe" whom "every truant knew," a *masterpiece*—the roadside-inn worthy of Gainsborough, and all the rest hardly inferior. But we need not travel through with particulars; a few glances on turning over the leaves of this every way admirably got-up volume will prove more on its behalf than we could express in many columns, and we may therefore safely leave it to the eyes of the public. But we cannot pass by Mrs. Mary Blaize (p. 87) without a compliment to her perfections; nor the Belle and her lovers (p. 121), without applauding these lights of other days, so full of coquetry and affectation; nor the superb dog-group (p. 144), which Edwin Landseer might have painted (by the by, the Haunch of Venison, p. 182, is rather piggish); nor the interesting portraiture (p. 196); nor the sharp vivacity and costume (p. 227); nor the final tail-piece, though it seems to anticipate the Stag which has of late become so prominent a figure in our railway and ironical literature.

Altogether, this is an edition of Goldsmith for every place and for ever.

France Illustrated. By Thomas Allom, Esq. Descriptions by the Rev. G. N. Wright, M.A. 4to. Divisions 1, 2, and 3. London and Paris, Fisher, Son, and Co.

The Caxton press, with all its capabilities, has not sent forth a work more profusely embellished than this. It is full of fine illustrations; and when we have looked through a division, we turn again to the cost marked on the cover, and wonder how so many and such excellent engravings can be produced at so small a price. It seems to us as if half a dozen of the subjects were worth much more than the whole charge; and were it only to cut out and frame, we would take the Quai of Louis XVIII. and the Porte de Caillau at Bordeaux, the Cathedral at Bourges, the Pont de Gard and the Amphitheatre at Nismes, Grenoble, or Avignon (for instance), and hold them very cheap at thrice the amount at which we can purchase all these three parts, with their numerous similar plates. The diversity of objects upon which Mr. Allom has exercised his fertile and characteristic pencil gives great interest to the series. Noble architecture and rich interiors, picturesque towns, luxurious saloons, sweet views and grand landscapes, figures in churches or at markets, in the open air or in home circles, are all intermingled as the historical narrative points the way; and we need hardly add, that from Clovis to the present day offers scope enough for exuberant talent. As far as he has gone the artist shows no symptoms of exhaustion; and the letter-press *résumé* of Mr. Wright is a worthy accompaniment, adapted with the popular skill which has made his deserved reputation.

* In the present case, however, we may observe that Prior had left little, if any thing, for any future biographer to do.—*Ed. L. G.*

China, its Scenery, Architecture, Social Habits, &c. illustrated. From original and authentic Sketches by Allom. Historical Notices, &c. by the Rev. G. N. Wright. Vol. 4. Fisher, Son, and Co.

Continues this popular publication, and furnishes us in print, and for lasting reference, with all that order of intelligence which is displayed in the Chinese Exhibition, and the detailed particulars of which have been more copiously than ever made known through the press. Our new and extending relations with the Celestial Empire afford a great additional value to a work of this kind.

The Illuminated Calendar and Home Diary for 1846. Copied from the "Hours" of the Duke of Anjou, King of Sicily and Jerusalem. Longmans.

To all who remember, and who that saw can have forgotten? the "Hours" of Anne of Brittany, we need only mention that this *fac-simile* of the Missal of the crusading king of Sicily and Jerusalem is a worthy successor. It is as fanciful, as curious, as brilliant. The ornaments in gold and the brightest colours; flowers, birds, grotesque figures, saints, apostles, buildings, &c. &c., from the first gay page to the last Christmas slaughter of a black hog or boar, are redolent of the arts of the close of the 14th century. In every point of view the volume is a tempting one—superb, and remarkable for its exhibition of the progress of this revived fashion of book-adornment.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The World Surveyed in the XIXth Century; or, Recent Narratives of Scientific and Exploratory Expeditions, &c. Translated and arranged by W. D. Cooley. Vol. I., 8vo, pp. 375. *Parrot's Journey to Ararat.* London, Longmans.

This is the beginning of a laudable and excellent design, which will bring far more fully than heretofore the doings of foreign nations, in the ways of science and discovery, within the knowledge of the British public. The work chosen for the opening of the series was published in 1811, and well received, though the truth of Mr. Parrot's ascent of Ararat was questioned; and certainly has not been distinctly established to this day. We have no means of deciding the fact; but our impression is, that the zealous traveller mounted as high as he could, and fancied the top. Since then, "in the summer of 1840, Armenia was visited by a violent earthquake, which shook Ararat to its foundation. The immense quantities of loose stones, snow, ice, and mud, then precipitated from the great chasm, immediately overwhelmed and destroyed the monastery of St.

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James and the village of Arghuri,* and spread destruction far and wide in the plain of the Araxes. Although Ararat is formed of volcanic rocks, yet no allusion to its volcanic activity at any period, no mention of an eruption, is made by any of the native historians, who record, nevertheless, several earthquakes more or less calamitous. Reineggs, the German traveller, alone bears witness to the active fires of Ararat. When seeking to explain the symptoms of igneous action on Caucasus, he says:—'Some distant southern volcanoes, or Ararat itself (the terrible gorge of which, distant from Caucasus in a straight line 150 miles, one can hardly look at without shuddering, and which, on the 13th of January and the 22d of February, 1783, began again to throw out smoke and fire), must have burnt the top of Caucasus, and thrown upon it those mineral ashes.'† The fact thus related is denied by Sir R. K. Porter,‡ who concluded, that because the monks at Echmaidzin, in 1817, had no knowledge of an eruption of Ararat in 1783, no such eruption could have taken place. But it may well be doubted whether an inference of so positive a kind can, under all the circumstances, be fairly drawn from merely negative evidence. Were it once admitted that the volcanic fires of Ararat were rekindled in 1783, then that mountain might be naturally assumed to be the centre whence proceeded the violent commotions which have recently afflicted Armenia. The earthquake of the 20th of June, 1840, was first felt in the vicinity of Ararat, about forty-five minutes past six o'clock in the evening, and continued with alternating shocks and undulatory motion of the earth for two minutes. The monastery of St. James and the village of Arghuri, with the summer-residence of the sardar, were all buried in the ruins from the mountain. The streams of mud and melted snow, poured down from the great chasm, covered the fields and gardens to the distance of seven miles. The first four shocks, which were the most violent, and were accompanied with a low subterranean noise, seemed to proceed from Ararat in an east-north-east direction, and left on their way traces of terrible violence, particularly in the circles of Erivan and Nakhichevan. About seven o'clock the same evening above 3000 houses were thrown down in the district of Sharur, on the Araxes, east of Ararat. About the same time the shock was felt at Shusha, in the province of Karabagh, and further off, towards the north-east. There the convulsion seemed to last a minute, and much damage was done. Towards the south-east, down the valley of the Araxes, shocks were felt as far as the province of Talyshin, on the shores of the Caspian Sea. Northwards, and beyond the valley of the Araxes, at Gumri and Tiflis, the earthquake was about the same time perceptible, but not destructive. It was in the valley of the Araxes, near Karasu, or Blackwater, and at the mouth of the Arpachai, that the violence of the earthquake was most severely felt. The banks of the Araxes gaped in cracks 10 or 12 feet wide, parallel to the course of the river, and to the distance of a quarter of a mile from it. These fissures threw out water, with great quantities of sand, to the height, in some cases, of 5 feet. The bed of the Araxes was in some places left quite dry; in others, the collected waters were kept in continual agitation, as if they boiled. This terrible convulsion was felt also south of Ararat: in Maku and Bayazed many buildings were thrown down, and shocks reached even Tabreez, east of the lake of Van. But the chief sufferers were the inhabitants of Armenia. Of the population of Arghuri, estimated at a thousand souls, not one escaped. In the town of Nakhichevan nearly 800 houses and other buildings were destroyed. Erivan suffered in like manner; and throughout the villages the habitations laid in ruins amounted to between 6000 and 7000. Had not the earthquake taken place at the hour when the Easterns generally quit the shelter of their roofs to enjoy the freshness of the open air, its effects would have been much more fatal; but it does not appear that above fifty people (exclusive of those who perished on Ararat) lost their lives on the occasion, buried in the ruins of their dwellings. Shocks were felt daily in the villages near Ararat till the 26th June, each continuing about two or three minutes. It was on the 24th that the great fall of Ararat, as it has been called, took place. At the commencement of the earthquake the monastery of St. James and the village of Arghuri were at once buried beneath the rocks, ice, and torrent of mud, which fell from the great chasm above. But as the ice and snow precipitated from the summit gradually melted, the whole mass lost its stability, and, about nine o'clock in the morning of the 24th, it began to move with an extraordinary rapidity down the mountain towards the Karasu, so that in an incredibly short time this stream of rocks and mud spread to a distance of 12 or 14 miles in the valley of the Araxes. The débris of the trachyte, imbibing water, formed a blue mud, which poured down in a stream 80 or 100 feet deep in some places, and 7 miles wide. About the 5th July it ceased to flow, and soon afterwards dried completely. The result of this fall has been a vast increase in the size of the great chasm, from which the accumulations of rocks and ice made during ages have been swept away. The snowy summit of Ararat has sunk considerably; but has not fallen in, as was reported. The white, yellow, and vitreous feldspaths, with crystals and pyrites, which seem to form the heart of the mountain, are now fully exposed to view on the upper walls of the great chasm. Of the monastery of St. James not a vestige remains. The meadows round it, where thirty families of Kurds encamped there at the time of the earthquake perished, are now covered deeply with the deposit of mud. At Arghuri some of the dwellings have been cleared by the Kurds seeking for treasures. They are found to be completely filled with mud and rubbish; and, from the condition of their side walls compared with that of their roofs, it may be concluded that they were overwhelmed and crushed from above."

To come from the mountain to the men, we cannot commend too highly the encouragement given by the Russian government to the outfit of Mr. Parrot's expedition, nor to his own zeal, nor to the helps he received from many of his fellow-labourers in the field of science. Thus cheered, their onward course was pleasant, even among the nomadic Kalmucks; of whom we read:

"In the centre of the floor is a place where the fire is made, which affords light and warmth to the entire apartment; here, too, the cooking is carried on, and their brandy distilled. This last is an extraordinary preparation, a kind of animal spirit distilled from fermented milk, their usual beverage, in a copper vessel provided with a head and worm, from whence it is drawn for daily consumption. This liquor they call *arraca*; and when rendered purer and stronger by a second distillation, it becomes *dan*, which is a pungent, clear spirit, with a disagreeable empyreumatic flavour of the milk. Even the residuum of this distillation is carefully preserved and mixed with flour, so as to form a sort of hasty-pudding, to which they give the name of *budan*. Besides this, they indulge themselves in the use of butter, which they call *kaimak*, fermented mares' milk, *chigan*, a refreshing drink in summer, and curdled milk of a very disgusting taste, and termed *aaudin*, which is dried in the sun upon felt-cloths, and stored up as an important article of food for the winter. However small the relish that a European palate can have for such fare as this, the Kalmuk tea is still less inviting. This is brought from the northern provinces of China, in hard flat cakes of about an inch in thickness, and consists either of the old and tough leaves of the tea-tree, or possibly of those of very different shrubs, though it always has, when drunk alone, something of the appearance and flavour of genuine tea. A portion of this, as may be required, is cut off and dissolved in boiling water, to which some butter, fat, and salt, are added; and after removing the soft mass of leaves, the infusion is drunk as a sort of soup, either with or without milk, in respect to which they are totally indifferent whether it be fresh or sour, as their custom is to keep it in very filthy wooden dishes or pails in their close and smoky kibitkas, to be used by all the members of the family when and how they will. If to these articles of diet we add the flesh of their cattle, especially the sheep, which they eat boiled, roasted, and baked, we shall obtain a tolerably fair idea of the requisites of a Kalmuk larder. At the same time, it cannot but appear surprising that a race so primitive and inoffensive should confine themselves exclusively to an animal diet; for even the very flour necessary for household consumption is only to be procured, in exceedingly small quantities, by a disadvantageous barter with the Russians. The Kalmuks make no use whatever of vegetables, the herbs of the steppe, or fruits; probably because their production in sufficient abundance might impose upon them the necessity of attending to the cultivation of the soil; and this, were it only for a single season, might interfere with the independence of their roving life. Their only concern is their flocks and herds, which they find adequate to the supply of all their wants. Of the hair or fleeces they make cushions, felt-cloth, ropes, and lines; the skins they convert into articles of dress, or use as coverlets; while the leather, which is rudely dressed with fermented milk and lime, serves them under a variety of forms, in the construction of their kibitkas, harness for their cattle, and in the formation of canteens of every size, called *berba*, made of leather

* "The name of this ancient village, the church of which was founded in the latter half of the seventh century, is, according to M. Brosset (Bulletin Scientifique de St. Petersburg, tom. viii. 41), correctly written Acorhi or Acourhi. He rejects, of course, its supposed derivation from the words *Arc ourhi*, 'he (Noah) planted the vine.'"

† "'Description of Caucasus' (in German). St. Petersburg, 1796, vol. i. p. 28.—Reineggs is treated contemptuously by Carl Ritter (Erdkunde, vol. vii. p. 507), who completely perverts the traveller's statement, taking it perhaps at second-hand; for Reineggs nowhere says that he saw the eruption of Ararat from a distance of 150 miles. But the following note of Schröder, who edited Reineggs' MSS., on the passage given above, is more deserving of attention:—'Should the magnificent collection of paintings of Prince Potemkin or of Count Stroganoff be ever opened to the public, no one will then be astonished at seeing smoke and fire issuing from Ararat. In this state Reineggs, and also the engineer and artist who were travelling with him, saw it for three days long. As there was no tradition or historical record of a volcano on Ararat, the country around was filled with terror.'"

‡ "Travels in Georgia, Persia, &c., vol. i. p. 183."

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pressed. The milk supplies them with brandy and materials for tanning, the flesh with food, and the dung even furnishes them with fuel. It is also by means of his flocks and herds that the Kalmuk contrives to provide himself with linen cloth, cotton stuffs, salt, and meal, which he gets in exchange for camels (of the two-humped species) and horses, reared by him in considerable numbers, and which are of a light, swift, and hardy breed. The cattle being left to graze upon the steppe in summer, and to find their living where and how they can in the winter, the life of the Kalmuk is inactive. The migration from the winter to the summer pastures constitutes the only important event in his monotonous existence. This want of all social excitements for the mind, this uniformity in his intellectual and physical life, renders it in a great degree comprehensible how a people endowed with so many estimable qualities of mind and body should become the votaries of the idle and fantastic religious dogmas which prevail, at least among the hordes occupying this quarter of the steppe. These Kalmuks profess the religion of Buddah, which had its origin in India; but having been superseded by the doctrines of the Brahmins, found its way into Mongolia and Tibet. It is a sort of pantheism, not at all easy to comprehend: rejecting the principle of one Almighty Being, the creator of heaven and earth, it nevertheless asserts the essential identity of God with the material world, neither placed above it nor existing before it, but proceeding with it out of immeasurable space. Among all animated beings, of which there are good and bad, there is, according to this creed, a consecutive subordination of rank, the several gradations of which must be passed by each, in long intervals of time. The highest place is that of Buddah, by whom, however, we are not to understand any individual impersonation of God, but merely the attributes of the Divine nature, which it is the destiny of every being to attain, according to the measure of his good works. This metempsychosis is to be conceived as an existence in the 'tranquil ocean of illimitable space,' on the shores of which the Buddah can alone find rest; but the attainment of this goal, by works of charity, is the result of the revelation, or kind of redemption, which all beings enjoy once in a thousand years, through the perfection of a Buddah, who is the ruler and benefactor of the world during the period assigned for his reign. We should be much mistaken, however, if we were to suppose that these or any other settled notions of religion would be found universally prevailing among the hordes in the steppe of the Manech. Respecting the fundamental tenet of all religion,—the belief in the existence of a Divine Being,—the ideas of the generality of them would be found contradictory and unsettled. We might even detect here and there some obscure traces of intermixture with the doctrines of the Christian faith; as, for instance, the idea of the god Sengir, of whom I heard it said, by some of the Kalmuks of the Manech, that he was the highest of all, and born of the right side of the mother of God; a persuasion which was even avowed in my presence by Serbechab Timeniev at Astrakhan. But how is it possible that the Kalmuks could arrive at any fixed or just notions upon such a subject, when they not only receive no religious instruction, but are without any regular performance of religious worship, even on the sabbath; while on their feast-days, when they are in the habit of attending the house of God, they hear nothing but the repetition of forms of prayer, and the reading of the Scriptures in a language they cannot understand, and this in conformity with a ritual which would appear to have as little meaning or attraction for the initiated as for the laity? Priests, and places dedicated to the service of religion, are not to be met with in every khatun, as these migratory villages are called; the latter are found scattered here and there under the name of convents. These are readily discovered by the traveller even at a distance, when he remarks, on an open site, in the middle of the khatun, ten or twelve kibitkas larger and neater than the rest, which enclose a circular or oval space, but without a human being at the usual domestic occupations, or any cattle feeding. 'That is a convent,' was an expression that struck me forcibly the first time I heard it in the steppe. Would it not indeed have been a touching sight, amid the open plain and under the vault of heaven, to behold within the enclosure of a few humble hospitable tents a building dedicated to the honour of the Deity, by an inoffensive community, on the spot where the wants of their peaceful flocks demanded their temporary abode, and where they had displayed upon it all the embellishments that the narrow circle within which their own desires were confined permitted them to bestow, could we but persuade ourselves, at the same time, that the worshippers felt the privilege to which they were admitted, in presenting the offering of a true and heartfelt devotion in the temple of their God? Alas, how soon are such ideas dissipated upon our first entrance into the tabernacle! Here, hang a number of distorted representations of their divinities on the walls; there, is reverentially preserved a brazen idol, cast for their principal god, who is generally represented as a female, like many others among them, and often with four or six arms, and similar hideous deformities of shape. In another place lie piled in chests their sacred writings, obtained from Mongolia or Tibet, and which are intelligible, or rather legible, to none but the initiated; that is to say, their high priest or lama, and the officiating minister or gellong. Their religious service too, judging from what I had an opportunity of observing, is in no respect more elevating. The priests seat themselves in the kibitka, with their legs bent under them, and the soles of their feet turned upwards, or, as the Mongolians express it, in sceptre-fashion, so as to be ranged in two lines opposite to each other from the entrance. In this posture they remain as immovable as statues, and chant or sing their prayers on a sort of rosary, interrupted from time to time by the harsh discordant tones of a peculiar kind of brazen cornets, accompanied with the clang of kettle-drums and cymbals, and the deep but clear bass notes of two straight wooden trumpets, six feet long; which latter, however, I only saw introduced in the elegant stone church built at Astrakhan by the Kalmuk chief whom I have already mentioned. As for the laity of even the same khatun only taking a part in the daily worship of their gods, they are effectually precluded from that by the smallness of the kibitka in which it is performed; much less can the inmates of those khatuns which are six or twelve miles distant catch the sound even of the music. They content themselves with the assurance that the lamas and gellongs are offering up the prayers enjoined by their ritual for the welfare of the Kalmuk community. As the constitution of their church teaches no distinction between Sundays and week-days, their prayers are limited to a short formula, which they repeat as a sort of charm or spell upon every important occurrence, and without any very clear conception of its import."

[These two long extracts, exhibiting Ararat and the Kalmuks, are all we can afford in one of our Nos.: in our next we shall turn to the author's equally interesting account of the Georgians.]

The Diplomatists of Europe. From the French of M. Capefigue. Edited by Major-General Monteith, K.L.S. &c. Pp. 372. Nickisson.

A CONSIDERABLE portion of this matter has already appeared in periodical publications, but it seems well entitled to be collected and preserved together. Not that we are inclined to pin our faith on M. Capefigue; for we can observe many grave statements which we could of our own knowledge disprove, and sundry assertions that challenge our direct contradiction. But still there is a great deal of curious intelligence in these revelations; and views of importance which deserve to be thrown into the historical scale when we are balancing the conflicting accounts of European events within the present century. The personages sketched are Metternich, Talleyrand, Pozzo di Borgo, Pasquier, Wellington, Duc de Richelieu, Hardenberg, Nesselrode, and Lord Castlereagh—men who acted great parts in these gigantic transactions.

Though we have strong doubts of the authenticity of some of the information hazarded by M. C., there are doubtless many parts of an opposite character; and we observe that Capt. Mitchell quotes him as an authority, in his late memoir of Napoleon, which has excited so powerful a public sensation. There is indeed a concurrence in the sentiments of the French and English author, for the former, in his "Wellington," says:

"In France, opinions do not progress so fast, and people are still full of prejudices concerning the talents and character of this great man. The remains of the Buonaparte faction still affect us, and disfigure history. His power of organisation and his restoration of the elements of society, are not the qualities for which Napoleon's genius is considered especially worthy of admiration, but people want to prove impossibilities, even to the detriment of his fame; and the Duke of Wellington is sacrificed to the resentments inspired by the Battle of Waterloo. We have been distinguished enough on the field of battle, and our country has produced names sufficiently known to fame not to make it necessary for us to sacrifice upon the tomb of Napoleon all the rival reputations which opposed obstacles to his career."

This is not, however, a work that calls upon us for quotation, and we simply copy out another passage to exhibit the manner in which the subjects are treated and translated. Talleyrand is represented as having always entertained a great bias towards England and English ideas. M. C. observes:

"It has been said that Talleyrand retired from office because he did not agree in the opinions of Napoleon regarding the war in Spain. I have deeply studied the question, and I believe this report to be utterly untrue. There is but a slight approximation of dates between his resignation and the treachery of Bayonne; it is this approximation that has been laid hold of to gild the disgrace of the minister. Talleyrand was, in fact, replaced by M. de Champagny a little before the Spanish war, but he took part with the cabinet in all the intrigues which led to the events of Aranjuez. The reunion of the Peninsula in one political system with France agreed well with his historical

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ideas upon the family compact, and several letters are still in existence from the Prince of Benevento which confirm his participation in all these events, as well as a curious report to the Emperor, demonstrating the advantages that would accrue from reuniting both crowns in his family, in imitation of the grand political scheme of Louis XIV. The real cause of Talleyrand's disgrace was, the active attempts he made to negotiate peace with England independent of Napoleon. The Emperor did not at all like men who acted upon their own opinion; he liked every thing to originate with himself alone. He got rid of Talleyrand as, in succeeding years, he shook off Fouché, minister of police. * * * * A secret opposition was beginning to form against Napoleon, even in the highest ranks, among the heads of the senate, of the government, and of the army. Fearful of yet making itself manifest by any overt act, it only ventured upon apparently trifling remarks and half confidences; but people conspired in their minds, expressions were used, which were repeated as apophthegms and prophecies of society. 'It is the beginning of the end,' said Talleyrand, at the time of the disastrous expedition to Moscow; and this just appreciation had been warmly applauded. What a terrible opposition is that of the *salons* and the gay world! It kills with a lingering death, it upsets the strongest ideas, it destroys the best-laid plans; it would be far better to be compelled to engage in a pitched battle face to face. This opposition was gradually increasing, and the police establishment of General Savary, which tended more to the employment of brute force than the adoption of intelligent precautions, was incapable of restraining it; it was gradually appearing on every side; besides which, the men who placed themselves at the head of the resisting party were of too much consequence for the Emperor to venture to touch them. Talleyrand and Fouché now did whatever they pleased with perfect impunity—they were acting against the Emperor, and he did not dare to shew his displeasure. It has always been supposed that Napoleon, when at the summit of his greatness, might have put down any one; yet, great as he was, there were some men too powerful for him. The day that he had touched Talleyrand or Fouché, all the officers of government would have considered themselves at the mercy of a caprice; Cambacérès, Lebrun, Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angely, feeling themselves henceforth without any security against a master whom they detested, would, perhaps, have shaken off the yoke. As early as the beginning of the year 1813, Talleyrand had opened a communication with the Bourbons."

Trelawny of Trelawne: or, the Prophecy. A Legend of Cornwall. By Mrs. Bray. Longmans.

This forms the seventh volume of the series of Mrs. Bray's novels; and is written in letters, with much simplicity of style, and minute delineations of nature. Like some of De Foe's novels on their first appearance, it was, we believe, by many readers mistaken for a real correspondence—a family series of letters of the Trelawnys, at whose ancient mansion, the writer tells us, she was visiting when the present Lady Trelawny first communicated to her some fragments of the domestic history of her ancestry. Sir Jonathan Trelawny, one of the seven bishops committed to the Tower for withstanding the arbitrary power of James II., was the head of the house of Trelawny at the date of the tale, and plays a conspicuous part in it. Some circumstances connected with the rebellion of Monmouth are also introduced; but the real story is nothing more than this: A nephew of the bishop fell in love with his daughter Letitia, whilst a Mr. Buller of Morval addressed her sister Rebecca. His lordship disapproved of the loves of Harry and Letitia Trelawny; but, according to a tradition in the family, the lovers contrived to carry on a private correspondence, and occasionally to meet by stealth in the laurel-walk at Trelawne. At last the bishop suddenly changed his mind, and married off both Letitia and Rebecca in the chapel of the old mansion in Cornwall. We must not injure the interest of the novel by giving the very beautiful tale of true love which Mrs. Bray has wrought out of these few facts, nor the very charming letters she has written for the lovers. But with this tale is interwoven a second story, which, in our opinion, constitutes the deeper interest of the novel. We refer to that of Dorothy Dingley. Her iniquities, her subsequent madness, her conscience-stricken deathbed, and finally, her spirit haunting the poor boy Samuel in the Higher Broomfield,—these are all excellent; and the scene where the two old crones relate the particulars of Dorothy's life and death belongs to the highest order in its class of ghost-story. For the full account of the extraordinary tradition on which this spectral appearance is founded, we can only refer our readers to Mrs. Bray's general preface. The character of Dr. Ruddell (the Parson Adams of his day) is ably drawn; and Rebecca, with her thousand pretty vanities, and her lively descriptions of a court life, and sight-seeing in London in the times of King James, is altogether capital. Daniel Gumb the old republican enthusiast, the plotting Sir Francis Beaumont, the smuggler's wife Mrs. Hawkins, the highwayman Captain Hind, and the poor spectre-haunted boy Samuel Elliott, are also all so well drawn, that we cannot decide which is the best or most true to nature, though we must admit the most striking picture in the gallery is Dorothy. We ought not to pass in silence the serio-comic tale introduced in the narrative, where Sir Reginald Trelawny is described as visiting the shrine of St. George of Barcelona in the fourteenth century, to consult the wonder-working shield respecting the fortunes of his house—the shield that displays on its surface, in characters of fire, the *prophecy* which gives the second title to the novel. The incidental sketches of the state of the west, and the prevailing manners and sentiments of society at the period, are given with great spirit. The descriptions of Cornwall are new to us, and highly picturesque; and that where the Cornish coast is described, and the vessel, in danger from a storm, drives at length in safety into harbour at Polperro, is really grand, and, as sailors would acknowledge, "ship-shape." We seemed, as we read, to share in the anxiety of those who viewed the tempest from the shore for the preservation of the vessel. Of this class of interest, also, is the scene where the seven bishops are conveyed to the Tower of London: the whole seems to pass before our eyes, as does the account of the trial in Westminster Hall. The old Cornish customs, such as those attending the burial of the dead, and the marriage-rite, are at once curious and interesting. Throughout the work are to be found many reflective passages of great beauty; and there are several scenes where the sympathy of the reader is powerfully awakened, whilst comic sketches agreeably relieve the more serious portions of the narrative.

We have been noticing so many engravings in this *Gazette*, that we cannot omit drawing attention here to a young engraver of great promise, Mr. Goodman, whose style of embellishment in this work is worthy of much commendation. The crispness and finish of the vignette to this volume alone afford a fine sample of his burin.

CENTO.

The Beggar's Coin; or, Love in Italy. By J. Rich. Beste, Esq. Pp. 344. Dolman.

The aspects or adjuncts of this little poetical volume are curious. In the first place, there is a map of Italy; and in the next, there is a printed broadside, giving the writer's own account of his production, his opinions, and specimens; which is a new and ready-cut method of saving critics trouble. Thus, for instance, our volunteer guide states:

"*The Argument.*—The 'Beggar's Coin' is a poem of more than six thousand lines: it is divided into six cantos, each of which contains a story or romance, connected with the whole by the author's journey round Italy. He enters that country by the Simplon; passes from thence, through Milan and Verona, to Venice; along the coast of the Adriatic, to Otranto; crosses to Taranto to Pæstum; then through Naples, Rome, Florence, and Genoa, back to France. The several tales thus interwoven are illustrative of the past or present state of Italy—moral, religious, and political; and although each has a distinct interest of its own, the same chain of feeling, and the continuous journey of the author, blend them all into one compact whole. Such descriptions of scenery as are given are generally wrought up with the adventures of the several fictitious personages of the tales; but there are no lengthened accounts of the 'lions' of the guide-books—St. Peter's is not even mentioned in the canto that treats of Rome."

And farther on:

"A curious fancy seems to have originated the title of the poem. As the author was leaving Naples, a blind beggar requested him to change a Piedmontese coin, which was worthless at Naples, but would go further north. He did so:—

And often from my pocket's deepest nook
I've drawn it forth and offered it: alas!
Each puzzled post-boy his wise noddle shook:
None could the minting read, though bright and fair—
His monarch's stamp of dulness was not there.

So haply may it prove with this good poem, &c."

"The author arrives at Venice, and observes, in the pit of the opera, a gentleman whose history forms the subject of this canto. We are told that the incidents did really occur. Here is a Venetian hunting-song:

How sweet to ride, at early morn,
O'er hill and wooded glen!
How sweet to hear the brazen horn
Wake up our merry men!
See they gather—see they meet:
E'en the very earth smells sweet!
See the curling dews uprise
Like a morning sacrifice,
Steaming up to *bless* the skies!"

"Here are two stanzas on the marble mountains of Carrara:

A mountain formed by nature to supply
The artists of the world. Oh, ponder o'er
The unwrought forms of beauty that may lie
Emprisoned here! Such prison held of yore
Those forms all nations throng to copy,—rife
With more than human grace—scarce less of life."

Now, if our bard had been aware of the *true Hippocrene* (as any one addicted to the Muses should have been), he would have written, not "A mountain," &c., but

A *fountain* formed by nature to supply
The *thirsty* of the world;

and have sung of the Carrara waters, which are at this time working their way to a celebrity ruinous to the long-established popularity of Soda-water.*

* This new beverage is rapidly obtaining a high reputation for its brisk effervescence and salubrious effects. The *Lancet*, the *Chemist*, and other medical and scientific periodicals, speak highly of its virtues; and the testimonials of professional men are also strong in its favour. Our readers (especially out of London) will probably ask, what is it? It is a lime-water, in curiously-shaped bottles, and to be drunk like soda-water; being refreshing at table, as well as possessing antacid qualities, which have much power

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But we proceed with a little more of the judicious, impartial, and candid criticism bestowed upon himself by Mr. Beste:

"The story in this canto is too intricate to be described in few words. It relates the manner of the final destruction of Cuma in the twelfth century, and is necessarily bound up with much historical and classical feeling. The following stanza, however, does not shew much love for the system of classical education."

And in conclusion (*i. e.* of the attendant broadside remarks), after another quotation:

"The whole character of the poem is, like this, cheerful and thankful. The following concludes the work; and, as we gather from the date, was written in England during the cold of last January:

Farewell—farewell to orange, myrtle, vine,
 To olive, island, aloe, mountain, seas!
And, oh, farewell to suns that ever shine,
 As if 'twas in their nature—*done with ease*,
While thine, my country!—Oh, what fires are thine!
 Brave coals that shine and burn whene'er I please!
Farewell, farewell, bright land of slavery.
Thank God"——

Why he should thank God, as Byron says, "is no great matter;" but surely We have reason to be thankful for an author who not only writes but reviews (and in print too) his own compositions. We have heard people comparing matters, and calling one critic *better* than another; but who ever heard of a critic BUTTER *than* BESTE!!

The World's Slippery Turns; or, Mind how you Wed! A Play, in Three Acts. By John Whitsed. Saunders and Otley.

THE second title would have been more germane to the purpose had it run, "Take care how you *take care* of your marriage-certificates;" for the gist of the story lies in the destruction of such a document, the hint being found in a paper by Steele in the *Spectator*, March 1811-12. By adding other characters, and inventing other circumstances, the author has endeavoured to dramatise the rather meagre subject,—and, at any rate, to produce an entirely English play without any foreign admixture. We cannot say that there is much force in the attempt, and the dialogue does not flow easily and naturally. In short, we fear the writer's hopes must end in another instance of the world's slippery turns.

Love's Legends; and other Poems. By Archer Gurney. Pp. 128. London, C. Mitchell.

How these verses gallop:

"All is tumult—the sword and the scymetar clash;
Here 'St. Denis,' there 'Allah' 's the cry:
The steeds in their ire o'er the trampled slain dash,
And the trumpets like thunder-peals furiously flash—
This day must earth's noblest knights die!
In fruitless assault do the Christians' spears flash,
Alas! the foes' triumph is nigh."

Only think of trumpets flashing furiously, and like thunder-peals! It is sad work; here is more of it:

"Shield 'gainst shield have they bent. In their fierce work of woe
Their swords gleam *like torch-brands erst fired.*

'*Neath* the terrible *strain* burst their shields *like to glass;*
Now shieldless, unguarded they strive:
And now 'neath the foeman's keen falchion, alas,
Adhemar's is shivered!—'*Oh, Hope! must thou pass!*
Must the rack *that maid's tender limbs rive?*
No, never!' he thought. *Like some cavernous mass*
His foe did he press 'neath Hate's gyve.

• • • •

Behold! young Adhemar now kneels on his breast:
'Quick, traitor! thy falseness reveal!
Speak, speak!—or thy blade, in its terrible quest,
For its own master's soul to thy heart shall be pressed,
And send thee where none can conceal!
Speak, quickly!—to satiate thy passion's fierce zest,
Yon maid's sire thou smot'st with the steel!

Was the tale false as hell which thou told'st of the page?
Of her love by her father accurst?—
Speak quickly, or perish!'—with generous rage
Now quivered the voice of Adhemar, stern gage
That silence will hasten the worst."

We know not what the worst can be, but we wonder at publications of this sort.

The Palace of Fantasy; or, the Bard's Imagery: with other Poems. By J. S. Hardy, author of "Hours of Thought," &c. Pp. 177. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE author acknowledges the civility of the critical press towards his former publication, and again appeals to its favour. In the principal poem, however, we regret to say there is a want of object and distinctness, which must operate much against its success in these unpopular days for poetry and poetic imagery. But there are still stronger objections to liberties taken with composition, which could at no period be allowable. Thus:

"And nature smiled her glories to unfold;
 The warbling choir at heaven's gate did sing;
 The air, with teeming life rejoicing, told
 Of insects' jubilee, and their *offering*,
That bask in sunny ray, or spread the burnish'd *wing*.

• • • •

"And some *illustrious darling* sons of fame
 Have *in review* passed glorious *in* our sight,
 And left behind them an enduring *name*,
 Whose works refresh our spirits, and invite,
 Fadeless as flowers that drink ambrosial light,
 A flame that sheds a never quenchless ray:
 So shines *Hesperus*, sparkling through the night;
 Or Lucifer, that ushers in the day:
Such in their hemisphere 'Learning' and 'Mind' display."

We need cite no more in addition to this glut of confused metaphors, images, and quantities.

THOMPSON'S NOTEBOOK OF A NATURALIST.

[Second notice.]

THE "Miscellanea," to which we alluded last week, is a charming division of this book, occupying the last fifty pages. From this entertaining collection we copy about a dozen of the most remarkable anecdotes, and with them commit the volume to the favour it so eminently deserves.

"I was much amused once in Belgium at a curious contrivance adopted by a shepherd to extricate himself from a dilemma, and at the readiness with which his sheep obeyed his intentions. Preceding his flock, he was moving them to a fresh pasture, when his progress was stopped by a large cornfield through which there was only a narrow footpath. His knowledge of the habits of his charge made him thoroughly aware of the destruction they would commit if left to follow him at their leisure; so, after a few moments' reflection, he started off at the top of his speed, the whole flock pursuing him at a gallop, and almost in single file, without doing the slightest damage. • • •

"I have never been able to account for the following singular fact:—If a cock be taken up by the body and whirled round two or three times in the air and then be laid on its side on a pavement with its neck outstretched, and a line be drawn straight from its bill with a bit of chalk, it will lie motionless and as dead for a considerable time, if undisturbed. • • •

"I was strolling, on one of our calmest days, on the pier at Herne Bay, watching some porpoises which were extremely active in the vicinity of the shore, not rolling over as they are often seen at sea, but darting with impetuosity and prodigious swiftness in various directions after a shoal of fish which was within shore of them. One of a very large size dashed at last into the midst of the shoal, some of which leaped into the air while others were driven on shore, and grounded himself fairly on the beach. He lay for a few moments perfectly still, and I looked anxiously round for a rope and assistance to secure him; but by an apparently powerful effort he bent his tail forward and gave a violent spring backwards, which brought him into deeper water and enabled him to get free. In the herring-season the gannett follows the shoals of that fish from the North Sea into the Channel, where they are not otherwise common visitants. Their voracity and daring are very great; but I never knew a greater instance than happened with the specimen in my collection. A fisherman in his little punt was fishing for whitings at a couple of miles from the shore, and was hauling over the side of the boat a fish he had just caught, when a gannett sweeping by him gorged the fish and continued his flight, drawing the line after him from the astonished fisherman. He, however, recovering his presence of mind, held on by the remainder of the line which was left to him, and began to haul the bird to him, and, after considerable trouble, he succeeded in capturing it. He described the scene to me, and said that the bird offered so much resistance that he was forced to play it till he tired it. • • •

"*Memory and Revenge.*—A striking instance in proof of the existence of these faculties in animals occurred some time since at the seat of a noble lord in Surrey. In the park are two large pieces of water, divided by a small isthmus, which widens considerably at one extremity, and at the time in question a pair of swans were the occupants. A doe and her fawn, belonging to a herd of deer in the park, coming down to one of the pieces of water to drink, were immediately set upon by the swans; and the fawn, by their joint efforts, was got into deep water and drowned. After a considerable interval of time, when the swans were one day on the wide part of the isthmus, and thus separated from their element, and at a disadvantage, a rush was made upon them by a number of the deer, which trod under foot and utterly destroyed one of them. The bereaved doe must have had some means of communicating her loss to the other deer, and of urging them to help her in her revenge; and the most remarkable part of the transaction is, that the deer must have had a kind of consciousness of the fitness of the moment, when the swans were to a great extent defenceless, or at least deprived of their greatest advantages, and had no means of effecting their retreat to the water. • • •

"Salmon are caught in very considerable quantities in the Neva by seines, which are worked without intermission from the earliest hour in the morning till late at evening, and there are three considerable establishments alone in the most crowded part of the river, in the centre, as it were, of the city. Three seines are in operation at the same time. While one is being landed, a second is being hauled home, and a third is being shot. The rapidity of the current renders this economy of time easy; for, as it is necessary to throw high up the stream to shoot the seines, they each follow in a regular succession as they float down; and the tackle being made fast to the respective capsterns, they are hauled in without the slightest confusion or entanglement. There is a curious custom observed at these fisheries. An elevated platform, or look-out house, commanding the spot, is built for the accommodation of spectators, who speculate on and purchase the chance

in correcting the digestion and preventing heartburn, sick-headache, and other painful inconveniences which arise from a disordered stomach. The manufacture is from Carrara marble (whence the name), the purest of lime, which, being submitted to the action of carbonic acid gas, under heavy pressure, undergoes two chemical processes or combinations, becomes a bicarbonate, and results in this light, bright, and agreeable fluid. Mr. Maugham is the inventor; and we can only say, from limited trial, that we have found it both agreeable and beneficial.—*Ed. L. G.*

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of the haul, the price varying from three to ten shillings, according to the state of the weather and abundance of fish. By this rule the purchaser is entitled to all that comes up; and on one occasion a singular and unpleasant adventure arose from the practice. A dead body was dragged up, and the fisherman insisted on the party who had bought the haul becoming responsible for it, or, in other words, that the explanation of the matter to the police, and the interment, should devolve on him, as the contents of the net by purchase belonged to him. This doctrine not being palatable to him, he fairly took to his heels, and a hue and cry was made after him, but unsuccessfully; and thus the obligation remained with the fishermen. A similar circumstance, but without purchase, occurred at another spot. A dead body was fished up, but no person entitled to interfere being present, it was taken lower down the stream and again committed to the water; but by some under eddy it again worked up the current, and was again hauled in, to the consternation of the fishermen, whose superstition was so thoroughly awakened that they resolutely refused to fish any more that day. Smelts—the real cucumber smelts—are in such immense abundance in the Neva in the month of May, that they are caught by thousands in the seines, and the air for some distance around is impregnated with the smell peculiar to them. I have seen them in such vast quantities in the nets, that the fishermen were compelled to ladle them out with purse-nets before they could land the seine; and, strange as it is, the fish are hardly saleable, owing to a superstitious idea entertained by the Russians, that they feed at that season on some aquatic herb, which causes the ague to those who eat them. * * *

"There can be no new argument necessary to prove the insensibility of fish to pain. I was fishing one day at sea, in a small boat, with some friends, when one of them pulled up a large whiting, which suddenly broke away, carrying his only hook and a portion of the line with it. Almost instantaneously I had a bite, and hauled in the very same fish with the former hook in its jaw; and thus, singularly enough, enabled the other party to proceed with his sport. The escape and subsequent capture did not occupy more than a few seconds of time. * *

"As a lad in Germany, I and some of my companions hit upon a singular and novel plan of fishing. The Nieda, a small stream tributary to the Maine, and taking its rise in the Taunus mountains, generally overflows the country to a vast extent after the heavy autumnal rains. The rapid succession of frost quickly changes these inundations into a most glorious expanse of pure, green, and transparent ice. We became soon aware of the large quantities of fish moving beneath the surface; and as the water was not deep, the stubble of the autumn crops and long grass offered occasional resistance to their speed. Provided with a little hatchet and an iron-shod stick, we fairly skated them down, when a hole cut through the ice with the hatchet, and a blow on the head with the stick, would put us in possession of our prey. We could catch thus many pounds weight of pike in a day. * * *

"Since the repeal of the game-laws, and the now legal sale of game, poaching, to say nothing of the clandestine dealings carried on by gamekeepers, has much increased. The facility with which a sale can be effected, and the difficulty of detection, embolden the poacher, and he is less careful in avoiding suspicion, and affects no scruples in displaying the tricks and cunning of his craft. I am fond of coursing; and although there are many hares in that district of Surrey in which I reside, yet we are so infested with poachers, that there would soon be a scarcity; and I have therefore made terms with these men to give them a fee whenever they can shew me a hare sitting. The price is too tempting for them, as they could not sell the poached animal for so large a sum, and they therefore invariably give me due notice; and, besides, as love of sport is the foundation of poaching, they are much gratified at being present at the course. On one occasion, after a run, they found a very young leveret in its form, which one of them seized, to make use of as a means of catching the old hare. By pinching the young animal sharply in the throat, he succeeded in making it utter the most piercing cries, such as would occur were it attacked by a weasel. The old one came up from its concealment, and would doubtless have afforded a capital run had I permitted it. How much knowledge of nature there was in this manœuvre, and how closely the habits of the animal must have been watched, thus to overcome its natural timidity! By attending closely to the characters of animals, many singular traits are brought to light, and many remarkable proofs of instinct discovered. A friend of mine has always contended that a pig is a sagacious beast, and he instances it by the following fact. He describes himself as having been lost in a very extensive park, the undulating and wooded character of which prevented him from catching any glimpse of the house, or of any point of exit; and after riding about till he became even more bewildered, he at last disturbed a pig in a heap of fern. That it was turned out to feed on the acorns and beech-nuts, then thick on the ground, was evident; and it struck him that by riding at it, it would run homewards for protection. It galloped off in a straight line, and, after the run of a mile, brought him to one of the keeper's lodges, which was hidden by trees and ivy. * * *

"Among the various animals which I have amused myself by keeping, I had at one time two monkeys—one Asiatic, and the other African. Their affection for each other was unbounded, and they were constantly hugging and embracing each other. They were extremely fond of wine, and the sight of a wine-glass drove them frantic with delight. A stupid servant gave one of them a whole glass of brandy, which completely intoxicated it, and brought on apoplexy, of which it died. During its illness the attentions of its companion were most affecting. As if knowing the seat of pain, it sat holding the forehead with its hand, and attempting to induce it to eat; and when at length it died, it held the body so powerfully that it required force to part it. It never recovered itself, but fairly pined away. * * *

"The climate of the north of Russia is too cold for asses. Hardened, neglected, brutally kept, and often more brutally worked, and picking up a precarious subsistence by roadsides, as we too frequently see them, what a contrast does it present to find a beast carefully housed from the cold, and kept as a rare animal! and then to turn to the starved and humble victim of the tyranny of every blackguard urchin. Considering the value of this animal to the poorer classes in this country, it would surely be worth the attention of philanthropists, and the promoters of usefulness and improvement among our agricultural labourers, to encourage an amelioration in the breed. The constant and rapid communication with Egypt would render such a measure most easy of execution."

The Nature and Treatment of Gout. By William Henry Robertson, M.D., Physician to the Buxton Bath Charity. 8vo, pp. 372. London, Churchill.

We remember two gentlemen who were carrying on a scientific warfare, from one of whom, on inquiring the progress of the discussion, "Oh," was the answer, "I have not seen Mr. C.'s last rejoinder; but he must be in the wrong, for it is twice as long as mine." So, if we are to judge by the magnitude of this new work upon gout, either the subject must be wrapped in a deal of mystery, the malady itself be of a very complicated character, or its treatment any thing but simple and easily defined. If we look into Copland's *Dictionary*, we find it stated that gout is one of the diseases the nature and treatment of which were known to *the ancients;* yet is it found necessary, in 1845, to explain over again, in a volume of nearly four hundred pages, what was familiar to Galen and Hippocrates. The fact is, that attempts at distinguishing its various manifestations, locally and constitutionally, and with relation to the numerous disorders arising in the gouty diathesis, have induced modern writers to make so many divisions of it, and to arrange its forms and states so differently, that great books spring as naturally out of the subject as great mushrooms do from a well-manured hotbed. Dr. Robertson's account of the remote causes and predisposing cause of gout is sufficient, by its perusal, to induce an acute paroxysm from excited apprehensions. Every sex, every time, every state and condition of life, every habit of body and mind, every kind of food, is predisposing to gout. This naturally involves many contradictory propositions. It is peculiarly a disease of the rich, but is also quite as frequent with the poor. It is a punishment of intemperance, but quite as commonly afflicts the most temperate. It is peculiarly induced by idleness, but also a not uncommon result of exertion. We think we never read any thing so unconsoling as the following sentence:

"The higher the rank, *the more pure** and noble the blood, the greater the powers of mind and the more those powers are used, the nearer the man is to the time of life when the intellect is the most vigorous, the more liable is he to become the victim of this disease."

It is impossible to grant a ready belief to dogmas thus enunciated. The very fact of purity of blood is a contradiction in itself. It cannot be that powers of mind are predisposing to gout—it must be the debility produced by their abuse; and that the time man is most liable to the malady—at that time of life when his intellect is the most vigorous—ought also to be considered in relation to the probable excessive use he is making at that time of his intellect, and not to the mere fact of his possessing a powerful intellect, which has no more relation to gout than his having a powerful digestion has to a gastritis induced by gluttony. It was the excess of food that induced the disease, not the powerful digestion. And so an abuse of the mental powers, or of cerebration, most assuredly entails disease, but not the powers themselves.

As it is with the consideration of the predisposing causes of gout—by which the mind gains nothing unless trained to habits of close logical investigation, as well as mere professional lore—so is it with the treatment. It embraces almost the whole of the materia me-

* At page 209, the doctor says that gout is a disease in which a part of the alimentary matters is not converted into healthy blood.

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dica. It is a learned exposition of Lucian's Τραγοποδαγρα, or "Cure for Gout."

> "Terunt plantagines et apia
> Et folia lactucarum et sylvestrem portucacam.
> Alii manubium; alii potamogeitonem;
> Alii urticas terunt; alii symphytum;
> * * * *
> Alii pastinacam coctam; alii folia persicorum,
> Hyoscyamum, papaver, cepas agrestes, mali punici cortices,
> Psyllium, thus, radicem ellebori, nitrum,
> * * * *
> Stercora montanæ capræ, humanum oletum,
> Farinas fabarum, florem asii lapidis:
> Cogunt rubetas, mares-araneos, lacertas, feles,
> Ranas, hyænas, tragelaphos, vulpeculas," &c. &c.

It is as impossible to give an idea of the treatment of gout in Lucian's days as it is in modern times; we must therefore pass over Dr. Robertson's learned and comprehensive book to the profession, advertising it, as what it undoubtedly is, for one of the most complete medical monographs extant.

An Essay on the Use of Narcotics, and other Remedial Agents calculated to produce Sleep, in the Treatment of Insanity; for which the Author obtained the Lord Chancellor's Prize in Ireland, awarded by the President and Fellows of King and Queen's College of Physicians. By Joseph Williams, M.D. 8vo, pp. 120.

THIS work recommends itself with powerful claims to the attention of that profession for which it is more particularly intended. The importance of the subject cannot, indeed, be over-estimated: to induce sleep in every stage of insanity is most desirable; to procure it in incipient cases is often to effect a cure, many cases of insanity being entirely prevented by procuring sound and refreshing sleep. The method so amusingly expounded by Dr. Binns, of procuring sleep, is not applicable in such cases; they require the utmost vigilance and the most delicate sense of nice perception on the part of the physician, to whom Dr. Williams has furnished a suggestive guide-book and a valuable practical manual.

Questions illustrating the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, &c. By Rev. E. Bickersteth, M.A. Pp. 169. Rivingtons.

IN these backsliding days, a thorough orthodox Church-of-England publication. The Articles are given in Latin as well as English, and the questions upon them illustrated by a multitude of scholarly and learned notes.

English Churchwomen of the Seventeenth Century. 12mo, pp. 362. Derby, H. Mozley and Sons.

THROUGH the means of biographical sketches of what the author has been able to gather respecting the Viscountess Falkland, the Countess of Carbery, the Countess of Sunderland, Mrs. Basire, Lady Capel, Anna Lady Halket, and other exemplary ladies of rank in this century, proof is afforded, that deep religious principles and feelings were not confined to the puritanical portions of the community, but largely shared by such as the above named belonging to the English Church. That they were most devout, some of them even to extreme austerity, appears from these pages; which also exhibit many curious traits of the times to which they refer.

The Supplement to the Penny Cyclopædia of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. C. Knight and Co.

FROM Abati to Gyrosteus, i. e. from a painter, one of the earliest of the sixteenth century, to a Saroid fossil-fish recently discovered, and named by Agassiz; this supplement carefully fills up matters overlooked in the original work, and supplies recent information which, in these railroad-times, has arisen since it was published.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ELECTRICITY, MAGNETISM, AND LIGHT.

FARADAY'S announcement to the members of the Royal Institution, on Tuesday last, that he had *experimentally* proved the direct relation of electricity and magnetism to light, will be received with enthusiasm by the whole world of science; and there is no one the least acquainted with physics who will not rejoice at Faraday's success. All his compeers, even those who have conceived the similar idea, and have been working to the same end, however momentarily envious, will be glad that the prize has been won by him; for Faraday has gained an exalted place in human greatness,—universal admiration for the Philosopher being only equalled by general esteem and regard for the Man. The experiments that have led to this great result will be forthwith submitted to the Royal Society and to the public at perhaps the first weekly evening meeting of the institution. The result itself is, as stated above, experimental proof of the direct relation of electricity and magnetism to light, by the magnetisation of light, which, in the absence of details, may be explained to be, the deflection in diaphanous solid or liquid bodies of a ray of polarised light to the lines of the magnetic force; or in the converse, the illumination or development by light of the magnetic curves. The result also involves a new magnetic condition of matter. This, then, to our memory at the moment of writing, is the fourth grand epochal discovery by Faraday, than whom no living philosopher has more enriched physical science; the other three are magneto-electricity, definite electrolysis, and the liquefaction of gases.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 5th.—Mr. Hutton, V.P., in the chair. The following communications were read: 1. Dr. Black "On footmarks in a slab of the new red sandstone." These footmarks, it appeared, from the description given by the author, were chiefly those of small tortoises and turtles, heavy in proportion to their size; and also, perhaps, of small lacertians and alligators. They were accompanied by marks of contraction from drying, of a very complicated nature. 2. Rev. D. Williams "On the granite of Lundy Island and Hestercombe." The author believed that this granite, or rather syenite, was injected, and of the nature of a dyke, in both cases. 3. Mr. Davis "On the geology of the neighbourhood of Tremadoc." This paper was mainly an account of certain igneous rocks, chiefly porphyry and of metamorphosed slates. It also alluded to certain supposed elevations of the land in the same district.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Sept. 1st.—The Rev. F. W. Hope, president, in the chair, by whom a splendid new species of goliath beetle, from Cape Palmas, was exhibited. Mr. S. Stevens described a new mode of expanding the wings of lepidopterous insects for the cabinet, by means of inclined slabs of cork, having a groove down the centre, in which the body lies whilst the insects are drying. Mr. Douglas exhibited numerous British lepidoptera, including as many as eight species now first noticed as natives of this country, and only one of which had been previously described by continental writers. Memoirs were read by Mr. W. W. Saunders, containing descriptions of new species of Australian chrysomelidæ; and by Mr. W. Golding, on obtaining queen-bees from the eggs of the workers. A discussion took place on the disease with which the potato-crop is attacked, the president mainly attributing it to the attacks of wireworms. By other members, however, the vegetable nature of the disease was maintained, and attributed to the growth of a minute parasitic fungus within the tuber.

Oct. 6th.—The president in the chair, by whom a vast number of minute species of Scolopendridæ were exhibited, and which he had taken from the tubers of diseased potatoes in the neighbourhood of Southend. Mr. Saunders exhibited some interesting illustrations of the natural history of the Australian species of Thynnidæ and Zeuzeridæ, and also a magnificent new species of Morpho, a genus of butterfly from South America, the refulgent blue of the wings of which surpasses that of every known species of this beautiful genus. Mr. Evans exhibited some moths taken at great distances from land in the Atlantic (one as far as 250 miles off the coast of Portugal); and Mr. Smith exhibited a remarkable hermaphrodite bee, belonging to the genus Nomada. A continuation of Mr. Saunders' paper on the Chrysomelidæ of New Holland was read; and also a note by Mr. J. Hogg, on the alleged habits of Crabro Cephalotes.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Nov. 1, 1845.

Academy of Sciences: sitting of Oct. 27.—M. Dumas, for himself and MM. Pelouze and Regnault, read a report on the researches of M. Wurtz relative to the acids of phosphorus, which were recommended for insertion in the *Receuil des Savants Etrangers.* Chemists hitherto have supposed that these acids exist without water, and that they combine with it. M. Wurtz contends that two of these acids exist only in combination with the elements of water. His investigations included also the chlorides of phosphorus.

M. Dumas presented the fourth part of the researches of MM. Favre and Silbermann on the heat disengaged in chemical combinations. The experiments embraced chiefly carbon of different kinds; and the following shew some of the figures representing the heat produced by the oxidation of the carbon passing into carbonic acid:—Small coal, 8715 and 8763; carbon from sugar, 8035 and 8039; coke, 8037 and 8058; furnace graphite, 7791 and 7784, and for another specimen, 7736 and 7738; natural graphite, 7796 and 7827; diamonds, 7770 and 7879.

M. Van Breda states, that his experiments shew a development of heat from the molecular movement of a bar of soft iron in a helix through which an interrupted current of electricity passes: the sound, as ordinarily, was also heard.

M. Oppermann was elected by the Academy to the chair of pharmacy in the Strasburg school.

French Antiquarian Intelligence.—Notwithstanding that the chapter of the cathedral of Sens shew a laudable desire for the preservation of that fine edifice and the mediæval treasures it contains, the inhabitants of the town, it appears, are still benighted with the darkness of Vandalism. Upwards of 300 fragments of Roman and other monuments, more or less considerable, have been brought to light within the town during the last ten years, and as yet there is no museum formed for their reception. Quite recently, in digging for the foundations of a house, the remains of a large building were found, including entablatures of vast size, and pillars two feet in diameter, all of good Roman work. The whole was covered up again. The remains of Roman work in the walls are very considerable; and, among other specimens, there

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is to be observed a gateway, blocked up at present, of which the arch is quite perfect, with bricks and stones forming the voussoirs. Several of the inhabitants have made gaps through these walls in order to get a view of the public walks, formed where the old fosses used to be: but it is to be hoped that further dilapidations will be prevented. Some time ago the gates of the town, which were all mediæval buildings of great interest, were taken down merely to give occupation to the poor. When another period of distress arrives, it is to be hoped that they will deem it a sufficient excuse for building them up again. So much for municipal wisdom!

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, *Oct.* 31. — The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. J. Hildyard, fellow and tutor of Christ's College.

Masters of Arts.—H. C. Caulfeild, T. W. Lane, Trinity College; A. W. Cole, St. John's College; J. N. Fowler, Magdalene College; W. Harker, St. Catharine's Hall.

Ad eundem.—Rev. J. Fussell, M.A., Queen's College, Oxford.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

Reported Discovery of the Unicorn.

Nov. 4*th.*—The large room in Mortimer Street was crowded with ladies and gentlemen on the occasion of the first meeting of this society—Dr. J. Lee in the chair. Dr. H. Yates, the hon. secretary, announced that he was about to proceed to the East, chiefly on matters connected with the society; and that, in consequence, Mr. Ainsworth had taken office as joint hon. secretary, and W. Platé, LL.D., had accepted office as hon. foreign secretary. Four trustees had also been appointed: Mr. Sharpe, Dr. Lee, Dr. Platé, and Mr. Ainsworth. As one of the leading objects of the hon. secretary's expedition is to extend the society's correspondence, both on the Continent and in the East, as well as to collect recent information in those countries, it is anticipated that much benefit will accrue to the society from his travels. Reports were read from several correspondents in Egypt as to the present condition of the monuments belonging to England in those countries, and as to the fields open for new research.

A communication was then read from Prof. Fresnel, of Jidda, containing a variety of information which that learned traveller had collected as to the existence of a one-horned animal, in the neighbourhood of Lake Tchad and in the countries adjacent to the sources of the Niger. It appeared from M. Fresnel's information, derived from merchants, Badawi Arabs, and other sources, that the animal in question approached more to the ruminant than the pachydermatous family of quadrupeds, with thick skin, little hair, and a loose single horn fixed between the eyes. Some described it as resembling the uruch or bison; others assimilated it more to the mule. It was represented as an extremely ferocious animal. M. Fresnel then entered into an elaborate comparison of this animal with the unicorn of Scripture and that of Pliny. A note was next read from the Rev. Albert Badger, learnedly arguing that the word 'unicorn' in the Scriptures was an error of translation. Mr. Sharpe considered Prof. Fresnel's memoir as very unsatisfactory, and did not think that any solid data had been given for the belief in the existence of an unicorn in the interior of Africa. Mr. Ainsworth vindicated the logical and careful manner in which the author had sifted his intelligence, and attached considerable importance to the information conveyed in it. There were no anatomical reasons why there should not be a one-horned animal; M. Fresnel's quadruped was certainly not a rhinoceros; and upon Mr. Badger's reading of the Hebrew *rim* as a two-horned animal, he would remark, that the Arab tradition supported the accepted version, as it speaks of the animal as *abn-khurn*, or "the father of one horn;" whereas, had it been two horns, it would have been *abn-khurnain*, in the *dual*, as Alexander is called *Dzu-l-khurnain*, from the two horns affixed to his head in the Macedonian coins. Mr. Johnson remarked, that the modern Abyssinians spoke of the *rim* as an apocryphal animal; and that all his inquiries in Africa concerning an unicorn were answered by vague and incredible stories. This gentleman said, that in St. George's Chapel there was an old painting representing the unicorn of the royal arms of England as a rhinoceros. He feared that M. Fresnel had received erroneous information. Mr. Wright gave an elaborate sketch of the opinions entertained during the middle ages upon the unicorn; and concluded by observing, that much would depend upon its being determined whether these legends and traditions of mediæval times had been imported from the East, or might not themselves have travelled there. Dr. Camps was not inclined to attach much importance to the information obtained by M. Fresnel. Mr. Buckingham said that he had heard, on the shores of the Red Sea, of the *abn-khurn*; and that the description he received there tallied with that given by M. Fresnel. Dr. Platé spoke of the well-known learning and ability of M. Fresnel as giving every desirable authenticity to any communication from that gentleman; and attesting to the proper caution and care that he would exercise in making his inquiries. Dr. Lee, on terminating the discussion, observed that M. Fresnel, not having himself seen the animal, left the question open to many doubts; and that he hoped that farther and more satisfactory information would be yet obtained.—Dr. Platé then exhibited pods of garden-peas, as a peculiar kind grown from seeds by Mr. Grimstone, and obtained by Mr. J. Pettigrew from the coffin of an Egyptian mummy. A drawing of the flower was exhibited, which appeared rather to belong to the genus *Cicer* than the *Pisum*.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Microscopical, 8 P.M.; Pharmaceutical, 9 P.M.

Thursday.—R. S. of Literature, 4 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.

Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

ITALIAN ASSOCIATION OF SCIENCE AT NAPLES IN 1845.

[The following letter is from Mr. S. Skillin to his relative, Mr. Wm. Kelleher, the Secretary, to whom Cork was indebted for the visit of the British Association in 1843.]

Naples, Oct 7, 1845.

THE Seventh Meeting of the *Scienziani Italiani* having been chosen to be held at Naples this year, it commenced on the 20th ult., and terminated on the 5th inst., so that it continued a fortnight. Science and scientific men engrossed the whole conversation during that period. I did not arrive until the eleventh hour, having remained enjoying the health-giving breezes of Sorrento, the birth-place, as you are aware, of Tasso.

Through the kindness of my friend, Dr. S., I was introduced and became a member, founding my claim, and having my claim allowed, as a Member of the British Association. I had, however, to wait for my ticket to be printed, and when I received it I found I was Number 1671. Oh, wonder of wonders, says the Italian epigram now circulating here, Greece, in its palmiest days, had but seven wise men, and here we behold not less than 1600 philosophers! Every member (for every thing is free, including admission) is presented with two superb quarto volumes—a guide-book of Naples, full of plates of all the remarkable places in Naples and its environs, as well as a smaller guide-book to carry about with him. Every day a *table d'hôte* is held at splendid palaces, which costs 4s. per head to the municipality, but the member pays only 2*s*. The day I dined there at least 1000 persons of that large section, gastronomia, were present, making the most vigorous and active inquiries into the properties of solids, the Italians being greater eaters, at least consuming more at one meal, than the English. I was much struck with the mortified air which seemed to pervade a picture of St. Francis, as it hung over the sideboard, being placed there as if to give an additional zest to the viands, just as the Egyptians introduced a skeleton at their feasts to make them jolly! It would have amused you much to see the expanding faces of the company, beards wagging all, waiters running to and fro, knives and forks clattering, occasionally drowned by the concord of sweet sounds—the band of the palace playing in the adjacent gardens. Having feasted thus sumptuously, wine and coffee wound up the entertainment. In the evening there was a *soirée* in the same apartment. One day they opened the new observatory on Mount Vesuvius, another day an excavation was made expressly for them at Pompeii. It was first got up, to be dug down for afterwards; in fact, on such occasions they bring a portion of the museum, and place what had been previously found, for fear of disappointment. Nothing of any importance was discovered on the occasion. A third day the king took twenty-five members of each section to visit Pæstum in his four fine frigates, and furnished them with a cold collation on board. As at the British Association meeting, every place is thrown open to the members on presenting their tickets. I was at court on Sunday last; for as a scientific man I received the following invitation from the Lord High Chamberlain of his Majesty of the two Sicilies, "who does himself the honour to make known to Signor —— the wish expressed by his Majesty that the much-to-be-praised signor should come and pass the evening (these are the exact words) of Sunday next in his royal apartment, at the hour of 9 o'clock, French time, or Italian time, 21 o'clock. With distinguished esteem and consideration." Accordingly at the appointed hour, clad as *directed*, with a neat white cravat, a white waistcoat, a black coat and trousers, pumps, and black silk stockings, I wended my way to court, and strode up, through hosts of bowing and lace-begilded lacquies, the marble staircases of the palace; and having my ticket and invitation compared by an officer, I was ushered into the place where all those met whom the king "delighted to honour." It was indeed a brilliant sight—the apartments all white and gold. Nothing could be more gorgeous when the whole court was assembled, with the whole diplomatic circles, &c.; such stars and decorations, with all kinds of gorgeous uniforms, and all sorts of embroidery, chamberlains with their gold keys, &c.

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I was fortunate enough to know the Chevalier Barbosa, *attaché* to the Brazilian Legation, and Mr. Polk, the American *chargé d'affairs;* they walked through the apartments with me, and pointed out all the distinguished persons. I saw Luciano Buonaparte, the Prince of Canino; he is President of the Zoological Section. I in vain looked for any likeness to the portraits of his uncle; he is rather a heavy-looking man. The handsomest woman in the assembly was the Duchess of Montebello, the French ambassador's wife; she is, I believe, a niece* of Mrs. Bodington, one of Mr. James Roche's friends. She is indeed a very beautiful woman, and a commanding figure, and wore a wreath of laurels like Norma in the opera. The king arrived in about an hour after the company were assembled, walked about, and conversed freely with those around him: he may be said, *physically*, to occupy the *largest* space in the eyes of Europe of any royal personage, if his sister did not outvie him in that particular. Ices and *bonbons* were handed round during the evening, and there were two refreshment-rooms, in one of which I had a cup of coffee poured out for me from a king's gold coffee-pot, the flavour of which seemed rather much the same as the beverage I had got from my landlady in the morning. We had a great variety of music—all the best singers from the opera-house. In addition to all I have described, we are to get a beautiful bronze medal in a case, struck in commemoration of the meeting. Genoa is selected for the meeting next year, and the municipality of that town has voted a large sum to pay the expenses. There were but four members of the British Association here: Professor Owen, who read a paper on the cuttle-fish of the Mediterranean Sea; Dr. Daubeny, of Oxford; and Mr. Pentland, the geologist. All the steamers' fares were lowered to bring and take away the *Scienziati;* all the lodgings, hotels, &c. let beds at only 1*s.* 4*d.* per night, and a low charge was fixed for breakfast, &c. &c. There were but few ladies attending the meeting. The exhibition of paintings was opened now instead of in the spring. Having thus, I trust, given you some idea how they manage such matters in Italy, my next letter will be from Rome; but I can never forget the happiness I enjoyed among the intellectual society of Naples, during the four months I have resided in this classic land, amidst the loveliest and grandest scenery in the world—the cradle of Tasso—the tomb of Virgil, &c. &c. S.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

REMINISCENCES OF XANTHUS.

By a Histricophagous Traveller.

DEAR Lycia! fair land of antiquities,
Which Fellows first dared to explore,
My heart—oh! my heart, very sick it is,
When I think I'm so far from thy shore!
From Xanthus, the home of my wishes,
Where we used to sup, breakfast, and dine
On the dish of all dishes delicious,
On—*cold roast porcupine!*

Well I remember the cottage where,
When the day's labour was o'er,
Hungry we hied for our pottage there,
And afterwards slept on the floor.
Though fleas in millions hopped over us,
Ne'er were we heard to repine;
Then making mighty discoveries,
Fed upon *cold porcupine!*

Above us rose Mount Marsicytus,
His classic head hoary with snow,
And many a river to greet us
From his pine-mantled shoulder did flow;
And forests of oak and of cedar
His far-stretching limbs did entwine,
For the wild boar and leopard to feed there,
And the gentle *porcupine!*

The ibex careers above Pinara;
The wild boar abounds about Tlos;
The partridges cackle at Minara;
By Patara, curlews are dross.
But, Xanthus, thy boast shall be greater,
The cream of the valley thou'lt shine!
Dear haunt of the *Histrix cristata*,
The genuine *porcupine!*

Whene'er to the British Museum
I go at the marbles to stare,
I heave a great sigh when I see 'em,
And think of their own native air.
It is not the letters so big on them,
It is not the sculptures so fine,
But because, when the Beacons were digging them,
We had *cold roast porcupine!*

Talk of your turtle! no alderman,
Fed upon green fat and fin,
Deserves by a cook to be called a man,
If Porky his heart wouldn't win.
My faith conscientious is, if he came
To Lycia, he'd never repine,
Nor sigh for the whitebait of silver Thame
Over *cold roast porcupine!*

Species there are of rodentia
Which nobody uses as food,
And only because folks won't venture
To taste, ere they're sure they are good;
But I would eat capromys, echimys,
Castor, rat, mouse, marmotine,
And never consider their meat amiss,
If like *roast porcupine!*

* The Duchess of Montebello is, we believe, the daughter, not the niece, of Mrs. Bodington, who was herself the beautiful Miss Comferford, of Cork, authoress of "Summer in the Pyrenees," "Slight Reminiscences of the Rhine," &c.

THE DRAMA.

THE theatres this week have not been productive of novelties demanding literary notice. On Saturday last the *Diable à Quatre*, a ballet, was produced at the Princess's; and, with some good, and much second and third-rate dancing (as is invariably the highest pitch of English legs), contrived to prove our suspicion that the contested music of Monsieur Adolphe Adam was not worth a fiddlestick's end. The tweedledummery that has enchanted the Parisians is poor stuff. At Drury Lane a still more wonderful French mania-maker has been done, under the longish title of *A Princess changed into a Deer*, originally the *Biche au Bois*. As we rather suspect that this Deer has been chased from the theatre, and will appear no more, we will say no more than that it was a monstrous bungle of confusion, with some scenery and appointments which must have cost the management something, and would have been dear at any price. It is strange that experience never seems to offer a sure light for the direction of stage affairs: if it did, we should assuredly never be affronted with the trash so often "tried on."—The French-play season began on Monday with *La Partie de Chasse de Henri IV.*, and Lafont in that and in *Le Chevalier de Guet* performed the leading parts with his usual talent. Mr. Mitchell has fitted up and re-decorated the house in a very handsome style; and it looks more brilliant than when first opened to the public. The amateurs who have announced a repetition of *Every Man in his Humour*, on Saturday, next for the benefit of the Sanatorium, will find themselves in a palace here, yet not less snug than Miss Kelly's little theatre. In the *Somnambule*, a very pretty actress, Mlle. St. Marc, appeared, and made a favourable impression. As this is a brilliant anti-Christmas month or six weeks in town, there is no lack of fashionable company to fill attractive theatres. M. Jullien has announced the commencement of his concerts for Friday next.—The Haymarket has given us some sterling comedies, and been fully attended. Also, *As you like it*, with *Jacques* very artistically performed by Mr. Anderson.

VARIETIES.

A Robert Burns Relic.—The editor of the *Glasgow Examiner* describes a curious round silver box which a Mr. G. M'Iver had presented to the poet in 1791, "for auld lang syne;" as is testified by an inscription to that effect. It seems to have been a Stuart or Jacobite memorial, "of about two inches in diameter, on the lid of which the following characters are inscribed around a representation of Charles I. on horseback, bearing a sword: 'Carolvs : D : Magn : Brit : Fran : et : Hib : Rex.' Around the bottom of the box is inscribed: 'Exvrgat : Deus : Dissipentvr : inimici.' And in four lines across the centre is the following: 'X. Relig : Prot : Leg : Aug : Liber : Par. 1642.' The box contains a silver coin about the weight of an ounce, which on each side bears inscriptions exactly similar to those on the box, with the exception that the date is 1643." The weight of the two is 2 oz. 3 dwts.

The Lewes Remains of the time of the Conquest, described in last *Gazette*, have been anatomically examined, with the following results: The bones were of a firm texture—hard, solid, and in a high state of preservation, especially those of Gundreda. Several of those of Earl de Warren were missing, but those of Gundreda were as nearly perfect as possible; and, judging from the length of them, the bodies must have been considerably above the middle stature. The details of the length of the bones upon which this is founded are: *Gundreda.*—Femur, or thigh-bone, 13¼ inches; tibia, or leg-bone, 15 inches; humerus, or upper arm-bone, 12 inches; probable height, about 5 feet 8 inches. *William.*—Femur, 19½ inches; tibia, 15½ inches; humerus, 12½ inches; circumference of the shaft of the femur at its middle, 4½ inches; probable height, about 6 feet 1 or 2 inches.

Of the Biela Comet, discovered in 1826, the perihelion passage will, according to the calculations of Professor Santini, take place on the 11th of February next. In the autumn of 1832, Dr. Olbers, and other astronomers, calculated that it crossed the plane of the ecliptic at a point distant only 6283 leagues from the Earth's path. The nearest approach to our globe during the present apparition will occur in the ensuing month of March.

The Vestiges of Creation.—Sir R. Vyvyan has contradicted the paragraph in the *Falmouth Packet*, which affirmed that he was the author of this work.

Pension to Lady Shee.—Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to bestow a pension of 200*l.* per annum on the lady of the accomplished president of the Royal Academy.

The Arctic Expedition.—The Prince of Wales, whaler, has brought an account of the Expedition so late as July 26th, in lat. 74° 48′ N., and long. 66° 13′ W.; when both ships were fast to an iceberg, the crews in high health and spirits, and the officers, from the state of the sea, quite hopeful of a successful voyage.

Hartlepool Chapel, Durham.—The site of this ancient chapel has recently been discovered, and partially explored. Gothic foundations and columns, broken images, coffins, human bones, and other interesting relics, have already been brought to light; and Mr. J. Yeal, to whom we are indebted for these researches, will no doubt pursue them with industry and zeal.

The O'Donoghue (No. XII. and XIII.) by Harry Lorreqner, is finished with the present double No.; and ends one of those spirited and effective Irish tales for which the public is indebted to the pen of Mr. Lever. It is, after

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all, a melancholy picture of a divided country, by the distractions of which all the holiest relations of life are broken. One class of society is ranged against another, rank is opposed to rank, and the blessings showered upon the fertile land by nature are blighted, and the happy intercourse of man with man, God-gifted with the highest of physical and intellectual powers, is embittered from the top to the bottom of the cup.

Le Petit Moniteur Française is the name given to a pretty little box of cards, on which are printed words and short phrases in English and French. The lessons are taught by inducing the young folks to arrange them in juxtaposition, agreeably to their meaning.

Theatre at Lisbon.—The superb new national theatre of Donna Maria Secunda, in the square of Dom Pedro or Rocio, was opened on the 29th ult., with a grand spectacle to celebrate the birth-day of the King Dom Fernando. The tickets were issued gratuitously from the Home Office, and the house was crowded with all the rank, wealth, and fashion of the Portuguese capital. The building, of a beautiful stone, is stated to be magnificent, in the Palladian style, and of the Ionic order; and occupying a whole side of the finest square in the city. There are two rows of seventeen windows each along the front, surmounted by *bassi relievi*, and semicircular windows. An elegant balustrade enables the company to be set down or taken up in bad weather without exposure to the wet. Altogether, the erection is spoken of as a *chef d'œuvre*, and the cost 50,000*l.*

City of London School.—Mr. David Salomons, late Sheriff of London, and the first of the Jewish religion, has invested 1666*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* three per cent Consols in trustees, to found an exhibition of 50*l.* a year, during four years, at Oxford, Cambridge, London University, or King's College, for scholars wholly or in part educated at the City of London School. This is the thirteenth endowment of the same kind since the school was established; and Mr. Wire intimated, that another would very shortly make its appearance. The tolerant, liberal, and excellent system on which the establishment, consisting of nearly 500 scholars, is conducted, was warmly eulogised by individuals of every party and persuasion.

City Improvements.—The report of the committee appointed to consider the best means of carrying into effect the resolution for appropriating the sum of 20,000*l.* annually for public purposes, recommends that some improvement should be carried into effect in the next year, and has selected plans—one for forming a street from the south end of Water Lane, now called Blackfriars Street; and the other in the Old Bailey, from the south side of the New Inn to the south side of Prujean Square—for that purpose. These designs will accordingly be immediately proceeded with. The appropriation of the site of Farringdon market for a railway-terminus (in the first instance for the Manchester direct line) seems also likely to be forthwith carried into effect.

Chusan.—A political and commercial comparison having arisen between Hong-Kong and Chusan, it is geologically stated, among other matters, that the latter "is a submarine convulsion. No rotten strata are to be found, as at Hong-Kong. In the centre of the island, on a height of 700 feet, the compass vibrates so much, as to become useless."

Lord Montagu, a nobleman of the house of Buccleuch, of fine accomplishments, and the friend and patron of literature and literary men, as was shewn by his friendship for Scott and the interest he took in his affairs after his death, died recently, aged 69.

Professor J. David Forbes, of Edinburgh.—It is stated in the newspapers that this eminent professor, whose devotedness to science and high attainments are universally known and acknowledged, has had his services recognised by her Majesty in a pension of two hundred pounds a year.

Archæological Researches at Pompeii.—A letter from Naples of the 9th ult. informs us that a few days before, the Scientific Congress now assembled at Naples, led by their president, M. St. Angelo, repaired to Pompeii, where, in the presence of the society, investigations were instituted under the direction of M. Carlo Bonucci, chief conservator of the antiquities of the kingdom. The operations were crowned with success. In a street in the vicinity of the Augustan temple they discovered two shops fitted with different kitchen-utensils made of iron and bronze, which were in all probability exposed there for sale. Opposite these shops they discovered a magazine, containing blocks of native and African marble, and five statues of white marble of different sizes, including that of a fawn, and another representing the skeleton of a woman enveloped in flowing drapery. In this last statue the learned archæologists present recognised the Goddess of Envy. At one of the extremities of the Rue de la Fortune they cleared their way to a house which contained on the ground-floor a large saloon, filled with various articles of office-furniture, in one of which were found some silver coins of the reigns of Vespasian and Galba, and several marble weights. All the heights surrounding Pompeii and several of the streets and squares of that city were crowded with people, so that it seemed for a moment as if the ancient Roman city had recovered its inhabitants, its life, and its activity.—*Paris paper.*

Thorwaldsen's Statue of Byron was placed in its permanent position in the library of Trinity College last week. The society has also been enriched by a statue of Bacon, by Weekes, presented by the Rev. Dr. Whewell. It is placed in the ante-chapel, near the screen, and almost under the bust of Wordsworth. The philosopher is represented reclining in his chair. On the pedestal is the following inscription:

FRANCISCVS BACON
BARO DE VERVLAM STI. ALBANI VICECOMES
SEV NOTIORIBVS TITVLIS
SCIENTIARVM LVMEN FACVNDIÆ LEX
SIC SEDEBAT.
QVI POSTQVAM OMNIA NATVRALIS SAPIENTIÆ
ET CIVILIS ARCANA EVOLVISSET
NATVRÆ DECRETVM EXPLEVIT
COMPOSITA SOLVANTVR.
A.D. MDCXXVI.
ÆTAT. LXVI.

—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

Air-Churn.—The Bishop of Derry has, it is stated, invented an easy and effectual air-churn, by the simple manner of forcing a full current of atmospheric air through the cream by means of a well-devised forcing pump. The air passes through a glass tube connected with the air-pump, descending nearly to the bottom of the churn. The churn is of tin, and it fits into another tin cylinder provided with a funnel and stopcock, so as to heat the cream to the necessary temperature. The pump is worked by means of a winch, which is not so laborious as the usual churn. Thus the oxygen of the atmosphere is brought into close contact with the cream, so as to effect a full combination of the butyraceous part, and to convert it all into butter. On one occasion the churning was carried on for the space of 1 hour and 45 minutes, and 11 gallons of cream produced 26lb. of butter.—*Globe.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Illuminated Calendar and Diary for 1846 "Hours" of the Duke of Anjou, imp. 8vo, 2*l.* 2*s.*—The French Student's Manual, or Selections from French Writers, by N. Roy, 12mo, 5*s.*—Patterns of Inlaid Tiles, from Churches in the Diocese of Oxford, drawn and engraved by W. A. Church, 4to, 5*s.*—Picturesque Antiquities of Ipswich, Part III., folio, 8*s.* (completing the work).—Arabin, or Adventures in New South Wales, by T. M'Combie, 12mo, 8*s.*—Railway Shareholder's Pocket-Book, 2*s.* 6*d.*—The Old Man's Rambles, 18mo, 5*s.*—Eight Sermons at St. Pancras Church, by the Rev. G. S. Drew, 8vo, 6*s.*—Jardine's Naturalist's Library, Vol. III., new edit., fcp. 4*s.* 6*d.*—Keane's Courts of Requests, 3d edit., 12mo, 4*s.*—Stephen's New Commentaries on the Laws, Vol. IV., 8vo, 22*s.*—Tyrrell's Treatise on the Liability of a Subscriber to a Railway Company, 12mo, 3*s.*—Maugham's Digest of Examination Questions, 2d edit., 12mo, 6*s.*—The Railway Almanac and Directory for 1846, 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—The History of Gibraltar; translated from the Spanish and continued by J. Bell, fcp. 5*s.*—Chaucer's Works, by Sir H. Nicolas, 6 vols., fcp. 30*s.*—S. Billing and A. Prince on the Law of Patents, 8vo, 12*s.*—F. Hughes on the Law of Marine Insurance, royal 8vo, 3*s.*—Guide to the Foreign and Colonial Posts, by F. Herbert, 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—The Doctrine of the Russian Church, translated by the Rev. R. W. Blackmore, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Lockhart's Life of Sir W. Scott, People's Edition, royal 8vo, 9*s.* sewed, 10*s.* cloth.—Doctrines for the Church, by the Rev. M. Brock, fcp. 1*s.* 6*d.*—Etchings to the Illustrated Shakspeare, designed by K. Meadows, royal 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Chambers' Educational Course, School Atlas, 4to, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Lyrical Poems of Dante, translated by C. Lyell, fcp. 4*s.* 6*d.*—The Youth's Key to the Bible, by the Rev. T. Timpson, 18mo, 2*s.*—The Veritable History of Mr. Bachelor Butterfly, oblong, 5*s.*—The Pious Minstrel, new edit. 32mo. 2*s.*—Agnes Moreville; or, the Victim of the Convent, by the Rev. S. S. Wilson, 12mo, 6*s.*—Student's Help to the English, French, and Italian languages, by Guido Sorelli, post 8vo, 5*s.*—Parochial Sermons from Advent to Trinity Sunday, by the Rev. H. J. Hastings, 8vo, 12*s.*—Revealed Truth Vindicated, by J. Apperly, post 8vo, 5*s.* 6*d.*—Original Sketches in Poetry, by E. L. B. fcp. 6*s.*—The Practical Astronomer, by T. Dick, LL.D., 12mo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Willie Fraser, and other Tales, by Mrs. R. Lee, 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Glimpses of the Wonderful, 1846, square, 5*s.*—Orders in Chancery from 1800 to 1845, with Statutes, &c., by S. Miller, 2d edit., 12mo, 14*s.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO VISITORS to the CONTINENT.—Messrs. J. and R. M'CRACKEN, Foreign Agents, and Agents to the Royal Academy, No. 7 Old Jewry, beg to remind the Nobility and Gentry that they continue to receive Consignments of Objects of Fine Arts, Baggage, &c. from all parts of the Continent, for clearing through the Custom-House, &c.; and that they undertake the shipment of Effects to all parts of the world.

Lists of their Correspondents abroad, and every information, may be had on application at their Office as above.

GREAT RUSSIAN CHRONOMETRICAL EXPEDITION.—E. J. DENT, 82 Strand, and 33 Cockspur Street, has the high and distinguished honour of stating that his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia has recently condescended to confer on him "the appointment and title of Chronometer-Maker to his Imperial Majesty," as a reward for the unequalled performance of his Chronometers during the Expedition of 1844. In 1843, his Imperial Majesty the Emperor was pleased to reward the performance of Dent's Chronometers with a Gold Medal of the highest Order of Merit.

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Maugham, during a long course of chemical investigation, been forcibly struck by the very great imperfections and in- effects of Soda Water, Ginger Beer, Lemonade, and other compounds, and seeing the almost absolute necessity which for the introduction of some beverage at once wholesome and to the palate, devoted his serious attention to the subject of Waters in general, and after upwards of four years' research, areful analysis of a vast variety of artificial and natural waters, ed in producing the article now presented to the Public under of CARRARA WATER.

deavouring to effect his object, Mr. Maugham constantly aimed roduction of a water that should in its composition assimilate h as possible to the water given us by nature for our common l not at the discovery of a new medicinal combination, which, r beneficial it might be as a temporary remedy in incidental ould not be recommended as an habitual beverage.

well known to practical chemists, that all water (except that am and snow) contains a variety of extraneous substances, g in kind and quantity in the various localities from which ocured; but Mr. Maugham, by analysing the water taken many different sources, found that one substance was almost ally present—that substance was LIME. This circumstance d the grounds for the composition of the Carrara Water. A ed, apparently, almost insurmountable obstacle, however, pre- tself to the employment of lime as the base of an ordinary ra, the extremely unpleasant taste of the mixture; for lime- tself is so extremely nauseous to the palate, that even as a e few persons can be prevailed upon to take it.

smayed, however, by this difficulty, Mr. Maugham pursued eriments, which ultimately led to a simple and most efficacious not only of entirely destroying the taste of the lime, but of ng a highly agreeable and refreshing beverage. This was by the addition of carbonic acid gas, which was forced into ed by powerful machinery, and the two submitted to a pres- ficient to liquefy the gas, which, combining instantly with the ld in solution by the water, formed an ærated solution of bi- de of lime, which would, in fact, be the proper chemical title Carrara Water.

although this water is introduced to the Public as an article ry, yet as every ærated water, and indeed almost every article possesses more or less medicinal properties, Mr. Dunlop feels to mention some of the cases in which the Carrara Water and indeed has been, highly beneficial when taken medicinally.

is considered by medical men to be one of the finest antacids affording great relief to persons suffering from acidity of the , heartburn, thirst, flatulency, and the many other forms of tion.

ses of temporary indisposition arising from indulgences of the he Carrara Water will be found invaluable. Instead of pro- that chill caused by the use of common Soda Water in such t imparts a warmth and glow to the stomach, acting as an le tonic.

y subjects find great relief from alkaline remedies; the Car- ater will therefore be an excellent, as well as a most agree- eans of checking the great tendency to acidity to which such are liable.

cases, however, in which the daily use of the Carrara Water of the greatest value and importance are in many forms of , for medical men know of no certain means to check pro- ion to that terrible disease. The Carrara Water is not a com- of such a powerful nature that a few bottles of it could be d to afford a cure in cases of confirmed disease,—for if it were uld not be used as a daily beverage,—but is intended to pro- effects by habitual use, and to act on the constitution in the anner as common water is well known to act on the general of the inhabitants who drink it.

composition of the Carrara Water would of itself be a great mendation; but Mr. Dunlop feels that the reputation of Mr. am (who, besides being a practical and analytical chemist, has eat number of years practised as a surgeon, and held the ap- ent of Lecturer on Chemistry and Medical Jurisprudence at our public hospitals) may be regarded as a perfect guarantee excellence and wholesomeness. Such a guarantee is, indeed, d; for unfortunately the numberless compositions in the form , liqueurs, ærated waters, &c., are generally the productions ns as totally unacquainted with the chemistry of the human as they are with that of the mixtures which they compound ase.

title of "Carrara" has been given to the new beverage on ac- f the Carrara marble being the source from which the purest obtained, and which is employed in the manufacture of the

bottle made use of (in order to stand the great pressure) is cted on the principle of high-pressure steam-boilers, viz. a r with semi-spherical ends.

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LITERATURE AND ART.

HIGH SCHOOL OF EDINBURGH.

IE LORD PROVOST, MAGISTRATES, and Council, the Patrons of the School, this day resolved to DELAY day four weeks, the 25th of November, the ELECTION of a man to fill the Office of RECTOR, vacant by the retirement of ncor.

Chambers, Edinburgh,
28th October 1845.

OYAL SOCIETY, SOMERSET HOUSE.—The WEEKLY ORDINARY MEETINGS for the 1845-6 will commence on THURSDAY, the 20th November, at Eight P.M.; and the ANNIVERSARY will be held on AY, the 1st December, at Four P.M.

CHARLES RICHARD WELD,
Assistant Secretary.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

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M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that the Theatre Royal Covent Garden not being required for Dramatic Performances until after Christmas, he has been once more enabled to make arrangements with the Proprietors for his ANNUAL SERIES of CONCERTS, to take place at that National Establishment; they will therefore commence NEXT FRIDAY, November 14th, 1845.

It is with the greatest satisfaction and pride that M. JULLIEN can refer to the eminent success which attended his First Series of Concerts at Covent Garden, when the experiment was attempted of removing from a small to a large Theatre, and of endeavouring to fill so large an area by the attraction of Instrumental Music alone. The Second Series of Concerts, which took place last Autumn, shewed that attraction to be on the increase, and to such a degree that, spacious as the building was, it was yet too limited to accommodate the audiences which nightly flocked to the doors, and numbers of persons frequently returned unable to gain admission. In order to guard as much as possible against similar disappointments, M. JULLIEN has obtained permission of the Proprietors to remove to other parts of the Theatre a great quantity of scenery and machinery which encumbered the stage; this, together with other alterations, will materially augment the dimensions of the Promenade, to which greater facilities of ingress and egress have also been effected.

Notwithstanding the great expense incurred last year in the fittings, AN ENTIRELY NEW AND RICH DECORATION will this Season ornament the whole space to the rear of the Proscenium, and thus afford the Visitors the luxury of a vast and elegant apartment, together with the enjoyment of an Entertainment which of its kind is allowed to be unsurpassed, if not unequalled.

THE ORCHESTRA,

which now includes nearly all the native and foreign instrumental artistes resident in this country, will be on the usual extensive scale, and by some late additions rendered still more complete. These Artists having been constantly in the habit of performing together for nearly four years, produce that perfect *ensemble* which it is totally impossible to attain in an assembly even of the ablest musicians brought together merely for particular occasions, and not accustomed to practise in concert. This paramount advantage M. JULLIEN'S Orchestra now possesses, and he trusts that he will be able to give some of the finest pieces of Classical Music in a style most satisfactory both to the amateurs and artistes who honour him with their patronage.

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Conductor, M. JULLIEN.

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Places and Private Boxes may be secured by application at the Box-Office of the Theatre, which is open from 10 till 4.—Private Boxes also at the Libraries of Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Sams, Mr. Ollivier's, &c., and at M. Jullien's Musical Establishment, 214 Regent Street.

In consequence of the Theatre being, after Christmas, let for Dramatic Performances, the Concerts can, as last year, continue for One Month only—the Last will therefore take place on Saturday, December 13th.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

THE LITERARY ASPIRANT.—Under the above Title, the First Number of a brilliant LITERARY MONTHLY MAGAZINE will be published on the 31st of December, price 2s. 6d.

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THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.
No. VII.

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Correspondence of Sir Philip Sidney and [H]*ubert Languet, now first collected, and trans*[lat]*ed from the Latin, with Notes, and a Me*[mo]*ir of Sidney.* By Steuart A. Pears, M.A. [Fe]llow of C.C.C. Oxford. 8vo, pp. 240. Lon[do]n, W. Pickering.

[WHE]THER the lofty family connexion, the in[terco]urse with and patronage of literary men, [ow]n attainments and addiction to literature, [hi]s early, brilliant, and magnanimous death, not more or less have thrown a brighter around the memory of Sir Philip Sidney is actually due to the reality, it would little us to inquire. From whatever cause, or [comb]ination of causes, it has arisen, he has exalted into the figure of a historical hero, the romance of history has been but the [...]nuation-trumpet to proclaim his splendid [quali]ties, and prolong the echo of his perfection. another Admirable Crichton, he is acknow[ledge]d on all sides as a unique specimen of his and period; and if a doubt suggested that the colouring might be somewhat [over]charged, it might be quite as well to dis[miss] it for the sake of having a pattern to [whic]h to refer the young nobility of all future [age]s.

[Sir] Philip has been shorn of none of his at[tribu]tes by his present biographer; nor will [this a]cceptable work now produced eclipse any [brigh]t beam of his character. Yet we rejoice [tha]t it does not represent him as the faultless [charac]ter that the world ne'er saw, but an ex[cellen]t human being, gifted with more than a [comm]on share of accomplishments and virtues. [T]he letters of Languet to Sir Philip Sidney [were] first collected and published by the Elze[virs] at Leyden, in 1646, under the title of [Hu]berti Langueti Epistolæ Politicæ et His[toric]æ ad Philippum Sidnæum.' They were [reprin]ted by Lord Hailes, at Edinburgh, 1776; [t]hey have never been translated into En[glish], though Dr. Zouch gives extracts from in his Life of Sidney. The letters of Sid[ney i]n reply have always been regarded as lost, [and h]is biographers, from Fulke Greville down[ward]s, have duly deplored their loss. A few [of the]m are now first printed in the appendix [to thi]s volume. The three last in the series, [writte]n in the years 1577-8, were discovered [in th]e public library at Zurich, in the year [...] by the late Rev. John Hunter, formerly [of Ma]gdalen College, Oxford, and were copied, [with] many other letters from England of the period, for a work of the Parker Society. [The] volume is now just completed; and I have [been] permitted by the council of that society [to ma]ke use of these letters as they came from [the p]ress. The rest of Sidney's letters, four[tee]n in number, of which one is addressed to [...]end the Count of Hannau, formed part of [th]e collection of manuscript letters belong[ing t]o John Christopher Wolff, pastor of St. [Cath]erine's, Hamburgh. He purchased them [of] the executors of Zacharias Conrad Von [Uffen]bach, of Frankfort (who died in 1734), [and p]ublished a descriptive catalogue of his [collec]tion, entitled 'Wolfii Conspectus supel[lectili]s Epistolicæ et Literariæ, Hamburgh, 1736.' From this book I accidentally learnt that these letters of Sidney were in existence. Wolff's collection is now in the public library of Hamburgh, and the copies which I possess were made by Mr. A. D. Mordtmann, the assistant librarian. The Rev. Edward Dewar, M.A. chaplain at Hamburgh, has also kindly collated them for me. They are taken from volumes 13, 26, 48, and 49. Vol. 49 contains only copies; and five of the following letters are taken from it; the rest, like those at Zurich, are all originals, in Sidney's handwriting. Languet's letters are 96 in number, and though Sidney did not write nearly so many in reply, still it is clear, that the seventeen now published are a small part only of his actual share in the correspondence. I have made selections from the volume of Languet in order to fit in, and so to form, as far as might be, a regular correspondence with such of Sidney's letters as are preserved; with the same view, I have reprinted in its proper place the letter which Sidney wrote in English to Lord Leicester from Vienna. Towards the latter part of the volume, where Sidney's replies are few in number, or wanting altogether, I have continued to give such parts of Languet's letters as refer more particularly to the affairs of Sidney and of England. All that Languet wrote is interesting, both for the elegance of his style and the subjects on which he wrote."

Such is the accurate account given of the contents of this volume; and there cannot be a suspicion of its correctness and entire authenticity. The value of its historical information is great, notwithstanding the immense quantity of research which has been employed upon the stirring and very remarkable age to which it relates, and the masses of published records and narratives that throw light upon its transactions. From the massacre of St. Bartholomew to the battle of Zutphen, the religious feuds which distracted Germany, wars which desolated France and drenched the Low Countries with blood, rivalries which held England in disquiet, and events which disturbed Spain, Italy, Poland, and "the Turk," brought forth a wonderful number of singular and daring spirits, and of learned and extraordinary men. Almost every country produced its swarm of wise statesmen, illustrious warriors, and persons of the highest intellect and genius. Europe was one field of commotion; and such are the times which elicit the most fertile crops of human greatness in every relation of life. And it was among contemporaries of this kind that Sidney moved and shone; and consequently, in viewing the prominent attractions of his course, and the statements concerning him, we are not so much allured by the revelation of public circumstances as by (if we might say so) *the personalities of history.* It is as if we had not only the drama before us as acted upon the stage, but were admitted behind the scenes into the green-room and among the *coulisses*, where we could see the actors undressed or dressing, in their natural or in their assumed parts: and wheresoever this occurs, as it does to a considerable extent, will be discovered the charm and instruction of a work like the present.

In May, 1572, at the age of eighteen, Philip Sidney set out on his travels for improvement, already full of promise in those graces of mind and body for which his riper years were famous. The nephew and heir presumptive of the Earl of Leicester was in no want of passports to the highest favours abroad, and on reaching Paris, he was not only welcomed by the king, Charles IX., but honourably appointed a gentleman of the royal bedchamber. The court was the gayest, the brightest, and the most polished and pleasant that could be imagined; but one dark night the massacre of St. Bartholomew exploded, and five thousand throats were cut, including many of the most distinguished ornaments of that court, its revellers, and seeming friends. Sidney proceeded to Germany, and there met his future correspondent, Languet, at that date in his fifty-fourth year. Hubert Languet was a native of Burgundy, but "educated in Italy, then he resided at Wittemberg in the company of Melancthon for three years, and subsequently was employed on many missions and embassies by various Protestant princes in Germany. His own inclination besides had led him to extend his travels far beyond the ordinary limits, so that he was well acquainted from personal observation with the manners and character of almost all the European nations. He was one of the most learned men of the day, and at the same time was keenly observant of all that was passing in his own age. Attached by conviction and habit to the reformed religion, he was no doubt sincere in his professions: but yet we can conjecture, from his own letters, that he was not cast in the martyr's mould; he promoted the cause not so much by forward devotion and zeal, as by management and the arts of diplomacy. Still Languet was a man of undoubted courage, and when he was at Paris, representing a party of German Protestant princes, he had spoken out so plainly to the French king as to place his life in jeopardy on the day of St. Bartholomew." With this eminent personage Sidney travelled to Vienna, and during his stay there consolidated their warm and lasting friendship. He then visited Venice, studied eight or nine months at Padua, moved about the continent, and returned to England at the end of three years, on the last day of May, 1575; maintaining throughout the correspondence, of which a portion has been preserved, and forms this publication. The picture of Venice at this epoch (1573) is interesting:

"The palaces, which serve now for warehouses, or are deserted altogether, were the abodes of wealth and splendour, the homes of those royal merchants who considered themselves the fellows of princes. Painting, and poetry, and sculpture, all flourished in so rich a soil, and so sheltered a position:

'Here all the arts that wait on wealth's increase,
Or bask and wanton in the beams of peace.'

Titian was living in extreme old age; his pupils were in the height of their reputation; and the last built palaces had been reared after the plans and under the eye of Palladio. Moreover, the republic was a neutral ground, on which men of all countries, and creeds, and

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parties, could meet; Romaoists and Protestants, Spaniards and Englishmen, might all be seen, and converse together, and examine each other with the curiosity which men feel who are likely ooe day to be enemies. There were Turks too about the caoals and in the halls of audieoce; for an embassy came from Constantinople to treat for peace while Sidney was at Venice; and at this period, the ioterest with which an English traveller looked at the turban and scymitar, was a feeling that partook largely of respect, and a little perhaps of fear. For the conquest of Cyprus, and their terrible attack on Malta, were recent events; it was a time when the rumour of a 'Turkish fleet, and bearing up for Cyprus,' was enough to rouse the doge and the ten, and call them to council at the dead of night. The city, therefore, was full of objects that attracted the eyes of Sidney, and of matter for his thoughts. All around him were strange sounds and sights, and men who had taken part in the most famous events of those busy times. At the entertainments of the Venetian magnificoes, Sidney met and conversed with the men who had led the squadron of Venice at the victory of Lepanto. From the French ambassador, Du Ferrier, to whom Languet had introduced him, he heard the proceedings of the council of Trent, where he had shortly before represented his master, Charles IX. A short row in a gondola took him to the galley of the Turkish ambassador, in which every object, from the envoy himself, the Jew Solomon, down to the costume and arms of the men, was full of amusement and instruction. Then there was Titian's studio to be looked through; for the old man was still glad to shew his paintings to strangers of rank; and the Foscari palace, lately finished, to be admired. Sometimes he might pass an hour in watching the pencil of Tintoretto, as he laid on his brilliant colours, and made rapid progress through his painting of Lepanto; and then an hour in sitting to Paul Veronese, and listening to the painter as he related the great contest between the seven painters of Venice, and shewed the gold chain he had won on that occasion, and talked about Rome."

We may here notice, that Sidney did sit to Paul Veronese for his portrait, to send to Languet. It is thus mentioned by the latter (11 June, 1574): "Master Corbett shewed me your portrait, which I kept with me some hours to feast my eyes on it, but my appetite was rather increased than diminished by the sight. It seems to me to represent some one like you rather than yourself, and, at first, I thought it was your brother. Most of your features are well drawn, but it is far more juvenile than it ought to be; I should think you were not unlike it in your twelfth or thirteenth year." And the editor adds a note: "I cannot find that this portrait of Sidney, by Paul Veronese, is known to be in existence. Perhaps the notices of it contained in these letters may give a clue to its discovery."

The attachment of Sidney to Languet is well expressed in one of his earliest letters from Venice. He writes: "Nay, but I do not say 'it matters little to you whether you hear or not,' for I am well aware how that 'love is full of anxious fear.' But this I will say, and say with truth, that I met literally no one who was going towards Vienna. But, inasmuch as you tacitly charge me with some slackening of the affection with which I have regarded and ever shall regard you and all your noble qualities, while I acknowledge your kindness, I beg of you seriously and earnestly, that, whatever be the distance which separates us, you will be satisfied of this, that I am not so possessed either with the folly of a boy, or the inconstancy of a woman, or the ingratitude of a brute, as not to seek eagerly the friendship of such a man, and hold it fast when I have gained it, and be thankful for it as long as I have it. I would I were sufficiently at home in Latin, or you in English, you should see what a scene I would make of these suspicions of yours."

A little later he gives an interesting account of himself:

"I shall stay here for a fortnight, and pass the rest of my time at Padua. At present I am learning the sphere, and a little music. My pen I only practise when I write to you; but, in truth, I begin to find that by writing ill I only learn to write ill, and therefore I wish you would give me some rules for improving my style, and at the same time you may send me those other admonitions which you said you had put off till I should come to you; for I am sure that you will never exhaust your stock of counsel, and that my blunders will give ample scope for your lectures. I have sold all the horses; if I had not, they were not good enough to be worth their cost in keeping. For yours I received twenty crowns, which I owe you, with many other debts. As to the money which they took twice at Racchel's, I did not mention it to give you any trouble about it, but only to exculpate Coningsby, whom I formerly charged wrongfully with the act. We should only make ourselves ridiculous if we said any thing to our host about it; for the man who had impudence enough to take the money twice will have more than enough to deny it."

In return Languet writes:

"I judge from your letter that the splendour of Venice does not equal your expectation; nevertheless, Italy has nothing fit to be compared to it; so that if this does not please you, the rest will disgust you. You will admire the wit and sagacity of the people. They are, in truth, witty and keen, and yet most of them carry more on the surface than they have within, and they very generally spoil their attainments by display, and make themselves offensive. The talents of our friends the Germans are, indeed, less versatile, but in solid judgment I doubt if they are at all inferior to them. But I have been so many years away from Italy that I have no right to give an opinion on the subject. I will hear yours when you return."

Are national characteristics unchangeable, and do they last for ever? It would seem as if three centuries had not much altered either Italy or Germany. The wants of the times, in the way of education, are curiously illustrated in another letter from Languet:

"I am glad (he says) you have decided on going to Padua, where you will easily find better lodging than at Venice, and, I hope, have better acquaintances to amuse yourself with, and to converse with about your studies. You were quite right to learn the elements of astronomy, but I do not advise you to proceed far in the science, because it is very difficult, and not likely to be of much use to you. I know not whether it is wise to apply your mind to geometry, though it is a noble study and well worthy of a fine understanding; but you must consider your condition in life—how soon you will have to tear yourself from your literary leisure; and therefore the short time which you still have should be devoted entirely to such things as are most essential. I call those things essential to you which it is discreditable for a man of high birth not to know, and which may, one day, be an ornament and a resource to you. Geometry may, indeed, be of great use to a man of rank, in the fortification or investment of towns, in castrametation and all branches of architecture; but to understand it sufficiently to make it useful would certainly require much time, and I consider it absurd to learn the rudiments of many sciences simply for display and not for use. Besides, you are not over cheerful by nature, and it is a study which will make you still more grave; and as it requires the strongest application of the mind, it is likely to wear out the powers of the intellect, and very much to impair the health; and the greater the ability, the more intense is the interest excited, and therefore the more injurious; and you know you have no health to spare. About the Greek language I cannot advise you. It is a beautiful study, but I fear you will have no time to carry it through, and all the time you give to it will be lost to your Latin, which, though it is considered a less interesting language than the Greek, is yet much more important for you to know. And therefore, as I said before, I do not venture to advise you on the subject. I only recommend you to learn first what is most necessary and most suitable to your condition. You are now acquainted with four languages. If, in your hours of amusement, you can learn enough German to understand it anyhow, I think you will be employing yourself well. Next to the knowledge of the way of salvation, which is the most essential thing of all, and which we learn from the sacred Scriptures,—next to this, I believe nothing will be of greater use to you than to study that branch of moral philosophy which treats of justice and injustice. I need not speak to you of reading history, by which, more than any thing else, men's judgments are shaped, because your own inclination carries you to it, and you have made great progress in it. But perhaps you are occupied with other matters, and my tedious letters only weary you. I must, however, remind you to take good care of your health, and not to injure it with too much study. Nothing excessive lasts long, and a sound mind is not enough unless it dwells in a sound body. Since you are somewhat serious by nature, you should choose companions who can enliven you with becoming entertainment. The noble Count of Hannau and all his suite are greatly attached to you; I advise you to make yourself most intimate with them. There will always be good men who will esteem it a favour if you will seek their friendship; and, as long as you remain what you are, you will find men all over the world to love you and shew you kindness."

[To be concluded in our next.]

CENTO.

The Lord of Burghley: a Play in Five Acts. Pp. 80. London, E. Churton.

CONSIDERING that the mere construction and putting words into dialogue for a five-act play does require a certain amount of talent, we are surprised that it can evaporate in a production like the present. It is not that ideas of some merit, and language occasionally approaching poetry, in a few expressions and within the compass of a few lines, do not float about on the surface; but that they are marred by such absurd and silly puerilities, as to render the whole ridiculous. The drama has only five characters in it, as much as one for every act; and unfolds the well-known story of Lord Burghley, in the disguise of a poor artist, wooing and marrying a farmer's daughter, and bringing her home (like a Haroun al Raschid) to the magnificent palace of which she was the unwitting mistress. To these three personages

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(the lord, his humble bride, and her father), are added a sister to the lady, and Holwell, an honest yeoman of their own rank in life,—all of whom descant sentiments much finer, and language far more polished, than their station could warrant; and the moral is, that unequal matches, though of the fondest love, are sure to be unfortunate, for Lady Burghley dies of the overpowering grandeur of her husband. A few examples from the first five pages will suffice to shew what this five-act piece is.

The farmer and the artist are in conversation; and the former begins by observing, after six months' intimate acquaintance:

"Well, Master Artist, in these parts you find
What's worth your seeing?"

Upon which the artist breaks out into an ecstasy upon the beauties of nature; but shrewdly concludes:

"I weary you,
Who, like all other husbandmen, esteem
The soil for what it yields, and rather talk
Of tillage crops, and so forth."

To which the worthy agriculturist replies:

"Right, sir, right.
As for the place, when I have said it is fine,
I have done. * * *
That is all I know.
I am not one who send my thoughts abroad;
My house and home are all in all to me;
Your Gentry, Master, now—
Frank. Have no such homes.
If I have leave to speak, who look but on
A scene the great ones act in, station binds
In strict entail their actions, as their lands,
In lower men left free.—As the large house,
So is the family, an heir-loom born
With rank."

This is the first time we ever heard the "family" of a nobleman described as an "heir-loom;" but if it be so in usual cases, our masquerading peer looks farther a-head, and is resolved it shall not be so in his instance, if he can help it. He has, in short, his eye upon the farmer's daughter Alice, and he paints her and her sister, to their admiring papa, in the following glowing colours:

"They are Nature's daughters,
Of pure mind calmer than unruffled streams;
Their eyes heaven's welkin blue; and blithe like heaven
Because the sun of a bright soul shines through
The azure veil before her.—Their clear cheeks
This happy country life hath fondly kissed,
Leaving a richly damasked blush behind,
Like that hot summer paints on *the full peach*
Or grape not ruddy-ripe — their days are quiet:
Their *thoughts* the unchecked *voice* of innocence,
Finding a tongue within — their laugh the peal
Of village chimes at merriest —*for their steps,*
They ape the gambolling of young lambs, who frisk
Because the sun shines on them. Thus they are:
And he the robber who steals innocence
And rapes the rose of maidenhood's purity
Hath done a sacrilege — yea, a sacrilege
No church can shrieve him from: and, like the fiend,
Is well left to the curse of inward fire
Without an outer hell. Sir, you may trust me."

To which the farmer, completely flabbergasted, answers, "I will, for you speak *honestly*" (a compliment and credence ill deserved); and the scene ends thus:

"And now
The sun has gone to rest, it were wise in us
To follow his example. We have spoke our minds,
And so let's *in* to supper.
Frank. I follow you.
[They go *out*."

As, according to the stage-direction, they go *out in* to supper, after the example set them by the setting sun, the sisters meanwhile have a chat, of which this is a specimen:

"*Kate.* Well, now the hearth's swept and the table's ready,
I have nought to do — and thinking's tiresome
Unless one thinks of mischief.
Alice. Nay, then, sister,
Were it not better not to think at all.
Kate. For that a thought's a thought,—and thoughts go free.
But if your hands feel idle you may work,
Shall I reach down thy distaff, sister dear?
Alice. There is no need now.
Kate. Oh, if we wait the need,
Our best acts go undone. Well, girl, what say you?
Shall we dance, sister? — or sit close together,
And rail against the good folks of the village:
Or talk of Lammas fair; or of the bride
Was wedded last, much wondering at his eye
Who took one so ill-favoured — or anything
Has some ill-nature in it.
Alice. Not with my will.
Thus idleness, ere he will lack some play,
Does fire his neighbour's stack."

But with this we have come to the middle of the first four honest pages, and must leave the Lord of Burghley to say nothing more, but shake his head as if there were much in its cavernous depths.

Antigone, &c. By W. Bartholomew. London, E. Ewer and Co.

The imitative version or adaptation of Sophocles, which was successfully performed at Covent Garden, merits its place in theatrical collections.

Cain and Abel; an Oratorio, &c. By Dr. Adam Chadwick. London, Newby.

This oratorio begins in a Satanic style, the Devil *loquitur*:

"And so he's going to offer; even now
Preparing things to tender to the Lord
For his acceptance. What can move him to't?
Is it for expiation of some sin?
Too vain for that, or I no judge of him.
Is it to please? how can the mortal please
Who is with us a growing favourite?
The chances are his offering will offend.
He will offend, whether his things or not.
Another sin there 'll be to add to his score.
From this may others come, for aught we know:
Will not unlikely, if signs what they are.
Smile, let us fiends; he's doing what is good;
Good for ourselves, or else the Devil's out."

The second part commences in a manner not inferior to the first. Cain (almost as *duberous* as the Devil in the former) soliloquises thus:

"O what effect exasperation has!
How heaves my breast with wrath tumultuous,
And indignation that has scarcely bounds!
Why couldst Thou not accept me Lord, and the
Plenteous and admirable off'ring brought
By me, and not have dashed me down and told
Me that I am a criminal, before
My family debased my character,
In my own feelings and esteem lessened
Myself, and made me weak in thought and act.
Consid'ring all things, the variety
Of life I've led, my occupation, and
The sports, pursuits, and actions, growing out
Of it, therewith connected, or tempting
My mind, the various and countless things on earth,
My senses, and desires, and the increase
Of these, as more enlarged becomes my soul,
This wanting, looking for, and seeking, more,
My mental, and my person's, power, skill, and
Ability, *my own opinion is*
My life should have thy approbation won."

But the tragic portion of the catastrophe far surpasses even these noble examples. We tremble and faint whilst we attempt to read the highly wrought scene:

"*Abel.* . . . Why agitated so?
Cain. Death's disagreeable in midst of life.
[*Cain grasps the throat of Abel, and forcing him down, dashes in his head with a stone. Abel bleeding and dying.*
Angel. Oh! oh; our Love is struck by him to th' earth.
Other Angels at the same time as Angel. Oh! oh; our Love is felled to rise no more.
Our Love, oh, oh.
Oh, oh; he's killed our Love.
Oh heav'n! He's struck to earth.
Oh heav'n; he's slain.
Oh heav'n.
Oh heav'n.
Our Love.
Our Love.
He's slain.
Oh, oh.
Oh, oh.
Oh.
Oh.
Oh.
Oh.
Dire.
Sad.
Angel. He falls, and bleeds, and is insensible.
Angel. Oh horror, horror, horror.
Other Angels at the same time as Angel and after.
Horror, blood.
Oh horror, horror, horror. Blood. And Death.
Devil and Devils, at the same time as Angels.
Devil and Devils at once.
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! He's felled him to the earth.
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! a hellish deed.
Ah! Ah!
A Dev'lish deed!
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
A damning deed. A real destructive deed.
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
A deed of darkness. Ah!
Devil and Devils.
Ah! Ah! A dev'lish deed. A hellish deed.
A damning deed. &c.
Cain. My art has done its work. Lie there till dead.
My passion and my envy are assauged.
Cooled on a sudden more than by a wind.
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! what will be next."

We challenge the Sublime to go beyond this. Oh, peerless Dr. Adam Chadwick, thou prince of poetic interjections! we praise and pay tribute to thee in thy own matchless language—Oh, ah, Doctor! Oh, oh, Adam! Oh, oh, oh, Chadwick! Or with the stronger Irish aspirate,—Och, och, och, och, Doctor Adam Chadwick! och!!!

Notes of the Wandering Jew on the Jesuits and their Opponents. Edited by John Fairplay, Esq. 24mo, pp. 104. London, E. Appleyard.

This is an exceedingly clever and determined defence of the Jesuits; and, curiously enough, put into the mouth of the Wandering Jew! But no matter by whom written, in the present confused *mêlée* of religious opinion and schism; on the *fair-play* principle of *audi alteram partem*, it is well entitled to take its place by the side of far larger volumes. The author apologises where he cannot entirely excuse, demands proofs where he fancies there is a defect of evidence, boldly denies where he can, and extenuates where he cannot: he then brings forward the missionary labours of the company, their merits in the cause of education and civilisation, and all the other benefits he affirms them to have conferred upon mankind. And the tone throughout is moderate and reasonable; just such as those who attribute deep circumspection and politic forecast to all the operations of the order would anticipate. Towards the conclusion we have the writer's version of their suppression during the last half of last century, which he ascribes to various causes, but not to their having attained a degree of power and influence superior, dangerous, and overwhelming, to all states, crowns, and the tiara itself. When Portugal, Spain, France, and Rome at length threw off the yoke, and dispersed the order, it is marvellous how well it kept itself together, so that at its sanction and revival within the last thirty years it was found to be almost as formidable and fearful as ever. And so the question has already arisen again, and the dispute goes on, who are to have the mastery over men's minds, and consequently be the salt of the earth, its lords and rulers. The struggle is all for this; but not so holds our authority here, and his closing remarks on the prospects of his friends and associates (for the Wandering Jew, *alias* John Fairplay, is most assuredly a member of the Society of Jesus) offer so adequate an example of the whole performance, that we are tempted to quote them for the edification of our readers.

"The princes of the house of Bourbon had combined to wage war upon the Jesuits, believing them to be a check on their absolute authority. They soon found, that they had

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parted with the watch-dogs only to become a prey to the wolves. The French Revolution broke out. Louis XVI., his queen, his nobles—the flower of that brilliant aristocracy which had ruled the taste and manners of Europe—perished on the common scaffold. All the old landmarks were removed, all the old bonds of society rent asunder. Jacobinism took the place of royalty, atheism of religion; and, in the midst of the fierce anarchy which ensued, the world seemed rushing back to Chaos, and returning to the realms of Night. But this madness could only last for a season. The sword of Napoleon exorcised the spirit of popular violence, and law and order began again to flourish beneath his sway. Then, as the fiery deluge abated, and the scorched and blackened earth put forth the green shoots of a new spring, many traces of old institutions appeared above the surface of the ground. The Church of Rome was amongst the first to rise from its ashes, and the Society of Jesus was permitted to share in its resurrection. In 1801, Pope Pius VII. re-established the order in all the possessions of Russia. In 1804, he extended the same privilege to Naples, at the request of the king. In 1814, he sanctioned the revival of the company throughout the world. Since then, the Jesuits have shewn signs of their old activity and vigour. They have returned to their head-quarters at Rome, and obtained admission to most of the European kingdoms. They have again sent forth their missionaries to convert heathen nations to Christianity, and re-opened their schools for the instruction of the Catholic youth. Nor have they lacked either the respect or the obloquy, the suspicion or the reverence, which attached in former times to their name. Unfortunately for them, they appeared in France simultaneously with the hostile bayonets of invaders, and the restored Bourbons took them under their immediate patronage. They thus became associated, in the minds of the people of that country, with many unpopular and many arbitrary acts. But the Revolution of 1830 put an end to this unprofitable connexion, and, no longer fettered by political ties, they were left free to devote themselves to the service of religion alone. What, then, is the reason that French writers continue to assail them with undiminished fury? And not only French writers. Through the length and breadth of Europe, the same rabid yell pursues them—the same ravenous pack is at their heels! I speak not now of the good people in London, who frequent Exeter Hall, and regard the pope as Antichrist, and the Jesuits as emissaries of the devil. I speak not of the honest men of all countries, who believe whatever is told them about the society. But I speak of those who have raised a false cry for a party-purpose, and who dare to invoke persecution in the name of liberty. Yes! there is a party, who, untaught by the lessons of experience, unmindful of the past, and reckless of the future, would plunge the world into war and revolution, for the sake of an empty shadow. These are the men who are ever seeking to sow the seeds of discord between the two great civilised nations of Western Europe—these are they, who are always talking of their own freedom, their own glory, their own aggrandisement, but who know not the first rules of morality and justice with regard to others—who are eloquent on the crimes of kings, but have no word of reprobation for the crimes of demagogues—who can find excuses for every ruffian that commits barbarities in some cause they may happen to approve, but have no sympathy for a brave opponent, no compassion for a fallen foe. Such a party exists in France, and has its admirers and imitators in other lands. And such a party it is that calls for laws of proscription against the Jesuits. What have the poor priests done? What are the charges that can be proved against them? Vague assertions will not suffice. Reports, and suspicions, and the dull murmur of popular dislike, will not suffice. The judgment pronounced by enemies and rivals will not suffice. A few garbled extracts, picked out with malicious diligence from a vast heap of miscellaneous writings—the work of all sorts of men, under all sorts of circumstances—will certainly not suffice. Even the historical proof of some errors and some guilt will not suffice—for else, what sect, what party, what corporation, would be safe for a moment?—Either the accusers of the Jesuits must bring positive evidence against the living men, of acts prejudicial to individuals, and dangerous to the state—they must do so fairly, openly, and in the face of day—or they must incur the shame and reproach of having had recourse to calumny, to justify and support a system of deliberate and cowardly persecution. But is the blow aimed at the Jesuits alone? Is it even directed only against the Romish Church? Would any order of priests, or any form of Christianity, be more acceptable to these liberal and tolerant assailants of the Society of Jesus?—What their own opinions are, it would be rather difficult to determine. But in one thing they seem to be all agreed—and that is, in regarding as folly and superstition whatever they do not themselves practise, and whatever they are unable to understand. It is from the very same party, or at least from some of them, that I have heard such frequent and bitter denunciations of those laws of marriage and property which constitute the basis of all social order. It is likely enough, that men who contemplate extensive changes in the whole fabric of society would find the Jesuits—as they would any other priests who had influence over the multitude—somewhat in the way of their experiments, and more easy to crush than to cajole. It is therefore by no means wonderful that they should begin by attempting the former; and, were they to succeed, the Jesuits would not be the only victims. But will they succeed? Will the nations that have so loudly protested against the rule of despots or inquisitors now submit to an inquisition of journalists, and a tyranny of mobs? Will they so far forget all the principles that have raised them to dignity and freedom as to establish once more, in the bosom of a civilised state, the fearful power of proscription? If they do so, let them beware. To-day, it is the Jesuits; to-morrow, it will be some other class. It will be enough to say: 'This man is hateful—persecute him! That man is dangerous—proscribe him!' and all who make use of such poisoned weapons may expect to see them turned against themselves."

The different eye with which the same transaction may be viewed is shewn by a passage in the Sidney Correspondence (our first paper), and which bears upon the condition of the Jesuits in Austria under the mild and quiescent rule of the emperor Maximilian, of whom it is observed:

"He tolerated the reformed religion; and for the rest, he let events take their course, and suffered the seeds of mischief to grow up in the midst of his people. For example, he dreaded the influence of the Italian and Spanish monks in Austria; he even went so far as to consider the propriety of expelling them altogether; but the most dangerous servants of the see of Rome, the Jesuits, he either overlooked or feared to touch. They were not attracting much notice in Vienna at this time, it is true, for they had not yet been established ten years in that city, and they disclaimed the character of monks, so long as the name of monks was unpopular at the court, and were known only as the 'Spanish priests.' But they were doing the work of Rome, and of their order, as busily and as effectually by laying a foundation of power, as those who afterwards built on that foundation. It is a remarkable characteristic of the brethren of this order, that they are trained to labour contentedly all their lives, if need be, under ground as it were, unhonoured and unnoticed, without even the hope of ever seeing the fruit of their labours. And it is impossible to doubt that Le Jay and the Jesuits of this generation were at this time carefully constructing the framework of that absolute influence which, half a century later, Father Lamormain and his brethren exercised with such immense effect at the court of Vienna, an influence which eclipsed even the victorious star of the Duke of Friedland."

A Gallery of Literary Portraits. By George Gilfillan. Pp. 443. Edinburgh, W. Tait; London, Simpkin and Marshall; Dublin, Cumming.

Twenty-six personages of literary repute are drawn in the most florid style in this volume: in which it appears to us the not discreditable enthusiasm of the author runs away with judgment, and the ambition of magnificent writing renders it next to impossible, without a great corresponding effort, for the reader to make out the features so flourished over with ornamental imagery and decoration. What would we give for a simple truthful sketch! But open the book any where: it is done—p. 68, Robert Hall:

"Some of the incidents in his life were very singular. Who has forgot the history of his courtship (not recorded in his biography); his going down to the kitchen of a brother-minister, where his inamorata lived in the shape of a most respectable and pious domestic; his lighting the inseparable pipe: his question, 'Betty, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?' her answer, 'I hope, sir, I do;' and his succeeding and conclusive query, 'Betty, do you love me?' These were eccentricities. But there is one darker and more delicate passage in his history, to which we may passingly refer. The partition which, in his case, nature had made thin between genius and derangement, at length burst asunder. *The majestic orb of his intellect librated, wavered, wandered, went utterly out of its course, and 'yet the light that led astray was light from heaven.' Hall's was no vulgar frenzy, no grinning, howling, and cursing, mania; it was cometary in its character, meteorous, sublime.*"

Turning over, we read of "his *firewinged frenzy*," and "sort of *frantic fastidiousness*"—which is just bombast.

Another *sortes:* J. Gibson Lockhart succeeds in 1826 to the editorship of the *Quarterly Review;* and "great expectations were formed about his management of that powerful periodical. Gifford had only a little before *dropped his bloody ferula in death;* and it became an eager question with the literary world, whether Lockhart would introduce a milder *régime*, or only exchange whips for scorpions. Not a few expected the latter to be the more probable consequence. We remember a periodical writer at the time raising a warning cry to the Cockneys, whose enemy was now coming up among them. Lockhart, however, knew better

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then to take up all the quarrels and perpetuate all the feuds of his predecessor. The times, too, had changed, and with the times the tastes. The objects, moreover, of assault were now *hors de combat. Shelley was dead; Hunt was bankrupt and broken-hearted; Hazlitt was desperate and at bay—and a rumour ran that his horns were tipped with poison; the minor writers of the school had perished under the crush of their ponderous enemy;* Lamb's gentle luminery had slowly risen into 'a star among the stars of mortal night;' and it *was not now safe to howl at Hesperus.*"

All very fine, but except that Shelley was drowned in 1822, we are at a loss to guess how the remainder of this illustrious peroration is borne out. The broken-hearted Hunt has survived twenty years, and is now flourishing in full intellectual vigour, only better graced than ever. Of Hazlitt, Lockhart never displayed a fear, nor of his horns either, if they were tipped with poison. Who the crushed minor writers (?) were we have no guess, for there is nothing as a foundation for the rounding period except the absurd and silly story of poor Keats being slain by an article, who died of a constitutional, long-standing, and slow consumption. Then for Lamb's Hesperus, had it been Leo or Scorpio, or other such terribly-named luminary, we could comprehend the poetical danger of howling at it; but who would be afraid of howling at gentle Lambs or gentle evening stars?

Again we dip—it is Professor Wilson.

"Wilson (we are told) does not strike you as so eloquent at the time, but there is a slow and solemn music in his voice, which fills at once the ear and the soul; he *plants stings within you which can be plucked out only with the last bleeding fibres of the heart;* his very tones linger in your ear—the very glances of his eye, years after, haunt your memory—*the magic of his eloquence makes you its slave for life.* Never shall we forget the manner in which he pronounced the fine words of Thomson, 'the melancholy main,' with deep lingering accents, *as if his soul were swelling forth on the sound, while his look seemed to mirror the 'great bright eye' of old Ocean.* And who that has heard him describe Cæsar weeping at the tomb of Alexander, can cease to remember the very tremor of the voice, which brought out so finely his conception of that noble scene? The tones in which he uttered the words 'fading youth,' will be with us to our dying day. They involved in them a world of sentiment and pathos. In recitation of poetry, he is altogether unrivalled. *His whole man—eye, lip, chest, arms, voice, become surcharged and overflowing* with the spirit of the particular composition. He reads it as the *poet's own soul* would wish it read."

The italics will suggest all we might say of this glorified style, where slow and solemn music plants stings—and such stingers as can only be plucked out with the last bleeding fibres of your heart (if *music* be the food of love, like this, Pray don't play on! would be our exclamation); and a look mirroring (we have a little circular glass glancer at our elbow at this moment, a poor type of it) the great bright eye of that Polypheme ould Ocean: and a whole man swelling himself out (his soul having seemed to swell out a few lines before), and his eye, and his lip, and his chest, and his arms, and his voice becoming surcharged and overflowing—why, the big giant whom Jack killed could be nothing to such a swollen monster as this.

We cite only two other examples of extravagent eloquence. Of Brockden Brown, the American writer, it is said:

"A tall, black, lean, spectral-looking man, he was wont to be seen, at all hours, moving about Philadelphia and New York, like an unlaid ghost; very poor, very little known, *frequently having little food, save his own heart, which he did ravenously devour;* but gifted with a genius, strong, native, and limited as a monomania. His forte lay, to use the words of Carlyle, in 'natural supernaturalism.' Never venturing to colonise ghosts in New England, he sweats out, from the soil, superstitions more appropriate and more terrible. He delights in treading the border-land between the material and spiritual worlds—the debatable country of dreams, sleep-walking, and ventriloquism. *By a few chilly words,* describing certain possible situations, produced by natural but uncommon circumstances, *he creates a singular thrill of literal yet spiritual horror.* You are *staggered,*—you know not how, and know not whence. You *are in a spiritual presence, which, at the same time, you do not see. He separates the shiver of supernatural fear from the consciousness of supernatural agency,* and gives you it entire, 'lifting the skin from the scalp to the ankles.' He does, in broad summer day, what others can only do in the 'weird winter nights.' He makes you fear as much in company as when alone. He is deeply versed in the power of panic-terror. He leaves you always in dreadful uncertainty. He never finishes a story, and wishes you to believe it is because he dares not. *He drops the curtain hastily, and it is no longer a blank, but becomes to you the painting of unutterable horrors. You at once tremble and are tantalised, and rise from his page with this double sting planted—buried in your soul;* and therein lies his power. Apart from this he is nothing."

Of Ralph Waldo Emerson, in the same stilted manner:

"He is the most original mind America has hitherto produced. After *centuries* of imitative slavery, it has at length borne a native men. *He has come straight from the wilderness, dripping* with the dew of the aboriginal woods, and touched with their mild and solemn darkness. *He is the first of a brood of Titans,* who, in his own words, shall yet 'laugh and leap on the continent, and run up the mountains of the west on the errands of Genius and Love.' His province intellectually has been to try to map out the domains of 'Cloudland,' *and from the thick darkness of mysticism to protrude certain sharp points and brilliant edges of meaning.*" [A great thing is even an edging of this commendable quality in writing.] And "*on the wide moor of his thought stands up,* every now and then, *a little sentence like a fairy,* and tells us the way. His power comes and goes, like spasms of shooting pain." And heaven knows what else he is like.

But why pursue such an ungrateful task as this? The writer is a thinking as well as a reading and observing person of an order of intellect superior to the common herd; but he has ruined himself by his grandiloquence, and presented nothing but gorgeous obscurities, where the public would welcome natural traits. The lithograph portraits of some ten or a dozen of his subjects are about as like them as his descriptions, and neither reflect honour on the literature or arts of the Modern Athens.

New Zealand, in a Series of Letters, &c. By S. M. D. Martin, M.D., lately a Member of the Legislative Council. 8vo, pp. 379. London, Simmonds and Ward.

THE bitter personal tone in which this volume is written, we are sorry to remark, defies confidence. The author may or may not be correct in his statements and representations; but when a most active combatant comes out of the middle of a fight and tells his own story, we are obliged to pause upon it, and cannot pin our faith upon his version of the grounds of quarrel, and the circumstances of the fray, from beginning to end. Though, therefore, there may be truth in these pages, we confess our inability to detect and point it out for public reliance.

The author and some friends set out from New South Wales, to explore New Zealand, and purchase lands for settlement there. They found nothing but abuses in every quarter. Mistakes, blunders, and crimes marked the course of almost every functionary; and they are shewn up accordingly. Generally speaking, we are informed that "the success of our colonies is altogether the effect of the peculiar character of our countrymen, and is not in the slightest degree the result of good government: on the contrary, it will be found that the history of every one of the British colonies is nothing more or less than a record of the grossest blunders, ignorance, and oppression! * * * The position of the British colonist has hitherto been peculiar and anomalous: he was neither regarded as a British subject, nor altogether as a foreigner; he could neither claim the rights of the one, nor demand the respect which is always due to the other. How such a system of things as that which prevails in some of the British colonies could have arisen, it is difficult at the present time to say. The total deprivation of political rights and privileges could only have been submitted to by persons who had forfeited or been deprived of their natural rights; and as many of the first colonies of England were settled either by convicts or slaves, the present *parental* system of colonial government has most likely derived its origin from that circumstance. But whatever the origin may have been, it says little for the justice or kindness of the home-government, that they should to the present time continue a system so monstrously unjust, and so grossly injurious to the colonists; and much less for the colonists themselves, in respect of independence and spirit, that they should have so long and so quietly submitted to such wrongs. * * * A slave becomes a freeman if he be fortunate enough to touch English ground; but an Englishman, if he settle in an English colony, becomes politically a slave. The government of England is called a mixed government; the power is equally divided between the monarch, the barons, and the people. Of these three estates, the monarchy alone is extended to the colonies; it is usually vested in a viceroy, or governor, in whose hands it generally degenerates into the purest and most absolute despotism."

But we leave generalisation for more amusing particularisation. In 1839, among the earliest incidents met with by the adventurers was a night's entertainment by the famed Baron de Theiry, which is thus told:

"Leaving four of the natives in charge of our baggage, under the guidance of the other two we commenced the rather perilous undertaking of working our way over stumps of trees and decayed logs towards the baron's house. After sundry falls, some slight contusions, and a good coating of mud and clay, we attained the desired object. With the exception of a small glass window in front, we discovered, to our dismay, that the baronial residence was little better, in appearance at least, than the native huts we had left. It was constructed of the same materials, and after the same style of

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architecture, but somewhat larger. Seeking in vain for the door in front of the house, we came to the conclusion that it must be at the back, or, at all events, somewhere. At the back we discovered it; and I being perhaps the most impudent of the four, was unanimously selected as the fittest person to try the effects of the application of my knuckles upon the Kauri boards, in the absence of a bell or knocker. After the usual intimation, the door was opened by a person who had just risen for the purpose from a good blazing fire in a place which appeared like a kitchen. Of this person I inquired if the baron was at home; I also told the usual tale of travelling distress, and the very great reluctance with which we had been compelled to pay so unseasonable a visit. The person who opened the door, being no less a personage than the baron himself, assured us at once of a hearty welcome by expressing his great happiness in seeing and accommodating strangers at all times, and we were immediately conducted to a small square wooden box opposite the door, where we were left to meditate in darkness upon the prospect before us. The baron, however, returned as soon as possible with a light, which enabled us to become more intimately acquainted with his appearance, as well as with our own mud-bespattered persons. On the baron's re-appearance we could not help noticing that he had during his absence materially improved his exterior, so much so that he could have been no longer mistaken for his own domestic, even if he had one. As it was, such a thing could not be, inasmuch as the sovereign chief comprehended in his own person and family all that existed of his feudal dignity and power. He was, in truth, the feudal lord without the followers or serfs. As this was the first European family I had visited in New Zealand, and as the baron's name and character are public property, I may be forgiven if I give a more particular account of our reception than under ordinary circumstances I could be justified in doing. To speak of the domestic economy of a family is seldom consistent with propriety, and almost always an outrage upon hospitality; but when you know that the Baron de Theiry assumes the name of sovereign, claiming, as he does, the title of King of Nehuheva, and 'by the grace of God Sovereign Chief of New Zealand,' you must allow that there can be no more sin in speaking of the court of Charles sovereign chief of New Zealand, than that of the king of England, or the citizen king of France, the only crowned head in Europe whose alliance King Charles deemed it consistent with his dignity to claim. Charles Baron de Theiry is about fifty years of age; he is, I believe, the son of a French emigrant, an hereditary French peer, but born and educated in England. When dressed, he wears the undress uniform of an officer of the English army. He has most likely held a commission in her Majesty's service. How or why he left that service I know not, but for some years he has been making the most persevering efforts to place himself, in name at least, on an equality with his late royal master. With this object, and doubtless filled with the fame of the celebrated cacique of Poyais, Gregor MacGregor, he has visited various parts of South America; but none of the Indian tribes would submit to his rule. From South America he proceeded to the islands of the South Sea, perilling life and every thing else, like Ulysses of old, in search of his kingdom. The Sandwich Islands, Tahiti, and various other islands of the great South Sea, were visited and asked in vain to accept of a king. The inhabitants of the Marquesas at last took compassion upon the erratic prince, and constituted him king of one of their smallest islands, called Nehuheva. Whether he was expelled by his subjects, if ever he had any, or whether the taste of power had generated the usual kingly desire of extending his dominions, it is hard to say, but certain it is that he had a design upon New Zealand for a long time. The peculiar condition of this country, being neither claimed by any European power nor under the government of any powerful native prince or princes, would at first sight appear to highly favour the views of the baron. In addition to this, he claimed a large tract of land at Hokianga, which he alleged had been purchased on his account many years ago for twenty tomahawks, by one of the Church missionaries. Revolving all these favourable circumstances in his royal bosom, King Charles left his kingdom of Nehuheva, and arrived in Sydney in the year 1835. Immediately on his arrival, he caused a proclamation to be published, intimating his designs upon New Zealand. This proclamation was indited in the usual kingly style, commencing with the words—'Charles, by the grace of God, King of Nehuheva and Sovereign Chief of New Zealand,' &c. Having made it appear that he was countenanced in his pretensions by the king of the French, and exhibiting several documents from the government of France, he had little difficulty in persuading many persons in Sydney that his claims were not only well founded, but would be supported by his ally the citizen king. His own gentlemanly address, good manners, and great presumption, contributed very much to the success of his preliminary scheme — that of raising a sum of money to enable him to visit his dominions with that power and dignity which became his royal pretensions. A person could scarcely believe that men so proverbially keen as those of New South Wales would allow themselves to be taken in by a pure adventurer like the Baron de Theiry, however high his pretensions may have been; it is nevertheless true that the baron succeeded in raising a considerable sum of money by the sale of some bills which he drew upon the French government; these bills were discounted by a mercantile house in Sydney of the name of Wilson (strange to say, Aberdeen people), but after the bills were forwarded to their destination, they were, as might have been expected, returned dishonoured. The baron with the money thus obtained proceeded immediately to accomplish the object so long desired—the possession of his sovereignty. A host of servants and retainers were engaged; all necessary, and some unnecessary, supplies were purchased, and a ship was chartered to convey the sovereign chief, his court, and followers, to Hokianga, where he purposed establishing himself in the first instance. The fame of his proceedings in Sydney, as a matter of course, preceded his arrival in New Zealand, and produced various effects in various places. While the people of Hokianga had made up their minds to submit quietly, if not cheerfully, to his authority, the British resident and the Church missionaries regarded the state of affairs in a very different light. To the one it appeared as an attempt on the part of France to infringe upon the rights of the country which he so faithfully, but never till then effectively, represented. To the missionaries, again, it seemed as the shadowing forth of a coming cloud of popish priests, who by their doctrines would deceive and lead astray all the faithful and beloved natives in the country. The baron must, therefore, be opposed politically and spiritually, and without a moment's delay. A convention of the natives was forthwith called at the Bay of Islands—a declaration was prepared by the missionaries and British resident, and adopted and subscribed by the chiefs of the northern part of New Zealand. In that declaration they set forth the independence of their country, and declared the union of their respective tribes into one state, under the designation of the United Tribes of New Zealand. A copy of the declaration, with a request that Great Britain would acknowledge their independence, was immediately forwarded to the British government through the resident. How far that gentleman was warranted in thus ceding away the claims of the country he so uselessly represented, it is scarcely necessary to say. A few days after the completion of these great and formal proceedings, the sovereign chief arrived at Hokianga, and was received, on landing from his ship, with royal honours by the assembled European and native residents. One or two old guns were conveyed to a rising ground, and a royal salute was fired. So far matters promised well. With a few faithful and loyal subjects in one part of his dominions, Charles might naturally and most likely did expect that the wisdom, the impartiality, and justice of his government would in time recommend it to the disaffected missionaries, and natives of the Bay of Islands. So fully was he impressed with that belief, that he abstained from taking notice of their highly disloyal and reprehensible conduct in attempting to establish a rival government. How far Charles could have succeeded, had his means (I mean, his money) been commensurate with his ambition, it is now hard to say; but the want of funds, the absence of Aberdeen merchants, and consequent inability to discount his French bills—the impossibility of procuring additional supplies, and the want of provisions for his followers and servants, soon reduced the court and government of the baron to the number and members of his own family. * * *

"The above sketch of the Baron de Theiry, a personage who has been deemed worthy of the notice of the British government, may prove interesting to you, tending as it does, to a certain extent, to exhibit the true character of a pretender—a man of good education and manners, who possesses considerable ability, though impracticable for any good or useful purpose; who, while his aspirations are so high, has, with criminal indifference, allowed his children to grow up in total ignorance. His eldest son, or heir apparent, is said to be in every respect a native. The baron, however, is not a solitary instance of an educated man misspending, in the forming of wild and visionary schemes, the time which he ought in duty to have devoted to the education of his family. So much for 'Charles, by the grace of God, Sovereign Chief of New Zealand.'"

Having truly characterised the work as one involved in personal squabbles, differences, and insults, it will not be expected that we should transfer much of its matter to our page. Dr. M. speaks of Captain Hobson, Mr. Shortland, Colonel Wakefield, and all the official persons connected with the island, in terms of the utmost reproach and contumely; and Sir George Gipps and his subordinates at Sidney are not, in his eyes, a whit better. The picture is a woful one altogether; and we shall only endeavour to make out a single view worthy of notice from the inoffensive parts:

"The district of Waikato stands, by all accounts, much in the same relationship to the

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European settlements that Circassia does to Constantinople. I do not apprehend the ladies of Waikato are fitter than those of other parts of New Zealand; but it is the most densely peopled district, and therefore affords a greater selection. The New Zealand women are not by any means handsome. In personal appearance they are decidedly inferior to the men. Some of them are, however, rather delicately formed. They have fine dark expressive eyes, but they disfigure their faces by tattooing. Many of them have very beautiful and delicate hands, but their feet are clumsy and ill-shaped; perhaps the constant habit of going about without shoes may produce that effect. As a people, the New Zealanders are remarkable for coarseness of bone and limb. The Euronesians, or half-caste children, do not appear to be very numerous. They are in every respect a decided improvement as far as the aboriginal, and in many cases the European, stock is concerned. How far an amalgamation of the two races may take place, it is difficult to say. Such a circumstance will depend much upon the manner in which the country is settled by Europeans. If emigration go on slowly, it is more likely to ensue. If, on the other hand, the country be occupied by large bodies of Europeans, the two races will in all probability remain distinct, if the one do not, as in most other countries, altogether disappear, and give place to the other. The missionaries, perhaps justly, complain of the immorality of the Europeans, and its evil effects upon the native population. It must indeed be acknowledged that social morality is still rather low in New Zealand. From the character of both races, it could scarcely be expected to be otherwise. The customs of the natives do not recognise its existence or enjoin its practice; and the Europeans are, generally speaking, persons who under the most favourable circumstances would not be very remarkable for propriety of conduct. In a country like New Zealand, the ordinary checks of society are completely removed; it therefore requires more than an average amount of principle and moral feeling to prevent a person from falling into the errors of those around him. Where there is neither law nor example to appeal to, crime will meet with no condemnation, and, as a matter of course, will cease to be regarded as such, or even to be known by the name."

How we are to rely on the periodical press of New Zealand may be surmised from the following, with which we conclude. We must premise that Mr. Secretary Shortland is charged with being a corrupt land-jobber, and the author goes on:

"I have recently succeeded, after sundry disappointments, in procuring a press and printing materials from Sydney, with which I publish weekly a small paper, to the annoyance of my friend Shortland, who issued orders to all the officers of government not to take in the paper, on pain of suspension or dismissal from office. I care little about his threat, so long as I can contrive not to give him any hold to institute an action for libel. It is easy enough to annoy him, and to make known the injury he has inflicted on the colony, without committing oneself, however watchful the attorney-general may be. My friend Mr. Cormack some time ago left New Zealand for Sydney, with the view of proceeding immediately to England, commissioned by the land-claimants both here and in Sydney to represent their case fairly and fully to the home-government. We expect much from his exertions in our behalf in England. I am confident the home-government know nothing of the state of this country, or the mischief perpetrated by the local officers."

Fragments Arabes et Persans inédits relatifs à l'Inde, antérieurement au xime Siècle de l'Ere Chrétienne. Recueillis par M. Reinaud, Membre de l'Institut, &c. 8vo. Paris.

This curious and, to scholars, interesting volume is one of the results of the author's researches to discover the degree in which the Arabs borrowed from India in their scientific knowledge. It is quite unnecessary for us to state that M. Reinaud stands in the first rank of European Orientalists. The Fragments are taken from early Arabian and Persian writers; they relate to the history of the Indian peninsula, and are accompanied with a French version. Although mixed in no small degree with fable, they throw much light on the history of the Hindu kingdoms which preceded the invasion by the Mussulmans. Our increasing connexions with the different countries of the East make collections like these doubly valuable; and we look forward with no little interest to the appearance of M. Reinaud's translation of the Geography of Abulfeda.

Many of the anecdotes in these Fragments of history are very romantic, and bear a strong analogy to those which are found in the history of the half-fabulous periods of other peoples. Thus in the history of Kefend, or Kend, a contemporary of Alexander the Great, we have the inexhaustible cup so often found in the earlier medieval romance. Kefend, in order to conciliate the goodwill of Alexander, sent him, as a present, his daughter, a skilful physician, a philosopher, and an inexhaustible cup. Massoudi tells us that "this cup had belonged to Adam, at the time when the father of mankind dwelt in the isle of Ceylon, and from him it descended in a direct line to Kefend. It had the quality of being never emptied. An army, overcome with thirst, might drink their full without diminishing its contents. This was a great advantage for Alexander, who more than once found his army in danger of perishing for want of water. Alexander, wishing to try the philosopher whom Kefend had sent him, one day ordered the cup to be given to him filled with as much butter as it would hold. The philosopher returned it to Alexander with a thousand needles buried up to their heads in the butter. Alexander's intention was to give him to understand that his heart was full and his science complete, in the same manner that the cup was full of butter. The philosopher, who had caught his meaning, wished to intimate that the prince's allegory had not escaped him, but that he had penetrated it in the same manner that the needles penetrated into the butter!"

On another occasion, we have the stratagem so frequently repeated in history, where an invading army demand the daughters of the people against whom they are warring to be delivered up to them as a condition of peace, the latter send their sons in disguise, who each stabs his bedfellow, and the invaders are thus destroyed.

Another legend gives us a singular account of the origin of the game of chess; and in another writer we have a description of an animal which bears a very close resemblance to the medieval notion of the unicorn. "As to the kanda, it is very numerous in India, principally in the neighbourhood of the Ganges. It has the form of a buffalo; its skin is black and scaly; morsels of flesh hang from its chin; it has three nails to its feet, a large one in front, and a smaller one on each side. Its tail is not long; its two eyes descend from the ordinary position to the cheek. At the extremity of its nose is a horn, which turns upwards. I have seen a young individual of this species strike an elephant which was in its way: he wounded him in the shoulder with his horn, and struck him several blows. I thought at first that it was the kerkedann; but a man who came from Sofala, in Africa, told me that the kerk, the horn of which is employed in that country to make knife-handles, is only a species related to the Indian animal. The Zendjs, in Sofala, call the kerk *anpylak*. Its colours are varied; on its head is a horn of a conical form, which is larger near the root, and does not rise high; it is black internally, and white outside. On the forehead of the animal is another horn, of the same form as the first, but longer. This horn raises itself up when the animal is excited, and prepares to strike. It sharpens it by rubbing on the stones, and thus makes it fit to cut and pierce. It has nails on its feet; its tail resembles the tail of an ass, and is very hairy."

We will only add, that M. Reinaud's translations are accompanied with valuable notes, and that the volume concludes with a letter on the coins of the kings of Caubul, by the distinguished numismatist, M. Adrien de Longpérier.

Dunster Castle: an Historical Romance of the Great Rebellion. By I. T. Hewlett, M.A., late of Worcester College, Oxford. 3 vols. Colburn.

A STRANGE *postscriptum* of a personal nature would disarm criticism, if criticism were armed against this tale; which, though addressed to a very hackneyed and worn-out subject, has nothing in it to provoke hostility. Neither, it must be confessed, doth it display much to challenge high praise. It is a *middlingly* interesting account of contests between the Cavaliers and Puritans in the time of Charles I.; and sedulously seeks to give us sketches of the costumes, customs, sports, manners, modes of speech, and feeling of that unhappy period. The art of introducing these easily and naturally has not been acquired in the eminent style of a master; but, with all their stiffness, they are amusing enough, and may well go current among the passably agreeable productions of their class. The scene is laid chiefly on the western coast of England, and landsmen and seamen figure equally among the actors. A secret birthright involves the hero with proper mystery; there are disguises without end; the puritanical pictures and discourses partake of caricature; and the following superstition will shew favourably how the author acquits himself in a literary point of view:

"'Folks say that Master Quirke is building a mansion for himself in the town, on the acres he hath bought of Squire Luttrell,' said the harbour-master. 'I am building; but not for myself, Master Luckes. Folks say wrong if they report that I design to build a mansion to dwell in.' 'What mean, then, the cargoes of stone, and lime, and timber, that pay the duties of the harbour, and are all consigned to Robert Quirke?' 'I tell thee, man, I am building, but not for myself; and when I have closed this door, that Mabel's sharp ears may not be benefited, I will reveal to thee what no mortal has ever yet heard.' When Master Quirke had closed the door, he took his seat by the fire again, and, after a deep draught of the replenished jack, disclosed his secret thus: 'Thou knowest, Master Luckes, that when Mistress Leckey died some ten years since, she told her son, who used to freight vessels here, and trade to Waterford, that she would appear upon earth again, and grant him a wind which he might

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have whistled for in vain.' 'I know it well,' said the old man. 'But you do not know that I believed not in the tale, but even scoffed at it, and assigned the ruin of Tom Leckey to his fondness for the goblet and the can, rather than to the tricks and whims of his dead mother. I have laughed when they told me of her pranks on shore and at sea.' 'Ah, I have heard thee, I have heard thee, in this very room, Master Quirke, jeer at the pottycarrier when he told thee that Dame Leckey, the grey woman of Minyead, had beaten him black and blue with her crutched stick, because he failed to help her ghostship over a style.' 'I did laugh, and should laugh even now at so improbable a story, Master Luckes, had I not seen and heard her myself.' 'As how?' said the harbour-master, looking round, as if afraid of seeing the grey woman at his elbow, and assailing the ale-jack to give him courage. 'It was on a dreary night, this last December. I had been over to Swansea, with a cargo of goods, and was returning with a freight of wools for the Dunster clothiers. My crew were asleep below, and I was alone on deck, standing near the tiller. It was a dead calm, and I had taken a double turn of the starboard guy-rope, and made it fast to the tiller, to keep the ship's head steady in the tide; and, as I smoked my pipe, and whistled now and then for a wind to waft me up Channel and into harbour, I heard of a sudden as it were the flap of wings, and something passed close to me which looked like a large sea-gull: it sailed up aloft, and settled on the mast-head. I should have accounted it to be some scared sea-mew, for it whistled loud and shrill, had I not known that the webbed feet of such birds are all unfitted for lighting on a dog-vane. Well, harbour-master, there it sat, and whistled so shrilly that its cry might have been heard at Cardiff, as it seemed to me. Suddenly, the wind arose and filled the mainsail, so that the vessel lay over on her side, and the foaming waters rushed over the gunwale and flooded her deck. I was fain to haul up the maintack, and to shout to the crew below. No one answered to my call. I looked aloft, and there sat the same grey figure, but, instead of the whistling which I before heard, the sound of gibes and laughter reached my ear, amidst the rattling of the topgear and the creaking of ropes and blocks. I was an angered, Master Luckes, and in my anger I swore and used profane words, and told the bird, as I thought it, if he were the devil himself and would alight on the deck, I would do his bidding whatever it might be.' ''Twas rash language, Master Quirke, and I doubt not no good came of it,' said the harbour-master. 'I had scarce spoken the words, when the figure sprung lightly from the mast-head, and stood before me on the deck. The binnacle-light shewed me the visage of a grey woman; that is, a woman dressed in a grey suit, such as Mistress Leckey of Minyead ever wore. I could see through her form, Master Luckes, the mast and the cordage, and the main hatchway before which she stood. I would have spoken to her, but, somehow or other, my tongue refused its office, and my throat felt as though I had swallowed hot coals. I could only gaze on her, and, though the wind blew louder than any hurricane in the Western Indies, and the waves roared and splashed against the vessel's sides, I heard these words as distinctly as if the dead calm, which I had been whistling to dispel, had continued:

'Thou hast but one son and never a spouse
To inherit thy hard-earn'd gains;
Build for the poor a goodly almshouse,
It will save thee of hell the pains.'

'And what followed—did she disappear in blue flames and leave the smell of brimstone behind her?' said Master Luckes, scarcely above his breath. 'I cannot tell you; I was roused as from a deep sleep by my crew, whom the rolling of the ship, and the wash of the waves against her clinker-built sides, had brought upon deck. I said nothing of what I had seen and heard; but, as we rushed before the wind up Channel, and made our port, I vowed to heaven to comply with the commands so fearfully sent to me. I bought a piece of land overright the market-house of good Master Luttrell, and am building what I hope may prove a quiet resting-place for those who may be in need and necessity for centuries after I am dead and gone.'"

The Wonder-Seeker; or, the History of Charles Douglas. By M. Fraser Tytler, author of "Tales of the Great and Brave." Pp. 215. London, Grant and Griffith.

MANY a time and oft have we delivered our sentiments respecting the difficulty of writing for the young. The apparently easy task is so very seldom performed in a manner to merit approbation, that if ever we could sanction the principle of a censorship over the press, it would be upon the publication of children's books. With the best of intentions and the purest of motives, and the main incidents generally well directed to enforce the morals on hand, there is almost invariably an accidental admixture of the most mischievous doctrines and the worst of examples. Thus in the well-meant and nicely penned tale before us, in which the wonder-seeker is taught to find the wonderful works of Providence in the simplest things around him (a fine and useful lesson), we are startled at the outset with the following notice of Master Douglas's parentage:

"In a very pretty part of the south of Scotland, there lived a gentleman whose name was Douglas. Two or three years before our story begins, his wife had died and left him with one little boy. If anybody had told Mr. Douglas that he did not love his child, he would have been very angry. And could he have known that he would grow up a bad man, and be idle and ignorant, I daresay it would have grieved him very much; but he never did any thing that proved the first, or in any way guarded against the latter."

Thus we have the beginning of the child's tuition poisoned with the portraiture of a senseless and wickedly negligent father. "'Little Charles is too young yet,' he used to say, 'to learn much either of good or bad; in a little time I shall have him more with me, but just now I have so much to do looking after the hounds and seeing that my horses are attended to. Then I hunt four days in the week. I must be away those days, at any rate. Besides, he is so young, he is far better with the nurse and the other servants—they all take care of him.' And so he contented himself with the idea that some years hence it would be time enough for him to think what would be best for his boy. Mr. Douglas would have turned away a groom who had taught a young horse a bad habit, and he insisted that the huntsman should begin the education of a puppy as soon as the little creature could open its eyes; but he did not remember that the bad habits of his child, young as he was, were gaining strength every day, and that if he were not trained now to good, it might hereafter be too late. If Charles was disobedient, his father would laugh at what he called the boy having 'a will of his own;' if he got into a passion, he would hold him at a little distance, and watch his tiny feet stamp upon the ground, and his pretty features distorted with rage, and then he would turn away amused rather than vexed by such a sight. It is no wonder, then, that at seven years old little Charles Douglas was thought a tyrant by the servants, and was spoilt and tiresome even to his own father. It was about this time that Mr. Stanley first came to the country. Mr. Boyle, the clergyman, who had lived there for a great many years, had gone back to England, and Mr. Stanley then succeeded to the pretty little church, standing scarcely half a mile from Mr. Douglas's house. In the many years that Mr. Boyle had lived there, he and our little hero had met but once; and that was not a very friendly meeting, for the whip of the former was laid pretty sharply on the back and shoulders of the child. Perhaps Charles felt, however harsh the treatment might be, that he had deserved it; for though he screamed at the time, more from rage than pain, he never told any one of what had happened, and contented himself with ever afterwards keeping out of Mr. Boyle's way, and disliking first him and then Mr. Stanley; although he had no reason to give for the latter antipathy beyond this, that Mr. Stanley lived in the same house as Mr. Boyle had done."

And here we have the character of an intemperate and harsh clergyman (merely for the sake of a contrast) set up for the instruction of little boys and girls, who may not be so lucky as to get perfect Mr. Stanleys to reclaim and put them right. Were all the rest unobjectionable, we repeat, for the hundredth time, that we must object to all juvenile publications where greater care is not bestowed upon the minor features than in the volume before us. As Christmas-gift time is approaching, such caution is the more needed.

Tales from the German of Heinrich Zschökke. By Parke Godwin. Pp. 214. London, Wiley and Putnam.

THESE tales are not only peculiarly German, but peculiarly illustrative of the biases and opinions of the school of Young Germany. In the shape of parable, they represent the views and inculcate the doctrines, religious, political, and social, which at this moment divide the country into a number of sectarians, partisans, and reformers. The last of them, for instance, New Year's Eve, under the guise of a disguised prince and watchman (whose interchange of clothes leads to many adventures), exposes the corruption and profligacy of a court, while it amuses the readers with entertaining accounts of the manners of high and low. The first story is, however, we presume, to be considered the leading lesson. The "Fool of the Nineteenth Century" is of a noble family, and a brave and distinguished officer, who takes it into his head to imitate the simplicity of the ancients, and thus comes to be considered insane, is dismissed from the army, and retires into philosophic seclusion, with the character of being crazy. He is, on the contrary, however, only superlatively happy. To shew his contempt of rank he has married the orphan bastard of a tramp, who is, of course, the most beautiful and perfect of her sex. He encourages his beard to grow till it covers his face with more than patriarchal luxuriance. He "thous" all the world as if they were his most intimate friends. He has his servants to dine with him. In short, the reputed lunatic is the wisest of mortals, who despises, and has set himself against, all existing follies, prejudices, and abuses; against foreign imitations, effeminate shaving, silly complimentary forms of

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‑ech, standing armies, hereditary aristocracies, and other abominations which disfigure society and degrade the human race. He has returned to Nature and Reason, and thus sums up his defence.

"'Ah, Norbert, whoever can bring back humanity, or a small part of humanity, one single step toward nature, has done as much as the fleetness of life permits. And so, dear friend, let me admonish thee, that many are accustomed to decry one who does right, because he has, and they have not, the courage to do right. Because I eat and drink without luxury, banishing all foreign superfluity; because I dress myself in a way at once comfortable and pleasing to the eye; because I reinstate the manly beard in its lost honour; because I withstand the privileges and prejudices of my class, and would pass for no more than I am worth; because I believe that I have not stained myself by marriage with a maiden of lower and unhonourable descent; because I will not establish my character by a duel, or bear about the insignia of real or feigned services as a show upon my breast; because I make my slaves my free companions and friends; because I forswear deceit, and assert the truth without fear; therefore am I treated in the nineteenth century as a fool. Yet I live according to reason, have transgressed no institution or law, have injured nobody, and, while doing good to many, violated no single principle of morality or decorum. Here, Norbert, thou hast my answer to thy question. Now let us cease this parley.' He broke off; I embraced the noble but eccentric man, and, laughing, said, 'We have an old-fashioned saying—'the sharp tool is easily notched.'' After some days I left him. The remembrance of Flyeln belongs to the most agreeable of my life. Nor will I conceal, that if the whole world should fall into the frenzy of my Olivier, I should be the first among the frantic."

The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village. By Thomas Aird. Pp. 247. Edinburgh, Myles Macphail; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

THIS little book presents us with sketches of Scotch life and manners, finished with the accuracy of the Dutch or Flemish school, but variegated with excursions upon other territories and in other railroad lines of literature. The whole is an entertaining and interesting miscellany, which does credit to the northern author. From one of the episodes, called "My Library," we copy the following:

"*Brummagem.*—A broken-down bagman was one of our village characters. One day, as was much his wont, he was doing a bit of the soft on some feeling occasion. The scho olmaster complimented him on his tender-heartedness. 'Wait till my mother die,' was the pathetic return, 'and you'll see grief in s tyle—grief in style!'"

"*The Heart of Napoleon.*—The following curious circumstance was stated tc me on good authority:—When the body of Napoleon was opened at St. Helena, his heart v as taken out, and, preparatory to its final desti tation, put in a basin of spirits and water, and . left for the night on a table in the bedroom o f the medical man who had charge of the mat er. In the course of the night, the doctor w as awakened from a light slumber by a heavy splash from the basin, and starting up alarm ed, he rested on his elbow, and by the light of a taper looked eager round the apartment befor e he should spring from bed. Not the shado w of an intruder was to be seen. What had moved the basin? Had that mighty heart, sc orning to be quelled even by death, regained some of its terrible energies? Was it still leaping with life? Ha! catching the appearance of something moving in the corner of the room, he saw the heart of Buonaparte going into a hole in the wall; and jumping from bed, was just in time to seize and rescue it from the teeth of a rat. The blood of Ahab was licked up by dogs. And it is recorded by Bishop Burnet that, after the body of Charles II. had been disembowelled, the servants of that licentious and heartless palace, utterly regardless of dead royalty, emptied their basins, containing some of the inward parts and the fatty matter of the entrails, into an open sewer, and many of the clotted lumps were seen for days sticking to a grate over the mouth of a drain into which the sewer ran. How nearly had a still more marked visitation come on the remains of Napoleon—to have his heart eaten by rats!"

"*Murder.*—Irish murders, in general, are mere indiscriminate butcheries: there is no character in them. Scotch murders, on the other hand, which are fortunately rare, have almost always something profound and awful both in the feelings and circumstances connected with them. The morbid anatomy of a Scotch murderer's heart is in most cases a fearfully interesting thing. It has been remarked that the great proportion of murders are committed in winter. The absence of soothing natural beauty; the congenial desolation of the season; the longer darkness of the nights, so favourable to mischief; the souring effects of cold upon the animal frame; and the greater privations in winter of irregular and desperate men,—all these points put together may help to account for what I believe is a fact, namely, that more murders are committed in winter than in all the rest of the year taken collectively."

Marco Visconti. From the Italian of Tomaso Grossi. 2 vols. in 1. London, J. Burns.

A TRAGIC tale of the time of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, in which the sentiments of Young Italy are elicited and applied to the present, under the guise of pictures of and reflections upon the past. The oppressions of the Church, and the tyranny and rapacity of rulers, are *carbonaried* with all the force of which the romance was susceptible in the hands of a clever writer in the school of Manzoni.

On the Domesticated Animals of the British Islands; comprehending the Natural and Economical History of the Species and Varieties, the Description of the Properties of External Form, and Observations on the Principles and Practice of Breeding. By David Low, Esq., F.R.S.E., &c. 8vo, pp. 767. Longmans.

WELL known to and highly appreciated by the agricultural world, by numerous valuable publications, the Edinburgh Professor has here conferred another obligation upon it, and the country at large, not inferior in comprehensive intelligence and practical utility to all he has done before. The title-page so fully explains the nature of the copious volume, that it would be mere repetition to go more into the details of its contents. To us it seems to treat of every thing, and every branch of the subject, which can be of service to the farmer. The improvement of soils, and fitting them for specific purposes; shewing by what means and to what extent the abstraction of certain component parts is produced, and how the loss can be repaired; demonstrating the danger of pursuing similar systems under different circumstances, and that what be good at first may become bad by continuance; laying down rules for cultivation, for grazing, and for suiting the breeds of animals to the localities and climates where they, as it were, transform themselves, by degrees, to the necessities of their conditions;—all these matters, and many more, far too many to enumerate, are treated of by Mr. Low with a masterly ability, the result of careful observation and prolonged experience. We cannot say too much to recommend his work, as a treasure and *vade mecum*, to every cultivator of British land.

Wise Saws and Modern Instances. By Thomas Cooper, the Chartist. 2 vols. J. How.

GENTLE doses of Chartism administered in prose, and entirely lacking the force displayed by the writer in his poetry. They are sketches indebted, we doubt not, for their characters and incidents, chiefly to real and humble life, and pointed with the inductions conformable to Mr. Cooper's notions of a state of society in which the poor are oppressed and the wealthy heartless. Where such evils exist we should be among the foremost to cry out, Shame! and demand reform; but we cannot like the perpetual and indiscriminate misrepresentation, the onesidedness, the affectation of sympathies, and the want of charity in every construction of motive or act, which signalise the school of which the author has been a suffering member. Besides these, there is a pulingness and absence of interest in these examples, which consequently produce little or no effect.

The Railway Almanac, Directory, Year-Book of Statistics, and Digest of Railway Law, for 1846. London, R. Groombridge and Sons; Dublin, W. Curry, jun. and Co.; Edinburgh, J. Johnstone.

NOT published at Liverpool, Leeds, or Manchester! but, of course, to be had of all booksellers, and therefore readily accessible to the thousands at those places and elsewhere interested in its contents; which comprise, as more immediately connected with railways, and besides other general useful information, a diary of railway meetings; dividends of railway stock; share-tables; list of stockbrokers in England, Ireland, and Scotland; digest of the standing orders; railway law; digest of legal decisions on railways; list of existing and projected railways, &c. &c.; all apparently collected and compiled with ability and care.

Jack Hornet; or, the March of Intellect. By the Author of "Adventures of an Irish Gentleman." 3 vols. Bentley.

THIS is rather a bold attempt to Paul le Koq it in English publication. With much of satire and humour, the school to which it belongs, and the examples often drawn from the dregs of society, put it out of our power to enter upon particulars.

Arrah Neil; or, Times of Old. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

No one has ever described the events of history and combined them more interestingly with the links of connecting fiction than Mr. James; and the present is one of his happiest efforts. The invention of the heroine, Arrah Neil, and her influence on the leading personages and circumstances during the civil war, are worthy of his genius; whilst the circumstances are described with the wonderful graphic fidelity of an eye-witness, till the battle of Edgehill terminates the story with a deep veil of tragic pathos. Having illustrated a popular Irish magazine, we do not feel called upon to say more of this publication, but that it will be truly acceptable to readers both from its historical instructiveness and its affecting romance.

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ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

8th Nov., 1845.

Dear Sir,—As naked facts are often sufficiently unaccountable without the addition of those circumstances that are designed to imprint upon them a still stronger appearance of the marvellous, I beg to inform you, in reference to that extract from Mr. Thompson's *Note-Book of a Naturalist*, which is given in the last number of the *Lit. Gaz.*, at page 735, respecting the cock, that I myself tried the experiment about two years ago in the presence of several friends; but, suspecting that the turning in the air and the chalk were wholly superfluous, I had the animal laid at once upon the ground, and then, beginning at the tail, passed my fingers straight along his back, over his beak, and along the ground, without either chalk or any thing else, when, as I had anticipated, the animal remained quite motionless for a considerable time. I do not pretend to account in any way for the fact, but would merely divest it of what has nothing to do with it.

If you think this worthy of insertion in the *Lit. Gaz.* it is much at your service.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

J. R. Jackson.

P.S. I see no reason why the experiment should not succeed equally with a hen as with a cock, or with any other bird. Animals, as dogs, &c., may perhaps be affected in the same way; it is worth trying.

Paris, Nov. 11, 1845.

Dear Mr. Editor—The note appended to the letter of your Neapolitan correspondent in the last number of the *Literary Gazette* is erroneous. The present Duchesse de Montebello was Miss Jenkinson, and is either a niece or a cousin of the present Earl of Liverpool. It was in the winter of 1829 that this lady with her two elder sisters, and also the lady mentioned in your note, together with her sister, were among the fairest flowers which adorned the English circles of the Parisian fashionable world. The Duc de Montebello's marriage took place, if we recollect rightly, in 1830; but his duchess, lovely and amiable as she is, was by no means the *belle* of the court of the Tuileries either before or after the time of Charles X. The present Duchesse d'Istrie (the youngest of the three exquisite daughters of General Lagrange) and Madame de Vernon bore away the palm then, and for a long time afterwards, from all rivals. The latter lady especially was probably the most perfectly beautiful woman of those days, and she was as amiable as she was beautiful. Excuse these reminiscences of one who had the honour of being acquainted with all three of these Graces, and who is neither more nor less than your obedient servant,

L'Hermite du Faubourg St Honoré.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 10th.—Captain W. H. Smith, V.P. in the chair. This being the first meeting of the season, a great many valuable donations were announced as having been received during the recess. A letter from the Colonial Office was read, stating that no information had been received by the government respecting the fate of Dr. Leichardt and his companions, who had started from Moreton Bay, Australia, with a view of crossing over to Port Essington, and who, according to reports which had gone the round of the newspapers, had been killed by the natives. Lord Stanley had also communicated to the society the copy of a despatch from Governor Grey, dated March 25th, stating that on the 23d of the same month, letters from Captain Sturt's party, dated the 26th October, 1844, had been received at Adelaide. The natives who had brought the parcel of letters to the resident magistrate on the river Murray, delivered it open; and many letters which it had originally contained had certainly been destroyed, as several envelopes without any letters in them were found in the packet. The natives laid the blame of this accident upon their dogs, which they asserted had torn the parcel open; and as they brought in several letters safely, and even many mutilated papers, it was thought possible that their account might be correct. All the public letters, however, had been destroyed, and the governor had, therefore, received no direct intelligence from Captain Sturt. He was, however, happy to state, that, on the 26th October last, Captain Sturt and his party were all well, and had every prospect of a successful journey, although the large extent of water which the party supposed they had discovered near Laidley's Ponds had proved to be nothing more than an effect of mirage, as was suspected would be the case. Two letters were next read, being the reports of Lieutenants Moore and Clerk to Colonel Sabine, respecting the voyage of the Pagoda to the antarctic circle. This vessel had been taken up by direction of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, for magnetic purposes. She sailed from Simon's Bay on the 9th January, and on the 5th of February crossed the antarctic circle in long. 30° 45′ E. her furthest south being lat. 67° 50′. Leaving the 60th parallel, she arrived at King George's Sound, Australia; and returned to the Cape of Good Hope on the 20th June, having sailed over more degrees of longitude within the 60th parallel than any other single vessel. The details of her voyage and the magnetic observations that were made have not yet been published; but Col. Sabine says, that "from the skill which the officers had previously acquired in the use of magnetical instruments, and from the zealous manner in which they endeavoured to fulfil their instructions, he feels confident that their observations will take a prominent place among the many services to science which have been performed under the auspices of the Admiralty."

A paper was then read, being Lieutenant Ruxton's account of his journey on the west coast of Southern Africa. The object of Lieut. Ruxton was to explore that part of Africa which lies to the west of the line followed by Sir J. E. Alexander, for which purpose he intended to land at the mouth of the Orange River. He sailed from Liverpool early in December, 1844, on board the Royalist, and on the 17th March reached Ichaboe; the state of which island on his arrival was described in the paper. Notwithstanding a two years' occupation of the island, and the countless multitude of penguins, cormorants, &c. which had been destroyed, these birds were again flocking to the place, and depositing their eggs afresh. On the 18th the traveller landed on the main, about two and a half miles to the south of the island, accompanied by a single companion, a volunteer from the vessel which brought him. Expecting to find vessels at Angra Pequena, the travellers took very little water and provisions. Their route along the coast is described as most fatiguing, from the moving sands in which they sunk at every step. The only vegetation was a stunted sand-plant, affording subsistence to a species of hare rather plentiful, and dwarf scrubby myrrh-plants, from which the gum freely exuded, though the shrubs were leafless and apparently dead. Being forced to keep near the edge of the sea, the coast was found to be strewed with the wrecks of many vessels and boats. A dreadful stench guided the travellers to some abandoned huts of the natives, formed of the rib-bones of whales and brushwood. Somewhat further on, when urged by hunger, the travellers ate some limpets found on the rocks, which produced pains in the chest. At sunset, on the 20th, they came in sight of Angra Pequena, where they saw only one vessel, and that in the act of getting under weigh. She was too far off to see them or any signal they could make. They were fifty miles from Ichaboe, their water was exhausted, and a single biscuit each, besides the limpets, had been their only food for three days. No time, therefore, was to be lost in their return, for which they accordingly started immediately. On the maps, a river, called Fish River, is laid down as running into Angra Pequena, but no such exists. From the Gariep or Orange River to Walwich Bay no river runs into the sea, although, in some maps of Africa, three or four are to be seen. This error had nearly cost our travellers their lives. On their return, when, quite exhausted with heat, fatigue, and want of food, and after having cast away their ammunition and every article that encumbered them, they simultaneously threw themselves down in utter disability to proceed, they most fortunately saw some natives on the beach; they crawled towards them, and were refreshed with a drink of water, which they then learnt is to be procured every where along this coast a little below the sand. The natives also gave them some roasted limpets, which, with a little repose, gave them sufficient strength to proceed. They at length arrived opposite the island, and were taken aboard their vessel. Many vessels, more than 300, says Lieut. Ruxton, have arrived on the coast seeking an island said to lie a few miles north of Ichaboe; but having himself gone in search of it, it was ascertained that no such island exists. Having reached Walwich Bay, the traveller had the misfortune to find that from the jealousy of the traders established on the coast and of the missionaries, one of whom is particularly named, he could get no assistance from the natives, to enable him to prosecute his explorations into the interior; he has accordingly been compelled to return to England.

As we cannot go into all the details of Lieut. Ruxton's interesting paper, we will merely add, that after it was read the secretary announced that Dr. Buist, late secretary of the Bombay Geographical Society, has memorialised the Admiralty on the subject of observations proposed to be carried on under the auspices of the society. These are chiefly observations on the tides and currents of the Indian seas, *i. e.* along the coasts of Western India, Scinde, Balochistan, Persia, and Arabia, from Bombay to the mouth, or if possible to the end, of the Red Sea; the Bombay government to furnish the *personel*, and the Admiralty the instruments, &c. to which the latter have consented. It was also announced that a geographical and statistical society has been formed at Darmstadt.

UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION.

It is with much pleasure that we direct attention to the greatly enlarged and improved state of this valuable institution; and we trust that speedily the committee will be enabled to complete the farther contemplated changes. The alterations at present finished consist of several new rooms for the museum, and the admirable re-arrangement of its numerous interesting and

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prized contents; also extensive libraries, and reading-rooms, taken from the adjoining, and now connected, house, purchased from the late Lord Stuart de Rothsay. The construction of a spacious lecture-theatre, &c., is the proposed addition, awaiting only the necessary funds, which, we understand, are being rapidly subscribed. The entrance to the institution is in Whitehall Yard, and the grouping and arrangement of the armoury, in the long hall, and about the grand staircase, advancing from rude arms to the weapons of the more civilised races, are very striking. To the good taste and indefatigable industry of Mr. Tonna, the secretary, assisted in the case of the armoury by Mr. Spicer, are the members of the institution mainly indebted for the great improvements in the aspect of the several rooms containing the specimens, models, and curiosities, and for the increased facility of examining them. The institution will be open to the general members on Monday, having been on private view since Thursday. Every officer in the United Service, not already enrolled a subscriber, should contribute the trifling yearly payment required: the establishment is well worthy the support of all well-wishers to the Army and Navy.

GRAND RUSSIAN CHRONOMETRICAL EXPEDITION.

During the present year a continuance of the observations has determined the meridian distance between Polkowa, Warsaw, and Moscow; and again the English chronometers have been successful, according to an extract from a letter from an eminent Russian astronomer: "The best of all the chronometers is 'Dent 1941,' and it has been taken by the Grand Duke Constantine for his journey to the Mediterranean. The following was its daily rate during the Warsaw and Moscow expedition, although continually upon the road and exposed to great changes of temperature:

1845.				Daily rate.
May	29	to June	5	. . 4·78*
June	5	"	12	. . 4·72
"	12	"	19	. . 4·77
"	19	"	27	. . 4·60
"	27	July	25	. . 4·52
July	25	August	5	. . 4·88
August	5	"	18	. . 4·90
"	18	"	30	. . 4·77
"	30	Sept.	13	. . 4·79
Sept.	13	Oct.	14	. . 4·73
Oct.	14	"	18	. . 4·74
"	18	"	21	. . 4·75

PHARMACEUTICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 12th.—The conversazione, on Wednesday evening, was numerously attended; the occasion being the commencement of the season, and the opening of the new and commodious laboratory, in which practical operations were being carried on. Working accommodation, replete with every requirement, will be afforded for about five-and-twenty students, and the museum offers an admirable collection of preparations and specimens. Every arrangement betokened prosperity and progress. From the many specimens, models, works of art, &c., exhibited on this occasion, we select the following for notice:—From Mr. Ward: a large bunch of cocoa-nuts (*Cocos nucifera*); a large bunch of the fruit of the sago-palm (*Sagus rumphii*); fruit of the palm-oil tree (*Elais guineensis*); large section of the cork-tree; stem of the rice-paper plant; Neptune's goblet. From Mr. Pettigrew: numerous specimens of Madrapore. From Mr. Jones: products illustrating the manufacture of rice-starch. From Messrs. Evans and Lescher: specimens of the patent membrane capsules, illustrating their manufacture. From Mr. Claudet: specimens of daguerreotype impressions. From Mr. Willats: specimens of daguerreotype, the galvano-therapeuticon. From Messrs. Mayo and Co.: the patent syphon-vases for soda-water. Kite's patent ventilator; and a large stem and section of the *Corypha cerifera*, the tree yielding Brazilian wax.

Presents to Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert.—We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. T. Lane, of Birmingham, for a gratifying inspection on Thursday morning of a pair of screens, and of a chess-table, *in transitu* for Windsor; the former to be presented to the Queen, and the latter to the Prince, by the patentee, Mr. Lane, accompanied by the local members, Mr. Muntz and Mr. Spooner. The stands and frames are composed of papier maché, and of these we may merely mention their elegance and appropriate adornment; but the composition of the screens and of the chess-*board*, for its novelty and beauty, calls for a more detailed description. It consists of enamel and mother-of-pearl, imbedded in cement, and covered with plate-glass; the colours exceedingly brilliant, and the effect rich and beautiful. The design for the screens is, a centre-group of the rose, shamrock, and thistle, on pure white, a dove descending with the olive-branch, and on either side tastefully arranged illuminated foliage of varied tints; the accessories being the imperial crown, St. George and the dragon, &c. &c. The whole a finished painting in a papier maché frame. The squares of the chess-board are quatrefoils, blazoned in the centre and on the principal lines with the lion and unicorn's heads, in pearl and gold alternately; the remaining squares having the lion and unicorn rampant. On the intermediate spaces formed by the quatrefoils are the rose, shamrock, and thistle, in mother-of-pearl, painted on an azure ground. On the extreme boundaries of the squares, the queen-bee is represented in pearl on a scarlet ground, and the bed of the table terminates with a border of mother-of-pearl dolphins infleuriated on a sea-green ground. Mr. Lane's beautiful invention is capable of endless variety, and will doubtless be a feature in every boudoir.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

MR. J. ORCHARD HALLIWELL.

We are glad to see, by several letters in the *Times*, the first from Mr. Halliwell himself on Thursday, that the much talked-of affair of this young gentleman is forced before the fair tribunal of the public. Our opinion, from reading his published statement, and from other sources of authentic information, has ever been, that it would hardly be possible to find in the annals of literature the case of any individual who had been worse used or more cruelly persecuted than Mr. Halliwell. From early boyhood to the present day, when, we believe, he is little more than of age, a more perfect devotee to letters, and consequently one less conversant with worldly matters, it is impossible to describe. The multitude of his valuable contributions to expound the olden condition of sciences, to philology, to the elucidation of philosophical questions, to the illustration of ancient manners and history, and to many curious, abstruse, and recondite questions which have piqued and puzzled the learned, are absolutely wonderful. And yet the reputation of this already-distinguished youth and eminent scholar has been attempted to be whispered away, if not by a foul and scandalous conspiracy, at least by a sequence of slander-mongers of the same school and disposition, who could have the heart, or the want of heart, to blight and ruin a character on the ground of vague suspicions, and charges which no one yet has had the hardihood to come forward to support.

As the challenge to do so has now gone forth, and must be met, we shall not enter upon particulars till we ascertain what the accusers have to say for themselves and their imputations. We may, however, advise them that they have a tough and serious business on hand, and that, if they cannot make out a more tangible defence than we anticipate, the trustees of the British Museum must be called upon, in Parliament, to produce their proceedings, and shew the grounds on which they have evaded the call of Mr. Halliwell, or countenanced the injustice done to him. Nor can the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, escape. He is not a man addicted to supineness; and how he could suffer such a wrong to rest upon and crush one of his own alumni, without the inquiry and redress sought from him, is no great proof of sensibility to sufferings, which, from their nature, must have been most acutely felt. At present we abstain from farther comment.

The Royal Society seems also to have got into a turmoil, through the publication of letters connecting its members with railroad speculations. Among the most particularly outraged has been Mr. J. P. Gassiot, a merchant most favourably known to European science, and most highly esteemed in his own province. We hope that his firmness may lead to reforming results, which have long been wanted.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of the Central Committee was held on Wednesday, when twenty-eight new associates (among whom were the names of the Hon. W. Ridley Colborne, M.P., the Rev. H. L. Jones, the Rev. R. Cattermole, Mr. W. F. Ainsworth, Rev. J. Papillon, &c.) and two new patrons (the Marquis of Conyngham and Viscount Cantalupe) were elected. The table was literally covered with articles of antiquity and with drawings, the results of recent research. A letter from Mr. Fitch of Ipswich gave an account of the first meeting of the branch association for Suffolk. A report was made on the neglected condition of some ecclesiastical monuments at Lancaster and Chester. Mr. Herrick communicated, through Mr. Croker, some observations on the antiquities of the mountain-district between Bandon and Macroom, in the county of Cork. Mr. Gomonde communicated, through Mr. Wright, drawings of early Saxon antiquities found with skeletons in Gloucestershire. Mr. Smith exhibited a fine Roman bronze of Cupid riding on a sea-monster, found at Colchester; and some pieces of fine Roman red ware and a fibula found near the same town. Mr. Smith announced the reception of a mummy crocodile from Thebes, presented to him by Lieut. Waghorn. Some observations were made on small enamelled shields or badges, exhibited by Mr. Smith and Mr. Sprague of Colchester. Mr. Burkitt exhibited an early spur, found in Bedfordshire. Mr. Smith exhibited a drawing, presented by the Rev. A. B. Hutchins, of a pig of lead found near Barrington in Hampshire, bearing the inscription,

NERONIS AVG. EX KIAN. IIII. COS. BRIT.,

which is interesting from the circumstance that Nero is not known from any other source to have ever taken the title of *Britannicus*. *Ex Kian.* is an abbreviation of *ex Kiangis:* the Kiangi

or Ciangi appear to have inhabited the mining-districts of Cornwall. Mr. Wright exhibited a leaden medallion, sent by Mrs. Whatman, of the Friars, Aylesford, Kent, found near the ancient *pilgrim's way*, near Kits Coty House. Mr. Wire of Colchester exhibited a very interesting Roman urn, and a lamp, found lately at Colchester. A number of other communications were made by Messrs. Goddard, Johnson, Adey, Repton, &c. An application was made from Lewes for a design for a mausoleum in which to deposit permanently the recently discovered remains of William de Warren and the Princess Gundrada.

Some mistakes having been made relating to the day of the first public meeting, we are requested to state that it is Wednesday evening the 19th Nov., at half-past eight, when it is understood that Lord Albert Conyngham will take the chair.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—British Architects, 8 P.M.; Chemical, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Syro-Egyptian, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Geological, 8½ P.M.; British Archæological, 8½ P.M.
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Royal Botanical, 4 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

THE first meeting of the season took place in Grosvenor Street on the evening of the 4th, Mr. Tite, V.P. in the chair, who shortly congratulated the members on the prosperous condition of the association, and paid a tribute to the memory of Mr. Basevi, so unfortunately killed at Ely Cathedral. Mr. E. Trotman read a paper strongly recommending the use of Gothic architecture in domestic buildings; an opinion which the *Literary Gazette* has never ceased to inculcate both on the score of economy and of picturesque beauty and suitableness to our climate and atmosphere. The works of the late Mr. Thomas Hunt did much in spreading and improving this taste; and it was frequently our pleasing task to direct public attention to them, and to the erections constructed agreeably to the principles they laid down. We trust Mr. Trotman's efforts will tend to the same effect.

The Veritable History of Mr. Bachelor Butterfly, &c. London, D. Bogue.

ONE of the most whimsical and amusing portfolios that can be imagined, for the vacant half hour before dinner, the evening party, or, indeed, any other leisure and social time. About a couple of hundred grotesque pictures represent the fortunes and misfortunes of the hero, from his outset in life a-butterfly catching as a simple naturalist, through his Jonah-like marriage in the belly of a whale, and the whole amative persecutions of Dorothy (who pursues him as Pantaloon and the Clown pursue Harlequin and Columbine), to his final narrow escape from bigamy, and marriage to the Beauty of Cork, with a small previous family of eight hopeful children. The humour of most of these scenes is eminently burlesque and laughable, and the whole series a joke, the length of which is rather an improvement than an objection. The page, 15, where the hero, next the heroine, then the captain, and lastly the crew, all leap into the sea to save one another, is farcical and ludicrous beyond what we can describe in words. The plunging figures of Dolly and the captain are, moreover, very clever specimens of art: we have seen far worse things in the frescoes in Westminster Hall. The absurdities in the whale's interior are also very funny, and may remind spectators who are acquainted with the famous MS. version of the Bible, by Zachary Boyd, in the library of Glasgow University, of Jonah's soliloquy according to that well-meaning, but wonderfully quaint, enthusiast:

> "Lord, what a cursed hole this is;
> There's neither coal nor candle:
> Nought but a bloody heart to suck,
> And raw fish-guts to handle."

There is nothing so questionable in these engravings; and we recommend them as redolent of mirth to the lovers of graphic sport.

Rossini.—M. Caccia has produced a very clever and characteristic statuette of this famous composer (for a copy of which we have to thank Messrs. Cramer and Co.), seated recliningly on an easy sofa, with music-books, wreaths of laurel, and other appropriate accessories, scattered round. The delicious coxcombry of the figure and dress, the beard so elaborately trained to fringe the chin, the fashionable pantaloon, the *far niente* look, and the cross of honour suspended at his bosom, are all in admirable keeping, and we have the whole man before us "in little." It is a fitting ornament for the music-room, and very well executed.

THE DRAMA.

The Lyceum.—Anticipating last night (the close of the "summer season," and a far longer and more prosperous summer than the country has enjoyed), we went on Thursday to see the ending of the Lyceum performances until after Christmas. They were, *Our New Governess*, *Next Door*, and *Aladdin*; all performed with the unction of practice, success, and applause. Of the acting, therefore, we need say nothing, but only remark, that it was a fair example of the talent which has been embodied in the novelties so rapidly following each other under the management of Mrs. Keeley, and which has at last made this theatre a place of favourite popular resort. The house was well filled; and, judging from the past, we have pleasure in predicting fresh triumphs when it shall again be opened to recreate the public.

VARIETIES.

Decorative Art Society.—At the last meeting a paper was read by Mr. Baily on marquetry and other combinations of coloured woods, with or without jewellery, &c. He exhibited samples of his productions in this line, which were very pretty; but the proceedings altogether rather smelt of the shop.

The Forget-Me-Not.—The late hour at which we received our copy of our old favourite little annual, which used to be the earliest of the lot, prevents us from saying more of it, this week at least, than that both its literary and pictorial contents appear to possess their accustomed variety, and different degrees of merit, and to be worthy as ever of the public favour.

The Rose-Garden of Persia.—A similar reason (in regard to time) puts it out of our power to pay immediate attention to Miss Costello's beautifully adorned volume; for though the beauties of the illustrations stare us in the face and at once command our admiration, we must bide to see if the poetry equally sustains the fame of Persia and of the accomplished translator.

Animal Topography, &c., by J. H. Newton (Lond., W. Spooner), is a pleasing contrivance to lead children to an acquaintance with zoology, consisting of a coloured map of the world, with pictures of the animals in their various habitations, and a little book of explanatory notes, describing them and their geographical distributions and habits.

Alexander Deuchar.—Our northern capital last year lost a man who had attained to an extraordinary proficiency in heraldry and genealogy, and has left behind him some singular monuments of his industry. Alexander Deuchar, while conducting the business of a seal-engraver, gave a large portion of his time to the collection of memorabilia respecting families and their armorial bearings, particularly those of his own country. The consequence was his publishing, in 1817, a well-known work on *British Crests*, in 2 vols. 8vo. He also contributed the Scottish portion of Robson's *British Herald*, a large work published at Sunderland in 1830. His remaining MS. collections, however, infinitely exceed all he gave to the world. Amongst these are, a collection of English surnames, with all their various spellings, with references to places where their arms are to be seen; a collection of family armorial bearings from all imaginable sources, and about 10,000 in number, pasted into a volume; notes and documents respecting genealogies, filling *hundreds of volumes*; many volumes containing armorial beatings, chiefly printed. Mr. Deuchar, having succeeded a father of similar taste, this collection may be said to have been eighty years in progress. [We insert this abridged notice of a very interesting person; and we hope a forthcoming work from his pen, though unfortunately posthumous, for which we are indebted to his liberal and warm friends, the Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh.—*Ed. L. G.*]

Royal Academy.—Messrs. Alfred Elmore, Thomas Sidney Cooper, and W. Powell Frith, were last week elected Associates of the Royal Academy.

New Irish Colleges.—The Rev. Dr. Kirwan and Professor Kane, both Roman Catholics, have been appointed, from among numerous competitors, presidents of the new colleges about to be established in Galway and Cork.

Battersea Park.—It is in the contemplation of Government to form a park between Battersea and Nine Elms, comprehending above three hundred acres of ground along the banks of the river.

Dr. Buckland.—Few appointments could afford gratification to a wider circle than the bestowal of the Deanery of Westminster by Sir Robert Peel on Dr. Buckland; for a man more highly and generally esteemed, not only by the scientific and literary world, but by all who value great attainments, a character devoted to works of public usefulness and charity, and as unaffected and tolerant, but sincere and virtuous member of the Christian Church,—does not grace our times.

Artificial Fuel.—A great improvement in the production of an artificial fuel concrete is stated to have been made and exhibited by a Mr. Parsons.

Father Mathew.—Mr. Leahy, the distinguished artist, has been deputed by the munificent Dwarkanauth Tagore to his native city, Cork, to paint for him a portrait of another of its prominent characters, Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance.

Journalism in Austria.—The number of journals at present published in the Austrian States is 159, which, compared with the population, amounting to 31,500,000, gives one journal for every 198,110 inhabitants. Of these journals, 40 are political, 12 commercial, and 107 literary and scientific. In Austria, properly so

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called, there are 29; in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, 43; in Hungary, 21; in Bohemia, 17; and in the rest of the Austrian States, 49. Of these journals, 76 are written in German, 53 in Italian, 15 in Sclavonian, 1 in French, and 14 in various other dialects.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

French Sculpture.—M. Petitot has been elected professor of sculpture in the School of Fine Arts, Paris, in the room of the late Baron Bosio.

Honour to Flemish Art.—The King of the Belgians has created M. Wappers, the most eminent of living Flemish artists, a baron; and conferred the order of the legion of honour on M. Hubert, the great promoter of the Wilhem System of Musical Education among the People.

Bronze Casting.—The chest of the colossal statue of Bavaria was lately cast at the Royal Foundry at Munich, amidst public rejoicings at the execution of so great a work; and the Bavarian journals boast of it as the largest fusion of metal ever achieved in modern times—being 40,000 lbs. of brass, which required forty hours to liquefy. Now the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, for the gate at Hyde Park Corner, contains much more than double the quantity, and each of the two principal runs has been equal to the Munich performance; and the metal was in the furnace for a week before it was in a state to flow into the mould. Thus do we magnify foreign arts, and neglect those at home.

Mahometan Schism.—A new sect has lately set itself up in Persia, at the head of which is a merchant who had returned from a pilgrimage to Mecca, and proclaimed himself a successor of the Prophet. The way they treat such matters at Shiraz appears in the following account (June 23): Four persons being heard repeating their profession of faith according to the form prescribed by the impostor, were apprehended, tried, and found guilty of unpardonable blasphemy. They were sentenced to lose their beards by fire being set to them. The sentence was put into execution with all the zeal and fanaticism becoming a true believer in Mahomet. Not deeming the loss of beards a sufficient punishment, they were further sentenced on the next day to have their faces blacked and exposed throughout the city. Each of them was led by a mirgazah (executioner), who had made a hole in his nose and passed through it a string, which he sometimes pulled with such violence that the unfortunate fellows cried out alternately for mercy from the executioner and for vengeance from heaven. It is the custom in Persia on such occasions for the executioners to collect money from the spectators, and particularly from the shopkeepers in the bazaar. In the evening, when the pockets of the executioners were well filled with money, they led the unfortunate fellows to the city-gate, and there turned them adrift. After which the mollahs at Shiraz sent men to Bushire with power to seize the impostor, and take him to Shiraz, where, on being tried, he very wisely denied the charge of apostasy laid against him, and thus escaped from punishment.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

On the Domesticated Animals of the British Islands, by D. Low, 8vo, 25s.—Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature, edited by J. Kitto, D.D., 2 vols. 8vo, numerous engravings, 3l.—M'Culloch's Geographical, Statistical, and Historical Dictionary, new edit., 2 vols. 8vo, 4l.—First Chapters of the History of England, selected from Cæsar and Tacitus, with English Notes, by Rev. W. Drake, 12mo, 3s. 6d.—Transactions of the Linnæan Society of London, Vol. XIX. Part IV. 4to, 2l.—School Chronology, or the Great Dates of History, square, 1s. —Story-Book of the Seasons: Summer, by Mrs. H. Myrtle, square, 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured.—Thoughts on the Lord's Prayer, by W. W. Bradshaw, 12mo, 2s. 6d.—Random Rhymes, by Æpos, 12mo, 3s.—Sketches for Youth, by Cæsar Malan, D.D., square, 4s. 6d.—The Jesuits as they were and are, by E. Duller, translated by J. S. Carr, fcp. 8vo, 3s. 6d.—The Light of Mental Science, by Mrs. Loudon, 12mo, 3s.—Pauper Lunatic Asylums Act, with Notes, &c., by J. F. Pownall, 8vo, 4s.—Honour and Shame, a Novel, 3 vols, post 8vo, 1l. 11s. 6d.—The Juvenile Missionary Keepsake, 1846, fcp. 1s 6d.—L. Parker on Syphilitic Diseases, 2d. edit., post 8vo, 6s. 6d.—The Annual Register, 1844, 8vo, 16s.—Rev. Dr. Hook's Sermons, The Church of England Vindicated, 12mo, 4s. 6d.—Plain Sermons by the Authors of Tracts for the Times, Vol. VII, 8vo, 6s. 6d.—The Reformation and Anti-Reformation in Bohemia, translated from the German, 2 vols. 8vo, 18s.—Thiers' Consulate and Empire, by W. Stapleton, Vol. I, 8vo, 7s. 6d.—Bingham's Antiquities of the Christian Church, 2 vols., royal 8vo, 1l. 11s. 6d.—New Zealand, in a Series of Letters, by S. M. D. Martin, M.D., 8vo, 8s.—Gallery of Literary Portraits, by G. Gilfillan, post 8vo, 10s. 6d.—The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village, by T. Aird, 12mo, 3s. 6d. cloth.—Diploch's Hand-Book for Hastings, &c., 12mo, 3s. 6d., with 6 Views, 5s.—Reflections on Names and Places in Devonshire, 12mo, 10s. 6d.—Gems of Scottish Melody, square, 4s.—Paula Monti, by E. Sue, 8vo, 12s.—The Archæological Album, small 4to, 32s.

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THE LITERARY GAZETTE

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Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1505. LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1845. PRICE 8*d.* *Stamped Edition, 9d.*

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of the Jacobites of 1715 *and* 1745. By Mrs. Thomson, author of "Memoirs of the Court of Henry VIII.," &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. R. Bentley.

As the great river of National History rolls its broad wave downward through the region of time, a number of coincident streams part from or flow into it, detached yet connected, and often evolving a more peculiar if not a deeper human interest than attaches to the vast mingled body of the mightier tide. Among these, to continue our simile, not one could be found whose banks were more luxuriantly clothed with romance, whose course was more affectingly augmented by tears, whose waters sparkled more brightly with the upheaving of heroic deeds, and were more tragically darkened by the welling of devoted blood, than is shewn in the annals of the Jacobites during a hundred years.

In many a shape have they been represented to the world; and yet no theme more attractive could be chosen for farther illustration. Mrs. Thomson has done well in re-writing the *disjecta membra* of preceding writers; and fortunate in adding to them original fragments which had not hitherto been brought to light. The opening and principal memoir is of the famous Earl of Mar, respecting whom we remember a couplet, in a curious old Jacobite song (for an entire copy of which we would give very hearty thanks):

"Great Mar in a passion *four shillings* threw down;
But it wanted another to make up *the Crown*.
Derry down, down," &c.*

Upon the character, views, intrigues, and career of this nobleman, Mrs. Thomson has been enabled to produce some striking information, which, if it does not add much to the general appreciation of his public life, develops the private influences, motives, and circumstances, under which the individual acted, more clearly than has yet been done. One consequence is, that we have a more distinct and perfect understanding of critical affairs than hitherto, and can account for them on the real and actual data of their expediency or necessity. The preface informs us:

"A very interesting collection of letters, many of them written in the Earl of Mar's own hand, and others dictated by him, is interwoven with the biography of that nobleman. These letters were written, in fact, for the information of the whole body of Jacobites, to whom they were transmitted through the agent of that party, Captain Henry Straiton, residing in Edinburgh. They form almost a diary of Lord Mar's proceedings at Perth. They are continued up to within a few hours of the evacuation of that city by the Jacobite army. For these curious and characteristic letters, portraying as they do, in lively colours, the difficulties of the general in his council and his camp, she [Mrs. T.] is indebted to the friendship and mediation of the Hon. Lord Cockburn, and to the liberality of James Gibson Craig, Esq."

From the representative of the ill-starred family of Derwentwater (the Earl of Newburgh), the author has also derived interesting particulars; from Lord Strathallan, the like concerning the loyal race of Drummond; from the Hon. Mrs. Bellamy, notices of Kenmure (the hero of a capital song and tune); and from other parties, similar helps to the biographies of the Camerons of Lochiel, the Macleans, the Macintoshes, Campbells, Gordons, Mackenzies, and other clansmen who suffered in "the cause."

Of John Erskine, Earl of Mar, the account is altogether exceedingly good, and we wish we could afford room for a full analysis of it; but as that may not be, we must pass over all his measures before, at, and after the Union (of which, though fatal to the Stuart interests, he was, with the Duke of Queensbury, a zealous promoter), and look upon them as means to re-elevate his ancient name out of poverty to wealth and station. For both in the reign of William and of Anne, he managed to advance in fortune and consideration. His duplicity did not impose upon, nor prosper with, George the First; yet he had the hardihood to attend his levée, and thence escaped disguised to Scotland in a collier, to raise the standard of James III. The celebrated hunting of Braemar ensued, and Mrs. T. observes:

"According to the Master of Sinclair, the Earl of Mar produced at the meeting a forged commission; but this statement is not only contradicted by Lord Mar's own account, but completely invalidated by the fact that the commission is in existence, among various other curious documents and letters, many of which place the character of Lord Mar in a much fairer light than that in which it has hitherto been viewed."

A copy of the commission is here printed, pp. 82, 83; signed Thomas Higgins, by his majesty's command.

Of the battle of Sheriffmuir, where

"He ran, an' she ran, an' they ran, an' a' ran awa, man,"

as faction and party coloured this dubious fight, the accounts are most conflicting and contradictory:

"A fortnight previously the Earl of Mar had addressed the following curious latter to Captain Henry Straiton, at Edinburgh, to whom many of Lord Mar's epistles are written. The allusion to Margaret Miller refers to Lady Nairn, the sister-in-law of the Marquis of Tullibardine, and wife of Lord Nairn, who, in compliance with a Scottish custom, took his wife's title, she being Lady Nairn in her own right. The allusion to 'a dose' which will require the air of a foreign country to aid it, seems to offer some notion of the earl's subsequent flight.

'Nov. 8th, 1715.

'Sir,—I had yours of the fourth this forenoon, which was very wellcome. And I hope we shall soon see the certainty of what the accounts makes us expect of these folks' arivall. I sent of a pacquet yesterday with an answer to Margaret Miller's of the second, and in it I sent a copie of my last to Mr. H—n, which was dated the second and third, of which I sent him copies two different wayes, so I hope he'll get one of them at least. They were pressing them to go into England; and now that they are actually gone their, and in so good a way, I am easie as to that. I hope God will direct and assist them. I thought to have marcht from this to-day. The foot are mostly gone, and I march with the horse to-morrow morning. Our generall revew is to be at Auchterardor on Thursday morning, and then to march forward immediately. It is of great use to hear often from you, and to have accounts of our friends in the north of England, and what is doing in England beside; so I know you'll write as often as you can find occasions. I fancie I may hear to-day from our friends in the north of England, for I hope they had, some days ago, a way of sending directly. It seems the Duke of Argyll's absence from London is not like to do his own court of interest there much good. I hope our manifesto's being dispersed at London will have good effect; and I long to see what the prints call the Pretender's declaration, and the declaration of the people of England. The run upon the bank, I hope, will not lessen. The public credit must not be once ruined to make it raise again, and I hope that time may be sooner than we think of. We have rainy weather, but that is an inconveniencie to the enimie as well as to us. My humble service to Margaret Miller: I thank her for the information she gives me, of one about me giving intelligence; but other friends may be easie about it, for I am sure there is nothing in it; and I know what made them believe, which I confess had colour enough. I wish she would get the Doctrix to send a new dose to the patient she knows of, for there was a little too much of one of the ingredients in the last, which toke away the effect of the whole. It is the ingredient that has the postponeing quality in it; and the patient's greatest distemper is the apprehentions he has of a perfect cure being long of comeing, and that it is not to be til he get the air of another country. The dose must be carefully made up, and no appearance of its comeing from any other hand but the Doctrix' own. Ther's some copies herewith sent of a paper printed on this side the water, of which I hear severall are at Stirling. The other two papers I got to-day are given to revise, and are to be printed soon. I send you a copie of a letter was wrote t'other day, and sent to the Cameronians in the west. I wish you could send this one to some of them in the south. This is all I will trouble you with; but I hope both to get from you and give you good news soon, and I ever am, with all sincerity and truth, yrs. &c. Perhaps Capt. R—n will not be found to have done so much hurt as was thought he designed; but this is not to bid trust him yet.'

"By two manuscript letters among the Mar papers, it appears, however, that the account soon afterwards published by Lord Mar was not so full of artifice and untruths as his enemies represented. 'He kept the field of battle until it was dark,' says one writer, in a letter dated from Perth (November the 19th, 1715); 'and nothing but want of provisions prevented

* This quaint ballad of the Fifteen represents the leading political characters as playing at cards for a kingdom. Argyle is charged with shuffling the knave of trumps under the table; and Mar's chance of winning so near as is indicated by our quotation.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

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us from going forward the next day. We hear the Whigs give various accounts of the battle, to cover the victory; but the numbers of the slain on their part being eleven or twelve hundred, and ours not above fifty or sixty, and our keeping the field when they left it, makes the victory incontestable. Your friends that I know here mind you often, and they and I would be glad to have the opportunity to drink a bottle with you beyond the Forth.' Another eye-witness gives a still more detailed account. 'I have yours of the seventeenth, with the paper inclosed, wherein that gentleman has taken the liberty to insert many falsehoods relative to the late action, a true and impartial account of which I here send you, which is but too modest on our side, and many things omitted that will be afterwards made publick, particularly their murdering Strathmoir, after he had asked quarters, and the treatment they gave to Panmuir and several others, who, I hope, will be living witnesses against them. The enclosed is so full that I have little to say, only that we have not lost a hundred men in the action, and none of note, except Strathmoir, and the Captain of Clan Ronald.' The cruel spirit of party destroyed the generous characteristics of the soldier, during the excitement of the combat: but how can we palliate the conduct of one of the king's generals, Lord Isla, after the fierceness of the encounter was over? The letter referred to discloses particulars which were hushed up, or merely glanced at, in the partial annals of the time. 'So soon as they saw us coming down upon them, they marched off in great haste towards Dumblain, and left several of our people they had taken, among which was Lord Panmuir, who offered to give his parole, not knowing what had passed upon the eighth; but he was told by the person he sent to Lord Isla, that he could not take a parole from a rebel, and they were in such haste that they lost him in a little house, with several others near the field, where we found them when we advanced, and brought him along with us to Ardoch, two miles furder, where we stayed all night and next day, until that we heard the enemy were marched off to Stirling. He is now pretty well and in no danger. Earl Loudoun passed him as he lay in the field, without taking any notice of him, and he was wounded there by the dragoons after he had surrendered to them; but I hope there will be one other day of reckoning for these things. My Lord Mar sent off two or three people to take care of Lord Forfar, when he heard he was wounded, and one of them waited of him to Stirling. He expressed a good dale of consern that he should have been ingadged against his countrymen, and sent a breslet off his arm to Lord Mar, so that we all wish he may live. A good pairt of our baggage and the provisions we had were distroyed by our own people who went off from our left. We are now getting provisions and every thing ready as soon as possible; and I am hopefull we will be in a condition in a very few days to pass forth without oposition. We have got accounts this day of a victorie obtained by our friends in the south, the particulars of which we long for. I have sent you some copies of the printed account of the action to give our friends. So adieu.'—Notwithstanding the humane attentions shewn by the earl to Lord Forfar, that brave and generous nobleman died of his wounds. After lingering more than three weeks, he expired at Stirling on the eighth of December. He was wounded in sixteen different places, but a shot which he received in his knee seems to have been the most fatal injury. The conduct of the earl appears in strong contrast with that of the Earl of Isla; but we must remember that each party had its own chroniclers. It is, nevertheless, a result of observation, more easily stated than explained, that through the whole of the two contests, both in 1715 and 1745, the generous and somewhat chivalric bearing of the Jacobites was acknowledged; whilst a spirit of cruel persecution marked the conduct of some of the chief officers on the opposite side. The Duke of Argyle indeed, in his own person, presented an exception to this remark, which chiefly applies to those secondary to him in command and influence."

This quotation will afford a fair idea of the work, both in matter and manner. The tardy arrival of the Chevalier produced no favourable alteration in his prospects. Of his appearance upon the scene Mrs. T. says:

"In person, James is reported by the Master of Sinclair to have been 'tall and thin, seeming to incline to be lean, rather than to fill as he grows in years.' His countenance, to judge by the most authentic portraits* of this prince, had none of the meditative character of that of Charles the First, whom the Chevalier was popularly said to resemble: neither had it the sweetness which is expressed by every feature of that unhappy monarch, nor had his countenance the pensiveness which wins upon the beholder who gazes upon the portraits of Charles. The eyes of the Chevalier were light hazel, his face was pale and long, and in the fulness of the lips he resembled his mother, Mary of Modena. To this physiognomy, on which it is said a smile was rarely seen to play, were added, according to the account of a contemporary, 'a speech grave, and not very clearly expressive of his thoughts, nor over much to the purpose; his words were few, and his behaviour and temper seemed always composed."

The Earl of Mar, in his published address at the time, states:

"People every where, as we have come along, are excessively fond to see him, and express that duty they ought. Without any compliment to him, and to do him nothing but justice, set aside his being a prince, he is realie the finest gentelman I ever knew. He has a very good presence, and resembles King Charles a great dele. His presence, tho', is not the best of him; he has fine partes, and dispatches all his buissiness himself with the greatest exactness. I never saw any body write so finely. He is afable to a great degree w'out looseing that majestic that he ought to have, and has the sweetest temper in the world. In a word, he is even fitted to make us a happie people, were his subjects worthie of him. To have him peacibli settled on his thron is what these kingdomes do not deserve; but he deserves it so much, that I hope ther's a good fate attending him."

And it is drolly added: "The king wears paper caps under his wige, which I know you also do; they cannot be had at Perth, so I wish you could send some on, for his own are near out."

"On the second of January, 1715-16, the Chevalier proceeded to Brechin, and thence to Kinnaird; and on Thursday to Glammis Castle, the seat of the Earl of Strathmore. On the sixth of January he made his public entry into Dundee on horseback, at an early hour. Three hundred followers attended him, and the Earl of Mar rode on his right hand, the Earl Marischal on his left. At the suggestion of his friends, the prince shewed himself in the market-place of Dundee for nearly an hour and a half, the people kissing his hands. The following extract from a letter among the Mar papers affords a more minute and graphic account of the Chevalier's demeanour than is to be found in the usual histories of the day. 'I hear the Pretender went this day from Glams to Dundee, and comes to Scoon to-morrow; and I am shourly informed that your old friend Willie Callender went to Glams on Wensday and kissed the Pretender's hand, of whom he makes great speeches, and says he is one of the finest gentlemen ever he saw in his life. Its weell that his landing is keept up from the army, for he has gained so much the good will of all ranks of people in this country that have seen him, that if it was made publick it's thought it might have ill effects among them. He is very affable and oblidging to all, and great crowds of the common people flok to him. When he toke horse this morning from Glams, there was about a thousand country people at the gate, who they say gave him many blessings; he has tuched several of the evil, as he did some this morning. He is of a very pleasant temper, and has intirely gained the hearts of all thro' the places he has passed. He aplyes himself very close to business, and they say might very weell be a secretarie of state. He has declared Lord Marischall one of his bedchamber."

After reading these various descriptions, we learn the issue from the author, who tells us:

"The enthusiasm which was at first displayed towards the Chevalier was soon cooled, not only by his grave and discouraging aspect, but by his fearless and impolitic display of his religious faith. He never allowed any Protestant even to say grace for him, but employed his own confessor 'to repeat the Pater Nosters and Ave Marias:' and he also shewed an invincible objection to the usual coronation-oath,—a circumstance which deferred the ceremony of coronation,—Bishop Mosse declaring that he would not consent to crown him unless that oath were taken. This sincerity of disposition, for it cannot be called by a more severe name, especially diminished the affections of the Chevalier's female episcopal friends, who had excited their male relations to bear arms in his favour. But the circumstance which weighed the most heavily against James, was the order which he published, on hearing that the Duke of Argyle was making preparations to march against him, for burning the towns and villages, and destroying the corn and forage, between Dumblane and Perth. This act of destruction, from the effects of which the desolate village of Auchterarder has never recovered, was determined on, in order that the enemy might be incommoded as much as possible upon their march; it added to the miseries of a people already impoverished by the taxes and contributions which the Jacobites had levied. It appears, however, from a letter of James's, since discovered, or perhaps only suppressed at the time, to have been an act which he bitterly regretted, and the order for which he signed most unwillingly. He was desirous of making every reparation in his power for the ravages which were committed in his name." *

* "I have had (says our author in a note) the advantage of seeing an original crayon portrait of the Chevalier, in the possession of Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., of Edinburgh; also, a miniature painted at Rome, belonging to Mr. Sharpe. In the miniature the eyes are darker, and have more animation than in the crayon drawing. The portrait lately placed at Hampton Court gives a much more pleasing impression of James Stuart than either of these likenesses: the countenance is animated and benevolent."

* Mar Papers.

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The finale approached, and Mrs. Thomson says:

"On Tuesday, the last day of January, the Duke of Argyle passed the river Eru [the Erne], and took possession of Tullibardine. It has been stated by several historians that the Jacobites fled from Perth on the same day; but the following letter from Lord Mar, dated the first of February, shews that the flight could not have taken place until the following day. This curious letter, which was written at the early hour of six in the morning, is unfinished. It is the last in the series of that correspondance which has formed of itself a narrative of Lord Mar's life, from his first taking upon himself the office of general and commander-in-chief, to the hour when he virtually resigned that command. In the midst of pressing danger his sanguine nature seems not to have deserted him; his love of the underplots of life, the influence of 'Kate Bruce,' and the arrangements for a coronation, were as much in his thoughts as in the more hopeful days before Sherriff Muir and Preston.

'Wednesday, about six forenoon, ffebruary 1st, 1716.

'On Monday evening I gave you the trouble of a greatly long letter, mostly on indifferent subjects, and sent it off yesterday to A. W. If I was too tedious upon what concerned a woman and a Prince, it was with a good intent, and to make matters plain. By what I hear from R. B. and the Hole, that Argyle's forces were yesterday forenoon at Stirling, and so was the regiments of dragoons there and St. Ninian's, for accounts of motions there and thereabouts, on both sydes of the river,—you may expect it best sent from R. B., the Hole, and a grave gentleman. By yesternight's post I sent of M'Quart's letter; and indeed, in most or all letters I write to that quarter for ten weeks past, I alwayes requested that whatever was to be done might be quickly done. I lykeways sent to London between fyve or six, several honest hands, to put off the proclamation declaration about burning, and that paper of which I some days ago sent you two copies. And now I begin to think I have been in the wrong to Mr. S—g, in the short character I gave you of him, at least, if it be true that I am told, that he is not only author of that paper I sent you the two copies of, but has got a very great number of them printed; and tho' I may be an insufficient judge, I must acknowledge I am very well pleased with the paper, for I think it full of plain truths; and besydes other dispersings, I did indeed yesterday cause putt in fifteen copics of it in the Lords of Session's boxes. The litle letter to my good Lady W. I caused carefully to be delivered. I wish all women had some share of her good, sweet, easie temper, for, as you well observe, over-busied women are most uneasie; and I have had much experience of it within these four months past in many instances, and with more persons than one or two. The only inconvenience I had by Kate Bruce lodging in the same house with me was, it brought in too many women upon me, and some of these brought in others, and to this minute I cannot with descretion get quit of them. A good time ago you were pleased to tell me you could not well conceive how I got myself keept free, but if you now knew what a multitude knows where I lodge, you would wonder more; and indeed it is no litle admiration to myself: but as soon as I have so much strenth, and can fynd a convenient place (which is not easie), I will change my quarters, if it were for no other reason than to be quit of useless people of both sexes, that interrupt me from business, or trouble with impertinent questions. And whyle I am accuseing others of indescretion, I wish I am not so myself in so much insisting upon and troubling you with such matters. At Perth I have gott a collection of all papers relating to the coronation of King Charles the First and Second, and shall send them whenever you think fitt; but I suppose it may be convenient to lett the present hurrie a little over before I send them to you. How the great generalls can imploy their hors to great purpose in the deep snow, or how men and hors will long hold out in such weather, is what I do not understand. I hope a shorter time than they imagine will destroy, even without the help of an enemy,—at least, make many, both men and hors, inservicable.

And to conclude:

"The worst peculiarity in the career of Mar was, that no one trusted him; towards the latter portion of his life he had even lost the power of deceiving: it had become impossible to him to act without mingling the poison of deception with intentions which might have been honest, and even benevolent. The habits of a long life of intrigue had warped his very nature. When we behold him fleeing from the coasts of Scotland, leaving behind him the trusting hearts that would have bled for him, we fancy that no moral degradation can be more complete. We view him soliciting to be a pensioner of England, and we acknowledge that it was even possible to sink still more deeply into infamy. With principles of action utterly unsound, it is surprising how much influence Lord Mar acquired over all with whom he came into collision. He was sanguine in disposition, and, if we may judge by his letters, buoyant in his spirits; his disposition was conciliatory, his manners were apparently confiding. At the bottom of that gay courtesy there doubtless was a heart warped by policy, but not inherently unkind. He attached to him the lowly. Lockhart speaks of the love of two of his kinsmen to him:—his tenantry, during his exile, contributed to supply his wants, by a subscription. These are the few redeeming characteristics of one made up of inconsistencies. He conferred, it must be allowed, but little credit on a party which could number among its adherents the brave Earl Marischal, the benevolent and honourable Derwentwater, and the disinterested Nithisdale. When we contrast the petty and selfish policy of the Earl of Mar with the integrity and fidelity of those who fought in the same cause, and over whom he was commander, his character sinks low in the estimate, and acts like a foil to the purity and brightness of his fellow-sufferers in the strife."

With this we close our first notice of a very acceptable publication. The other memoirs which follow will probably occupy the attention of more than one *Gazette;* and we have only now, in our critical vocation of fault-finding, to express our regret at the number of typographical errors, from which it would seem as if Scotch names were as inexplicable for London printing as Egyptian hieratics or Hongkong Chinese.

The Rose-Garden of Persia. By Louisa Stuart Costello. 12mo, pp. 193. Longmans.

ONE (as we have already noticed) of the most graceful of the ornamental works which, at this season of the year (and for this particular year in prolific variety), vie with each other to be chosen as holyday remembrances, Miss Costello's volume is both a novelty and a hit. The embellishments are characteristic and beautiful: and well adapted to illustrate the flowery page of Persian poesy.

That Poesy, we may remark, never has been and never will be popular out of the East. Its elements are oriental, and northern climates cannot taste their fragrance. And some of the reasons are obvious. The language alone is one of the most important features in Persian composition. It is not so much the thought, as the turn of the expression; and the noblest conception of the brain would go for nothing, were it not uttered in the most felicitous form of words. The exigencies of the Italian or English sonnet bear no comparison to the epigrammatic nicety or symphonious music absolutely required for the lyrics and gazels of Persia; and these it is impossible to translate into any other tongue.

Historical, national, and legendary allusions are other leading qualities of the utmost merit in the Persian Muse; and for these no foreign country has any feeling, and consequently, whilst they delight Ispahan or Tabriz, they produce no effect whatever in London or Paris.

The Sufi mysticism of the most famous poets, which creates enthusiastic admiration among natives of the same land and religion, becomes a heavy drawback on the pleasure to be derived from the verse in other soils, and among people of other faiths.

And lastly, we may mention the marked difference of manners, customs, and sentiments, which separates Persia from European sympathies; and need we then wonder how little its literature is cared for in our northern latitudes?*

But nothing that we have advanced, as it were, upon the general issue, bears adversely upon such a selection as that now before us. For with all the disadvantages we have stated, there still remained human nature, ardent passion, deep pathos, wit of universal applicability, playfulness, sublimed love, the idolatry of heroism, the hate of wrong, and other influences of mortal minds, to occupy the genius of the heaven-born of Iran, and give immortality to their effusions. A selection from these can come home to every bosom; for however different, mankind are all alike—have been in every age and climate—have been since the creation of the world, and will be to the end of it.

Thus a good choice, such as Miss Costello has made, is only partially affected by the incongruities, and is fully susceptible of developing the beauties of the renowned poets of Persia, from Ferdusi, her Chaucer, to the latest of her minstrels. She has pieces from him, Roduki, Essedi, Unsuri, Togray, Mossi, Khakani, Omar Khiam (the Voltaire of Persia), Nizami, Sadi, Attar, Hafiz, Jami, Hatifi, and others; and an introduction and notes, &c., which shew that she has spared no pains upon an undertaking so honourable to a female pen. She has briefly noticed the mixture of the Arabic and Persian in these compositions; and it would be a curious task to point out the philological interference between the twenty-eight Arabic and thirty-two Persian letters in

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* In illustration of this criticism, we may quote a statement from Miss Costello's introduction: "Ferdusi's 'Shah-Namah,' the great epic, in an English garb, inspires as little admiration, as a whole, as any of the translators of the Lusiad do to an English reader; Professor Chézé's 'Mejnûn and Leila,' elegant and interesting as the translation is, is yet somewhat tedious from its very correctness; and Sadi's fine poems, the 'Bostân' and the 'Gulistân,' though they have been well rendered in English prose, are somewhat ineffective, and it requires the genius of Moore himself to translate adequately his brother minstrel, Hafiz."

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some of them, though it would have been too much in a production of this kind. With regard to the fidelity of the translation, we are not prepared without reference to the originals, and even then we might say we were not competent to speak; but we like the modesty of the translator:

"I scarcely dare (she says) address a word to the oriental scholar in extenuation of my attempt to render his darling poets into my northern tongue: I only trust he will forgive the boldness for the sake of the devotion, and, instead of being severe, will at once excuse the execution; considering only the motive, which is to make 'familiar in the mouth as household words' those unknown and unsought treasures, which he alone is capable of prizing to their full value. To the orientalist is known the extreme difficulty of conveying in any European tongue the exact meaning of the poet: the Germans have perhaps succeeded best, in consequence of the construction of their language; but mere words alone in Persian sometimes express so much, that the translator finds all his efforts unavailing to render them of the same force. For instance, the Persians have words and names which at one view exhibit many qualities without more explanation, and which throw a charm over their songs, impossible to reach."*

Before we proceed to the few specimens it is our purpose to offer of the poetry, we must quote a passage which may well apply to this publication in another respect, as it does to the Persian book-trade in all: "a finely ornamented book is considered an excitement to youth to study: in the preface to a work called 'The Dispelling of Darkness,' is this passage: 'This work, accurately written for its caligraphy, must be a comfort and excitement to the young.'"

Our first extract exhibits the style of the Sufis, of whom it is very difficult to believe that their strains were all heavenly, and not a particle of earth. It is from an ode of Hafiz, said to be *expressive of holy joy:*

"Grapes of pure and glowing lustre!
May the hand that plucked each cluster
Never shake with age!
May the feet ne'er slip that press them!
Oh! 'tis rapture to possess them,
'Spite the chiding sage.

Call, call for wine, the goblet drain,
And scatter round spring's fairest flowers;
What wouldst thou more of fate obtain?
Where canst thou seek for brighter hours?

This was the earthly nightingale's first lay;
What sayest thou to his precepts, Rose of Day?
Oh! bring thy couch where countless roses
The garden's gay retreat discloses;
There in the shade of waving boughs recline,
Breathing rich odours, quaffing ruby wine!

Thou, fairest rose of all, oh, say,
For whom thy hundred leaves dost thou display?
To what blest mortal wilt thou own
Such buds have sprung for him alone?

What have I now to ask?—here all
Life's choicest gifts to me belong;
Prudence and wisdom are but thrall,
The only friends are wine and song!"

Old Anacreon was evidently a Sufi without knowing it; and so is Tom Moore; and the *Basia* of Joannes Secundus, and Lover's Molly Carew and Widow Macree, are Sufi compositions. From Omar Khiam, a bard of the latter end of the 12th century, we take our next specimen, which is directed against the mysticism of his predecessors and contemporaries.

"Ye, who seek for pious fame,
And that light should gild your name,
Be this duty ne'er forgot,—
Love your neighbour—harm him not.
To Thee, Great Spirit, I appeal,
Who can'st the gates of truth unseal;
I follow none, nor ask the way
Of men who go, like me, astray;
They perish, but Thou canst not die,
But liv'st to all eternity.
Such is vain man's uncertain state,
A little makes him base or great;
One hand shall hold the Koran's scroll,
The other raise the sparkling bowl—
One saves, and one condemns the soul.

The temple I frequent is high,
A turkis-vaulted dome—the sky,
That spans the worlds with majesty.
Not quite a Moslem is my creed,
Nor quite a Giaour; my faith, indeed,
May startle some who hear me say,
I'd give my pilgrim's staff away,
And sell my turban, for an hour
Of music in a fair one's bower.
I'd sell the rosary for wine,
Though holy names around it twine;
And prayers, the pious make so long,
Are turned by me to joyous song;
Or, if a prayer I should repeat,
It is at my beloved's feet.

They blame me that my words are clear;
Because I am what I appear;
Nor do my acts my words belie—
At least, I shun hypocrisy.
It happened that but yesterday
I marked a potter beating clay,
The earth spoke out—'Why dost thou strike?
Both thou and I are born alike;
Though some may sink, and some may soar,
We all are earth, and nothing more.'"

Flowers and birds supply our next quotation. It is from Azz' Eddin Elmocadessi:

"Learn from birds and flowers, O man!
Virtues that may gild thy name;
And their faults, if thou wouldst scan,
Know thy failings are the same.

The fair narcissus, humble still,
Reflecting on her lowly birth,
And feeling Nature, prone to ill,
Inclines her soft eyes to the earth.

The water-lily, pale with care,
Mourns as the waters pass her by;
'Alas!' she sighs, 'what woes I bear!
And must submit to misery:
But time can never teach my heart
From love's delusive joy to part!'

The willow is the only tree
Whose slender boughs for ever wave;
Devotion in their homage see
To Him who leaves and blossoms gave:
And love that gentle willow knows,
Bending its glances towards the rose.

The modest jasmine is content;
She whispers, 'Lovers, why lament!'

The bright anemone to view
Is bright and fair in shape and hue;
But in her leaves no perfume dwells,
And in her heart is wickedness:
With secret scorn her bosom swells;
Her crimes upon her memory press;
'Behold,' she muses, 'beauty glows
All radiant in each outward part;
But ah! my soul too sadly knows
That vice is burning in my heart!'

* * * * *

Thou see'st the nightingale in spring—
He seems as joy were all his own—
From tree to tree, with rapid wing,
He flits, with love in every tone;
So volatile, so debonaire,
As though he never knew a care.
But ah! how much art thou deceived!
His heart is filled with pensive pain—
For earth's frail lot his soul is grieved;
He sees her glory's fleeting train,
And how each beauty withers fast,
Nor leaves a shadow where it passed.
He knows that ruin soon will seize
The sweetest flowers, the fairest trees;
He knows the garden will decay,
And marks it fading day by day.
Thus, if aright thou read his song,
It tells of grief the whole year long!

Know'st thou why round his neck the dove
A collar wears?—It is to tell
He is the faithful slave of love,
And serves all those who serve him well.

The swallow leaves his lowly nest,
And hies him to a foreign shore:
He loves with courtly man to rest,
From whom he learns a higher lore
Than if he kept amongst his kind,
Nor sought with care to store his mind.
And men the welcome swallow prize,
For he a kindly guest is known;
No base or selfish ends he tries,
But friendly converse seeks alone.

The owl has learnt the world's deceit,
Its vanity and struggles vain;
And deems it flattery unmeet
A thought from reason to obtain.
Apart from the perfidious throng,
In wisdom's contemplative mood,
To Heaven she gives her whole life long,
And steals to holy solitude.

The peacock, wedded to the world,
Of all her gorgeous plumage vain,
With glowing banners wide unfurled,
Sweeps slowly by in proud disdain;
But in her heart a torment lies,
That dims the lustre of those dyes;
She turns away her glance—but no,
Her hideous feet appear below!
And fatal echoes, deep and loud,
Her secret mind's dark caverns stir;
She knows, though beautiful and proud,
That Paradise is not for her.
For, when in Eden's blissful spot
Lost Eblis tempted man, she dared
To join the treacherous angel's plot,
And thus his crime and sentence shared.
Her frightful claws remind her well
Of how she sinned and how she fell;
And when they meet her startled eyes,
Her fearful shrieks appal the skies!

The parrot talks, and does his best
To make life pass with cheerful mien,
In hopes that in the regions blest
Man will befriend and take him in.

The bat retires to some lone cell,
Where worldly noise can ne'er intrude;
Where he in shade may calmly dwell,
And spend the day in solitude.
Modest and peaceful, well he knows
How frail is man, how false his ways;
And turns him from day's empty shows,
And from the sun's intemperate blaze.
He is enamoured of the night;
And while no rival comes between,
The stars can yield him ample light,
When he may watch and gaze unseen;
Then he retires to muse once more,
On all her beauty's wondrous store;
And feels fair night has charms for him,
To which day's garish rays are dim.

The bee draws forth from fruit and flower
Sweet dews that swell his golden dower;
But never injures by his kiss
Those who have made him rich in bliss.

The moth, though tortured by the flame,
Still hovers round and loves the same:
Nor is his fond attachment less—
'Alas!' he whispers, 'can it be,
Spite of my ceaseless tenderness,
That I am doomed to death by thee?'"

The Moolah of Rûm, to us another great little-known, is happy in the subjoined:

"'Tell me, gentle traveller, thou
Who hast wandered far and wide,
Seen the sweetest roses blow,
And the brightest rivers glide;
Say, of all thine eyes have seen,
Which the fairest land has been?'

'Lady, shall I tell thee where
Nature seems most blest and fair,
Far above all climes beside?—
'Tis where those we love abide:
And that little spot is best
Which the loved one's foot hath pressed.

Though it be a fairy space,
Wide and spreading is the place;
Though 'twere but a barren mound,
'Twould become enchanted ground.

With thee yon sandy waste would seem
The margin of Al Cawthar's stream:
And thou canst make a dungeon's gloom
A bower where new-born roses bloom.'"

We would fain conclude with some of the version of portions of Hatifi's pathetic story of the hapless Mejnûn and Leile; but at present can only refer to it as the finest thing in the *Rose-Garden* (though of *Rue*), and promise, if we can, to find room for it in a future *Gazette*.

* We were amused, not long ago, in dictionary-hunting in a much less-known language, to find the word we sought explained by a Persian synonyme "sas," which was in turn Englished, "a flea, a louse, a bug, *a stepmother!!*"—*Ed. L. G.*

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A World of Wonders, with Anecdotes and Opinions concerning Popular Superstitions. Edited by Albany Poyntz. 8vo, pp. 361. London, R. Bentley.

THE *World of Wonders* is a good captivating title; but in this instance, without its second accompaniment or surname, it would be somewhat of a misnomer. For though many of the wonders and pseudo-wonders which have amazed and amused the world are mentioned, there is so large an admixture of matters which are not wonders at all, and never have been considered as such, that they do not come within this leading definition. Yet every topic is of a popular nature; and if the whole, or even a tithe of them, had been fully discussed, it is true, as the editor has observed, that it would have required a cyclopædia to contain the lucubrations. His task has therefore of necessity been of a brief and desultory kind; a sort of touch-and-go, and flying visit. We have seen a swallow skimming the surface of a river, and ever and anon dipping its active wings into the expanse, making a plunge and a splash, and bringing off a small portion of the water, which was shaken from its feathers on its onward flight for another dip; and so it has been with Mr. Albany Poyntz—he has rapidly flown over the wide region of ancient and modern credulity, vulgar errors, and superstitions; and, alighting now and then, fetched away a little piece,* and dropped it from his quill upon the pages of this volume. From it we shall, in the same bird-like manner, transfer some specimen morsels to the *Literary Gazette*.

The longevity of animals is the first subject, and the first animal mentioned is the Stag, respecting which Hesiod declares that "they have been known to attain their 35th century;" and Mr. Poyntz, after justly remarking that, considering the age we assign to the world at his period, this could not have been an opinion founded on much experience, proceeds to state:

"According to many ancient writers besides Hesiod, the stag is the longest lived of animals; and the Egyptians have adopted it as the emblem of longevity. Pliny relates that one hundred years after the death of Alexander, several stags were taken in the different forests of Macedonia, to whose necks that great monarch had, with his own hand, attached collars. This extension of existence is, however, scarcely worth recording, in comparison with the instance commemorated by French historians, of a stag taken in the forest of Senlis in the year 1037, having a collar round its neck on which was inscribed, 'Cæsar hoc me donavit.'"

Our author combats these ideas historically and anatomically, but might, we think, have spared himself the argument by simple reference to the well-known extreme brevity of the existence of this animal as demonstrated to the present generation of living men. So far from continuing three hundred and fifty years, an entire species of the Stag, it is ascertained, can be brought into the world, perform all their functions, flourish and perish, within less than the same number of days. Of all creatures of so high an order, they are the most ephemeral. One week has seen them crowding Capel Park and every adjacent un-leafy avenue, and in another the whole herd has disappeared from the face of creation, and the extensive and lovely Bank, round which they browsed, has seemed lonely and desolate. Such is their history in our day; and when future naturalists, Plinys, Aristotles, Buffons, desire to possess correct data touching their date and mode of being, we trust they will consult this faithful record, wherein thereof *litera* SCRIP-TA *manet*.

Chapters on incombustible men and ventriloquists lead us to chapter 4, on Pope Joan and the Wandering Jew; to which we only allude that we may notice the former subject as one not unworthy, even yet, of a volume as large as the present. The multitude of remarkable things mixed up in the hundreds of publications which especially treat of or incidentally mention Pope Joan, would well repay the labour of a diligent survey, and furnish materials for as interesting a work in able hands as the popular press could produce. Mr. P. dismisses it very cursorily:

"The invention of Pope Joan is still more easily accounted for; as originating in the desire of the reformed church to expose to contempt the honour of the see of Rome. No contemporary writer so much as alludes to her existence; nor till sixty years after the period assigned as that of her adventures, do we find the monk Radulphus relating the scandalous chronicle of her pretended pontificate. A story of this description once set afloat will never want for commentators; and a variety of other writers instantly seized upon it, improving the details at leisure."

"Fables of history" are instanced in the next chapter, and those particularised are contumaliously refuted; but yet, a few pages on, giving us a history of his own times, the writer has the *naïveté* to state the following *fact* (and not the only example of similar simple easiness of belief):

"A singular chance directed the attention of Napoleon to the condition of the Jews. A representation of Racine's "Esther" was given one night at the opera for a benefit; and the following morning, Talma happening to breakfast with the emperor, the conversation turned on the performance of the night before. As they were discussing the character of Mardochée, Champagny, afterwards Duc de Cadore, made his appearance, who was at that time Minister of the Interior. Napoleon instantly began interrogating him concerning the position and resources of the Jews in France; and desired that a report might be drawn up on the subject, and speedily submitted to him. Champagny lost no time in obeying; and the results of this accidental circumstance was the removal of the civil disabilities of the Jews."

A person who gravely relates this romance need hardly repudiate such fictions as the old tale of Jewish Illumination ascribed to a Roman emperor whose wickedness has become proverbial, viz. Nero, who, it is said, "on one occasion attempted to illuminate Rome by means of Jews steeped in resinous matter, and thus committed to the flames."

More favourable to the race of Israel is our author, who, in closing his chapter upon these long cruelly-persecuted people, goes a stride in advance, and says:

"As regards the question of usury so often imputed to the Jews, experience has proved of late years, that the most notorious extortioners of this description are of the Christian faith; and it is a question of ethics to inquire whether there be greater turpitude in openly demanding an interest of thirty per cent for a loan of money, or in obtaining the same profit by sale or barter of commodities. A considerable number of tradesmen who pride themselves upon their strict integrity, require a much higher ratio of profit than the per-centage of the money-lending Jews; nor is it necessary to remind the reader that some of the most eminent bankers in Europe, renowned equally for their probity and liberality, are of the Jewish persuasion."

The next subject is among those to which our preliminary observations apply, as not possibly coming within the category of Wonders of the World. It is of "verbal delicacy" that the writer treats; and we are told:

"Of late years, the ears of the world have become more than ever chaste and refined; and certain words freely used by Shakspeare, in presence of the court of the virgin queen, and by Molière, in presence of that of the most dignified of European monarchs, are now utterly proscribed, and expunged from the modern stage. The fluctuations of opinion on these points are highly diverting. Dean Swift relates that, in his early days, the word 'whiskers' could not be mentioned in a lady's presence; a fact we should be inclined to class among the ingenious fictions of the Dean of St. Patrick, but that at the present day that rational nation, the Americans, have not courage to pronounce the word leg, even in talking of the limb of a table or of a partridge. The false delicacy of the English takes refuge in a foreign language. All such articles of dress or furniture as are held of a nature unmentionable to ears polite are named in French; as if the word *chemise* were a less explicit designation of an indispensable under-garment than the matter-of-fact word *shift!* All this is contemptible hypocrisy, and a silly compromise with common sense. Such an abbreviation as crim. con. conveys fully as indelicate an allusion as the same words written and pronounced in full."

From the latter opinion we utterly dissent. There is much in the mere homage paid to Modesty and Decency in a reserve of language, even though the meaning may be the same. Words from use and familiarity, or connexion with what is low and base, are infinitely more disgusting to the sense than the same import conveyed in foreign disguise or by periphrases. The effect upon the mind is nothing like the same: one might as well assert that you would be as much annoyed from a ball of dirt wrapped up in paper as from a handful of filth thrown directly all over your person. And this is an important question; for in communicating knowledge essential to human affairs, it is often absolutely necessary to describe things of an indelicate kind and unpleasant to the refined and sensitive recipient. In this condition, is it to be deemed "contemptible hypocrisy" not "to call a spade a spade?" Assuredly not; to avoid vulgarity is the very perfection of civilisation. But we must not dissertate on a production so slight as this. In a chapter on "Nostrums and Specifics" (an unbounded theme dismissed in six or eight pages), the following examples are the most new to us:

"Unsuccessful gamesters used formerly to make a knot in their linen; of late years they have contented themselves with changing their chair as a remedy against ill-luck. As a security against cowardice, it was once only necessary to wear a pin plucked from the winding sheet of a corpse. To insure a prosperous accouchement to your wife, you had but to tie her girdle to a bell, and ring it three times. To get rid of warts, you were to fold up in a rag as many peas as you had warts, and throw them upon the high road, when the unlucky person who picked them up became your substitute. In the present day, to cure a toothache you go to your dentist; in the olden time you would have solicited alms in honour of St. Lawrence, and been relieved without cost or pain. * * * Thiers informs us that an illustrious astrologer invented a talis-

* There are above fifty subjects in the 361 pages; i. e. an average of about five pages to each.

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man for intercepting the approach of flies to a house; when to his horror, no sooner was it suspended, than a fly, more daring than the rest, deposed a contemptuous mark of disregard upon the charm."

Upon the latter point we ought perhaps to warn our readers, that though much after his line and fashion of writing history, it is not the present French ex-minister who is quoted, but a similar spirit with a similar name, the learned Curé Thiers, who wrote a treatise (Mr. Poyntz, no doubt thinking of our late visitor, p. 76, calls it a "treaty") on Superstitions. The hero of the living historian is not a Fly, but Napoleon Buonaparte, who cared as little as the Curé's Insect for the guards set up to save houses and hearths from invasion, and treated them with equal contempt. When recently in England, and in the highest English society, we may tell by way of anecdote of this bustling panegyrist of the Emprror, and the oracle of Young France (as a chance for re-ascension to power) himself displayed no less charlatan disregard to the proprietirs of life; and ventured to contravene all the rules held in esteem among polished Englishmen by impertinences which, had he been "native born," would have led to his being shewn down stairs! *Mais allons donc.* Chapter 11 is on Physiognomy, and it is laid down:

"Amongst Europeans, the Italians rank first for beauty of nose: the Dutch, for the excessive ugliness of that feature. The English nose is apt to be thick and cartilaginous; that of the Jews, somewhat crooked. In France, almost every man of genius has had a well-formed nose. Short and flat noses, so censured by Aristotle, still rank low in the science of physiognomy. Socrates, however, was a singular instance of a hideous nose. Boerhaave and Gibbon possessed *one* of the same disagreeable form." [As if Boerhaave and Gibbon had only *one* nose between them, when heaven knows, the two would not have made one tolerable frature of that class.]

"The sincerity of Lavater is undeniable. But even had we his convictions, we should hesitate to decide in favour of the infallibility or applicability of his system; which is more the result of a peculiar personal sagacity, constantly on the watch, than the efficacy of the art. A man may be born a physiognomist, but to become one by mere force of study, is next to impossible."

We would exactly reverse this axiom. A man may as soon be born an astronomer as a physiognomist. It is by study and experience alone that he can become either. For, after all, what are the appearances on which a judgment (certainly not infallible, but approaching to a shrewd conclusion) can be formed? The physiognomy of an individual is nothing more nor less than a particular expression of countenance, the result of habitual feelings or passions, and ultimately affecting the physical form of features. Upon this it is that we surmise the character. The various circumstances and temperaments of men make physiognomies. As pride elevates and malignity depresses the brow, or as mirth enlivens and grief melts the eye, or as vanity protrudes and scorn curls the lip, as we can generally discover at a glance what emotion temporarily influences the breast, so can we learn to tell when these emotions become predominant and are permanently indulged, by the facial muscles becoming their undoubted symbols and representatives. This is the "science" of physiognomy; and that of craniology, to which the writer arrms more to incline, labours under the disadvantage that it cannot observably change structure, so as to afford criteria for judgment. The one is a construction upon what has happened—the past; the other tends to establish a doctrine of normal and inevitable necessity, causing and not being altered or controlled by events or free-will.

In his penultimate chapter (51), Mr. Poyntz speaks of "professions esteemed infamous;" and, after noticing spies and executioners, falls upon the Stage. He observes upon the strong religious objection to actors so long entertained, and still to a great extent lingering in France, and their denial of Christian burial, and even their excommunication, within the present century; contrasting it with the interment of Garrick in Westminster Abbey, and the reception in society, with the same respect as is conceded to any other order of literary persons, of such persons as the Kembles, Young, Macready, &c. whose conduct in private life is as exemplary as their dramatic talents are distinguished. But it is strange, whilst thus vindicating the profession and the artists who adorn it, the writer should be guilty of so illiberal a sentiment as to pronounce "the intermarriage of the nobility with actresses" to be "a violent and pernicious extreme." Assuredly this is unjust as the French refusal of funeral rites; and as far as example has gone, we have reason to believe that few unions have been more happy and irreproachable than those between noblemen and actresses whose previous reputation has been unstained, and who have raised themselves to respect and distinction by a life of propriety and virtue in the midst of trials and temptations to which few others of their sex are exposed. The lights-o'-love of the theatres who have luckily met with such advancement are only like the giddy or tainted of other classes; but those who have passed virtuously through the fiery ordeal, bring characters to brighten any coronet, independently of the accomplishments which must belong to them.

In another chapter Mr. Poyntz stands up for the negro races; and elsewhere touches on fabulous animals, wild women, sibyls, the philosopher's stone, giants and dwarfs, ghosts, dreams, sorcery and magic, &c., to which we can now do little more than refer. On prejudices attached to certain animals, he notices, *inter alia*, oysters—at present in such perfection at Mr. *Lynn's*.*

"Pliny* maintains that oysters grow fat or thin according to the phases of the moon; while most modern oyster-eaters attribute the change to certain months, rather than certain weeks of the year. It is an equally erroneous supposition that milk promotes the digestion of oysters; which may be proved by trying to dissolve them in hot or cold milk. The prejudice that they are out of season when no *r* figures in the name of the month originated in the difficulty of transferring them fresh from the coast to the capital during the months of May, June, July, and August. By the sea-side, they will be found good at all seasons of the year. • • •

"The bite of the taremula spider was long said to produce involuntary dancing; simply because the persons bitten, on applying to the local practitioners of the healing art, were instantly ordered to dance the *pizzica*, the rapid Sicilian dance of the provinces where the tarentula abounds, in order to promote circulation and neutralise the effects of the poison. Whole villages used to assemble to witness the result, and whenever the patient expired of the bite of the raptile, he was said to have danced himself to death. Such is the origin of the Neapolitan superstition of the tarentula."

On the education of children, Mr. P. has some very brief but pertinent remarks—thus ending:

"Often do children so young as to appear deficient in observation receive vague but indelible impressions, afterwards recalled by a retrospective view; when the past appears clear and free from the vapours which veiled it from our earlier comprehension. Among the lower orders, if a poor man be laborious, his son is usually the same. But the son of a father who ill-uses the mother is pretty sure to turn out an idler and a dunce in childhood, and in riper years a ruffian."

From a sequel to the ghost-stories we select the following paragraphs, wherewith to conclude our (may we call it) dipping review of this agreeable volume:

"There is one instinct which we are bound to accord to ghosts, *i. e.* a wonderful aptitude for the discovery of cowards! In the ghost-stories of all countries, it is observable that the first impulse of the person addressed by a spectre is to take to his heels. With the exception of the lady of the Beresford family, who is said to have sat and talked theology with her brother, there is no record of a rational conversation between a disembodied spirit and those of the flesh; for the pretended apparition of Mrs. Veale is now known to have been an ingenious bookseller's puff of the work of Dralincourt on Death. • • •

"In the southern provinces of France there prevails a superstition, derived probably from the lycanthropy of the ancients, that certain persons assume at night the form of wolves, and roam the country for prey, under the name of *loup-garoux*; a fable which gave rise to Perrault's charming fairy-tale of Little Red Riding-Hood."

The Forget Me Not. Ackermann and Co.

In our last we briefly adverted to the issue of this old-established Annual, and to its possession of its usual recommendations. There is, moreover, a melancholy interest shed over it this year, which seems singularly congenial to its familiar and appropriate name. Several of its articles are posthumous. The motto on the title-page has the signature of L. E. L.; and there are papers by the late Thomas Hood, the late Miss Jewsbury, the late Captain M'Naghten, and the late Mrs. Gray. And how sad is the following poem, from the pen of the last, drearily designated

"*The Anniversary of Death!*

We keep an anniversary to-day—
But not as those who mark, with festal mirth,
The victories of ages passed away,
Or sweet home-time of marriage, or of birth—
We wear the mourner's robes, we hush our breath:
Ours is an anniversary of death!

Oh, how this day recalls the bitter past!
This summer day, our loved one's last of life;
And this deep midnight hour, her very last,
Wherein she slumbered from the final strife!
Even now the death-damp crept o'er every limb—
Even now her gentle eye grew glazed and dim.

Methinks I see her yet—that fairest creature—
Panting her very life in fever forth;
I see her yet, with every lovely feature
Bearing the prophecy of 'earth to earth:'
Yet with her soft, deep-loving eyes, whose meekness
Looked gratefully around through all her weakness.

I see her yet, as on her deathbed laid,
Her face all still, yet mutely eloquent—

* A clever etymologist might make something out of this conjunction, and we daresay it was that which put the name into our brain together with a barrel of the best natives. *Ex. gr.*: *Lynn* is supposed to be derived from, and a slight corruption of, *Pliny* the ancient Roman naturalist, and who seems from his writings to have paid much attention to the fattening of oysters. Thus *lyn*, with the prefix *p*, forms the word *Plyn*; to which adding the common euphonious termination *y* or *ny* you have *Pliny* or *Plynny*. Q. E. D. —*Ed. L. G.*

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A solemn twilight, that was scarce a shade,
  ewed on her brow the fulness of content;
The small, white, drooping hand, the braided hair,
The stirless lip, the cheek so calmly fair.

O year ago, this night, my hands for her
  erformed the last sad offices of love;
St, midst my task, I dreamed her pulse must stir—
  ly straining eyes saw those dark tresses move!
I the white morning broke upon thy brow,
loved and lovely one, and what wast thou?

rigid corpse—a marble image, changed
From slumber's likeness to a sculptured form,—
something sadly from our dreams estranged,
That looked as though with life 'twas never warm,
hat seemed our hearts instinctively to draw,
et thrilled them with a deep mysterious awe.

weet one, thou liest in thy lowly tomb,
  We ask not of thy mortal relics now—
They perished like the wild flower's summer bloom,
  Yet are they garnered as the seed we sow,
From whose corruption God's great power shall bring
An incorruptible and holy thing!

Said I that we should mourn? The thought I call
  Back to my heart—we keep no mournful day;
Let there be high and solemn festival,
  As, for the saints of old who passed away,
The church of God marks each returning year
With joyful reverence and hopeful cheer.

We celebrate a victory—o'er the earth,
  Its tribulation, its decay, its sighs;
We celebrate a glorious day of birth,
  An entrance on a life that never dies;
We keep a marriage-feast—her darksome tomb
Is but a passage to the Bridegroom's home!"

We could not find in our heart to mingle any thing lively with this; but the sweetness and feeling of the following "Lover's Ballad," by Miss Jewsbury, may well entitle it to an adjacent niche:

"She's on my heart, she's in my thoughts,
    At midnight, morn, and noon;
December's snow beholds her there,
    And there, the rose of June.

I never breathe her lovely name
    When wine and mirth go round,
But oh! the gentle moonlight air
    Knows well the silver sound.

I care not if a thousand hear
    When other maids I praise;
I would not have my brother by
    When upon her I gaze.

The dew were from the lily gone,
    The gold had lost its shine,
If any but my love herself
    Could hear me call her mine!"

The "Sleeping Slave," another charming piece by the same hand, also commands a place.

"Ay, sleep!—alas, the day's at hand;
On tree and flower the morn-dews stand;
One hour, and on heaven's arched blue
The risen sun will spring to view,
And thou must greet him from the wave,
Midst flowers, and dews, and light—a Slave!

Yet sleep!—*that* hour is all thine own,
And dreams may on its wings be strown,
Bright as if wafted from afar
By genii guests of moon or star;
Brighter than on his eyes may rest,
The slumbering lord of east and west.

Dream, wretched one—but not of time,
Nor ev'n thine own remembered clime!
Dream not of mother, wife, or boy,
Of childhood's games, or freedom's joy;
Forget thy native valley's stream—
Forget thy father's house—yet dream!

Dream of the world beyond the grave,
'Tis broad, but in it walks no slave!
Of Heaven, where many mansions be,
Of Him, who orders one for thee,
Of Him, who notes thy tears and sighs;
Dream thus and conquer—Slave, arise!"

This is succeeded by some beautiful lines by Charles Swain; but we are so often graced by his original compositions, that we will not copy his acceptable contributions from other quarters. The prose productions, with an exception in favour of "The Penitent and his Penance," by Abbot Lee, and "The Portrait," by the Old Sailor, and perhaps another or two, do not possess any great merit; and such a coinage as "*torporised* spirit" in the "Choicest Flask," otherwise not a badly composed story, would set us against it. Of the nine plates, the frontispiece, a pretty female figure, the Sketch from Nature, another yet prettier, will please the young. The "Choicest Flask" is very darkly rendered; the "Penitent," by M'Ian, is a spirited composition; the "Portrait," by Chisholm, characteristic of the time of the second Charles; and "Verona," by Prout, a very clever specimen of his pencil.

First Series to Anatomy. By J. L. Drummond, M.D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Royal Belfast Institution. Pp. 201. London, Van Voorst.

A CLEAR, concise, and able guide—discovering nothing new, which, indeed, could not be expected; but setting the old knowledge in a light most useful and advantageous for study.

The Good Shepherd and the Chosen Flock. By the Rev. T. Dale, M.A., &c. Pp. 234. London, Bowdery and Kerby.

As we stated with reference to his *Sabbath Companion*, the name of the author is a sufficient passport to extensive popularity; and we may add also of this volume, that it is worthy of his Christian reputation. The purest piety is enforced, and the more powerfully as the reasoning is most gentle and sweet. It is thus that persuasion is and ought to be wrought.

The Manual of Heraldry, &c. Pp. 132. Jeremiah How.

A NICE little book, with four hundred woodcuts, which illustrate brief but sufficient descriptions of the multitude of heraldic designations, and a vocabulary of the terms applied to all the compounds of this compound study. We know not how it is, but reading about heraldry is always amusing to every class of people; and therefore we may truly say, that this Manual is both entertaining and useful.

Reasons for Attachment and Conformity to the Church of England. By the Rev. R. Meek, A.M. Hatchards.

A THIRD edition—need we say more in favour of a little book excellently adapted for its purpose?

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 20th.—It is with great satisfaction we hear that at this the first meeting of the season, the noble president announced a resolution of the council to invite discussion on the papers read; and that in order to bring together and to prepare in some degree the Fellows interested in any particular branch of science, the titles of the matter to be brought forward should be made known at the previous meeting. We hail this as a dawn of new life and vigour, and as the initiative in a series of changes calculated, as we think, to confirm and to perpetuate the Royal Society in the high station it has held and should maintain in the courts of science. Earlier distribution of the proceedings will, we trust, be the next improvement. And then, a greater than either, the reports of committees to be made to the general body, accompanied with reasons and explanations for the opinions given and the recommendations resolved upon. Be this, however, as it may, discussion is a most approved innovation.

At this meeting we understand the first part only of Faraday's paper, on the relation of light, electricity, and magnetism, was read; which shewed that powerful electro-magnets so acted upon transparent bodies, solid and liquid, but especially the silico-borate of lead, that a beam of polarised light passing through it was affected, and that the rotation was from left to right. This effect, however, was only produced when the magnetic lines of force were parallel to the ray of light. Numerous di-magnetics were tried, and, with few exceptions, all exhibited this phenomenon more or less; the rotative powers of those substances naturally possessing this property being increased or diminished according as their rotating agency was opposed to or in conformity with the direction of the electro-magnetic influence. Various gases also were submitted to experiment; but as yet no similar effect has been detected in them.

This paper, the sixteenth series of Faraday's experimental researches, is to be concluded and discussed at the next meeting, and a communication by Sir John Herschel, from the pen of Mrs. Somerville, to be read.

The official report, with which we have been favoured, received since writing the above, states that a great number of presents were announced, including 460 volumes of Chinese literature; that Alfred S. Taylor, lecturer on chemistry and medical jurisprudence in Guy's hospital, and Peter William Barlow, Esq., were elected fellows of the society; and that John Lettsom Elliot, Esq., Peter Brodie, Esq., and Jonathan Peel, Esq., were put to the ballot but not elected. It also enables us to give the following correct title of Faraday's communication: "On the magnetisation of light, and the illumination of magnetic lines of force, including the actions of magnets on light, the action of electric currents on light, and general considerations," by Michael Faraday, Esq. D.C.L.

We stated in our last that the Royal Society seems to have got into a turmoil, through the appearance of letters on railroad-speculations, and expressed a hope that the firmness of Mr. J. P. Gassiott, who had been particularly outraged, would lead to some explanation. Whether the publication of an official letter (if signed by the assistant secretary under authority), in answer to an anonymous correspondent to the *Times*, was or was not a well-judged act on the part of the society, will probably be discussed at the coming general meeting. In the mean time, from what we hear, we may state, that the authorship of the attacks has been brought home to Sir James South. Mr. Gassiott's solicitor, we believe, called upon the *Times* to disclose the name of the writer in their columns signing himself "A Contributing Fellow of the Royal Society." The reply to this was, of course, that it was contrary to their practice to disclose the name of a correspondent, unless under his own consent, or unless the assertions made were proved to be false. In the case of Mr. Gassiott we presume this latter position was fully proved to the satisfaction of the editor by the man of law, for the second communication to him delivered the name of Sir James South. Upon this, we understand, Mr. Gassiott wrote to Sir James South, affording him an opportunity to admit or deny the truth of the confession of the *Times*. Sir James, however, in reply, stated that the question put by Mr. Gassiott was not one to be asked by one gentleman of another, or words to that effect, and so declined an answer. This we believe to be a true version of the proceedings subsequent to the appearance of Mr. Gassiott's letters, advertised in the *Times*. But Mr. Gassiott, we think, cannot be silent upon the matter, and we look for his statement of this curious affair.

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PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Nov. 15, 1845.

Academy of Sciences: sitting of Nov. 10th.—M. Thenard, for himself and MM. Pelouze and Regnault, read a report on a memoir of M. Fremy, entitled "Researches on a new series of acids formed of oxygen, sulphur, hydrogen, and azote." The following are the results of the investigations. Sulphurous acid gas, passed through a highly concentrated and very alkaline azotite of potash, produces four new and very distinct salts, deposited in crystals on the instant of their formation. The first, which the author calls sulphazite of potash, is very alkaline and readily soluble; it crystallises like grape-sugar: the second, which he names sulphazate, is less soluble and less alkaline than the first; it crystallises in fine needles, like the sulphocyanuret of potassium: the third, less soluble and less alkaline than the second, crystallises in fine rhomboidra; it is distinguished by the name sulphazotate; the excess of alkali may be taken up by a current of carbonic acid, and the salt becomes then insoluble: the fourth is neutral, almost entirely insoluble in water; it takes the form of beautiful silky needles, and has received the name of sulphammonate. The common radicle of the first three is Az. O^3, 3HO, 3KO (or one equivalent of azotous acid, three of water, and three of potash), to which sulphurous acid being added in proportions of 3, 4, and 5, constitutes sulphazeous, sulphazic, and sulphazotic acids. The fourth acid, which is last produced, contains, like the others, Az. $O^3 + 3HO$; but it includes eight equivalents of sulphurous acid and four of potash. Besides the above, M. Fremy has discovered five others, which are also quite new salts and of the same family. Water at 40° to 50° changes the sulphazotate of potash into sesquisulphate and *sulphazidate:* under the same influence the sulphammonate is converted at first into bisulphate and *sulphamidate*, and then into neutral sulphate and *metasulphamidate*. Water together with the oxide of silver, or the peroxide of lead, on the sulphazotate produces two new acids, and consequently two new salts: these are the *sulphazilate*, crystals, needles of a golden yellow colour, and the *metasulphazilate*, crystallising by concentration into very beautiful white rhomboidra. The memoir will be published in the *Recueil des Savants Etrangers.*

M. Triger communicated a new method of employing compressed air, as practised under his invention, in the coal-mines of Maine and Loire, where the workings pass under the latter river at a depth of 100 metres. A steam-engine, of about 18 to 20 horse power, on the surface, used for the ordinary purposes, ventilating, &c., is made to compress air, by which another engine, of about 10 to 12 horse power, at the bottom of the pit, is put in motion; and this second engine works an incline of 90 metres. The compressed air acts as a liquid body, and may be compared in this machine to a column of water the reservoir of which was at a distance of 350 metres. An advantage, too, of this arrangement is the facility of ventilation in places where air could not be otherwise conveyed.

M. Boutigny wrote concerning the application of the "spheroidal state" to the detection of arsenic. When, by Marsh's apparatus, the stains are obtained, they should be touched with nitric acid, which transforms them into arsenious or arsenic acid; which acids are decomposed by sulpho-hydric acid, and a sulphuret of arsenic procured. This sulphuret, dissolved in ammonia, and placed in a platinum capsule at a suitable temperature, immediately takes the spheroidal state. If the small sphere be touched with a tube impregnated with chlorohydric acid, it will change its colour and become yellow. Treated then with ammonia, it loses this colour, and so alternately with either acid or alkali. The sulphuret is to be reduced by a small crystal of carbonate of soda, when the capsule is withdrawn from the fire; and after drying this saline mass, the primitive arsenical stain may be regenerated by heating in a tube closed at one end.

M. Pelouze communicated, in the name of Prince Louis-Lucien Bonaparte, the fact, that corn damaged in the holds of vessels by prolonged contact with salt water contains valerianic and butyric acids. The prince is occupied with searching for the cause of the formation of these acids, especially of the former, the existence of which, under the above circumstances, is peculiarly worthy of interest.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, *Nov.* 13.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. N. J. Ridley, Christ Church College, Rev. Sir C. A. Bisshopp, Bart., Merton College, grand compounders; Rev. W. A. Buckland, student of Christ Church College; Rev. G. P. Fessey, Lincoln College; Rev. R. W. Hippisley, Rev. J. B. Simpson, Exeter College; Rev. W. Jackson, Queen's College; Rev. W. F. Boyd, Rev. E. Stuart, New Inn Hall; Rev. N. Germon, Oriel College; J. Hawker, Balliol College; Rev. G. Masters, Worcester College; Rev. G. N. Phillips, Merton College.

Bachelors of Arts.—H. King, St. John's College, A. L. White, F. R. Haggitt, Balliol College, grand compounders; F. H. Fitzroy, P. Cumin, G. Thring, J. Collins, Balliol College; C. C. Crakanthorp, J. W. Darnbrough, Lincoln College; W. Clarke, S. W. Heale, J. B. Smeaton, Queen's College; J. W. Conant, J. Davenport, C. A. Wickes, St. John's College; A. F. Boyse, J. Bentley, Christ Church College; W. C. Jowett, G. Rose, W. H. Boscawen, J. M. Bridge, S. Clark, J. Tomlin, Magdalen Hall; B. Cleave, W. Homfray, R. G. Botcherby, J. Menet, G. H. Mitchener, Exeter College; A. W. E. Viner, J. Hewitt, University College; J. Hughes, scholar, H. H Owen, Jesus College; J. A. Guthrie, D. T. Gladstone, Wadham College; T. Grenall, S. B. Stewart, Brasenose College; W. W. Bradley, demy of Magdalen College; W. L. Pope, Pembroke; C. W. Edgell, T. E. Powell, W. Fraser, Oriel College; J. W. Coles, J. D'Arcy Preston, Worcester College.

CAMBRIDGE, *Nov.* 12.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—A. Ramsay, J. S. Haygarth, R. K. Haslehurst, J. Jones, Trinity College; G. M. Gould, St. John's College; J. M. W. Piercy, Clare Hall; T. W. Dowding, Caius College; R. Leigh, Queen's College; E. Whiteley, Jesus College, grand compounder.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. B. Grenside, H. Clelan, R. Lediard, Trinity College; G. E. Freeman, W. V. Kitching, St. John's College; Z. S. Sharpnell, St. Peter's College; G. Sowden, Magdalene College; R. Knipe, Emmanuel College.

Ad eundem.—Rev. F. T. M'Dougall, M.A., St. Mary Magdalene Hall, Oxford.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

THE first meeting for the season of this Association took place at the theatre of the Western Institution on Wednesday evening, when a crowded attendance of associates and their friends bore witness to the continued prosperity of the society. Lord Albert Conyngham, who took the chair at eight o'clock, was most warmly greeted, and addressed the meeting in a short but effective speech. His lordship stated the object the committee had in view in instituting these periodical meetings, which he trusted would be a means of attracting many new and important facts in archæological research. The Association, he said, might at present be compared to a gifted youth rising in the world, who at first would be subjected to the arrows of envy, malice, and neglect; but when he had "got a name," the highest in the land would be anxious to secure his acquaintance. Mr. Pettigrew produced a long list of new associates, which, containing names so highly influential and respectable, proved that the British Archæological Association had already attained the second stage of his lordship's simile. Among them we were gratified to hear announced the Duke of Beaufort, the Marquis of Conyngham, the Earl Powis, the Earl Ducie, the Earl of Effingham, Lord Thurlow, Viscount Cantalupe, Viscount Maidstone, W. J. Denison, M.P., Hon. W. Ridley Colborne, M.P., Sir J. E. Swinburne, Bt., Rev. R. Cattermole, Major Dundas, Dawson Turner, Esq., Rev. Dr. E. Hincks, Rev. Longueville Jones, John Britton, Esq., D. Murray, E. Peel, Esq., Rev. J. Papillon, C. Swanston, Esq., W. Wausey, Esq., and George Godwin, Esq.

Mr. Pettigrew read an interesting paper by Mr. M. A. Lower, of Lewes, on the recently discovered remains of William, Earl of Warren and his wife Gundreda, who is stated to have been the fifth daughter of William the Conqueror. William de Warren was the founder of Lewes Priory, the principal Cluniac monastery in England; and these remains were discovered on the 28th of October last, on the site of the ancient priory, by the workmen engaged in the formation of a new railway near that town, at the distance of two feet from the surface. The remains of Gundreda were enclosed in a leaden coffer, 2 ft. 8 in. long, 12½ in. broad, and 8¼ in. deep; and those of William of Warren in another coffer of nearly equal dimensions. The bones are preserved in sufficiently good preservation to enable us to conclude with tolerable accuracy on their statures while living; and Mr. Pettigrew observed, that of the many human jaw-bones he had seen, he had never met with one intimating such immense power as that found in De Warren's coffer. Gundreda died at Castle Acre, in Norfolk, on the 27th of May, 1085, and was buried at Lewes Priory; so that these remains are nearly eight centuries old. In order to account for the small size of the coffers, it is presumed by Mr. Lower that the bodies had been previously buried and afterwards exhumed, probably at the rebuilding of the convent in 1243, and then placed in them. Mr. Lower added some observations on other discoveries lately made on the same site, and we trust the whole foundations of the ancient priory will be uncovered. Such a work might serve to supply us with facts useful in the history of ancient institutions of that kind; though at the same time we must add, that we hope our antiquaries will not lose sight of the importance of obtaining practical facts and sure deductions in their enthusiastic researches after our national antiquities. We are all apt to place too much importance on our particular line of studies. Some people, for example, will tell you that nothing is worth attending to but Gothic architecture, and we thoroughly appreciate its value, but cannot help whispering that a chapter of real history or a page of Shakspeare is of far greater importance, for these latter must carry their beneficial influence to the ends of the earth as long as literature itself shall last. But we are wandering from our subject. These remarks can apply only generally, as far as Mr. Lower's paper is concerned; for it was truly a valuable and interesting memoir, worthy of its writer and the Archæological Association. Some observations made by Mr. Pettigrew and Mr. Corner on the paper tended to throw a doubt on the alleged fact of Gundreda being the fifth daughter of William the Conqueror, in the absence of any authentic evidence to that effect. Mr. Wright observed, that even the inferior tes-

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timony of more recent writers must be received, although of course with caution, in the absence of any proof against them; and he added, that as it was clearly proved that Gundreda was the daughter of Matilda, queen of William the Conqueror, and as there was no evidence to shew that Matilda was twice married, the presumptive evidence was in favour of Mr. Lower's assertion. Mr. Jerdan and Mr. Britton took part in the discussion.

Mr. Baylis exhibited some interesting tapestry of the fifteenth century, representing incidents in the wars of the Roses. It was formerly in the town-hall at Coventry, and the correct and intelligent portraits of Margaret of Anjou, and other prominent personages of the time, render it a highly valuable and important relic. We regret to add, that the noble president was suffering severely from indisposition, so that his presence on this occasion exhibits the strong interest he takes in the welfare of the society; and the enthusiastic manner in which he was received will, we trust, be convincing that his exertions are duly appreciated. We have seldom passed a pleasanter and more instructive hour than that occupied by the meeting we have just described.

MR. J. ORCHARD HALLIWELL.

REFERRING to the brief remarks in our last No. upon the case of this gentleman, we rejoice to see that the public voice, expressed through the ordinary channels of appeal, has loudly seconded and enforced his demand for investigation and justice. Strong in general principles as are the anonymous statements and reasoning which have appeared on this subject, they are weak in comparison with the manly simplicity and ingenuousness of Mr. Halliwell's own explanation. It was, indeed, but a shadow against which he had to defend himself, but it was of a nature black enough to darken his whole life; and the difficulty and pain of the encounter can hardly be over-estimated. Substance, or a substantive charge, may readily be met, and are rarely beyond the means of refutation; but whispers, innuendos, slanders, and beliefs taken up from exaggerating rumour or private malignity, are almost impossible to grapple with and dissipate. The more honest and honourable the party so assailed, the more is he exposed to be sacrificed as a victim. He has never suspected the baseness which could assist in inflicting such a cruelty; and far less the triple baseness which could invent the first falsehood. Let us for the honour of humanity hope that carelessness and ignorance have contributed more to this "untoward" proceeding than vileness of mind or wickedness of heart; and even that position and circumstances may have misled some of those concerned into an apparently unjustifiable line of conduct. But the time has come that all of them must assume their real colours. They are now upon their trial, and not Mr. Halliwell. The English sense of right will not permit the humblest individual to be cut to pieces, as it were, between the two blades of a pair of scissors, without inquiring who put the shears into action, and on what grounds they were impelled to meet and mangle a character. Trinity College, Cambridge, and the British Museum have enacted the scissors: by whom and how were they moved? They are both important national bodies, and deeply responsible to popular opinion. Earnestly do we trust that they will come candidly forward and redress this grievance with the magnanimity so well becoming the powerful; if not, they must substantiate their suspicions of Mr. Halliwell, and shew them to have been sufficient to excuse the oppression and persecution to which he has been subjected. Among the published letters, one from Mr. Thomas Wright, in the *Times* of Thursday, especially merits our applause. In his own name, a Master of Arts and very distinguished ornament of Trinity College, this gentleman shrinks not from the task of defending his younger friend and associate in several valuable literary productions. His statement is unanswerable; but what we admire above all in it is, the bold integrity of the writer, forming so noble a contrast to the mean propagators of scandal, and ready accreditors and repeaters of injurious reports. There is no cowardly sneaking here from the assertion of truth and vindication of One labouring under calumny. Mr. Wright tells the story of Trinity College Library from intimate personal acquaintance with it; and that story sweeps from Mr. Halliwell's enemies, whoever they are, the possibility of establishing any charge against him; whilst his own behaviour in the affair, from first to last, is enough to convince any man of clear judgment and undepraved imagination that a more improbable piece of roguery was never patched together than that out of which these imputations have been forged.

NATIONAL ANTIQUITIES.

"AN artful dodge" seems to be on the tapis in respect to the reception and preservation of national antiquities, discovered in the course of metropolitan improvements, or other public works. A correspondent of the *Times* writes, in reference to some *fishing* paragraphs in that journal, that the "city authorities" were looking about them to find a place to deposit the Exchange antiquities in (discovered about four years ago), and that the trustees and managers of the British Museum were thinking of allotting one room in that immense establishment to British antiquities. "I congratulate these bodies upon their evincing, even at the eleventh hour, so sudden and lively an interest in national antiquities. It had generally been understood that the Joint Gresham Committee did not like to be at the expense of fitting up a room for the reception of the Roman remains discovered four years ago on the site of the Exchange, and the daily papers had often shewn the failure of motions for a museum in Guildhall, made by Mr. Lott, F.S.A., and one or two more in the Court of Common Council. It is to be hoped there is no mistake in this matter. The city of London is, in one respect, unlike almost every city and town in Europe. It has no museum for its antiquities, and but for the liberality of one or two individuals, not a record would have been made of the vast number of interesting antiquities discovered and destroyed during the last fifteen or twenty years. Many are deceived by the notion that the British Museum is a museum of national antiquities, and that it might supersede the necessity of a city museum. But the fact is no less true than startling, that, notwithstanding the enormous sums of public money and private bequests expended upon the British Museum up to the present day, there is not a single room devoted to British antiquities. It is true that individuals have made presents to that institution of national works of ancient art, but they have never yet been arranged, and are almost useless for reference. If, instead of devoting one room to the antiquities of their fatherland, the trustees would set apart a room, or at least a department, for the antiquities of every county, then the establishment might well be termed a British Museum."

Connected with this subject, the *Globe* reports, that "on Monday evening, at the Institute of British Architects, it was stated by Mr. Tite, the architect to the Royal Exchange, that a large collection of the antiquities of Roman London, found in the excavations for that building, were in store in a spare room at the London Institution, and which it was yet undecided whether to transfer to the City of London Library, at Guildhall, or to a room at Gresham-buildings to be appropriated to the purpose. The circumstances under which they were found were singular and interesting. On the south side of the Exchange, while excavating for a foundation, the workmen came to a solid bed of concrete, about fifteen feet below the surface; on penetrating through which they found a dark peaty mass, forming a pit nine feet in depth, and literally filled with every description of Roman rubbish. The pit was indicated by surrounding circumstances to have been a hole out of which gravel had been dug for the formation of neighbouring roads or garden-walks, afterwards converted into a horse-pond, as appears from the remains of horse-furniture, and eventually it became the city-rubbish-hole. There were found in it a very extensive collection of coins, amphoræ, shoes, and sandals, and every variety of articles of domestic use, even to bodkins with the wool in them, the animal and vegetable matters being in a high state of preservation from the nature of the peaty mass in which they were found. This had been piled, and upon it a bed of concrete had been laid, on which Roman buildings had been erected; nor were the foundations of these removed when the two Royal Exchanges in succession were erected. Mr. Tite also remarked on the presence of peat-mud found in excavations near the Thames, shewing the former growth of rushes or other rank vegetation, and which had been found as high up from the river as the Cheapside end of Friday-street."

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ P.M.; Statistical, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.

Wednesday.—Pharmaceutical, 9 P.M.; Ethnological, 8 P.M.

Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; R. S. of Literature, 4 P.M.

Friday.—Philological, 8 P.M.

Saturday.—Botanical (anniversary meeting), 8 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

A PORTION of our readers, unacquainted with the constitution of the Royal Academy, may not be aware, that at the end of every year, on the 31st of December, the President lays down his golden chain and badge, and submits himself to re-election by his brethren. Referring to the ill health and already proffered resignation of Sir Martin A. Shee, the approaching anniversary is looked forward to with more than usual interest. Will the President persevere in his determination? and if so, who is likely to become his successor? Her Majesty, as we recently noticed, granted a pension of 200*l.* per annum on Lady Shee; and the Academy have, we understand, secured to Sir Martin, by an *à priori* resolution, the 300*l.* a year, bequeathed to the President for the time he holds the office, by Sir Francis Chantrey, but which will not fall in till the death of his widow, Lady Chantrey. These look like preparations for a change. Of Academicians eli-

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gible for the vacated chair, several are mentioned. Mr. Eastlake is spoken of in the foreground; but it is asked, will he give up his appointments in the Commission of Fine Arts, the British Institution, &c., which produce a revenue, for the unprofitable station of President, which entails much expense, and is only valuable as it may bring commissions to the holder? Sir R. Westmacott, of so high standing in every way, as an artist and in private character, is also named; but the majority would seem to desire a painter, and not a sculptor. The same remark applies to Mr. Cockerell. Mr. Pickersgill occupies an eminent position, and is one of the oldest members of the body; but we cannot tell whether he is popular enough, especially where there has of late years been so copious an infusion of young blood. Others are also mentioned; but there is much embarrassment in the choice; and it would be difficult, if not impossible, at this era, to find an individual combining so many qualifications for the office as were united in Sir Martin Shee. There ought to be, as far as there can be, a union of excellence in art, of literary attainments, of courteous and gentlemanly manners, of liberal and enlightened sentiments, of a facility for addressing public meetings, and of a certain experience of the surrounding world, beyond the limited circle of the easel and studio. For the President of the Royal Academy ought not only to be able to paint a fine picture, but he should also possess talents for representing the Institution, in a dignified way, among the highest classes of the community, for meeting princes and nobles at home with propriety suited to his station, and for holding intercourse with foreign artists and distinguished personages, so as to reflect credit upon himself, and honour upon the Academy, whose head and chief he is. This is no common character. How is the anticipated want to be supplied?

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

Studies.

THE originals liberally left by their owners this year have been, two Sir Joshua's, a Murillo, a Cuyp, two Barghems, a Both, a Maas, a Rembrandt, a Spagnioletti, and a Vandyke. Of these the favourites adopted by our students were, one of the Sir Joshua's (the other, entitled *Theory*, attracted only one copyist, but a very successful one, Miss Sharpe), the Murillo, Rembrandt, Cuyp, one of the Berghems, and Vandyke. The Spagnioletti, a most painful Crucifixion, was also copied by eight or ten hands. On a glance we observed the whole end of the north room occupied with a glow of fair girls, after our own admired countryman; whilst the right wall was equally covered with the Angelic Ascent of Murillo, and the left with the Cattle-piece of Cuyp. In the middle room the forcible old head, by Rembrandt, and its numerous imitations, was the most striking feature; and elsewhere the Bargham and Vandyke studies prevailed. The whole exhibition is rather less successful and prominent than it has been in former years, but still there was enough to gratify the friends of our native school. A study from the Murillo, by Hyman Daire, and one by Mrs. Young, and another by Mr. Whichelo, of the Rembrandt, appeared to us to be uncommonly well done; and there were others to compete with them, though it is unnecessary for us to go more minutely into specification. We may possibly, however, return to a farther notice.

Finden's Beauties of Moore. London, Chapman and Hall.

FINDEN'S *Beauties of Moore* have, on the issue of nearly every separate Part, been noticed in the *Literary Gazette* with deserved encomiums, and had their individual characters so particularly described, that we need not now inform our readers how charming they are, or that they are not Moore's Beauties alone, but his in ideal conception and literal painting, whilst they are Finden's and his associate artists' in the embodiment of the easel and burin for the eye as well as for the mind.

There are twenty-four portraits of the poet's most interesting females; his *Ideas*, as we have said, put into tangible form and light by such men as Newton, W. P. Frith, J. Wright, Elmore, F. Stone, Egg, F. Wood, Middleton, O'Neil, E. W. Ward, A. de Valentini, and engraved in a delicious style by the brothers Finden, Holl, H. Hall, Edwards, Mote, Robinson, and Eagleton. Borders of rare grace and merit, by J. Marchant, encircle these creations. There is a pleasing amount of explanatory letter-press; and there is a binding about the most gorgeous we have ever seen. The embossing is extremely handsome, and the golden ornaments and title stand out from its rich ground-work with all the effect of plate in high relief. The interior of the book is certainly not disgraced by its exterior appearance.

Altogether the publication does honour to the Muse, to the fine arts, to the art of mechanical embellishment, and to the taste, spirit, and liberality of the publishers.

The Comic Almanack. By George Cruikshank. London; D. Bogue.

INEXHAUSTIBLE and inimitable George, sorry are we, at this late hour, that we can only acknowledge the laughter with which we have scanned thy lucubrations for 1846. Every month of thine is Hogarthian: from the water-marked plate of the fluent Aquarius, presiding over January, to the abundant and admirably-composed Capricornus, predominating in December. For originality, fancy, and fun, George almost surpasses himself this year. If we had time to say more we would; but we must conclude in the usual form—" so no more at present from your intense admirer,

"The Editor of the *Literary Gazette.*"

BIOGRAPHY.

DEATH has this week been busy in the upper circles of life: among the departed, as connected with the literature of our day, we have to record the Dowager Lady Holland and Lady Canterbury. The "re-unions" of the former at Holland House have been for very many years the very centres of the highest literary meetings, and especially of all the talent enlisted on the Whig side of politics. Parties more intellectual and piquant were never assembled in this or any other country; and her ladyship herself (even to the advanced age of 76), with vast experience of the world, was gifted with abilities which caused her to shine, no unprominent figure, even among the foremost wits and scholars of the age. Within the last six weeks she was the soul of a *conversazione* among the brightest gladiators.

Lady Canterbury also mingled much in literary society, and was, like her sister Lady Blessington, eminent for literary qualifications and the cultivation of refined taste. We are not aware that she appeared in print, in which several of those nearest and dearest to her shone; but a similarity of pursuit, and an equal relish for all that could charm and elevate the mind, place before our eyes at this moment the sad memory of a beautiful, highly accomplished, and superior woman, deeply regretted by many whose love of letters was improved by her society.

Dr. Wade.—This well known successor to Parson Horne, with hardly unequal demagogue talent and with equal zeal, as was evinced on many a public occasion, died suddenly this week of apoplexy, at the age of 58. Dr. Wade was of an adust complexion and full temperament; and with all his enthusiasm for Spafields measures, was, in less public intercourse, a well-informed, intelligent, and pleasant companion. He was, we believe, heartily sincere in his opinions; in adherence to which he left preferment in the church and lived upon his own fortune, which was considerable, and, like himself, independent.

JOHN BACKHOUSE, ESQ.

WITH sincere regret do we record the death of John Backhouse, Esq., late under secretary of state in the foreign department. He died at his house in Hans Place, having suffered long from a fatal illness, which a tour last year to a milder climate could not remove. Severe application to his official duties was probably the proximate cause of this malady; for a more diligent and assiduous public servant the country never possessed. Mr. Backhouse's entry into political life may be dated from the election of Mr. Canning for Liverpool; from which city he removed to London, to act as the secretary for its gifted representative, and take care of the important parliamentary business connected with its vast mercantile interests. In this situation he so highly recommended himself to his principal as soon to be advanced by him to trusts of a more general national character; and thus in a short time to become the holder of an office of the utmost confidence and responsibility. In every point of his useful career, Mr. Backhouse shewed himself to be eminently worthy of this preferment; and we may safely state, that the conduct of no man in such a station ever gave more satisfaction to his employers, or contributed more essentially to the prompt and judicious administration of affairs than was the result of Mr. Backhouse's faithful labours.

His attachment to literature was a prominent part of his life; and readers may remember the interesting manner in which he edited the Narrative of the American Sailor, Robert Adams's residence in the Interior of Africa, at Timbuctoo, &c. We have reason to believe that Mr. Backhouse wrote frequently in several of the most popular periodicals; and also assisted in other literary undertakings of considerable interest. He was in every relation of society most highly and deservedly esteemed.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE POTATO DISEASE

Is not exactly a subject for prolonged notice in the *Literary Gazette*; but as every body is making much of it in every body's own way, and a great deal more for some bodies' particular purposes, it may be as well not to hide our light altogether under the bushel,—which it would seem there are no sound potatoes to fill.

The Potato Disease; its Origin, Nature, and Prevention, &c. by G. Phillips, of the Excise (pp. 58, S. Highley), has fixed our attention more particularly on the subject. The careful chemical and microscopical analyses which the author has directed both to the sound and the diseased tubers, afford the best data we have seen for forming a judgment on the subject; whilst the

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other important point of the question, viz. the extent of the evil throughout the empire, must be ascertained by actual survey and unbiassed examination.

When Science or the Press get hold of any thing of the kind, it is pretty sure to come out in vague and monstrous forms, in the midst of which it is not easy to ascertain the precise features of the case. In simple language, we presume it to be acknowledged that, in many parts of the country, the potato-crop has been, more than in any former year, affected by a species of rot; and as Ireland is farthest off and the least likely to be exactly intelligible, we are called upon to believe it to be ten times worse off than any portion of England or Scotland.*

Having thus frightened the Isle from its propriety by a general apprehension of famine, a bugbear created out of the dread of a partial scarcity, we should look the matter, whether bad, worse, or worst, in the face, and if possible devise a remedy for whatever difficulty may ensue. According to Mr. Phillips, a sound white kidney potato contained

Water	75·700
Starch, pure and very white	15·880
Sugar	0·666
Potateine and colouring matter	1·780
Gum	1·260
Albumen	2·160
Ligneous fibre	1·370
Silica	0·003
Alumina	0·101
Lime	0·088
Potash	1·010
Magnesia	A trace.
Sulphuric Acid	A trace.
Chlorine	0·062
Total	100·080

In the substance here called *potateine* resides the aroma and flavour of the potato—without it, the root would be flavourless and destitute of any characteristic. Potateine contains potash and probably solanine, and also, it is believed, a large proportion of azote as a constituent. And the potato generally contains a quantity of water equal to three-fourths of its entire weight.

Compared with the sound potato, a diseased one under the same conditions presented:

Water	78·20
Starch impure and of a brown colour	16·00
Sugar	None
Potateine and colouring matter	1·20
Gum	1·40
Albumen	0·60
Ligneous fibre	1·20
Silica, alumina, lime, magnesia, potash, sulphuric acid, and chlorine	1·20
Total	99·80

"The parts selected were soft and pulpy, the organisation of the tuber being completely destroyed. In colour, the diseased portions used were yellowish drab, snuff-brown, and black, and the mass had a very unpleasant fetid odour."

From all his experiments, Mr. Phillips concludes that "the disease causes a decomposition of the albumen, the azotised constituent of the potato; that a healthy potato is acid, a diseased one alkaline; that in the decomposition of a diseased tuber, the only alkali that can be formed is ammonia; that as ammonia is the the only alkali that can be formed, the alkaline state of a diseased tuber is owing to its presence; that the production of ammonia is caused by a putrid fermentation induced by the albumen of the potato; that the soluble constituents disappear, the insoluble remain; that the preservation of the starch and ligneous fibre is owing to their insolubility in the water of the tuber, and that the inorganic constituents suffer no change; that putrefaction is the cause of the decay of the tuber."

Out of his microscopic tests, Mr. Phillips declares that "the disease commences in the pendulums; that the pendulums first attacked are those farthest from the foot-stalk if the series be continuous; and if not continuous, at the part farthest from the stem, and to which the tuber is attached; that the pendulums disease the tuber; that the disease is not caused by fungi or insect."

This differs greatly from the Dutch results, viz. that

"According to all the experiments and descriptions made of the disease, it appears that it commences on the upper part, and then attacks successively the leaf, the stalk, and the tuber. . . . . As it is the upper part of the stalk which is generally first attacked, it is probable that the disease originates in the leaves, descends the stalk by means of the peel, and then communicates with the part below the ground."

Our own commissioners also differ from Mr. Phillips as to the origin, site, and progress of the distemper.

And after all the philosophy, and inquiry, and recommendations for saving and preserving, we find what common sense and common experience has taught the whole agricultural and horticultural world, that to separate rotten fruit from sound, and keep it as dry as possible in a good air, is the best economical means that can be adopted.

Having so far stated the circumstances as derived from others, there are two or three matters connected with this subject which we have not seen noticed, and which we would briefly mention as deserving of some consideration.

There was a disease very common to the seed potatoes about three years ago, similar to the present, and without producing any immediate deterioration. Could the present evil be traced to that? In Canada, the same occurred, and no ill consequences followed.

In the *early* sown turnip-crop of this year, a disease of the same kind destroyed large breadths of land. The next crops succeeded.

The mischief has been attributed to the wetness of the season. Is it not owing to the great and rapid transitions of temperature?

To prevent a rise in price, injurious to the lower orders, there may be an immense saving of potatoes as food for cattle; and the far over average crop of hay and turnips will supply ready substitutes, so as to effect this purpose.

And the turnip also, for human consumption, being in such abundance, may in a wholesome way enable families to economise in their use of potatoes.

THE DRAMA.

Haymarket.—On Wednesday was produced a five-act comedy, called *The Maiden Aunt*,* and written by Mr. R. Brinsley Knowles, a son of the author of his being and of *Virginius*, to whom the play is dedicated in a style of compliment not indicative of much taste or judgment. In perusal the composition appears so framed upon the manner of the elder dramatist, that we could not distinguish it from his. Neither in language, character, nor story (for there is no plot), does it reflect the living manners of the present period, but it is an imitation of Elizabethan and later times. Upon the mistaken notion involved in all this class of composition it would be harsh to insist, when speaking of the first essay of a youthful and promising candidate for fame; but it is a mistake and "no mistake." The consequences are, that the outlines of the characters are stiff, hard, and rugged; that there is no refinement of sentiment or speech whatever; that the action is forced and unnatural; and that all the unction is wanting to make the *dramatis personæ* resemblances of actual life. With these inherent defects, and the baldest invention of incidents ever extended over five acts, *The Maiden Aunt* can only be received as the dawning of a genius inherited from a worthy stock, and which may hereafter expand into a brilliant and lasting illumination. The lady who gives the title to the work is the chief failure in it, for she opens a delightful ingenuous old maid, and ends the deepest of masquerading intriguers. But we will not enter farther into criticism, but content ourselves with citing some brief examples of the dialogue. The hero falls in love with an incognita; and being told by his friend that it is only fancy and his heart too light, replies:

"Too light, indeed; with all its buoyant mood
Love weighs it down. I tell thee, Montague,
I bear the evidences all about me:
For what shall prove a man to be in love
If not his being turned against himself,
Himself his own antipodes! Who e'er
So fill'd his cup or sooner emptied it,
Or lent more spirit to a night's enjoyment,
Or readier would fly at anything
That promised entertainment? Tell me that—
But now I think of past delights as vain!
My wine stands blushing to invite my lips,
And is not tasted. If I ever hear
The sound of revelry, I only think
What fools they are that seek delight in that:
And turn to graver thoughts of marriage-bells,
Of dignities and cares of married life,
Of honeymoon and christenings manifold,
Which proves beyond a doubt I am in love:—
Since miracle alone could compass this,
And nought but love can compass miracles!"

His uncle approaches to interrupt this version of elder poetry; and the friend goes with a word of counsel, but poorly expressed:

"Be prudent with your uncle: a few days
Might see you heart-whole as you ever were,
And 'twould be monstrous mortifying then
To think you had lost a fortune for a whim!
This marriage too 's a step, once taken, past
Retrievement; therefore, take it not in haste—
Love's seeds ill sown, life's garden lies a waste."

The same indefiniteness of style marks the following:

"I'm modest, Peter,
And timid, daring not to tell my love
Except by hints and glances, plain enough
To be embarrassing, but nothing more!
Till will I venture out the doubtless words
Nor our young couple fully are betrothed."

The last two lines are rather puzzling; and the annexed portion of one of the old gentleman's soliloquies is no improvement:

[*He pursues her: she throws a chair in his way, at which he stumbles, and she escapes.*

Sir Simon. Confound the chair! A clumsy, rotten, vile,
Unwieldy, senseless chair! It has broke my shin,
And lost me too a kiss! But never mind,
So I find favour in fair Catharine's eyes,
There's nothing comes amiss. How charmingly
She rated me for lack of gallantry!
I think I woo'd her bravely in the end, though!
Did I succeed?—Else wherefore should her heart
Suffuse her cheeks with blushes, and let fall
Their fringed lids to veil her melting eyes?
Ah dear! Ah me! How sweet the pains of love;
Particularly first love!—this is mine.
Her aunt indeed—a likely wife for me!
Now then to Peter—fix the wedding-day;
For though, perchance, her wounds being but fresh,

* We have seen a letter from a large Irish landholder which did not countenance the rumour of the terrible failure of the crop. He simply wrote, "after a careful inquiry all hereabouts, I find that the potato is *delicate*." But the finest pisantry have adopted the other extreme opinion, and say: "The cholera first attacked men; it then attacked the pigs; and now it has attacked the praties. Bad luck to the Saxons that brought it in!"

* Published by E. Moxon. Pp. 62.

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She thinks to hold me in a lengthened suit,
Yet when the smarting comes, as sure it will,
She'll be content to let love have its course,
And take me so, for better and for worse."

The following is better. The aunt lectures her niece:

"How came it, then, you met him every day
For a good week and more? Was it by chance?
What an uncommonly strange thing Chance is!
What heaps of sins, like charity, it hides;
Or, rather, altogether blots them out:—
For who's to blame for that he had no hand in,
Which was not meant—was never once foreseen—
Which happened—some way—as a thing might drop
Out of the clouds; though, very strange to say,
It always falls exactly where we'd have it!
Chance is a scapegrace, who, in all his life,
Did never do a proper action yet.
He puts his hand to nothing but he blunders;
Mistakes his neighbour's pocket for his own;
Ruins good causes without fault in the pleader;
Gives the wrong medicine, and kills the patient;
And, like an awkward knave, makes poor young ladies,
The least designing creatures in the world,
Meet the same man, at the same place and hour,
Day after day, who never for a moment
Dreamt in their walks to meet with any thing
But fields and trees, and charming scenery."

The stratagems, towards the end of the piece, are ridiculous; and though the play was as well acted as it could be, greatly endangered the finale. The eyes, however, had it on the fall of the curtain; and *The Maiden Aunt* has been repeated every evening.

St. James's.—On Saturday evening we were again highly gratified with the amateur performance of *Every Man in his Humour*, noticed in our No. 1497, where the cast is given, with the exception only of *Wellbred*, which character, upon this occasion, was played by Mr. G. Cattermole. We need not here reiterate our individual praise, nor dwell upon the collective dramatic merits of this amateur company, but merely state that the second representation fully confirmed our former opinions, and we bate not a jot of our first impressions or expressions. We have a word or two, however, for the new *Wellbred*, who in his concluding scene made a great hit; his reply to *Kitely*, "She is not my wife," told admirably, and roused a rather cold audience. Applause was loud enough at the fall of the curtain; and, being prolonged, recalled the players, when Mr. Forster announced a third performance, for the benefit of that favourite and deserving actress, Miss Kelly. The old comedy selected for revival is said to be the *Alchemist*, but we doubt the rumour. The announcement was received with general satisfaction, which augurs, we hope, the like high and generous patronage that has so largely increased the building fund of the "Sanatorium,"—the home in sickness,—and to which the receipts, amounting to, as we are informed, about 1000*l.* were devoted. The theatre was handsomely placed at the disposal of the committee, by Mr. Mitchell, free of expense.

Drury Lane.—Mr. Wallace's new opera, *Maritana*, so long expected, was produced here on Saturday last. It is founded on the well-known drama *Don Cæsar de Bazan*, the libretto being by Mr. Fitzball, with the addition of some choice morceaux from the poetical manager, inserted, as is stated, at the particular request of the composer. The music of this first production by Mr. Wallace exhibits very considerable skill in composition; the resources of an orchestra are better developed than we commonly find in modern English operas; and some of the arias and concerted pieces possess great merit; more especially the solo and chorus, "Pretty Gitana, tell us," in which Miss Romer sang very successfully; the trio, soprano, tenore, and basso; and a little ballad sung by Miss Poole, which was vociferously encored, to our minds the most classical attempt in the opera. The ballad for the tenor, sung by Harrison, is not so effective; it is laboured in its motive, and was not well received by the audience. On the whole, it is a satisfaction to be able to say that this opera is exceedingly pleasing, and gives promise of better things from its author. We learn from the prints that the composer has resided much among Spaniards and Mexicans; this would account in some measure for the remarkable Spanish character of the more decided parts of the music. It is evident, however, that Mr. Wallace has not neglected the study of the works of the great masters; it is better to take them as a model than to commence at once with the notion of being a great original and a genius. The performance was very well applauded by a crowded audience. We shall probably enlarge hereafter on this brief notice.

Princess's.—On Tuesday *The Violet*, an amusing little plot and story from the French *Jeanette et Jeanneton*—here *Blanche* and *Blanchette*—was successfully produced. *André*, an old jeweller, Mr. Wallack, has these two reputed daughters, but under strange circumstances, for only one of them is his own, he does not know which, and the other is an orphan of a noble race. Out of his equal love for the two, and their being sought in marriage by parties of different rank, arise the involutions of the scene, till the mystery is cleared up, and all ends agreeably. Mr. Wallack sustained his part with great talent and effect, and the two lady-characters were well played, *Blanchette* by Mrs. Stirling, and *Blanche* by a pretty-looking *débutante*, said to be her first appearance on the stage. Perhaps it was so, as she seemed nervous in coming before the public; but it did not look to us like the timidity arising from unacquaintance with life. She was well received, had obviously warm friends among the audience, and acquitted herself in a manner to deserve applause without partiality. To perform by the side of Mrs. Stirling must be a great aid to a beginner.

French Plays.—Mr. Mitchell has been proceeding with his usual spirit; but as yet nothing has occurred of sufficient novelty to call for especial criticism. *La Demoiselle Majeure*, a lively vaudeville, and another, *Deux Filles à Marier*, are very pleasant little pieces: and Lafont is as excellent as ever.

M. Jullien's Concerts commenced on Friday, and have since been repeated, on alternate evenings, to houses crowded in every part. They are, indeed, such treats as English audiences of every class can enjoy. There is taste, and style, and execution enough for the connoisseurs, and yet there is every thing in music that can entertain and delight the million. We do not, therefore, wonder at their popularity.

VARIETIES.

The British Almanac and Companion (C. Knight, and Co.) for next year presents its acknowledged useful features and arrangement for public acceptation. The Almanac is elaborately constructed, so as to afford every kind of information to be sought in such repositories—full references for the year upon which we are about to enter; and the Companion, besides the retrospect and record of statistics and legislation, &c. is strongly recommended by papers on the earliest printed almanacs, statistics of crime, railways and public improvements in *esse et posse*; chronicles of events, biographical notices, and other well considered matters, tend to improve the value of this sterling annual guide.

The Illustrated London Almanac, 1846.—When the steam is up, it is wonderful what people can do; they not only run their daily or weekly course with *éclat*, but can have offshoots like this, to mark the year with clever designs, to recommend and impress the Almanack matter, and so be at once cheap and welcome to all classes.

Beckford Museum.—The collection of vertu belonging to the late Mr. Beckford, and kept in the Lansdown Tower, Bath, is about to be brought to the hammer. It contains a vast multitude of curious and valuable articles; and is altogether perhaps only second to the famous sale at Fonthill.

Anti-Education Movement.—The *Times* and *Punch* are exceedingly wroth with the Eton boys for displaying a deep devotedness to study, and shouting (a fine example to idle lads), "*Read for ever!*"

Singular Dramatic Discovery.—A few weeks ago a very curious document was discovered among some old family-papers belonging to an ancient family in Kent. It is a play called "Wit and Wisdom," and is supposed to be the earliest drama in which a foreigner is introduced speaking broken English. The liberal owner has given permission for its publication, and it will be shortly printed by the Shakespeare Society under the editorial care of Mr. Halliwell.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Mosheim's Institutes of Ecclesiastical History, translated by J. Murdoch, D.D., new edit., with additions, by the Rev. H. Soames, 4 vols., 8vo, 2*l.* 8*s.*—Adventures in the Pacific, by J. Coulter, M.D., post 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Tytler's Elements of General History, with a Continuation, by the Rev. E. Nares, D.D., new edit., 8vo, 14*s.*—The Round Towers and Ancient Architecture of Ireland, by G. Petrie, 2d edit., royal 8vo, 1*l.* 8*s.*—On the Treatment of Strictures of the Urethra, by J. Briggs, 8vo, 3*s.*—Pomfret, or Public Opinion and Private Judgment, by H. F. Chorley, 3 vols., post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Curiosities of Modern Travel, 1846, fcp., 5*s.* 6*d.*—A World of Wonders, with Anecdotes, &c., by A. Poyntz, 8vo, 12*s.*—Life of Carl Theodor Körner, translated by G. F. Richardson, 2 vols., post 8vo, 15*s.*—Juvenile Englishman's Library, Vol. XII., Lays of Faith and Loyalty, by the Rev. E. Churton, 18mo, 2*s.*—The Old Hall, by John Mills, 3 vols., post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—The Mine, 6th edit., by Mrs. Loudon, square, 4*s.*—Elements of Mental and Moral Science, by G. Payne, 3d edit., 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—The Ship, by M. H. Barker, 5th edit., square, 4*s.*—Full Report of the Proceedings, Hodgson *v.* Rev. F. Oakeley, edited by A. F. Bayford, 6*s.*—The O'Donoghue, by C. Lever, 8vo, 14*s.*—The Child's Mirror, by Mrs. Halls, square, 1*s.* 6*d.*—Sermons preached at St. George, Bloomsbury, by the Hon. and Rev. H. M. Villiers, 8vo, 5*s.*—Principles of Beauty in Colouring systematised, by D. R. Hay, 8vo, 1*l.* 1*s.*—Daniell's Chancery Practice, 2d edit., 2 vols., 8vo, 3*l.* 3*s.*—Bopp's Comparative Grammar, edited by Prof. Wilson, 8vo, 1*l.* 1*s.*—La Soubrette, or Adventures of Theresa Durney, 3 vols., post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Confessions of a Water-Patient, by Sir E. B. Lytton, fcp., 2*s.* 6*d.*—The Chainbearer, or Littlepage MSS., by J. F. Cooper, 3 vols., post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—The Yachtsman's Annual, post 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Cruickshank's Comic Almanack, 1846, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Bishop Beveridge's Theological Works (10 Vols) Vols. I. to VII. 8vo, 3*l.* 18*s.*—The Magi and the Star, fcp. 3*s.*—Stray Leaves from the German, by the Rev. W. B. Flower, 8vo, 4*s.*—Share-Broker's Accountant Ready Reckoner, by J. Mallison, 12mo, 5*s.* 6*d.*—Bishop Wilson on the Lord's Supper, reprinted entire, royal 32mo, 1*s.*—Quarle's Emblems, new edit., 18mo, 3*s.*—Quarle's School of the Heart, new edit., 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—The diverting History of John Gilpin, 10 illustrations, oblong 4to, 5*s.*—Plain Lectures on St. Matthew, by the Hon. and Rev. C. G. Perceval, Vol. IV., 12mo, 5*s.* 6*d.*—Thiers' History of the French Revolution, Whittaker's Popular Library Edition, 8vo, 1*l.* 5*s.*, cloth.—The Scripture Treasury, fcp. 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Passages from Letters by a Clergyman on Jewish Prophetical and other Scripture Subjects, 18mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*—The Flight of Armida, a Poem, 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Literary Florets, by Thomas Cromwell, fcp., 5*s.*—Snowball's Elements of Mechanics, 2d edit., 8vo, 8*s.* 6*d.*—Frank Merivale; or, Dissolving Views from the Glass of Time, by Eliz. Pierce, square, 2*s.* 6*d.*—History of the Town of Evesham, by G. May, 8vo, 1*l.*

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The Doctor's adventures in perambulating this spot are, as we have hinted, quite of a Robinson Crusoe character—*ex. gr.*:

"There were a great many prickly pear-trees growing in the elevated mounds in the valley; these fruit had externally the appearance of an immense brown plum, the inside the exact taste of a gooseberry; this was very refreshing to me. There were a great many splendid hawks hovering about; they were frequently some annoyance to me: when I killed either a goat or a terrapin for food, they would hover round, screaming and making all sorts of noise, and sometimes seemed to think that I actually came there to butcher for them, for they would light on the ground and hop around me, sometimes would even jump on the carcass, have the impudence to look me straight in the face, and grapple the meat in their claws, and pull for the half with me; matters between us went so far that I was obliged to provide myself with a long stick, and knock them down as they came too close. They were immense and powerful birds, more like eagles than hawks. I fired a few shots among them, but they paid no attention to it, did not seem to fear the gun or its effects, and tormented me as much as ever, so that at last I was obliged to compromise matters by killing something and leaving it with them; then when the chief body of them were engaged, I would start off and transact business for myself. * * *

"About noon, while wandering about where I had a view of the beach for some distance, I caught sight of a huge seal waddling up out of the water about a quarter of a mile off. I took my gun and a long pole inside the mangrove bushes which fringed the beach along, and when a-breast of the animal, I could plainly see that he was a gigantic hair seal, apparently sick, moving slowly and in pain, bellowing out occasionally like a bull. He was rather too formidable to attack rashly, so I patiently watched him for nearly an hour. I may here mention, that the seal cannot quickly turn, so you may keep close by his side, and finish him either with a long knife, sharp axe, or heavy pole; but be careful to watch his turning on you. He was evidently very ill, and greatly exhausted, and at last lay down high up on the beach, near the bushes. Now a sick patient could not have fallen into better hands than a doctor's, so I went stealthily up close to him, and sent two leaden pills from both barrels right through his head; he roused up at this treatment, and, though unconscious of any thing, floundered about, and rolled down the beach so much, that I was afraid of losing him. I now hit him with my two-handed club several times about the head, which, with a plunge of my knife into his chest, finished the scuffle: he was not more than ten or twelve feet from the water-edge when he died. I had now time to examine my prize: he was an immense fellow, with an unusually thick hide, just what I wanted, and was so anxious about. My mind was now quite at ease; as to my worn-out shoes, I had now laying before me what would afford strong moccasins for a year, if I required them so long. I now saw the cause of his illness; he had a large old wound in the left side, and most probably came up on the beach to die, as seals frequently do; he appeared to be as much alone as I was, for there were none others any where in sight. With great trouble, and continually sharpening my knife, I managed to cut through the thick hide, and get off as much as was requisite for three or four pair of moccasins. Underneath there was a thick covering of blubber, which would make a great deal of oil. I next laid the piece of skin over a smooth rock to dry, and rubbed it well with fine sand, which made it as smooth and soft as a glove. After a few hours' exposure to the sun and sand, all the moisture was removed, and it was prepared. The manufacture of the moccasin was simple: all I had to do was to spread out the skin, place my foot upon it, and cut it of an oval shape, about four inches all round from the foot, then place it on a log of wood, and with the point of the knife make a range of holes all round near the edge, then a thong off the hide to reeve through the holes would serve as a drawing-string, and it was complete. In putting it on, put the foot on the hairy side, as it is always the inside; then draw the thongs comfortably tight round the ankle, and make fast. This simple contrivance gives a perfect protection to the foot, and is much more to the purpose than the tight, high-heeled article that my bootmaker or shoemaker could give at home, for believe me, that ranging through woods, and over broken ground and rocks, is quite a different thing from walking on macadamised roads and flagged footways."

Amusing as the whole account of Chatam is, we are tempted from it by the still more amusing descriptions of the Marquesas and the Doctor's whimsical position among the natives. The vessel having anchored to trade off the large island of Hivooa, or Santa Dominica, our friend's irresistible curiosity induced him, in spite of all risks, to have a ramble, and so become better acquainted with the interior and the people. That it got him into a scrape, the following selections will shew, whilst at the same time they exhibit the character of his new associates. To begin:

"That these islanders are cannibals is most certain. They deny it to many visitors; but when you remain on shore with them, it soon comes out, for in excursions even a mile or two inland, if you go into any of the houses, you cannot fail to observe human bones that very recently were in the oven. They then will tell you it was an enemy, and not improbably exhibit to you some other part of the body not yet touched. They never eat a friend, or a body which has died of disease; but always the

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fallen enemy is sure to be so served, if they can get hold of him. In fight, whenever a man falls, there is a rush of his friends to save the body, dead or alive, from the enemy for the trophy. And if the man should not be already dead, both he, and perhaps several others, may be knocked on the head in the fight that ensues. I have witnessed several of their battles, and it appears to be the first object to shoot down, or otherwise kill a man. Then, where he falls instantly becomes the great nucleus for close combat with spears, slings, and clubs. Then a similar cause at another point causes a change of position, particularly if a chief of consequence falls; and so on, until a sweeping rush puts to flight one or other of the parties."

Sed diabolus curat, as we used to say in maccaronic Latin at school, or in plain English, the devil may care,—on went the Doctor boldly and resolutely:

"I left ship and boats (says he) to manage their trading, and marched off with the chief 'Toomova,' accompanied by two or three warriors in full dress. We passed on through a luxuriant valley, and by a 'toopoopau,' or dead-house, and at a distance of about three miles from the landing-place to an eminence, we arrived at his house, which was surrounded by several others. We at once lay down to rest ourselves, and had an excellent refresh of roast pig, fish, yams, &c. A delightful small clear stream gurgled not ten feet from the door, or front of the house, which gave the place a refreshing coolness. In strolling about one mile further up, four days after, I discovered what gave my thoughts a new turn. This was an extensive defence, or breast-work, recently repaired, with a warrior lurking here and there behind it, evidently as sentinels or scouts, watching the manœuvres of some party in the distance. I saw at once they were then at war, and that I was awkwardly circumstanced. I looked round me; I was far from the sea, and certainly not far from those people's enemy. I looked at 'Toomova.' He read my mind at once, and, with a triumphant laugh, spoke the only English he knew: 'Very good man you,' pointing significantly to my double-barrelled gun. He did not inform me before of their being at war; but now exhibited unfeigned delight at having, as he thought, an ally so well prepared. I told him I had nothing to do with their wars, but merely brought the gun for my own amusement, and would go away to the landing-place, as I did not wish to kill any one. He at once told me I could not get away, as the scouts would prevent me, and that he would take every care of me; at the same time added, I would have to shoot, for the enemy was large, and would come close up to them in a day or two. He then examined my gun, talked of it to others, and all seemed curious to know why the barrels should not be smooth. It was the first rifle they had seen, and I explained it to them. He then begged of me to shoot at something. So I took from one of them a pearl shell ornament about the size of a saucer, placed it up in a tree, stepped out about two hundred yards, called Toomova over to try a shot first with his gun, which was a long fuzee. He laughed at me, and at the idea of hitting it at all, and beckoned me to fire. As this was innocent amusement, I determined to do justice to the gun, took a steady aim, and broke the pearl shell to pieces. He said it was all chance, and put up another mark for the other barrel. I fired again, with the same result. They expressed at once the most extravagant joy, and shook their spears in the direction of the enemy."

If ever there had been a chance, the exhibition of such marksmanship was fatal to the Doctor's pacific career. He was too invaluable an ally to be permitted even an armed neutrality; and so the savages compelled him to *volunteer* into their service. A review of the forces ensues, and it takes place in a locality which reminds us of the happy valley of Rasselas, and its human contrast:

"The valley was full of noise and bustle, as all parties, men, women, and children, were hurrying to the place appointed for the review, which was a piece of ground of about ten acres, with only a few trees, and free from stones. It was nearly encircled by lofty, rugged, spiral rocks, the spaces between each being occupied by tall trees. It was an area that had been always used by them for kohinas or feasts, and various sports. When you were inside of it, you were shut out from every thing else, all the surrounding hills and country being excluded from the view. 'Toomova' told me, early this morning, that I was made a chief in council, that I was entitled to a portion of his land, being his adopted friend; and that as such, and with authority, I must take off the clothes I had on, and dress like the other chiefs. I told him I did not think it necessary, and had an aversion to do so, because I did not wish to go nearly naked, and also to have my skin blistered with the sun. He told me, smartly enough, that I must dress as a chief, because the people would think it unlucky if I did not; and as for the sun, I might not dread that, as I would, or might, wear over me a fold or mantle of tappa; and, to end all discussion, he unfolded a bundle containing my Marquesan costume, a present from him and other chiefs. He told me my clothes would be tabooed, and safe for me, and at once to strip off. I knew these people were very superstitious, and often the wearing of particular ornaments or dress on state occasions was considered a good or bad omen, particularly in time of war. Having undressed, and begged of 'Toomova' to be careful of my clothes, I put on my new dress, and may now describe it. I had anklets and bracelets of bushy human hair, taken from the head of the enemy by Toomova's brother (who was, it seems, lately killed in battle); round my waist I had the 'mara' of snow white tappa, of fine texture and make; on my head was the head-dress presented to me at the council of war; by a string of human hair, over my neck and by my side, hung my war conch; also round my waist was my own leather belt, with ammunition pouch and knife, and in my hand my esteemed and highly valued friend, the rifle. I turned to Toomova and asked him would that do. He replied with delight, 'mytake' (good), 'come along now.' As we were outside the door, I begged to get the tappa for my shoulders, to keep me from the sun; he brought it at once, and off we set. On nearing the ground we could hear an occasional wild yell; this was the reception of the various chiefs as they came in. As soon as we entered the enclosure, when they saw 'Toomova' and his friend, transformed as I was in dress, a yell burst from them that shook the air, and with every expression of delight they jumped high from the ground, making a noise by striking their war clubs together, and some at the same time beating on the native drum; the noise was tremendous—the scene before and around was savagely magnificent."

Our European-Marquesan chief was now in about as pleasant a condition as the valiant Sancho Panza in his government of Barataria; and his preferment conducted him, will he, nill he, to yet higher honours. He must be tatooed! and tatooing is not the most pleasant of ceremonies—by no means so agreeable as being invested with the Cross of the Legion of Honour, the Golden Fleece, or even the Garter. But the islanders would have the operation performed, and the Doctor states:

"The Marquesans are as superstitious a race of people as I have ever visited. In this unfrequented spot they cannot account for where the ships or people like us come from; and from our great superiority over them, they conclude we are 'atues,' or gods. They had no other idea than that the visit of our ship brought with it these two last storms. It would be too elaborate here to describe minutely the extent of their superstition; but as it regarded and brought me in a party concerned, on one point I will be particular. A few days after the interment of the scout, I made a long exploring range through the country belonging to the tribe with whom I was living, and returned at sunset to the house of Toomova, where I was in the habit of sleeping, greatly fatigued. I found several chiefs inside, in earnest conversation. They told me to lie down, as they came to speak with me. I said I was ready to hear them. An elderly chief of consequence, named Mate, then said that the people believed there was some evil spirit working against them; that the unknown cause of the death of the scout found at the pass was a sure sign of it; that the enemy not appearing now, when they were ready for them, and prepared to have revenge on them; that the late storms, greater than they had experienced for some time, and destroyed a good many fruit-trees, was another sign; and finally, that some of the old men say there have been more odd things occurring lately than took place for a long time before, and that the whole of those strange occurrences happened, or were produced, in consequence of my being made a chief on coming amongst them, and not being marked or tatooed as one; and to prevent any further mischief to them or their valley, it was their wish that I should be at once tatooed as their chief; and they were sure all then would be right every where."

How like the gods of the old classic Greeks, as recorded in the *Iliad* and elsewhere, are the modern gods of the Marquesans—how like their ideas of divine mortality or mortal divinity mixing in mundane affairs! The Doctor soon perceived, that if he did not submit to be made a marked man, with as good a grace as possible, the contingency was that his brother chiefs would probably kill and eat him. And so he was tatooed, in submission to the Swift-like satirical arguments of the sage warriors of Hivoa.

"Next day, after our morning repast, the conchs sounded in all directions, and several muskets were fired round the house where I was, and all the principal chiefs came in. Then entered the tatoo-men, two to use the instruments, and two assistants. It is a regular profession, and only followed by a few. They are paid in kind for their work on the common people; but the chiefs they have a right to mark for nothing, and they consider it a high honour. In speaking of the celebrity of those men, the people will tell you he is the best, he has tatooed such and such a great chief. They have only a few instruments in use. Those used for inserting the colouring matter into the skin are made of pieces of bone made flat, and serrated at one end, like either a comb or saw. The breadth of this end differs from the eighth of an inch to one inch, according to variety or minuteness of the work—some hav[illegible]

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only two teeth, some a dozen. The other end is brought to a blunt point, and inserted into a small cane about six or eight inches long, at right angles. The stick for beating this into the flesh is long or short, according to the fancy of the operator. The piece of cane is held between the finger and thumb of the left hand. There is a roll of fine tappa round the three remaining fingers of the same hand, to wipe off the blood, in order to see if the impression is perfect. The marginal lines of any figure are first marked out with a very small stick, the remainder is executed without a guide. The hitting of the stick is so very rapid, that it resembles nothing that I know of more accurately than a trunk-maker driving in his nails. This incessant hammering at the skin, or into it, with considerable violence, irritates the whole frame, and the constant wiping off the blood with the tappa is worse. However, as the work proceeds, the flesh swells up, which gradually benumbs the part during the continuance of the operation. The colouring matter used is made in this way: eight or ten nuts (commonly known as the candle-nut, from their emitting a bright flame, and being used by Marquesans as a substitute for candles) are strung on a piece of reed, which is stuck in the ground, the upper one being lighted. An inverted section of a cocoa-nut is suspended over it. This condenses the smoke, which is very black, and, when mixed with a little water, forms the marking-ink in question. The swelling is very great, but subsides much in five or six days. Sometimes the person operated upon does not recover for weeks; and when the tatooing goes on anywhere in the neighbourhood of glands, often, in irritable constitutions, forms large tumours and abscesses. Often erysipelas is produced; but those are rare cases, all generally getting clear with the ordinary inflammation, which is only of eight or ten days' duration. The various figures and lines have all their own signification, and are perfectly understood by every native. A man is not respected even by the children if he has not borne his tatoo. I have often seen tatoo over tatoo. After a feast or a battle there is always some addition, or fresh souvenir; and if there is no room for more, it is done over some former stripes or marks. The operators are very expert, and some of the instruments being so large, an extensive surface is got over in a shorter period than a person imagines. However, it takes some time, and I have seen some obliged to stop the operator, to get a little cessation from the continued and sickening hammering. The vaheinas, or women, are often in faint after faint, and are obliged to be held firmly down; yet they wish to be tatooed, and voluntarily submit to this pain, for (as they, poor things, imagine) grandeur and beauty. I was four hours under the operator the first day, and three hours the second; which time sufficed to mark on my skin the delineations and characteristics of a chief. After all was over the surface was rubbed with scented cocoa-nut oil, which cooled the inflammation much, and gave me great ease. Then, blowing conchs and firing muskets again, ended the ceremony. There were several women in the house all the time—wives and daughters of the chiefs—and they appeared to sympathise much with me; but they were not allowed to interfere, as I was a tabooed chief. I was a little faintish after it, but on going out and sitting in the cool shade of a tree, all went off well. The people and chiefs all then looked upon me as more than one of themselves. They came in numbers, bringing what they thought delicacies of all sorts—fruit, fowl, pig, fish, &c.; and the chiefs gave me various presents. Indeed, all was an exhibition of real kindness. 'Mate' gave me his own head-dress, which he wore in fifteen battles. It fitted me exactly, and was a splendid thing."

Our Herald's College could not blazon a mighty hero better; but that august body has recently been charged with making very bungling work with their "achievements."*

After this there is a desperate battle, and the enemy utterly routed, with the doctor *quasi warrior malgre lui*, and not *quasi medecin malgre lui*. Justly entitled to his share of the *spolia opima*, he seems to have had no stomach for them, and modestly declined participation:

"I was leaning against a rock resting myself, when I was startled by a slap on the shoulder; and on turning round, beheld Toomova unhurt, in all his triumph, and my companion, Mate's nephew, covered with blood, and a broken arm. The first told me I was a very good man, shook me heartily with both hands, and said that the women were getting some water up from the stream, and something to eat would be here directly. This was pleasant news. The latter told me to get on my legs, and come along with him over the ground to see all the dead; and added, with a significant gesture, 'Epo, newe, newe, kai, kai te tanai;' the interpretation of which is, 'by-and-by eat—eat plenty of men.' * * * At sunrise all was activity again. The business now was to separate our own dead from the enemy, which duty was performed in about two hours. The first were respectfully rolled in tappa, as a preparation for interment; the latter were collected in a heap preparatory to cooking. The ornaments were first taken off; then the hair of the head, for making bracelets and anklets as trophies: they were then dragged away down to the stream to be washed. * * * Near where they deposited the bodies, they now dug several large holes in the earth, and into them they cast a number of stones so as to cover the bottom of the pit, over which there was a pile of wood set on fire. The knife generally in use at the Marquesas is a split flat piece of the large bamboo, the edge of which cuts as sharply as any of our instruments. With this they cut up the dead bodies of their enemies into convenient sizes, and rolled the pieces up in banana or plantain leaves. As soon as the stones were nearly red hot, the burning wood was removed and thrown aside. Those parcels of human flesh were then arranged on the hot stones, and a deep covering of grass strewed over. Then water was sprinkled over all, and as soon as the steam arose the whole was covered over deeply with earth to remain until next day. A great many ovens having now been set at work in this manner, the remainder of the day was spent in burying our friends, after the manner I have before stated. The Marquesans never eat their own party. I must throw a veil over the feast of the following day, as I had only one look at the beginning of it, and left the arena sick to loathing: went off to the house, and did not leave it until this horrid scene was ended. Thus terminated the Marquesan battle, and its consummation."

How the Doctor rejoined his ship, and how his comrades laughed at his grotesque skin and costume, may be read at length in this clever and amusing volume; and we think we may fairly add, that with all its oddness, a good deal of real and useful information may be gleaned from it respecting the Pacific islands, which at this period possess peculiar claims to attention.

* See Sir H. Nicolas's *Nelson*, passim.

Pomfret; or Public Opinion and Private Judgment. By Henry F. Chorley. 3 vols. Colburn.

EVINCING considerable talent and a faculty for observing the springs of human action, this novel is nevertheless heavy and uninteresting; so much so, that they must have an inveterate liking for productions of its class who can read it, except as a task, from beginning to end. That is the imposition, in many a case, upon reviewers: poor fellows! And the main causes of failure in the present instance are obvious on the surface.

1. The heroine, really and literally, is that "divine perfection of a woman" who can never be matched, and consequently never mated, on this imperfect earth. There are no human sympathies for such a being. If she is fortunate or unfortunate it is all the same; for she has a mind beyond the accidents of life. The statue is not animated.

2. The action is utterly divided, and the actors are one-half of them abroad all the while, and the other half at home. It would be difficult to excite by hearsay rumours, inexplicit correspondence, and vaguely intimated infidelities of the imagination or heart, either curiosity or feeling about lovers who never meet.

3. Lumps of foreign travel, in the manner of Murray's Guide Book, and *dramatis personæ* and events drawn principally with regard to music, the musical profession, and the stage, do not supply staple enough to entertain people of a different order through three long volumes: and

4 and lastly. The incidents themselves are commonplace, the groups are unconnected and ill thrown together, and there is not one of the characters for whose fate we ever care one jot.

As a specimen of the style, which is but indifferent, and spirit of observation, which is frequently discriminating, we select a few passages.

"Mrs. Pomfret made a capital parson's wife. She practised only the elegance which was compatible with economy. Such exists. Her dress was the simplest of the simple; but always so perfectly fancied, and so spotlessly neat, as to set off a pale face *framed* in a profusion of fair hair to its best advantage. She would have held it wrong to present a delicacy on her table; but her high connexions, when down at the Park, would, if encouraged, have dined with her thrice a week, so *appetizing* was the purity and exactness of every viand served there; and this without strain of invention, or waste of time."

A vulgar clergyman and his two more vulgar daughters are introduced as contrasts to the Pomfret family; and we are told:

"No wonder that Mrs. Pomfret, who had been keeping the better company of Walter Carew, should shrink from a man in every respect so *antipathetic* to her as the incumbent of Chapel Berton. She had more reasons for disliking him, too, than his violence and his avarice; and, in spite of her mandate of exclusion, listened to the full tones of his noisy voice, as they made their way across the hall, with an acute curiosity she would have been ashamed to own—which, at all events, she had no intention of communicating to her daughter. 'What a relief, dear Grace,' was all she said, 'that he has not brought those two poor girls with him this time!' * * *

"The unwelcome visitor was *trampling* up and down in Cousin Pomfret's little study; leaving, with *every new step*, a *clod of mud* [How many clods can a horseman dispense on a carpet?] upon the spotless matting, and scattering snuff east and west—'the only one thing,' Har-

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riet would say, 'he ever dispensed willingly, save hard names.' 'How cold you keep it here!' was the loud greeting; 'no fire in the other room, eh?' 'We will have one lighted here,' said Pomfret. 'My wife is tired, and does not wish to see any one this evening. We have been a long round to-day.' 'And so have I. What, I suppose Mrs. Pomfret had enough of me the other night, when I demolished the bishops and archdeacons she is so fond of; and so she wants to shirk me. Now, I'll convince' ——— 'Pray stay here,' interrupted the host, getting between his guest and the door. 'I hope you are come to tell me the result of the meeting at Heckleton.' 'Oh, a failure! I knew it would be so from the first. Shew me one of us, besides you and me, willing to stand up for a poor helpless woman, when the ecclesiastical court is on the other side of the question. Do we not love power, and influence, and so forth?'"

We may here mention, that there is a good deal about the church, and the duties of conscientious clergymen; and that Mr. Pomfret abandons his living from scruples, such as his brother parson ridicules most vividly. An unkind slap at Lady Morgan by name is not fair; but it seems to be merely to round a period well, there being generally much slip-slop in the finishing of sentences:

"I told you (writes the favoured lover of the heroine) of the very pleasant man I had made acquaintance with at Munich, entirely at home among the artists there; some ten years or more older than myself, speaking every language under the sun, and familiar with every body worth knowing, from Metternich to Lady Morgan—there's a range for you!"

Our range, however, is ended. Mr. Chorley is reported to be a great critic; and if so, this book only affords another proof of a very general truth, that it is much easier to criticise others than to write well yourself. That is the fact—and we claim no exemption.

MRS. THOMSON'S MEMOIRS OF THE JACOBITES.

[Second Notice.]

We are not very sure that our quotation of "he ran, and she ran," &c., in our last *Gazette*, applied to the battle of Sheriff Muir, which was more humorously sung in—

"Cam ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man;
Or war ye at the Sherra Muir,
And did the battle see man?"

For in the Scottish rebellions, as in the civil wars, there was a strange mixture of lightness and sadness, of pleasantry and pathos, as if in all great excitements of the passions it was a condition that extremes should meet. Certain it is that comedy, if not even farce, mingled intimately and copiously with these tragedies. When we look at the ending of the Forty-five, the massacres in Scotland, the hangings at Carlisle, and the beheadings in London, the merriest lyrics become wondrous melancholy, and the gentler aspirations touch every chord of the heart.

The memoir of the Earl of Mar is followed by one of the most affecting, that of James, Earl of Derwentwater. Of his mortal remains, a tradition among his descendants affirms that, "on the day of the execution, Mary, Countess of Derwentwater, accompanied by another female, dressed herself as a fishwoman, and in a cart drove under Temple Bar, having previously bribed some people to throw the head of her lord into her lap as she passed under the pinnacle on which it was placed."

Mrs. Thomson adds:

"In the North, the aurora borealis is still said to be called 'Lord Derwentwater's lights,' because on the night of his execution it appeared remarkably vivid. It is, at any rate, pleasant to reflect, that one who 'gave bread to thousands' is remembered by this beautiful appearance in the county which he loved, and where his virtues are remembered and his errors forgotten. His fate was hard. Let us, not, contrary to nature, call up motives of state-policy to vindicate the death of this brave and honourable man. The Earl of Derwentwater was one upon whom clemency might safely have been shewn. Generous, liberal, sincere, a prince might have relied upon his assurance that, had mercy been shewn to him, it would never have been repaid by treachery. His youth and inexperience,—his wife, his children,—should not have been forgotten; nor should it have been forgotten, that the principles of loyalty for which his life was forfeited have dictated some of the most important services which have been rendered to the state, and have secured the existence of an hereditary government. Of what the Earl of Derwentwater might have become, in character, in intellect, his early fate has prevented our judging. In person he was noble and elegant; his portraits do not give the impression of that beauty of feature which has been ascribed to him. In character he was irreproachable. He was, in one sense, one of those noblemen of whom it were well for this country to have more: he lived among those from whom he drew his fortunes—their benefactor and their friend."

The Master of Sinclair, a character odious to every Jacobite feeling, is the next on the roll. He left a remarkable MS. memoir of himself,—a very bitter one, by all accounts,—which may probably see the light when time has smoothed away the objections to publication. It is now in the possession of Lady Rosslyn. After this ungrateful subject, comes the celebrated Cameron of Lochiel, respecting whom the author has obtained some new and interesting facts from a MS. of the late Mrs. Grant of Laggan, founded on papers in the possession of a Scotch clergyman, which he did not communicate to John Home. They were a swarthy race,* and there was a prophecy that the clan would cease to prosper when a fair chief was born—and we are told:

"At length, after the birth of twelve daughters, a son and heir made his appearance. But the satisfaction of the clans was dashed by hearing that the ill-starred little laird was fair, like his sisters. The prophecy that a fair Lochiel should never prosper was recalled with dismay; and, unhappily, the fears of superstition were too mournfully realised by fact. The young Cameron was named Donald: his birth was followed by the appearance of two other boys,—Archibald, afterwards the ill-fated Dr. Cameron, and John, who was called Fassefern, from an estate. 'The proud prediction of their father,' continues Mrs. Grant, 'was soon amply fulfilled with regard to the daughters of this extraordinary family.' 'Their history,' she adds, 'unites the extravagance of romance with the sober reality of truth.' The twelve daughters of Lochiel were admirably educated, and the fame of their modest virtues soon extended through the Highlands. The great point in matrimonial alliances in those rude regions was to obtain a wife well born and well allied; and little fortune was ever expected with the daughter of a chief. Ancestry was the great point with a Highlander, for he believed that defects of mind, as well as of person, were hereditary. All, therefore, sought the daughters of Lochiel, as coming of an untainted race. The elder ones were married early, and seemed, as Mrs. Grant expresses it, by the solicitude to obtain them, as ever to increase, like the sibyl's leaves, in value as they lessened in number. Of the daughters, one, the youngest and the fairest was actually married to Cameron of Glendinning in the twelfth year of her age. She became a widow, and afterwards married Maclean of Kingasleet, so that she was successively the wife of two heads of houses. Another, Jean Cameron, who was the least comely of her family, but possessed of a commanding figure and powerful understanding, was married to Clunie, the chief of the Clan Macpherson. She is said to have been celebrated in the pathetic poem, entitled 'Lochaber no more,' the poet, who laments his departure from Lochaber, and his farewell to his Jean, having been an officer in one of the regiments stationed at Fort William. By the marriage of his twelve daughters with the heads of houses, the political importance of Lochiel was considerably enhanced, and a confederacy, containing many noted families who were bound together by opinion and kindred, formed a strong opposition to the reigning government. The sons-in-law of Lochiel were the following chiefs: Cameron of Dungallan, Barclay of Urie, Grant of Glenmoriston, Macpherson of Clunie, Campbell of Barcaldine, Campball of Auchalader, Campbell of Auchlyne, Maclean of Lochbuy, Macgregor of Bohowdie, Wright of Loss, Maclean of Ardgour, and Cameron of Glendinning. All the daughters became the mothers of families; 'and their numerous descendants still,' observes Mrs. Grant, 'cherish the bonds of affinity, now so widely diffused, and still boast their descent from these female worthies.'"

A literary announcement refers to a female kinswoman, no less famed, Jenny, the daughter of Cameron of Glendessery.

"The poem entitled 'Jeanie Cameron's Lament,' is, with other inedited Jacobite songs, likely soon to be given to the world, arranged to true Scottish airs, and published in parts. These songs are collected by a member of one of the most ancient Jacobite families. The accomplished young lady who has engaged in this undertaking is Miss Charlotte Maxwell, the sister of Sir William Maxwell, Bart., of Menteith, Wigtonshire, and a descendant of the Earl of Nithisdale. The ballad of Sherriff Muir is among the first of the interesting collection."

A portrait of the heroic Lady Nithisdale is prefixed to the second volume. She is represented in the bloom of youth. "Her hair is light brown, slightly powdered, and she is represented with large soft eyes, regular features, and fair, rather pale, complexion. Her soft expression and delicate appearance give little indication of the strength of mind and courage which she displayed. Her dress is blue silk, with a border of cambric, and the drapery a cloak of brown silk."

This interesting picture is preserved at Terregles, Dumfriesshire, the seat of W. Constable Maxwell, Esq., the descendant of Lord Nithisdale. Of the earl himself "little is known after his escape to Rome, where he died in 1744. He thus lived through a period of comparative quiet, till his native country was again on the eve of being embroiled in a civil war, more replete with danger, sullied by greater crimes, and more disastrous to his native country, than the short-lived struggle of 1715. An exile from his Scottish possessions, Lord Nithisdale pos-

* A physiological phenomenon rather hostile to the tradition that they were descended from a *Danish* prince.—*Ed. L. G.*

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sibly implanted in the mind of his own son that yearning to establish the rights of the Stuarts which appears not to have been eradicated from the hearts of the Scottish Jacobites until their beloved and royal race had become lineally extinct. The descendants of William, Earl of Nithisdale, have never been able to ascertain where is lordship is buried. His noble and admirable wife died at Rome, as well as her husband; but her remains were brought to this country, and they are deposited at Arundel Castle."

His son had very nearly followed in his footsteps in 1745, and there is some very curious correspondence on the subject, "to be or not to be," in this memoir. The dissuasion of his agent and friend Mr. Craik, in Edinburgh, seems to have given his lordship pause, till the die was cast, and he just escaped joining for the final fall. "It appears, however, from the following letter of Mr. Craik, that Lord Nithisdale was really implicated in the insurrection:

'My lord,—I am sincerely and deeply touched with your lordship's situation, and can honestly assure you it would give me a real satisfaction could I any how contribute to save you on this unhappy occasion. As you have done me the honour to ask my opinion how you are to conduct yourself, and as the doctor has informed me of the circumstances of your journey, I should but ill deserve the character of humanity and good nature you are pleased to give me if I did not, with freedom and candour, lay before you what, after this day having fully considered it, appears to me most for your honour, and the safety and preservation of your life and family. It is certain the Habeas Corpus Act is suspended, and I doubt not but as soon as the length you have gone and your being returned is known above, warrants will be issued to carrie you up to London; if you retire out of the kingdom, it will not prevent your being attainted; and I am afraid the unfortunate step you have made will putt your estate but too much within the reach of the law, and your family is undone. If you stay till you are apprehended, not only your estate, but your person is in the mercy of the government, and how far severitya on this occasion may be carried, is not for me to prescribe; only I am apprehensive your religion, quality, and estate, will make you but too obnoxious to the government, and when the affair is over, informers will not be wanting to furnish them with materials. We are not ignorant what arts and industry have been employed to draw you out of the retirement and quiet you were well disposed to remain in. We are sensible you were imposed upon by those already embarked; and it will acquit you before God and every sober man, if you no longer keep measures with those who have deceived you in a matter of such moment, when your life and fortune were at stake. My lord, I have impartially laid before you the present circumstance you are in, as far as my abilities enable me to judge, that you may have it under your lordship's consideration; I shall next take the freedom to suggest what to me appears the safest and most prudent part now left to you to act, and which I likewaya submit to your lordship's own judgment, without taking upon me to decide. What I mean is this, that your lordship should, without loss of time, surrender your person to the governor of Carlisle, and acquaint him you came to throw yourself upon the clemency of the government; at the same time, your lordship would, by express, have some proper friend at London advised of your intention, and one of some weight and interest, and who was fitt to put your conduct in the most favourable light. You will easily perceive that this confidence in the government, and voluntary surrender of your person, and your preventing all others in an early repentance, must distinguish you, in the eyes of the government, from every other person who has embarked, and entitle you to its favour and protection: whereas, if you wait till you are apprehended, or leave the kingdom, your case, tho' quite different, will be ranked with those who have gone the greatest lengths. If your lordship approve of this, if you think proper to lett me know by a line to-morrow, I shall not faill to be in town on Tuesday; and as I have a friend at London who I know is very capable and well disposed to serve you, if it be agreeable to you, shall, with the doctor, concert the letter proper to be sent.'

"The answer of Lord Nithisdale contains a curious summary of some of the motives which actuated the Jacobites of 1745.

'*Letter from Lord Nithisdale to Mr. Craik.*'

'Dear sir,—I have both yours, giving your opinion on the present affairs, without assigning your reasons, and as I take it, urging an answer from me, whether I am determined to take a share in the present enterprise, which you seem to think I should not. I shall answer the last first, by telling you that I have not yet fully digested my thoughts on that matter; only, be assured I'll do nothing rashly—that's only for desperados. As to the other, I'm ready to believe you agree in opinion with me, that as matters are come this length, it's now greatly the interest of Scotland to wish success to the undertaking; and that nothing but the improbability of success should hinder every Scotsman to join in it; and indeed, I don't think there's great reason to fear that either, unless vast numbers of foreign forces are poured into the country for support of the party in possession. The militia of England are little to be feared, nor do I believe they'll be trusted with arms, as there's a chance what way they may be used, particularly by that part of the country who only know how to handle them. As to the Dutch who are come over, there's now greater reason to believe they'll be recalled, and it may be some time before others are sent in their place, if at all. I do believe the United States, if they dare, will give all the support they can; but if France shall really prove in earnest, I imagine they'll consider it necessary to be quiet. Other foreign forces may be sent in, but on the other hand there's a very great improbability; their people will likewise get aid, and here there's assembling a very numerous resolute army. The prospect of the situation of the country for some time to come must affect every well-wisher to it, and the consequences to this part, if the undertaking shall misgive, appear to me terrible; if it succeed, what have we to fear? You'll answer, the introduction of popery and arbitrary government; but I don't imagine, considering the success and fate of his grandfather and uncle, that will be attempted; and as to any fear that we may be made dependant and tributary to the foreign powers giving aid to the present adventure, that I'm not apprehensive of, nor do I imagine it would be in his power to accomplish, tho' inclinable to it. I shall say no more on the subject; only it's easier preventing an evil than remedying, and that may be applyed to both sides; only this one further I observe, that I think it's the interest of the nation to have a sovereign settled whose title is unquestionable: we see the inconveniencya attending the other. You'll, perhaps, answer, there will still be a Pretender; but I reply, not so dangerous an one, if at all. You write, in your letter, that people may, without meaning, be treated and led away with popular arguments. I assure you I'm none of these—what I have said now is on a Sunday forenoon. However, I should wish you communicate my mind to nobody. If any material news occur before the bearer leave Edinburgh, you shall have them; and to-morrow I'll mind your commission, and any other you shall give, with respect to your nursery, &c., which I hope you're still carrying on, and that your garden-wall is now completed. If you had some pieces of cannon to place in it, would it not keep out against an army not provided with battering-pieces, seeing it's at a sufficient distance from the thundering of any castle? Were it not for fear of your horses, I should wish you came in here and saw the fortifications made on our city-wall, and the army against which they were intended; the last is worth your while. No court in Europe is filled with such a set of well-look'd brave fellows. I hope my dykers are going on, and beg you'll acquaint the tenants to have the rents ready, in regard I'm to be soon in the country, and won't make any stay above a day or two; this to you, but to yourself I can yet fix no time for coming out, as I can't think of leaving Edinburgh till I see how matters turn, and it's also necessary to stay and take care of my house, furniture, papers, &c. I believe, I shall eat my Christmas goose with you, if I don't go into England, which I would incline for sake of a jaunt, if I thought it safe, and had a right set with me. I ever am, dear sir, yours, &c.' "

He lived till 1776, in peace, on his unforfeited estates.

The unfortunate Lord Kenmure is the next on our list. Of him we shall only copy the document he wrote on the night preceding his execution, the original of which is still in the possession of Mrs. Bellamy, one of his descendants.

"It having pleased the Almighty God to call me now to suffer a violent death, I adore the Divine Majesty, and cheerfully resign my soul and body to his hands, whose mercy is over all his works. It is my very great comfort that he has enabled me to hope, through the merits and by the blood of Jesus Christ, he will so purifie me how that I perish not eternally. I die a protestant of the Church of England, and do from my heart forgive all my enemies. I thank God I cannot accuse my selfe of the sin of rebellion, however some people may by a mistaken notion think me guilty of it for all I did upon a laite occasione; and my only desire ever was to contribute my small endeavour towards the re-establishing my rightfull sovereigne and the constitutione of my countrie to ther divine rights and loyall setlment; and by pleading guilty I meant no more then ane acknowledgment of my having been in armes, and (not being bred to the law) had no notion of my therby giving my assent to any other thing contained in that charge. I take God to wittnes, before whom I am very soon to apear, that I never had any desire to favour or to introduce popery, and I have been all along fully satisfied that the king has given all the morall security for the Church of England that is possible for him in his circumstances. I owne I submitted myselfe to the Duck of Brunswick, justly expecting that humantity would have induced him to give me my life, which if he had done I was resolved for the future to have lived peaceably, and to have still reteaned a greatfull remembrance of so greatt a favour, and I am satisfied the king would never have desired me to have been in action for him after; but

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the caice is otherways. I pray God forgive those who thirst after blood. Had we been all putt to the sword immediatly upon our surrender, that might have born the construction of being don in the heatt and fury of passion; but now I am to die in cold blood, I pray God it be not imputed to them. May Almighty God restore injured right, and peace, and truth, and may he in mercy receave my soull.

KENMURE."

Accounts of the Maclean clans, and of the Macgregors and Rob Roy, are extremely interesting—though in the latter we have again to notice a little of the carelessness in printing. For example, it is stated, p. 204, that the celebrated freebooter's death is "generally supposed to have occurred after the year 1738;" and at p. 206, that "he died in 1735:" and more careless still, in this very page and the next, two different versions are given of the manner of his death—as thus:

"His deathbed was in character with his life: when confined to bed, a person with whom he was at enmity proposed to visit him. 'Raise me up,' said Rob Roy to his attendants, 'dress me in my best clothes, tie on my arms, place me in my chair. It shall never be said that Rob Roy Macgregor was seen defenceless and unarmed by an enemy.' His wishes were executed, and he received his guest with haughty courtesy. When he had departed, the dying chief exclaimed: 'It is all over now—put me to bed—call in the piper; let him play *Ha til mi tulidh* (we return no more) as long as I breathe.' He was obeyed: he died, it is said, before the dirge was finished."

But within twenty lines we read:

"When dying, he shewed that he entertained a sense of the practical part of Christianity, very consistent with his Highland notions. He was exhorted by the clergyman who attended him to forgive his enemies; and that clause in the Lord's prayer which enjoins such a state of mind was quoted. Rob Roy replied: 'Ay, now ye hae gien me baith law and gospel for it. It's a hard law, but I ken it's gospel.' 'Rob,' he said, turning to his son, 'my sword and dirk lie there: never draw them without reason, nor put them up without honour. I forgive my enemies; but see you to them,—or may'—the words died away, and he expired."

Now he could not well die both ways, listening to the piper, and bequeathing the feudal exhortation to his son. But such are Highland stories, and *Tonald* would believe fifty of them together without doubt or inquiry. The latter anecdote, by the way, is more forcibly told of another laird, who, when threatened by the priest that his soul was in peril if he did not die in peace with all his enemies, and particularly, *viva voce* and by name, forgive the Macfaes (with whom he and his fathers before him had been at feud all their days), at last reluctantly groaned forth, "Weel, for my soul's sake, *I* forgie them; but," turning to his astonished heir, "Hamish, my son, if ever ye do so, may Cot tam you to all . . . !" and his strength failed him, and he breathed his last. But it is a shame to find fault with so excellent and interesting a work; and we shall only say, that a very able memoir of Lord Lovat concludes the second volume, and teaches us to look with impatience for a sequel, in which the memoirs of other distinguished Jacobites will be written with equal success.

CENTO.

St. Lawrence's Well; a Fragmentary Legend of the Isle of Wight. By Henry Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. Pp. 28. Madden and Malcolm.

A POEM very prettily got up in its externals, and with a name which at once challenges notice. The composition is, however, not of a striking order; and the matter is indeed so "fragmentary," as to be vague, dim, and unimpressive. The versification does not ascend above the level, and is deformed by abundant expletives; whilst the reflections are not more felicitous. The best lines are those descriptive of the natural scenery of the White Island. A page relating to the haunted well that gives a title to the production will exhibit its qualities such, we think, as we have indicated:

"And oft-times, in the evening grey,
The village gossips thither stray,
About the closing of the flowers,
And wile away the twilight hours
With legends of the sparkling stream,
And many a fairy-haunted dream:
That tell how oft strange sights are seen
By those who late that way have been;
Of shadows flitting o'er the grass,
That grin and gibe on those who pass:
Of moving form of maiden pale,
Dim shrouded in a snow-white veil,
Who beckons to the lonely wight,
And lures him darker down the night.
'Tis also said the fount can charm
The wounded soul, and free from harm
The aching heart, and inward heal
Its burning throbs, and make him feel
Cold at the smiles of earth's fair daughters—
Such charms have those enchanted waters."

Songs of the Press and other Poems relative to the Art of Printers and Printing. By C. H. Timperley. Pp. 208. Fisher and Co.

THIS is a new edition, with considerable additions, of a work published some few years since, and noticed at the time in the *Literary Gazette* with commendation. The idea is good, all the poems being connected with or on the subject of typography. They are selected from many sources, and some of them obscure to the uninitiated, though clever, and displaying a degree of talent which might sparkle beyond the shade. Here are samples:

"*Printers' Devils.*

Old Lucifer, both kind and civil,
To every printer lends a devil;
But balancing accounts each winter,
For every devil takes a printer."

"*On a Ready Writer.*

Jem writes his verses with more speed
Than the printer's boy can set 'em,
Quite as fast as we can read,
And only not so fast as we forget 'em."

Others are of a more ambitious tone, one of which, "*Hail*, mighty engine!" our devil thinks may allude to the new process of obtaining ice from a hot vessel. The serious, however, is well contrasted with the lighter efforts, and we give an interesting specimen:

"*Printers' Kisses.*

Print on my lip another kiss,
The picture of thy glowing passion;
Nay, this won't do—nor this—nor this—
But now—ay, that's a *proof impression.*"

To which the lady replies:

"But yet, methinks, it might be mended—
O yes, I see it in those eyes;
Our lips again together blended,
Will make th' *impression a revise.*"

The fair writer of the rejoinder has published *Sketches of the Heart*, and seems to have a good deal of knowledge on the subject. We add a song, which may save trouble to those who, in these advertising times, wish to know what the papers contain:

"*Newspaper Headings.*

Bring me the 'Times,' I'll read awhile
From its exhaustless fonts,
It grieves me much to witness such
A multitude of wants.

What news and queer advertisements,
And headings droll, there are!
It is indeed 'a pretty page,'
And does look out afar.

A Chartist outrage! what is this?
Great burning down of huts;
The military called out! and here's
A work with fine steel cuts!

Two horses killed while pulling loads,
The timber ways not good;
Then here's 'just out, a work on roads,'
With 'drawings upon wood!'

What now comes here? 'try Barclay's beer!
Then 'gin distilled by Hodge;'
'Sir Robert Peel; the income-tax:'
New play—'the Artful Dodge.'

Brighton, Dover, France, Herne Bay,
To all these places 'Guides;'
What's here? the army flogging men,
And followed by 'raw hides.'

Advertisements by lots now come,
Here syrups, and here balms;
One is headed 'wanting hands,'
Another 'wanting alms.'

And now a death invented by
Some paragraph contriver;
'A sweep blown from a chimney-pot,'
Then comes 'the Black Reviver.'

My eyes upon two others fall
That may afford us fun here;
The one is headed 'Surgeon's hall'
The other 'Mangling done here.'

What next? 'Divan; a good cigar—
Manilla or regalia.'
A joke of Brougham's is the next—
And then 'a frightful failure.'

Brighton railway—accident—
Cutting through a dam!
'Collision, four men killed!' then comes
Just by, 'the patent jam.'

'Serpentine: two persons drown'd;'
Oh, life is never sure!
And opportunely enough
Then comes 'cold-water cure.'

Upon a dancing-master's terms
My eye by chance it drops;
Then take a little jump, and come
Unto the 'price of hops!'

Here's 'Bunyan's Progress' advertised,
For corns and warts rare salves;
Then Fanny Elsler's grand *début*,
Close to 'great show of calves.'

Celestial empire—what is that?
The war is nearly ended;
Then comes this odd announcement pat—
Of 'china neatly mended.'

'Affghanistan; the Indian mail,'
What are they doing there?
Here's an account of 'Lady Sale,'
And then 'a fancy fair.'

If I read on much more of it,
I shall be in the torrent hid;
Here's scents that keep you from a fit,
And then 'a good fit warranted.'

Two other things I'll read, and then
No more will I peruse;
'Ornamented paper hanging,'
And 'the Illustrated Noose!'"

Sixteen Years in the West Indies. By Lieut.-Col. Capadose. 2 vols. Newby.

WE could gather little of either interest or importance from this very slight production, which is written in a style not inconsistent with its intelligence. *Ex. gr.* in Trinidad: "Sir Ralph Woodward was a great patron of the drama; and at one period this city *boasted three* theatres and five companies, one professional, French, one *do.* English, and three amateur societies, amongst whom were many gentlemen of talent." The account of Venezuela is the portion of the publication most worthy of notice. The following extracts will exemplify it:

"One ornamental luxury is required in Caraccas—a public garden for the general inhabitants; for though some private individuals have parterres abounding in all the beautiful trees, shrubs, plants, and flowers, of that region and others, in the greatest perfection and profusion,—and amongst the most luxuriant are those of General Paez and Madame Rivas,—no place of the kind has yet been projected for the people; neither is there a bathing-establishment. But the thing most required in a

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state just struggling into intelligence is wanted; no public library opens its doors to satisfy the appetite for knowledge just beginning to be felt. In the colleges reside professors of the different European languages; but something, surely, is required for others. Learning must not be confined to a college. It is therefore a pity that, in a large city like this, more than one public library is not formed.—The market is well supplied with all the European fruits and vegetables, besides those peculiar to the country and the tropics, which are far superior to those seen in the colonies: the cristophine, generally so rare, is here seen in immense heaps. But the plaza is not sheltered; and there, hour after hour, the vendors sit exposed to the scorching mid-day sun or the pelting rain.—As a residence, few places possess more advantages than Caraccas; the climate agrees with persons of all nations; private residences and living of every description are cheap; or should an hotel be preferred, the daily expenses at the principal, including wine, &c. is only fourteen rials. As a proof of its salubrity, my hostess told me that invalids frequently came there in a state of great languor and exhaustion, but after a few days their appetites returned, and they regained their wonted health. — A small theatre offers amusement for the lovers of the drama; and a Tertulia at the Bolsa (Exchange) provides chess, billiards, dominos, cards, &c. or conversation; but when I was in the city, this club was held at the Hotel del Vapor.—The ladies of Caraccas seldom appear in the streets except on Sundays or religious festivals, when they are seen elegantly attired. Perhaps the want of carriages, and the rugged, badly paved streets, are the reasons why they confine themselves within the precincts of their gardens; but a good public promenade would add greatly to enliven the city. General Paez, who was president in 1841, possesses a handsome house and a beautifully arranged garden, containing rare fruits, trees, and flowers; but no guard or sentry at his door denoted it as the abode of any important functionary. General Loublette has since succeeded to his office of president of the republic.—The inland trade of Venezuela is very considerable; on the different roads large droves of mules laden with merchandise are constantly to be met, and the coming of these droves creates no little excitement; for the muleteers drive them at full speed down hill, so that travellers must be on the alert, and either rapidly precede the party, or draw aside at a broad part of the path to allow them to pass.—The peons, peasants, or labourers, are strong, active, and industrious; but want of population is a great drawback to the advancement of commerce in this country; to increase which, the government holds out great encouragement to emigrants, by grants of land, to settle there.—In the afternoon of the day after my arrival, I proceeded, attended by a guide on foot, to Las Ajuntas, and was four hours on my journey. Between Las Ajuntas and Caraccas, at a place called La Rinosas, a short distance from the road, two large trees were shewn to me as that extraordinary kind named 'Palo de Vacca;' the owner of them gave me some of their sap, which had the same creamy semblance, the same flavour, as the sap of the tree in the forest of Santa Cruz, described by Sir R. K. Porter; but on my mentioning that to General Paez, he said it was probably a mistake; and the trees at Rimosas were the 'caoutchoue,' which yields a sap something similar to that of the Palo de Vacca. I had some difficulty in conversing with General Paez, who would speak only Spanish, assuring me that he knew neither English nor French; but I afterwards heard that he understood both languages, but was diffident in speaking them. His son speaks English and French perfectly well."

Near Caraccas is a sort of gold-mine in a common-looking cave of little depth, "the sides (says our author), in many places, glittering with a kind of ore, but not of any value. The gold is contained in veins of deep black mud;" by scraping off a small quantity of which, and causing it to be dried (he adds), "the precious dust appeared shining amidst the dross. The peons, or peasants, in the vicinity, collect this sort of mud, wash it in the river below, dry it in the sun, and then, separating the gold-dust, sell it. By these means they earn about four rials (about 20*d.*) per diem, though, as is natural, much to the displeasure of the proprietors, who would have the mine explored, could they form an association for the purpose. * *

"Venezuela is entirely free from mendicity; the only instance I witnessed at all approaching it was one day when returning from Valencia, my guide suddenly called to me on the road, '*Senor, el ciego!*'—'Sir, the blind man.' On looking towards the place he indicated I saw one, at the corner of a hut, a little off the road; this convinced me that it was customary for travellers to give to the indigent blind. The people are uncommonly mild and peaceable; it is easy to gain their good will, and they appear particularly partial to the English, probably because they are much indebted to the efforts of those among our countrymen who assisted so powerfully to obtain independence for them. It is affirmed that, towards the close of the contest, called in Venezuela the War of Independence, Bolivar reckoned ten thousand British volunteers under his standard. In all inhabited parts of the country, the produce is considerable and varied; consisting of sugar, cocoa, coffee, rice, indigo, tobacco, cotton, Indian corn, vannilla, Guinea corn, fruits, and vegetables in abundance; among the fruits, peaches, apples, quinces, together with those of the tropics and the West India colonies, with a peculiarly fine one called 'chirimoya,' or a name similar in sound, for I never saw it in print; it is of a delicious flavour and extremely nutritious, something like the custard or sugar apple, but vastly superior; it grows too on a fine large, shady, evergreen tree. There are immense herds of cattle, beef consequently very plentiful, being sold, to the best of my recollection, at about an English shilling the arroba, twenty-five pounds weight, but every particle of fat is cut away, and the purchaser gets only the lean, unless otherwise bespoke, or agreed for, when the price is higher; the fat generally is converted into tallow, greater part of which, if not all, is consumed in the country."

Agnes Moreville; or, the Victim of the Convent. By the Rev. S. S. Wilson. Pp. 348. Seeley, Burnside, and Seeley.

"NEVER expose a young, warm, and docile mind to the tainted atmosphere of a papal seminary:" such is the moral wrought out by this volume; and whether good, bad, or indifferent, we are not now going to pronounce. But we will pronounce our decided opinion, that such ways of enforcing the best of doctrines are, and must be, very (we hate controversial language, so let us say) questionable. The writing is tremendous trash. *Ex. gr.*:

"'By yourself and'——'By me!' exclaimed her astonished father, his painful thoughts turning most wofully to the Maison d'Education of Paris; 'by me misled!' 'Dear papa, you interrupt—you'——'Go on, then; go on, and let me know the worst.' 'By yourself, and by dear mamma'——'Name her not! Ah! name her not! let me, let me bear all the blame, as is most just; name her not—at least,' he added, dropping his voice to a subdued and reverential tone, 'at least not now.' 'By yourself, then,' resumed Agnes, 'I was ever taught to speak the truth; must I speak truth in reply to your inquiry?' 'Most certainly, child,—oh! most certainly; let me know how deep my happiness is to be plunged.' 'Then,' said Agnes Moreville, with a look of stern resolve, that plainly bespoke an obstinate tenacity of purpose, 'I am a Catholic!' At these words, poor Lord Moreville uttered a most piercing scream, and heavily sank back on a chaise longue, convulsively grasping a volume in each hand. Alarmed at the sound, Mr. Moreville, Standish, and Orpheline, rushed into the room, and found Agnes bathing her poor father's temples with fresh water. Her first impulse had been to force the books from his death-grasp, but nature for a moment overcame policy. 'My father! my ever dear father!' exclaimed Miss Moreville; 'Agnes, dear Agnes, what has transpired?' so saying, she approached her father. 'Stand off, stand off, my love!' said young Moreville, in great agitation; 'thank you, Standish, loose it—cravats are—there, loose it a little more, and the vest;—run now and throw back that window a little wider, Frank; yes, chafe them, Orpheline—the hands must—there, he sighed; he'll come round soon. But, Agnes, what has happened to cause—what books are these?' 'Oh, stay!' she replied, 'stay till poor papa comes to himself; he'll tell you every thing.' 'Here, Moreville,' said Mr. Standish, 'take the caraff—there, he's opening his eyes.' As soon as Lord Moreville regained some approach to self-possession, all his agitation returned. He was obviously very bad; his eyes were flushed, his breathing was short, his limbs trembled, his pulse ran high; all symptoms indicated the presence of incipient fever, and the young people were astounded. 'Alas! my dearest, my own papa!' again exclaimed Orpheline, 'what—do tell me, Agnes; do tell me, child, what is'——'Books!—Babylon!—thunder!—Rome!—Agnes!—convents!—Jesuits!—robbers!' exclaimed poor Lord Moreville, half unconscious. 'Ah! where am I?—a dream?—Oh! be not partakers of her plagues!—convents!—robbers!—Babylon!—O Agnes! Agnes!' These incoherent phrases were quickly followed by a fresh swoon, but of shorter duration. Meantime, a momentary glance at the pernicious volumes, joined to the broken sentences of the afflicted nobleman, had fully rent the veil of mystery."

What good can rubbish like this do? It is enough to ruin a righteous cause. We wish that no animal of the kind of that which was ridden by Balaam could speak, and far less write, without a miracle.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

[Second notice.]

RESUMING our review of this work, and continuing the correspondence which enriches it, we may remark, that an amusing piece of English literature is treated of in the next epistle:

"I should be glad (writes his mentor), as I wrote to you before, if you could acquire such a knowledge of German as to understand the language when you hear or read it: learn it perfectly you cannot without much time and labour. You English have more intercourse with the Germans than with any other people,

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and their authority and power as a nation is already the greatest in Christendom, and no doubt will yet be increased by the folly of my own country and other neighbouring states. It seems to me quite absurd that your countrymen should make such a point of speaking Italian well, since, as far as I know, you derive no advantage from them; on the other hand they derive the greatest from you, and therefore they ought rather to learn your language. Perhaps you are afraid you will not persuade them to take your money, unless you speak with perfect fluency. See, my dearest Sidney, how I trifle with you; and now that I am in the vein, I am going to give you something still more trifling. As my ill luck would have it, I chanced the other day upon two most charming writers, one of whom describes France, the other England. The former is Robert Cœnalis,* bishop of Avranches, a very silly and ignorant person. The other would think himself greatly affronted if I called him English, since he repeatedly proclaims himself a Cambrian, not an Englishman. His name is Humfrey Lhuid;† and if he is not learned, he is a man of extensive reading, but now and then forms his judgments in such a way, that he seems totally destitute of common sense. He scourges the unfortunate Hector Boetius‡ and Polydore Virgil§ so cruelly, that even if they have grievously erred, the punishment seems greater than the fault. It is well for you that your ancestors drew their blood from France; for he says that the Saxons, from whom the English are descended, were nothing but pirates and robbers. You know that the German writers have plundered us poor Gauls of the empire which they declare we never possessed. They say that the expedition of Godfrey of Bouillon to Jerusalem was theirs; and that the Greek and Latin writers, early and late, are talking nonsense when they say that the Gauls made so many irruptions into Italy, burnt Rome, penetrated into Greece and even into Asia, since these all were undoubtedly Germans. But the good Welshman is so far from being touched with these our misfortunes, that he adds insult to them. Some of the Germans had left us the incendiary Brennus, in consideration of his sacrilege and horrible death,* but he takes him away from us and makes him a Welshman.† And now hear the man's wretched fate, or rather the vengeance of the gods; for I conclude that Vulcan, grateful for his wife's detection, desired to make some return to Apollo, who was still angry with Brennus and all his admirers for the sacrilege perpetrated at Delphi. I had gone on half asleep reading my good Welshman till very late at night, and somehow or other it fell out that the flame of my lamp caught the book, and before I could put the fire out, it was well nigh burnt up, for it was not bound. I was distressed at first; but when I recovered myself I began to laugh, and reflected that it was a good thing for me, as it deprived me of the occasion of wasting my time on such follies. I was on the point of sending you the scorched remains of my poor Cambrian, that you might desire your Griffin his countryman to perform his obsequies, while you offered a laugh to appease the ghost. But I beseech you tell Griffin to write him an epitaph in Welsh, and send it to me."

* "Robert Cœnalis, or Cenau, sometimes called, by a play on his name, le Soupier, among several other works, published at Paris, in 1557, 'Gallica historia in duos distincta tomos, quorum prior ad anthographiam Gallici Principatus, posterior ad soli chirographiam pertinet.' Critics seem to agree fully in the opinion expressed by Languet. Humfrey Lhuid finds fault with him for saying that the Britons of this country are an offshoot of the people of Brittany."

† "'Britannicæ descriptionis fragmentum, auctore Humfredo Lhuyd Denbyghensi Cambro Britanno. Written in Latin by H. Lhuid of Denbigh, a Cambre Britayne, and lately Englished by Thomas Twyne, Gentleman. London, 1573.' In 1584, David Powel published 'The History of Cambria, now called Wales, a part of the most famous Yland of Britaine, written in the British language above two hundreth years past, translated into English by H. Lhuid, Gentleman.' Dr. Powell published this book at the request of Sir H. Sidney, lord president of Wales, father of Sir Philip, to whom it was dedicated. He speaks of Master Lhuid as a 'painful and a worthy searcher of Brytish antiquities.'"

‡ "Author of the History of Scotland, published at Paris in 1526. Lhuid says of him (I use Mr. Twyne's translation): 'And here I cannot marvel enough what came in mind to that Hector, not the Trojan but the Scotte, impudently to affirm that Caractacus was a Scot, seeing that there was no such nation at that time in the worlde, but if there were, it was so enfolded in darknesse,' &c."

§ "'An Italian by birth,' says Strype, 'that had served both the Henries, 7th and 8th, and was made Archdeacon of Wells. He wrote the English History in twenty-six books.' Lhuid says of him, 'He defameth the Britaynes themselves with scandalous lies . . . most impudently calleth them dastards; but an impudent beggage groome full fraught in envie and hatred, what dareth he not do or say?'"

In answer to a letter from Languet declaring his own unhappiness, and deploring the calamities inflicted on France and Belgium by "the Papists," Sidney writes the following, which we select as the best example we can find of the writer, his manner, his views, and his sentiments on various and important topics:

"This last letter of yours has so distressed me, that I can hardly summon courage to reply to it. Alas! my dear Languet! is it possible that you are unhappy, when you are admired and loved by every man who has a spark of goodness in him? If it were any thing in your private concerns which thus disturbs you, I should beg and beseech you, by the love I bear to you, and by our sworn friendship, which I shall cherish as long as I live, to let your advancing age repose on my affection (true, it has not much power, yet inclination of itself may effect something), and be assured that there is nothing I call my own to which you have not by the same title a prior claim. But as I have long known your strength of mind, and as I perceive from this very letter, that your grief arises from the state of the good cause and your own dear country, I have nothing more to write. What if I should offer you consolation by citing from remote history examples of other kingdoms, which have not only recovered from a far more desperate condition, but have afterwards mastered the world? My youth and my deficiencies forbid this. Then must I hold my peace, and pass over that part of your letter in silence? Surely that would be to neglect my friend, and break every law of friendship. And so, since I am ashamed to speak and ashamed to hold my peace, I think it better to say a few words, so as to do the duty, as far as may be, of a modest man, and at the same time a loving friend. In the first place, then, my very dear Hubert, let me advise you to consult yourself more frequently, and listen to your own judgment on these matters. For your own understanding is so vigorous, that no man living can give you more wholesome counsel than you can give yourself. In the next place, and especially, I entreat you to look at the wounds from which the Church of God is now suffering, singly and separately, that you may not by an accumulation of ills be tempted to despair. I mean, for example, that you should consider the troubles of France by themselves, and not crowd into the same picture, your own misfortunes and those of Flanders too. I think by this means, you will be more likely to discover any hope that may fairly be entertained, amidst so many dangers. For my part (but this is probably but a weakness that belongs to youth), I have begun to be in better spirits since I heard that the King of Poland had rid France of his presence, and that the cause of the Huguenots is succeeding as we could wish in Aquitaine. But then I know that you look far into the future, and see not only these bare facts, but their consequences too; and therefore I hope you will receive what I have said, not as advice, but as the expression of my very great regard for you. With respect to Belgium, truly I cannot see how it could have happened better: for though that beautiful country is all on fire, you must remember that the Spaniards cannot be driven from it without all this conflagration: and for my part, I think it is far better that Saguntum should burn, than that false Hannibal [Philip II.] should possess so much without dispute. The last part of your lamentation is upon the danger which seems to threaten Italy from the Turk; and yet, if this should come to pass, what could be more desirable? First of all, that rotten member will be removed, which has now so long infected the whole Christian body; and the forge in which, as you observe, are wrought the moving springs of all these ills, will be swept away: then will the princes of Christendom be forced to wake up from their deep sleep; and your countrymen, who are now cutting each other's throats, will be driven to join forces and stand fast against the common foe: just as fighting dogs when they see the wolf at work among their sheep. But there is more behind; I am convinced that this baneful Italy would so contaminate the very Turks, would so ensnare them with all its vile allurements, that they would soon fall down of themselves from their high place; and this, if I am not mistaken, we shall see in our days. But that which makes me wonder most of all is, how it could occur to you that you can no longer be of any use to your country or your friends, and therefore that you have no motive for desiring to live. I will say no more, nor will I attempt to express what I think on this subject, further than this, which I declare and will maintain as long as I live, that I have derived more advantage from my acquaintance with you, than from all the time I have spent on my travels. This is enough for the present. But, my dear Hubert, do not think it is either arrogance, which I hope is not one of my faults; nor mere loquacity, which, however, Xenophon thought no fault in young Cyrus; but an inclination or rather impulse of my mind that has moved me to write thus much to you: I was desirous to do what I could to relieve you from that distress which I perceived was somewhat disturbing you; and yet I readily allow that all this simply comes under the proverb, Sus Minervam. But now for a lighter strain. In the same letter you are careful to clear yourself of a certain Italian crime of writing too much, which was very unnecessary; your time to defend yourself will be when you do not write at all. For I am well aware that you Burgundians are not

* "His army was wholy almost miraculously slain by the fal of a mightie great cliffe, wherewith Brennus beeynge strooke w. sorrow, a most couragious gentleman as he was, slewe himselfe."—*Lhuid.*

† "That is, a Kimbrian or Cymry. 'Diodorus says that these Kimbri were the people who took Rome and sacked Delphi. . . . When we see that the people now calling themselves Kymry, namely, the Welsh, do actually differ in language and customs from the Keltic tribes of Ireland and Scotland, the statement of Diodorus does appear to contain a real truth.'—Arnold's Hist. of Rome, i. ch. 24. Lhuid derives the name of Wales from the German Wälsh, foreign—usually applied by Germans to the Italians. See a note in Coleridge's translation of Wallenstein, page 103."

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such nice geniuses as to take over much delight in writing; you may fairly concede that honour to the Perugians, from whom have issued, as you tell me in the letter I received with this last, certain news of the number of guards in our palace being increased: which news, as it seems to me, smells of the lamp of Pietro Bizarro, with due respect I name him. For as Tigranes said of Lucullus's army, they are enough and too many for the purpose to which they are destined: but if any new danger is apprehended, other means must be applied. This much is certain, that the queen is making greater preparations both by sea and by land than ever before, and has lately commanded all foreign artizans, as they are called, and these are nearly all Belgians, to leave London. She has done it with this view, that they may thus be forced to return into Belgium and defend their own homes; which, doubtless, will be a great gain to Orange, for they are as many as 20,000 in number. Besides this there is no news, except about the Biscay fleet, and the splendid baoquets of the pope; for he is quite what men call a 'good fellow.'"*

The following reflections of Languet's are nicely applicable to human judgments of men upon men like themselves:

"You seem to me to be somewhat too hard upon Pibrac. I am accustomed to judge of men otherwise than most persons do; unless they are utterly depraved (for I do not think such men's vices ought to be concealed), I cull out their good qualities if they have any; and if through error or weakness they fail in any point, I put it out of sight as far as I can. Pibrac is a man of such genius, learning, and eloquence, that I do not believe his equal is to be found in France. He has much kind feeling, and befriends good men whenever he can, and I do not believe he ever advised an unprincipled course of conduct. On the day on which the king avowed in the parliament of Paris, that the admiral and his friends had been slain at his bidding and by his authority, Pibrac delivered in his presence a plain speech, in which he advised him, with more freedom than the times allowed, to put a stop to bloodshed altogether, whilst the rest gave their voices to the king, and approved the monstrous crime. Cavagnes, who was put to death with de Briquemaut† and Custosius, professor of jurisprudence at Strasburg, were found in his house, and this circumstance was almost his ruin, for many thought he should be put out of the way. He was compelled to save his life by that letter,‡ for which you find fault with him so grievously. I by no means admire his conduct, for, as the poet says,

> 'Though Phalaris place his bull before thine eye,
> And frowning dictate to thy lips a lie,
> Think it the height of baseness breath to choose
> Ere honour, and life's end for life to lose.'

I am no Stoic, nor do I hold that all sins are equal. But it is a fault of my countrymen, that if an eminent man errs in the smallest thing they at once class him with the most abandoned of men. My nature and education make me differ from them. I know that many persons blame me for this, and say I have it from my master Melancthon. I have never yet repented of my master, nor of my education, nor will I be seduced to give them up by the animadversions of men who are more strict, or more bitter than myself."

And again (when it was reported that Frobisher had discovered islands of golden ore):

"I am thinking of you, for you seem to rejoice in the circumstance, as if it was the best possible thing for your country, especially since last spring I noticed in you a certain wish to undertake an enterprise of this kind. And if the vain hope of finding a passage which Frobisher entertained had power then to tempt your mind so greatly, what will not these golden mountains effect, or rather these islands all of gold, which I dare to say stand before your mind's eye day and night? Beware, I entreat you, and do not let the cursed hunger after gold which the poet speaks of creep over that spirit of yours, into which nothing has hitherto been admitted but the love of goodness, and the desire of earning the good will of all men. You are in error if you suppose that men naturally grow better as they grow older: the case is very rare. They do, indeed, become more cautious, and learn to conceal their moral faults and their evil affections; but if you know an old man in whom you think there are some remains of honesty, be sure he was a good man in his youth. Whenever, therefore, any feeling new to yourself shall agitate your mind, do not hastily indulge it, even if the object to which it leads you seems to be a good one; but before you give it entrance, reflect carefully what it is that tempts you; for if you set out on any course hastily, you will be compelled to wheel about when you find you are going wrong, or (which is not unfrequent, and is far worse) will refuse through false shame to confess you have gone wrong, and therefore go on with your purpose. What is the object of all this? you will say. That if these islands have fixed themselves deeply in your thoughts, you may turn them out before they overcome you, and may keep yourself to serve your friends and your country in a better way."

In 1578 Languet visited England with Prince Casimir, and next year thus expresses his opinion of the English court:

"Now I will treat you frankly, as I am accustomed to do, for I am sure our friendship has reached a mark at which neither of us can be offended at any freedom of the other. It was a delight to me last winter to see you high in favour, and enjoying the esteem of all your countrymen; but to speak plainly, the habits of your court seemed to me somewhat less manly than I could have wished, and most of your noblemen appeared to me to seek for a reputation more by a kind of affected courtesy* than by those virtues which are wholesome to the state, and which are most becoming to generous spirits and to men of high birth. I was sorry, therefore, and so were other friends of yours, to see you wasting the flower of your life on such things; and I feared lest that noble nature of yours should be dulled, and lest from habit you should be brought to take pleasure in pursuits which only enervate the mind."

With reference to the foregoing, note that we owe Scott's delightful Percie Shafton to a singular anachronism; "for if we are (as observed by Mr. Pears) guided as to dates by the battle of Langside, Sir Walter Scott has introduced the Euphuist knight talking of the court of Elizabeth and of the divine Astrophel some years before Sidney was born, or Queen Elizabeth on the throne—this character is perhaps a fair picture of a disciple of Lilly."

It will be seen by our extracts, that though we have pointed out the personal descriptions of the leading men of this age as the most valuable portion of the correspondence, we have yet abstained from selecting these traits and passages for our illustration of it. In fact, they are not separable from the text, and must be read *in situ;* and we hope what we have done will afford a sufficiently favourable notion of the volume to recommend it to general popularity. It is a standard book; one of the rare species of our times, when there is so much for the day and so little for the library. We conclude with a single quotation from the biography:

"There were two political questions of some importance nearer home, in which Sidney took a very leading part. The first was, the defence of certain measures of taxation which his father, the Lord Deputy, had proposed for Ireland. Sir Henry had been attacked on this ground in the House of Lords by the Earl of Ormond, and Philip Sidney stepped forward and defended his absent father with ability, and perhaps an undue measure of warmth. Indeed, his vehemence was so great, that it would surely have involved him in a quarrel if his opponent had not been a man of temper and moderation, and able to make allowance for the circumstances in which Sidney was placed. A portion of this defence remains in his own handwriting, in the British Museum, from which it appears that Sir Henry's measure interfered with the interests of certain great men, who were possessed of privileges which had before exempted them from all such payment. He writes, 'This toucheth the privileges, forsooth, and privileged persons be all the rich men of the pale; the burden only lying on the poor, who may groan, for their cry cannot be heard.' Apparently he had not formed a favourable judgment of the Irish character at that time. 'Little,' says he, 'is lanity to prevail in minds so possessed with a natural inconstancy ever to go to a new fortune, with a revengeful hate of all English, as to their only conquerors, and that which is most of all, with so ignorant obstinacy in Papistry, that they do in their souls detest the present government.'"

Our remark upon the nationality of Italy and Germany is not far from being applicable to Ireland!

PARROT'S JOURNEY TO ARARAT.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

In pursuing our review of this volume, we come to a lively description of another race belonging to these regions. Mr. P. observes of the people of Georgia:

"The personal beauty of the Georgians would naturally attract the attention of Europeans, and secure a lively interest in their favour, if their intellectual condition were only in keeping with their outward bearing. The Georgian would win the esteem of all the world did he but unite, with the symmetry of his person and the energy of his character, a taste for useful occupation, and the laudable improvement of the faculties of his mind; while the women of Georgia would be admitted on all hands to have a just claim to the possession of the highest order of female loveliness, did they not prematurely impair the advantages which nature has so lavishly bestowed upon them by the immoderate use of cosmetics, of apparel prejudicial to their health, and by their reckless licentious-

* "He died at the dinner-table, in 1585, 'a prandio decessit.'"—*De Thou.*

† "They were hanged immediately after the massacre of St. Bartholomew. De Briquemaut was seventy years of age."

‡ "He wrote a letter addressed to Stanislaus Elvidius, in which he defended the massacre as having been forced on the king by the plots of the Huguenots."

* "The readers of Shakspeare and Scott are familiar with the language and manners of the Euphuists of Queen Elizabeth's court. John Lilly's two books, 'Euphues, the anatomy of wit,' and 'Euphues and his England,' from which the Elizabethan school of courtiers derived their name, were not published till 1581."

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ness, instead of directing their thoughts to the regulation of their households, to economy, cleanliness, the education of their children, and the other duties proper to their sex. It must be confessed that in this, as in all other cases, some praiseworthy exceptions will be found; but I only speak here of the general impressions which are made by Georgian society upon a stranger, and am therefore obliged to aver, that there is a total want of industry, activity, and domestic feeling every where apparent; and though cleanliness and love of order have, in a few instances, gained a footing among the higher class, it is yet only as objects of imitation and luxury, not of necessity and habit. The venerable existence of Tiflis in an oriental form gives it another claim upon the sympathy of Europeans, when we reflect that it has found means to maintain its nationality, by an enormous expenditure of life, for 2000 years, against the Persians, Turks, and Caucasians; and it is only now, and by friendly intercourse with strangers, that that independence is threatened which hitherto has baffled the utmost efforts of Mohammedan and Pagan. Notwithstanding the presence and example of numerous strangers from Russia, Germany, and France, the Georgian still adheres to his own primitive agricultural implements, and defective system of cultivation in the field, the vineyard, and the garden. He is not even so far advanced in the construction of his mills, as to supply himself with a good quality of flour; this has to be procured from the Russians. His antiquated wheel-carriages are still as clumsy and rude as they were in the golden age. He still, as of old, shaves off all the hair from his head, which he covers, when he goes into the broiling sun, with a heavy cap of sheep-skin, well calculated, when aided by excesses in the use of wine, to produce a constant determination of blood to the brain. The native of Tiflis still makes it a daily practice to indulge, as of old, in the use of his disgustingly filthy sulphureous warm bath, where he exposes his body for hours to the heating and enervating influence of the vapour. Yet all this is national, and sanctioned by immemorial usage. What are we to think, though, of the merchant of Tiflis, with his stiff collar and oriental robes? what of a coquettish Georgian lady, with a French capote, instead of the veil of the olden time? Why must the houses of Tiflis, with their well-contrived flat roofs of clay, overgrown with weeds, to which the city is indebted for immunity from fires—though, even here, a violent storm of lightning, occurring during the height of the summer, will occasionally set the dry grass upon the housetops in a blaze—why, I ask, should this roof of the southern Asiatic, the place of his recreation and exercise, give place to the high sloped tiling of the north? But the Georgian will one day have to deplore the total downfall of Georgian customs, under the influence of modern refinement; the main cause of all which changes must be sought in this truth—that no characteristics of a people, unless founded on pure religious feelings, can ever draw down a permanent blessing, or command respect: and this is the basis which the Georgian nationality has failed to establish. The Georgians had an early knowledge of the Christian religion, even as far back as the fourth century, according to historical records, but never made any advances towards that more spiritual acknowledgment of its truths which is shewn by its influence on the collective habits of a people; for ever since their conversion till the present time, the political life of the Georgians, foreign and domestic, has been one uninterrupted succession of devastating wars, in which the kingdom, for full fifteen hundred years, was distracted with intestine feuds, or left a prey to the inroads of the emperors of the East, the Arabs, Kingis-Khan, Tamerlane, the Turks, and Persians. Tired of such an existence, the Georgians threw themselves into the arms of the Russians, and obtained the respite from external aggression they had so long desired; and now, may it be vouchsafed to the exalted statesmen who preside over these provinces to infuse the spirit of their own administration into the lowest ramifications of the civil power; so that the streams poured over the land from the pure fountains of an exalted beneficence, shall be no more wasted on the ungenial soil of selfishness and hardness of heart. Then will the bearer of the Russian sceptre be richly indemnified for the enormous sacrifices made for Georgia, by the blessings of a prosperous nation; more certainly then in the sanguine projects of those who expect to see Georgia the land through which European civilisation shall be extended over the East—Georgia, where reading and writing are yet unknown, and where every attempt to introduce new or to improve existing branches of industry has hitherto failed, chiefly through the precipitancy of those, for whom every enterprise, though but just begun, must result in instantaneous and brilliant success—Georgia, that by means of the energies still in chaotic fermentation within her bosom, and the unusual advantages offered by the Russian government to her officers, draws so many adventurers from Russia and from abroad; who all, nevertheless, from the councillor of state, or general, to the humblest clerk, or Kossak, are inevitably seized, often even after a few weeks, with longings for their native land, and the lost paradise of home. * * *

"The Georgian who has a mind to enjoy himself with his family and two or three friends, in a little country party, is not likely to content himself with so slender a provision. The usual wine measure in retail trade is what is called the *tunge*, which contains just five of our ordinary bottles; half a tunge, however, is sometimes sold; but it is by no means thought, in Georgia, a proof of extraordinary intemperance for a man to drink two tunges of wine in the course of the day. It might be supposed that the naphtha on the hairy side of the skin would impart a strange and disagreeable flavour to the wine, and spoil the vessels. This flavour, however, is partly lost after the skin has been some time in use, which then becomes more valuable than when new; and besides, there are many connoisseurs of Kakheti wine who maintain that it is this very flavour which renders it not only innoxious, but wholesome. The other mode of keeping wine, in large jars, is generally adopted in the country parts, and more especially for the better kinds. Let the reader figure to himself an egg-shaped vessel, narrow below, with an opening above, of a foot and a half in diameter, and thin sides, smoothly and regularly made of clay, and he will have a tolerable idea of what, when it is of larger size, is termed in Georgia a *kwævri*, and when of smaller, a *kh'ila*; they are both of this shape. Such a jar as this is firmly sunk in the ground to the brim, and when filled with wine, its mouth is covered with a round piece of slate, and heaped over with earth, which serves the twofold purpose of preserving the wine and concealing the place where it is buried. This covering must be removed and replaced every time wine is drawn; so that, to avoid this trouble, when the jar is about half empty, the remainder of the wine is poured into a smaller one. These vessels are very lasting, suffer no leakage, although they are not glazed, and do not become soaked, but may be kept in use for twenty or thirty years, as I was assured, if not broken through carelessness. They are made of very large size generally, 6 or 7 feet high and 4 feet wide, with sides of half an inch thick or less. Such a one sells for ten to fifteen silver rubles, and in good wine years, for more. One of the largest that I have ever seen, perhaps the largest kwævri in all Kekheti, was at Yenisseli, in the prince's house, where I measured it: it was 6½ feet wide and 8½ high, —so high that a servant was obliged to use a ladder to get into it,—and held 5 arabá, each arabá being 88 chapp, and each chapp 4½ tunges; so that its entire contents were about 7000 stoof of Riga.* The process of forming these vessels out of clay, so thin that it is incomprehensible how they are prevented from falling to pieces in the hand, and withal so shapely and so serviceable, would certainly be a very interesting sight for any one who had an opportunity of visiting their potteries; and displays a skill which might astonish many a practised artist in Europe. The principal requisite is well prepared clay, which must be perfectly cleared from gritty particles, spread out upon a smooth surface, and slashed with a sort of wooden sword, till reduced to an extraordinary degree of purity and uniform consistence. The potter first forms the lower end, upon a solid low stool, simply with the hand, without any wheel, and proceeds in this manner as long as the temper of the clay will allow the jar to hang together; he then spreads soft moist leaves over the edge, leaving his work for awhile to a gentle evaporation of its superfluous moisture, and passes to another article, of which there are mostly six, eight, or ten in hand at once. When the first jar has acquired a little firmness, he removes the leaves, makes depressions with his fingers all round the edge, and forms a new border on it, about four fingers high, with a long roll of clay that he holds upon his arm, taking the precaution, now, to proceed in a direction opposite to the one he took in making the indentations before; so that the fresh clay may be more firmly imbedded into the depressions; he goes two or three times round, in this manner, till the new border is about a span high, when its softness might expose it to the danger of giving way. Besides the hands, there is nothing used but a small board for rubbing and smoothing the internal and external surface. The nipping of the edge is only necessary after the several pauses in the making, not when there are a number of hands of fresh clay added at once. If the jar should become too high, the workman uses a bench to stand on, and as the lower end of the vessel is very narrow, he props it as soon as it is dry enough with pieces of wood and stones; for, except the shed in which the work is carried on, no further apparatus or arrangements are thought of. The baking of the jars, after they are dried, is conducted in the usual way; they are laid in pairs, in a large kiln of masonry, constructed in the earth, where they are managed with great adroitness. While the native is found to prefer the skins and earthen vessels, such as his forefathers used for centuries, the German colonist in Georgia manufactures handsome casks, of good materials and every size, after the German fashion, in which his wine keeps better and sweeter, at least as far as the skins are concerned."

There are engravings of vessels to illustrate

* "Equal to 2036 imperial gallons, or nearly thirty-four pipes."

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this bibacious subject, but we cannot transfer them to our columns; and shall therefore only remark, in conclusion, that according to late German journals, Prof. Abich of Dorpat has this year ascended the Great Ararat, which he could not effect last season. His narrative of this exploit will, of course, either confirm or confute the disputed fact of the ascent by Mr. Parrot.

Observations on the Present State of our National Defences. By the Lord Viscount Ranelegh. Pp. 30. J. Ollivier.

This pamphlet utters a warning patriotic voice, partly in response to the much-discussed manifesto of the Prince de Joinville, but substantially in reference to the insufficient existing coast-defences of England in the event of war. Leaving the *pros* and *cons* to contemporaries who employ themselves on such topics, we cannot but express our opinion that the country at large is much indebted to Lord Ranelagh for invoking attention to matters of such vital national importance, and with a degree of comprehensive skill which his own experience in a little war (if we may say so) could hardly account for, unless he possessed a genius for naval and military operations. His lordship begins by pointing out the vast difference which the employment of steam, by sea and land, must make in all future warfare. Under these new auspices, he insists upon the disagreeable fact that Britain will be more exposed to invasion, and exhorts us to prepare in time against this danger. At present he states our whole sea-coast to be almost defenceless against any combined descent, which might be concentrated and pounce upon various points in a few hours. Our great arsenals and our wealthiest ports, he asserts, could offer no adequate resistance to forces which might readily be disembarked from the opposite shores, after a night-passage in groups (to avoid defeat at sea); and still more, that we have no efficient army to stop their way to farther aggression, plunder, desolation, and conquest.

We know not how these things may be; but read, so far with satisfaction, that our rulers appear, within the last twelve months, to be aware of the expediency of strengthening our hands. For this Lord R. gives them credit, but urges greater rapidity and larger views. He calls for the embodiment of the Militia; for the augmentation and improvement in practice of the artillery; for adding to the number of pensioners already enrolled for service in case of need; for floating batteries to protect our great commercial depots; for securing the Channel Isles; and for encouraging among the people the use of the rifle, as in America and Switzerland. The last we imagine to be impracticable; but the rest, as we have observed, amply merit consideration. There is but one remark which occurs to us to add, which is, that any peril anticipated by the noble writer from the quick transmission of, say, 100,000 men from Paris to the coast for embarkation at various sea-ports is not likely to be possible for several years, and therefore we shall have the more time to make ready for such a contingency.

Again we repeat, national thanks are due to Lord Ranelagh, for this truly English, temperate, yet spirited, Warning.

LIFE OF LORD ELDON.
[Review continued.]

It is really so long since we reviewed the first volume of this work, that we are almost ashamed to wind up with our notice of the second, written at the same time, but deferred till now. We shall, however, trust to the adage, "better late than never;" for the publication absolutely demands this justice from the *Literary Gazette*.

The second volume of this work commences with the ministerially changeful years 1806-7, when All the Talents were dismissed, and Lord Eldon received the seals from Lord Erskine. The Walcheren expedition, the affair between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, the death of the Duke of Portland, the King's illness, the assassination of Mr. Perceval, the reconstruction of the cabinet, the death of George III., the trial of Queen Caroline, and other events, are illustrated by his correspondence, to the date of 1827, when he resigned the chancellorship. These were stirring times, and the lights reflected on them by one who might well say, *quorum pars magna fui*, are of a very interesting nature. Nor are the revelations applicable alone to the particular matters that occurred, or the days that are past: they are as readily applicable to present and future politics, measures, and characters; and teach us what to think on many occasions where we should otherwise only see slight symptoms of some internal workings. Even the minor circumstances are of much public interest; and the whole contents so well mixed with the general and individual, that we find much amusement whilst we are acquiring much information.

Lord Eldon's hostility to Mr. Canning, chiefly on account of his efforts to remove the Roman Catholic disabilities, but becoming a permanent feeling, exercised at all times, is developed throughout these pages. In 1809, on the quarrel between that gentleman and Lord Castlereagh, he writes to Lady E. (Monday, 11th Sept.):

"My dearest Bessy,—We are here in a most singular state. As soon as the account came that the expedition could not be pursued, Canning renewed his insistings that Lord Castlereagh should deliver up his situation to Lord Wellesley. The latter magnanimously, but I think most foolishly, said, he considered C—g's services in the House of Commons of so much consequence that he would resign; and accordingly sent his resignation, stating, however, that he would not condescend to take any other office. This had nearly produced the resignation of Perceval, Liverpool, Camden, and Bathurst. They saw plainly, that if the D. of Portland could give way to Canning, so far as to turn out Lord Cas. merely because that gentlemen chose it, Canning was really the minister, the duke but an instrument in his hands, and that the world must see it too, and that every body was at the mercy of that gentleman's caprice. This intended measure alarmed the duke; he thought the king would be deserted; that if some other great nobleman was put in his place we might be all kept together still; and so the duke sent in a tender of his resignation, and the king accepted it; and he has commanded Perceval, Liverpool, and myself, to get him an administration, which I think we shall not be able to do. For, mark what follows. This well-intended step on the part of the duke has produced what shews me that I have been right in my conjectures, what from the first have been Canning's objects. Canning instantly wrote to Perceval, to say that some person in the House of Commons must be minister, and in a roundabout way intimated that he, Canning, could not think of Perceval's being minister, which of course left Canning the only person to be minister; and he intimated, that if either there was a minister in the H. of Lords, or Perceval was minister, that he (C.) must resign. This quick step appears to me, I own, to have been a mode of trying whether Perceval's attachment to the king would be so far taken by surprise, as to lead him, at the moment, to give way. Little P., however, was upon the alert: he stated his willingness to remain as he was, provided nobody in the House of Commons was put over his head, but he would not act under Mr. Canning as minister, tho' upon equal terms with him he would act. Canning's present suggestions therefore seem to be, that he will resign. I think, however, he will make an attempt, professing to fall in with the purpose of having a minister in the H. of Lords, to get somebody named who shall be entirely under his own influence; and if that scheme does not succeed, which I think it will not, he will retire; and will thus, in the attempt to gratify his ambition, have contrived to overthrow himself and all of us along with him: and this is called *serving* the king. There are but two things, which, in that case, can be done. The one is to attempt to strengthen the king's friends who hang together, by some junction of parties; the other to fight it out with such aid as we can get from our own party. I think Liverpool clearly is for the former plan; I think Perceval also is, but not so clearly,—he has doubts. I own I do not like it. In the first place, I think nobody, that joins from other parties, would join, unless I cease to be chancellor; and, in the next place, I have an opinion about this thing called 'junction of parties,' which would disincline me to remain chancellor. I think it never strengthens anybody, and it does nobody credit."

One of the grand characteristics of Canning was ingenuousness, and his frank and chivalrous ardour sometimes exposed him to the attacks of his wily opponents; but Lord Eldon seems to have misapprehended this, and considered him as cautious and calculating, when, in fact, he was open and straightforward.

"In a letter to Lady Eldon (says his editor), not dated, but franked September 13th, he speaks with some spleen of the two out-going ministers, Mr. Canning and the Duke of Portland, who had been the cause of the disturbance. 'I think the individual, who has occasioned all this mischief, is vanity in a human form. Nothing will serve him but being what he will never be permitted to be; and I believe now, such is the imbecility of man, that the old D., who had resigned, is trying, in vain, to get back again.' Increased as the chancellor's habitual disinclination to Mr. Canning had been by the feeling, that the break-up of the cabinet was the consequence of his movements, it was not unnatural that these adverse sentiments should be still further aggravated by the particular suspicion, (imparted to Lady Eldon in the letter of the 11th of September,) that Mr. Canning had been the author of the suggestion for taking the great seal out of his hands. In sitting down to correspond with his lady he would of course have all these annoyances pressing on his mind, with the yet additional irritation, that Mr. Canning was the cause of his being, at that very moment, withdrawn from her society and from his needful recreation at Encombe; and, under these combined vexations, it will scarce be wondered at, that the motives of his colleague were harshly characterised in these letters. Those, who are old enough to remember that time, will very well recollect how generally this angry tone was taken by the high tories, who treated it as an absolute offence, 'that Mr. Canning should be setting up for himself.' But however disagreeable it is to most men, to find the strength which they have long commanded, outgrowing their

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control and vindicating its own independence, they have surely no right to treat such a claim as an injury. The tory party had been quits as much indebted to Mr. Canning, as Mr. Canning to them; and throughout these proceedings, while he asserted himself, he committed no injustice to others. He sought the removal of Lord Castlereagh from the War-department, not that he might himself succeed to it, but that it might be committed to Lord Wellesley, whom he deemed, on public grounds, the fittest person to conduct it. When the Duke of Portland's resignation, and his own, had been announced, and a negotiation was begun for constructing a fresh cabinet, he was legitimately entitled to take his stand, and to decline a renewal of his aid except upon the reasonable condition that he should thenceforth hold a station of which the power should be commensurate with the responsibility. Then suppose him (which seems probable enough, though there is no other evidence of it than general presumption) to have been really the originator of that which was of course, to the chancellor, the great annoyance of all, the suggestion for placing the great seal in other hands, yet there was nothing reprehensible in the demand of one public man for the exclusion of another from a particular office in a new administration, unless they had been on some terms of friendship or personal co-operation. And although there is probably no man who, looking back upon that great chancellorship of a quarter of a century, would be of opinion at this day that Lord Eldon could, with eventual advantage to the public, have been removed from the great seal to make way for Mr. Perceval,—yet, in 1809, when these discussions were going on, Lord Eldon's reputation in the court of Chancery was but of a few years' growth: and Mr. Canning, who would naturally estimate a chancellor rather by a political than by a judicial standard, may very well be pardoned if a political prejudice, certainly mutual, misled him to underrate Lord Eldon, as Lord Eldon underrated *him*."

On the 18th he thus writes again to his lady:—"I proceed to tell you with much feeling, that the train of settlement we seem to have got into is all undone. Shocked as I am to say it, George Rose has declared his attachment to Canning,—Huskisson has done the same,—Charles Long won't abide by us,—Sturges Bourne has declared for Canning. As these are the four men of business, it appeared to us last night that, without junction, the king must be sacrificed; with it, I do not know how he is to be saved in any degree of comfort. We are to take the resolution as to what is to be communicated to him at a meeting to-day at one o'clock. I cannot help thinking but that it must, that it necessarily must, lead to my being restored to a life of privacy."

Of Lord Sidmouth, at this period, Lord E. writes with hardly less censure:—"One infinite difficulty (he says) about Sidmouth is, that every person connected with him must have *office* found for him: Bragge, Vansittart, Hiley, Hobhouse, &c. &c. Sidmouth's army are all officers and no soldiers. I suspect George Rose wants to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. As to calling parliament soon, that will never do. Bets here go twenty guineas to one that we never face it. But odds are sometimes lost. I think we shall now have no parliament on this side of Christmas."

But we will, for the present, leave politics for more miscellaneous illustration. When Mr. Perceval was murdered, Lord E. seems to think that he had a narrow personal escape; for he records in his Anecdote-book:—"'I have reason to believe that I had a most providential escape when Bellingham shot poor Perceval. I sat in the court of Chancery at Westminster: during a part of that morning Bellingham was in the court of Chancery. When I left the court and went into my private room, which is behind the court, finding that I had time to take a walk before it was necessary to go to the House of Lords, I undressed, and borrowed a great-coat of one of my attendants, and a hat, and then left my room, and went up the stairs that lead into the passages to the houses of parliament. Bellingham was standing upon those stairs. I passed him thus habited; and, in consequence of the change of dress, he probably did not know me to be the chancellor whom he had seen in court. A very short interval took place between the moment at which this happened and his assassinating Perceval. At his examination before the council in the evening, he stated that he had no particular design against Mr. Perceval—that he was determined to destroy one minister, and Mr. Perceval was his unfortunate victim. I was present at the council when he was examined. My attendants, about three weeks after the assassination, mentioned to me the other circumstances here related, as taking place before and after I had changed my dress.' Bellingham, when standing at the door of the court of Chancery, had also been observed, as Lord Eldon told Mrs. Forster, to have his hand within the breast of his coat, as if ready to pull something out from it."

A letter of the Princess Elizabeth to Miss Scott, on this occasion, affords a noble proof of her admirable character:

"My dear madam,—The queen has commanded me to write you a few lines, which ought to have been written this morning, to inquire after the chancellor; for, well knowing how deeply he feels, she greatly dreads that the shock of yesterday may have injured his health. It is impossible not to shrink with horror when one thinks of an Englishman committing murder, and doubly striking when one must ever mourn for the loss of so excellent a man as Mr. Perceval. We live in most awful times: for the loss, both public and private, must be equally felt. We really are so horror-struck, that it is impossible for me to describe our feelings. Your own good heart will better judge than my pen relate the agony and misery that was occasioned by my brother Adolphus's arrival last night. This family have lost one who has ever proved real affection and attachment; and my beloved father has lost a most upright and conscientious minister. Our only comfort in the midst of our own trial is, that my father is spared this affliction; for I verily believe, had it pleased the Almighty to have allowed of its being told him, it would have totally overset him. The ways of Providence are dark and intricate, and we too blind to understand. It is our duty to submit and trust in God's mercy. That he may mercifully watch over this country, will be my fervent prayer. My mother commands me to add, she would herself have written to the Lord Chancellor; but she thought it better to make me write, well knowing his time is precious, and that it was cruel to add to his troubles by desiring an answer. She begs you to explain this: and I trust you will forgive the length of this letter, which I am ashamed of; but the state of nerves I am in must plead my excuse, for literally I can think of nothing else."

Mr. Twiss sketches the character of the departed statesman with a brief but masterly hand; and we would point to all the instances of this kind in his work, viz. the biographical estimates, as the best-written and most valuable portions of it. He is in all impartial, clear-headed, and strikingly just and accurate.

"Mr. Perceval (he observes) was inestimable to his party as a parliamentary leader; but he was not very generally regarded as meriting that character of a 'great statesman,' which is claimed for him by the friendship of Lord Eldon. He did, indeed, possess many efficient talents and high faculties; and particularly and eminently one which is now justly esteemed among a statesman's most essential endowments—the firmness necessary to check the march of self-entitled liberalism, with its train of noisy, lawless camp-followers. But in politics the values of certain qualities vary with the times; and in Mr. Perceval's day, when the best-informed classes of society, who now feel it needful to make a stand against progressive movement, were favourable at least to such an amount of change as might adjust the old institutions of the country to its modern exigencies, the unyielding resolution of the minister found but little sympathy among persons unconnected with his party. So far from being accounted to him for a virtue, it was set down as his chief defect. With somewhat more of justice, he was reputed to be deficient in extent and comprehensiveness of view. The course of his earlier life had not left him sufficient leisure for studying the general philosophy of politics, and the safe limits of the antagonist forces which mingle in the constitution of a free community. Belonging by birth and connexion to a party whose great maxim was, to keep things as they were, he had taken it for granted that their prescriptive opinions must be right. Of those opinions he was suddenly called from his profession to become the ministerial champion; and whatever tended to shake or even qualify them, he regarded as prejudicial to the monarchy and to the church, to both of which he was sincerely attached. He therefore, with the dauntless courage of his nature, directed the whole force of a strong and ready, though near-sighted mind, against innovation in general, without sufficiently distinguishing in favour of demonstrated improvement. But his opposition, however zealous, was generous and frank; and though, from the want of early training for that kind of conflict, he was under some disadvantage in his first struggles with the practised politicians of the whig opposition, yet he took up and employed with so much quickness, judgment, and spirit, the materials furnished to him by his colleagues and subalterns, that, possessing also the gift of a correct and perspicuous style, he soon became, by the confession of all parties, one of the most powerful debaters of his time. He had personal qualities, too, which contributed materially to his acceptation in debate. His domestic virtues, his fidelity to his friends, his ardent and almost flagrant zeal, his sincerity, his disinterestedness, his unaffected piety, his extensive benevolence and charity, all told upon his parliamentary position, and fortified him as a minister by the regard which they won for him as a man. No kindlier tribute was ever bestowed upon the memory of a rival than the graceful allusion to his death in Mr. Canning's celebrated speech of the 22d of the following June, on the Roman Catholic question:—'When I first gave notice of this motion (early in the month of May), I expected that my most formidable antagonist upon it would be my late lamented friend; and I should have argued the question with him in no other spirit, and with no other feelings, than

'If a brother should a brother dare'

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to the proof and exercise of arms. I know not who is to buckle on his armour against me this day. Would to God that he were here to wield his weapons with his own hand—that the cause had the advantage of his abilities, so we had the benefit of his presence—

'Tuque tuis armis, nos te poteremur, Achille!'"

The negotiations to form a cabinet in 1812 are curious as evidence of royal and ministerial difficulties on such occasions. High principles of honour, ambitious and private views, mutual dislikes, pledges, and many other causes, come into play; and we almost wonder how any arrangement can ever be made. Here are set down by Lord E. "rough notes of the opinions given by different members of the cabinet respecting the materials out of which the ministry was to be reconstructed," the great intriguer and cabinet-maker keeping himself and his own motions out of sight:

"Are you of opinion that, G. and G. out (Grey and Grenville), and W. and C. out (Wellesley and Canning), you can carry on the government?—*Mulgrave*. No.—*Lord Sid.* Doubtful.—*Harrowby*. Not.—*Bathurst*. Dangerous to P. (Prince) and country.—*Bucking.* Doubtful.—*Westmoreland*. Yes.—*Camden*. Very doubtful, not desperate.—*Melville*. Very improbable.—*Liverpool*. Doubtful, not desperate.—*Castlereagh*. Doubtful, to say the least, without a proposition.—*Ryder*. Extremely difficult.—*Eldon*. It might.

1. Nobody, with Lord W. (Wellesley) *at the head.*

2. If the P. puts *at the head* any member of the *present* administration, will the rest support him?—Yes. If that member thinks of talking with W. and C., will you allow him to do so?'

"Those of the answers to this last question, which can be deciphered, are very various; some 'ay,' some 'no;' one for 'leaving it to the individual;' Lord Castlereagh's answer is, 'Decline being an obstacle, but reserve my own determination.' There seems, however, to have been a general concurrence in the opinion (which, on the first question, was given by Lord Castlereagh) that, at all events, the existing ministers would have less chance of public support for a government of their own, if office should not previously have been offered either to Lords Grey and Grenville, or to Lord Wellesley and Mr. Canning. A negotiation was presently opened with the two latter by the Earl of Liverpool, which forms a subject of speculation in the following letter:—

"'Dearest brother,—The funeral, attendance on the prince, and cabinet, on Saturday, employed me till several hours after the post-hour. I should have lamented this the more, if I had had any thing to communicate. Nothing is in any degree settled. The particulars of what has been passing I cannot commit to paper. If I am a political coward, as I may very justly be thought, it is, as it appears to me, a very melancholy truth that I can find nobody among those whom Perceval has left, with respect to whom, upon comparison, I have not a most extraordinary degree of political fortitude. [This is not very clear: and Lord E. is seldom obscure.—*Ed. L. G.*] In general, I believe I may say, that attempts are making, with the concurrence of all, to bring Wellesley and Canning into office. If they come, Liverpool will be at the head of the administration, and Castlereagh to be, among the House of Commons' members of administration, at the head of them. Most think that W. and C. will not come upon those terms—they will be accepted upon no other. My opinion is, that both are so sick of being out, that they will come upon such terms. If they don't, we shall try what we can do without them. Upon this there are three opinions, two among us: that is, I think that that may and will go on—all the rest think that it must be tried, but that it cannot go on, and that things will fall into the hands of G. and G. nearly forthwith. A third opinion comes from gentlemen in the H. of Commons, who think it will go on, and who are not inclined to support at all if W. and C. do come in. Upon this last opinion, however, it is too late to act, if they bite. Lord Sid. has behaved very well, certainly; so has the regent. I'll write to-morrow—perhaps again to-day, if any further material occurs. Ever yours affectionately, ELDON."

Of himself his lordship writes to his brother: "I can only say for myself, pelted, abused, and calumniated as I have been, both on account of my public and private life, or rather of what has been falsely supposed about them—on account of both most unjustly and wickedly—in publications—those publications, too, producing, almost every day private letters of abuse, and threats against character and against life itself,—I have long been of opinion, and upon that I have acted, that the best thing to be done is to take no manner of notice of such things,—to let them work their worst; and in cases in which I am conscious that what is imputed respecting me is falsely imputed, to leave the imputation to do its worst, and to draw the venom and the poison out of such publications, by applying to the wound inflicted the medicine which consciousness and the good opinion of those whose good opinion alone is worth having, will supply. Contradiction from myself, and contradiction from those whose friendly zeal leads them unasked, and with the kindest intentions, to contradict such calumnies, only makes matters worse, by producing re-assertion more virulent and more inflamed. My rule, therefore, is, to let these wretches and scoundrels do their worst, and I should not trouble myself one moment, if there was to be this self-same publication about me, as false."

Well would it be if every body followed so judicious an example: the business of slander and libel would be at an end, and, unnatural as they are, die a natural death.

The Mysteries of London. By G. W. M. Reynolds. Vol. I. pp. 416. London, Vickers.

LIKE the *Mysteries of Paris*, this work has obtained, we believe, a great circulation among the middle classes of the metropolis; and having appeared in Nos., is now published in the form of a respectable volume, embellished with seventy wood engravings. Like all its class, it descends too often and too much into the haunts of vice and crime for the *Literary Gazette* to follow it; and therefore we shall only add, that the author shews no lack of industry in seeking for his studies, such as they are, nor of talent in depicting them.

Court-Martial on Lieut. Hyder, 10th Royal Hussars. London, C. and E. Layton.

THE proceedings here published, and which have been so thoroughly reported in the newspapers as to be familiar to the reading public, present to our minds more than one cause for sorrow and dissatisfaction. It is sad to see infirmities of temper mislead men in superior positions of life into miserable squabbles and paltry actions; and it is more than disagreeable to see all the minutiæ of such perverse folly brought out with the grave formalities of legal investigation. It is not the chivalrous military profession alone that ought to be unstained by such wretched and contemptible exhibitions; but wherever *the gentleman* exists, be it in the church, in the law, in the medical line, in mercantile life, in connexion with science, the arts, or literature, or in any pursuit, founded on education and based in honour and consequent social respect, exposures of this sort—from what are slight and almost venial to what are atrocious and unpardonable—have an evil effect upon the general interests of the community, and are deeply to be deplored by all who wish well to the body politic.

German for Beginners; or Progressive Exercises in the German Language. By W. Wittich, Teacher of German in University College. Third Edition. D. Nutt.—2. *Wittich's German Grammar; Wittich's German Tales for Beginners.* Brain and Payne.

MR. WITTICH's system differs from the usual methods of teaching by not beginning the instruction with the changes which single words undergo, but with the formation of sentences. If available to faciliate the acquisition of any modern language, this practice is certainly most applicable to the German, in consequence of the peculiarities of its construction in forming sentences and periods. These elementary works fully explain and elucidate the subject; which seems to us to be well deserving of attention.

Systematic Charity! A Sermon preached in the Parish Church of Stoke Damerel. London, R. Spencer.

WE congratulate the charitable portion of the community at large, and particularly those connected with Devonport and with Freemasonry, on this discourse having reached a second edition. It is touchingly and eloquently to the purpose; and was delivered by Dr. W. Carwithen, the Deputy Provincial Grand Master of Devon, on laying, with masonic honours, the foundation-stone of the building of the Royal British Female Orphan Asylum. *Esto perpetua.*

Honour and Shame. A Novel. 3 vols. London, Bentley.

A COMMON-PLACE story of every-day life, with but slight interest. Dinners, picnics, and balls assist flirtations, and small talk leads to misunderstandings and reconciliations. Trifles preponderate. The probability of a thunder-storm to prevent a picnic is an occasion of pages of "Will it thunder?" or "Won't it thunder?" "What do you think?" "Mamma thinks," and so on. And this is the general level of the conversational passages.

A Descriptive History of the Town of Evesham, from the Foundation of its Saxon Monastery, &c. By George May. 8vo, pp. 531. Evesham, G. May. London, Whittaker; Nichols and Son.

SOME years ago Mr. May published a very satisfactory history of Evesham; but though it pleased the public, it seems not to have satisfied him. So, with the honest zeal of an antiquary, he has greatly enlarged his design, and as greatly improved it. In him Evesham, rich in ancient remains, has found an enlightened chronicler, and those who visit the interesting locality a most able and intelligent guide. Careful inquiry has put it into his power to bring forward masses of information of general interest whilst elucidating a particular subject; and the volume, being also appropriately and ingeniously illustrated, we can truly say that it is well worthy of the library of the antiquary, whilst it offers a genuine intellectual treat to the ancient Saxon Fisseberge.

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ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—I was much pleased with the observations made by one of your recent correspondents, "A Lancashire Boy,"* upon a ludicrous mistake committed in one of the publications of a northern coterie of *savants*, who have dubbed themselves the Chetham Society. The youth is perfectly correct. A pretty set, indeed, of Lancashire antiquaries, not to know the meaning of the word *stoop!* Many a long year has flown away since he who now addresses you was a Lancashire boy, yet he still retains a distinct recollection of joining with his playmates in jumping, one by one, over a long row of posts, or *stoops* (as we always called them), which stood, like those mentioned by the writer in question, along the side of a canal. And it sometimes happened that an awkward and unlucky urchin fell into the same predicament with your Chetham commentator,—by running his *head* against the *stoop*. Surely, Mr. Editor, some of these gentlemen might find a more profitable mode of spending their time. The other day, on opening one of their books† at a venture, I found that the reverend antiquarians had occupied nearly a quarter of the page (page 20) in an attempt to make the reader comprehend the meaning of *nappy ale*. In the next I was kindly informed that *dumpish* means "somewhat melancholy;" and this, too, while matters which require explanation are left untouched. It puzzles me, for instance, to understand how the tone of a writer can be, as it is stated to be by this commentator (preface, p. v.), both *cool* and *caustic*. This would effectually solve the problem of "blowing hot and cold with the same mouth."—I am, sir, yours, &c.

A LANCASHIRE OLD MAN.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Park Cottage, Haverstock Hill, Nov. 1845.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a letter which has appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, from the Rev. Dr. Hincks, relative to the interpretation of Egyptian texts, in criticising a passage in Chevalier Bunsen's work (vol. i. p. 320), in which the author expresses his conviction "that there is no one now living who *could* fully read and interpret a section of the ritual, much less an entire historical papyrus." Dr. Hincks is of opinion that he is the person who could do what M. Bunsen believes at present impossible. To prove this, he offers a challenge to meet any person appointed by M. Bunsen, and translate to or against him the ritual, papyri, or any other extended document. Now it appears to me that there is a much more natural way for Dr. Hincks to make good his assertion. Dr. Hincks has already published some Egyptian dissertations in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy—why does he not use this or a similar channel? Dr. Hincks must be aware that the proof of his assertion lies in the performance of the task, and neither in the challenge nor in the declaration; and he may feel assured that no one will hail such an achievement with greater pleasure than M. Bunsen.

Allow me, sir, to add a word about an expression in your correspondent's letter:—Dr. Hincks calls the school to which M. Bunsen belongs, and from which *he* expects *no* further advancement of Egyptian philology, the Coptic school. Now if this means a school explaining the old Egyptian indiscriminately from the modern Coptic, that name seems rather inappropriate; for M. Bunsen has, in the very chapter from which Dr. Hincks's quotation is taken, insisted most strongly upon the necessity of proving translations from the Egyptian by the Egyptian texts themselves, grammatically and lexically, using the Coptic only in a subsidiary manner. But if Dr. Hincks means that he can apply to the interpretation of Egyptian documents, as such subsidiary aid, any third language in preference to the Coptic, that school will readily accept the appellation which Dr. Hincks would affix to it, and will await, with more curiosity than hope of success, the results of the experiment.—I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

SAMUEL BIRCH.

* *Literary Gazette*, No. 1502.

† The Life of Adam Martindale; vol. iv. of the publications of the Chetham Society.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE plot thickens, and the cauldron bubbles over. Capt. J. Grover, it seems, had, as well as Mr. Gassiott, been badgering Sir James South, propounding to him in warm epistles that

"With doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung."

To which the Contributing Fellow of the Royal Society replied, as before, that the demand to know whether he was the writer of these anonymous denunciations or not, was such as "no gentleman had a right to make upon another." Upon this the Captain flares up—to use a common expression, the fat was all in the fire—or to translate it royal-socially, from the initials F.R.S., the Fat Ran South; and his language, from "Dear Sir James," becomes so extremely belligerent that dear Sir James apprehends cudgels, horsewhips, or pistols, and goes to law for protection. There is a report, not of the pistol-case, but of the law-case, in the newspapers, from which it appears that Lord Denman and the other judges did not think there was imminent danger of a breach of the peace, and so "the learned counsel did not take any thing by his motion," as "the court would not interfere to keep up a very ill-considered quarrel."

It stands accordingly among the other matters to be settled at the agreeable anniversary-meeting of the Royal Society. What with one squabble and another, the amiable and kind-hearted president will probably have enough ado to conciliate the broil at the meeting on Monday; but if any one can do so, it is safe in the hands of a ruler so *suave* and courteous as the Marquis of Northampton. For ourselves, we are disposed to think that the storms of the present date will ultimately produce much public benefit. The Royal Society at its first meeting (see *Lit. Gaz.* report) took steps in the right direction; and clique-government, with its untraceable and irresponsible but very perceptible influence, must be shaken to the root by their adoption. The Royal Society, the Society of Antiquaries, and the British Museum, either corporately, or through their principal officers, taking prominent parts in recent disputes among scientific and learned bodies or individuals, have compromised themselves beyond retreat; and very searching investigation must result from this state of things. Where cabals rule the roast, their intrigues and personal motives will be exposed, and remedies will be evoked, not only for these evils, but for others less obnoxious, which are but too apt to creep into such institutions.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 24th.—Capt. W. H. Smyth, V.P., in the chair. Ten new members were elected into the society. The first paper read was, Some notes, by Mr. John Clerke, on the Jamoor, a river of Western Africa, which, in the opinion of the writer, from observations made on the spot, is a distinct river from the Cameroons, of which it has hitherto been regarded as only a branch.—The next paper was a letter from Mr. Duncan, addressed to the librarian of the society, and dated Whyddah, 19th April, 1845. Mr. Duncan having been offered a passage in the Medora, accepted; and was thus enabled to visit all the settlements on the coast, from Cape Coast to Whyddah. The details of his observations he intends to send home by an early opportunity. He left Cape Coast on the 30th of January, and on the 1st of the following month anchored in the roads of Wiunebah, a town between Aunamaboe and Acra. At this place there is some trade in palm-oil and ivory, and an abundance of fish. Sharks are numerous, and eaten like other fish. Here Mr. Duncan remained till the 5th, and had, he says, an excellent opportunity of penetrating some distance into the interior, and examining the soil and vegetation. He describes the country as resembling a gentleman's park in England. On the 5th February, he sailed for Acra, where he arrived the following morning. Here he remained six days, and made many observations. On the 11th, he sailed for Ahguay, and anchored off the place on the 14th. Here are many Spanish and Portuguese slave-dealers, who still carry on their infamous trade. Mr. Duncan complains much of the duplicity, selfishness, and thieving propensities of the natives, whose proffered kindness springs only from the most interested motives. After staying a day or two at Ahguay, he sailed up the lagoon to Popoe, a distance of eight miles. At both Popoe and Ahguey a considerable quantity of cotton is cultivated, and manufactured into cloth. Indigo is also cultivated, and an excellent lime prepared from oyster-shells. The oysters are in great abundance, and are found on the roots and branches of the mangroves; they are very large, but not so well flavoured as in England. Salt is made in great quantities, both in pots and by spontaneous evaporation. On the 18th of February, he left Popoe for Whyddah. The lagoon is described as beautiful, and abounding in fish and waterfowl; while its banks are either decorated with trees, or plantations of cotton, indigo, yams, and Indian corn. At Whyddah Mr. Duncan received great civilities from the Spanish and Portuguese traders, particularly from M. de Souza, who promised the traveller an introduction to the king of Dahomey, from whom he has already received a permission to pass through his dominions to the Kong mountains. The people at Whyddah worship a kind of boa-constrictor, for whose accommodation houses are built; and the people, under a severe penalty, are obliged to attend to these reptiles. This place is also visited during certain times of the year by a large vampire-bat, of 34 to 36 inches from the tips of the wings. Their breasts are like a woman's, and they suckle their young like the monkey; their flesh is eaten by the natives. Mr. Duncan says the the laws, manners, and customs of Whyddah, though arbitrary and absurd, are full of interest. Mr. Duncan had ascended the Volta, but was forced to carry his boat above the bar, which could not be crossed. On the 5th of March the lagoon was again traversed from Whyddah to Ahguay, and went thence to Porto Sagoon, a day's sail by canoe to the westward of Ahguay. From the lagoon the traveller entered a large lake, 6 miles long by 5 miles broad. Two rivers run into it at the northern extremity, one con-

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ing from the W., and the other from the N. by E. Into the latter Mr. Duncan penetrated, and proceeded about 30 miles up. The traveller's adventures in this trip were most graphically described, and excited much interest and hilarity in the meeting. On the 19th, Mr. Duncan returned to Whyddah in good health, and was daily expecting to start on his journey to the Kong mountains.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 19th.—The president, Mr. Horner, in the chair. The following communications were read: 1. Mr. Lyell, on the age of the newest lava-current of Auvergne, and on shells found in gravel under the lava. The discovery of fossils that could determine accurately the age of these newer lava-currents is only a recent event; but during the past few years a number have been determined, distributed in several beds alternating with the lava. The author states the circumstances under which these fossils were found, and mentions the species to which they are referred. They appear in several distinct beds, alternating with lave of various dates of eruption, and include a great variety of mammalian remains, referrible, no doubt, to different portions of the tertiary period. In conclusion, the author states that he has not yet seen sufficient reason to abandon his idea, that the Auvergne beds generally are of the eocene period.—2. Mr. Pratt, on the geological position of the bitumen used in asphalte pavements. This bed of bitumen is of variable thickness, and spread out at the bottom of a series of sandy beds, with some alternating clays. It contains shells, altered by the bitumen, which has manifestly been injected forcibly, in a soft or liquid state. The bitumen terminates suddenly at a fault.—3. A letter was read, announcing the discovery of a coal, or lignite, in the island of Formosa. Specimens of this lignite were on the table.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 3d.—The president in the chair. The papers read were, 1. "On the oxygen compounds of nitrogen," by Professor Schönbein. Of the five compounds of nitrogen and oxygen whose existence is generally admitted by chemists, two are entirely hypothetical, viz. the hyponitrous and nitric acids; protoxide and binoxide of nitrogen, and the so-called hyponitric acid (NO_4), can be isolated and exhibited in a separate state. It is even a received opinion that the acid of the nitrates can only have existence in combination with water or base. Under these circumstances, observes the Professor, it appears most philosophical to view the supposed compounds of hyponitrous and nitric acids in another light, so as to avoid the necessity of creating hypothetical substances. The hydrate of nitric acid, for example, instead of containing NO_5+HO, or NO_6+H, may be regarded as a compound of hyponitric acid and peroxide of hydrogen, NO_4+HO_2; and a normal nitrate of NO_4+MO_2. This view of the subject is confirmed by the behaviour of hydrate of nitric acid and nitrate of lead under the influence of heat, the former dividing into NO_4, HO, and O, and the latter into NO_4, PbO, and O. Hyponitrous acid may also be supposed to contain hyponitric acid (NO_4) in combination with binoxide of nitrogen; and a normal hyponitrite of binoxide of nitrogen in combination with the peroxide of the metal, as NO_2+PbO_2. These views of the constitution of hyponitrous and nitric acids are strengthened by the phenomena presented by the action of water on hyponitric acid.

2. "On the relation of ozone to hyponitric acid," by Professor Schönbein. In this paper Prof. Schönbein proceeded to state his views respecting ozone, which he considers as a body isomeric with the peroxide of hydrogen of Thenard, or HO_2, and that it is formed in combination with NO_4 when hyponitric acid or its vapour is brought in contact with water, or atmospheric air containing watery vapour, and that it is to this production of ozone that the oxidising effects of such mixtures are to be attributed. The author next shewed that these oxidising properties are not effected by the ozonised air being charged with the vapours of carbonate of ammonia. The same compound is considered also to result from the contact, for a short time, of diluted pure nitric acid with many metallic bodies, as zinc, iron, lead, copper, mercury, silver, &c. the acid acquiring the same oxidising properties as ozone. Tin, however, is an exception, and this metal even destroys the property which the acid may have previously obtained.

3. "On certain impurities in commercial sulphate of copper," by Mr. S. Piesse. One source of the sulphate of copper of commerce arises from that treatment of brass and German silver articles technically called dipping, and which consists in plunging them for a short time into a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids, which removes the coat of oxide from the surface of the metal, and leaves the latter in a clean state, proper for the reception of varnish or other finishing. In time this dipping liquid becomes in great measure saturated, and after neutralisation with old copper, yields, on evaporation in leaden pans, a large quantity of sulphate of copper in crystals. According to the author, not less than 100 tons of dipping liquid are thus disposed of annually at Birmingham by the makers of buttons and other articles. The crystallised sulphate of copper so obtained is often largely contaminated with sulphate of zinc, which may sometimes be seen in the form of slender white needles on the surface of the dark-blue crystals, and in some of the applications of this salt may prove injurious. Sulphate of nickel, sulphate of lead, arsenic, and chlorides, are also sometimes present.

4. "A report on the composition of the firedamp of the Newcastle coal-mines, and the means of preventing accidents from its explosion," by Prof. T. Graham. The gases experimented on were from the five-quarter seam in the Gateshead colliery, the Bonsham seam in the Hepburn, and from the Killingworth colliery in the neighbourhood of Jerrow. They were collected with every precaution to insure purity and prevent admixture with atmospheric air. The details of their examination were given, and the result proved that the only additional matters present, besides light carburetted hydrogen, were a small per centage of nitrogen and oxygen, or air; thus confirming the results of Davy and of the author's experiments made some years ago. The remarkable absence of all oxidable matters, at the temperature of the air, in the firedamp is of geological interest, as it proves that almost indefinitely protracted oxidating action must be taken into account in the formation of coal. Professor Graham next proceeded to suggest two measures for preventing the explosion of the gas in coal-mines, and of mitigating the effects of such accidents. The first, based on the gas ceasing to be explosive when diluted beyond a certain point with air, and the fact, that, from its extreme lightness, it continues near the roof for a great length of time. It was recommended, that an early intermixture of the firedamp and air be promoted by agitation with a light portable wheel, with vanes, so placed as to impel the air in the direction of the ventilation, and not to impede the draft. The second, that to remove the afterdamp, or carbonic acid gas, which results from the explosion, and by which the large proportion of deaths is occasioned, a cast-iron pipe, from eight to twelve inches in diameter, be permanently fixed in every shaft, with blowing apparatus above, by which air could be thrown down, and the shaft itself immediately ventilated; by means of flexible or fixed tubes this auxiliary circulation might be carried into the workings.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 3d.—The Rev. F. W. Hope, president, in the chair. The president exhibited a new species of goliath beetle, from Cape Palmas, and various other new species from the same locality, collected by Dr. Savage, and from the East Indies by Mr. Benson. Capt. Parry also exhibited a fine series of the goliath beetles. A letter from Capt. Boys, on the habits of various species of Indian insects, was read.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Nov. 22, 1845.

Academy of Sciences: sitting of 17th Nov.—M. Pelouze communicated a paper by M. Reece on several new series of double oxalates. The salt, by the aid of which he has prepared these double salts, is an oxalate of chrome and of ammonia, a concentrated solution of which, mixed with its volume of chloride of barium, strontium, and calcium, precipitates oxalates of chrome and baryta, of chrome and strontium, and of chrome and lime. If a ferric oxide be substituted for the chrome, corresponding salts, with an iron base, are obtained; oxalate of iron and of baryte, of iron and of strontium, and of iron and lime, not crystallised; and so with alumina similar salts. These salts crystallise in small silky needles; those of chrome have a deep violet colour, those of iron a pale yellowish green, and those of alumina a brilliant white. All the alkalies decompose them, precipitating their sesquioxides and the neutral oxalate; but the chrome salts are perfectly insensible to ammonia, even when the baryta has been separated by sulphuric acid. The iron salts are decomposed by the rays of the sun, giving off an abundance of carbonic acid even when the crystals are dry.

M. Dufrenoy presented a note from M. de Chencourtois on the nature of the waters of the lake of Van, near the frontiers of Persia, between the 38th and 39th degree of latitude. Its superficial extent is about 2000 kilometres square, and its level about 1100 metres above the ocean. This lake has no outlet, but its level rises and falls for several years together, independently of the periodical changes that follow the seasons. During the melting of the snow the fish of the rivers advance a certain distance into this small sea; but at other times the waters of the lake are completely deserted. The inhabitants of Van procure salt by evaporation of the water in small basins, and the salt thus produced serves them to make soap, for local consumption only. This fabrication is carried on in every house, with olive-oil and lime. The soap is very heavy; the saponification, however, appears to be good, but it is much mixed with earth and sand. The density of the water, at a temperature of 19·5°, was found to be 1·0188. It contains about 2¼ per cent of solid matter, chiefly chloride of sodium and sulphate and sesquicarbonate of soda, with

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small quantities of salts of potash, silex, and traces of iron.

M. Boyer drew attention to the properties of the gastric juice, which he conceived might be usefully employed in pathology. He says, 1st. The gastric juice of a dog (at 38°C.) rapidly dissolves portions of bones of a certain size; it would not be difficult to apply it to chalkstones, &c., to facilitate their destruction. 2d. It dissolves also fibrous, albuminous, gelatinous tissues, &c.; and among others, as M. Boyer is directly assured, of cancer, tubercles, false membranes. Could it not be then made use of for the dispersion of these abnormal productions? 3d. M. Boyer has neutralised with it the poison of a viper. Ought it not to produce the same effect on poisons and virus in general? It is known that these substances introduced into the stomach produce no injurious effect. M. Boyer believes that this depends on the decomposing action of gastric juice. If such results be confirmed and extended, may not gastric juice be useful in wounds made by venomous animals, in abrasions, and the introduction of virus, in septic maladies, &c.? It may be artificially procured in a natural state from dogs, or artificial gastric juice may be employed.

M. Lemaitre writes that he has employed acetate of lead (sixteen grammes dissolved in a litre of ordinary water) as a fomentation and as a cold lotion in cases of erysipelas of the face, &c. with great success.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, *Nov.* 20.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—C. W. W. Wynn, student, C. P. Phillips, Christ Church College; H. R. Farrer, fellow of Merton College; J. D. Hoskins, Magdalen Hall; Rev. J. Groom, Wadham College; Rev. J. Baines, Rev. L. M. Humbert. St. John's College; H. Tindal, Brasenose College; T. Bell, Rev. L. Gidley, J. Grenside, Exeter College; W. H. Richardson, Oriel College.

Bachelors of Arts.—C. W. Davies, Edmund Hall; Rev. H. S. Templer, J. Sutton, S. B. Warner, W. P. Courtney, A. G. Atherley, New Inn Hall; M. M. Ainslie, Christ Church College; C. H. Murley, A. F. Carey, Wadham College; E. Greatorex, Pembroke College; M. J. Blacker, post master of Merton College; T. W. D. Humphreys, H. Browne, Trinity College; C. M. Church, Oriel College; R. A. Le Mesurier, scholar of Corpus Christi College; J. W. Burgon, Worcester College.

CAMBRIDGE.—*Trinity College, Cambridge.*—The subject for the Latin lyrics this year is, "Carthago;" and that for the English Essay, "Rome in the time of Augustus compared with London in the nineteenth century."—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Nov. 20th.—Viscount Mahon in the chair. Mr. Kempe stated that he had been informed several Fellows had recently sent in their resignations, and retired from the society. He thought it right that their names should be made public, especially as there were now two rival institutions, in order that it might be known whether any thing which had occurred in connexion with these bodies had influenced them in this resolution. Mr. Pettigrew observed that he thought there was no occasion to depart from the regular rules. Lists of members were published every year, and comparison would shew who had withdrawn. The chairman said that he fully concurred in the observations made by Mr. Pettigrew.—Mr. Hailstone exhibited a bronze Celtic collar.—A note was read from Mr. Shepherd, urging the fellows of the society to exert themselves in furnishing contributions.—The Rev. J. B. Reade exhibited two earthen ornamented jugs, presumed ancient, and asserted to have been dug up at Bethnel Green.*—Extracts were then read (as we understood) from some documents in the British Museum.

Nov. 27th.—Mr. Hamilton in the chair.—The most, indeed almost the only, interesting feature in this evening's proceedings was the exhibition by Mr. Vint of some Roman bronzes, discovered in October last, about a quarter of a mile from Colchester, by excavators cutting a railway-line to Ipswich. They were buried about five feet deep. With them were found horses' teeth, some bits of lead, and broken friable pieces of common pottery, and, a few yards further, the remains of a human skeleton. The bronzes are of remarkably fine workmanship. One, about a foot in length, represents a mask of a front bearded face, with pointed ears; the head is crowned with a wreath of ivy, and surmounted by a loop. The beard is spread out in ample curls, and forms the most conspicuous part of the figure, which seems intended to represent the head of Bacchus or Silenus. The expression of the countenance, in which are combined gravity and majesty, suggests the well-known style of the aged bearded Bacchus, while the pointed ears give it a character of Silenus. Mr. Newton, in a paper which accompanied the exhibition, expressed an opinion that the figure had formed the ornamental part of a handle of a vase, the ring or loop at the top of the head having received the handle itself. The other figure is a draped bust, apparently of Caligula, on a globe which had been originally affixed to a pedestal, now detached. It is about five inches in height. It is understood that Mr. Vint, provided he can induce the corporation of Colchester to establish a museum for local antiquities (in which that town is so abundant), intends to deposit therein these beautiful works of ancient art.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Nov. 1st.—First meeting of the season: Prof. H. H. Wilson, the director, in the chair. A large number of presents to the library was laid before the meeting. The paper read was a continuation of Prof. Wilson's communications on the festivals of the Hindus.

15th.—The Right Hon. Sir Edward Ryan, vice-president, in the chair. The paper read is one of the first literary fruits of the residence of our countrymen at the newly opened ports in China; and although on matters of but secondary importance, is an earnest of what they be expected, when longer acquaintance and greater leisure shall give more ample means and opportunities for observation and research. The author is T. Lay, Esq., H. B. M. consul at Amoy. The first part is a translation of the inscription on the written rock of Koolangsu, which has been frequently noticed by ships proceeding to Amoy. It is quite modern, having been engraved in the year 1814, by order of *Wang-tih-lüh*, commander-in-chief of the land and naval forces in Fuh-keen and Formosa, as a record of the fulfilment of a vow made by him. It appears from the inscription, that, in the year 1804, during some successful naval efforts against certain native rebels and pirates, the marine commander observed, that the "Palace of the Triple Harmony or Common Chord of Heaven" was in ruins; and he vowed at some future time to rebuild it. Within six years of that time, he had succeeded in clearing the sea of pirates, and was advanced by the emperor to the honour of the peacock's feather, which was, in fact, an accession to the dignity of a noble; and he now resolved to perform his vow. He solicited subscriptions in aid of the work; merchants came forward with assistance; and the new building was finished, with "walls lofty, strong, firm, and highly finished;" and with "joists in carved work, exhibiting the residence of the hills in a thousand shades, and casting upon the shrine the glassy lustre of the Eastern sea in ten thousand variations." *Wang-tih-lüh* concludes his inscription by stating, that, from respect for his native village, he went there, and made choice of *Wang-kiwei Chang* to draw up this inscription. Mr. Lay informs us that the Palace of the Triple Harmony was a religious house (probably a Buddhist monastery), seated in a very pleasant nook, until dismantled by depredators, native and European; that it was converted by the British forces into a racquet-court, and is now turned into a yard for rearing of pigs and poultry.

The second part of the paper comprised a translation of a diploma, granted by the superiors of a Buddhist monastery to one of their priests; and is chiefly interesting as a record of the countenance afforded to Buddhism by the imperial government, which has been more than once suspected of an inclination to favour that religion, though considered by the disciples of Confucius as heretical and superstitious. The diploma records the marks of favour to the monastic establishments of the sect from the seventh century of the Christian era to the present time: these are chiefly the erection of altars for taking the pledge of total abstinence, and the supply of utensils necessary for administering at them; or orders to magistrates that they should throw no obstacles in the way of disciples of Buddha, when travelling in search of instruction in the doctrines of contemplation. An instance of such an order occurred as early as the fourteenth century. The diploma may be regarded as a kind of passport, and also as a token that the holder has taken the pledge of abstinence: the one translated by Mr. Lay was given to an individual described as a man of observation and learning, and who has been commissioned by the British authorities to collect books and information generally on the subject of his religion. He is officiating priest of the *Tseih-Luy* monastery, which is described as seated on the slope of a delightful hill within the walls of Fuh-chow, commanding a spacious and beautiful landscape. The monastery and pleasure-grounds adjoining, with the consent of the priests and gentry of Fuh-chow, were placed at the disposal of the British consulate there.

A paper by Mr. Masson, in illustration of the route from Seleucia to Apobatana (Echatana) of Isidore of Charax, was commenced.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

Nov. 18th.—Dr. J. Lee in the chair. Communications were read from Dr. Hincks of Belfast, and Mr. J. Cullimore, upon the unicorn of Scriptures. As these communications threw no additional light upon M. Fresnel's statements, it is unnecessary to discuss the subject again. Dr. Holt Yates believed that the word 'rim' had been applied to different animals in different parts of Scripture; while Mr. Nash thought that the rhinoceros fulfilled all the desirable conditions of the unicorn.—A paper was then read, "On the extent and importance of the Parthian kingdom under its different sovereigns, and the illustration their reigns are capable of receiving from coins." This was a long and learned paper, of which it is difficult to present a brief analysis. The author re-

* They appeared to be of Eastern fabric, and to possess no claims to a very remote antiquity. The fact of their having been excavated at this locality did not appear to be authenticated.

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marked, that on a small silver coin of Arsaces II., and on the coins of the well-known Orodes, the sons of each, Arsaces III. and Pacorus, are associated with their fathers. The title "king of kings" is first met with on the coins of Mithridates I. On a tetradrachm of Arsaces VII. we find the date 173, proving that year to be the commencement of his reign, and not 174. On a drachm of Arsaces X. we find the date 233, and his particular cognomen, Sanatroeces. The coins which follow those of Arsaces XXIII. establish the historical fact, that between Vologeses and Pacorus a prince reigned, whose existence has been but little recognised by any historian. The last of the coins bears date 539.—Mr. Ainsworth made some remarks upon the sites of cities the monograms of which occur on so many of the Parthian coins, more especially Echatana of Atropatene, Tigranocesta, Vologesia, &c. Modern researches threw much light upon the campaigns of Orodes and Crassus, and of Pacorus and Ventidius. The kusti or cincture of the Gehrs or fire-worshippers, mentioned by Moore,

> "As wide he flung
> His mantle back, and shewed beneath
> The Gebr belt that round him hung,"

was shewn by the same gentleman to exist on Parthian and Sassanian coins, and on the ancient bas-reliefs in Persia,* in many curious forms—as, for example, forming a circlet, which is held in the hand by a king, or is held by the contracting parties, which rendered an oath binding, or expressed a treaty of peace. Sometimes the kusti is worn on the head, which distinguishes Aniran from Iran; at other times the two small tails of the kusti, denoting the four seasons, stand out from the head laterally. The kusti of the Zanda-Avesta is also seen, as in the bas-reliefs at Tangi-Saulak, to bind the conical pile which surmounts the fire-altar, in the form of a fillet tied in a knot, with the two ends streaming downwards. This said Gebr cincture or girdle, with which boys were solemnly invested by the muhid, or high priest, at an early age, as the badge of their faith, appears so constantly and in such varied forms, but with the streamers almost always more or less evident, that it is important to know that these are different aspects of one and the same thing.

NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.

Nov. 27th.—Prof. Wilson in the chair. The meeting was well attended, and a large quantity of donations of books from foreign societies, &c., was laid upon the table.—Mr. Akerman read a letter from Sir Henry Ellis, containing extracts from one of the Sloane MSS. in the British Museum, giving some particulars of a monetary system in a part of New England in the time of Queen Anne, which does not appear to be elsewhere referred to. They are detailed in a letter from a Mr. Robert Gamble to Mr. Samuel Sutton, dated "From on board the Seaford at New York, within nine miles of Hell Gate, Nov. 22d, 1713." The writer then goes into a brief notice of the government of Round Island, and states: "There seems little or no money to be current there, but bills not very much unlike those of our Exchequer. You may have of them as low as 1*s*. 6*d*., and their highest does not exceed 5*l*. These pass as current as the best sterling. It is very pleasant to a stranger, after he has dined at any of the ordinaries, to see the reckoning paid. Every man, instead of pulling out money, lugs out his pocket-book. I at first thought they had all run in debt to the landlord, and were going to take notice how much that dinner had advanced the sum; but I was very much surprised when I saw them all throw down paper, and ask for change. The landlord always enters with a pair of scales, and very often changes their bills with a small silver button, or tongue of a buckle, &c. A man may live a week for a pair of silver buckles, and yet bring them (though not in full weight) aboard with him." The writer goes into full and curious details respecting this singular custom.—Mr. Roach Smith exhibited a small silver coin, of the weight of three grains, recently discovered with some Saxon sceattas of the common type, by Mr. Rolfe, of Sandwich, in the Saxon cemetery, a notice of his researches in which has lately been published in the *Journal of the British Archæological Association*.* This diminutive and unique coin is clearly copied in its design from Roman denarii of a late period, and forms an interesting link between the two coinages.—Mr. Akerman exhibited a denarius of Mark Antony, which he stated furnished another proof of the accuracy of Pliny's account of the triumvir's tampering with the purity of the coins issued by him to his legions. In a lecture delivered by that gentleman before the society about two years since, Pliny's statement, that Antony had mixed iron with the denarii, was cited, and Mr. Akerman then observed, that among many hundred coins of the triumvir which he had examined and tested, he had discovered but one example which had been adulterated with *iron*, the metal usually employed in the adulteration of ancient coins being copper, plated with silver. The example in question was formerly in the collection of the late Mr. Douce, and is now in the Bodleian library. The second example, exhibited on this occasion, had been presented to Mr. Akerman by Counsellor Thompsen, keeper of the Royal Collection of Coins and Medals at Copenhagen. Mr. Akerman then made some observations on British and Gaulish coins, with reference to a more correct reading of the inscriptions upon some, and their appropriation to chiefs and kings, which led to a very interesting discussion between that gentleman and Messrs. Birch and Newton.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

Nov. 27th. Central Committee.—About a dozen associates were elected. Nearly twenty communications were received, some of which were selected to be brought before the general body at the ordinary public meetings; the remainder, of minor importance, were referred to the printing committee. Mr. Alfred Scure forwarded a sketch of a Roman inscription discovered near Minchinampton. Mr. Croker laid upon the table a portion of a monumental brass picked up on the downs near Brighton. It would appear to have been abstracted from some neighbouring church. Mr. C. C. Corner communicated a note respecting the neglected condition of sepulchral brasses in the church of Northfleet, Kent. Mr. Smith exhibited a brass plate inscribed to the memory of Dorothy Drax, a daughter of Lord Lovelace, which had been forwarded to him as having been found among the ruins of the church of St. John Zachary (lately pulled down for City improvements), to which church this lady was a benefactress. Mr. W. D. Bruce exhibited an extensive and fine collection of ancient deeds relating to the Bruce family.

A communication from an eminent antiquary at Copenhagen especially referred to the supineness of the trustees and officers of the British Museum, and produced some very amusing remarks upon a letter recently addressed to the secretary of the Institute of Architects, by Mr. Hawkins, of the Museum, soliciting the co-operation of that body in the formation of "an *extensive* collection" of national antiquities; for which, after a public solicitation of forty-five *years* (!) it appears "A ROOM" *will shortly* be opened in the Museum. A young gentleman named Newton, it was observed, appears to have been deputed by Mr. Hawkins to represent the trustees of the British Museum—not a very respectful public mode of proceeding towards the Royal Institute of British Architects, in soliciting their powerful assistance. The remarks made by Mr. Tite, the chairman of the Institute, also came under the notice of the committee, when it was determined that at the public meeting of the British Archæological Association to be held on Wednesday next, Mr. Roach Smith, (whose conduct and character Mr. Tite had seriously impugned), should be afforded an opportunity of explanation, and of offering such remarks upon the formation of a collection of Roman and mediæval remains discovered in London, as his intimate acquaintance with the subject enabled him to do; and that Mr. Tite should be invited to attend this public meeting.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Entomological, 8 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Chemical, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.; Royal (anniversary meeting), 4 P.M.

Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 2 P.M.; Syro-Egyptian, 8 P.M.

Wednesday.—Geological, 8½ P.M.; British Archæological, 8½ P.M.

Thursday.—Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 3 P.M.

Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

MR. SILK BUCKINGHAM AND PUNCH.

THE relentless ridicule with which *Punch* has continued to assail Mr. Buckingham and the British and Foreign Institute has, it seems, been felt so injuriously by the establishment and its projector as to provoke a printed statement from the latter. As those who

> "in quarrels interpose
> May often wipe a bloody nose,"

we have no inclination to take any part in this unpleasant affair. We think it a pity that Mr. B. has been stung into a serious remonstrance with a character recognised all over Europe as a licensed vagabond, privileged to say or do any thing, and only liable to have the Constable, the Doctor, the Hangman, and the Devil, hammering away at his wooden head with a bludgeon. Punch's vagaries and offences are things to laugh at, or to meet in the usual manner (vide street representation), by snatching the stick out of his fumbling grasp, and laying it about his ears, while he squeaks for mercy in a tone that assures you he will just play the same pranks again as soon as he has got out of Chancery. He is, in short, a merry, reckless, worthless, merciless, abusive, and unconvertible blockhead, who is permitted to pick up his crumbs by the exhibition of his vices—a bad husband, an indifferent father, a Don Juan, a scamp, a ruffian, impenetrable alike to good feeling and chastisement, who hits right and left, and does not care whether friend or foe (if he have any) suffer from the blows. We declare that it would not disturb us were such a character to rail at us from January to De-

* See Baron de Bode's *Travels*, plates 4, 5, and 6, vol. i.

* No. III. p. 242. H. G. Bohn.

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cember; and even if we winced under a touch, we should hold discretion to be the better part of valour, and say nothing about it. It is, perhaps, hard that any individual's solid interests should be hurt by squibs and crackers; but still, as it is an unequal contest to fight with a sweep, so is it an unwise course to exhibit soreness with epigram and buffoonery.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE LAST SIGHS OF THE FLOWERS.

From "Songs of Autumn."

The autumn wind's sighing
 In the garden so fair,
Where the roses are dying
 That embalmed summer's air:
Now where are they, where?
 How few here and there,
Like Beauty's pale wrecks, 'mid the sear leaves are lying!
Hark! while they wither,
The breezes waft hither
Murmurs and moans from the desolate bowers—
The sweet parting breath, the last sighs of the flowers!

'Tis not the dew steeping
 Their colourless cheeks;
'Tis the natural weeping
 That their anguish bespeaks!
Each tearful rose seeks,
 Ere it lose the last streaks
Of life, in eternal oblivion sleeping,
 From Zephyr to borrow
 A voice for its sorrow:
Oh! hence the faint moan from those desolate bowers—
The sweet parting breath, the last sigh of the flowers!

Yet sadder the sighing
 Of the heart once so gay,
Where faded are lying
 All the flowerets of May!
How changed now are they!
 On the perishing spray
Young Hope, Love, and Joy are all drooping and dying.
 Alas! while they wither,
 What murmurs float hither—
What a tender lament from the heart's ruined bowers!
'Tis the sweet parting breath, the last sigh of life's flowers!
ELEANOR DARBY.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—On Monday the long-promised ballet of the *Devil to Pay* (another version of the *Diable à Quatre*, already domiciled at the Adelphi and Princess's) was effectively produced here, with a new *danseuse*, Mdlle. Fabbri, as the basket-maker's Terpsichore; a Mdlle. Dabas and a M. Bretin, also new; Mdlle. Petit Stephan, W. H. Payne, and Mr. Wieland, in other parts, the last as the dancing-master, which he made a very grotesque character. Fabbri took the theatre by storm, and bids fair to be a public favourite, when audiences less partial than those of first nights come to appreciate her merits. She appears to be a much more accomplished dancer than a pantomimist; yet the grand forte of mazourka depends upon the pantomime in her vulgar or rebellious treatment of high life, not below stairs. In this she was a little 'slow,' but the *pas* made up for all, and she was overwhelmed with plaudits and flowers such as the season of the year affords to supply the absurd and foolish fashion which has crept into our playhouses, and originated with coxcombs and libertines, shewing their preferences for women on the stage. The other Mdlle. seems to be a pretty girl and a clever dancer, and the 'gent' a smart fellow *sui generis*. The whole went off with *éclat*.

The Opera improves much on repetition. The performers are all more at home, the music throughout more precise and effective, and those pieces which struck us as most likely to be popular having already established their claims upon the public ear. We congratulate Mr. Wallace on his achievement.

Haymarket.—*The Miseries of Human Life*, an old friend with a new face, was produced here on Thursday, and the chief part excellently played by Webster, and fitly companioned by Tilbury (*Mildmay*), in a smooth character, which is contrasted with the irritable *Alley Croaker* of the manager. Mrs. Humby is quite at home in a maid of all works; and Mrs. L. S. Buckingham's is a lady-like performance.

French Plays.—On Monday the succession of light and airy pieces afforded an amusing evening's entertainment. *Le Serment de College*, a novelty, gave Lafont an opportunity of personating a strolling comedian in a delightful style of humour. The whole was lively and witty, and kept the house in laughter from beginning to end.

VARIETIES.

Sidney Bernard.—It is honourable to human nature to find, that the illustrious devotedness of this lamented gentleman is not likely to be suffered to pass away without a lasting memorial and tribute of public applause. A subscription is (we understand) about to be opened, to raise a monument to him and his noble co-mates in self-sacrifice on board *L'Eclair*; and we cannot doubt its being of such a nature as to do honour to the dead, shew a nation's sense of heroic virtue, and be a stimulus to like good actions for ages to come.

Baths and Washhouses.—Having taken much interest in the proposal for establishing baths and washhouses for the labouring classes in London, it affords us much pleasure to see it stated, that, during the first six months of the experiment, in Glasshouse Street, London Docks, no fewer than 29,080 persons have availed themselves of these beneficial conveniences. The site for the first model establishment, Goulstone Square, Whitechapel, is being cleared for the erection of that building (the design for which we described when exhibited in Mr. Rainy's Rooms), and the foundation-stone is to be laid on the 16th of December.

The College of Chemists has been authorised to take the title of *Royal*—and Prince Albert, besides accepting the office of president, has presented a donation of 100*l*.

Paraguay.—The executive of the United States has sent Mr. E. A. Hopkins on an expedition to Paraguay, to collect information respecting the produce and resources of the country, now there is no Dr. Francia, of famous non-intercourse repute, hermetically to seal it.

Interment and Disinterment, by Mr. G. A. Walker.—We are glad to see Mr. Walker again stirring in order to keep public attention fixed to the abomination of burials in churches and crowded intermural churchyards; but were we to republish any of his striking statements, we should only repeat what we have urged over and over again during many years.

Wonderful Animal.—The *Melbourne* (Australian) *Courier*, according to the reports of natives, describes a gigantic amphibious animal, which they call *Bunyip*, and paint in form as between a bird and an alligator. In the water it swims like a frog; on the land it walks upright (twelve or thirteen feet) on its hind legs; it has long claws, lays eggs twice the size of the emu, and hugs its prey to death in its powerful limbs. One native declared that his mother and another woman had been devoured by this monster at the Barwon Lakes; and his account of its ferocity was confirmed by a companion, named Mumbowran, who shewed the marks of its capperclawing in wounds upon his own breast.

Egyptian Antiquity.—The museum of Belfast is about to become the depository of an interesting relic of the eighteenth dynasty. Sir James Emerson Tennent has brought down from Thebes the hand of the colossal statue of Amunoph II. (born B.C. 1580), which travellers used to remark at the south-west propylon of the grand temple at Karnak. The four fingers are 2 feet 5 inches across, which would correspond with a full-length figure of 56 feet. The pasha has permitted its exportation, and it is intended as a present to the town of Belfast by their late representative.—*Letter in the Times.*

The Eruption of Mount Hecla.—From Iceland, 12th October, it is stated that the eruption still continued with the same violence; the lava ran from the south-west crater without intermission, and had already covered a space of three miles, and heaped up a mass in a plain at the foot of the mountain, thirty to forty cubits in height. This river of lava presented on a clear night a spectacle at once magnificent and imposing; like a river of flaming fire precipitating itself from the summit of a lofty mountain, and assuming as it advanced from the crater a redder colour, or a sort of bluish red. Three immense columns of smoke constantly ascended from the three craters which had formed and spread themselves over the surrounding districts. Up to this period the lava had not destroyed any farm, but the ashes which had fallen into the meadows had already exercised most pernicious effects upon the cattle, especially the cows. In some districts as many as forty had perished. The pastures in the district of Rangarvalla, situate to the eastward of Hecla, were entirely devasted on the first eruption by considerable quantities of pumice-stone, and it is feared that a great number of sheep perished on the occasion. Much uneasiness is felt at the duration of the eruption, as the lava, when it receives fresh supplies, always approaches nearer to the cultivated lands.

Professor Reinhardt, of Copenhagen, died recently, aged 61, and bequeathed his library and extensive zoological collection to the university of that city.

Russian Honours to Science.—Not only has the emperor conferred other distinctions of a very high order upon our countryman Mr. Murchison, but Mr. D'Orbigny, president of the Geological Society of Paris, has had the order of St. Wladimir accorded to him for his contributions to Russian geology.

Hurricane in France.—A hurricane hardly less disastrous than that which lately ravaged the country about Cette fell on the commune of Meynes on the 15th instant. It uprooted large trees, and appeared in the shape of a dense column and whirlwind, perceptible at the distance of 2000 yards. No lives were lost.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

A Panorama of Oxford, from the roof of the Bodleian Library, oblong 4to vol. 12*s*.—Life and Letters of St. Paul, during his Second and Third Apostolical Journeys, 12mo, 2*s*. 6*d*. sewed.—Transactions of the Entomological Society of London, Vol. IV. Part II., 8vo, 4*s*.—Skelton's Historical Recollections of the Chateau D'Eu, Part IV., folio, 16*s*.—D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, by Beveridge, Vol. I., 12mo, 1*s*. 6*d*. sewed, 2*s*. cloth.—Conversations on the Old Poets, by J. R. Lowell, fcp. 2*s*. 6*d*.—Stillingfleet's Doctrines of the Church of Rome, by Dr. Cunningham, 12mo, 5*s*.—Records of Israel, by Grace Aguilar, fcp. 2*s*. 6*d*.—The City, or Physiology of London Business, 12mo, 6*s*.—Oliver's Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, by T. Carlyle, 2 vols., 8vo, 1*l*. 16*s*.—Animal Topography with a Zoological Map of the World, by J. H. Newton, square, 9*s*. 6*d*.—Essay concerning the Divine Right of Tithes by the Rev. C. Leslie, fcp., 2*s*. 6*d*.—Hebrew Reading Lessons, fcp., 3*s*. 6*d*.—Evagriu's Ecclesiastical History, 8vo, 7*s*.—The Living and the Dead, Sermons on the Burial Service, by F. E. Paget, 12mo, 6*s*. 6*d*.—Early Influences, by the Author of "Truth without Prejudice," 12mo, 3*s*. 6*d*.—Dr. John-

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on's Hydropathy, 3d edit., 12mo, 2s. 6d., sewed.—Vebb's Shareowner's Account-Book, fcp. 2s. 6d.—'arrel's History of British Birds, 2d edit., 3 vols., 8vo, l. 14s. 6d.—Christian's Family Library, Vol. XLVII., The Church of Christ in the Middle Ages, fcp., 6s.—Eastern Europe and the Emperor Nicholas, Vols. I. II. post 8vo, 21s.—An Essay on Development of Christian Doctrine, by J. H. Newman, 8vo, 12s.—Reginald Dalton, new edit., 12mo. 3s. 6d. sewed, 4s. cloth, 4s. 6d. cl. gilt.—Rambles in the United States and Canada during 1845, post 8vo, 8s. 6d.—Elinor Wyllys, edited by J. F. Cooper, 3 vols., post 8vo, 1l. 11s. 6d.—Missions of the Church of England in North America, by E. Hawkins, B.D., 8vo, 9s.—Thiers' French Revolution, by Redhead, royal 8vo, 1l. 2s. 6d.—Bible Stories for very Young Children, 1st and 2d Series, square 2s.—The Round Preacher; or, Reminiscences of Methodist Circuit Life, fcp. 5s.—The Churches of the United Kingdom, edited by A. Leighton, Vol. I., The Scottish Church, fcp. 4s.—Euclid's Elements, by R. Patts, 8vo, 6s.—The Falcon Family, or Young Ireland, post 8vo, s.—Songs of the Press and other Poems, by C. H. Timperley, 12mo, 3s.—O'Winslow's Gathered Flowers from a Bible Class, 18mo, 1s. 6d.—Wordsworth's Poetical Works, new edit., 1 vol., 8vo, 1l.—The Queen of Denmark, edited by Mrs. Gore, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1l. 11s. 6d.—Faery Tales and Ballads, 14 plates, 4s. 6d. plain, 7s. 6d. coloured.—An Alphabet of Quadrupeds, 4 plates, 4s. 6d. plain, 7s. 6d. coloured.—Events in Sacred History, 24 plates, 4s. 6d. plain, 7s. 6d. coloured.—Copley's Housekeeper's Guide, new edit., 12mo, 4s. 6d.—Lectures on Parturition, by E. W. Murphy, M.D., 8vo, s.—The Young Baronet, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1l. 11s. 6d.—Dr. G. Payne's Elements of Language, 12mo, 2s. 6d.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To "A London Bookseller" we have only to answer, that the absence of the party referred to from this country has alone prevented us from fulfilling the intention we signified.

R. F. must remember, that in short pieces of poetry much polish and perfect rhythm are required.

We are sorry for "Louise's first love:" its "scented wings" blown with "the east winds' baleful breath," and its "bloom" "gloom;" but we will bide for her *second* passion, when her poetry may be more mature, and equal to the occasion.

The invitation for the lecture on Modern Humorists reached us (we presume as a congenial joke) the day after the fair.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GREAT RUSSIAN CHRONOMETRICAL EXPEDITION.—E. J. DENT, 82 Strand, and 33 Cockspur Street, has the high and distinguished honour of stating, that his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia has recently condescended to confer on him "the appointment and title of Chronometer-Maker to his Imperial Majesty," as a reward for the unequalled performance of his Chronometers during the Expedition of 1844. In 1843, his Imperial Majesty the Emperor was pleased to reward the performance of Dent's Chronometers with a Gold Medal of the highest Order of Merit.

Dent's Patent Watches, Chronometers, and Clocks.

R. HENDRIE,

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LITERATURE AND ART.

BRITISH and FOREIGN INSTITUTE. The Rooms of the Institute were RE-OPENED on the 1st of October for the Winter Session; and the usual Courses of Lectures, Soirees, Discussions, and Conversazioni, will be resumed early in January.

The First Volume of the Transactions of the Institute is now ready for delivery, and may be had at their Rooms, or through any Bookseller, of the London Publishers, Messrs. Fisher and Co.

The new Cards of Membership for the ensuing year will be ready for issue after the 15th of December; and all Members attending the Evening Meetings will be required to present their Cards on entering.

Members elected within the months of November and December will not have to commence their annual subscriptions till the 1st of January next.

Candidates must be proposed by Two Members, and balloted for by the Committee.

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ART-UNION of LONDON.—Artists intending to compete for the Premium of FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS, offered by this Society, are reminded that their Cartoons must be sent in by the 1st of January next, in plain frames, not exceeding three inches in width, without gilding. Each Artist is requested to send to this Office on or before Monday next, the 1st of December, a sealed letter, containing his name and address, and having on the outside the title of his intended Painting, and a motto or device by which the Cartoon must also be distinguished, in order to enable the Committee to determine what accommodation will be required for the reception of the Cartoons. On Monday the 15th December, Artists will learn, by application at the Office, to what place the Cartoons are to be sent.

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A Letter to the Editor of "The Times," by LUKE JAMES HANSARD.—August 16, 1845.

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On Truth the glorious light has shone,
And Principles have won their way,
How *practically* that is done,
Which "Sovereign Good" to man can sway.

Look at the power-means of Language which shall have conveyed words and sentences from London to York, by electro wires, which, as communicating a generally useful intelligence or a public want, are afterwards committed to paper and printed and published for general use. Are these words the less efficient than those spoken viva voce, merely because the power-means of their speech was unseen and silent, and because it was an agency for helping public good and knowledge, more extensive in its uses, and notoriously diffusive in its intelligence?

A Bold Flight of Knowledge has accomplished this Power for Public Good beyond the presumptuous disputant's or the nervously fearful man's gainsaying.

Look at the power-means of Money-wealth to a nation.

If the Government of a nation diffuses some very invidious and hurtfully limited degree of blessings to its community, by giving solely to its people the tinkling cymbal "Gold," for the standard measure of its money, as the symbol of its wealth, being "Gold" procured from other nations,—why cannot it know its own powers of diffusing freely, and with more than equal efficiency, to the sufficient uses of every human creature, that which is or can be procured from its own nation, the silent representative-wealth of itself and of its nation's industry; which silent representative of wealth it has already partially been obliged to raise, to establish and to operate with, in order to procure the limited degree of possession which it now has of this tinkling cymbal, "Gold," and which it most loves to cherish, as the sole support of its Governmental uses on behalf of itself and its people?

When the increased population of a country needs more money-wealth for its industrial uses, and many suffer misery and want, or become trained in habits of crime, because they have not the chance of honest money-rewarding employment,—then is it as clear a truth, as the electrotype power of language, that the Government power-means of its own representative wealth is, comparatively, equally as indisputable in its efficiency for widely diffusing the blessings of its proper control. And that, under this imperative necessity, it is the duty and province of the Government to understand and use its just means of representative wealth.

It wants but the Bold Flight of the Mind for Truth, in this particular, which will overcome the narrow confines of the long-existing habit of mind which, by its prejudices of fear, has much circumscribed the power-means of the wealth and happiness of all nations in their respective Governments.

By the Deduction from one Known Power, only recently made available, we may draw our conclusions fairly to think, that for all our need, in duly serving to the ways of Divine Providence, we have other as yet Unknown Powers, which, from our want of Christian Faith, we have neglected to avail ourselves of. Who will deny the Truth of these premises of reasonable probabilities by gainsaying the Proposition now offered?

For the sake of the general inducements to industrial employment, and for other future beneficial uses, Railway adventures have been encouraged by the Government of the British nation. These adventures, however, have unhindered gone beyond the length of the tether in the country's money-means to pay. The proper provision now advised by the above publication will fully provide for all the just money-wants of the now serious Railway difficulties, and for many other growing wants which affect the true prosperity and happiness of a growing population, and of a really enlightened Kingdom.

If there be not a sufficiency of recognised type-currency-value circulating as wealth amongst us,—if there be not a sufficiency of this active value-human-property circulating with mankind, "Railways"—after the money and labour spent in establishing them—would immediately become mere grass-grown bye-road bridle-paths, and both the necessity and the pleasure of their use would cease with the profitless exhaustion of the desire for those locomotive facilities; but which, if duly supported, always will create and encourage the growth of this kind of property, and therewith the communion of mind and usefulness.

Without some such provision as that contained in the Proposition "Good!", on the National Debt, for increasing the lawful means of the pecuniary wealth of the community, not only Railways, but every other industrious hope to which, from their spirit-stirring energies, they have given rise, must be signalised by a perfect failure in their power-means of advancing the happy wealth of the industry of this and other nations.

Every willing-labourer wishing to do good service to his fellows is now advancing to the gladdening hope of the employment, and the fair reward of his labour. Many earnest friends, with a quickening courage, have recently sprung up in behalf of this great want of the nation, and there is now a fair prospect of the number of these friends steadily increasing. All we at present need is the right understanding of the due and effective powers to advance this cause.

The Principle Powers of the human creatures are those of communicating to and for each other the knowledge of their respective individual or general and collective wants:—this power is evidently ours, by the free-gift of God to his rational creatures, and it is clearly that of Language. This Power is evidently ours, with an accumulated appreciation in the present day of widely extending and diffusing its blessings amongst us.

To make these blessings perfect there is another adaptive Power wanting; being that which obtains only through the adoption of these rational human creatures, viz. the power of setting in motion exchangeable services, which shall procure, for the benefit of mankind and of all living creatures, the free and active supply of their essential wants:—this power is known amongst men by its denomination as that of "Wealth," whatever at the time may happen to be the type-symbol as the accepted common representative of this adopted wealth. But this power is evidently not ours in the Full possession of its utility, because we have some limiting prejudices in relation to it.

The Proposition now offered is composed in the work above advertised as an inseparable part of the previously advertised Proposition "Good!" on the National Debt.

The Power for "Good" is, however, only profitable to us as we use it; and it is worthy of remark, that is not only frequently, but always, in our Possession, yet that it is deplorably so, when we have neither inclination, knowledge, nor the wisdom of understanding fairly, fully, or fitly to appropriate it.

In working out the Divine intention of a truthful law of Providence—

"Labor vincit omnia;"

this labour, however, is only, through men's agency, the active means to the end. The power, in good faith, to work out the Law of a Brotherly fellowship in fulfilling the ways of the Divine Almighty Providence, is, as it has been at all times, always before us, waiting only for the reasonable good will of man to use it.

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Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches: with Elucidations. By Thomas Carlyle. 2 vols. 8vo. Chapman and Hall.

"WITH elucidations by Thomas Carlyle," on the title-page, implies a certain something which will be thought by various readers to be variously made out. To some it may appear that flashes of new light have been let in upon the character of the Protector: others may by these illuminations be reminded of the humorous epigram on a Chancery suit,—

> "Mr. Leech made a speech,
> Convincing, clear, and strong;
> Mr. Hart, on the other part,
> Was tedious, dull, and long;
> Mr. Parker made that darker
> Which was dark enough without;
> And Mr. Bell, he spoke so well,
> The Chancellor* said, 'I doubt.'"

On Mr. Carlyle's manner and style it would be nonsense to waste criticism. They are his own, *sui generis;* like nothing in the English, and like nothing in the German language. Upon some points they have produced striking effects, and been enthusiastically admired; upon others they have seemed to be most incongruous, and been consequently very much satirised. That they are essentially high-flown and strange, is obvious on every page; that words of pith often emerge from them and make a great impression on the sense, is also true; and so it is of the contrary, that they sometimes puzzle us to such a degree that we cannot define to ourselves distinctly what is meant. There is, above all, a *metaphysicalism* prevading the whole, and pronounced in a jargon which seems to possess an inherent signification which belongs to and can be understood by this school alone, whilst the rest of the world ponder in vain for the peculiar sense of "the earnest man," "manifestations," "heroisms," "unintelligibilities," "utterances," "significances," "flunkayisms," "Glothianisms," "inarticulates," and hundreds of other fantastic phrases which every quotation we make will illustrate.

But, leaving the manner to speak for itself, we come to the matter of this representation of the "Man Cromwell," and the age in which he lived, embracing, in the author's view, nearly all the 17th century. To uphold the Puritan movement throughout, as the noblest manifestation of human intellect and conduct that ever dignified the civilised earth, is the design of the work. It is thus enunciated in the genuine Carlyle "formula:"

"Letters and authentic Utterances of Oliver lie scattered, in print and manuscript, in a hundred repositories, in all varieties of condition and environment. Most of them, all the important of them, have already long since been printed and again printed; but we cannot in general say, ever read: too often it is apparent that the very editor of these poor utterances had, if reading mean understanding, never *read* them. They stand in their old spelling; mispunctuated, misprinted, unelucidated, unintelligible,—defaced with the dark incrustations too well known to students of that Period. The Speeches, above all, as bitherto set forth in *The Somers Tracts*, in *The Milton State-Papers*, in *Burton's Diary*, and other such Books, excel human belief: certainly no such agglomerate of opaque confusions, printed and reprinted; of darkness on the back of darkness, thick and threefold; is known to me elsewhere in the history of things spoken or printed by human creatures. Of these Speeches, all except one, which was published by authority at the time, I have to believe myself, not very exultingly, to be the first actual reader for nearly two Centuries past. Nevertheless these Documents do exist, authentic though defaced; and invite every one who would know that Period, to study them till they become intelligible again. The words of Oliver Cromwell, the meaning *they* had, must be worth recovering in that point of view. To collect these Letters and authentic Utterances, as one's reading yielded them, was a comparatively grateful labour; to correct them, elucidate and make them legible again, was a good historical study. Surely 'a wise memory' would wish to preserve among men the written and spoken words of such a man;—and as for the 'wise obliviou,' that is already, by Time and Accident, done to our hand. Enough is already lost and destroyed; we need not, in this particular case, omit farther. Accordingly, whatever words authentically proceeding from Oliver himself I could any where find yet surviving, I have here gathered; and will now, with such minimum of annotation as may suit that object, offer them to the reader. That is the purport of this Book. I have ventured to believe that, to certain patient earnest readers, those old dim Letters of a noble English Man might, as they had done to myself, become dimly legible again; might dimly present, better than all other evidence, the noble figure of the Man himself again. Certainly there is Historical instruction in these Letters:—Historical, and perhaps other and better. At least it is with Heroes, and god-inspired men that I, for my part, would far rather converse, in what dialect soever they speak! Great, ever fruitful; profitable for reproof, for encouragement, for building up in manful purposes and works, are the words of those that in their day were men. I will advise serious persons, interested in England past or present, to try if they can read a little in these Letters of Oliver Cromwell, a man once deeply interested in the same object. Heavy as it is, and dim and obsolete, there may be worse reading for such persons in our time. For the rest, if each Letter look dim, and have little light after all study;—yet let the Historical reader reflect, such light as it has cannot be disputed at all. These words, expository of that day and hour, Oliver Cromwell did see fittest to be written down. The Letter hangs there in the dark abysses of the Past: if like a star almost extinct, yet like a real star; fixed; about which there is no cavilling possible. That autograph Letter, it was once all luminous as a burning beacon, every word of it a live coal, in its time; it was once a piece of the general fire and light of Human Life, that Letter! Neither is it yet entirely extinct: well read, there is still in it light enough to exhibit its own *self;* nay, to diffuse a faint authentic twilight some distance around it. Heaped embers which in the daylight looked black, may still look *red* in the utter darkness. These Letters of Oliver will convince any man that the Past did exist! By degrees the combined small twilights may produce a kind of general feeble twilight, rendering the Past credible, the Ghosts of the Past in some glimpses of them visible! Such is the effect of contemporary letters always; and I can very confidently recommend Oliver's as good of their kind. A man intent on forcing for himself some path through that gloomy chaos called History of the Seventeenth Century, and looking face to face upon the same, may perhaps try it by this method as hopefully as by another. Here is an irregular row of beacon-fires, once all luminous as suns; and with a certain inextinguishable erubescence still, in the abysses of the dead deep Night. Let us look here. In shadowy outlines, in dimmer and dimmer crowding forms, the very figure of the old dead Time itself may perhaps be faintly discernible here!—"

To us this is awfully luminous darkness,—many incomprehensibles. These unintelligible yet authentic utterances—these opaque confusions dimly presenting the noble figure of the Man himself, and diffusing an authentic twilight—these irregular beacons still with inextinguishable erubescence, affording a crowd of dimmer and dimmer shadow-forms—and, most amazing of all, Old Noll's Letters (such as they are here described) bringing home to us the extraordinary conviction "*that the Past did Exist!*"—do, we confess to our sorrow and and shame, obfuscate our poor brains till they are as dark-bright, dim-clear, and confusedly-intelligent as the imagery in which they are conveyed, though brilliant with live coals, almost extinct (yet real) stars, burning beacons, general fires, and lights of human life.

"There is (continues our author in a similar strain) in these Letters, as I have said above, a *silence* still more significant of Oliver to us than any speech they have. Dimly we discover features of an Intelligence, and Soul of a Man, greater than any speech. The Intelligence that can, with full satisfaction to itself, come out in eloquent speaking, in musical singing, is, after all, a small Intelligence. He that works and *does* some Poem, not he that merely *says* one, is worthy of the name of Poet. Cromwell, emblem of the dumb English, is interesting to me by the very inadequacy of his speech. Heroic insight, valour and belief, without words,—how noble is it in comparison to eloquent words without heroic insight!—"

Such are the paradoxes in which highly imaginative writers may wrap themselves. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico* is dilated into these startling contrasts. Silence expresses more than speech,—ideas framed out of dimly-discovered objects are superior to actual intelligence,—works taken for granted are more irresistible signs of a great poet than if he had written (said) like Milton or Shakspere,—dumb English (whatever it may be) beats the most eloquent words all to shivers: stammering, according to this rule, should be a mid-

* Eldon: whose biography, so far as the first 2 vols. were concerned, we cleared off in our last *Gazette*, where the appearance of the third is also announced.

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sion, *i. e.* superior to plain speaking, but not so potential as no-speaking; and, in this case, we should like to know what Mr. Thomas Hunt would do with his pupils, whom he has hitherto so successfully relieved of what was considered a painful and injurious impediment!

But excellent as the Cromwell Papers have been demonstrated to be in consequence of and in proportion to their obscurity, Mr. Carlyle has taken upon himself the uncalled-for task of spoiling them, by removing their glorious defects, and converting them into commonplace intelligibilities!

"I have (he says) corrected the spelling of these Letters; I have punctuated, and divided them into paragraphs, in the modern manner. The Originals, so far as I have seen such, have in general no paragraphs: if the Letter is short, it is usually found written on the first leaf of the sheet; often with the conclusion, or some postscript, subjoined crosswise on the margin, —indicating that there was no blotting-paper in those days; that the hasty writer was loath to turn the leaf. Oliver's spelling and pointing are of the sort common to educated persons in his time; and readers that wish it may have specimens of him in abundance, and of all due dimness, in many printed Books: but to us, intent here to have the Letters read and understood, it seemed very proper at once and altogether to get rid of that encumbrance. Would the rest were all as easily got rid of! Here and there, to bring out the struggling sense, I have added or rectified a word,—but taken care to point out the same; what words in the Text of the Letters are mine, the reader will find marked off by single commas: it was of course my supreme duty to avoid altering, in any respect, not only the sense, but the smallest feature in the physiognomy, of the Original. And so, 'a minimum of annotation' having been added, what minimum would serve the purpose, —here are the *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*; of which the reader, with my best wishes, but not with any very high immediate hops of mine in that particular, is to make what he can."

Mr. C. then proceeds to acknowledge that, after all, this labour must be comparatively, if not quite useless; and compares the men of the 17th century with those of the present day, to prove the fact.

"Surely (he continues) it is far enough from probable that these Letters of Cromwell, written originally for quite other objects, and selected not by the Genius of History, but by blind Accident which has saved them hitherto and destroyed the rest,—can illuminate for a modern man this Period of our Annals, which for all moderns, we may say, has become a gulf of bottomless darkness! Not so easily will the modern man domesticate himself in a scene of things every way so foreign to him. Nor could any measurable exposition of mine, on this present occasion, do much to illuminate the dead dark world of the Seventeenth Century, into which the reader is about to enter. He will gradually get to understand, as I have said, that the Seventeenth Century did exist; that it was not a waste rubbish-continent of Rushworth-Nalson State-papers, of Philosophical Scepticisms, Dilettantisms, Dryasdust Torpedoisms;—but an actual flesh-and-blood Fact; with colour in its cheeks, with awful august heroic thoughts in its heart, and at last with steel sword in its hand! Theoretically this is a most small postulate, conceded at once by everybody; but practically it is a very large one, seldom or never conceded; the due practhe sure promise of all.—I will venture to give the reader two little pieces of advice, which, if his experience resemble mine, may prove furthersome to him in this inquiry; they include the essence of all that I have discovered respecting it. The first is, By no means to credit the wide-spread report that these Seventeenth-Century Puritans were superstitious crack-brained persons; given up to enthusiasm, the most part of them; the minor ruling part being cunning men, who knew how to assume the dialect of the others, and thereby, as skilful Machiavels, to dupe them. This is a wide-spread report; but an untrue one. I advise my reader to try precisely the opposite hypothesis. To consider that his Fathers, who had thought about this World very seriously indeed, and with very considerable thinking faculty indeed, were not quite so far behindhand in their conclusions respecting it. That actually their 'enthusiasms,' if well seen into, were not foolish but wise. That Machiavelism, Cant, Official Jargon, whereby a man speaks openly what he does *not* mean, were, surprising as it may seem, much rarer then than they have ever since been. Really and truly it may in a manner be said, Cant, Parliamentary and other Jargon, were still to invent in this world. O Heavens, one could weep at the contrast! Cant was not fashionable at all; that stupendous invention of 'Speech for the purpose of concealing Thought' was not yet made. A man wagging the tongue of him, as if it were the clapper of a bell to be rung for economic purposes, and not so much as attempting to convey any inner thought, if thought he have, of the matter talked of,—would at that date have awakened all the horror in men's minds, which at all dates, and at this date too, is due to him. The accursed thing! No man as yet dared to do it; all men believing that God would judge them. In the History of the Civil War far and wide, I have not fallen in with one such phenomenon. Even Archbishop Laud and Peter Heylin meant what they say; through their words you do look direct into the scraggy conviction they have formed:—or if 'lying Peter' do lie, he at least *knows* that he is lying! Lord Clarendon, a man of sufficient unveracity of heart, to whom indeed whatsoever has direct veracity of heart is more or less horrible, speaks always in official language; a clothed, nay, sometimes even *quilted* dialect, yet always with some considerable body in the heart of it, never with none! The use of the human tongue was then other than it now is. I counsel the reader to leave all that of Cant, Dupery, Machiavelism, and so forth, decisively lying at the threshold. He will be wise to believe that these Puritans do mean what they say, and to try unimpeded if he can discover what that is. Gradually a very stupendous phenomenon may rise on his astonished eye. A practical world based on Belief in God;—such as many centuries had seen before, but as never any century since has been privileged to see. It was the last glimpse of it in our world, this of English Puritanism: very great, very glorious; tragical enough to all thinking hearts that look on it from these days of ours. My second advice is, Not to imagine that it was Constitution, 'Liberty of the people to tax themselves,' Privilege of Parliament, Triennial or annual Parliaments, or any modification of these sublime Privileges now waxing somewhat faint in our admirations, that mainly animated our Cromwells, Pyms, and Hampdens to the heroic efforts we still admire in retrospect. Not these very measurable 'Privileges,' but a far other and deeper, which could not be improvements whatsoever, are the corollary. Our ancient Puritan Reformers were, as all Reformers that will ever much benefit this Earth are always, inspired by a Heavenly Purpose. To see God's own Law, then universally acknowledged for complete as it stood in the holy Written Book, made good in this world; to see this, or the true unwearied aim and struggle towards this: it was a thing worth living for and dying for! Eternal Justice; that God's Will *be* done on Earth as it is in Heaven: corollaries enough will flow from that, if that be there; if that be not there, no corollary good for much will flow. It was the general spirit of England in the Seventeenth Century. In other somewhat sadly disfigured form, we have seen the same immortal hope take practical shape in the French Revolution, and once more astonish the world. That England should all become a Church, if you like to name it so: a Church, presided over not by sham-priests in 'Four surplices at Allhallowtide,' but by true god-consecrated ones, whose hearts the Most High had touched and hallowed with his fire: —this was the prayer of many, it was the godlike hope and effort of some. Our modern methods of Reform differ somewhat,—as indeed the issue testifies. I will advise my reader to forget the modern methods of Reform; not to remember that he has ever heard of a modern individual called by the name of Reformer, if he would understand what the old meaning of the word was. The Cromwells, Pyms, Hampdens, who were understood on the Royalist side to be firebrands of the Devil, have had still worse measure from the Dryasdust Philosophies, and sceptical Histories, of later times. They really did resemble firebrands of the Devil, if you looked at them through spectacles of a certain colour. For fire is always fire. But by no spectacles, only by mere blinders and *wooden-eyed* spectacles, can the flame-girt Heaven's-messenger pass for a poor mouldy Pedant and Constitution-monger, such as this would make him out to be! On the whole, say not, good reader, as is often done, 'It was then all one as now.' Good reader, it was considerably different then from now. Men indolently say, 'The 'Ages are all alike; ever the same sorry ele'ments over again, in new vesture; the issue 'of it always a melancholy farce-tragedy, in 'one Age as in another!' Wherein lies very obviously a truth; but also in secret a very sad error withal. Sure enough, the highest Life touches always, by large sections of it, on the vulgar and universal: he that expects to see a Hero, or a Heroic Age, step forth into practice in yellow Drury-lane stage-boots, and speak in blank verse for itself, will look long in vain. Sure enough, in the Heroic Century as in the Unheroic, knaves and cowards, and cunning greedy persons were not wanting,—were, if you will, extremely abundant. But the question always remains, Did they lie chained, subordinate in this world's business; coerced by steel-whips, or in whatever other effectual way, and sent whimpering into their due subterranean abodes, to beat hemp and repent; a true never-ending attempt going on to handcuff, to silence and suppress them? Or did they walk openly abroad, the envy of a general valet-population, and bear sway; professing, without universal anathems, almost with general assent, that they were the Orthodox Party, that they, even they, were such men as you had right to look for?—Reader, the Ages differ greatly, even infinitely, from one another. Considerable tracts of Ages there have been, by far the majority indeed, wherein the men, unfortunate

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mortals, were a set of mimetic creatures rather than men; without heart-insight as to this Universe, and its Heights and its Abysses; without conviction or belief of their own regarding it, at all;—who walked merely by hearsays, traditionary cants, black and white surplices, and inane confusions;—whose whole Existence accordingly was a grimace; nothing *original* in it, nothing genuine or sincere but this only, Their greediness of appetite and their faculty of digestion. Such unhappy Ages, too numerous here below, the Genius of Mankind indignantly seizes, as disgraceful to the Family, and with Rhadamanthine ruthlessness — annihilates; tumbles large masses of them swiftly into eternal Night. These are the Unheroic Ages; which cannot serve, on the general field of Existence, except as *dust*, as inorganic manure. The memory of such Ages fades away for ever out of the minds of all men. Why should any memory of *them* continue? The fashion of them has passed away; and as for genuine substance, they never had any. To no heart of a man any more can these Ages become lovely. What melodious loving heart will search into *their* records, will sing of them, or celebrate them? Even torpid Dryasdust is forced to give over at last, all creatures declining to hear him on that subject; whereupon ensues composure and silence, and Oblivion has her own. Good reader, if you be wise, search not for the secret of Heroic Ages, which have done great things in this Earth, among their falsities, their greedy quackeries and unheroisms! It never lies and never will lie there. Knaves and quacks,—alas, we know they abounded: but the Age was Heroic even because it had declared war to the death with these, and would have neither truce nor treaty with these; and went forth, flame-crowned, as with bared sword, and called the Most High to witness that it would not endure these!"

Here we must pause: but have much more to say on this remarkable production, and its singular Introduction of 124 pages, from only a dozen of which we have made these extracts.

England's Worthies, under whom all the Civill and Bloudy Warres since Anno 1642 to Anno 1647, are related. By John Vicars. London, for *John Russell Smith*, and are to be Sold at his Shop in *Old Compton Street*, neere unto *Soho Square*. 1845.

That distance lends enchantment to the view, has been sung by the poet; that objects seen through a haze are much enlarged, has been observed by the naturalist; and that men and things removed from us by a long vista of misty time are apt to be magnified into strange forms, is shown by almost every essay to clear their proportions, and define their outlines. We have in this *Gazette* set before our readers a part of the cloud-statue of Cromwell, as executed by Mr. Carlyle (not for the House of Peers); and by an odd coincidence, we are prompted to set by its side a little contemporary figure of the same hero.

The reprint* of *England's Worthies* is a literary curiosity; being a perfect *fac-simile* of the Vicars of two centuries ago, with the portraits engraved exactly in the same style, and altogether a very singular production for bibliomaniacs to prize. Vicars was an usher in Christ's Hospital, and a thorough Presbyterian. Foulis, in his *History of Plots*, says he could out-scold the boldest face in Billingsgate, especially if kings, bishops, organs, or Maypoles were to be the objects of his zealous indignation. But of the author enough: we have in this peculiar volume his biographies and effigies of the Worthies of his day, the Earls of Essex, Warwick, Manchester, Denbigh, and Leven (David Lesley), Lord Fairfax, Sir Thomas Fairfax, Gen. Skippon, Massey, Brereton, Sir W. Waller, Poyntz, and others; and among the foremost, no doubt, Oliver Cromwell. Of that celebrated person the following is his account; and it may well serve as a companion-portrait to the more modern painting:

"*Oliver Cromwell, Esq. Generall of the Horse.* — First, this most valiant and victorious commander, serving in the late unhappy and unruly warres of this Kingdome under the most noble Generall the Earle of *Manchester* for the preservation of the Associated Counties, in *May* 1643, being in *Lincolnshire* with a considerable strength of horse and foot, gave the Cavaliers of *Newarke* a brave defeat neere unto *Grantham*, whom hee bravely beat out of the field, had full execution on them in their flight at least two or three miles together, slew about 100 of them at the least, tooke 45 prisoners together with many horse and Armes, 4 or 5 of their Colours, and rescued many of our owne men whom they had taken prisoners. 2. In *July* 1643, he raised the siege of *Gainsborough*, which had been strongly begirt by the Atheisticall Earle of *Newcastle*, whom there he soundly cudgelled away and obtained a most famous Victory of him, and in the fight slew Generall *Cavendish*, Colonell *Beeton*, and a Lieutenant Colonell, one Serjeant Major, and one Captaine, together with an 100 more Officers and common souldiers which were slaine on the place, and at least 150 prisoners, with many horse and Armes. 3. Immediately after this he took *Burleigh* house by storm, wherein hee took prisoners, 2 Col. 6 or 7 Cap. 3 or 400 foot, neere 200 horse, with all the Armes and Ammunition therein, and much and rich pillage within the house. 4. At the famous fight and glorious victory obtained at *Marston-Moore*, against Prince *Rupert*, the Marquesse of *Newcastle* &c. Hee behaved himselfe most bravely at the first on-set in that battle, but receiving (at the first charge) a wound in his neck, was faln to be conveyed out of the field, committing the further leading on of his brave Regiment to Major Generell *Crawford*. 5. Also, about the midst of *June*, 1645, he was a most valiant and undaunted actor and instrument in winning of that most famous and ever to be memorized victory of *Naseby*, under the command of the thrice Noble and most renowned Generall Sir *Thomas Fairfax*. 6. And in *August* following, hee most bravely beat above 2000 Club-men, who were desperately gathered together in a body in Armes at *Hambleton-hill* neere *Blanford* in the West, when hee took 300 of them prisoners, slew but about 12 in the place (hee endeavouring most nobly to overcome them by treaty and intreaties, and to shed as little blood as might be) tooke from them at least 2000 Armes of all sortes, all their Colours and Drums and other baggage, and so happily and honourably appeased that dangerous insurrection. 7. He also had a second principal fame (together with most noble and renowned Major Generall *Massey*) in the winning that famous Victory, which was obtained through fire and water, by these two most brave Commanders at *Langport*, in the West. 8. In brief, hee indeed and Major Gen. *Massey*, were two of the prime and principall actors in very many or most of the most famous and renowned Victories obtained by and under our ever to be honoured famous & faithfull Generall Sir *Thomas Fairfax*, in the westerne parts of the Kingdome, where they all three purchased the undeliable prizes of eternall praises, honour and renown. And he was, before the Warre began, chosen a Member of the honourable house of Commons in Parliament."

* "Reprinted by *Henry S. Richardson*, Dwelling in *Stockwell Street*, over against the *Church*, in *Greenwich*, in *Kent*."

Rambles in the United States and Canada, during the Year 1845, with a Short Account of Oregon. By Rubio. Pp. 259. London, S. Clarke.

The spirit in which these Rambles are written is not such as to beget confidence; but they seem to proceed from a person in a different class of life from our ordinary travellers, and where he comes upon his own grounds there is some information to be obtained from him, and, in spite of his rancorous denunciations, it is possible to gather a few not unimportant facts and truths.

He sets off at score upon American national vanity, and in language might be reckoned a fair match for the most intemperate and vulgar of the Yankee democratic press. Pull baker—pull devil.

"All that nature has done for America is great and noble, on a magnificent and gigantic scale; her rivers, mountains, lakes, cataracts, forests, plains, minerals, heats, frosts, fevers, and premature deaths, are all astounding and calculated to inspire us with awe. But, on the other hand, it is not so with the inhabitants; the man inspire us with very different feelings, from their vulgarity, hypocrisy, ignorance, and dishonesty, together with their constant sordid and grovelling pursuit of dollars and cents, and in obtaining which they do not appear to be particularly successful, as there is scarce a dollar to be seen in circulation through the whole country. With regard to the barefaced hypocrisy and dishonesty of Americans in the eastern and middle states, I am perfectly borne out by one of their most clever and popular preachers, who said in one of his most admired sermons, delivered in New England, 'You come here, and by a listless attendance at the house of God on Sundays, and the austere observance of the appointed fast-days, you expect to atone for all your wicked actions, wrong thoughts, and unholy feelings in the past week—a six days' life of meanness, deception, rottenness, and sin!' Who knew so well as this eminent teacher and preacher the weak points of his congregation? And how can we look with any thing like respect upon a people who deserve such a severity of reproof? The fact is, it is not in the nature of things for an American to listen to the old saying, that 'honesty is the best policy;' they cannot believe it; and, whilst the nations of all the rest of the world look upon it, not only as a wise proverb, but an axiom of the profoundest philosophy, the American reading is entirely different, their maxim being that 'roguery is the best policy!' I certainly will not go so far as a French friend of mine who had resided twenty-five years in the States, and gave it as his opinion, that the next best speculation after General Tom Thumb, would be to find a complete American gentleman—that *rara avis in terris*—and exhibit him in London and Paris at a shilling a head! Though every one must admit, who travels through the United States, that the humanising influences of polished society are entirely wanting throughout that country: and, therefore, it is no wonder the Americans are generally vulgar: but why they should be hypocrites in the northern states, rogues in the middle, and ruffians in the south, is not so easily accounted for. The western states have as yet hardly earned any peculiar

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and distinguishing character, except for industry and enterprise under all the disadvantages of a deadly climate."

If this is not abusive enough, we do not know what ruffienly condemnation is; and yet we have read New York, and Washington, and other United States newspapers of the same kidney. Chapter second goes on in a more mixed strain, but its bearing may be guessed from its heads; as "Landing at Puddle Dock—No Lodgings—New York filth—The Port—No Names to the Streets—Fires every Night—Boarding-Houses—Nothing eatable or drinkable in them—Americans adulterate every thing—Eat like Wolves—Men have no Shoulders, Females no Bosoms—Ladies far from Pretty—No old People to be seen." The other is not mealy-mouthed. Having landed at New York, he tells:

"We were some thirty or forty at breakfast. The men ate like wolves, and, cheap it was, I reckoned it cost them a shilling per minute.* Little children, who also assemble at these tables, were permitted by their foolish mothers to be guzzling raw rump-steaks swimming in fat, at six o'clock in the morning! There is also at the breakfast-table a profusion of nice-looking hot yellow cakes, called, I believe, Johnny cakes, made of Indian corn, but they are like mush and hommaney—only fit for pigs or prisoners. This valuable grain, which is one of the greatest gifts of nature, and which is more extensively cultivated in the States than in any other country, under the single name of green corn, forms a delicious dish of vegetable at dinner, little inferior to green peas, but in every other shape or manner of preparation it is perfectly execrable, and would scarcely be eaten by a Scotchman, although accustomed to his oatmeal-porridge. Though not important, it still deserves mentioning, that at what may be called the cruet-department of an American dinner-table, an Englishman feels greatly disappointed. The mustard, pepper, vinegar, &c. form the most detestable collection of nastiness ever put upon a table-cloth, and perfectly impossible for an Englishman to touch. This is not merely the case at the dollar boarding-houses, but it is universal all over the cities and towns of the sea-board and the interior. In Broadway, the principal street in New York, but not near so fine as Regent Street or Oxford Street, the characteristics of the Americans as a people are hardly to be distinguished, as nearly one-third of the passengers are foreigners; but in walking leisurely through the other principal streets, the physical conformation of the true-blooded Yankee, as he calls himself, begins to be developed. The men have no shoulders: they are tall and lathy like corn-stalks, and under the nape of the neck they are sometimes as narrow as a female. The ladies of New York have been through all time, which means about fifty years, so famous for their beauty, that I know I shall be accused of heresy, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness if I say that it is entirely a mistake. But the truth must be told, and I have seen more pretty women in London in one day, than I ever saw during all my rambles in the United States. That *prominent* point of female loveliness, and which the whole English race so much excel in, is entirely wanting in the American ladies: they are as flat as their own horrid sea-coast; and though they artfully endeavour to conceal this national deficiency by a peculiar, newly-invented, and really very ingenious corset, yet it will not do; our imaginings return unsatisfied, and our worst suspicions come back confirmed. But it must be confessed, that what they want in busts they make up in bustles, and to an excess that shocks an English female, and which is so glaring and preposterous as to be downright indelicate. The pure red and white of English complexions must not be looked for in any part of the States. The lilies and the carnations are not of American growth; the men are sallow, and the women tallow."

A little further on we find a curious notice of President Polk:

"We were discussing the inauguration speech of lawyer Polk, which had just come out. Nobody knew this man or any thing about him, except that at the last election for President in 1841, when General Harrison came in against Van Buren, there was an obscure young man from Tennessee started for the vice-presidency—as Vincent, Oastler, or Nicholson might do for London or Westminster—when Captain Tyler, an acknowledged imbecile, gained the day, the numbers standing thus at the close of the poll, viz.

Tyler	234 votes.
Johnson	49 "
Tasewell	11 "
James K. Polk	1 "

And an obscure Jew lawyer, in a country village where the Lucius and Leonidas Polks reside, in Tennessee, in a standing advertisement before and after the election thus makes use of his name.* Such a decisive blow as one vote only would, in most men, have indicated a tolerably broad hint to the ambitious lawyer to retire altogether from further troubling his friends; but no, the rejected for the vice-presidency four years after, at the next election, actually starts for the presidency, and gains it too, over the most accomplished, most virtuous, the best informed, and most suitable man in all America! What must he say, therefore, in his inauguration speech, for such a flattering reception, such an overwhelming preference? Why, of course, he must lay it on thick—go the whole figure—flatter the worst passions of those who elected him, and by all sorts of grand, eloquent, and thundering announcements about Texas, as *un fait accompli*, and 'Oregon ours without negotiation,' et cetera, et cetera, et cetera, send his kind hearers home satisfied and contented. But don't be frightened, my Lord Aberdeen, it is all trick, *inania verba*—words full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. A mere election after-dinner speech, and really and positively not intended to cross the Atlantic. When this speech was penned the orator had no reference to any other readers than his own countrymen, and in justice to Polk this ought to be known, that his roaring means nothing."

But *de hoc quære!* But we eschew politics; and especially under such a guide as this. We pass too his trip into Canada, and very favourable opinion of that country as contrasted with the United States. He then perambulates the west and south.

"St. Louis and Chicago are both getting on fully as rapidly as ever Cincinnati did, and promise to become as great. The only ham that I ever saw in the States that could be pronounced eatable was at Cincinnati; but to look for a rasher of bacon in this paradise of pigs would be useless, the Americans do not know what it means; they have the name and also the thing, but, tell it not in Gath! it is as much like London bacon as the filthy American red herrings are like our Yarmouth bloaters! Nevertheless, Cincinnati is a very tolerable place, and, were I transported to the States, and compelled to live there, which God forbid!

'And drag at each remove a lengthening chain,'

I think I might hope for fewest annoyances by fixing my quarters at the Buckeye city. This is, after all, but a faint degree of praise; but it is something to learn that there is a spot in this most disagreeable of all disagreeable countries, where an Englishman of spirit and of moderate taste and desires could contrive to pass away his time without being much insulted. The society of Cincinnati is good and literate too, which is an extraordinary thing to say for an American town. I had letters of introduction to one of the principal inhabitants, the Honourable Judge Maclean, but I understood he had not returned from his judicial business in Michigan, and I did not care about any other introductions. The judge, I learned, was a man out of ten thousand, full of virtue, intellect, and knowledge; and will probably be put in nomination for the presidency in 1848, by the young and feeble party called the Native Americans, or Young America; but the judge is too honest and too good a man to be successful in such a contest, and he will most likely reap no other honour or reward than being rejected, like Henry Clay! * * *

"I saw, in St. Louis, a widow and a mother at fifteen, which is at all times a melancholy sight, but which could never be seen in England. It is the more melancholy in America, inasmuch as it proves the greater mortality among the men, which is allowed on all hands, and because the American ladies are at best but helpless creatures, and more especially at that tender age. The early marriages of the American girls is always remarkable, and some writer has observed, that they no sooner put down their dolls than they take up their infants, which is often true; but they may well dispense with dolls, for they are nothing but dolls themselves all their lives. They absolutely know nothing; and the father of a family of four daughters, and who had often himself been in England as a buyer of Birmingham and Sheffield goods, told me, that not one of his girls knew any thing more about making a pudding than George the Third did. Indeed, he doubted if either of them knew how to lay the cloth for breakfast; but as for melting a little butter, or boiling a potatoe, it was as foreign to them as algebra. The reason, he said, was plain: often born, and always reared, as they call it, in boarding-houses, they never see any thing of the kitchen—which is in possession of a black cook—perhaps, all their lives. There is a good deal to impress a stranger with in this distant city of St. Louis, and the busy wharf was a constant excursion."

Returning to the coast we make the following quotations, and with them leave Rubio to his fate, which, in America, would be tarring and feathering, on the road to Lynch-law.

"The abundance of good coals at Philadelphia, and all through this extensive state, points the city out as the future seat of important

* "A New York shilling is worth an English sixpence."

* "HENRY C. LEVY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Trenton, Tenn.,
Will promptly attend to all business intrusted to his care, throughout the western district of Tenn.

REFERENCES.

James K. Polk . . .	Columbia, Tenn.
A. W. O. Totten	Jackson, "
Milton Brown	" "
N. J. Hess	Trenton, "
Buckley, Crockett, and Co.	New Orleans.
Cave and Shaffer . .	Philadelphia.

October 14."

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manufactures; and, with cheap food and cheap fuel, the Americans, without any protecting tariff, ought to undersell the world. With a five-pound white loaf for sixpence, and a roasting-piece of beef for threepence per pound, they need not be afraid of Manchester or Leeds. All they have to do is, to aim at making better goods. The American printed cottons, after returning from Canada, where they are so beautiful, looked dull and dingy, as if they had been exposed in a shop-window the whole summer months; the cloth is good enough, perhaps stronger than our own, but the management and mixture of the colours is abominable. So much for protection. The Americans will never be a wool-growing people; that is, not sufficiently so for their domestic wants. The climate is not congenial to sheep, and they are an expensive stock where the winters are so long and severe as they are in all sections of the Union, compelling the farmers to build costly sheds, and lay up large provision of hay and other food for seven months' artificial keep. And yet an American writer, who published a volume in 1825, stated in his book that, in twenty years from that time (viz. 1845), the export of sheep's wool from the United States would be so extensive as nearly to rival that of cotton. Whereas the export of sheep's wool is, now that we have arrived at the limit of his twenty years, just nothing. This is exactly an example of the perpetual future tense of this boasting people. It is always, 'We shall or will be.' * * * Shoes are an immense article of American manufacture; and in the state of Massachusetts the value of boots and shoes sold every year exceeds 3,000,000*l.* sterling. Of course, every one in the States buys his highlows ready made, the combination of eastern shoe-factories on so large a scale putting private snobs out of the question. They could not get bread and cheese, and are only to be seen, and that rarely, in the chief cities of the coast, such as New York and Philadelphia. Clock-making is also a great trade; very showy mahogany and brass clocks being retailed all over the country at twelve and as high as sixteen shillings each, bringing in vast sums to the makers. One man lately purchased 10,000 of them at a reduced price, in New England, at something like 9*s.* 6*d.* each, shipped them in a vessel just going to China, and jumped in himself as passenger; and having made a good sale of his adventure, at about 30*s.* each to Fouqui, he came back again in less than twelve months a man of fortune, acquired in a single speculation. Such is American enterprise. * * * Soap and tobacco are both great articles of manufacture, and are shipped by these adventurers to all parts of the world; and as tallow, alkali, rosin, and water are abundant enough in all parts of the east coast, the soap is very cheap, and, as might be expected, very bad. I have seen soap marked up at one penny a pound; and, as rosin is only two shillings per cwt., the manufacturers of soap throw in as much as possible in order to reduce the price; but still tens of thousands of boxes of soap are shipped every month from New York, bad as it is; and it is most likely a good trade, or it would not be continued. * * * The thermometer stood at 90 degrees every day during my stay at Philadelphia; but, though hot, it did not interfere with perambulating the spacious streets of the city. Walking slowly, and choosing the shady side of the street, I usually returned to the hotel but slightly fatigued. I left this city without regret, just as I had left every place in the country, hoping that no possible chance in my future life might bring me near them again. The Americans are truly a vulgar, ignorant, bragging, spitting, melancholy, sickly people. Passing their lives in a high state of mental excitement, some kill themselves with drink, and some with tobacco; some are hurried to the ever-yawning gates of their cemeteries by excesses in religion, or excesses in politics, excesses in commerce, or excesses in speculations, or tribulations of mind induced by a combination of these causes. But calamity is not of very long life in America; for the men are soon dead, and soon forgotten. Duels and assassinations also help to thin their ranks; for, strange as it may appear, it can be proved that, famous as Italy, Sicily, and Spain are for the stiletto, there are many more assassinations and stabbings in the slave-states of America than in all those countries put together. This is a melancholy truth; but as the minds of the masters in the southern states insensibly become degraded by the mere contact, not to say association, with beings so degraded as their slaves, the moral sense becomes blunted, they care little for assassination or for murder, and nothing for stabbing and maiming. * * * As the Americans are for ever talking about war, and how they mean to lick the British whenever the opportunity is given them, it was interesting to inquire into the strength of their military force, which, in round numbers, may be reckoned at 10,000 effective men, including cavalry, artillery, ordnance, waggon and store department. This force, with a trifling exception, is employed in Florida, and the frontier states nearest Texas, Fort Gibson, Fort Learmouth, &c. &c., to overawe the Indians, and give protection to the Santa Fé and Oregon travellers; whilst a few may be seen at Detroit, and other stations on the Canada frontier. It is not a favourite service; and, though I often see the recruiting offices and the money inducements printed and placarded about the towns of the interior for volunteers, there is great difficulty in procuring even Irishmen to enter, because all classes of labourers in America can do better than being shot at for one shilling a day. The navy is a better service, more comfortable, and better paid, and not like the military, stuck up for years in distant garrisons, looking after Indians. The total number of sailors in the United States' navy is 6100, of whom 960 are stated to be native-born Americans, the rest being principally English, with a few Swedes and Hanseatics. Their pay is fifteen dollars a month, and two dollars per month additional if they don't draw any grog ration. This is fully equal to three pounds ten shillings per month. Without this high rate of wages it would be next to impossible for the secretary of the navy to man the ships. The navy of the United States is very respectable. Taking their navy list, it appears that they have, of all classes of ships—old, rotten, on the stocks, and on their rivers and lakes, in China and the Pacific—a grand total of seventy-six; namely, ten line-of-battle ships, twelve frigates of the first class, two of the second class, twenty-three sloops-of-war, eight brigs, eight schooners, eight steamers, together with four store-ships and brigs; but it may be safely reckoned that between forty and fifty of this list are really superior, formidable vessels, and immediately available for any service or emergency. Five ships of the line, alongside of which, they say, our 'Victory' looks like a frigate, might be ready for sea in a month, and about six first-class frigates, rated as forty-fours, but really more resembling our razee, 'Warspite,' which may be considered one of the best ships of her class. The Americans have only one razee, the 'Independence,' fifty-four, a description of ship that hitherto has not been seen in any of our navy yards, but which we shall soon have to exhibit in a few razees now constructing out of some old first-rates that have not seen much service. About twenty sloops, or small frigates, might also be made immediately available, provided they could find hands; and nothing but the high wages of seventy shillings sterling per month to the temperance sailors, and the late act abolishing flogging, could enable them to man their ships. It has been proved over and over again that the seamen are far more efficient and healthy, as well as in better discipline, without grog than with it; and a drink of hot cocoa or coffee when they reef topsails is more agreeable to the hardy sailor than the stimulus of grog in the British navy."*

And with *these* extracts we think we may conclude *this* view of America and the Americans. From what we have cited it will appear that our estimate of it is pretty nearly correct, viz. that there are some grains of intelligence in bushels of "chaffing;" and that the Americans who have sense and temper enough to laugh at it will shew themselves rational.

A Supplement to the History of British Birds. By W. Yarrell, F.L.S., V.P.Z.S. Pp. 53. Van Voorst.

The nest of British ornithology owes as much to the constant incumbent care of Mr. Yarrell as the farmyard does to the best of sitting hens. Not an egg is hatched without their superintendence. The present interesting addition to his *History of British Birds* is indispensable to the first edition of that valuable repository, and must be most acceptable to its possessors. The naturalist will find the griffon vulture, the spotted eagle, the rock-thrush, the white wagtail, the crested lark, the red-winged starling, the great spotted cuckoo, the Barbary partridge, the Andalusian hemipode, and the white-winged black tern added here to our national list, and beautifully engraved, as well as accurately and scientifically described.

We quote four passages of the newest information in proof.

The Spotted Eagle.—"This eagle, very similar in its appearance to our well-known golden eagle, but almost one-third smaller in size, inhabits the Apennines and other mountains of central Europe. It is *le petit aigle ou aigle tacheté* of the Animal Kingdom of Baron Cuvier, who mentions that it was so tractable as to be employed in falconry, but would only attack small or weak animals, and was otherwise deficient in courage. M. Vieillot includes this species in his birds of France, and mentions that it preys upon pigeons, rats, and particularly upon ducks; from which latter circumstance it had

* "An American writer of the present day thus lays down the difference which he understands to exist between his countrymen and the English:—'By the American institutions every citizen is in himself a sovereign, and possesses, as a matter of course, every natural right and its consequences that monarchs grant by special act of grace to their obedient subjects. While Europeans range in varying subordinate degrees, the citizens of our glorious republic have a right to rank with kings.' In a mad prospectus for a railroad, only 4000 miles long, to Oregon, the projector finishes with the following specimen of the grand:—'Arouse, then, Americans, and obey the mandate which destiny has imposed upon you for the redemption of a world. Send forth upon its mighty errand the spirit of enfranchised man, the spirit of liberty and philanthropy, to the uttermost ends of the earth, in a fulness that shall realise the fondest dreams of the millennium; nor let it pause until it bears down every barrier of unrighteous power, till it enlarges the boundaries of freedom to the last meridian, and spreads its influence from pole to pole.'"

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been called *anataria*. It builds on high trees, laying two whitish eggs, slightly streaked with red, and it feeds on small quadrupeds and birds. This species has been killed in Belgium, and is included by MM. Meyer, Brehm, and Naumann in their histories of the birds of Germany; it is found also in Russia and Siberia, but not, I believe, in Denmark, Sweden, or Norway. South of the countries of Europe first mentioned, this eagle is found in Provence, according to Polydore Roux and M. Schembri; and M. Savi includes it in his Birds of Italy. M. Malherbe says this species inhabits the centre of Sicily. One nest was discovered, containing two eaglets and a mass of bones and skeletons of rabbits and reptiles; but that which created the greatest surprise was, to find underneath this large nest seven nests of the tree-sparrow, containing eggs and young birds; and these little finches seemed to apprehend no danger in establishing themselves thus near the habitation of so formidable an enemy."

The Rock Thrush "was obtained on the 19th of May, 1843, by Mr. Joseph Trigg, who shot it at Therfield, near Royston, in Hertfordshire, while it was sitting on an ash-tree in the evening of the day mentioned. I saw the specimen before it was skinned for preservation by Mr. John Norman, of Royston, and received the first notice of the occurrence from my friend Thomas Wortham, Esq., whose influence with Mr. Trigg obtained for me the loan of the bird for my use in this work; and I beg to return my best thanks to all the parties, for the opportunity thus afforded me of figuring and describing the first example of the rock-thrush that has been known to occur in this country. I have now very recently heard of another specimen shot by a gamekeeper, who, not aware of the interest attached to such a bird, saved only the head and neck; but this portion having been shewn to a gentleman conversant with ornithology, the species was identified without difficulty from its peculiar colouring. * * * The male bird is an excellent songster, his notes resembling those of the blackcap warbler; and this bird has been known to live five years in confinement, singing even at night if a candle was placed near the cage. In its natural state the rock-thrush is a very shy bird, and difficult of approach, avoiding pursuit, and settling on the upper parts of pointed rocks, from which it is able to command the view all around. The pair make their nest in a fissure of the rock, or among the loose rough masses at the base; and M. Temminck states that the nest is constructed of moss, in which four eggs are deposited, of a greenish blue colour, without spots."

The Great Spotted Cuckoo.—"This species inhabits Senegal and North Africa. Our countryman Edwards, in his notice of the subject of his 57th plate, says, 'I suppose this bird to be an alternate inhabitant of the southern parts of Europe and the northern parts of Africa, since it was shot on its supposed passage, on the rock of Gibraltar, in Spain, by an English officer there, who sent it to his brother, Mr. Mark Catesby, of London, who obliged me with it, to make what use I thought proper.' M. Malherbe, when noticing this species in his Ornithological Fauna of Sicily, says he has frequently received it from Spain; and Brisson calls it *Cuculus Andalusiæ*. It is included among the birds of Provence by Polydore Roux; M. Vieillot includes it also in his Faune Française, and mentions that in different years many examples have been taken in Languedoc. M. Brehm, Meyer, and Naumann, notice its occasional appearance in Germany. One name used by Dr. Latham for this species, as quoted at the head of this subject, is, the Pisan cuckoo, in reference to which it is stated, 'that a male and female of this bird were found near Pisa, in Italy, where they made their nest, laying four eggs, sat on and hatched them. It was observed that this species had never made its appearance there before; nor was it known from whence these birds came.' M. Savi includes it in his Birds of Italy, and it is found in Sicily, Egypt, and Syria. Mr. Gould, in his well-known work on the Birds of Europe, says, that the true habitat of this species is the wooded district skirting the sultry plains of North Africa, but those that pass the Mediterranean find a congenial climate in Spain and Italy. Opportunities are still wanting to confirm the most interesting of its habits."

The Andalusian Hemipode.—"'The bird was shot by the gamekeeper on the Cornwell estate in this county, about three miles from hence, and has been kindly presented to me. It was found in a field of barley, of which kind of grain, by the by, hundreds of acres are still standing, with no prospect of being harvested in a proper state. * * * It was shot on the 29th of October last, since which time another has been killed near the same spot by the same person; but its head was shot off, and otherwise so mutilated as to be unfit for preservation. This might probably complete the pair, mine being a male bird. It had in its gizzard two or three husks of barley, several small seeds similar to charlock, some particles of gravel, and was very fat. It was considerably injured by the shot; but I have set it up in the best manner I could, and consider it a valuable addition to my small collection of British birds. Should this prove to be the only known instance of the capture of the bird in Britain, I shall feel glad in having saved it from oblivion. I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

Thos. Goatley.

Chipping Norton, Oxon, Nov. 11, 1844.'

"The bird in question is the *Hemipodius tachidromus* of Temminck, which is figured in Mr. Gould's Birds of Europe, vol. iv. plate 264. Mr. Gould, to whom we have shewn Mr. Goatley's letter, considers this one of the most interesting additions to the British fauna that has occurred for many years.—Ed."

The Archæological Album. Edited by Thomas Wright, M.A. F.S.A. Illustrated by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A. 4to, pp. 231. London, Chapman and Hall.

The Archæological Journal. Published under the direction of the Central Committee, &c. No. 7, for September. Longmans.

The Journal of the British Archæological Association. Established in 1843, under the direction of the Central Committee. No. 2, July; No. 3, October. H. G. Bohn.

In spite of all quarrelling and opposition, we trust that the impetus given to British Archæology at the Canterbury congress will be productive of good fruits and an ample harvest. These publications, each in its way, must tend beneficially in this respect; and, indeed, in every quarter, both in London and throughout the country, it is impossible not to observe a spirit awakened which is calculated to redeem us from the lethargy, and apathy, and destructiveness, of by-gone years. The sleepiest of sleepy bodies now speak about forming museums; the most Goth-like of Vandal citizens are professing a sort of shame at the havoc they have committed upon the memorials of past ages. If snoring torpidity shews signs of life, and brutal ignorance begins to see something in antiquities, surely we may hope much from the active and enlightened who have taken the lead in this national movement!

The year of the *Album* completed in the beautiful and interesting volume at the head of this notice is a worthy contribution to so desirable an end. As its Nos. or Parts came out they were duly noticed in the *Lit. Gaz.*, as will be seen by reference to its Nos. 1459, 1467, and 1485. But much as we praised it in its separate forms, we are bound to say that its appearance as a whole is far more laudable. The embellishments are splendid, and the *ensemble* does as much honour to the artist as the entire matter does to the author. It is, in short, a delightful miscellany of antiquarian research, illustrating many subjects of the utmost curiosity and attraction to minds of an intellectual character. British, Roman, and Saxon sepultura; church and other architectural ancient remains; the furniture and manners of our ancestors during centuries almost forgotten; the birth and progress of art in periods of great obscurity; obsolete punishments (would that the offences were!); the origin and introduction of many social improvements; fabulous history, legends and traditions, and other topics of like interest, are illustrated in a very popular manner in this publication. And we may add, that the last pages are quite equal to the first. There is no lack of novelty; and we feel as if the subjects were only begun, and promised to be inexhaustible. We believe, however, that the issue in quarterly parts is to be discontinued: we trust the Annual will not. One of the latest and best papers is "Miscellaneous Illustrations of Mediæval Antiquities."

Our second head relates to the continuation of the first Archæological *Journal* by the Institute Directors, the preceding Nos. of which, V. and VI., were reviewed in the *Literary Gazettes* 1472, 1485. At these times the confusion of "the split" prevailed, and there was a fair excuse for imperfections; but we cannot say with truth that the publication is much improved in this, its latest phase. It commences, however, with a very good paper on ancient oratories in Cornwall, by the Rev. W. Haslam, who has bestowed much research, labour, and talent, in elucidating these remarkable structures. We have been much instructed and pleased with the fourteen or fifteen pages he has here bestowed upon the inquiry, in addition to his former valuable services in the same line of investigation. Hexham Church, and some sepulchral brasses in Norfolk, are slightly noticed; which are followed by an account of an Anglo-Roman sarcophagus, hardly worthy of the pen of so justly distinguished an individual as Mr. S. Birch. A second article on the usages of domestic life in the middle ages, by Mr. T. H. Turner, is more amusing than original; and the whole of this matter, given in thirty-nine pages, including woodcuts, is pieced out by a report of the proceedings of the committee, in which we can discover nothing deserving of extract for the information of our readers. It may, however, entertain them to have a glimpse of the style in which the good old Scotch principle of "Claw me, and I'll claw you," is carried out among the *confrères* of the Institute. It occurs in a review of Professor Willis's History of Canterbury Cathedral, and runs thus:

"The high reputation of Professor Willis will suffer no diminution from the present work; on the contrary, the accurate research shewn in it, and the careful application of the information thereby acquired to the practical purpose of elucidating the history of this interesting cathedral, would be sufficient *to establish the reputation of an author previously unknown.* It is not too much to say that we here

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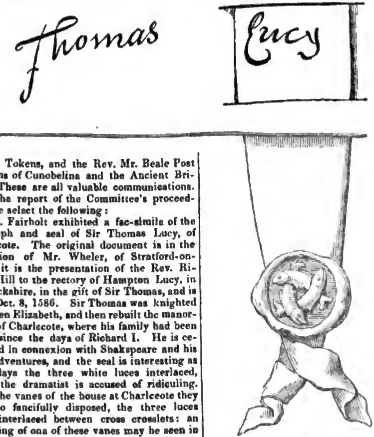

have *the first step towards a real history of architecture in England* [not too much indeed!]. Many attempts have indeed been previously made, and some of them with great pretension; an approximation to the truth has doubtless of late years been obtained, but no one hitherto has established the leading facts on the same firm and secure basis that we here find them fixed. Compared with this standard, *all previous writers have been floundering in the dark, blind leaders of the blind;* even the best informed differing strangely from each other as to the precise periods at which the principal changes took place, and no one feeling confidence in the results obtained from such uncertain premises. Professor Willis leaves no *room for doubt: he demonstrates beyond all question every fact which he wishes to establish.* It happens fortunately that the exact history of this celebrated building can be better ascertained from cotemporary authorities than perhaps any other, and the acuteness with which the minute descriptions of Gervase and others are applied to the existing structure *is beyond all praise.* After following the Professor in his comparison of the building itself with the details given by the chronicler, *we feel that we can without hesitation affix a positive date to every stone of the church* [Oh, mercy!]. The work must become a standard of reference for all who wish to obtain accurate information on the very interesting subject of the progress of the art of building in England. It begins from the earliest period, and the first chapter relates 'the history of the building, and the events which bore upon its construction, arrangement, and changes, in the words of the original authors as much as possible.' The translation is remarkably close, and preserves all the spirit and life of the originals; those who had the pleasure of hearing that of Garvase read at the meeting at Canterbury will not easily forget the *thrilling effect* which it produced, the *rapturous manner* with which it was received, or the clear and lucid explanations by which it was accompanied. The whole of these are here embodied, and the large diagrams which were hung over the Professor's head, and so often referred to in that interesting lecture, are here also presented to us, and very clearly engraved, though on a small scale, with the date of the year when each part was built. To those who *were not fortunate enough to be present at the Canterbury meeting,* the following extracts will give some idea of the nature and value of the work."

They may be useful to the "700 members" of the Institute, not above two in a hundred of whom were fortunate enough to be at the Canterbury meeting, where the reading of Old Gervase, by-the-by, was rather a tedious bit, and to them we heartily commend the sequel of this just and severe review.

The *Journals*, third on our list,* may fearlessly compare with those of their competitors. They, too, are copiously illustrated; but though we certainly prefer their contents far beyond the rival publication, we are so indisposed to risk the charge of partizanship, that we abstain from particularising the papers which have afforded us the most satisfaction. Readers will do well to consult Mr. Fairholt on Architectural Antiquities of the town of Galway in Ireland, Mr. Waller's notes on Anglo-Saxon Masonry, Mr. W. H. Black on Ancient Treasures of the Exchequer, Mr. Planché on an effigy of William de Foix in Winchester Cathedral, Mr. D. H. Haigh on Monumental Stones at Hartlepool, Mr. R. Smith on Pilgrim's Signs and Leaden Tokens, and the Rev. Mr. Beale Post on Coins of Cunobelina and the Ancient Britons. These are all valuable communications. From the report of the Committee's proceedings, we select the following:

"Mr. Fairholt exhibited a fac-simile of the autograph and seal of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote. The original document is in the possession of Mr. Wheler, of Stratford-on-Avon; it is the presentation of the Rev. Richard Hill to the rectory of Hampton Lucy, in Warwickshire, in the gift of Sir Thomas, and is dated Oct. 8, 1586. Sir Thomas was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and then rebuilt the manor-house of Charlecote, where his family had been seated since the days of Richard I. He is celebrated in connexion with Shakspeare and his early adventures, and the seal is interesting as it displays the three white luces interlaced, which the dramatist is accused of ridiculing. Upon the vanes of the house at Charlecote they are also fancifully disposed, the three luces being interlaced between cross crosslets: an engraving of one of these vanes may be seen in Moule's 'Heraldry of Fish,' p. 55, who says 'the pike of the fishermen is the luce of heraldry; a name derived from the old French language *lus;* or from the Latin *lucius;* as a charge it was very early used by heralds as a pun upon the name of Lucy.' Mr. Fairholt further remarked, in reference to a statement made by Mr. Corner (Journal, p. 132), concerning the font at Stratford-on-Avon, in which there is every reason for supposing Shakspeare to have been baptised, that it is now more carefully preserved than it was when Mr. Corner saw it: it has been purchased by the proprietor of the Shakespeare hotel, and is placed upon the lawn of the house. It has passed through strange vicissitudes. In the middle of the last century, when the charnel-house of the church was pulled down, it was turned into the churchyard. It was taken thence by the parish clerk to form the trough of a pump at his cottage. From him it was purchased by the late Capt. Saunders of Stratford, who was an enthusiastic admirer of the poet. At his death, Mr. Heritage the builder obtained it, and it remained in his yard till within the last two years."

"Mr. T. F. Dukes of Shrewsbury presented to the Committee a *fac-simile* of a charter of the Saxon king Baldred, granting in 681 to the Abbey of Glastonbury land at Pennard in Somersetshire. The original was found in the archives of the Marquis of Bath. Mr. Dukes, in a letter accompanying this *fac-simile*, made the following observations upon a local custom prevalent in Shropshire:—'Amongst the ancient customs of this county, an Easter demonstration of clipping the church was observed in many of the parishes, and until lately was annually kept at Kinnersley and Wellington, as well as one or two of the adjoining parishes, and, indeed, it is still observed at Wellington. I do not satisfactorily comprehend the precise object of this ceremony, but the following detail may afford you some idea of it. At the feast of Easter the parishioners, accompanied by their children and the younger branches of families, congregated in the churchyard on Easter Monday to perform the clipping ceremonial. The young people arrange themselves around the entire of the sacred edifice, and being joined hand in hand by their parents and relatives, and thus increasing gradually in number till the infantine chain was sufficiently lengthened to embrace the church; and as soon as the hand of the last assembled child was united to that of the first, the clipping was then perfected by a general combined embrace of the edifice, upon which the children and the assembled populace raised joyful shouts of praise and acclamation; the party afterwards, preceded by the minister, formed into procession and entered the church to attend divine service, at the conclusion of which the children were sometimes regaled with cakes and other refreshments. This custom is now nearly obsolete, and at Wallington, though still followed there, it has greatly degenerated in its pious, sedate, and recreative temper; for it appears that one of the experienced boys of the town parades the streets on Easter Monday, blowing a horn, which speedily collects an assemblage of the children, who forthwith gather together in the churchyard, and as soon as a sufficient number have appeared, they join hands and clip the church; after which they raise a universal shout, and then disperse. Lord Forester's family have long held large possessions in this parish, in which one of their ancient mansions is still existing. John *Forster*, one of this family, resided in the town of Wellington tempore Henry VIII., and who, from an infirmity in his head, had a grant from that king to allow him 'the privilege of wearing his bonnett at all times and in all places.' This grant is now

* See *Lit. Gaz.*, No. 1478.

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existing at Welling, the seat of the present Lord Forester. The following is a copy of this singular document:

'Henry Rex.—Henry by the grace of God, King of England and of France and Lord of Ireland. To all our officers, ministers, and subjects, greeting. Forasmuch as our trusty and well-beloved John Forster, of Wellington, in the county of Salop, gentleman, for certain diseases and infirmities in his head, cannot conveniently without his great danger be cured of the same, whereupon, in consideration thereof, we have by these presents licensed him from henceforth to use and wear his bonnett on his said head, at all times and all places at his liberty; wherefore we charge and command you, and every of you, to permit and suffer him so to do without any challenge or interruption to the contrary. Given under our signett at our palace of Greenwich, the 21st day of November, the 11th year of our reign.'"

From Mr. Haigh's "Notes on the Monumental Stones discovered at Hartlepool," we copy the following engravings and explanatory remarks:

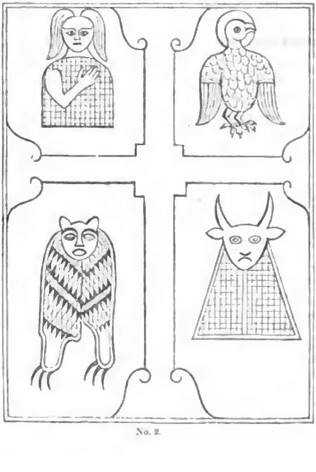
"In the year 655, as a thank-offering to Heaven for his victory over Penda, king Osuiu devoted his daughter Aelfled to a religious life, and committed her to St. Hilda's care. Two years afterwards the latter founded a monastery at Whitby, and relinquished her former charge: Aelfled accompanied her, and at her death in 680 succeeded to her office. After St. Hilda's departure we have no further notice of the monastery at Hartlepool. Its situation on the sea-coast probably exposed it to the first fury of the Danes in the ninth century, and it was never restored. All traditional recollection, even of its site, was lost, until what had doubtless once been a cemetery attached to it was discovered in the month of July, 1833, in the course of some excavations in a field called Cross Close, distant about 135 yards in a south-easterly direction from the present church. There, at the depth of 3½ feet from the surface, and immediately on the limestone rock, several skeletons, apparently of females, were found lying in two rows, in a position nearly north and south. Their heads were resting on small flat stones as upon pillows, and above them there were others of a larger size, marked with crosses and inscriptions in Saxon and Runic letters. Most of these were dispersed immediately after the discovery; a few only, with some fragments, became available to antiquarian research."

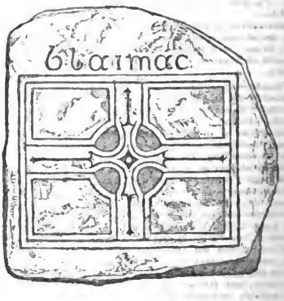
No. 1.

"No. 1 is the most remarkable of all the crosses, for it has two inscriptions, soliciting prayers for all the three persons enumerated in two others [which we do not think it needful to insert]. Orate pro Edilvini. Orate pro Vermund et Torht suid. Its cross is in relief, and of singular form. Some bone pins were the only other relics found on this occasion. But no systematic researches were made, either then or since, and the importance of these discoveries has occupied a very small share of public attention. * * *

"The characters employed in the inscriptions on these stones are certainly of a very early date, and correspond exactly with those which are found in Irish manuscripts of the sixth and seventh centuries, such as the Gospels of St. Columba and St. Ceadda, and the Books of Kells and Armagh. The Gospels of St. Columba, indeed, furnish us with an illumination remarkably illustrative of the crosses upon them—a cross of similar form, with the evangelistic symbols in the angles (No. 2). By permission of Mr. Westwood, I transfer here the cut of this cross, given in his work on the ancient illuminated manuscripts. Its similarity to the crosses on the Hartlepool stones is not to be wondered at, when we consider that the first effectual conversion of North-Humbria was the work of Irish missionaries, and that, during the seventh and eighth centuries, constant and friendly intercourse was maintained between the ecclesiastics of North-Humbria and those of Scotland and Ireland. It was indeed to be expected that the monuments of each nation, executed at that period, should present some degree of correspondence, and such correspondence it is always interesting and important to trace. With this view, I will now direct the attention of the reader to the tombstones which exist in many of the ancient Irish monasteries, and commemorate individuals who died in the sixth and following centuries. Several of these are figured in Mr. Petrie's recently published work on the Round Towers. * * *

"No. 3 has simply the name Blaimac, and is believed to be the memorial of Blathmac, abbot of Clonmacnoise, who died in 896."


No. 2.



No. 3.

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The Musical Bijou; an Album of Music and Poetry for 1846. Edited by F. H. Burney. Pp. 96. London, D'Almaine and Co.

THE example set by Messrs. Longman and Co. of the revival, or rather fac-simile representation, of ancient art, for the Illuminated Calendars for 1845 and 1846, has been followed most worthily in the embellishments of this *Musical Bijou*. The rich golden borders of the illuminated frontispiece and title, with their pleasing subjects, adorned with flowers, fruit, birds, and insects, and the exquisitely chaste table of contents, copied in part from a work presented to the church of St. Mary, Aldermanbury, in the reign of Richard III., by the lord mayor, are highly creditable to the lithographic press of Messrs. Stanhart. The musical portion is also chiefly a revival of old popular favourites, though of much more recent date than the missal-drawings of the middle ages, as the names of Byron, Planché, Rodwell, Crouch, and Bishop, for the vocal selections and the instrumental pieces, quadrilles, mazurkas, and polkas, will testify. The *Musical Bijou* for 1846 will be an elegant present.

Elinor Wyllys. Edited by J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq. 3 vols. London, Bentley.

A *bonâ fide* edited work—evidence *passim*—but not the slightest approach to the style or composition of the novelist of America. The tale is simple, without underplot, and not overburdened with incident; being entirely conversational, enlivened with sketches of character. The editor's preface says, "Imagination, feeling, sound principles, and good taste, are all to be found in this book; though in what degree, the public will necessarily decide for itself." The latter part of this sentence is doubtful recommendation from the pen of the editor. We concur in the former, however, excepting only as to the first term, which we do not find. Those who are attracted by the social manners of the middle class of transatlantic folks will feel a certain degree of interest in, and derive a similar quota of amusement from, Elinor Wyllys and her friends.

Bruce's Introduction to Geography and Astronomy, &c. Pp. 356. London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

A CIRCULATION of ten editions has rewarded these useful scholastic labours of Messrs. E. and J. Bruce; with whose method of teaching, the youth of Newcastle have good reason to be satisfied.

The Chainbearer; or, the Littlepage Manuscripts. Edited by the Author of the "Spy," "Pathfinder," "Two Admirals," "Satanstoe," &c. 3 vols. Bentley.

PUBLICATIONS to all outward and visible appearance Novels do now-o'-days so often turn out to be something else, that we open them doubtingly whether we shall fall in with a polemical tract, a political treatise, a moral essay, or a free-trade or poor-law diatribe. In the present case of the *Chainbearer*, the Littlepage MSS. (the first part of which was reviewed in our No. 1483, page 392) are carried out; and the changes in New York and various portions of the United States are elucidated at length. About one volume constitutes the Tale, or Novel; the rest presents us with views of American society, and the author's opinions upon many subjects connected therewith, and the existing condition of the country. Were we to indulge in extracts, they must be so much in the same spirit as those quoted in our former notice, that our readers would hardly thank us for them. We have, therefore, only to repeat, that much interesting information relative to the United States will be found in these volumes, and that there are many things in them, at this critical time, especially worthy of English attention.

The Reformation and Anti-Reformation in Bohemia. From the German. 2 vols. 8vo. London, Houlston and Stoneman.

IN the existing state of religious disruption and change, among the nations of the earth, this publication will no doubt make its claims to attention known, and assume its proper place. It well merits consideration; and we are surprised to see, that whilst events of the same kind, on much smaller scales, owing to peculiar position or circumstances, have made a great noise in the world, these Bohemian events have attracted so little notice beyond their own boundaries. The history of the Reformation has few more curious or interesting chapters than those presented by the account of the suppression of early Protestantism in this country; and the picture of the persecutions and horrors of these unhappy times, as now first fully developed in this work, are wonderfully characteristic and full of matter. The author has looked into every accessible source for information, and consequently done much for the church-history of Germany, through the means of the almost isolated and forbidden Bohemia. The sufferings of the warriors and conscientious men who fought, and struggled, and bled for the faith that was in them, make a pitiable record; but has it not been the same throughout the world, where men differed about the most unessential points of belief or discipline?

For a great deal of new matter, though analogous to much of the same kind in other quarters, and to tales of cruel and tragic reality—outdoing invention—we would refer our readers to this work. The religious Protestant will esteem it for its character; the less serious reader will find in it descriptions of most pathetic effect.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—In your paper of the 29th ult., I find a reply from Mr. Birch, of the British Museum, to a challenge of mine to Chevalier Bunsen, which appeared so long ago as the 13th September. In this interval of eleven weeks, the precise nature of my challenge has probably been forgotten by most of those who read it; and I therefore regret, more than I should otherwise do, the misrepresentations of it which Mr. Birch has, no doubt unintentionally, made. My proposal was not simply to read or translate Egyptian passages "to or against a person appointed by M. Bunsen;" but to submit to a tribunal, consisting of two or three persons competent to judge of the respective merits of our systems, the readings and translations, which I and a person appointed by M. Bunsen might severally make; each of us having an opportunity of previously criticising the attempts of his adversary, and of replying to the criticisms made against his own. That such a tribunal could be found in England there is no question. The qualifications for it are a general knowledge of languages and their analogies. I will mention the names of four individuals whose published writings prove that they possess this knowledge; without meaning to say that others might not be found. They are, Professor Wilson of Oxford, Professor Lee of Cambridge, Rev. J. W. Donaldson, and Dr. Prichard. I have no acquaintance with any of these gentlemen, but I feel confident that, if requested to do so by Chevalier Bunsen, any of them would act as judges. I have no doubt that I should be able to convince any of these gentlemen of the correctness of my system; but I should have faint hopes of converting to my views, in the first instance, persons who have staked their reputation as Egyptian scholars on the maintenance of views which I consider radically unsound.

Mr. Birch has also a little misrepresented what I offered to do. I do not profess to be able to translate the entire of a historical papyrus, or even of a long section in the Todtenbuch. The lacunæ which exist in all the papyri would of itself render this impossible; and in both them and the other texts, nouns, adjectives, and verbs, and even particles, will occasionally occur, the meaning of which I have not yet ascertained. But the great difference between what I propose to do, and what has been hitherto done is this,—Champollion, and all his followers hitherto, have translated for the most part in this manner: they set down the translations of some leading words, which they knew, or supposed they knew them; and they then filled up the intervals between these by unsystematic conjectures. The consequence has been that their translations have very seldom given the true meaning of the originals; and that much scope has been left for the exercise of fancy. Chevalier Bunsen, for example, has stated in his recent work, that the Todtenbuch contains an historic element derived from the old kingdom; and on this supposed fact he has laid much stress. But I deny that this is a fact at all; and maintain, that if the passages to which the Chevalier alludes be *completely* translated, it will be evident that they contain nothing of the kind. Now, I profess to have discovered the meaning of a considerable number of pronouns, auxiliary verbs, and particles, which, having nothing at all like them in the Coptic language, escaped the notice of Champollion and his followers, or were misinterpreted by them. By help of these, I undertake to translate the *entire* of such texts as I translate at all; leaving no word, however short, unexplained, and no apparently superfluous characters without being *consistently* accounted for. I undertake to do, with regard to *whole sentences*, what is *professed to be done*, and yet not *rightly done*, in p. 693 of the first volume of M. Bunsen's work, with regard to a part of one sentence of the Rosetta inscription.

Mr. Birch recommends me to publish specimens of translations from the Egyptian. He says, "the proof of my assertion lies in the performance of the task, and neither in the challenge nor in the declaration (that I can perform it)." This would be very true, if the task were to walk a mile in a certain number of minutes, or to do anything else of which every one could judge whether it were performed or not. In the present case, however, it would be idle. Who is to judge whether I perform the task? The Chevalier's party is a powerful one. It is in possession of the field. Mr. Birch is one of the party; and, from his situation in the British Museum, he must possess, to a great degree, the public confidence in all matters relating to Egypt. To appeal, then, to the public generally would be, in fact, to appeal to those whose previous publications render them necessarily opposed to new views that are inconsistent with them. Were I, a resident in an obscure Irish village, to tell the public that translations which Mr. Birch has published did not at all represent the meaning of the originals, but that certain other translations of my own did, the public would naturally believe him

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sooner than me. It is a case in which the public can only be influenced by testimony. It is not to the public, therefore, that I appeal, but to competent judges, who, setting aside testimony, could examine into the merits of the case.

With respect, however, to the reading of the Egyptian language, as distinguished from its interpretation, I will probably do what Mr. Birch suggests. I have a paper nearly ready, in which I expect to give the true alphabet of the ancient Egyptians for the first time. In the first part of it, I will demonstrate the soundness of a new general principle, of which I claim to be the discoverer. I will, in the second part, shew the liability to error of the methods hitherto used for fixing the powers of the letters; and point out the proper course of proceeding, in order to accomplish this in the most satisfactory manner. In the third part, I will apply the previous principle and method to the practical end of ascertaining the Egyptian alphabet, as in use at different epochs; and I will prove that, if the number of letters was made too great by Champollion and Salvolini, Dr. Lepsius and Chevalier Bunsen have made it considerably too small; and have, moreover, classed together letters of different powers, and separated letters of the same power.

Mr. Birch alludes, at the end of his letter, in rather a sneering manner, to my having given the name of "Coptic" to his school; and he asks of what other language I would avail myself in preference to Coptic. I felt the want of a distinguishing name for the school to which Chevalier Bunsen belongs; and I preferred that in question to any taken from a modern nation, or an individual, as being less invidious. I rely on no other single language; nor do I reject the aid of Coptic; but I certainly think that too much dependence has been placed on it by Champollion and all his followers hitherto, and too little regard paid to the Indo-Germanic and Semitic languages, with both of which the old Egyptian had undoubted relations. My principal dependence is, however, on a fair deciphering of the Egyptian texts themselves. By comparing these together in a judicious manner, and with proper precautions, I have no doubt but that the meaning of all words, except a few names of objects, can, in course of time, be ascertained.—I remain, &c.

EDW. HINCKS.

Killyleagh, County Down, 2d Dec., 1845.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

UNIVERSAL MAGNETISM—FARADAY.

Royal Institution.—At the monthly meeting of the members on Monday, Mr. Faraday, the Fullerian professor, continued his announcements by giving the heads of a new discovery in magnetic science, so general as to reach to all matter. Briefly, his statement was, that all matter not magnetic, as iron, was subject to magnetic force, and produced dynamic effects perfectly distinct from, and in contrast with, those of magnetic substances. Thus the prism of heavy glass, with which he had succeeded in magnetically affecting light, suspended freely between contrary magnetic poles, was acted upon, and arranged itself equatorially, or directly across the ordinary magnetic curves. This action he resolved, by experiment, into a direct repulsion, exerted between the glass and either or both poles of the magnet; and he further stated that all matter not magnetic, as iron, possessed this property. The investigation of this subject has been carried to a great extent with powerful instruments, as well also as new investigations of the relations of bodies magnetic in the ordinary manner, and fresh facts are daily being elicited. These, with the important conclusions to be drawn from them, will be sent immediately to the Royal Society in one or two papers, and be communicated to the members of the Royal Institution at some of their approaching evening meetings.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE anniversary on Monday went off less stormily than could have been anticipated, owing much, as we suggested might be the case, to the conciliatory efforts of the noble president. Captain Grover did not shew fight; but Mr. Gassiott appeared on the field, bravely Esquired by Mr. B. Heath, the chairman of the Bank of England, who accompanied him to vouch for his high commercial character and respectability. His scientific attainments, and liberal conduct towards foreign men of science who visit this country, are known to the whole continent of Europe. Mr. Gassiott took the most obvious opportunity offered in the course of the proceedings to defend himself from the charges which had been brought against him, in connexion with railway-speculation, by Sir James South, and which he denounced as a slander. This address was much cheered in various passages; but no comments were made upon it; and it seemed to be tacitly received as a complete justification of the accused.

The usual dinner of the Fellows was poorly attended. The president was in the chair; and Dr. Paris, Mr. Cruikshanks, and a few other members among the company, were called up by toasts and compliments.

OFFICIAL REPORT.

Dec. 1st.—The anniversary-meeting was held this day. The Most Noble the Marquis of Northampton, president, in the chair. The royal gold medals were awarded to G. B. Airy, Esq., Astronomer Royal, for his paper "On the laws of the tides on the coasts of Ireland, as inferred from an extensive series of observations made in connexion with the Ordnance survey of Ireland"—and to Thomas Snow Beck, Esq., for his paper "On the nerves of the uterus." The Copley medal was awarded to Professor Schwann, of Louvain, for his physiological researches on the development of animal textures. The president delivered his usual anniversary-address, accompanied by biographies of the distinguished deceased fellows; after which the following noblemen and gentlemen were elected as the officers and council of the society for the ensuing year:—*President:* The Marquis of Northampton. *Treasurer:* George Rennie, Esq.* *Secretaries:* Peter Mark Roget, M.D.; Samuel Hunter Christie, Esq., M.A. *Foreign Secretary:* Lieut.-Col. Edward Sabine, R.A.* *Other Members of the Council:* John Bostock, M.D.; Sir William Burnett, M.D., K.C.H.; Charles Daubeny, M.D.;* Bryan Donkin, Esq.;* Very Rev. Dean of Ely; Thomas Galloway, Esq.;* William Robert Grove, Esq., M.A.;* Leonard Horner, Esq.;* Sir J. W. Lubbock, Bart., M.A.; John Forbes Royle, M.D.; William Sharpey, M.D.; William Henry Smyth, Capt. R.N.;* John Taylor, Esq.; Charles Wheatstone, Esq.;* Rev. Robert Willis, M.A.;* Lord Wrottesley.

* These Fellows were not members of the last Council.

ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 26th.—Adm. Sir C. Malcolm, president, in the chair. 1. "Report of the proceedings of the Ethnological Section of the Cambridge meeting of the British Association," by Dr. King.—2. "Notes on the inhabitants of St. Vincent, one of the Cape de Verd islands," by R. W. Wilkins, communicated by Dr. Hodgkin. The inhabitants of St. Vincents are described as of good stature, the complexion copper-colour, the hair dark and straight. A coarse woven material of peculiar manufacture is used as a dress. Their food consists of bananas, oranges, several kinds of vegetables, besides Indian corn, which they raise in small quantities. Their huts are formed of pieces of iron-stone, roofed with bamboo, and thatched with grass. The population is about six hundred, and the language spoken is said to be Portuguese. The donkey is in use for draught, and the domestic fowl for food. A governor sent from Portugal rules over them, and, to assist him, a deputy, under whose command are *two soldiers*.—3. "On the Bushmen of South Africa," by Mr. Ruxton. The Bushmen inhabit the almost inaccessible valleys of the Snewberg Meuweldt, and the desolate tracts of *Karoo* or desert, extending from the northern boundary of the Cape colony, northward nearly to the tropic. Of the human race, the condition of these poor outcasts is perhaps the most desolate and forlorn. The appearance of locusts and other insects, by mankind in general considered a plague, is by them deemed the greatest blessing, and the larvæ are diligently sought for as a luxury. Even a slight intercourse is favourable to the morals of this people; and that their habits are warlike is proved by the fact that, in the year 1510, Francisco Almeida, the first Portuguese governor of India, was defeated and killed by them on the Salt River, the site of the present Cape Town. In 1652, when the Dutch took possession of the Cape, the Bushmen were very numerous, and in possession of large herds of cattle, which gradually diminished as their intercourse with the *whites* increased. Indeed, as the colony became settled, barter for cattle was dispensed with for forcible possession, a system of persecution which drove them from desert to desert, "their hand raised against every man, every man's hand against them." Although inferior in stature to the Hottentots, for they rarely exceed five feet, their limbs are symmetry itself. Spare in form, the figure in youth is light and elegant, the chest round and capacious, and the foot and hand perfect. The excessive inward curvature of the spine and the extraordinary development of the hip is common to the Bushman and Hottentot, but it is more strongly marked in the former. They differ in feature, moreover, from the Hottentot: the complexion is of yellowish olive, or the colour of a faded beech-leaf. The hair grows in small detached patches or lines of tufts, and is sparingly distributed over the head. In texture it resembles singed wool. It is not cut, but on reaching a certain length, frizzles at the ends into a little ball which drops off. The eye resembles that of the Chinese, while the facial angle is that of the Australian. The Bushman is a cheerful and exceedingly active person, and his power of endurance considerable. A simple wind-break forms the only shelter from the weather. Their clothing consists of a *kaross*, or skin, thrown over their shoulders, and a smaller one twisted around their loins. Their weapons are a short heavy club, a bow and poisoned arrows, and the *assagai*, or dart, which they hurl with great dexterity and precision. Their mechanical skill is very respectable, as shewn in their mats, fishing-nets, and implements of war. Two Bushmen children, a boy of fifteen years and a girl of eight, attended the meeting as living illus-

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trations to the paper, and the meeting-room was enriched with drawings and implements illustrative of the manners and customs of their race.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, *Nov.* 26.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—W. C. Osborn, St. John's College; R. Firmin, Clare Hall; J. J. Ramsay, Pembroke College; C. Badham, Emmanuel College.

M.A. ad eundem.—F. S. Bradshaw, Trinity College, Dublin.

Bachelors in Physic.—A. H. Novelli, Trinity College; F. W. Wheatley, Downing College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Jones, Queen's College; T. D. Dove, Emmanuel College; G. S. Gamble, Downing College.

Incorporate Bachelor of Arts.—G. M. W. Peacocke, New Inn Hall, Oxford.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Nov. 27th.—The Marquis of Northampton, V.P., in the chair.—Mr. Cullimore read a paper on Egyptian chronology, referring to some statements contained in the recently published work of the Chevalier Bunsen on the History of Egypt, in which the writer impugned the historical data and interpretations of the learned author.—Mr. W. R. Hamilton commenced the reading of "An excursus on the topography of the Homeric Ilion," by Dr. H. N. Ulrichs, Professor of Latin Literature in the University of Athens. Mr. Patrick Colquhoun, to whom the society is indebted for the translation and editing of this memoir, was already engaged on the spot in researches into that *vexata quæstio* to which it relates, when, in December 1843, he became intimate at Athens with its learned author, one of the first Greek scholars and antiquaries of his time. The attention of Dr. Ulrichs also had been particularly turned to the subject, and although he had not yet visited the Trojan plain, he had prepared himself for a personal examination of it by collecting all passages in any way bearing on the subject, and had drawn certain conclusions from the preponderating evidence. These conclusions led him to reject both the *Novum Ilium* of the Romans, and the spot selected by Chevalier; and, adopting in preference the view of Strabo, to examine the localities with special reference to that writer. Scarcely had the professor finished his notes, when he was attacked by a sudden illness on his return to Athens, where, in a few days, he expired. The present excursus, one of many works by him hitherto unpublished, chiefly on the subject of ancient topographies, has been prepared to be laid before the learned world in an English dress, in conformity with his wishes, as expressed to Mr. Colquhoun. The reading of this day ended with the close of the prefatory remarks; in our next report we hope to give an outline of the author's arguments against the two theories rejected, and in support of that adopted by him.

Among the papers announced by the secretary, as shortly to be brought forward for reading, was one on an Egyptian inscription, by Mr. Samuel Birch, in which that distinguished hierologist has communicated the discovery of the name of Babylon on an hieroglyphic record.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

Dec. 3d.—The second public meeting was well attended. Mr. Pettigrew, the treasurer, in the absence of Lord Albert Conyngham, who was prevented by indisposition from being present, took the chair, and briefly addressed the assembly, acquainting them that the Duke of Beaufort had informed their president of the discovery of some coins and other antiquities at Badminton, and that his grace had most kindly suspended the excavations until Lord A. Conyngham should be able to visit the spot and superintend the operations. The election of sixteen associates since the last meeting was announced, and the names of several gentlemen who had been proposed were read. A carved wooden rail, from a church in Wales, was exhibited by Mr. Williams. It had been engraved in the 7th No. of the Journal of the Archæological Institute in an inaccurate and imperfect manner; and a communication from Sir S. Meyrick stated that the word "MARIA," which is supposed to appear on it, is a mere fanciful conjecture, and that he is more than ever convinced the inscription is an alphabetic musical notation, in support of which he shall have many proofs to adduce, in addition to what was read to the Society of Antiquaries.

Mr. Planché inquired whether any steps had been taken by the association respecting the removal of the sword from the statue of Charles I. at Charing Cross, which had been brought under the notice of the central general committee some months since, by Sir S. Meyrick. Mr. Crofton Croker replied, that he had made a communication to the Earl of Lincoln's secretary on the subject, but that he had received no reply.

The chairman then referred to other losses and neglect of public monuments, and instanced the beautiful tomb of Anne of Denmark, queen of James I., which was entirely pulled down at the coronation of George IV., and its beautiful marble columns and statuary afterwards publicly exposed for sale in a mason's yard at Pimlico; to the loss also of a most splendid brass of John of Salisbury, which was torn up and stolen at the coronation of her present Majesty.

Some interesting rubbings of brasses, from churches in Derbyshire and Staffordshire, were exhibited by Mr. Richardson of Greenwich. And a sword from Haver Castle, Kent, having portraits on it of Charles I. and his queen, with a third fine piece of arras, of the time of Henry VII. from St. Mary's Hall, Coventry, by Mr. Pratt.

Mr. Roach Smith then read a paper on Roman antiquities (some of the finest specimens of which, including a noble bronze head of the Emperor Hadrian, were also displayed to the meeting), and observed upon the localities in London where they were discovered. Drawings of several remarkable altars, &c., with their inscriptions, found in the north of England, were exhibited, and Mr. Smith pointed out one, inscribed DEO, which might probably have been devoted to the Unknown God.

The last paper to which the attention of the associates was called was an elaborate defence of himself by the zealous Secretary against the imputations cast upon him by Mr. Tite, the architect of the Royal Exchange, for having evinced too much activity in collecting relics of ancient times, as they were dug up for the foundation of that edifice. Of this production it is sufficient for us to say, at present, that it appeared to be so completely satisfactory to the assembly, that a vote to that effect was unanimously passed. Knowing Mr. Tite to be a gentleman of honourable nature and just principles, as well as a skilful and eminent architect, we have no doubt he has been misled in this business by erroneous representations; and will make the *amende* at the next meeting of the institution which first heard his statement. In the mean time, we congratulate the archæological world on the results of the enthusiastic pursuits of Mr. Roach Smith, and men like him. For a hundred years nobody, and especially no public body, has cared one jot for what remains of antiquity might be dug out of the bowels of the earth; but now a new zeal has been aroused, and, as seven cities contended for the birth-place of Homer, so do the British Museum, the Gresham Committee, and even the Corporation of London, contend to be the conservators of such treasures! We should not wonder if the Society of Antiquaries followed their example. Mr. Lott, a member of the Common Council, addressed the meeting, and mentioned that some signs of a better feeling had appeared in the City. When first he brought such subjects forward, he was caricatured as if crazed; but now steps were being taken to clear out and preserve a crypt under the Guildhall, and he had no doubt, if encouraged in the good work, the spirit would spread and assert itself in the civic ranks.

SAINT ALBANS ABBEY

Is at last getting itself into notice, if we may judge by newspaper paragraphs. It is announced that a Branch Architectural Society is being formed there for "the promotion of a more general acquaintance with those memorials of past ages which tend to illustrate the history and principles of church-architecture in England; and particularly the abbey church of St. Albans and the several churches within the county." It is intended in each year to hold a series of meetings for the reading of papers and discussions on this subject, and a series of publications thereon are promised. The Marquises of Salisbury and Northampton, the Earls of Essex and Spencer, the Bishop of Oxford, the Archdeacons Hale, Burney, and Blomfield, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, the Rector of St. Albans Abbey, and a numerous body of residents in the county, have (it is stated) adhered to this design. Another paragraph announces some interesting discoveries in this venerable building, through which the remains of towers at the west-end of the nave have been brought to light, and it is shewn that there were formerly chapels on the east side of the transepts, all belonging to the structure erected soon after the Norman Conquest. The employment of digging has, it is added, been carried on around and within the walls of the church for a considerable time past, and the result has been that foundations have been exposed, proving that the Norman structure was far more extensive than has generally been supposed. It has been altered at various periods and in different ways; but much confusion prevails as to the dates of the different styles of which it consists. The eastern part of the building in particular exhibits very curious interpolations of the pointed style upon the Norman walls; and an examination of the various galleries, and of the spaces within the roofs, has furnished the most valuable data for a history of its elaborate architecture.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.

Wednesday.—Graphic, 8 P.M.; Microscopical, 8 P.M.; Pharmaceutical, 9 P.M.; Royal Literary Fund, 3 P.M.

Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; R. S. of Literature, 4 P.M.

Friday.—Astronomical, 8 P.M.; Philological, 8 P.M.

Saturday.—Royal Botanic, 4 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

THE DRAMA.

Haymarket.—The slightest attempt to expose the prospectus mania of the last three or four months, and the manner of getting up railway

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projects for the market, is sure to be well received by the unscathed, however trifling the material or hackneyed the construction. *Railway Bubbles*, produced here on Saturday, contained no novel situation or stage incident, and yet, owing to recent notorieties, the spirited acting of Hudson, and the appearance and prompting of Brindal, elicited continued laughter. We did not detect a long face: *argal*, there was not a scripholder present.

Sadler's Wells.—The *Winter's Tale* has been effectively produced here, with excellent scenery; and we rejoice to say, that wherever Shakspere is, there are full and applauding audiences. In this lies our hope of a revival of the national drama. Mrs. Warner's *Hermione* is most dignified and impressive; Miss Cooper a charming *Perdita*, and Mr. Phelps an energetic and feeling *Leontes*. The comic parts are laughably sustained by Messrs. A. Younge and Scharf.

M. Jullien's Concerts every evening seem to augment in intensity and attraction. Though some portions are to our ears rather too noisy in their instrumental crashes, we are so charmed with the skilful performance of other and softer parts, and new and pretty airs, that we forget the metallic and wind explosions, and only carry away with us the memory of that which was "ordained to refresh the mind of man after his studies, or his usual pains."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

. . . "Then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

Reader, a man of taste thou art,
And lov'st in fancy's realms to wander:
I'll warrant that thou know'st by heart
These stately lines of Savage Landor.

And whensoe'er thou see'st a shell,
A sinuous shell, of lustre pearly,
Tempted thou art to try the spell,
And prove its power auricularly.

But pause awhile, and think upon
The moral of my simple story;
For danger lurks—I'll prove anon—
In such a shell as that before ye.

A village dame, down in the west
(Whose son from foreign climes had sought it),
Just such a shell as that possessed,
And to the parson's lady brought it.

And that same evening, as they sat
In *tête-à-tête*, like goose and gander,
Parson and wife began to chat
On this conceit of Savage Landor.

The lady took the mystic shell;
And, raptured with sublime emotion,
She heard its murmurs plainly tell
Of the "august abodes" of ocean.

Her spouse then took it, and the lines
'Gan to recite with voice sonorous;
Others from Wordsworth she entwines,
And both conspire to swell the chorus.

When, lo! the parson starts aghast—
What horror in that look is spoken!
Adown with stroke convulsive cast,
The shell and spell at once are broken.

Within those "polished lips" he sees
A shape of hideous aspect creeping;
For out of its "august abode,"
A huge brown centipede was peeping!

This monster, born in warmer climes,
By northern blasts a little frozen,
Had thought to take a winter's nap,
And for his bed this shell had chosen.

And now, by genial warmth revived,
His thousand legs in motion horrid
He 'gins to try, and thinks himself
Once more beneath the zone so torrid.

You, then, who take up shells like these,
With pearly tints and hues of coral,
One moment listen, if you please,
And hear my simple story's moral.

For Landor I've a great respect;
Sublime his strain—I don't deny it:
All that he says is quite correct,
But pray—be cautious how you try it!

J. H. M.

VARIETIES.

Case of Mr. Orchard Halliwell.—It is stated in the newspapers, that this case, of so much interest to the literary world, will at last be submitted to legal investigation, on an action brought by Trinity College, Cambridge, against the trustees of the British Museum, to recover certain manuscripts in the possession of the latter, and alleged to have been stolen from Trinity College library. Some of these mss. had been in the collection of Mr. Halliwell, sold by that gentleman to Mr. Rodd, and by Mr. Rodd to the Museum. The trustees of the British Museum had a meeting on the subject on Saturday, respecting which nothing has transpired to our knowledge.

Charterhouse Infirmary.—On Monday last, a deputation from this admirable charity, consisting of Mr. John Masterman, the treasurer and one of its vice-presidents, the Rev. Dr. Vivian, chairman of the committee of management, and Mr. F. Salmon, the surgeon of the infirmary, waited upon the Lord Mayor to request his acceptance of its presidency for the ensuing year. His lordship received the deputation with his accustomed affability, expressing his readiness to promote the interests of the charity by any means in his power; and likewise fixed the day for its anniversary-festival, at which he signified his intention of presiding.

Cambridge Antiquarian Society.—We learn that the council of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society determined upon calling a meeting yesterday, to propose various arrangements for the promotion of its efficiency as a society for the study of history, architecture, and antiquities. Such a society is much wanted in Cambridge.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

The Shows of London are beginning to accumulate for the approaching season. Big horses have already arrived, and big asses are asked a shilling to see them; we only want pigmy ponies to contrast with their gigantic proportions. General Thumb will no doubt revisit the scene of his triumphs, were it only to shew that he has neither grown, nor intends to grow, any taller after his continental abduction: a female dwarf is now earnestly inquired after by the speculative and curious; and any parents possessed of an exceedingly small daughter may have an exceedingly high price for her. Real or imitative filthy savages are still in request from any quarter of the globe; preference given to the heart of Africa, or still more to the Antarctic Continent discovered by the American Commodore Wilkes.—Apparently naked men and women (only that their cotton flesh-coloured skins dispose themselves in unseemly and unnatural wrinkles) will continue to make the fine arts disgusting, and their own effects consequently as indecorous as a *liberal* public could tolerate. Other sights are getting up, in the place of those going down.

Music.—The lectures in the course of delivery by Mr. Lincoln, at the Western Literary Institution, have afforded equal information and pleasure to the lovers of the sweetest of sciences. We know nothing more effective in the way of instruction, than selecting the great masters and schools, and illustrating them in this way.

Cambric Manufacture.—At the village of Werringston, Belfast, it is stated that a beautiful improvement has been made in the manufacture of cambrics, from a flax grown in the neighbourhood, and called "golden flax." It is gratifying to hear of anything propitious to the industrial productions of Ireland.

The New Ulster (Irish) College is fixed to be at Belfast, and not at Armagh, as strenuously contended for.

Produce of the Siberian Mines.—The gold-mines of Siberia yielded, during the first six months of the current year, 157 pouds, 10 pounds, and 37 solotneks of pure gold, or about 3150 kilogrammes. Of this quantity, 60 pouds, 2 pounds, and 77 solotneks (1200 kilogrammes) were collected in the mines of the state, and 79 pouds, 19 pounds, and 30 solotneks (1950 kilogrammes) in private mines. The private platinum-mines yielded during the same period 35 pouds, 14 pounds, and 4 solotneks (707 kilogrammes). The platinum-mines of the state have yielded nothing worthy of mention.—*French paper.*

Storms.—A curious illustration of the circular theory of storms has been afforded by a circumstance recorded in the log of the Charles Heddle. For four days, from the 25th to the 28th of February in this year, she scudded round and round in a hurricane-circle, during which time she ran upwards of 1300 miles; and the direct distance made by her, from point to point, was only 354 miles.—*Falmouth Packet.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Mrs. Bray's Novels and Romances, new edit.: Vol. VIII. Trials of the Heart, fcp. 6*s.*—Analysis of the Railway Interest of the United Kingdom, by W. F. Spackman, 8vo, 5*s.*—Rev. R. C. Trench's Hulsean Lectures for 1845, 8vo, 5*s.*—Practical Sermons by Dignitaries, &c. of the Church, Vol. II., 8vo, 7*s.*—The Banking Almanack and Directory for 1846, 8vo, 5*s.*—Juvenile Englishman's Library: Vol. IX. The Charcoal Burners, 18mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*—European Library: Vol. II. History of English Revolution in 1640, by F. Guizot, post 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Hindmarsh's Rhetorical Reader, 6th edit. 12mo, 5*s.*—Dickenson's Practice of the Quarter Sessions, by Talford and Tyrrwhitt, 6th edit., 8vo, 24*s.*—Brief Memoirs of T. F. Buxton and Elizabeth Fry, 18mo, 1*s.*—The Good-Natured Bear, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Book of Christmas Carols, illuminated, square, 25*s.*—Metrical Version of the Hebrew Psalter, with Notes, small 4to, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Cowper's Poetical Works, by Grimshaw, new edit. 18mo, 4*s.*; royal 18mo, 6*s.*—Stories from the New Testament, by Miss Lawrence, square, 3*s.* 6*d.*—The Railway Speculator's Memorandum-Book and Ledger, oblong, tuck, 3*s.*—Easy Grammar of Italian Language, by J. Christison, 18mo, 1*s.* 4*d.*—The Planetary and Stellar Universe, by R. J. Mann, 12mo, 5*s.*—Kuhner's Greek Grammar, by W. E. Jelf: Part I. Accidence, 8vo, 12*s.*—The Snow Storm, by Mrs. Gore, fcp. 5*s.*—France Illustrated, Vol. I., 4to, 21*s.*—Mrs. Johnstone's Edinburgh Tales, Vol. II. imp. 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*—Visit to the Portuguese Possessions in South-Western Africa, by G. Tarus, M.D., 2 vols. post 8vo, 21*s.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1508. LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1845. PRICE 8*d.* *Stamped Edition, 9d.*

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Explanations: a Sequel to Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation. By the Author of that Work. Pp. 198. John Churchill.

ANY publication from the pen of the author of the "Vestiges" is so certain to excite much interest and curiosity, that we hasten to notice this volume, in order to gratify the popular feeling as largely and as quickly as we can; though we have, at the same time, to confess to a mere cursory perusal of it, without the opportunity to analyse and weigh its arguments. We can therefore only offer a Report: not a Review.

After defining the design of his former book, which has provoked so much controversy, the author proceeds to answer the animadversions made upon it in the *Edinburgh, North British*, and other reviews. He enters considerably into and defends his nebular hypothesis: quotes Professor Plateau in support of it; and contends, that neither the discoveries through Lord Rosse's telescope, nor the reasoning on the retrogression of the satellites of Uranus, impugn the soundness of his conclusions; and finally reasserts that this hypothesis is "not (as misrepresented by his adversaries) a suppression of the Deity, but only a description of his mode of working."

He next examines the law of mental operations, and from Quetelet contends, that if the limits of the system be under any law, it is a probable inference that the whole system is so also. The geological objections are then discussed *seriatim*; and from the most recent advances of the science, and the present state of opinion on the origin of organic nature, the author endeavours, with great skill, as well as late and comprehensive information, to demolish the opposition to his theory, built on data connected with the gradual development of the animal kingdom, as evidenced by researches in the crust of the earth.

"With regard to the organisation of new life (he continues) from inorganic elements, the Broomfield experiment would be quite decisive, if any evidence could be admitted for what men are unwilling to believe. The Edinburgh reviewer writes two pages which appear to put the alleged fact much out of countenance; and yet it is true that ridicule, which always proceeds upon assumption, forms their entire composition. He states that specimens of the insect were sent to Paris, where they set a whole conclave of philosophers a-laughing, because they were found to contain ova. It did not occur to him that independent generation is what the development theory presumes of every animal family which may have ever had an origin otherwise than *ex ovo*. Other specimens were sent to London, but there their fate was sealed by their being found to be not a new species, but one then abundant in the country. These circumstances, with a few empty jests, satisfy the critic that there was no independent generation in the case. Against such a conclusion, proceeding upon mere supposition, I adduce careful experiment. During the last three years, Mr. Weekes, of Sandwich, has continued to subject solutions to electric action, and invariably found insects produced in these instances, while they as invariably failed to appear where the electric action was not employed, but every other condition fulfilled. The rigid care taken in these experiments to exclude vitiating circumstances gives them a high claim to notice; and I therefore present, as an appendix, two letters from Mr. Weekes upon the subject. They cannot fail to be read with interest, and the more so as they exhibit a man pursuing the investigation of an important natural fact under the most discouraging circumstances. If this new presentment of the *Acarus Crossii* shall still excite ridicule, I can only regret the mood of mind from which that ridicule arises; but the opposite party must excuse my attaching no importance to anything besides fact and argument. These alleged phenomena are open, like all others, to the test of counter-experiment. Let them be subjected to it in the most rigid manner, and set aside in the case of failure. But to meet them merely with scoffs and jests, or, at the most, certain wholly gratuitous assumptions as to a possibly various cause, is not philosophical, and therefore deserves no consideration. Having thus (he adds on the general issue) presented vestiges of laws for the origination and modification of organic being, I must protest against proof of the existence of such laws being held indispensable to the development theory. The earth, we see, has been peopled for ages before man began to observe nature or chronicle his observations. The organic world attained what appears to us completeness in remote ages. It is a thing done, as individual reproduction is done at the birth of the new creature. We are not, therefore, to expect conspicuous examples of either a new origin of life or a modification of species at the present day. Though, therefore, not one unequivocal instance of such origin and such modification could be presented, it would say nothing positive against the hypothesis that species originated, and made a series of advances in general organisation, by the efficacy of law, in times long antecedent to our historical period. We should still have to say, that the evidence of such phenomena was to be looked for elsewhere—namely, in the history of the progress of organic being as chronicled for us by geology, and in the history which physiology affords us of the progress of the individual embryo. Seeing, then, that plants and animals came into existence gradually, in the course of a vast period of time, and in a succession conforming generally to their grades in organisation, and the stages through which the embryo of one of the highest has to pass before it attains maturity, we might say that we had seen all that could well be expected in the case, and enough to establish a strong probability for the development theory. Nevertheless, it may be admitted, that any evidence of the continued existence of the creative and modifying laws is still desirable for the sake of corroboration. And such is the light in which I regard the facts which we possess regarding variations of type, and the production of some of the lower plants and animals by means independent of generation. As in the progress of an individual being, even after birth, we see the laws which preside over reproduction operating still in a faint degree in the defective nutrition which stunts, and the favouring conditions which advance and glorify, the state of infancy and youth, so might we expect that the laws which originally spread the vegetable and animal kingdoms over the earth would still perhaps be traceable as faintly at work, especially in those lower families where life and the modifiable quality are most abundantly imparted. The evidence for the existence of such laws is patent to the exact observation which will give it philosophical certainty, and to such observation I trust it will in time be subjected. Meanwhile, I claim its being received as a provisional aid to the theory of development."

This summing up will sufficiently and clearly explain to our readers the gist of the author's conclusions, founded on the points to which we have already alluded; and, whilst he ratiocinates, he almost ridicules the views opposed to his own:

"When we set about describing this system (he observes), we are struck by finding it vague and unsteady, varying with every degree of intelligence in its votaries and every addition made to science. The uneducated man regards the whole system of the world as resulting from, aud depending upon, the immediate working and guidance of an Almighty Being, who acts in each case as may seem to him most meet, exactly as human creatures do. Persons of intelligence, again, usually admit a system of general laws, but for the most part entertain it under great reservations, or in connexion with views totally inconsistent with it. We find Dr. Clark, for instance, admitting a course of nature as the 'will of God producing certain effects in a regular and uniform manner,' but this will 'being arbitrary (an assumption as far as natural means of knowledge are concerned), is,' he says, 'as easy to be altered at any time as to be preserved.' Others cut off particular provinces of nature as exceptions from the plan of constant order. Whatever part is dubious or obscure, to mankind generally or to themselves in particular, there they rear the torn standard of the arbitrary system of divine rule. Human volitions form such a region to many who know not that Quetelet has reduced these to mathematical formulæ, and that one of our own most popular divines has written a Bridgewater Treatise to shew the predominance of natural law over mind, as a proof of the existence and wisdom of God. Some who give up this domain to law, find footing in other departments of nature upon which science has not as yet poured any clear light. We shall presently see by what weak arguments such exceptions are maintained. Meanwhile, it must be noted as important, that all is uncertainty on this side of the question—a strong presumption, were there no other, against it. One of the most remarkable reservations made of late years from the system of invariable order, is that presented in Dr. Whewell's 'History of the Inductive Sciences.' Admitting that nature, as revealed to our senses, is a system of causation, this writer halts when he comes to consider the origin of

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language and of arts, the origin of species and formation of globes. These he calls palætiological sciences, because, in his opinion, we have to seek for an ancient and different class of causes, as affecting them, from any which are now seen operating. 'In no palætiological science,' says he, 'has man been able to arrive at a beginning which is homogeneous with the known course of events. We can, in such sciences, often go very far back, determine many of the remote circumstances of the past series of events, ascend to a point which seems to be near their origin, and limit the hypothesis respecting the origin itself; but philosophers have never demonstrated, and, so far as we can judge, probably never will be able to demonstrate, what was the primitive state of things from which the progressive course of the world took its first departure. In all these paths of research, when we travel far backwards, the aspect of the earlier portions becomes very different from that of the advanced part on which we now stand; but in all cases the path is lost in obscurity as it is traced backwards to its starting point: it becomes not only invisible, but unimaginable; it is not only an interruption, but an abyss which interposes itself between us and any intelligible beginning of things.' Here, we have the view of exceptions which is entertained by one of the chief writers of the day, and the superior of one of our greatest academical institutions. The professional position of Dr. Whewell may be held to imply that we should receive from him a view at once leaning to the philosophical, and accommodated as far as possible to the prepossessions expected in a large class of persons. It is remarkable, but not surprising, how weak is the barrier which he has raised to stop our course towards a theory of universal arrangement by ordinary natural law. The necessity alleged by Dr. Whewell for a different set of causes in the early times of our globe, and with regard to the formation of that globe, is, at the very first, liable to strong suspicion, as reminding us much of that well-known propensity of nations to fill up the first chapters of their history with mythic heroes and giants. The subjects of investigation are remote from common research; they are not, and never could have been, chronicled in the manner of modern facts; we are in the regions of the comparatively unknown: hence, something more magnificent or impressive than ordinary must be supposed. Such is the reasoning, or rather no-reasoning. The point at which extraordinary causes have to be supposed is evidently quite arbitrary, resting exactly on the limits of the knowledge existing at any time, and always flying further and further back, in proportion as our knowledge increases. Had Dr. Whewell been writing fifty years ago, be would of course have included among his palætiological sciences, the formation of strata, and the intrusions of the granitic and trappean among the aqueous rocks, which ingenuity has since explained by existing causes; for there is not a single argument for his considering the formation of globes and origin of species as palætiological, which would not have applied with equal force to these phenomena before the days of Pallas and Hutton. Against a theory of mere assumption—a reasoning from ignorance to ignorance—such considerations form serious objections."

We have not room to pursue this able, if not convincing, line of refutation, in which the author cleverly brings in the high name of Herschel to back him.

"Where men are so much perplexed between two opposite principles, led by science in the one direction and drawn by intellectual indolence or timidity in the other, it is not surprising to find them expressing opinions wholly contradictory. Sir John Herschel some years ago announced views strictly conformable to those subsequently taken of organic creation in my book. 'For my part,' said he, 'I cannot but think it an inadequate conception of the Creator, to assume it as granted that his combinations are exhausted upon any one of the theatres of their former exercise, though, in this, as in all his other works, we are led, by all analogy, to suppose that he operates through a series of intermediate causes, and that, in consequence, the origination of fresh species, could it ever come under our cognisance, would be found to be a natural, in contradistinction to a miraculous process—although we perceive no indications of any process actually in progress which is likely to issue in such a result.' In his address to the British Association at Cambridge (1845), he said, with respect to my hypothesis of the first step of organic creation: 'The transition from an inanimate crystal to a globule capable of such endless organic and intellectual development, is as great a step—as unexplained a one—as unintelligible to us—and in any sense of the word as miraculous, as the immediate creation and introduction upon earth of every species and every individual would be!' The reader will now be able to judge of the views opposed to the theory of universal order. He observes that they are of no distinct unique character, but for the most part follow the measure of ignorance, and are maintained at the expense of consistency. It is not surprising that the idea of an organic creation by special exertion or fiat should be maintained by the advocates of these views, for it is one of the last obscure pieces of scientific ground on which they can shew face. One after another, the phenomena of nature, like so many revolted principalities, have fallen under the dominion of order or law; but here is one little province still faithful to the Bœotian government; and, as it is nearly the last, no wonder it is so vigorously defended. As in the political world, however, men do not trust in the endurance of a dynasty which is reduced to a single city or nook of its dominions, so may we expect a speedy extinction to a doctrine which has been driven from every portion of nature but one or two limited fields."

On the infinite local variation of organic forms, the author founds some very curious and cogent remarks. He says:

"Did the vegetable and animal kingdoms consist of a definite number of species adapted to peculiarities of soil and climate, and universally distributed, the fact would be in harmony with the idea of special exertion. But the truth is, that various regions exhibit variations altogether without apparent end or purpose. Professor Henslow enumerates forty-five distinct floras, or sets of plants, upon the surface of the earth, notwithstanding that many of these would be equally suitable elsewhere. The animals of different continents are equally various, few species being the same in any two, though the general character may conform. The inference at present drawn from this fact is, that there must have been, to use the language of the Rev. Dr. Pye Smith, 'separate and original creations, perhaps at different and respectively distant epochs.' It seems hardly conceivable that rational men should give an adherence to such a doctrine, when we think of what it involves. In the single fact that it necessitates a special fiat of the inconceivable Author of this sand-cloud of worlds to produce the flora of St. Helena, we read its more than sufficient condemnation. It surely harmonises far better with our general ideas of nature, to suppose that, just as all else in this far-spread scene was formed by the laws impressed on it at first by its Author, so also was this. An exception presented to us in such a light, appears admissible only when we succeed in forbidding our minds to follow out those reasoning processes to which, by another law of the Almighty, they tend, and for which they are adapted. I feel that I have dwelt long enough on this part of the question; and yet there are a few geological facts which here call for special comment, and I am loath to overlook them. As is well known, most of the large carnivores and pachyderms of the late tertiary formations very closely resemble existing species; but they are, nevertheless, determined to be distinct species by Professor Owen and other eminent authorities, in consideration of certain peculiarities. The peculiarities are, in general, trifling, such as differences in the tubercles or groovings of the surface of teeth, or greater or less length of body or extremities; but no matter of what the differences consist. Enough for the present that they are held by Mr. Owen and his friends to be of that character which are never passed in generation, but necessarily imply a new creation, a separate effort of divine power. Now, it so happens that all the tertiary species, or so-called species, have not been changed or extirpated. There is a badger of the miocene, which cannot be distinguished from the badger of the present day. Our existing *Meles taxus* is, therefore, acknowledged by Mr. Owen to be 'the oldest known species of mammal on the face of the earth.' It is in like manner impossible to discover any difference between the present wild cat and that which lived in the bone-caves with the hyena, rhinoceros, and tiger of the ante-drift era, all of which are said to be extinct species. So also the otter has survived since an early period in the pliocene, while so many larger animals were shifted. The learned anatomist takes occasion from these facts to speak of a survival by small and weak species of geological changes, which have been accompanied by the extirpation of larger and more formidable animals of allied species. The inference from the facts and doctrines of this school is, that Divine Power has seen fit to change the species of elephants, rhinoceroses, tigers, and bears, using special miracles to introduce new ones, one with perhaps an additional tooth, another with a new tubercle or cusp on the third molar; and so forth; while he has seen no occasion for a similar interference with the otter, wild cat, and badger, which accordingly, have been left undisturbed in their obscurity. Such may be the belief of men of science, anxious to support a theory; but assuredly it will never be received by any ordinary men, of fair understandings, who may be able to read and comprehend the works of Mr. Owen. It were too much for even a child's faith. Yet the Edinburgh reviewer, a member of this school, talks of 'credolity!'"

The author, towards the close, repudiates the idea that his doctrine of universal law, without special interferences, and an agency of intermediate alteration, threatens to injure very sacred principles, and introduce fatalism and materialism in their stead.

"Is (he inquires) our own (*i. e.* human) position affected injuriously by this view, or can our relation to the universe and its Author be presumed to be so? Assuredly not. Our character is now seen to be a definite part of a

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system which is definite. The Deity himself becomes a defined instead of a capricious being. Power to make and to uphold remains his as before, but is invested with a character of tranquillity altogether new—the highest attribute we can conceive, in connexion with power. Viewing him as the Author of this vast scheme, by the mere force of his will, and yet as the indispensably present sustainer of all, seeing that the whole is constructed upon a plan of benevolence and justice, we expand to loftier, more generous, and holy emotions, as we feel that we are essential parts of a system so great and good. The place we hold, in comparison, is humble beyond all statement of a degree; yet it is a certain and intelligible place. We know where we stand, and have some sense also of our chronological place. The years of our existence occupy a space in that mighty series, during some earlier portion of which this globe, since the theatre of glories and of sorrows numberless, was moulded into form. Arithmetic could state, if we knew it, the connexion between the birth of a babe which saw the light an hour ago, and the time when the elements of our astral system began to resolve themselves into those countless orbs, one of which is man's, the stage of his long-descended history, and the bounds within which all his secular phenomena must ever be confined. The unit of each individuality, great or humble in social regard, takes a fixed place in that march of life which rose unreckoned ages ago, and now goes on to a 'weird' which no wizard has pretended to know. We feel that, amidst all the disgrace of trouble and of trespass, we are still the first form of active being after the Greatest, and therefore may well be assured that, immeasurable as is our distance from God, we are still immediately regarded and cared for by him. Surely there is here much to soothe and to encourage. It may be that the individual often suffers innocently to appearance in our present sphere; but then he is part of a system of assured benevolence and justice: having faith in this, he is safe. It may be, as some one has suggested, that there is not only a term of life to the individual, but to the species; and that when the proper time comes, the prolific energy being exhausted, man is transferred to the list of extinct forms. Strange thought, that the beauteous phenomena of personal existence—the thrill of the lover, the mother's smile on cherub infancy, the brightness of loving firesides, the aspirations of generous poets and philosophers, the thought cast up and beyond the earthly, that petard which breaks down every door—the tear of penitence, the meekness of the suffering humble, the ardour of the strong in good causes, all that the great and beneficent of all ages have felt, all that each of us now sees and muses on, in his home, his people, his age; that all these should be thus resolved; passing away whole 'equinoxes' into the past, as far as we particular men are concerned, still passing further back as respects the larger personalities called nations, and still further, in inconceivable multiplication, with regard to the species—gone, lost, hushed, in the stillness of a mightier death than has hitherto been thought of! But yet the faith may not be shaken, that that which has been endowed with the power of godlike thought, and allowed to come into communion with its Eternal Author, cannot be truly lost. The vital flame which proceeded from him at first, returns to him in our perfected form at last, bearing with it all good and lovely things, and making of all the far-extending past but one intense present, glorious and everlasting."

This eloquent peroration will also finish our paper; but the reference to Mr. Weekes's experiments in the appendix tempts us to extract their essential results, as described in the letters of that gentleman, and they will be found under our head of Arts and Sciences. We need not detail the accounts of the rigid precautions taken to avert any extraneous introduction or confusion in these experiments; we simply quote the asserted facts.

Creation by the Immediate Agency of God, as opposed to Creation by Natural Law, &c. By Thomas Monck Mason, B.A. Pp. 182. London, J. W. Parker.

PUBLISHED shortly before the volume we have just quitted, in this essay Mr. Mason enters upon its refutation. One of its most interesting features is the pointing out the alterations made in the several succeeding editions of the *Vestiges;* where the author has abandoned his arguments, where he has compromised his opinions, where he has changed his tone, where he has omitted, qualified, or substituted—all which are worthy of note, upon a controversy so general and important. In other respects we must content ourselves with observing, that Mr. Mason systematically and ably follows out all the web of argument in the *Vestiges*, and adduces much scientific authority against its reception as truth. He rests upon the Bible, with a dangerous dogma, that if any minute part of it was shewn to be fallible, the whole must be abandoned to incredulity; and finally concedes, that as the theory of the *Vestiges* is only *capable* of being true, and its scheme of creation only a *possible* mode of accounting for the phenomena he has undertaken to explain, it would still be much wiser to adhere fastly and fixedly to Revelation as the guide to our belief in these matters beyond the reach of mortal intellect.

Oliver Newman; a New-England Tale (unfinished): with other Poetical Remains. By the late Robert Southey. Pp. 116. Longmans.

MUCH interest necessarily attaches to the posthumous writings of a celebrated person, and especially to the last utterance of a poet's song. The living music which has charmed our ear from time to time will be heard no more: its latest voice is a strain from the dead. What is here sadly said of a portrait, *mutato nomine*, will apply as touchingly to a book:

"There was a troubled meaning in his look
And o'er his brow an ashy paleness spread
As forth he took
A little casket, and, with trembling hand
Presenting it to Leverett, said:
'Thus I discharge my mother's last command;
On her death-bed she told me I should need
No other friend with you in my behalf to plead.'

The governor's countenance changed as he received
That message from the dead;
And when he opened and contemplated
The sad bequest,
Tears filled his eyes, which could not be represt.
It was a woman's picture, in her youth
And bloom portrayed, by Cooper's perfect skill.
The eyes, which death had quenched,
Kept there their life and living lustre still;
The auburn locks, which sorrow's withering hand,
Forestalling time, had changed to early grey,
Disparting from the ivory forehead, fell
In ringlets which might tempt the breath of May;
The lips, now cold as clay,
Seemed to breathe warmth and vernal fragrance there;
The cheeks were in their maiden freshness fair.
Thus had the limner's art divine preserved
A beauty which from earth had passed away."

Thus may we, sorrowing, receive the transcript likeness of the mind of Southey; which, though imperfectly delineated in a fragmentary form, yet bears the impress of many of its features sufficiently plain to recall his memory vividly to the sense. In the preface, by Mr. Herbert Hill, we are told, that "'Oliver Newman' was not a rapid production; the first idea of it seems to have arisen in his mind in 1811; it was commenced in January 1815, and having been continued at different intervals, amid the pressure of more urgent business, received its last additions in September 1829. Although this is not the place to speak critically, one observation perhaps may be pardoned—that this poem seems to possess, in a considerable degree, a quality which some of the author's other poems were judged by several critics to be deficient in, viz. a human interest: we feel that we are among persons of a like nature with ourselves, and their sufferings touch the heart."

The author's own sketch of its plan is given in a short appendix, from which we learn that the hero, Oliver Newman, is the son of the regicide Goffe, who, with his father-in-law and also brother-regicide Whalley, are seeking concealment in America after the Restoration, which brought some of their associates to the scaffold. The modern Telemachus crosses the Atlantic to join and succour them on the death of his mother; and his outward voyage—during which a female death occurs on board the ship, and throws a beauteous girl on his protection; and he also redeems from cruel slavery the wife and two children of an Indian chief, and carries them along with him—opens the poem in a finely descriptive style, and inducts us into his character through the fatal event alluded to:

"The summer sun is riding high
Amid a bright and cloudless sky;
Beneath whose deep o'erarching blue
The circle of the Atlantic sea,
Reflecting back a deeper hue,
Is heaving peacefully.
The winds are still, the ship with idle motion
Rocks gently on the gentle ocean;
Loose hang her sails, awaiting when the breeze
Again shall wake to waft her on her way.
Glancing beside, the dolphins, as they play,
Their gorgeous tints suffused with gold display;
And gay bonitos in their beauty glide;
With arrowy speed in close pursuit,
They through the azure waters shoot;
A feebler shoal before them in affright
Spring from the wave, and in short flight,
On wet and plumeless wing essay
The aërial element;
The greedy followers, on the chase intent,
Dart forward still with keen and upturned sight,
And, to their proper danger blind the while,
Heed not the sharks, which have for many a day
Hovered behind the ship, presentient of their prey.

So fair a season might persuade
You crowd to try the fisher's trade;
Yet from the stern no line is hung,
Nor bait by eager sea-boy flung;
Nor doth the watchful sailor stand
Alert to strike, harpoon in hand.
Upon the deck assembled, old and young,
Bareheaded all in reverence, see them there;
Behold where, hoisted half-mast high,
The English flag hangs mournfully;
And hark! what solemn sounds are these
Heard in the silence of the seas?

'Man that is born of woman, short his time,
And full of woe! he springeth like a flower,
Or like the grass, that, green at morning prime,
Is cut and withereth ere the evening hour;
Never doth he continue in one stay,
But like a shadow doth he pass away.'
It was that awful strain, which saith
How in the midst of life we are in death;
'Yet not for ever, O Lord God most High;
Saviour, yet not for ever shall we die!'

Ne'er from a voice more eloquent did prayer
Arise with fervent piety sincere.
To every heart, of all the listening crew,
It made its way, and drew
Even from the hardy seaman's eyes a tear.
'God,' he pursued, 'hath taken to himself
The soul of our departed sister dear;
We then commit her body to the deep:'—
He paused, and, at the word,
The coffin's plunge was heard.

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A female voice of anguish then brake forth
With sobs convulsive of a heart opprest.
It was a daughter's agonising cry:
But soon hath she represt
The fit of passionate grief,
And listening patiently,
In that religious effort gained relief.
Beside the grey-haired captain doth she stand;
One arm is linked in his; the other hand
Hid with the handkerchief her face, and prest
Her eyes, whence burning tears continuous flow.
Down hung her head upon her breast,
And thus the maiden stood in silent woe.

Again was heard the preacher's earnest voice:
It bade the righteous in their faith rejoice,
Their sure and certain hope in Christ; for blest
In Him are they who from their labours rest.
It rose into a high thanksgiving strain
And praised the Lord, who from a world of pain
Had now been pleased to set his servant free;
Hasten thy kingdom, Lord, that all may rest in thee;
In manhood's fairest prime was he who prayed,
Even in the flower and beauty of his youth.
These holy words and fervent tones portrayed
The feelings of his inmost soul sincere!
For scarce two months had filled their short career
Since from the grave of her who gave him birth
That sound had struck upon his ear;
When to the doleful words of 'Earth to earth'
Its dead response the senseless coffin gave:—
Oh! who can e'er forget that echo of the grave?"

In the same vessel is a passenger named Randolph, a zealous royalist; and between him and the young puritan much argument ensues, supporting the views and opinions of either party. This controversy, in which the captain occasionally joins, relieves the general solemnity of the composition with humour: as thus, speaking of a different class of godly emigrants, the seaman breaks out:

"'Oh, hang the broad face and round head,
Hard as iron, and heavy as lead!
I have whistled for a wind ere now,
And thought it cheap to crack a sail,
If it sent the canting breed below.
Jonah was three days in the whale:
But I have had fellows here, I trow,
With lungs of brazen power,
Who would not fail to preach a whale
Dead sick in half an hour.
One Sunday, when on the banks we lay,
These roundheads, think ye, what did they?
Because, they said, 'twas the Sabbath-day,
And hallowed by the Lord,
They took the fish which their servants caught,
And threw them overboard.
Newman is made of different clay;
He walks in his own quiet way."

It is then discovered that he is a friend and admirer of Milton, and the dialogue proceeds:

"*Captain.* This is stark madness.
Randolph. Or stark poetry.—
Two things as near as Grub Street and Moorfields;
But he came bravely off; for softening soon,
To his habitual suavity, he said,
Far was it from his thought to vindicate
Ill deeds of treason and of blood. The wise
Had sometimes erred, the virtuous gone astray:
Too surely in ourselves we felt the seed
'Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe:'
His friend, like other men, had drawn a part
Of that sad heritage; he loved in him
His wisdom and his virtue, not his faults."

* * * * *

"*Captain.* And we must needs admit, he hath not left
His native country in that piggish mood
Which neither will be led nor driven, but grunts
And strives with stubborn neck and groundling snout,
Struggling through mire and brake, to right and left,
No matter where, so it can only take
The way it should not go. One of that herd,
Rather than read the service, would have seen
The dead thrown overboard without a prayer.
Randolph. Yet he hath freaks and follies of opinion;
The bubbles of a yeasty mind, that works
As it would crack its vessel.
Captain. They are ever
The sweetest nuts in which the maggot breeds.
Randolph. But once fly-stricken, what avails their sweetness?
Only to feed a pampered grub, that leaves
Nothing but dirt and hollowness behind it.
Tainted the young man is, and deeply too."

* * * * *

"*Randolph.* Howbeit 'twill win him
Worship and friends in the city of the saints;
And, to the ears of sober Boston men,
Oliver will be a name more savoury
Than Tribulation, or Stand-fast-in-the-Lord,
Increase or Nathan, Gershom, Ichabod,
Praise-God, or any of the Barebones breed.
They rise upon the oak-holyday with faces
A full inch longer than they took to bed:
Experienced nurses feed their babes that day
With spoons, because the mother's milk is sour;
And when they mourn upon the Martyrdom,
'Tis for the expiation, not the crime.
Oh, they love dearly one of the precious seed!
Tyburn, since Sixty, in their secret hearts
Holds place of Calvary. For saints and martyrs,
None like their own Hugh Peters, and the heads
On the Hall your only relics!"

These quotations afford very accurate examples of the poem in its better parts; for the interviews and conversations between Oliver and Leverett are rather tedious; and so is the history of the first settlements, the intercourse with the natives, and the causes of the war which raged at the date of subject.

The versification, it will be seen, assumes every shape, from blank verse to irregulars without name in the critic's vocabulary. Single lines of much beauty often strike us; but as we cannot insulate them, they must be left to the reader's taste, whilst we endeavour to extract a few specimens more intelligible in a separate condition:

"Moments there are in life,—alas, how few!—
When, casting cold prudential doubts aside,
We take a generous impulse for our guide,
And, following promptly what the heart thinks best,
Commit to Providence the rest,
Sure that no after-reckoning will arise
Of shame or sorrow, for the heart is wise.
And happy they who thus in faith obey
Their better nature; err sometimes they may,
And some sad thoughts lie heavy in the breast,
Such as by hope deceived are left behind;
But, like a shadow, these will pass away
From the pure sunshine of the peaceful mind."

* * * *

"We must patiently await
The hour of his release. With time and death
Sure reckoning may be made."

Old Goffe described by Leverett:

"But if the patient
Reject the means of cure? He will not leave
A place of refuge which the Lord prepared
For him in his distress; and where full surely
He trusts the call will reach him, to come forth
And fight the battles of the good old cause,
For which he doth endure contentedly
This living martyrdom. Thy father thus
Would answer thee; the malady is rooted
In him so deeply now. It is become
Essential in his being: long success,
Beyond the most audacious of his thoughts,
Fed and inflamed it first; long suffering since
Hath as it were annealed it in his soul
With stubborn fortitude, bewildered faith,
Love, hatred, indignation, all strong passions,
The bitterest feelings and the tenderest thoughts,
Yea, all his earthly, all his heavenly hopes.
And Russel—for such sympathy alone
Could influence him to harbour long such guests—
Fosters the old delusion which he shares,
And ministers to it, even in his prayers."

The following is not inapplicable to the grand struggle of the present hour:

"Men and times were changed when the elder youth
Succeeded to his sire; for the colonists,
Now well acquainted with these Indian neighbours,
Loathed their unseemly usages, abhorred
Their most incredible cruelty, despised
Their easy ignorance, and practised on it.
I seek not to conceal our own offences:
Compared with other nations,—even with England,
Such as corrupted England long hath been,—
We are a sober, yea, a righteous people:
But trade, which in the mother-land is one
Of many wheels, bearing a part alone,
And that too but subordinate, in the movements
Of a complicate and wonderful machine,
Is in our simple order the mainspring
That governs all. And where trade rules, alas!
Whatever name be worshipped in the temples,
Mammon receives the heart's idolatry,
And is the god of the land."

Southey would not have been an Anti-Corn-law Leaguer—but we have done with the principal poem, which breaks off as abruptly as we have done, in the midst of a forest into which Oliver and his companions have journeyed, on their way to seek the refugees and Indian tribes.

"Uneasy now became perforce
The inevitable intercourse,
Too grateful heretofore:
Each in the other could descry
The tone constrained, the altered eye.
They knew that each to each could seem
No longer as of yore;
And yet, while thus estranged, I deem
Each loved the other more.
Hers was perhaps the saddest heart:
His the more forced and painful part:
A sense of proper maiden pride
To her the needful strength supplied.
Then first perhaps the virgin thought
How large a dower of love and faithfulness
Her gentle spirit could have brought
A kindred heart to bless;
Herself then first she understood
With what capacities endued;
Then first, by undeserved neglect
Roused to a consciousness of self-respect,
Felt she was not more willing to be won
Than worthy to be woo'd.

Had they from such disturbant thoughts been free,
It had been sure for them
A gladsome sight to see
The Indian children, with what glee
They breathed their native air of liberty.
Food to the weary man with toil forespent
Not more refreshment brings,
Than did the forest breeze upon its wings
To these true younglings of the wilderness:
A happy sight, a sight of hearts content!
For blithe were they
As swallows, wheeling in the summer sky
At close of day;
As insects, when on high
Their mazy dance they thread
In myriads overhead,
Where sunbeams through the thinner foliage gleam,
Or spin in rapid circles as they play,
Where winds are still,
Upon the surface of the unrippled stream:
Yea, gamesome in their innocence were they
As lambs in fragrant pasture, at their will
The udder, when to press
They run, for hunger less
Than joy, and very love and wantonness."

The sketch already mentioned shews us how the author meant to conduct and conclude the story, which, after many adventures, was to end happily.

The other remains are very slight, and chiefly remarkable for a psychological manifestation.

"Of the other pieces here collected (says Mr. Hill), the 'Fragmentary Thoughts occasioned by his Son's Death,' and the 'Short Passages of Scripture,' are printed as much for the purpose of giving fresh proof of the purity and elevation of his character, as for their own intrinsic beauty. His son Herbert—of whom he wrote thus in the Colloquies, 'I called to mind my hopeful H—— too, so often the sweet companion of my morning walks to this very spot, in whom I had fondly thought my better part should have survived me, and

'With whom it seemed my very life
Went half away' '—

died 17th April, 1816, being about ten years old, a boy of remarkable genius and sweetness of disposition. These Fragments bear a date at their commencement, 3d May, 1816, but do not seem all written at the same time. The author at one time contemplated founding upon them a considerable work, of a meditative and deeply serious cast. But although he, like Schiller, after the vanishing of his Ideals, always found 'employment, the never-tiring,' one of his truest friends,—yet this particular form of employment, which seemed at first attractive to him, had not, when tried, the soothing effect upon his feelings which was needful; and in March, 1817, he writes, that 'he had not recovered heart enough to proceed with it.'"

But the curiosity is that such an affliction could be proceeded with at all, and that regular

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hints, and grounds, and pieces for the melancholy mosaic could have been associated with the deep feelings of utter and irremediable misery. The Poet to a certain extent superseded the Father; and the arrangement and expression of thoughts to be used in lamentation have to us a more strange than agreeable aspect. We transcribe the whole, as a very novel and singular exhibition of the manner in which literary genius and habits can turn the individual from the deepest of mortal sorrows—the death of such a son.

"Thy life was a day; and sum it well, life is but a week of such days,—with how much storm, and cold, and darkness! Thine was a sweet spring holyday,—a vernal Sabbath, all sunshine, hope, and promise.

—

and that name
In sacred silence buried, which was still
At morn and eve the never-wearying theme
Of dear discourse.

—

playful thoughts
Turn'd now to gall and esel.

—

He to whom Heaven in mercy hath assigned
Life's wholesome wormwood, fears no bitterness when
From the hand of death he drinks the Amreeta cup.

—

Beauties of nature,—the passion of my youth,
Nursed up and ripened to a settled love,
Whereto my heart is wedded.

—

Feeling at Westminster, when summer evening sent a sadness to my heart, and I sate pining for green fields, and banks of flowers, and running streams,—or dreaming of Avon and her rocks and woods.

—

No more great attempts, only a few autumnal flowers, like second primroses, &c.

—

They who look for me in our Father's kingdom
Will look for him also; inseparably
Shall we be so remembered.

—

The grave the house of hope:
It is the haven whither we are bound
On the rough sea of life, and thence she lands
In her own country, on the immortal shore.

—

Come, then,
Pain and Infirmity—appointed guests,
My heart is ready.

—

My soul
Needed perhaps a longer discipline,
Or sorer penance, here.

—

A respite something like repose is gained
While I invoke them, and the troubled tide
Of feeling, for a while allayed, obeys
A tranquillising influence, that might seem
By some benign intelligence dispensed,
Who lends an ear to man.
They are not, though,
Mere unrealities; rather, I ween,
The ancient poets, in the graceful garb
Of fiction, have transmitted earliest truths,
Ill understood; adorning, as they deemed,
With mythic tales things erringly received,
And mingling with primeval verities
Their own devices vain. For what to us
Scripture assures, by searching proof confirmed,
And inward certainty of sober faith,
Tradition unto them delivered down
Changed and corrupted in the course of time,
And haply also by delusive art
Of evil powers.——"

Visit to the Portuguese Possessions in South-Western Africa. By G. Tams, M.D. Translated from the German by H. E. Lloyd, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. London, Newby.

In 1841 Senhor Ribeira dos Santos, the Portuguese consul-general at Altona, fitted out an expedition consisting of six vessels, laden with a various assortment of goods, for the coast of Angola, with the purpose of visiting every European station, and trading with them. At the head of this "experimental squadron" went the consul himself, taking with him Dr. Tams as a medical and scientific companion, and two young naturalists, Mr. Wrede, of Hanover, as botanist, and Mr. Grosbendner, of Hamburgh.* He also carried with him a band of six musicians, and a young Portuguese linguist as his secretary. The voyage so well planned began in inauspicious misfortune; for Mr. Albers, a friend of Dos Santos, was accidentally drowned as he was seeing him on his way; and before they reached the African coast, Mr. Lima, who had been sent out some years before to prepare for these more extended operations, died at Loanda. And the enterprise but too sadly realised these ill-omens. M. Dos Santos and nearly all his associates (including Wrede, Grosbendner, and the secretary) fell sacrifices to the pestilential climate of Africa; and Dr. Tams, nearly alone, returned to tell the tale of their calamities, and give the world, in a very simple manner, the interesting accounts contained in these volumes.

He visited Benguela, Novo Redondo, Loanda, and Ambriz; and it was a notice of the latter almost unknown little negro kingdom, published in the *Hamburgh Literary Journal*, that recalled European attention to the enterprise which had excited so much curiosity and jealousy on its setting out, and provoked a desire to learn more of its particular details. They are here recorded: and before turning to the most novel of them (after the accounts we have had of the country from the English surveys of Vidal and Owen in 1825, and Tuckey† and others since that time), we have only to state that the author decidedly denies a suspicion thrown out against Dos Santos, that his was a slave-trading voyage. On the contrary, he affirms that it was purely mercantile; and is himself so zealous an antagonist of the vile and unholy traffic, that we think credit should be given to his assertion, and the memory of the deceased held clear of this imputation. With regard to the trade itself, it appears from this work that it is, at least on the coast of Angola, "in the hands of a few individuals, many of whom are not natives of Portugal, but have been sent to those colonies as convicts, often for crimes of the deepest dye; that they are not subject to any control or restriction, but are at liberty to direct every effort to one sole object—the rapid acquisition of wealth; that the slave-trade alone paralyses every endeavour to improve the boundless commercial advantages which might be derived from the infinite variety and excellence of the natural productions of the country; and that this dominant evil reduces these colonies, which might become the most flourishing in the world, to a state of dependence on Brazil, and even on Europe, not only for many of the luxuries, but even for the daily necessaries of life."

Unhappily it is acknowledged, notwithstanding all the efforts of England, and other well-disposed allied nations, the extent and horrors of the middle passage have been increased, and the flags of more than one foreign power continue to cover this infernal traffic. Let us hope that the treaty with France, another of the noble acts of one of the truest and greatest statesmen of the age, M. Guizot, and now on the eve of being put in execution by that country, will strengthen the Christian cause, and effectually aid in restraining, if not exterminating, the moral pestilence.

Now to the Expedition. It touched at the Cape de Verd Isles, stopped a while at San Antonio and San Vincente, passed on to the African shores, the first view of which is described as nearly resembling some Danish islands, and landed at Benguela. From the stay at San Antonio we copy the following anecdotes:

"In the evening, I accompanied Mr. Burnay to the sea-side, for the purpose of enjoying a bath; but I had the misfortune to tread upon the *serpula lambricalis*, which almost every where completely covers the rock: some of the sharp spines entered the ball of my foot, and as I could not extract them, the inflammation and swelling which ensued rendered it almost impossible for me to walk for several days. Accidents of this nature are common here, and the negroes employ the very simple remedy of applying a warm bandage of baked bananas, which they continue to renew for several days. I unhesitatingly submitted to their medical experience, and was shortly relieved from the violent pain occasioned by the wound. Our naturalists met with an equally disagreeable accident a few hours earlier the same day. After bathing, and while still dripping with sea-water, they very imprudently walked along the beach before they were dressed, collecting shells and molluscæ. They thus exposed their uncovered backs for a considerable time to the beams of the sun, in consequence of which, they were immediately seized with a violent fever, and their backs were for several days as raw and tender as if an immense blister had been applied. These consequences, annoying in themselves, were, nevertheless, a very useful warning for the future."

Of San Vincente we read:

"The whole of the little town is composed of ill-built wooden barracks, and presents a picture of the most abject poverty; the consequent importunity of a host of beggars was, as may be conceived, quite intolerable. Money was comparatively of no value; but a cigar or a little tobacco soon satisfied them. The soil is so sterile, that it produces only a scanty herbage for goats, and the prevailing drought had so completely shrivelled the vegetation of the higher parts of the rock, that in a walk across the island I saw no less than thirty goats which had perished for want of food; their decayed carcasses had attracted swarms of muck-worms, and infected the air to a considerable distance. Through the kindness of the governor, we obtained two cows, which had been fed upon rushes and grass, fetched from San Antonio for the purpose; but the poor animals had, notwithstanding, been so completely starved, that they looked like calves rather than cows, and were carried on board without the slightest difficulty, by one man. I was told that there was no spring in the whole island, with the exception of one which issues a few yards behind the governor's residence; but I question this, because I every where found tracks of goats even in the most distant parts of the island."

At Benguela:

"The arrival of caravans from remote parts of the interior presents a novel and very interesting scene to the eye of a stranger, from the variety of the weapons, dress, and physiognomy, by which each tribe is distinguished. Numerous groups are seen in every street, dancing with extravagant wildness to some wretched music; sometimes they sing for hours together in a melancholy strain; and yet the songs contain nothing more than the words,—'Benguela is a handsome town, and has handsome women.' * * *

"As soon as darkness sets in, all hurry anxiously home; even the negroes desert the street, or lie round a blazing fire in front of the dwellings, or, if obliged to be abroad, carry lighted torches in their hands to scare away the

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* The preface tells us he devoted himself to *etymology*, p. xxxiii.: we presume a misprint for entomology!—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

† We may mention that Capt. Tuckey's Journal originally appeared in the *Lit. Gaz.*—*Ed.*

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wild beasts. 'Darkness seems to be alive,' for the silence of night is broken by the cries of ravenous beasts of prey, chiefly the hyena, whose presence in the town is immediately announced by the howling of the dogs, which slink away in evident terror. While the European stranger is filled with apprehension at the proximity of such neighbours, the inhabitants, who are accustomed to it from childhood, are almost indifferent to it, although it is by no means unusual for men to fall a prey to these ravenous creatures. Indeed, only a few days before our arrival, a female slave was devoured by a lion close to the town, at noon-day. The terrors of the night are quickly dispelled by the transcendent beauty of the morning. Earth glows in her primeval beauty, all nature smiles in the loveliest verdure, and the delicious coolness of the atmosphere invites every one to enjoy the early dawn. From half-past five till eight o'clock, when the sun gradually dispels the silvery mist that is spread over the earth, is the busiest part of the day, and the time most enjoyed by the European; the merchant then attends to his business, the physician visits his patients, and the negro goes a-fishing, or looks to his maize and tapioca, when he cultivates any, which is not often the case. Suddenly the whole scene changes; the sun begins to shoot down his vertical rays, and the European, who dreads the fierce magnificence of this glorious luminary like the pestilence, retires to his house for the day, while the negro lies down before his hut, smokes tobacco, and basks in the sun; but neither dance nor song is heard. The numerous birds disappear; the little parroquet and the African humming-birds seek the thickest shade; the songsters of the woods are mute; and the plants, which but a moment before looked vigorous and fresh, languidly droop their leaves. The pulses of nature seem to be stopped; every sound is hushed; there is not a breath, not a motion in earth or sky; an unearthly death-like stillness prevails, which, combined with the oppressive heat, is more trying to bear than all the terrors and discomforts of the night. On looking abroad, the atmosphere appears in glistering motion; the eye cannot endure the glare of light, and yet the sun is always veiled in mist; the thermometer generally rises in the shade to 93° or 94°, and sometimes to 102° or 105° F. All creation is wrapped in such profound repose, that the most solitary spots may be visited without risk, because not even a wild beast rises from its lair, or coiled serpent issues from its dark retreat. The unhappy slaves alone, the lawful masters of the soil, are not allowed by their cruel European owners to take repose at a time which nature herself seems to have appointed. In the awful silence of noon, the clank of the chains of the passing slaves falls reproachfully on the ear as they toil on their weary way to fetch water from the distant river Catumbella, or carry goods to the sea-coast. These miserable beings, fastened eight, ten, or even fifteen to one chain, then present a picture of the most abject misery. They often retain the ornaments and the bushy hair of which they were so proud in their happier days, to which their toil-worn frames and melancholy gait form a sad contrast. Few of them seemed accustomed to their present condition, nor is it likely that they ever will be; because their avaricious owners have no sooner purchased them, than they endeavour to dispose of them at a higher price. Others, who have been longer in a state of slavery, appear resigned to their unnatural lot; but the condition of their bodies bears indisputable evidence of the barbarous treatment which they have experienced; half-starved, and almost reduced to a skeleton, they often bear on their naked backs the marks of their owners' tyranny. But if we enter the slave-yards the picture is yet far more fearful. These yards are generally about sixty feet square, and frequently contain from one hundred and fifty to two hundred negroes. In the midst of this mass of human beings, it is very common to find swine or goats; for their protection little sheds have been erected, while man is wantonly exposed by his fellow-man to the powerful influence of the dew, the rain, and the sun:

> 'No cloud in heaven to slake its ray,
> On earth no sheltering bower.'

With heartless indifference the Portuguese slave-merchant conducts the stranger into these court-yards—the warehouse where he keeps his human merchandise; but while the sight of this heart-sickening scene harrows up every generous feeling, it inspires him with no sensation but that of fiendish joy at the possession of so much wealth, just as the sordid miser gloats with delight over his accumulated hoards."

Appalling picture and contrast: how glorious is Nature! how horrible man!

"All the slave-dealers (Dr. T. goes on to inform us) in Benguela are Portuguese, with the exception of two or three Italians, and their iniquitous trade is so flourishing, that in the year 1838, nearly 20,000 slaves were exported. This I was told by several of the dealers themselves; and it is certain that this number has not diminished within the last few years, but rather the contrary. It is, however, extremely difficult to obtain a correct statement; for the slaves are frequently put on board at other parts of the coast, because, to the honour of Britain be it said, the vigilance of her men-of-war renders it very dangerous for the slavers to leave Benguela. Nay, in some extreme cases, whole cargoes of slaves are despatched in forced marches to the new Portuguese colony, Mossamedes, which is nearly ninety miles distant, and is said to have an excellent harbour."

It is supposed that the government of Benguela will soon be removed to this more favourable site. Of the native population we are told:

"Both men and women pay more attention to the adorning of their bodies than to the clothes which they wear; and are sometimes most ridiculously overladen with all kinds of gewgaws. Strings of glass and porcelain beads are an indispensable ornament, and the negroes often wind them in such profusion round their necks, that the contour of the throat is entirely lost. The little children, in addition to these necklaces, wear rows of beads around the arm and wrist, and below the elbow; and three similar bands on the corresponding parts of the legs. The latter ornaments, curiously wrought of elephants' hair, are frequently worn by adults. Gold or brass ear-rings are almost universally worn, and are in great requisition among the rich. Another very usual custom, especially in the vicinity of Benguela, is the ornament of a copper or iron ring round the wrist and instep, about as thick as a finger; and not being connected together, they make a loud tinkling at every movement. The number of these rings is an indication of the rank or wealth of the wearer, and consequently nobody is permitted to wear one more than he is entitled to. The most distinguished ornaments are spiral rings, from three to eightfold, which latter are worn exclusively by the kings—the privilege being strictly confined to regal dignity. * * * Some of the tribes of the interior have a particularly troublesome method of platting the hair, and which is constantly seen in Benguela. They divide the hair into many thousand little braids, and considering the peculiar curly nature of the negroes' hair, must require considerable art, and a good stock of patience. A red, yellow, or blue bead, is drawn over the end of each braid; or, which is perhaps more frequent, each plat is covered with as many various coloured beads as it can possibly hold. When the hair is thus arranged, it hangs down over the shoulders, and makes a noise at the slightest movement; whereas, when there are no beads attached to the braids, they stand off stiffly all round the head, and give it a very ugly appearance. Those who wear their hair in this Medusa-like fashion, invariably place the additional ornament of a beautiful feather on the crown of the head, or behind the ears. The most prevalent mode is, to shave portions of the head, according to individual fancy, and form the remaining hair into the most ridiculous tufts; some, for instance, shave the hair quite close, with the exception of a small bunch, which is left on the crown, and which looks exactly like a worsted tassel. This almost appears to be an imitation of the Chinese; but the hair of the negroes is never so long, nor in this case is it ever braided. Other negroes have only a narrow strip of hair, running from the forehead to the nape of the neck, and is evidently intended to resemble the mane of a wild beast; and thus the object of acquiring a savage and warlike appearance is unquestionably attained. Others, again, shave one-half of the head—either one side, the back, or the front; leaving the other half in its natural state, &c. &c."

[To be continued.]

A Comparative Grammar of the Sanscrit, Zend, Greek, Latin, Lithuanian, Gothic, German, and Sclavonic Languages. By Prof. Bopp. Translated from the German principally by Lieut. Eastwick, M.R.A.S. Conducted through the press by H. H. Wilson, M.A. F.R.S., &c. &c. 8vo, pp. 456. London, Madden and Malcolm.

We are ready to admit this to be one of the most learned philological volumes ever published,—one of the most extraordinary exhibitions of grammatical knowledge and skill,—one of the most minute investigations and comparisons of the numerous languages indicated on the title-page—but, except for learned reference, it is unquestionably the driest work we ever endeavoured to understand.

If Prof. Bopp had been at Babel when the confusion of tongues took place, the miracle would have been infinitely greater; for it must have been "confusion worse confounded" to have put it out of his power to trace the languages into one another, and explain them all!

"I contemplate in this work (he announces) a description of the comparative organisation of the languages enumerated in the title-page, comprehending all the features of their relationship, and an inquiry into their physical and mechanical laws, and the origin of the forms which distinguish their grammatical relations. One point alone I shall leave untouched, the secret of the roots, or the foundation of the nomenclature of the primary ideas. I shall not investigate, for example, why the root I signifies 'go' and not 'stand;' why the combination of sounds *STHA* or *STA* signifies 'stand' and not 'go.' I shall attempt, apart from this, to follow out, as it were, the language in its stages of being and march of development; yet,

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in such a manner, that those who are predetermined not to recognise, as explained, that which they maintain to be inexplicable, may perhaps find less to offend them in this work than the avowal of such a tendency might lead them to expect."

And he goes to the business manfully, encountering, we think, his greatest difficulty with the conjectural Zend, whilst endeavouring to fulfil what he describes to be the teacher's duty, and "pass beyond the narrow limits of one or two members of a family; and he must summon around him the representatives of the entire race, in order to infuse life, order, and organic mutual dependency into the mass of the languages spread before him. To attempt this appears to me the main requirement of the present period, and past centuries have been accumulating materials for the task." But the Zend is a stumbling-block; for he confesses: "The Zend grammar can only be recovered by the process of a severe regular etymology, calculated to bring back the unknown to the known, the much to the little; for this remarkable language, which, in many respects, reaches beyond, and is an improvement on, the Sanscrit, and makes its theory more attainable, would appear to be no longer intelligible to the disciples of Zoroaster. Rask, who had the opportunity to satisfy himself on this head, says expressly (V. d. Hagen, p. 33) that its forgotten lore has yet to be rediscovered. I am also able, I believe, to demonstrate that the Pehlvi translator (tom. ii. pp. 476, et seq.) of the Zend vocabulary, edited by Anquetil, has frequently and entirely failed in conveying the grammatical sense of the Zend words which he translates. The work abounds with singular mistakes; and the distorted relation of Anquetil's French translation to the Zend expressions is usually to be ascribed to the mistakes in the Pehlvi interpretations of the Zend original." Prof. Bopp believes he has got a clue to correct all these imposing blunders: we cannot decide.

Nor is it possible for us to convey to our readers any idea of his most laborious labours. We can hardly offer an intelligible specimen. We try.

"The High German bears the same regular relation to the Gothic as the latter to the Greek, and substitutes its aspirates for the Gothic tenues and Greek medials; its tenues for the Gothic medials and Greek aspirates; and its medials for the Gothic aspirates and Greek tenues. Yet the Gothic labial and guttural medial exhibits itself unaltered in most of the Old High German authorities, as in the Middle and Modern High German; for instance, Gothic *biuga*, '*flecto*,' Old High German *biugu* and *piuku*, Middle High German *biuge*, Modern High German *biege*. For the Gothic *f*, the Old High German substitutes *v*, especially as a first letter. In the *t*-sounds, *z* in High German (*ts*) replaces an aspirate. The Gothic has no aspiration of the *k*; and either replaces the Greek κ by the simple aspiration *h*, in which case it sometimes coincides with the Sanscrit ह *h*; or it falls to the level of the High German, and, in the middle or end of words, usually gives *g* instead of *k*, the High German adhering, as regards the beginning of words, to the Gothic practice, and participating with that dialect in the use of the *h*. We give here Grimm's table, illustrating the law of these substitutions, p. 584:

Greek	*P*	*B*	*F*	*T*	*D*	*Th*	*K*	*G*	*Ch*
Gothic	*F*	*P*	*B*	*Th*	*T*	*D*		*K*	*G*
Old High German	*B(V)*	*F*	*P*	*D*	*Z*	*T*	*G*	*Ch*	*K*

Again, and more to our purpose, as it affects such ancient inscriptions as frequently come under our cognisance:

"The Greek affords few specimens of variability at the end of words, excepting from peculiarities of dialect, as the substitution of ρ for ς. The alteration of the ν in the article in old inscriptions, and in the prefixes σύν, ἐν, and πάλιν, seems analogous to the changes which the terminating म in Sanscrit undergoes in all cases with reference to the letter which follows. The concluding ν in Greek is also generally a derivative from μ, and corresponds to this letter, which the Greek never admits as a termination in analogous forms of the Sanscrit, Zend, and Latin. N frequently springs from a terminating ς; thus, for instance, μεν (Doric μες) and the dual τον answer to the Sanscrit personal terminations मस् *mas*, थस् *thas*, तस् *tas*. I have found this explanation, which I have given elsewhere, of the origin of the ν from ς, subsequently confirmed by the Pracrit, in which, in like manner, the concluding *s* of the instrumental termination plural भिस् *bhis* has passed into the dull *n*, and हिं *hin* is said for *bhis*. An operation, which has a prejudicial effect on many Greek terminations, and disturbs the relation to kindred languages, is the suppression of the *t*-sound at the end of words, where in Sanscrit, Zend, and Latin, it plays an essential part."

The following particular notice is curious:

"I know only two words in Sanscrit which terminate in औ *âu*—नौ *nâu*, 'ship,' and ग्लौ *glâu*, 'moon:' the former has navigated very far on the ocean of our wide province of language, without, however, in Sanscrit, having arrived at a secure etymological haven. I believe नौ *nâu* to be an abbreviation of *snau* (cf. ῥέω, ῥεύω, *rno*, with स्नु *snu*), and that it therefore proceeds from the root स्ना *snâ*, 'to bathe,' which originally, perhaps, may also have meant 'to swim,' and with which νάω, νέω, *na-to*, appear to be connected. नौ *nâu* would consequently be a radical word; and in regard to the vowel would stand for *nâ*, according to the analogy of ददौ *dadâu* (*dedi, dedit*) for *dadâ*, from *dadâ-a*. As *a* is a grave vowel, the Greek cannot represent the Sanscrit Vriddhi-diphthong औ *âu* better than by αυ, while ओ *ô* (from short *a* + *u*) is commonly represented by ευ or ου. Hence नौस् *nâu-s* and ναῦ-ς correspond as exactly as possible; the υ of NAΥ, however, like that of BOΥ, has maintained itself only before consonants; and the digamma, which replaces it, is lost before vowel-inflections: νῆ-ες, να-ες, are from ναϜ-ες (Sansc. नावस् *nâv-as*), as βό-ες from βόϜ-ες. The Latin has given this word a foreign addition, and uses *navi-s*, *navi-bus*, for *nau-s*, *nau-bus*. As the semi-vowel *v* is easily hardened to a guttural, we have here also, for *nau*, *nâv-am*, a sister form in our *nachen*, Old High German *naccho*, 'ship,' gen. dat. *nacchin*."

Of the philosophical remarks of great general value scattered throughout the work, we select a dozen lines as an example:

"If a few members of a great family of languages have suffered a loss in one and the same place, this may be accident, and may be explained on the general ground, that all sounds in all languages, especially when final, are subject to abrasion; but the concurrence of so many languages in a loss in one and the same place points to relationship, or to the high antiquity of such a loss; and in the case before us, refers the rejection of an *n* of the base in the nominative to a period before the migration of languages, and to the position of the original site of the human races, which were afterwards separated."

If our readers should desire to have some notion of the changes which took place in human speech in the course of time, and as various tribes separated far and wide from each other, we will give them a taste:

	SANSCRIT.	ZEND.	GREEK.	LATIN.	LITHUANIAN.	GOTHIC.
m.	*vrika-s*	*vĕhrkô*,	λύκο-ς,	*lupu-s*,	*wilka-s*,	*vulf's*.
n.	*dâna-m*,	*dâtĕ-m*,	δῶρο-ν,	*donu-m*,	*gêra*,	*daur'*.
n.	*ta-t*,	*ta-t*,	τό,	*is-tu-d*,	*ta-i*,	*tha-ta*.
f.	*jihvâ*,	*hizva*,	χώρα,	*terra*,	*rankà*,	*giba*.
f.	*kâ*,	*kâ*,	. . .	. . .	. . .	*hvô*.
m.	*pati-s*,	*paiti-s*,	πόσι-ς,	*hosti-s*,	*pati-s*,	*gast'-s*.
f.	*bhavishyantî*,	*bûshyainti*,	. . .	. . .	*búsenti*,	. . .
m.	*sûnu-s*,	*pas'u-s*,	ἰχθύ-ς,	*pecu-s*,	*sunù-s*,	*sunu-s*.
f.	*tanu-s*,	*tanu-s*,	πίτυ-ς,	*socru-s*,	. . .	*handu-s*.
n.	*madhu*,	*madhu*,	μέθυ,	*pecu*,	*darkù*,	*faihu*.
m.	*bharan*,	*baran-s'*,	φέρων,	*feren-s*,	*sukan-s*,	*fijand-s*.
m.	*âtmâ'*,	*as'ma*,	δαίμων,	*sermo'*,	*akmu'*,	*ahma'*.
n.	*nâma'*,	*nâma'*,	τάλαν,	*nomen*,	. . .	*namô'*.
m.	*bhrâtâ'*,	*brâtâ'*,	πατήρ,	*frater*,	. . .	*brôthar*.
f.	*duhitâ'*,	*dughdha*,	θυγάτηρ,	*mater*,	*dukte'*,	*dauhtar*.
m.	*dâtâ*,	*dâta'*,	δοτήρ,	*dator*,	. . .	. . .
n.	*vachas*,	*vachô*,	ἔπος,	*opus*,	. . .	. . .

Having scanned and made themselves masters of these examples, we would advise our fair friends and juvenile readers not to dive deeper into the Sanscrit, Zend, Greek, Latin, Lithuanian, or Gothic; but if they feel determined to pursue the study, all the thanks the *Literary Gazette* expects from them is from its recommending Bopp; whilst it humbly acknowledges that it cannot itself conduct them to a perfect acquaintance with these six languages, their analogies, variations, and critical and sonorous affinities and differences. Before closing, however, we should also observe, that their thanks are due (as those of the learned world certainly are) to Lord Francis Egerton for having, by his patronage, procured the translation of this important contribution to philological science.

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CARLYLE'S CROMWELL.

[Second notice.]

We may well call this "Carlyle's Cromwell," for he has indeed made a Carlyle Hero of the sturdy old Noll. Of all preceding biographies, with the exception of that by Mr. J. Forster in *Lardner's Cyclopædia*, he speaks with unlimited contempt and opprobrium. The best of them is "poor peddling Dilettantism" (not done by "Earnest Men"); and Heath, the first in point of date, and a writer inclined to loyalty, is never mentioned but as "Carrion Heath." Vicars (see last *Gazette*), though of congenial spirit with Mr. Carlyle, is not honoured by a reference. But we shall leave the past, and come to the present; that is to say, to the present as disinterring and treating of the past, and shewing how "an earnest man occupies himself in those dreary provinces of the dead and buried." And continues our author, "the last glimpse of the Godlike vanishing from this England; conviction and veracity giving place to hollow cant and formulism,—antique 'Reign of God,' which all true men in their several dialects and modes have always striven for, giving place to modern Reign of the No-God, whom men name Devil: this, in its multitudinous meanings and results, is a sight to create reflections in the earnest man! One wishes there were a History of English Puritanism, the last of all our Heroisms; but sees small prospect of such a thing at present."

Mr. C. then goes on to quote somebody else; but as

"None but himself can be his parallel,"

and we know nothing of this "well-known" authority, we are inclined to fancy that it is himself with whom he confirms himself. Let readers judge:

"'Few nobler Heroisms,' says a well-known Writer long occupied on this subject, 'at bottom perhaps no nobler Heroism ever transacted itself on this Earth; and it lies as good as lost to us; overwhelmed under such an avalanche of Human Stupidities as no Heroism before ever did. Intrinsically and extrinsically it may be considered inaccessible to these generations. Intrinsically, the spiritual purport of it has become inconceivable, incredible to the modern mind. Extrinsically, the documents and records of it, scattered waste as a shoreless chaos, are not legible. They lie there, printed, written, to the extent of tons and square miles, as shot-rubbish; unedited, unsorted, not so much as indexed; full of every conceivable confusion;—yielding light to very few; yielding darkness, in several sorts, to very many. Dull Pedantry, conceited idle Dilettantism,—prurient Stupidity in what shape soever,—is darkness and not light! There are from Thirty to Fifty Thousand unread Pamphlets of the Civil War in the British Museum alone: huge piles of mouldering wreck, wherein, at the rate of perhaps one pennyweight per ton, lie things memorable.* They lie preserved there, waiting happier days; under present conditions they cannot, except for idle purposes, for dilettante excerpts and such like, be got examined. The Rushworths, Whitlockes, Nalsons, Thurloes; enormous folios, these and many others, they have been printed, and some of them again printed, but never yet edited,—edited as you edit wagonloads of broken bricks and dry mortar, simply by tumbling up the wagon! Not one of those monstrous old volumes has so much as an available Index. It is the general rule of editing on this matter. If your editor correct the press, it is an honourable distinction to him. Those dreary old records were compiled at first by Human Insight, in part; and in great part, by Human Stupidity withal;—but then it was by Stupidity in a laudable diligent state, and doing its best; which was something:—and, alas, they have been successively elaborated by Human Stupidity in the *idle* state, falling idler and idler, and only pretending to be diligent; whereby now, for us, in these late days, they have grown very dim indeed! To Dryasdust Printing-Societies, and such like, they afford a sorrowful kind of pabulum; but for all serious purposes, they are as if non-extant; might as well, if matters are to rest as they are, not have been written or printed at all. The sound of them is not a *voice*, conveying knowledge or memorial of any earthly or heavenly thing; it is a wide-spread inarticulate slumberous mumblement, issuing as if from the lake of Eternal Sleep. *Craving* for oblivion, for abolition and honest silence, as a blessing in comparison! This then,' continues our impatient friend, 'is the Elysium we English have provided for our Heroes! The Rushworthian Elysium. Dreariest continent of shot-rubbish the eye ever saw. Confusion piled on confusion to your utmost horizon's edge: obscure, in lurid twilight as of the shadow of Death; trackless, without index, without finger-post, or mark of any human foregoer;—where your human footstep, if you are still human, echoes bodeful through the gaunt solitude, peopled only by somnambulant Pedants, Dilettants, and doleful creatures, by phantasms, errors, inconceivabilities, by Nightmares, pasteboard Norroys, griffins, wiverns, and chimeras dire! There, all vanquished, overwhelmed under such waste lumber-mountains, the wreck and dead ashes of some six unbelieving generations, does the Age of Cromwell and his Puritans lie hidden from us. This is what we, for our share, have been able to accomplish towards keeping our Heroic Ones in memory. By way of sacred poet they have found voluminous Dryasdust, and his Collections and Philosophical Histories. To Dryasdust, who wishes merely to compile torpedo Histories of the philosophical or other sorts, and gain immortal laurels for himself by writing about it and about it, all this is sport; but to us who struggle piously, passionately, to behold, if but in glimpses, the faces of our vanished Fathers, it is death!'"

Mr. Carlyle, enacting as we have guessed Mrs. Gamp and quoting Mrs. Harris, declares that this description does not want emphasis, and has too much truth in it. But worse than even the sad condition of our historical books for the right understanding of the seventeenth century, is, according to Mr. C., the extinction of genuine spiritual feeling, and the total difference between the truly religious of that day and the pseudo religious of ours.

"The Christian Doctrines (he tells us) which then dwelt alive in every heart, have now in a manner died out of all hearts,—very mournful to behold; and are not the guidance of this world any more. Nay worse still, the Cant of them does yet dwell alive with us, little doubting that it is Cant;—in which fatal intermediate state the Eternal Sacredness of this Universe itself, of this Human Life itself, has fallen dark to the most of us, and we think that too a Cant and a Creed. Thus the old names suggest new things to us,—not august and divine, but hypocritical, pitiable, detestable. The old names and similitudes of belief still circulate from tongue to tongue, though now in such a ghastly condition: not as commandments of the Living God, which we must do, or perish eternally; alas, no, as something very different from that! Here properly lies the grand unintelligibility of the Seventeenth Century for us. From this source has proceeded our maltreatment of it, our misedtitings, miswritings, and all the other 'avalanche of Human Stupidity,' wherewith, as our impatient friend complains, we have allowed it to be overwhelmed. We have allowed some other things to be overwhelmed! Would to Heaven that were the worst fruit we had gathered from our Unbelief and our Cant of Belief!"

Whether there is more cant now than there was then it is not in our power to determine; but we are inclined to think that there was, as there is, enough of it for both periods. But our cant has, on the other hand, as opposed to the revilings of Mr. Carlyle, one ground of excuse or defence, which his lauded "Christian doctrines which then dwelt alive in every heart" cannot allege. Ours is not so bloody; and on that account alone we would thank Heaven that the elder "spiritual notions are not the guidance of this world any more!" A little bigotry, a little persecution in the way of abuse, a little Puseyism, a little proselytism, a little renegadism, a little intolerance, a little Free-Churchism, a little conventionalism, and a due and usual proportion of hypocrisy and selfism, make up a component decently disreputable and odious enough, and to all these the poor Nineteenth Century may plead guilty; but the be-praised Seventeenth has much more grave and heinous crimes to answer for. From end to end the land was desolated in the blessed name of the Saviour of mankind: the fertile fields of England were deluged with the blood of her children; property was wrested from its rightful owners by the cruel grasp of power; the domestic hearth was violated throughout the isle; rapine and murder stalked abroad without fear and without punishment; the prisons were filled with suffering; and the gallows and the block destroyed innumerable victims. Oh, Glorious Seventeenth Century, Age of Heroism, Age of Heroes! who does not long for thy return, and despise the namby-pamby dilettantism, the Dryasdust tomfoolery, and the miserable tongue-tied, not strong, active, and executive, cant of these silly times? Other writers boast of the progress of enlightenment, civilisation, and humanity; but give to the Carlyle school the good old period when the "Living God" was heroically felt and worshipped by Civil Wars, by families divided, son against father and brother against brother in ruthless vengeance, by confiscations and banishments into slavery, by burning homes and households driven out to perish, by assaults and battles and sanguinary pursuits, by the utmost indulgence of all the direst passions that can agitate the human breast and convert men into fiends, and by treacheries, oppressions, and executions—all in the name and cause of the merciful Creator. How beautifully and graphically is this happy state of things illustrated by the worthy contemporary and enthusiastic admirer, the usher of *Christ's* Church School, and consistently buried in Newgate! You cannot turn a page of him without joining Mr. Carlyle in glorifying the Seventeenth Century!

Major-General Brown, another individual for *Hero-Worship*:—"He also beat the *Oxonians* neere unto a Town called *Hedington*, where he took 4 or 5 Carts laden with provisions for *Oxford*, rescued 2 or 3 Carts of provision going to *Abbington*, slew 7 or 8 of the Oxonians on the

* If so valuable, why should they not be catalogued in an efficient manner? This is not the way to keep important National deposits. But we cannot be literally sure of Mr. Carlyle's statements.—*Ed. L. G.*

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place, that had taken them, took between 30 and 40 prisoners of them, and their chief Commander; rescued also, then, some of ours; *and the Oxford prisoners then taken, being found to be most of them base and bloody Irish, hee presently hanged according to en Ordinance of Parliament.* He also took at *Chalgrove*, e Town 7 miles from *Oxford*, provision going for *Oxford*, *with 6 peeces (or Pipes) of Sack, and the Wine-Coover with them; and immediately after, overtook a Waggon laden with Sugar and other good provisions, going to Oxford, which also he seized on and sent to Abbington to make his souldiers merry;* he there also took several packs of fine cloth going thither together with the horses, *slew an Irish Major refusing quarter*, and took 19 or 20 good horses more in another conflict with them."

Fine fun this for the model of a century!

Then comes *Hero* Major-General Mitton:—"He had a principall hand in giving the enemy that famous defeat neere *Denbigh* Castle, as they were going to relieve *Westchester*, wherein he most couragiously put the enemy to a totall rout, took between 5 and 600 horse, and above 400 foot, slew above 100 on the place, *and pursued them 6 miles, doing great execution upon them all the way*, so as in the evening of that day there was not above 100 left in a body together, and about 2400 horse end foot."

Then *Hero* Sir Thomas Middleton:—"He, upon the borders of *Mountgomeryshire*, bravely beat the enemy neer unto a place called *Mathaven*, where he by his forces under the command of valient Captain *Farrer* discomfited 1000 of the enemy, end put them to flight, *pursuing them three miles together, and slew at least 20 of them in the chase*, took 60 of them prisoners, 12 Officers, end above 100 Armes; and after this took the Garrison at *Mathaven*-house, *which he burnt down to the ground*, that so it might no longer infest the Country thereabout as it had done. * * * He also had a prime hand in that brave Victory obtained over the enemy at *Oswestry*, where he utterly routed the enemy, put them all to a shamefull flight, *slew very many of the Enemies in the pursuit of whom they had full execution, and overstrewed the wayes with slain bodies.*"

Then we have *Hero* Poyntz:—"Hee tooke the most strong and allmost impregnable Garison of *Thelford* house, by a most fierce and furious storme, wherein were slain by the Enemies own obstinacy, disdaining to aske quarter, and desperately resolving to fight it out, at the last, lost at least 140 of them."

Then comes *Hero* Laughorne, whom the old Fisher by anticipation paints almost in the *Heroic* vein:—"This most famous and faithfull Patriot of his Country, and most active and heroyik-hearted brave Commander, being a worthy Gentleman of *Pembrookeshire*, end by Gods good Providence, by the arrivall of thet gallant and brave Sea Commander Ceptaine *Swanly* at *Milford*-haven, being much assisted and encouraged now to stir in the defence of this his poore County almost overrun with the *Malignant Welsh* Gentry there, especially by the wicked and *Atheisticall E. of Carberie*, first put himself into Armes, with the foresaid brave Captaine *Swanley*, and the valiant Major of *Pembrooke*, a very loyall & *pious Gentl.* to the Parliament and his distressed Country, end with what help the well-affected gentry end Commons of that County could possibly efford them, he first fell upon e strong hold or Gerrison of the enemiee called *Stock-poole*, which after 8 houres assault he took into his possession."

Apropos of this *Hero*; he had upon one occasion some odd *Heroic* allies; for "he marched toward *Haverfordwest*, and in his approach thereunto, so frighted Sir *Henry Vaughan*, and Sir *John Stepney*, then Governour of the said Towne, that hee looking forth to see if hee could discover his Enemies comming, saw about halfe a mile off a heard of black Bullocks with white hornes (as they used to have) comming toward him in the field, which being all in a cluster, so amazed him, that hee ranne to the head of his forces, end swearing a most desperate great Oath, cryes out to his souldiers *The Roundhead Dogs are comming*, at which report, they all ran ewey as fast as they could drive each other before them, throwing away their Armes to fly for their lives, and those that had powder threw it into the River, that so the Roundheads might not make use of it against them; and by this meanes the Town of *Haverfordwest*, being most disgracefully forsaken, this most noble Major Generall took it most easily."

With this ludicrous anecdote of Heroism we shall leave the Vicars corroborations of Carlyle (which are taken from the minor Heroes who enacted this glorious tragedy), and return to our newer resurrection of that delectable *Saturnia Regna* (only it was a Protectorate) of which the latter is so fervently enamoured. After much more from "our impatient friend" (Mrs. Harris?), he puts the point concisely:

"But the thing we had to say and repeat was this, That Puritanism is not of the Nineteenth Century, but of the Seventeenth; that the grand unintelligibility for us lies *there*. The Fast-day Sermons of St. Margaret's Church Westminster, in spite of printers, are all grown dumb! In long rows of little dumpy quartos, gathered from the bookstalls, they indeed stand here bodily before us: by human volition they can be read, but not by any human memory remembered. We forget them as soon as read; they have become a weariness to the soul of man. They are dead end gone, they and whet they shadowed; the human soul, got into other latitudes, cannot now give harbour to them. Alas, and did not the honourable Houses of Parliament listen to them with rapt earnestness, as to an indisputable message from Heaven itself? Learned and painful Dr. Owen, learned and painful Dr. Burgess; Stephen Marshall, Mr. Spurstow, Adoniram Byfield, Hugh Peters, Philip Nye: the Printer has done for them what he could, and Mr. Speaker gave them the thanks of the House;—and no most astonishing Review-Article of our day can have half such 'brilliancy,' such potency, half such virtue for producing *belief*, as these their poor little dumpy quartos once had. And behold, they ere become inarticulate men; spectral; and instead of speaking, do but screech and gibber! All Puritanism has grown inarticulate; its fervent preachings, preyings, pamphleteerings are sunk into one indiscriminate moening hum, mournful as the voice of subterranean winds. So much falls silent: human Speech, unless by rare chance it touch on the 'Eternal Melodies,' and harmonise with them; human Action, Interest, if divorced from the Eternal Melodies, sinks all silent. The fashion of this world passeth away. The Age of the Puritans is not extinct only and gone awey from us, but it is as if fallen beyond the capabilities of Memory herself; it is grown unintelligible, what we may call incredible. Its earnest Purport awakens now no resonance in our frivolous hearts. We understand not even in imagination, one of a thousand of us, what it ever could have meant. It seems delirious, delusive; the sound of it has become tedious as a tale of past stupidities. Not the body of heroic Puritanism only, which was bound to die, but the soul of it also, which was and should have been, and yet shall be immortal, has for the present passed ewey. As Harrison said of his Banner and Lion of the Tribe of Judah: 'Who shall rouse him up?'"

That shall I, replies Thomas Carlyle; *I* will restore to life that "part of the eternal soul of things;" *I* will re-sound the Eternal Melodies; *I* will make you understand what is unintelligible; *I* will make you believe what is incredible!! And this brings us to his Chapter II., wherein he speaks of the preceding biographies of Cromwell, and eulogises his own labours for producing one of the highest *order*; so that, "on the whole, we will start with this small service, the *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell* washed into something of legibility egein, as the preliminary of all. May it prosper with a few serious readers. The *heart* of that Grand Puritan Business once again becoming visible, even in faint twilight to mankind, what masses of brutish darkness will gradually vanish from all fibres of it, from the whole body and environment of it, and trouble no man any more! Masses of foul darkness, sordid confusions not a few, as I calculate, which now bury this matter very deep, may vanish: the heart of this matter and the heart of serious men once again brought into approximation, to write some 'History' of it may be a little easier,—for my impatient friend [Mrs. Harris] or another."

Chapter III., on the "Cromwell Kindred," proves in some cases, and gives presumptive evidence in others, thet some of the absurd taunts thrown out against him had either slight or no foundation—that he was of highly respectable family and lineage, and not distantly connected with the nobility of the land. He imagines the sort of life which Oliver led before he started into public notice; and here speaks as confidently as if he had lodged with him. Thus:

"In November 1605, there likewise came to Robert Cromwell's house, no question of it, news of the thrice unutterable Gunpowder Plot, Whereby King, Parliament, and God's Gospel in England, were to have been, in one infernal moment, blown aloft; and the Devil's Gospel, and accursed incredibilities, idolatries, and poisonous confusions of the Romish Babylon, substituted in their room! The eternal Truth of the Living God to become an empty formula, a shamming grimace of the Three-hatted Chimera! These things did fill Huntingdon end Robert Cromwell's house with talk enough in the winter of Oliver's sixth year. And again, in the summer of his eleventh year, in May 1610, there doubtless failed not news and talk, How the Great Henry was stabbed in Paris streets: assassinated by the Jesuits;—black sons of the scarlet woman, murderous to soul and to body. Other things, in other years, the diligent Historical Student will supply according to faculty."

We can hardly believe the writer, though "an Earnest Man," in sober earnest when he pens such passages as this. At any rate, he does display a "faculty" for supplying whatever diligent historical students may be pleased to invent and utter as "authentic utterances" to supersede facts and known events. And he very naively adds:

"On the whole, all students and persons can know always that Oliver's mind was kept *full* of news, and never wanted for pabulum! But from the day of his Birth, which is jotted down, as above, in the Parish-register of St. John's Huntingdon, there is no other authentic jotting or direct record concerning Oliver himself to be met with anywhere."

We have seen an Indian juggler who put

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one or two grains of sand in the palm of his hand, which he kept rubbing with the fingers of the other till he created almost a pint of particles. Just so in the present instance. There are one or two points ascertained; but the historical student, by skilful manipulation, can rub them into a true and particular account of Oliver Cromwell from his very infancy till the hour he was entered of Sidney College, Cambridge. Wonderful "Faculty!!"

[To be continued.]

Lives of Celebrated Greeks. Pp. 152. London, J. Burns.

NOTHING can equal the fertile issue of works in the popular style almost peculiar to this publisher, except the variety of their subject-matter, and, we may add, the good sense of their selection, the taste in their production, and the care with which they are cleansed of every injurious thought or improper expression. The lives of the Greeks, it is true, offered no field for this moral attention; and we therefore need only say in praise of the volume, that it is ably and industriously compiled from the best and latest authorities; and is an excellent book to put into the hands of schoolboys, to impress them with noble and elevated sentiments. It it is a modern Plutarch for them. The lives are those of Lycurgus, Solon, Aristides, Themistocles, Cimon, Pericles, Nicias, and Alcibiades.

The Twelve Nights' Entertainments; or Tales of Various Lands. The same.

A COLLECTION of entertaining and instructive tales for the juvenile Christmas fireside circle; and well adapted to pass away profitably the long evenings of winter. Some of them are original translations from foreign tongues; but all contribute to that kind of useful information which is gathered from describing the manners, customs, and feelings of countries distant from our own, and people in many respects differing from ourselves.

Select Popular Tales from the German of Wilhelm Hauff. The same.

A SET of stories of great variety, romantic, grave, and comic, and generally possessing much interest and adventure. Hauff is justly popular in Germany, and this little volume will, we are sure, make him no less a favourite with "Young England."

The White Lady; a Romance from the German of Von Wolman. Translated by J. D. Haas. The same.

A TALE of superstition and apparition, told with much effect.

Household Tales and Traditions of England, France, Germany, Scotland, &c. Pp. 188. The same.

WE are more than half inclined to think that if preference were given to any publication in this catalogue, the fifty-two pieces of which this volume is composed would carry off the palm. Mingled with many of the old and most familiar friends of our infancy, the Golden Goose, Jack the Giant-killer, and the like, we have a large proportion of similar traditionary marvels from the East, Germany, and the Continent; and there are, besides, narratives of various descriptions, wherein the supernatural and the natural, the wonderful and the simply true, are happily mixed. With such a lot as these we need hardly wish any family circle a merry Christmas, always premising that they do not supersede twelfth-cake nor repudiate snap-dragon.

The Impostor, &c. By the Author of "Anti-Coningsby." Phrenologically illustrated. 3 vols. London, Newby.

SOME people say there is nothing in a name: but there is! The following is a specimen passage of *The Impostor*:

"Avaunt! ye dull sectarians who see in man nothing but the victim of original sin and unrelenting destiny. I scorn your poor-spirited and debasing theories! Man is—should be—at least I for one will be the arbiter of my own fates—ay, and perhaps of those of many others! Knowledge is power—the sciences of nature are mine; courage is strength—I laugh at every fear—prejudice is folly—Spinoza, Descartes himself could not be more unshackled, and let the worst happen, my hopes blasted, my schemes defeated, and myself held up to the scorn and odium of a darkened world—Another sun may shine upon my efforts—another clime receive my body. Should even universal failure wait me, there yet remains the dull, well-beaten track of unaspiring mediocrity—there yet remains the grave which reason teaches me to regard without a shudder. Pain is the only evil I can recognise—abhorred fiend! let every inlet of my being be closed to thy pestiferous influence, whilst each minutest pore gapes to receive the heavenly breath of pleasure. Nymph divine! let thy celestial essence ever gird me—me, thy eternal votary! How many thousands miserably vegetate, through threescore years, to close their mean career—the brightest joys of life a seven-sealed book! Such beings *exist* I contemplate to *live*. To live in glorious delight! And when life offers no untasted bliss, no novel object to excite my hopes, no mystic secret yet to be unravelled, when pleasures known all pall and new ones fail, *then* I'll *despair—then* I'll *repent* my course—BUT NOT TILL THEN!"

The italics and the capitals are the writer's, not ours.

Railway Results; or, the Gauge Deliverance: a Dramatic Sketch. By Sir Fortunatus Dwarris. London, Chapman and Hall.

HE would be, now-o'-days, a lucky man who can make a good play out of railway results, convert acts of parliament into entertaining dramatic acts, and the sittings of committees into effective scenes. In the present instance, we cannot say that much has been made of the subject, either one way or another; and so deliver ourselves at once from both gauges, the broad and the narrow.

George Cruikshank's Table Book, No. XII.

COMPLETES this Annual Cycle, 1845, to the lavish graphic and humorous talent displayed in which we have monthly borne testimony. Another novelty for the ensuing year is announced by the indefatigable, inexhaustible, and inimitable artist.

La Soubrette; or the Adventures and Recollections of Therese Dornay. A Narrative founded on Facts. 3 vols. Madden and Malcolm.

"FOUNDED on facts" we truly believe the material portion of these three volumes is; for we never read a more matter-of-fact narrative in our life, whether it relate to circumstances or to persons; and were it not for a trifle of introduced romance and a ducal marriage for a *dénouement*, we could well suppose that there was no invention whatever. After a brief sketch of her parentage, her father an English prisoner in France, and her mother the governor's niece, who escapes with him, our Soubrette is thrown, at the early age of fourteen, into the generally dismal course of life implied by being a governess. *A governess* in a genteel family, a *lucus a non lucendo*: for whom does a governess govern? Not the unruly, spoilt children; not their harsh and exacting mamma, who, if she be handsome, suspects and hates, as well as oppresses her; not their papa, unless, with the same attractions, he happens to be a profligate, and then only through guilt for a season; not the elder brother, if of age, except as the plaything of folly, or the victim of seduction; not even of the household servants, for they are all independent of her, and dislike her for her anomalous condition and superior attainments. The governess, indeed! the poor governess! Ordinary or beautiful, hers is a melancholy and dangerous lot. The Soubrette sees and experiences much of these vicissitudes: is the victim of a false marriage, but, owing to her virtue and good conduct, secures generous friends, and in the end reaps a late recompense for her early trials. The best part of her account of herself is the description of the individuals amongst whom her years are spent. Some of these are *naïvely* genuine: as for the story, it is only one of change of scene, and at each change nearly all new characters. Such a performance defies illustration; and we can only say, that there is a good deal of amusement in some of the sketches.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ELECTRO-PHYSIOLOGY.*

"THUS much is certain, that the acari have invariably appeared in the several solutions under electrical influence, while their absence has been as invariably remarked, in spite of the nicest scrutiny, in all negative tests provided to accompany the respective primary experiments. * * * On the 2d of May, 1842, the apparatus, of which a description has been attempted, was set to work after the following manner:—A solution of ferrocyanate of potass, prepared by carefully boiling two ounces of the salt in sixteen ounces of distilled water, being in readiness for the occasion, ten ounces of the liquid were transferred to the glass jar, and immediately after an elastic metal pipe, in communication with an iron bottle in a state of white heat, and from which a stream of pure oxygen rapidly proceeded, was dipped into the solution in the jar. In this way the gas, without passing through water, or being brought in contact with any external agent, continued to be supplied to the jar, until the entire atmosphere above the solution consisted of oxygen alone, when the metallic plug was deposited instantly in the neck of the jar, so as to cut off all communication with the external air. The open vessel or tumbler being now placed by the side of the close apparatus, and four ounces of the solution before mentioned having been poured into it, the necessary communication between the two vessels was effected by means of suitable wires, and contact at the same time similarly established with the respective poles of a constant battery of ten pairs. By means of this arrangement, the current entered the open vessel first, and then proceeded through the solution in the close apparatus, in its way to the negative side. I must here remark that the electric current, immediately on its first application, was observed to decompose the solution with such energy, that I deemed it advisable to suspend the operation until the activity of the battery should be somewhat modified; and it was not until the evening of the 6th of May that I could date the commencement of my experiment. A circumstantial record of all important changes connected with

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* Mr. Weekes' Letters; see our first Review.

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this experiment has been preserved, up to the present day, embracing a period of three years and three months. * * *

"1. October 19th, 1843—one hundred and sixty-six days from the commencement of the experiment—the first acari seen in connexion therewith, six in number and nearly full-grown, were discovered on the outside of the open glass vessel. On removing two pieces of card which had been laid over the mouth of this vessel, several fine specimens were found inhabiting the under surfaces, and others completely developed and in active motion here and there within the glass. Oct. 20th.—Making my visit at an hour when a more favourable light entered the room, swarms of acari were found on the cards, about the glass tumbler, both within and without, and also on the platform of the apparatus. At this identical hour Dr. J. Black favoured me with a call, inspected the arrangements, and received six living specimens of the acarus produced from solution in the open vessel. No trace of insect life could at this time be discovered in the close vessel with an oxygen atmosphere. The solution in the open vessel had undergone very slight change of colour, but exhibited a multitude of minute and beautifully coloured crystals with a prevailing tinge of crimson. The solution beneath the oxygen atmosphere, about ten days after the voltaic current began to traverse it, had assumed a reddish-brown appearance, which gradually darkened in colour, until scarcely any light could be transmitted through it, or the ascent of gas from either of the electrodes perceived.—2. Myriads of acari continued to be developed from the solution in the open vessel until the 20th of August, 1843, when it was found expedient to determine this division of the experiment, and confine the operation of the electric current solely to the close arrangement, in which no appearance of insect life had yet been detected. Before removing the open vessel I had, however, the satisfaction to supply therefrom abundance of living specimens to my scientific friends who had kindly interested themselves on the subject, in various parts of England, Scotland, France, and America.—3. In the beginning of the month of June, 1844, rather more than two years from the commencement of these operations, the solution in the close vessel began to manifest signs of a most remarkable change, the results of constant, slow, and almost invisible decomposition. The apparatus was carefully tested, and found, as at first, perfectly air-tight, and the confined liquid was evidently returning to a paler red colour, as well as a partially translucent condition. These latter appearances rapidly increased, and about the beginning of September in the same year, the solution had acquired a light amber-colour and perfect transparency, with abundant flakes and scroll-like forms of irregular oxide of iron of a deep orange colour, nearly covering the bottom of the jar. Most of these had, doubtless, been detached in succession from the negative platina spiral, and were conspicuous through the altered solution. It was while engaged in examining this singular accumulation of oxide, by means of an excellent lens, that I saw for the first time an unequivocal proof of the existence of insect life within the close vessel. Several spinous processes of the acari and other remains were detected floating on the surface of the solution, and others attached to the inside of the glass a few lines above the liquid; while, under circumstances somewhat more obscure, several entire dead insects were perceived amidst the flakes resting on the bottom of the jar. An omission, of secondary importance, it is true,—was now for the first time apparent in the apparatus: this was the want of a fitting shelf or resting-place for the insects; a circumstance that my kind friend, Andrew Crosse, Esq., when he favoured me with a visit a few weeks after, remarked almost immediately, and said, before he knew that acari had already appeared, 'that they would fall in and be drowned almost as fast as they were produced.' Mr. Crosse was right in his conjecture, for although I have latterly watched the proceeding with diurnal care, I have never identified the presence of more than two living insects at the same time within the close apparatus, and these have as speedily as invariably shared the fate of their predecessors. Notwithstanding the omission alluded to, I enjoy an increase of satisfaction in the knowledge that I have kept from my arrangements any substance which by its introduction might have been suspected of vitiating the results, while the main object of the undertaking has in no wise suffered in its accomplishment. I have only to add my belief, founded on considerable experience and much observation, that insect life was first developed in this division of my experiment some time in the month of July 1844, about two years and two months from the commencement."

The second letter describes the production of *new vegetation* by the similar means of electro-chemical experiment, persevered in since October 1842:

"About the beginning of September 1843, a small patch of fungus, of a peculiar character, was observed to have commenced forming on the outside of the glass, near its lower rim. * * * This substance having, when first seen, a gelatinous appearance, of a dark-brown colour, by slow degrees extended itself round the lower rim of the glass, forming an irregular band or zone, half an inch in breadth, and throwing out numerous protuberances as it approached the positive side of the arrangement. On the 29th of November, in the same year, the following note relative to this singular production occurs among my memoranda; and as I cannot otherwise better describe its mature appearance, I shall subjoin the extract: 'The substance of this fungus varies in colour from a light chocolate to that of a dark sanguineous red, and though formerly of a soft texture, it now offers considerable resistance. When viewed with an excellent pocket-lens—the only sort of microscope that can be brought to bear upon it—a most singularly-beautiful species of vegetation is seen to occupy its entire surface, presenting various shades of crimson, green, olive, and green inclining to yellow. In its general appearance it at once suggests the idea of a magnificent forest, consisting of trees and flowering shrubs in miniature. In particular spots, fine, downy, needle-like spires occur in vast multitudes, and these otherwise naked processes rising from the body of the fungus, are surmounted by what appear to be seed-vessels in some instances, and irregular feathery-tufts in others.' This experiment was not designed with any reference to my researches on the development of the electrical acari, but swarms of these creatures appeared incidental to its progress, and, at the time the above note was made, many of them were seen inhabiting the miniature forest on the fungus, where they seemed to thrive amazingly, and to attain a larger size than any I have hitherto seen."

This fungus, so produced, is declared to be different from any known species.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 8th.—Mr. G. B. Greenough in the chair. The paper read in part, "On the geography of Suziena," by Mr. A. H. Layard, will be continued on some future evening. It is full of details that will bear abridgment respecting the rivers, the mountains, and the plains of Suziane, the greater part of which are described from actual examination, and thus afford the means of greatly improving our maps of those provinces of Persia, as interesting in their geographical features as in their historical relations. The country seems covered with the ruins of the Sassanian, Keyanian, and Mohammedan epochs, some of which are minutely described.

VOLTAIC ILLUMINATION.

The dreadful accidents of constant occurrence in coal-mines attach considerable importance and interest to the progress of investigation, and to the approaches to successful experiment for the practical employment of voltaic illumination.

The *Literary Gazette* of October 4th, p. 657, contained an account of the apparatus arranged by M. de la Rive for lighting mines by disruptive discharge, in a hermetically sealed vessel, between charcoal cylinders and a metallic ring or plate. A method suggested by Mr. Grove, in a communication to the *Phil. Mag.* for this month, carries with it, we think, greater probability of realising the desideratum. He states, that by the light of a coil of platinum wire, ignited as near to the point of fusion as practicable, in a closed vessel of atmospheric air, or other gas, he has experimented and read for hours. The following was one of the apparatus he used:—"A coil of platinum wire is attached to two copper wires, the lower parts of which, or those most distant from the platinum, are well varnished; these are fixed erect in a glass of distilled water, and another cylindrical glass closed at the upper end is inverted over them, so that its open mouth rests on the bottom of the former glass; the projecting ends of the copper wires are connected with a voltaic battery (two or three pairs of the nitric acid combination), and the ignited wire now gives a steady light, which continues without any alteration or inconvenience as long as the battery continues constant, the length of time being of course dependent upon the quantity of the electrolyte in the battery-cells. Instead of making the wires pass through water, they may be fixed to metallic caps well luted to the necks of a glass globe. The spirals of the helix should be as nearly approximated as possible, as each aids by its heat that of its neighbour, or rather diminishes the cooling effect of the gaseous atmosphere; the wire should not be too fine, as it would not then become fully ignited; nor too large, as it would not offer sufficient resistance, and would consume too rapidly the battery constituents; for the same reason, *i. e.* increased resistance, it should be as long as the battery is capable of igniting to a full incandescence. The helix form offers the advantages, that the cooling effect being lessened, a much longer wire can be ignited by the same battery; by this increased length of wire, the battery fuel is economised, while a greater light is afforded; by the increased heat, the resistance is still further increased, and the consumption still further diminished, so that, contrary to the usual result, the increment of consumption decreases with the exaltation of effect produced. Lastly, only two or three cells are required (one, indeed, might be sometimes sufficient), and the whole apparatus thus becomes portable and economical. The light is

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perfectly constant, subject to no fluctuation or interruption, and the heat is not so excessive as to destroy the apparatus."

POTATO DISEASE.

UNDER the auspices of the Royal Agricultural Society, two lectures on this subject have been delivered this week by Dr. Lyon Playfair at the Royal Institution. The principal points may be given briefly; premising that the whole matter was ably and admirably treated. The essential opinions and suggestions were: 1st. The origin of the disease; early rapid growth and subsequent uncongenial weather preventing maturation, the fungous parasites being a development only of putrescence: 2d. The preservation of the crops; separation of the sound from the infected, and drying and storing without contact of the tubers, in layers of sand, burnt lime, or stone-rubbish, these matters being preferable to sawdust or other organic substance: 3d. Obtaining seed for next year, and especially in the case of the peasantry requiring their potatoes for actual food; scooping out one or more of the eyes or buds, shaking them with lime, exposing them to the air for twenty-four hours, and then stowing them away in dry peat or wood-ashes: 4th. Planting the same land; the disease being decay only, if the land be properly ploughed and exposed to the air, no ill consequences were apprehended: 5th, and lastly, The use of the potatoes far advanced in decay; boiling them for feeding cattle and pigs—unboiled, they would doubtless produce diarrhœa. From consular returns, no hope of importation of seed was held out; and Dr. Playfair urged exertions to secure it at home. He strongly recommended planting *now*. If there be a scarcity, he said it would be felt in May or June; and early varieties planted now would be ready about that time. Planting now, moreover, would excite at once active vitality, and consequently resistance to the action of the air. Votes of thanks were unanimously passed to Dr. Lyon Playfair, and to the managers of the Royal Institution for the use of their theatre.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Dec. 6th. — The Right Hon. Holt Mackenzie in the chair. The reading of Mr. Masson's paper "On the route of Isidorus of Charax, from Seleucia to Echatana," was continued. An abstract of this paper will be given at the completion of the reading; but it is a matter of interest to remark, at present, that the portion of the route read this day comprised the locality of Bagistanon (the Behistun, or Besitun, of the modern Persians), the site of the celebrated rocks covered with sculptures and inscriptions in the cuneiform character, which have so long excited the attention of the learned, and which have finally yielded to the well-directed and persevering researches of Major Rawlinson, now resident at Bagdad. Portions of the results of Major Rawlinson's labours have been read from time to time at the meetings of the society; and, curiously enough, a few days before the present meeting, the whole of Major Rawlinson's drawings and translations of these ancient monuments arrived in London from Bagdad, and were exhibited to the members, who were exceedingly gratified at the very beautiful and accurate scrolls laid before them, and at the assurance that the society would, as soon as possible, proceed to prepare them for publication. The portion of Mr. Masson's paper read this day shewed that the Bagistan of Darius, or Bagistanon of Diodorus, was the Bisitun of the modern Persians—confirming the identification by the true name of the place, Behistun, as demonstrated by Major Rawlinson. Mr. Masson described the successive sculptures upon these rocks, from those partially obliterated, which he thinks may be attributed to Semiramis, and which appear to have escaped the observation of former travellers, down to those of the recent Sassanian princes; and states that the example has, singularly enough, been followed by a Mahomedan prince of our own times, Mahomed Ali Mirza, the late viceroy of Kermanshah; who has caused to be executed a very fair group, in bas-relief, representing himself in modern costume, sitting on a carpet, smoking his pipe, and attended by his minister and a favourite servant. He observes that the work is well executed; though the effect is very ludicrous, from the contrast with the costume and attitude of the ancient princes, and marred by the gaudy colouring laid over it. Of much more interest is an inscription in letters of extraordinary size, formed of squares and circles, above the supposed sculptures of Semiramis. Mr. Masson very much regrets that he did not copy this inscription, which, like the sculptures, appear to have escaped other observers. His time was very limited; and he confesses he was not then alive to their value. He is inclined to suppose that they may comprise the Syrian inscription of Semiramis, mentioned by Diodorus, recording her ascent to the top of the rock, upon the mountain of fardles and packs from the mules which followed her army, heaped up from the plain to the summit for the purpose of affording the Assyrian queen the means of ascending the otherwise inaccessible peaks. He is anxious to direct the attention of future travellers to these characters and sculptures, which are on the upper portion of the smooth surface of the Behistun rock. The inscription is over the sculptures, which comprise three colossal female faces in profile, all of exquisite workmanship and great beauty. They may be seen readily by looking obliquely upon the rock from the north; and when once observed, their outlines will appear so distinct that surprise will be excited at their having hitherto escaped observation.

Mr. Masson's paper will be concluded at a future meeting.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

IT would appear that the Marquis of Northampton has resigned the presidency of the proposed meeting of the Institute next year at York, to which he was elected at Winchester, as it is stated that Earl Fitzwilliam has accepted the office. If this be sooth, it is a droll commentary on the complimentary couplet of our worthy and estimable friend the Dean, which congratulated the meeting on their happy choice, and adjured the noble marquis not to

"Leave the chair,
Till a worthier should be there."

It is further reported, that the Archæological Institute and the Institute of British Architects are so favourably disposed towards the plan of Mr. Hawkins, to have a room provided for national antiquities at the British Museum, that they have agreed, collectively and individually, to become collectors for that new-born repository.

THE POET GRAY.

A CONSIDERABLE portion of the library and manuscripts of Gray, the poet, were last week sold by auction, and brought large curiosity prices. A MS. copy of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," in the author's holograph, brought 100*l.*, and was remarkable for having the names of Tully and Cæsar in the places of Milton and Cromwell of the printed publication. The Strawberry Hill edition of "The Bard" and "Progress of Poetry" was sold for a like sum; and a MS. of the "Long Story," 45*l.* Gray, it is well known, was one of the early examples of persons who kept regular journals of their excursions about the country, which now furnish memoranda of considerable interest. We are not, therefore, surprised that seven of these little books sold for 30*l.*; and that above forty unpublished letters reached nearly 150*l.* Two other letters, and some satirical poetry on the heads of Houses in Cambridge, thirty guineas; and another lot, including several minor poems, and an epitaph on a child, 40*l.* Some very neatly-executed pen-and-ink drawings, and small paintings, also found purchasers at high prices. Mr. Penn, of Stoke Pogeis (whose residence is close by the churchyard reputed to be the site of the Elegy), was the principal buyer, for the sake of preservation; but some of the other articles have, it is believed, been obtained with a view to publication.

SCINDE.

IN consequence of a meeting held in the house of Capt. Preedy, at Kurrachee, on the 9th of October, which was attended by Sir C. Napier and a number of officers, it was resolved to form an Association, for the desirable purpose of collecting information concerning the natural history, antiquities, statistics, dialects, &c. &c., of Scinde and the adjacent countries. Sir Charles Napier is the patron, and Colonel Douglas the president. It was further agreed, that for the general purposes of the Association, viz. purchasing books and coins, sending out proper persons to collect specimens of natural history, &c. &c., a monthly subscription of five rupees should be paid by each member, in addition to a donation of twenty rupees on entrance. The books to be purchased are to consist of works relating to Scinde and the adjacent countries, especially to history and antiquities; and scientific works and books of reference are also to be provided for the use of the members.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—British Architects, 8 P.M.; Chemical, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Syro-Egyptian, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Geological, 8½ P.M.; British Archæological, 8½ P.M.
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

A Book of Christmas Carols. Illuminated from Ancient Manuscripts, &c. London, Joseph Cundall.

THE sources whence the borders of this rare and beautiful publication are derived are, the Harleian MSS., the Royal MSS., the De Croy MSS., Henry the Eighth's Missal in the British Museum, and a Book of Hours in the possession of the publisher; and the miniature paintings are from the Harleian MS. 2877.

To the *Prism of Imagination*, by the Baroness de Calabrella (see *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1353) we may ascribe the great impulse and example given to works of this superbly decorated class, not one of which preceding the present has excelled it in exquisitely rich and curious illustrations of antique art, or been more happily applied to the subjects illustrated. Old Christmas carols are the very themes to justify lavish embellishment with reference to bygone times, and in this volume they are carried to imitative

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perfection. The title-page strikes us at once, on opening it, as a gem of the kind. The broad gold margin is filled with floral elegance and delightful animal life. The graceful deer, the resplendent peacock, the solemn owl, the smaller tribe of birds to the very sacred wren, the fly, the butterfly, are all disposed with charming taste, and natural, though done in the gayest colours. And this is a fair specimen of the designs that follow, and vary the subjects of flowers, animals, birds, and insects, on every page. The parrot, pheasant, partridge, common cock, monkey, squirrel; fruits of many sorts and blossoms, of every hue, charm the eye and afford material for long examination—seeing what are so admirably executed, and surmising why other familiar species are omitted. The four miniatures are in the same style of excellence, and the last especially, the Adoration of the Magi, is absolutely wonderful in its effects—held up in every light it is an extraordinary study. The binding, too, is the richest of velvet and gold; and altogether this is a volume most honourable to the arts employed on its production. The selection and arrangement reflect credit on Mr. Cundall; and the printing in colours by the Messrs. Hanhart prove them to be masters in this practice.

Her Majesty the Queen. Painted by J. Partridge. Engraved by H. Robinson.
Prince Albert (Companion Print). Engraved by G. T. Doo. London, F. G. Moon.

The Queen is represented with her full front face, a novelty as far as we recollect in the royal portraits, of which so many have appeared, and a position in which we are not so able to detect the likeness. The head-dress, too, with lappets hanging down on each side, is unusual to her Majesty when seen in public; and this adds another difficulty to the recognition of features. Under such circumstances, it may be an error on our part to fancy the countenance too long, and not exactly that of our gracious sovereign; but we can truly say that the work itself is very interesting, and ably executed. Prince Albert, in a Hussar uniform, is spirited and life-like; the figure well posed, and the head intellectual. It is one of the best we have seen of H. R. H.

The Floral Almanack. Painted in Colours by Owen Jones.

A broadside on stout drawing-paper, and a perfect horticultural garden-fête in the profusion of its flora. Then the beautiful and glittering borders—one might imagine there was not a common week or work-a-day in the year to which it pertained. May 1846 be as bright a holyday for the people of England! At all events, this is a gay memorandum to be hung in parlour or boudoir.

La Sylphide Souvenir d'Adieu de Marie Taglioni. Par A. E. Chalon. London, Mitchell; Paris, Coupil et Vibert.

Like the picture of the renowned and never-to-be-forgotten *Pas de Quatre*, this is an operatic souvenir from the clever pencil of Chalon, and lithographed by Lane, Morton, Templeton, Lynch, and Maguire. As the former represented the cause of a mingled furor, this fasciculus may be referred to monomania, for it celebrates Taglioni alone. She is, however, in six phases of sylph; in all aerial and graceful; in some expressive of sentiment; and in one converted into prettiness. The slimness of the limbs, the elegance of the attitude, the lightness of the draping, and (in the French one word best suited to such subjects) the *ensemble*, are delineated with an artist's skill, and stall-men and omnibus-box-men must be "ravished" with the publication, whilst the rest of mankind admire it.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

On Thursday evening we witnessed the Annual Westminster Play, Terence's *Andria*, at this national school. It was spoken with astonishing correctness, and performed with great talent. The *dramatis personæ* were

Simo	H. V. Williams.
Sosia	R. W. H. Smart.
Davus	A. Milman.
Mysis	T. W. Davis.
Pamphilus	W. G. Rich.
Charinus	E. T. Shiffner.
Byrrhia	H. L. Maud.
Lesbia	B. Lane.
Chremes	W.T.Chamberlayne.
Crito	R. W. Cotton.
Dromo	J. R. Armitstead.
Mutes:	
Servi Simonis . . .	R. Burton. J. P. Sargesunt.

Every part was sustained with spirit and characteristic marking, which in some instances displayed a degree of dramatic skill that quite surprised us. Even in the second or third class of characters there was a something as if the actors were naturally made for them, and could not help doing well. Thus *Chremes* was an admirable old man, and *Lesbia* a Mrs. Humby in her way. *Mysis* was exceedingly *gauche* and *naïve*: her astonishment at being made the tool of *Davus* was finely stolid, and some of her brief replications were delivered in tones which excited general laughter. *Simo* was played with due emphasis and dignity, and not a syllable of his very long dialogues was omitted. *Pamphilus* was also represented with much propriety and spirit; and indeed we may say the same, as far as the nature and limits of their characters went, of *Sosia*, *Charinus*, *Byrrhia*, *Crito*, and *Dromo*. The *Davus* we must notice *per se*. His humilities, his impudences, his plottings, his bullyings, his satires and quips, his servilities, his equivocations, his quicknesses, were embodied and delivered with the address of a veteran of the stage. He was not so flippant as *Davus* is often conceived; but there was a nice humour which enriched the rogue, so *up to* every trick and manœuvre that he was quite capable of shaping circumstances, and ruling the roast among the old and young, the wise and foolish, with whom his lot was cast. There appeared to us to be a curious resemblance to John Kemble in this young gentleman when he came on to speak the epilogue—to John Kemble as he must have been when about his age. The epilogue itself was most laughable, and full of clever puns on railway speculations. *Davus* is now a director of a popular line, and struts about in a chlamys, allotting scrip to his quondam master and superiors. His surveyors measure perforce through *Simo's* grounds, to connect *this here* with *that there* city. All the others beg for scrip, scrip, scrip; and even *Crito* has been infected with the rage for atmospheric roads, and bridges hung in air. With *Davus* the magic word is *Prospexi*: we have seldom enjoyed a more amusing prospect; and we trust we may look forward to easy and distinguished travels through life to these rising alumni of Westminster, and many of their youthful companions who witnessed their scenic efforts with such signs of edification and delight.

SHOWS OF LONDON.

Pahe-a-range, *alias* Son of the Clouds, has this week furnished a droll police-report. An atheist, as was stated by the Rev. Dr. West, in his complaint to the magistrate, with some of his infidel companions, came to the church where Pahe, the Son of the Clouds, a New Zealand chief, was engaged to lecture on the progress of Christianity in Africa; and then and there interrupted the preacher and made a row. The defence was, that the said Pahe-a-Range was an impostor *arrangé*, an Irishman of the name of Byrne, who had enacted New Zealander in shows for twenty years; and the worthy magistrate held the defendant to bail to keep the peace towards this distinguished and dubious individual for three months.—General Thumb, as we last week anticipated, is to appear among us once more for a brief season previous to his departure for America. We have heard strange rumours of his future destination and intentions. Some report that with his enormous fortune (we know not how many millions of dollars) he means to put himself at the head of the Whigs, and oust Polk from the presidency; being determined to maintain amicable relations with Queen Victoria, who treated him so handsomely when he, like the Emperor of Russia, the King of France, the King of Prussia, and other sovereign princes, visited her Majesty's court. Others say that he will take independent possession of Oregon, and defend it against all comers; thus putting an end to a very worthless dispute. We really cannot tell to which story to incline our belief.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

COME, TELL ME THY SORROW.

Come, tell me thy sorrow, and if I can aid thee
  My heart and my purse are both thine to the end;
If not, seek support from the Being that made thee,
  But mourn not as if without solace, my friend.
Though thy sky be now dark, there is hope for to-morrow,
  A sunlight to come, which the morn may restore;
Then cheer! bid thy soul spring immortal o'er sorrow,
  Thou hast one friend at least, if thou canst not find more.

Ne'er fancy thine own disappointments are greater
  Than theirs who seem *right* whatsoever they do;
Misfortune finds all either sooner or later;
  Life's mourners are many—the mirthful are few.
Then vex not thy spirit with fears and surmises,
  But wrestle with care, and thy firmness restore;
There's a star for thee yet, and, till brightly it rises,
  Thou hast one friend at least, if thou canst not find more.
Charles Swain.

ON PASSING IN A STEAMER BETWEEN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

Is this that fearful scene of poet's song
Where hideous Scylla spreads her yawning jaws?
Where dark and horrible Charybdis draws
The hapless bark his deadly toils among?
Serene and safe, in art's protection strong,
By fair Calabria's varying shores we glide,—
And ne'er was softer breeze or smoother tide
Than greets us as we gently sweep along.
Ah, proud and gallant Roman! thou whose fame
Was earn'd on many a field of bloody fight,
Did thy stern spirit then, in vain affright,
Shrink at a phantom, tremble at a name?
Yet thus it was—and thus 'tis with us all,—
The evils we imagine most appal.
R. F.

SPEAK NO ILL.

Nay, speak no ill!—a kindly word
  Can never leave a sting behind,
And, oh! to breathe each tale we've heard
  Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown
  By choosing thus the kinder plan;
For if but little good be known,
  Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide—
  Would fain another's fault efface;
How can it pleasure human pride
  To prove humanity but base?
No: let us reach a higher mood,
  A nobler estimate of man;
Be earnest in the search for good,
  And speak of all the best we can.

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Then speak no ill—but lenient be
  To others' failings as your own;
If you're the first a fault to see,
  Be not the first to make it known.
For life is but a passing day,
  No lip may tell how brief its span;
Then, oh, the little time we stay,
  Let's speak of all the best we can!

CHARLES SWAIN.

VARIETIES.

Captain the Hon. Charles Leonard Irby, R.N.—The death of this distinguished officer, at Torquay, on the 3d inst., at the premature age of 56, is announced in the usual obituaries of the day. The share he had in the interesting travels in the Holy Land (in conjunction with Mr. Mangles), first printed for private circulation, and thereafter justly forming one of the most popular volumes in Mr. Murray's Series, will add to the literary regrets which swell those of family and friends on this mournful event.

Antiquarian Discoveries.—On the 28th ult. the surface of the ground in the paddock, at Orpington, situated near the summit of a hill, suddenly gave way, and developed, at the depth of sixteen feet, subterreaneous arched chambers. The soil was sand. Mr. A. J. Duncan has lately shewn that similar excavations exist throughout the county.—*Kentish Observer.*

Portraits of Charles I. and his Queen, by Vandyke, are stated, in the *Suffolk Chronicle*, to have been bought for a few shillings from Mr. Fenton, a broker at Bury, and being sent to London and cleaned, are now valued at 500 guineas. They are in the possession of Sir Thomas Cullam.

Brazilian Diamonds.—A letter in the *Frankfort Journal* gives the following particulars relating to the diamond-mines recently discovered in Brazil: "Hatfuls of the stones have been picked up and brought away. Two-thirds of them are of a yellowish tinge, and do not possess the usual hardness of the diamond, but many of them are very fine. The house of Bomfim and Reshesler, the largest diamond-merchants at Rio Janeiro, at first threw doubts on the reality of this discovery; but notwithstanding this every one who has diamonds on hand is endeavouring to sell them at the best price they can obtain, fearing a great reduction in the value. The country where the new mines are situate is thickly populated, but the people are mostly very poor."

Literature (Portuguese) is making some progress in this capital. Amongst the latest publications are a carefully edited military journal, and a fine-art journal, illustrated in a highly creditable manner. The first volume of an elaborate history of Portugal, by A. Herculano, is announced to issue from the press in January. Senhor Herculano has already achieved considerable fame as an author.—*Letter from Lisbon, Times.*

Natural History.—The *Renfrewshire Advertiser* (a very able Scottish Conservative newspaper) gives an account of a collection of natural history sent home to Paisley from Illinois, by a Mr. Peter Mason; the most curious part of which is the skulls of two stags, which appear to have interlocked their antlers so inextricably together in combat, as to have lived for months in that condition, and finally to have fallen a prey to the wolves, against whom they had no means of defence.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press, The Eventful Epoch, a Novel, by Nicholas Michell, author of "The Traduced."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Oliver Newman, a New-England Tale, with other Poetical Remains, by the late R. Southey, fcp. 8vo, 5s.—Pictorial Tour in the Mediterranean, by J. H. Allan, royal 4to, 3*l.* 3*s.* cloth.—Charles Elwood, or the Infidel Converted, by O. A. Brownson, post 8vo, 4*s.* cloth.—Connexion between Revelation and Mythology, by Philomathes, post 8vo, 3*s.*—Complete Concordance to Shakspere, by Mrs. C. Clarke, imp. 8vo, 2*l.* 6*s.*—Life of Leo X., by W. Roscoe, 4th edit., edited by his Son, 2 vols. 8vo, 24*s.*—Life of Lorenzo de' Medici, by W. Roscoe, new edit., edited by his Son, 8vo, 12*s.*—Explanations: a Sequel to Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation, post 8vo, 5*s.*—England's Worthies, by J. Vicars (1647), reprinted, square, 5*s.*—Hand-Book for Lewes, by M. A. Lower, fcp. 2*s.*—The Decameron of Boccaccio, translated, 8vo, 7*s.*—The Life and Times of John Bunyan, by G. B. Cheever, D.D., royal 32mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*—Brown's Philosophy of the Mind, 16th edit., 4 vols. 8vo, 2*l.* 2*s.*—Robinson Crusoe, Phiz's Illustrated Edition, 12mo, 4*s.* 6*d.*—Martineau's Popular Tales, new edit., 8 vols. 18mo, 21*s.*—The Roman Catholic Religion False, by the Rev. H. Marriott, 12mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Missionary Life in Samoa: Journals of the late G. A. Lundle, 12mo, 4*s.* 6*d.*—Dr. Abbot on Jonah, new edit., by Grace Webster, 2 vols. post 8vo, 12*s.*—Prayers and Meditations from the Bible and Liturgy, 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Royal Descents: a List of Persons entitled to Quarter the Royal Arms, 4to, 9*s.* plain; 12*s.* coloured.—The Water-Fairy, and other Tales, square, 2*s.* 6*d.* plain; 3*s.* 6*d.* coloured.—The King of the Swans, and other Tales, square, 2*s.* 6*d.* plain; 3*s.* 6*d.* coloured.—Berens' Christmas Stories, 5th edit., fcp. 3*s.*—Annals of Horticulture for 1845, royal 8vo, 16*s.*—The Cricket on the Hearth, by C. Dickens, fcp. 5*s.*—Sermons, by R. Winter Hamilton, LL.D., Second Series, 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Viz. *Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday (the Last Night).*

On WEDNESDAY there can be NO PERFORMANCE, the Theatre having been Let previous to M. JULLIEN'S occupation.

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LARGE NUMBERS of Persons having on several Evenings during the present Series of Concerts been, for want of room, of necessity denied admission, M. JULLIEN begs leave to state that he has caused to be arranged decorated TWO EXTRA APARTMENTS connected with the Promenade; these will be opened for the first time on Monday evening, and, M. JULLIEN trusts, will afford ample accommodation for all his Visitors.

THE BRITISH NAVY QUADRILLE on each Evening.

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII (First time this season).

The Programme for MONDAY, Dec. 15th, will include a Solo by Herr KOENIG; Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony; Solo on the Concertina, by Mr. Case; the Polka Quadrille; the Boquet Royal Waltz; the Destruction of Pompeii; the British Navy Quadrille, &c. &c. &c.

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M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL GRAND BAL MASQUE is fixed to take place on MONDAY, DECEMBER 22d.

The Audience portion of the Theatre will, as before, be SET APART FOR SPECTATORS.

[See Advertisement.]

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"A well-written article, in the 'Augsburg Gazette' of 1844 (Supplement No. 193, July 11th), headed, 'The Flemish Literature and her chief Authors,' gives the following account of Conscience:—'Of the younger ones, Hendrik Conscience, of Antwerp, is the most popular. He is about thirty years of age, of middle size, black hair, pale complexion, and melancholy eyes. Volunteering in the Belgian army, the poetical bent of his mind prevented him from rising higher than the rank of serjeant-major. Returned into private life, he, in 1837, joined the Belgian movement, and very soon attracted the public attention by his poetical sketches (Tafereelen), and the overpowering delivery of his extempore speeches. Disappointed apparently in his prospects, he suddenly disappeared from the stage of public activity, and devoted himself to horticultural pursuits, until, by the instrumentality of Mr. Rogier, the late governor of Antwerp, who had a great regard for Conscience's talents, he was named secretary of the reconstructed Academy of Arts at Antwerp, with a yearly salary of 2000 francs. Conscience was the first in Belgium who wrote a novel. His first production was 'The Year of Wonders (1566),' which met with a very favourable reception. His fame went on increasing, until the publication of his 'Lion of Flanders,' in 3 vols., a work which crowned his exertions, although he did not derive that benefit from it which he was entitled to expect. From that period he has given up historical novels, and applied himself chiefly to the delineation of pictures from every-day life, amongst which the genuine Flemish sketches of 'What a Mother can Endure,' 'The Progress of a Painter,' and 'Siska Van Roosemael,' may be called masterpieces, and were so admired, that we may assert of them, that they were not 'sold off,' but actually 'fought for.'"

The three tales just mentioned compose the volume now translated into English; and which, to our apprehension, is replete with beauties of an order which will render it extremely popular in England. For there is a homely simplicity of fine natural effect, a religious trust of pure

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and humble devotion, touches of pathos of the deepest interest, slight strokes of playful humour, happy delineations of character, and a healthy infusion of moral, virtuous, and patriotic leaven to elevate and season the whole. It may be that their presentation in an unaccustomed style may have made the impressions of these (not in themselves rare) lessons more impressive than they would otherwise have been; but we think that even apathetic readers must be moved to tears by their genuine humanity and pictures of lowly sufferings; whilst the warmest affections of philanthropy will be stirred by their heart-seeking descriptions of the delights which are reaped from the exercise of judicious charity and Christian benevolence.

The entire spirit of the work, in these important respects, affords a forcible contrast to the prolific writings of the active school which now inundates England with publications, also pretending to be for the good of the lower orders and poor. Conscience (an appropriate name for the strong-feeling Fleming), like the good clergyman in the *Deserted Village*, endeavours

"To allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way,"

by painting the content and blessedness which flow from the performance of kind acts, and thence exciting the ennobling feelings of gratitude and love in the objects relieved and benefited by sympathising beneficence. It is thus that charity *is* thrice blessed; that it becomes a pattern from individuals to communities, and extends its godlike influence till it pervades nations and governments. Not so the everlasting preaching of wrongs, of contumelies, of obduracy, of disregarded poverty, of fiendish delight in miseries which are removed from Self, of crime provoked, and more than excused, by oppression—all forced into minds ready for the reception, and prepared to carry out the consequences, by fierce diatribes against the powerful, and denunciations of the rich (unredeemed by an exception), and by the pointed, and not less effectual, shafts of satire and ridicule. The one road is calculated to conduct to harmony and peace, through cheering scenes of mutual good-will, engendered by the general practice of golden-ruled wisdom; the other way, to lead to anarchy and ruin, by inflaming class against class, and sowing seeds of hatred and revenge to be gathered in a harvest of horror, whenever it may happen that an inevitable and irremediable dispensation of Providence shall cause the too full cup of wretchedness to overflow. The difference of the preaching is that between Samaritan and Satan; the difference of the duties enforced is that between pouring balm into the wounds and solace into the soul, and administering irritation and poison to the body politic from head to foot.

The longest of the tales, which have seduced us into this homily, is that of "Siska," in which the author sets the plain and honest old manners of his country in opposition to the demoralising influence which he imputes to the influx of a bad quality of French immigrants, and to the native imitation of them, and even to the use of their language. To the better orders of that country he, however, does justice; while he lashes the scamps and adventurers, by whom Flanders is overrun.* Two daughters of respectable citizens and shopkeepers of Antwerp bring sorrow and shame upon their families, in consequence of their frivolous and unfitting education in a French pension; and the evolution of the circumstances affords excellent opportunities for the display of the author's forte,—the delineation and opposition of domestic and foreign manners and ideas. We offer a sample:

"The shoemaker, who had hitherto made a nice living, and, by wise economy, bought the house he lived in, one fine day, when Van Roosemael was fever-ill, had knocked his two street-windows into one large show-front; upon the glass panes of which he had painted, in gaudy colours, various French recommendations of his goods. In the middle you might read, 'A la botte sans couture;' 'Magasin de bottes et souliers de Paris,'—a falsehood, because he intended, as heretofore, to manufacture the boots and shoes himself. Underneath, you saw the picture of a man, whose eyes were dazzled from the reflection of the sun upon a polished boot; and beneath this masterpiece of puffing, the words were written, 'Véritable cirage Anglais!'—another falsehood, for that was also home-made, with the difference only, that he now charged four-times its former price. The corner pane bore the inscription, 'Souliers en caoutchuc, poudre de savon, semelles de liège, &c.' When Van Roosemael had recovered from his illness, and was walking at a slow pace through the street, his glance fell with surprise on the new window of the shoemaker. He stopped suddenly, rubbed his eyes like a drowsy man, and looked musingly over the whole range of houses in the street, like a stranger who has lost his way. 'What is the meaning of that?' thought he; 'surely this is not Spinael's shop?—can he have changed his abode without my knowing it? Most probably another of those fellows who come here with the intention of swindling; and, by throwing dust into people's eyes, to have a better plea for bankruptcy, if the sheep are shorn. But he shan't catch me—' Whilst Van Roosemael stood musing, there stepped a gentleman from the interior of the shop to the door. He was showily dressed in a paletot of chequered cloth, drab-coloured trowsers, and white waistcoat: he wore a mosaic gold chain, to which a watch, or eye-glass, was supposed to be attached. Crisp and beautifully black whiskers surrounded his face; his hair was artificially dressed, like that of the wax-figures seen in barbers' windows. 'Ah!' Van Roosemael thought, 'that is he—a fine fellow, indeed!' But the new neighbour went straight up to him, tapped him on the shoulder, and said: 'Recovered! friend Van Roosemael?' The astounded man recognised the voice of Spinael, reeled back two steps, regarded his friend from top to toe, and, with much simplicity, said: 'How very fine you look! Have you won the great prize in the Russian lottery? or have you inherited some property? If so, God prosper you; I congratulate you from all my heart.—Well, I never—How curious!—But all my lifetime I thought your hair was red!' Spinael smiled with a kind of contemptuous pity, and answered in that frivolous, easy manner, usually termed the 'French polish:'—'Van Roosemael, friend, you never will become a rich man. The world has changed; nobody, now-a-days, will be caught without chaff and limed twigs; bad wares nicely laid out are half sold. He who is obliged to make his living out of Flemish burghers, must plod his way to old age before he can say, 'I am a made man!' You are too stingy, friend, and demand good leather, and good work, for small pay. 'Tis quite another thing with young France; there, business is to be done—every month a new pair of boots, dearly paid, and easily made.' The astounded Van Roosemael did not know whether he was awake or asleep. He had a singing in his ears from these strange words, and he was half inclined to think that Spinael had lost his senses. 'But,' interrupting him, he said, 'I have been told that the French gentry often forget to pay. Do you take good care; several of these braggards are in my books; and you may shear long where there is no wool. Better a small honest gain, and a clear conscience.' 'Antiquated talk, friend!' said the shoemaker; 'if it is God's will, we shall talk over the same matter in some two or three years' time, and then we shall see who has fared best. My son Jules is in Paris, to get a thorough knowledge of his business; I have some expectations of him.' 'Who do you say is in Paris? Jules! Why I always thought I was godfather to your only son, and his name was John, like mine.' 'Well, then, John is in Paris, only he has changed his vulgar name for Jules, which sounds much finer. And my daughter, who went into the pension this week, is now called Hortense. I merely tell you, that you may not call them John and Therese in the presence of my customers.'"

A change, nevertheless, clouds over his dream:

"Whilst Van Roosemael's daughter was receiving her Frenchified education, things did not all go on well in Spinael's shop and household. The young French gentlemen very rarely paid their debts; and at the close of each theatrical season, the comedians bolted, well provided with unpaid-for boots and shoes. Hortense, too, squandered away a goodly sum in dress and delicacies; probably she now and then gave something secretly to her needy lovers. In a word, Spinael got over head and ears in debt; his house was already loaded with heavy mortgages. In this mournful position the shoemaker's eyes gradually opened: the picture, with the bright boot, dazzling the spectator, lay torn in the lumber room; and only one inscription was to be seen on the window-pane, in French and Flemish,—'Depôt of shoes.' But the French customers had forgotten the way to his gaudy shop; the shoes that had so soon given way remained heavily in their memory; and Spinael, with his paletot, his drab-coloured trousers, and pinchbeck chain, did not know any longer from what bird to feather his arrows: he was, in fact, a ruined man. Evil is naturally despotic. When once it has found its way to the heart, and has there met with friendly welcome, it insists on being the sole occupant, and extirpates, root and branch, all the virtues that found a lodging within. Nothing can withstand its incessant attacks. It drives every feeling of duty and probity from its domicile, and takes possession of the entire man as of a slave. Spinael made this experience in a dreadful manner. Overwhelmed with debts, poor and miserable, he mourned his frivolity, and only hoped to find consolation in the sympathy of his daughter. But from her he received nothing but abusive reproaches; and, in spite of the want which oppressed him, the abandoned Hortense still continued squandering and contracting debts, only to gratify her luxurious habits. A short time afterwards, John, or rather Jules Spinael, as he now called himself,

* "Do not carry it too far," (says Roosemael, in answer to some derogatory remarks of Spinael,) "do not carry it too far. The Frenchmen who are settled here in Antwerp, as burghers and traders, I know to be all very honest people; and many of them I number amongst my best customers. But the hungry rats, who have overrun us since the year 1830, as if this country were a new Utopia, they are the scoundrels whom you must keep your eye upon."

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returned from Paris. But instead of sitting down upon the shoemaker's bench, and helping his unhappy father in his difficulties, the rascal would do nothing but dress smartly, lounge at coffee-houses, billiard-tables, smoke cigars, and talk big in French. He entered into a base alliance with his sister against their weak father; they sold the paternal house, and commenced, under his very eyes, to spend in a life of pleasure the trifling sum which remained from the purchase-money, after the mortgages were discharged."

Matters go from bad to worse; but the repentant shoemaker is ultimately succoured by the friendly Roosemael, whose unhappy turn, however, comes next, when his own daughter reaches home from the pension. These two extracts must suffice for the principal story, which, though both amusing and instructive, and well devised for the national view it is meant to inculcate, is not so universally applicable as the other two, nor so powerfully affecting as the last.

"'The Progress of a Painter' is the history of a living artist, whose innate talents were fostered by the liberality of a Baron de Pret, a nobleman, who died a few years ago, and is buried at Hemixem, a village near Antwerp. Many of the drawings represented in the woodcuts are from the pencil of the artist whose career is so touchingly portrayed."

From this production we hasten to copy a good account of the School of Arts at Antwerp, and another passage or two equally deserving of the attention of our British artists.

"There are certainly a great many artists in Belgium. But how is it that, in a field so ample, so few can attain celebrity? Why are so many in want of their daily bread? One could answer this question broadly by adducing the well-known words: 'Many are called, but few are chosen;' or by saying with the French poet:

'Soyez plutôt maçon, si c'est votre métier.'

But neither sentence accounts satisfactorily for the scarcity of good artists; there are other reasons at the bottom, obnoxious to the progress of the young pupils, and which destroy their prospects, ere they have arrived at a certain knowledge of the fact whether they have really a calling for the art. In order to propound these causes in a tangible manner, we will, in this chapter, give a slight sketch of the manner in which a pupil commences his studies. A father thinks he has discovered his son's predilection for the art of painting; what parent distrusts the ability of his child? He consequently sends him to an academy, or school of design, in his native town. Lazy and dull in mind, the boy, nevertheless, in a few years masters the first difficulties of the art of drawing; nay, with some diligence, he may have attained to this stage in less time. We will even go so far as to allow that he has the germ of a great painter within him; but conceit—an evil genius—mars his works, and impedes a rapid progress. The father beholds with rapture the poor productions of his son, who appears to him to work marvels. He frequents taverns, coffee-houses, and clubs, annoying every body with the incessant eulogy he pours forth upon the genius of the youth. By some his boasting is believed and circulated, and at last the whole neighbourhood takes it for granted that the son is a genius of the first water. Their applause ringing in his ears, he struts with self-approval; and no sooner has he drawn from the antique for a few days than he must needs have his own studio; he who is unable to draw a good nose without a model must paint and produce pictures. For the next step, he buys canvass, frame, and an easel. The down seems ashamed to appear on his chin; the hair hangs wildly round his head, and the little urchins in the street style him 'artist!' Now he attempts a picture; but what does it represent? A human figure, sleeping, the head reclining on a table—in this case you will observe he is spared the trouble of painting the face; next, a ham on a plate, a dog gnawing it; in the background some buckets, pots, caldrons, &c. Generally speaking, such a work will occupy him three months; he rubs, he scratches, he bungles, he steals,—and behold! at last something issues from his brush which has a remote resemblance to a picture. Father and relations exclaim, 'It is a perfect Teniers!' But others—and more justly—say that it is a bungling daub. The perspective is an entire failure: the objects of the middle ground are larger than those of the foreground; the legs and arms hang as it were broken; the bodies are too long or too short; the objects seem tumbling down; and the dog is a mystery which even Buffon would have been at a loss to unravel. Arrived at this stage, the evil is not of a very extensive nature yet; the young man still listens to the advice of superior artists; he still frequents the drawing-school, although he does not bring his whole heart and mind to the instructions. But mischief is near! A friend of the family, or a sadly ignorant amateur, pays him a hundred francs for his painting! Now the bomb bursts; he will, he must have a studio away from his father's house, that people henceforth may ask, 'where is the studio of such-and-such a-one?' He takes a boy, whom he spoils, now as an *élève* or apprentice, and is therefore a master. Should he continue attending the academy for lessons in drawing? Could he, a master, sit among pupils? This his pride cannot submit to! In consequence of that he leaves the academy, and the class of drawing. Now I ask you, what shall become of the so-called artist? He cannot draw; he knows nothing of the human frame; the rules of perspective are a perfect mystery to him. It may be said that he could continue his studies by himself. But it is a well-known truism amongst artists, that he who has begun to paint, invariably takes a dislike to drawing. No! the illiterate artist will be a bungler all his life; he will now and then dispose of a poor picture, and spend his sad days alternately in pride or want. He is envious of every one, frets at his brother-artists, and dies a varnisher!"

Poor Frank is ill-advised enough (according to this affecting narrative) to exhibit a premature and worthless picture; and the results are peculiar to no school.

"How bitterly had he to rue his want of thought! His performance, which was in reality still very imperfect, was the more severely criticised and the more loudly condemned, as it was the work of a beginner, who had not yet procured any regular defenders and panegyrists. Frank then painted better and finer pictures; but the prejudice which had already been raised against him was always in his way. It now appeared as if he was absolutely unfit for any solid performance, as if he would never produce anything but daubs. This prejudice had at last grown so strong and general, that even his friends no longer ventured to praise what was really good in his works from fear of being considered without taste. But though banished from the communion of artists, criticised by people who were inferior to him in talent, and put down everywhere as a bungler, Frank still continued stedfastly to learn and to labour: still his pictures, greatly to the grandmother's astonishment, remained hanging on the walls of their poor dwelling. Let this be a lesson for every young artist. Whoever for the first time exhibits a picture, fully conscious that he could or should be able to make a better one, is a fool, who does himself incalculable injury; for is it not on the ground of his first performance that the world judges of the past, present, and future of an artist? And what trouble, what powerful efforts, will be required to counteract the first formed judgment! Those who have seen the bad pictures will not look at the good ones, and thus cling to their first impression and opinion. More than once Frank bewailed bitterly his first indiscretion. Often when he sat at his easel in the loft, which was his study, he smote his brow with his hand, and cried out, 'How is it possible! what folly, what infatuation could have seized me? I knew that my picture was full of defects, and yet I sent it to the exhibition! Surely I had lost my senses!'"

The happy issue of his trials is quite a relief to us, their reality is so absorbing.

The last tale, "What a Mother can Endure," will draw tears from many an eye. It is one of the sweetest and most truly excellent lessons we ever read, derived from utter destitution, borne to the last pangs and throes of mortal misfortune with patience and fortitude, and the divine gratification of raising the wretched from this abyss of want and woe. It opens finely and appropriately with a sketch of winter severity:

"Grim cold was reigning during the last days of the month of January, 1841. The streets of Antwerp had put on their winter garments, and shone in pure white; the snow was still falling—not in tender flakes, enchanting the eye with their whirling dance, but in solid crystals, rattling like hail against the windows of the closely shut-up houses; and the sharp, icy wind drove most of those comfortable citizens, who ventured to appear on their thresholds, back to their heated stoves. Notwithstanding the bitter frost, and though it was only nine o'clock in the morning, many people, as it was market-day, were to be seen in the streets. The younger tried to get warm by running; sedate people breathed into their benumbed hands; the work-people beat their arms briskly round their bodies. At this moment a young lady was walking, at a moderate pace, through a by-street, whose inhabitants she must have known

well; for she went in and out of the poor houses, and frequently left them with an expression of satisfaction on her face. A silk quilted cloak enveloped her slender figure; a velvet bonnet covered her beautiful head, and protected her cheeks, which were nevertheless a little tinged with purple by the sharp air; a boa was twisted round her neck, and her hands hidden in a fine muff. This young lady, evidently of a rich family, stood on the threshold of a house, which she was about to

enter, when she saw at a distance an acquaintance approaching. She now remained standing at the door of the humble dwelling, until her friend had come near; when she went up to her with a merry laugh, and addressed her

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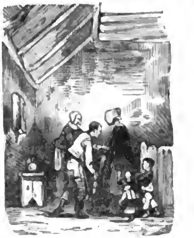
thus :—'Good morning, Adele, how are you?' 'Pretty well. And you?' 'Very well, thank Heaven! I am in such good health, and so heppy, that I really cannot exprese it!' 'How is that? methinks, the weether ie not so very pleasant!' 'Oh yes, Adele! at least I find it so. Though I have only been up an hour, I have already vieited twenty poor dwellings. But I have seen such poverty, my dear Adele, as

might break one'e heart! Hunger, cold, die-ease, destitution, beyond all description! Oh! now I feel the blessing of being wealthy; for what delight is there in charity!' 'One would say that you are going to cry. I see the tear sparkling in your eyes! Indeed, you ere wrong to be so sentimental. The poor people are not so badly off; there are so many distributione; —coals, bread, potatoes, all in abundance. Only yeeterday I agsin subscribed fifty francs; and I confess that I prefer heving my money distributed by others, to going to all the dirty dwellings myself.' 'Adele, you don't know the real poor. Do not judge of them from those tatterdemalions who consider beggery a good trade; and soil and tear their clothee on purpose to excite diegust and compas-eion! Come with me, my friend, and I'll shew to you working people, whose clothee are not ragged, and whose dwellings are not filthy; and who will open their mouths, not to crave charity, but to thank and to bless for gifte voluntarily bestowed upon them. You will see the torments of hunger depicted in their features, the frozen black bread between the benumbed fingers of the children, the tears of the mother, and the gloomy despair of the

father! Oh! if you fixed your eyes upon this dumb image of grief and misery, what angelic pleasure would you find in being able to remedy all this with a little money! You would see poor children jump up, and grasp your clothes; the mother gratefully smiling on you; the rather, in joyous forgetfulnese, preseing your delicate hand in his own bony fingers, and moistening it with his burning tears! And then, Adele, you too would shed teare of hap-piness, and not withdraw your hande from theirs, however rough they might be. Now see, Adele, it is the remembrance of such hours as these thet fills me with emotion.' Whilst



Anna, with deep feeling and a tender voice, was thus painting these scenee of misery, her friend did not epeak, nor even utter euch ehort worde or ejaculatione as betray the eympathy of the hearer. The emotion of her friend had fully communicated itself to her: and when Anna looked at her, ehe wae just drawing her handkerchief from her muff, in order to wipe away two tears which were running down her cheeks. 'Anna,' she said, 'I shall go with you to visit these poor people. I have plenty of money about me; let ue devote this morning to worke of benevolence.'"

We will not encroach on the sequel, but leave the afflicting scenes of distrees and their remedy to be perused by such of our readers as usually attend to our recommendatione in their book-choosing; and we promise oureelves that they will reward us both by teare and smiles of that delicious kind which soften the heart and elevate the soul.

The New Timon. In Four Parts. Part I. 8vo, pp. 45. London, H. Colburn.

It is not easy to pronounce a judgment which the result shall surely satisfy upon the fourth part of a poem; but there is enough before ue here, in a fragment of five-and-forty pages, to entitle us to say, without fear of a reversal, that *The New Timon* ie a composition which dis-plays both beauty and power. It belongs to the echool of Crabbe, and would not have dis-graced the master himself. It doee with Lon-don whet he did with the country. The de-scriptive passagee ere etrikingly and accurately chersceteristic: witness an early morning in May:

"O'er royal London, in luxuriant May,
While lamps yet twinkled, dawning crept the day.
Home from the hell the pale-eyed gamester steals;
Home from the ball flash jaded beauty's wheels;
The lean grimalkin, who, since night began,
Hath hymned to love amidst the wrath of man,
Scared from his raptures by the morning star,
Flits finely by, and threads the area bar;
From fields suburban rolls the early cart;
As rests the revel, so awakes the mart.
Transfusing Mocha from the beans within,
Bright by the crossing gleams the alchemic tin,—
There halts the craft-man;—there, with envious sigh,'
The houseless vagrant looks, and limps foot-weary by.'

This is Crabbe in London. The writer pro-ceeds in a similar strain to paint the locelity in which he lays his etory, viz. St. James'e Street; but we are not sure that he is correct in etating that the Palace atands on the site of the Leper-Hospital, instead of being part of that very building. No matter: on the steps of a house in the etreet is seen a young female in the deepest distrese:

"She sate the homeless wanderer,—with calm eyes
Looking through tears, yet lifted to the skies:
Wistful but patient—sorrowful but mild,
As asking God when he would claim his child.
A face too young for such a tranquil grief,
The worm that gnawed the core had spared the leaf
Though worn the cheek, with hunger or with care,
Yet still the soft fresh child-like bloom was there;
And each might touch you with an equal gloom,—
The youth, the care, the hunger, and the bloom."

The modern Timon notices, accosts, and pities her; and is so etruck by her looks, manners, and epeech, that he takes her to his splendid home as an esylum, and places her as a com-panion with his only sister. The portraits of brother and sister are ably drawn, and the eecret interest of the poem is involved in their remarkable habits and modes of acting; for the development of which we must, of course, wait. The traite related of the previoue life of the heroine, who ie the natural child of a deceived and deserted mother, are of a moving nature.

"And who the wanderer that hath shelter won
Beneath the roof of fortune's favoured son?
Ill stars predoomed her, and she stole to birth
Fresh from the heaven,—law's outcast on the earth
The child of love, betraying and betrayed,
The blossom opened in the upas shade:—
So ran the rumour; if the rumour lied,
The humble mother wept, but not denied:
Ne'er had the infant's slumber known a rest
On childhood's native shield—a father's breast.
Dead or neglectful, 'twas to her the same;
But oh, how dear—yea, dearer for the shame—
All that God hallows in a mother's name!
Here, one proud refuge from a world's disdain,
Here, the lost empress half resumes her reign;
Here the deep-fallen Eve sees Eden's skies
Smile on the desert from the cherub's eyes!
Sweet to each human heart the right to love,
But 'tis the deluge consecrates the dove;
And haply scorn yet more the child endears,
Cradled in misery, and baptised with tears.

Each then the all on earth unto the other,—
The smiling infant and the erring mother:
The one soon lost the smile which childhood wears,
Chilled by the gloom it marvels at—but shares;
The other, by that purest love made pure,
Learned to redeem, by labouring to endure:
Patience in penance, more than pain for deeds,
Draws the hived music from the bruised reeds.

Hard was their life, and lonely was their hearth:
There kindness brought no holiday of mirth;
No kindred visited, no playmate came;
Joy—the proud worldling—shunned the child of shame."

She imbues her daughter with refined grace, and the utmoet purity of thought:

"So Lucy's April opened into May—
Fair time, to life frank Nature's holiday!
When unto most the imagined future seems
The ivory gate whence glide to shape the dreams;
When Love first trembles on the prison-bar
Of clay, and Hope flies fearless to the far:
Blest time, to most the ideal heaven of man—
With her the Golden ceased, the Iron Age began.

Behold her by the couch, on bended knees!
There the wan mother—there the last disease!
Dread to the poor the least suspense of health,—
Their hands their friends, their labour all their wealth
Let the wheel rest from toil a single sun,
And all the humble clock-work is undone.
The custom lost, the drain upon the hoard,
The debt that sweeps the fragment from the board.
How mark the hunger round thee, and be brave!
Foresee thy orphan, and not fear the grave!
Lower and ever lower in the grade
Of penury fell the mother and the maid,
Till the grim close; when, as the midnight rain
Drove to the pallet through the broken pane,
The dying murmured: 'Near—thy hand—more near
I am not what scorn deemed; yet not severe
The doom which leaves me in the hour of death
The right to bless thee with my parting breath:
These, worn till now, wear thou, his daughter. Live
To see thy sire, and tell him—I forgive!'
Cold the child thrills beneath the hands that press
Her bended neck—slow slackens the caress;

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oud the roof rattles with the stormy gust;
'he grief is silent, and the love is dust:
'rom the spent fuel God's bright spark is flown,
ınd there the Motherless and Death—alone!"

This touching scene is followed by a desecra-on too familiar to be strange:

Then fell a happy darkness o'er the mind,—
hat trance, that pause, the tempest leaves behind:
ill with a timid step around she crept,
nd sighed 'she sleeps,' and smiled. Too well she slept!
'ark strangers entered in the squalid cell;
ude hirelings placed the pauper in the shell;
arsh voices questioned of the name and age—
'en paupers live upon the parish page.
he answers not, or sighs, and smiles, and keeps
he same meek language: 'Hush! my mother sleeps.'
hey thrust some scanty pence into her palm,
nd led her forth, scarce marvelling at her calm,
nd bade her work, not beg—be good, and shun
ll bad companions: so their work was done,
nd the wreck left to drift amidst the roar
f the Great Ocean with the rocky shore.

nd thou hast found a shelter, hapless one!
'ot yet too late breaks on thy morn the sun;
ot yet deferred till Hope hath drooped too long
'o plume the pinion, and to pour the song:
lope—the sweet bird!—while *that* the air can fill,
et earth be ice, the soul has summer still!"

The description of her new abode and its omewhat mysterious inmates is, as we have ıentioned, darkling for the present, but is ably one, and promises an interesting *dénouement*:

There was a mystery that defied the guess
ı so much love and so much tenderness.
'hat sword, invisible to human eyes,
o sternly severed Nature's closest ties?
'o leave each yearning unto each—apart,
ll ice the commune, and all warmth the heart?"

Iere dwelling, and devoting herself to affec-ionate cares of Calantha (Morvale's sister):

And as some child to strifeful parents sent
aps the long discord in its own content,
'his happy creature seemed to reach that home,
'o say, 'Love enters where the guileless come!'

t was not mirth—for mirth she was too still;
t was not wit—wit leaves the heart more chill:
ut that continuous sweetness, which with ease
leases all round it, from the wish to please:
'his was the charm that Lucy's smile bestowed;
'he waves' fresh ripple from deep fountains flowed,—
elow, exhaustless gratitude; above,
Voman's meek temper—childhood's ready love.

'ft, after all the cheerful smiles of day,
Vhen by her couch she knelt at night to pray,
s some fair lake reflects, when day is o'er,
Vith stiller deeps and clearer tide the shore,
o night and calm the lengthening memory glassed,
ınd from the silence rose distinct the past.
gain she sees her mother's gentle face,
gain she feels the mother's soft embrace;
gain the mother's sigh of pain she hears,
ınd starts—and lo, the spell dissolves in tears!
'ears that too well that faithful grief reveal,
Vhich smiles, by day made duties, would conceal.
o droop the flowers when lonely eve renews
arth's and heaven's union in baptising dews.

t was a noon of summer in its glow,
ınd all was life, but London's life, below,
s by the open casement half reclined
alantha's languid form; a gentle wind
rought to her cheek a bloom unwonted there,
ınd stirred the light wave of the golden hair.
Iers was a beauty that made sad the eye,
right, but fast fading, like a twilight sky;
'he shape so finely, delicately frail,
s formed for climes unruffled by a gale;
'he lustrous eye, through which looked forth the soul
right and more brightly as it neared the goal;
'he fatal clearness of the varying hue,
Vhere life the quick lamp shines, in flickering, through;
'he waning beauty, the funereal charms
Vith which Death steals his bride into his arms."

To this sad picture we may oppose a retro-pective glance at St. James's Park, and some f its living peregrinators:

The window opened on that breadth of green,
'o half the pomp of elder days the scene.
Gaze to thy left, there the Plantagenet
ooked on the lists for Norman knighthood set;*
right issued forth, where yonder archway glooms,
anner and trump and steed, and waves of plumes,

As with light heart rides wanton Anne to brave
Tudor's grim love, the purple and the grave.
Gaze to the right, where now, neat, white, and low,
The modest Palace looks like Brunswick Row,
There echoed once the merriest orgies known
Since the frank Norman won grave Harold's throne;
There bloomed the mulberry-groves, beneath whose shade
His easy loves the royal Rowley made;
Where Villiers flaunted, and where Sedley sung,
And wit's loose diamonds dropped from Wilmot's tongue.
All at rest now—all dust! wave flows on wave,
But the sea dries not!—what to us the grave?
It brings no real homily; we sigh,
Pause for awhile and murmur, 'All must die!'
Then rush to pleasure, action, sin once more,
Swell the loud tide, and fret unto the shore.

And o'er the altered scene Calantha's eye
Roves listless, yet Time's great the passers-by.
Along the road still fleet the men whose names
Live in the talk the moment's glory claims.
There, for that storm or stagnor, 'the debate,'
Pass to their post the helmsmen of the state.
Now 'on his humble but his faithful steed,'
Sir Robert rides—he never rides at speed;
Careful his seat, and circumspect his gaze,
And still the cautious trot the cautious mind betrays.
Wise is thy heed!—how stout soe'er his back,
Thy weight has oft proved fatal to thy hack.

Next, with loose rein and careless canter, view
Our man of men, the Prince of Waterloo;
O'er the firm brow the hat as firmly prest,
The firm shape rigid in the buttoned vest;
Within—the iron which the fire has proved,
And the close Sparta of a mind unmoved.
Not his the wealth to some large natures lent,
Divinely lavish, even where mispent,—
That liberal sunshine of exuberant soul,
Thought, sense, affection, warming up the whole,
The heat and affluence of a genial power,
Rank in the weed as vivid in the flower;
Hushed at command his veriest passions halt,
Drilled is each virtue, disciplined each fault;
Warm if his blood, he reasons while he glows,
Admits the pleasure, ne'er the folly knows;
If for our Mars his snare had Vulcan set,
He had won the Venus, but escaped the net;
His eye ne'er wrong, if circumscribed the sight,
Widen the prospect and it ne'er is right,
Seen through the telescope of habit still,
States seem a camp, and all the world—a drill.
Yet, oh, how few his faults, how pure his mind,
Beside his fellow-conquerors of mankind!"

O'Connell is also exhibited at full length:

"He, like Lysander, never deems it sin
To eke the lion's with the fox's skin;
Vain every mesh this Proteus to enthrall,
He breaks no statute, and he creeps through all.
First to the mass that valiant truth to tell,
'Rebellion's art is never to rebel—
Elude all danger, but defy all laws,'
He stands himself the safe sublime he draws.
In him behold all contrasts which belong
To minds abased, but passions roused, by wrong—
The blood all fervour, and the brain all guile,
The patriot's bluntness, and the bondsman's wile.

One after one the lords of time advance:
Here Stanley meets—how Stanley scorns—the glance!
The brilliant chief, irregularly great,
Frank, haughty, rash—the Rupert of debate,
Nor gout nor toil his freshness can destroy,
And time still leaves all Eton in the boy.
First in the class, and keenest in the ring,
He saps like Gladstone, and he fights like Spring;
Even at the feast his pluck pervades the board,
And dauntless game-cocks symbolise their lord."

With this we close these various specimens of this clever and superior performance. The domestic interest of the plot begins to be let in, and

"Lucy's whisper murmurs, 'Be of cheer,'
And Pity dupes Affection's willing ear,"

near the conclusion; but we must bide for Part II. before we can understand and share them.

History of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century. By J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D.D. A New Translation by Henry Beveridge, Esq., Advocate. Vol. I. pp. 326. Glasgow, W. Collins.

Of all the multitude of religious publications which the extraordinary movement in every faith and church during the last ten years has elicited, not one has taken a higher place than D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation. It has been popularly received in every country where Protestantism is found, as an admirable exponent of that great revolution, the effects of which have ever since so emphatically marked the whole course of human events. It is, in short, as it deserves to be, *the* standard work on the question and questions it undertakes to bring under review, and is *the* authority to be quoted for them all on the side which it supports. It it therefore no poor service to that cause to produce an edition like the present, not only in the cheapest possible form, but in a new and good translation of the last edition of the original, viz. that of 1842, and hitherto untranslated, though it is (says the preface) "a complete revision of the one which preceded it. Numerous passages of considerable length and great importance have been introduced, while others which had, on a careful examination, been deemed redundant or inaccurate, have been expunged. Surely, after all the pains which the distinguished author has expended on the improvement of his work, it is scarcely doing justice either to him or to the English reader to leave his improvements unknown. In another respect the present translation exclusively contains what is conceived to be a very decided improvement. All the notes, the meaning of which is not given in the text, have been literally translated. It seemed somewhat absurd, while translating French for the benefit of the English reader, to be at the same time presenting him with a large number of passages of untranslated Latin."

We have merely to observe, that these are true elements for universal popularity and usefulness among the most numerous and least moneyed classes of the community; and there can be no doubt that hosts of readers in Presbyterian and instructed Scotland (where every one at least can read and generally understand) will now peruse this able and stirring history with much edification. Nor will England nor Protestant Ireland be excluded from the advantage: D'Aubigné is brought within the reach of all. Of the work itself we need say nothing more; but as the author's preface to the edition here translated contains his enlarged views cogently expressed, we think it due to a performance of so much importance to copy a leading portion of it as an example of the rest:

"My purpose (he tells us) is not to write the history of a party, but that of one of the greatest revolutions which has taken place among men—the history of a mighty impulse which was given to the world three centuries ago, and the influence of which is still, in our day, every where perceived. The history of the Reformation is different from the history of Protestantism. In the former, every thing bears testimony to a revival of human nature, to a transformation, social and religious, emanating from God. In the latter are too often seen a remarkable degeneracy from primitive principles, party intrigue, a sectarian spirit, and the impress of petty private feelings. The history of Protestantism might interest none but Protestants; the history of the Reformation is for all Christians, or rather all men. The historian has a choice in the field in which he is to labour. He may describe the great events which change the face of a people, or the face of the world; or he may narrate the calm and progressive course, whether of a nation, the church, or mankind, which usually follows great social changes. Both fields of history are highly important; but the preference, in point of interest, seems due to those epochs which, under the name of Revolutions, introduce a nation, or

* "The Tilt-yard."

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society at large, to a new era and a new life. Such a transformation I have attempted to describe with very humble powers, hoping that the beauty of the subject will compensate for my want of ability. In styling it a Revolution, I give it a name which in our day is in discredit with many, who almost confound it with revolt. This is a mistake. A revolution is a change which takes place in the world's affairs. It is something new evolved (*revolvo*) from the bosom of humanity; and, indeed, before the end of the last century the term was oftener used in a good than a bad sense. They spoke of a 'happy,' a 'marvellous,' revolution. The Reformation being a re-establishment of the principles of primitive Christianity, is the opposite of a revolt. For that which behoved to revive it was a regenerating—for that which must always subsist, a conservative movement. Christianity and the Reformation, while establishing the grand principle that all souls are equal in the sight of God, and overthrowing the usurpations of a haughty priesthood, which presumed to place itself between the Creator and his creature, lay it down as a fundamental principle of social order, that all power is of God, and cry aloud to all, 'Love your brethren, fear God, honour the king.' The Reformation differs essentially from the revolutions of antiquity, and from the greater part of those of modern times. In these, political changes are in question, and the object is to establish or overthrow the ascendancy of one, or it may be of many. The love of truth, of holiness, and eternity, was the simple, yet powerful, spring by which our Reformation was effected. It marks a step which human nature has taken in advance. In fact, if man, instead of pursuing only material, temporal, earthly interests, proposes to himself a higher aim, aspiring to immaterial and immortal blessings, he advances and makes progress. The Reformation is one of the brightest days of this glorious advance. It is a pledge that the new struggle, which is now being decided, will terminate in favour of truth, with a triumph still more pure, spiritual, and splendid. Christianity and the Reformation are the two greatest revolutions on record. Unlike the different political movements of which we read, they took place not in one nation merely, but in several nations, and their effects must be felt to the end of the world. Christianity and the Reformation are the same revolution, effected at different times, and under different circumstances. They vary in secondary features, but are identical in their primary and principal lineaments. The one is a repetition of the other. The one ended the old, the other began the new world; the middle ages lie between. The one gave birth to the other, and if, in some respects, the daughter bears marks of inferiority, she on the other hand has her own peculiar properties. One of these is the rapidity of her action. The great revolutions which have issued in the fall of a monarchy, and the change of a whole political system, or which have thrown the human mind on a new course of development, were slowly and gradually prepared. The old power had long been undermined, and its principal buttresses had one after another disappeared. It was so on the introduction of Christianity. But the Reformation is seen, at the first glance, to present a different aspect. The Church of Rome appears, under Leo X., in all its power and glory. A monk speaks, and over the half of Europe this power and glory crumble away; thus reminding us of the words in which the Son of God announces his second advent: 'As the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be' (Matt. xxiv. 27). This rapidity is inexplicable to those who see, in this great event, only a reform, and regard it as simply an act of criticism, which consisted in making a choice among doctrines, discarding some, retaining others, and arranging those retained so as to form them into a new system. How could a whole nation, how could several nations, have so quickly performed an operation so laborious? How could this critical examination have kindled that fire of enthusiasm which is essential to great, and, above all, to rapid revolutions? The Reformation, as its history will shew, was altogether different. It was a new effusion of the life which Christianity brought into the world. It was the triumph of the greatest of doctrines, that which animates those who embrace it with the purest and strongest enthusiasm—the doctrine of faith, the doctrine of grace. Had the Reformation been what many Catholics and many Protestants in our day imagine,—had it been that negative system of negative reason which childishly rejects whatever displeases it, and loses sight of the great ideas and great truths of Christianity,—it had never passed the narrow limits of an academy, a cloister, or a cell. It had nothing in common with what is generally understood by Protestantism. Far from being a worn-out, emaciated body, it rose up like a man of might and fire. Two considerations explain the rapidity and the extent of this revolution. The one must be sought in God, the other among men. The impulse was given by a mighty and invisible hand, and the change effected was a Divine work. This is the conclusion at which an impartial and attentive observer, who stops not at the surface, necessarily arrives. But the historian's task is not finished; for God works by second causes. A variety of circumstances, many of them unperceived, gradually prepared men for the great transformation of the sixteenth century, and, accordingly, the human mind was ripe when the hour of its emancipation pealed. The task of the historian is to combine these two great elements in the picture which he presents, and this has been attempted in the present history. * * *

"Whenever religion is in question, three objects engage the attention—God, men, and the priest. There can only be three religions on the earth, according as God, man, or the priest, is the author and head. By the religion of the priest, I mean that which is invented by the priest for the glory of the priest, and is ruled over by a sacerdotal caste. By the religion of man, I mean those systems, those various opinions which human reason forms, and which, created by man under disease, are, in consequence, utterly devoid of power to cure him. By the religion of God, I mean the truth as God himself has given it, having for its end and result the glory of God and the salvation of men. Hierarchism, or the religion of the priest, Christianity, or the religion of God, rationalism, or the religion of man, are the three systems which in our days share Christendom among them. There is no safety either for man or for society in hierarchism and rationalism. Christianity alone will give life to the world: but, unhappily, of the three dominant systems it is not the one which counts the greatest number of followers. Followers, however, it has. Christianity is doing its work of regeneration among many Catholics in Germany, and, doubtless, in other countries also. In our opinion, it is accomplishing it more purely and efficaciously among the evangelical Christians in Switzerland, France, Great Britain, the United States, &c. Blessed be God, the revivals, individual or social, which the Gospel produces, are no longer in our day rare events for which we must search in ancient annals!"

It is hardly necessary for us to add, that the *Lit. Gaz.* has, as rule, always abstained from polemical discussion. It does not hold itself competent to decide where doctors disagree, or, blind itself, to lead the blind. But it is its duty, as a faithful reporter and describer, to state the qualities of works referred to it for criticism, and speak of them as they are in regard to their intrinsic merits.

Paula Monti; or, the Hôtel Lambert. By M. Eugène Sue. From the French, with Engravings. Pp. 388. Chapman and Hall.

Clever and immoral; not a single character in its full development, excepting Pierre Raimond, worthy the slightest sympathy of an upright mind; infringements of the sixth and seventh of the decalogue being the staple of the work. The worst of human passions are depicted as the leading principles of social life in France, and crime so glossed over that it seemeth almost virtue, and, moreover, is rewarded as such. Unhappily, the talent of the writer, and his masterly delineation of character, command numerous readers. As a specimen of the skill of the author, the conversation of "friends in the stall," at the *début* of "one of us" in dramatic authorship, is admirable, and, with the exception of Morville, a true admirer, proves the proverb, "Heaven defend us from our friends!"

"'Do you mean to applaud much in your own proper person, Morville?' 'Most decidedly. In the first place, the play deserves it, and then we must encourage Gercourt. If it succeeds, we shall no longer be styled an idle, useless set; and it must succeed, for it is full of wit.' 'Yes; but if it should fail, we shall be responsible for its failure.' 'No more than you will be responsible for its success.' 'Hark! there's the signal.' 'The solemn moment!' 'Poor Gercourt!' 'Silence, gentlemen, and listen.' 'Be quiet, Morville.' 'We are all ears.' 'Ah! this passes at the time of Louis XV.' 'I detest pieces of the time of the regency.' 'How frightfully the noble father is attired!' 'But Mademoiselle * * * is deliciously dressed.' 'Too much rouge.' 'They wore a great deal at this period.' 'Yes, and very high up, close to the eyes.' 'How much powder becomes her!' 'Do you know her affair with Octave? It is very amusing. Only fancy——' 'My dear fellow, do think of poor Gercourt, and listen to his play.' 'It is very pretty!—Very pretty!' 'The decorations are charming.' 'The fact is, that for a first piece——' 'For a man who knows nothing of the profession——' 'Oh! a soliloquy. I never listen to soliloquies, they are such bores.' 'So I think.' 'Well, then, to return to Octave. Well, you must know that he had seen Mademoiselle * * * several times in her new character. You know the one I mean, in Scribe's play, and he fell in love with her—desperately in love.' 'Parbleau!' 'He knew in the house of——' 'My dear Auguste, pray do listen a little: Gercourt is a friend.' 'Why, we are talking of one of the actresses in his play.' 'Besides soliloquies are always full of repetition.' 'Bravo! bravo!' 'The devil!—This is rather strong, I should say: they do not risk these things in good society.' 'Yes, but under the regency.' 'Ah! there is Madame d'Hauterive and her sister in the minister's box. When free admissions fly about

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they are sure to make a part of the audience.' 'Pon my soul it's too bad with 8000*l.* a-year.' 'Some people are so mean.' 'Well, now let us listen then; I will tell you poor Octave's history another time, for it evidently annoys Morville.' 'Yes, let us listen.' 'Ah! really now—that was very witty.' 'What a pity Mademoiselle * * * has such a long neck!' 'And how the lover talks through his nose!' 'Ah! see the two club boxes are crammed.' 'They have evidently dined.' 'They'll all be turned out as surely as possible.' 'Look at D'Orville, pray do; his face is as red as a peony.' 'Capital!—he is really talking to the performers.' 'Yes, that's so like him; he is such a droll devil. I'll bet money that he's saying all sorts of odd things to them.' 'They are trying to make him quiet.' 'What a pity! —we were once together at the Gaité,—there was a sheep in the piece—we were in one of the stage-boxes, and D'Orville drew the mutton along by his hind legs.' 'How very funny it must have been!' 'It really was; but come, let us attend a little: hum! I say, the plot seems rather intricate, eh?' 'Why, to tell the truth, I do not comprehend one syllable of it.' 'Which is the father?—that one?' 'In the mulberry suit?' 'No, on the left side; the thin fellow, the distinguished individual who indulged in the soliloquy.' 'I don't know.' 'Don't you find the thing amusing?' 'Decidedly otherwise.' 'What the devil could put it into Gercourt's noddle to write a play?' 'Still that was a neatly turned idea.' 'Yes; but what an idea!' 'True; but you hear how they are applauding. It may succeed; but it is decidedly weak.' 'First act is over; now for the second.' 'Well, gentlemen, what did I tell you?' 'Between ourselves, my dear Morville, it is a pity that it begins so well.' 'How so?' 'The remainder of the piece cannot certainly sustain this high tone.' 'That remains to be seen; I know the play, and now I have not the slightest doubt of its success.' 'Oh, you, Morville, are always an optimist: but, in fact, the progress of the plot is very much involved.' 'You did not listen to it.' 'Oh, parbleu! if it requires constrained attention in order to comprehend it, that is really a labour.' 'And, you know, one does not come to the theatre to have oneself bored to find out all the developments of a plot.' 'If it be intricate, that is the author's affair, and I really cannot, for his pleasure and gratification, refrain from a little quiet chat with a neighbour.' 'True; the triumph of art is to make oneself understood without being listened to.' 'Devil take you, Morville, you are quite fanatic about Gercourt.'"

The spirit of the illustrations is exceedingly striking: if there were a little more of this, and less of the letter in the translation, it would be better.

CARLYLE'S CROMWELL.

[Third notice.]

In resuming this work for a third notice of its prefatory matter, we will rather run through some loose matters than continue an attempt at analysis and argument. The imaginative character of the writer is frequently exemplified by his striking upon coincidences, or fancying those shadows which foreshew coming events. Thus, when Cromwell is entered at college on the 23d of April, 1616, he observes:

"Curious enough, of all days on this same day, Shakspeare, as his stone monument still testifies, at Stratford-on-Avon, died:

'*Obiit Anno Domini* 1616.
Ætatis 53. *Die* 23 *Apr.*'

While Oliver Cromwell was entering himself of Sidney-Sussex College, William Shakspeare was taking his farewell of this world. Oliver's Father had, most likely, come with him; it is but twelve miles from Huntingdon; you can go and come in a day. Oliver's Father saw Oliver write in the Album at Cambridge: at Stratford, Shakspeare's Ann Hathaway was weeping over his bed. The first world-great thing that remains of English History, the Literature of Shakspeare, was ending; the second world-great thing that remains of English History, the armed Appeal of Puritanism to the Invisible God of Heaven against many very Visible Devils, on Earth and Elsewhere, was, so to speak, beginning. They have their exits and their entrances. And one People in its time plays many parts. Chevalier Florian, in his *Life of Cervantes*, has remarked that Shakspeare's death-day, 23d April 1616, was likewise that of Cervantes at Madrid. 'Twenty-third of April' is, sure enough, the authentic Spanish date: but Chevalier Florian has omitted to notice that the English twenty-third is of *Old Style*. The brave Miguel died ten days before Shakspeare; and already lay buried, smoothed right nobly into his long rest. The Historical Student can meditate on these things."

Within about a year, Oliver, in consequence of elder deaths, became the head of his family; and therefore took little of classical education. With regard to the story of his entering an inn of court to study for the bar, Mr. C., after stating the case, says:

"Whence is to be inferred that Oliver was never of any Inn; that he never meant to be a professional Lawyer; that he had entered himself merely in the chambers of some learned gentleman, with an eye to obtain some tincture of Law, for doing County Magistracy, and the other duties of a gentleman citizen, in a reputable manner. The stories of his wild living while in Town, of his gambling and so forth, rest likewise exclusively on Carrion Heath; and solicit oblivion and Christian burial from all men. We cannot but believe he did go to Town to gain some knowledge of Law. But when he went, how long he stayed, cannot be known except approximately by years; under whom he studied, with what fruit, how he conducted himself as a young man and law-student, cannot be known at all. Of evidence that he ever lived a wild life about Town or elsewhere, there exists no particle. To assert the affirmative was then a great reproach to him; fit for Carrion Heath and others: it would be now, in our present strange condition of the Moral Law, one knows not what. With a Moral Law gone all to such a state of moonshine; with the hard Stone-tables, the god-given Precepts and eternal Penalties, dissolved all in cant and mealy-mouthed official flourishings,—it might perhaps, with certain parties, be a credit! The admirers and censurers of Cromwell have no word to record on the subject."

This extraordinary style of writing knows no pause. In 1623 Prince Charles returned from his celebrated Spanish expedition, without bringing an Infanta bride with him; and we are told it was "a matter of endless joy to all true Englishmen of that day, though no Englishman of this day feels any interest in it one way or the other. But Spain, even more than Rome, was the chosen throne of Popery; which in that time meant temporal and eternal Damnability, Falsity to God's Gospel, love of prosperous Darkness rather than of suffering Light, —infinite baseness rushing short-sighted upon infinite peril for this world and for all worlds. King James, with his worldly-wise endeavourings to marry his son into some first-rate family, never made a falser calculation than in this grand business of the Spanish Match. The soul of England abhorred to have any concern with Spain or things Spanish. Spain was as a black Domdaniel, which, had the floors of it been paved with diamonds, had the Infanta of it come riding in such a Gig of Respectability as was never driven since Phaëton's Sun-chariot took the road, no honest English soul could wish to have concern with. Hence England illuminated itself. The articulate tendency of this Solomon King had unfortunately parted company altogether with the inarticulate but ineradicable tendency of the Country he presided over. The Solomon King struggled one way; and the English Nation with its very life-fibres was compelled to struggle another way. The rent by degrees became wide enough! * * *

"In those years it must be that Dr. Simcott, Physician in Huntingdon, had to do with Oliver's hypochondriac maladies. He told Sir Philip Warwick, unluckily specifying no date, or none that has survived, 'he had often been sent for at midnight;' Mr. Cromwell for many years was very 'splenetic' (spleen-struck), often thought he was just about to die, and also 'had fancies about the Town Cross.' Brief intimation; of which the reflective reader may make a great deal. Samuel Johnson too had hypochondrias; all great souls are apt to have,—and to be in thick darkness generally, till the eternal ways and the celestial guiding-stars disclose themselves, and the vague Abyss of Life knit itself up into Firmaments for them. Temptations in the Wilderness, Choices of Hercules, and the like, in succinct or loose form, are appointed for every man that will assert a soul in himself and be a man. Let Oliver take comfort in his dark sorrows and melancholies. The quantity of sorrow he has, does it not mean withal the quantity of *sympathy* he has, the quantity of faculty and victory he shall yet have? 'Our sorrow is the inverted image of our nobleness.' The depth of our despair measures what capability, and height of claim we have, to hope. Black smoke as of Tophet filling all your universe, it can yet by true heart-energy become *flame*, and brilliancy of Heaven. Courage! It is therefore in these years, undated by History, that we must place Oliver's clear recognition of Calvinistic Christianity; what he, with unspeakable joy, would name his Conversion; his deliverance from the jaws of Eternal Death. Certainly a grand epoch for a man: properly the one epoch; the turning-point which guides upwards, or guides downwards, him and his activity forevermore. Wilt thou join with the Dragons; wilt thou join with the Gods? Of thee too the question is asked; —whether by a man in Geneva gown, by a man in 'Four surplices at Allhallow-tide,' with words very imperfect; or by no man and no words, but only by the Silences, by the Eternities, by the Life everlasting and the Death everlasting. That the 'Sense of difference between Right and Wrong' had filled all Time and all Space for man, and bodied itself forth into a Heaven and Hell for him: this constitutes the grand feature of those Puritan, Old-Christian Ages; this is the element which stamps them as Heroic, and has rendered their works great, manlike, fruitful to all generations. It is by far the memorablest achievement of our Species; without that element, in some form or other, nothing of Heroic had ever been among us."

An effort made by Oliver, to have his uncle, Sir Thomas Steward, of Ely, declared a lunatic,

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as related by Dugdale, and reprobated as a vile act, is pooh-poohed by Mr. Carlyle, who calls the old antiquary a very small authority (a second Carrion Heath) on these Cromwell matters, and absolves his hero of all censure by an ingenious dilemma.

But Oliver is elected an M.P.; and this is our author's view of that subject, and the condition of national affairs at the time, 1628:

"It is very evident, King Charles, baffled in all his enterprises, and reduced really to a kind of crisis, wished much this Parliament should succeed; and took what he must have thought incredible pains for that end. The poor King strives visibly throughout to control himself, to be soft and patient; inwardly writhing and rustling with royal rage. Unfortunate King, we see him chafing, stamping,—a very fiery steed, but bridled, check-bitted, by innumerable straps and considerations; struggling much to be composed. Alas, it would not do. This Parliament was more Puritanic, more intent on rigorous Law and divine Gospel, than any other had ever been. As indeed all these Parliaments grow strangely in Puritanism; more and ever more earnest rises from the hearts of them all, 'O Sacred Majesty, lead us not to Antichrist, to Illegality, to temporal and eternal Perdition!' The Nobility and Gentry of England were then a very strange body of men. The English Squire of the Seventeenth Century clearly appears to have believed in God, not as a figure of speech, but as a very fact, very awful to the heart of the English Squire. 'He wore his Bible-doctrine round him,' says one, 'as our Squire wears his shot-belt; went abroad with it, nothing doubting.' King Charles was going on his father's course, only with frightful acceleration: he and his respectable Traditions and Notions, clothed in old sheepskin and respectable Church-tippets, were all pulling one way; England and the Eternal Laws pulling another;—the rent fast widening till no man could heal it. This was the celebrated Parliament which framed the Petition of Right, and set London all astir with 'bells and bonfires' at the passing thereof, and did other feats not to be particularised here. Across the murkiest element in which any great Entity was ever shewn to human creatures, it still rises, after much consideration to the modern man, in a dim but undeniable manner, as a most brave and noble Parliament. The like of which were worth its weight in diamonds even now;—but has grown very unattainable now, next door to incredible now.—We have to say that this Parliament chastised sycophant Priests, Mainwaring, Sibthorp, and other Arminian sycophants, a disgrace to God's Church; that it had an eye to other still more elevated Church-Sycophants, as the mainspring of all; but was cautious to give offence by naming them. That it carefully 'abstained from naming the Duke of Buckingham.' That it decided on giving ample subsidies, but not till there were reasonable discussion of grievances. That in manner it was most gentle, soft-spoken, cautious, reverential; and in substance most resolute and valiant. Truly with valiant patient energy, in a slow stedfast English manner, it carried, across infinite confused opposition and discouragement, its Petition of Right, and what else it had to carry. Four hundred brave men,—brave men and true, after their sort! One laments to find such a Parliament smothered under Dryasdust's shot-rubbish."

The Dryasdustism is lit up with an assassination of some note; and which Mr. Carlyle treats in the following jocose manner:

"The day of prorogation was the 26th of June. One day in the latter end of August, John Felton, a short swart Suffolk gentleman of military air, in fact a retired lieutenant of grim serious disposition, went out to walk in the eastern parts of London. Walking on Tower Hill, full of black reflections on his own condition, and on the condition of England, and a Duke of Buckingham holding all England down into the jaws of ruin and disgrace,—John Felton saw, in evil hour, on some cutler's stall there, a broad sharp hunting knife, price one shilling. John Felton, with a wild flash in the dark heart of him, bought the said knife; rode down to Portsmouth with it, where the great Duke then was; struck the said knife, with one fell plunge, into the great Duke's heart. This was on Saturday the 23d of August of this same year. * * * He died at Tyburn; his body was swinging in chains at Portsmouth;—and much else had gone awry, when the Parliament reassembled, in January following, and Oliver came up to Town again."

In 1631 Oliver sold off at Huntingdon, and commenced farmer and grazier on an enlarged scale near St. Ives. Here, we are informed, he continued till the summer or spring of 1636; and our author indulges us with another of those speculations with which he undertakes to reform and re-edify history:

"A studious imagination (he says) may sufficiently construct the figure of his equable life in those years. Diligent grass-farming; mowing, milking, cattle-marketing: add 'hypochondria,' fits of the blackness of darkness, with glances of the brightness of very Heaven; prayer, religious reading and meditation; household epochs, joys and cares: we have a solid substantial inoffensive Farmer of St. Ives, hoping to walk with integrity and humble devout diligence through this world; and, by his Maker's infinite mercy, to escape destruction, and find eternal salvation, in wider Divine Worlds. This latter, this is the grand clause in his Life, which dwarfs all other clauses. Much wider destinies than he anticipated were appointed him on Earth; but that, in comparison to the alternative of Heaven or Hell to all Eternity, was a mighty small matter. The lands he rented are still there, recognisable to the Tourist; gross boggy lands, fringed with willow-trees, at the east end of the small Town of St. Ives, which is still noted as a cattle-market in those parts. The 'Cromwell Barn,' the pretended 'House of Cromwell,' the &c. &c. are, as is usual in these cases, when you come to try them by the documents, a mere jumble of incredibilities, and oblivious human platitudes, distressing to the mind."

With this portrait, drawn from the life, *i.e.* the life which the painter chooses to fancy, we close our observations upon this introduction—a curiosity of literature, outré, forcible, mystical, pedagogical, Germanic, extravagant, and redolent of genius of a rare and peculiar order. We have occasionally felt as if the writing proceeded from that sort of excitement of the brain which has been said to be nearly allied to great wit; but, after all, who can read this work without being much struck by its wildness, and deeply interested in its more rational parts? In the Letters and Speeches, wherever they refer to things of biographical or historical value, it is very gratifying to have the Man and the Times represented by himself. In short, the book, with all its aberrations, is a standard for national uses.

PORTUGUESE POSSESSIONS IN AFRICA.
[Second notice.]

FROM Benguela the expedition went to Novo Redondo, the luxuriance of whose vegetation is indescribably rich; and thence coasted along (the maps being very imperfect) by the mouth of the river Coanza to Loanda. At Redondo a fact is related very characteristic of the savage barbarity which prevails, *not* among the savage blacks, but among their ruthless white oppressors:

"A proof of their good faith, and the great confidence that may be reposed in the negroes of these parts, is the custom which prevails in Novo Redondo, of sending them into the interior with goods for trade: while in Benguela and Loanda the merchants employ Europeans to carry on this business, here they often send a slave into the interior for many weeks to purchase ivory and slaves. I happened to be in the house of an Italian when one of these traders returned, after an absence of three weeks, and gave an account of the business which he had transacted. The reckoning was made out with the aid of small beans, but the accounts did not exactly tally; and the poor slave was dragged into the court-yard, where he was whipped, and then fastened by a chain on his arm to the wall, where he remained without any shelter, till he could be sent by the first opportunity across the sea. Deeply did I regret that it was not in my power to place the inhuman judge in the situation of his unfortunate slave."

Arrived at Angola, the capital of the Portuguese possessions on the continent of West Africa, called also Loanda, from the island which forms the bay, Dr. Tams continues his observations, from which the following extracts are selected:

"There are seldom many vessels in the harbour at a time; during the whole of our stay, I never saw more than twelve, five of which belonged to our own expedition. They seldom lie long at anchor, because here, as in Benguela, the exportation of slaves constitutes by far the greater part of the trade, and the vessels employed in this nefarious service are of course despatched by their owners resident in Loanda as speedily as possible. Near our vessels a Portuguese brig lay at anchor; it had been captured five or six months previous by a Portuguese man-of-war, on suspicion of being engaged in the slave trade [an instance of prodigious rarity]. The captain was an Italian by birth, and was reported to have a great share in this traffic."

The Cabindians and their idols are curious subjects:

"In consequence of the great heat, the government judiciously appoints a certain number of negroes to every vessel, at a low remuneration, for the especial purpose of rowing, and for performing other laborious work, as it is next to impossible for European sailors to do any work which requires much muscular strength. These negroes are generally free independent Cabindians; and, as they have the reputation of being the best workmen, and the most vigorous race of all the negroes on the coast, they readily meet with employment wherever they go. There are daily arrivals of large boats of Cabindians, who come to Loanda in search of work, and after staying there some months, return home with the fruit of their earnings. The sole motive of this temporary emigration is, for the most part, the desire of obtaining European clothing for themselves and their wives; and for this purpose, the head of a family will willingly submit to

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the most laborious employment and miserable fare for months together. The Cabindians are distinguished by their moderation in the use of brandy; but, if they transgress in this particular, the sole burden of their remorse is, that they are compelled to be separated some months longer from their wives and their homes, to make up for their imprudence, because their scanty earnings will not permit them to indulge their appetites with impunity. Our Cabindian rowers interested us much by their religious ceremonies; and though they often excited the laughter of the ruder sailors, they never suffered themselves to be interrupted in their devotions. Almost all of them had an idol which they carried under their waist-cloth; and, when requested, they even held converse with their little god, by offering up their prayers in a low voice, and then communicating the substance of their secret intercourse. It was almost a daily amusement on board the small ships of war which were lying in the harbour, to call the Cabindian negroes successively into the cuddy after dinner, to divert the company. The negro, seating himself cross-legged on the ground, takes up in a prescribed manner, with his right hand, this idol, or manipancha, as it is called by the Cabindians. It is a small human figure, wretchedly carved in wood, and generally clothed in dirty rags. A glass of brandy or of water is then presented to him, a small portion of which he takes into his mouth, and splutters at his manipancha, in order to dispose it by this libation for the desired communication. He now commences a low murmuring of unintelligible prayers, and then holds the manipancha to his left ear; after a few minutes, he repeats in a loud voice, the petition or question he has put up to the idol. If his manipancha is not disposed to answer him immediately, which is frequently the case, he again repeats his prayers in the same low tone of voice, and he puts his idol to his ear, to ascertain whether any answer will be accorded. In some cases this mummery was repeated so often, that the mummery [?], either from curiosity or impatience, demanded a more rapid progress, and the negro was often cunning enough to accelerate the conclusion. Before the answer is given, the devotee puts the lower part of the idol to his nose: in this instance, the communication is supposed to pass through the nostrils, and when the intended effect is produced, the idol is again applied to the ear. The negro is now seized with violent convulsions, and the contortions of his whole body indicate that the manipancha has begun to converse with him. While he continues to gaze at the figure, which he still holds in his hand, he relates to the spectators the communications that he has received; and then, repeating the libation as before described, the ceremony is concluded, and he, of course, drinks the remainder of the brandy. It is a singular fact, that no negro could ever be induced to consult his oracle on matters which did not concern himself; and on my once asking for accounts from Europe, I was answered, that the manipancha knew nothing about them, and would not give any answer; for that he could only state matters relating to the possessor of the idol, and those who are connected with him. Their inquiries are, therefore, for the most part, confined to their domestic affairs: for example,—whether it will be long before they shall be able to return home? Whether their wives are faithful to them? Whether their family is in good health? &c. &c. Their inquiries respecting the fidelity of their wives often proves very dangerous to the latter, because every inquirer is fully convinced of the infallibility of his little patron and prophet, and of course receives the answer which is suggested by his wishes or his suspicions. The Cabindians have a second domestic idol, likewise called manipancha, which they invoke in a similar manner, and probably for similar purposes. The manipanchas of the former class, though rudely carved, are, nevertheless, attempts at symmetry; and if not precisely of the Caucasian stamp, yet they never represent a negro of the ugly North Guinea race. The second class, on the contrary, are hideous, and represent, in the most odious features, the characteristics of the Hottentots, especially the great development of musculi glutei; the shape of the nose, and position of the eyes, which are peculiar to that race. Besides this deformity, there is a great prominency of the belly, to which is fastened a small metal or glass mirror, which enables the divinity to portray to the worshipper any object he may desire to see, even at the greatest distance. None but the owner of the idol can obtain a sight of these revelations, and that only after previous ceremonies and prayers; the successful result of which is indicated by his convulsive movements. Thus I begged one man who was consulting his idol to tell me what his wives were now doing; to which he replied, that one was on the road, fetching manioc, and that another was spinning cotton, &c.; the animation with which he spoke was so great, that I could almost have believed that he saw his wives before him. All African idols which are seen among the various tribes in Angola are distinguished by the peculiarity of having a hole filled with black resin in some part or other of the body; for instance, the wooden head is usually hollow, and filled up with this resin; and where this is not the case, it is on the breast or the back. Here I never saw an idol without this mark, and, consequently, I think it may be safely assumed that it originated in these countries. Upon examination, it is generally found that the resin conceals something of value; for instance—a piece of fine European cloth, a glass bead, a ring, &c. which imparts peculiar worth to the idol. The manufacture of these idols is confined to a peculiar class of workmen, who, while engaged on this work, are not allowed to follow any other employment until their task is completed; they are placed under the superintendence of a priest, and forbidden to hold intercourse with any of their relations and acquaintances. This ceremonial regulation is doubtless the cause of the high price at which these idols are sold; and those negroes who are too poor to purchase a manipancha must be content with a fetish of their own manufacture."

The chief rower (in a boat with four, belonging to the principal physician, a Spaniard, at whose residence the author was entertained during his stay) "asserted that he was by birth a prince, and was the son of the king of Cabinda, and in confirmation of this statement, he exhibited three iron rings on his left arm, none but a royal personage being allowed to wear more than two. Even in a state of slavery, the negroes attach great importance to alliance with the blood royal; it is a subject of great personal pride, and the claim is recognised by all the other negroes."

The physician's lady deserves a niche in the annals of cruelty confirmed by example and custom:

"She was a native of Spain, and although she had resided here for six years, the heat of the climate had been unable to extinguish the fire of her fine dark eyes. Her raven hair hung in two thick tresses over her shoulders, and when she smiled, she displayed a magnificent set of pearly teeth. The contour of her limbs had not, as is usually the case, suffered from the effects of the torrid zone; and her clear olive complexion, slightly tinged by the beams of the sun, was extremely interesting and expressive. Her little sempstresses were immediately dismissed, to fetch water and hollands, which proved highly acceptable after our morning's ramble. * * * I had scarcely been in possession of my new lodgings for an hour, and was occupied in arranging my effects, when my attention was suddenly attracted by the sound of stripes, repeated at regular intervals. I soon perceived that some person was undergoing corporal chastisement in the courtyard, and at once hastened to the lady of the house; I found her sitting as usual at the open window, enjoying the cool sea-breeze and the fine prospect of the harbour, while a young negress was busily engaged in needlework at her side. To my anxious inquiry respecting the loud beating, which still continued, she replied, smiling, that one of her needle-women was receiving, by her orders, six dozen palmetadas (blows in the palm of the hand), because her stitches were badly made. My indignation and disgust being excited in the highest degree, Donna Catarina was induced to send the other girl to the courtyard, with orders that the punishment should be discontinued. She was so civil as to send immediately for the instrument with which the chastisement had been administered, assuring me, at the same time, that this punishment scarcely gave any pain, and was imposed by her only upon the youngest slaves, and for the most trivial fault! The instrument consisted of a piece of Guaja wood, nearly two feet in length; at one end of the round handle was a flat circle, about the size of a hand, perforated with holes, to deaden the sound while used in inflicting punishment. In spite of her assertions to the contrary, I had subsequently frequent opportunities of seeing the hands of the poor slaves much swollen and lacerated, nay bleeding, from the effects of this punishment, which is practised along the entire coast of Angola. To add to her cruelty, my hostess compelled the sufferers at once to return to work. During my residence of seven weeks in her house, not a single day passed in which this stern Spanish woman did not cause this punishment to be inflicted several times; and the abhorrence which I repeatedly expressed produced no other effect than that it was generally carried into execution during my absence. My earnest expostulations were met with the observation, that I must learn from experience how the negroes must be trained. The notion, which is almost universally prevalent in this country, that the negroes are not men, but, as the Portuguese usually say, *sao macacos* (monkeys), may be a principal cause why the slave, in very rare cases only, meets with humane treatment from Europeans; but Donna Catarina, the wife of the physician, seemed to feel a real pleasure in standing in the balcony, and with a fiendish smile looking upon the poor wretches writhing under the whip. Hence it was, that every one in Loanda preferred purchasing slaves which had been disciplined under the eye of Donna Catarina, and paid a higher price for them than for those which were trained in other houses. I remarked just now, that the European seldom treats his slaves with lenity; nay, I must candidly confess, that I met with very few instances of the kind; whereas, the native, whom worldly success has made the owner of slaves, never

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practises such inhuman cruelty; at any rate, a case of this kind never came under my notice, either in Benguela or Loanda, although some of the wealthy slave-owners in both towns, who were themselves formerly slaves, have a great number in their immediate service. Thus, for instance, Donna Anna Oberthaly frequently expressed her disapprobation of the cruelty of my hostess, and observed, that there would be no surer means to induce her to amend her conduct, than to receive a severe castigation herself. * * * Strong wines, which are rendered necessary by the extreme heat, are indulged in without restraint; red Lisbon is first taken, and the glasses are constantly replenished by a little slave. Donna Caterina partook almost as freely as we did, and I could not help feeling surprised at the large quantity which the hot climate enabled even delicate women to take, without any visible effects being produced. Immediately after the substantial part of the meal, tea was handed round; but here, as elsewhere, it was served without milk, for on the whole Portuguese coast it is considered poisonous, or at least dangerous. The pet monkey, which had been playing in the arms of his female attendant behind our chairs during breakfast, was then placed upon the table, to pick up the scattered crumbs, and play his antics for our diversion. After breakfast we entered upon no active occupation, except, perhaps, some trifling business about the house; we looked through the telescope on to the sea, or watched the flag hoisted on the the fortification of San Miguel for the signal of a ship approaching the harbour; or our hostess amused herself with the chastisement of her slaves, who, as a matter of course, had invariably committed some fault; after this, each retired to rest, and did not rise again till noon. * * * About twelve o'clock we again met at luncheon, which was comprised of English cheese and porter, and then lay down to sleep till four o'clock, when we commenced the real business of the day with a substantial dinner. Our house being celebrated for the excellent table kept by our host, we were seldom without visitors at this time; but although they gave some variety to the daily uniformity, I must confess that, from the circumscribed interest of each person, and the general want of education, our conversation could very seldom be termed instructive. The repast began by the hostess repeating the names of her guests at full length, and drinking their health, a courtesy which was of course responded to by all; and then followed a string of unmeaning speeches and flatteries, until the stock of compliments, in which the Portuguese language is so rich, was completely exhausted. This ceremony over, the cook was generally summoned, and informed whether his art had gained him praise or punishment; the latter of which, at all events, was never withheld. If the physician wished to sell any slaves, they were ordered in, and he selected this time for bargaining for them; praise or blame was bestowed without reserve, while the poor wretch was passively awaiting the decision of his fate from the cold-blooded dealers. * * *

"To the very last moment, three or four of the youngest slaves sat on the ground in the adjoining apartment, waiting in case they should be summoned, and ever on the watch to pick up any thing that might fall upon the floor. If the unhappy little things, from four to eight years of age, were unable to resist the influence of sleep, the application of the universal remedy was not delayed for a moment, and the last sound which was daily heard in that house was the wail of these poor young children."

Is not this a hell upon earth?

[Conclusion in our next.]

The Banking Almanac, Directory, and Banker's Year-Book for 1846. London, R. Groombridge and Sons; Dublin, W. Curry, jun. and Co.; Edinburgh, J. Johnstone.

No pains seem to have been spared to render this, the second year's publication, more useful than the valuable compilation for 1845. The judicious omissions in this volume are: the diary, and some routine postal and railway directions. The additions: lists of London agents for country banks, of the chief officers of joint-stock banks, of the names and addresses of foreign banks, of London and provincial stockbrokers, &c. &c. The mass of information it contains, essential to every man of business, is clearly and well arranged, varying slightly from the like contained in the *Railway Almanac and Directory*, by the same publishers. Indeed, the almanacs in both are identical, only that the bank or railway meetings at the foot of each month stand first, in accordance with the title. The contents, also, are much alike; the digest of laws, and other matters, however, relating respectively to bank or railway. Either is a very useful annual.

The Golden Treasury of Life. Pp. 32. London, H. White.

A LOT of wise saws and modern instances, collected together; out of which every body may pick up a sage counsel. *Ex. gr.* the tradesman:

"Drive thy business; let not thy business drive thee."

The courtier, or *ex*, or would be, minister:

"Far from court, far from care."

The hypocritical:

"A clean glove will hide a dirty hand."

The poor or weak:

"Little boats must keep near the shore."

And so forth. But there is one example which curiously shews the value of correct printing. It runs thus (p. 8):

"God help those, who help themselves."

Thus utterly perverting the meaning of the true axiom: "God helps those who help themselves."

The Life and Letters of St. Paul. Pp. 83. Liverpool, Warsing Webb; London, Longmans.

SEPARATED and made distinct from the aggregate mass of apostolic travel and labours, this account of the second and third journeys of the indefatigable and zealous Paul, arranged for use in the Collegiate Schools of Liverpool, gives us a favourable idea of their superintendence, and a very vivid and interesting view of the extraordinary efforts of the Apostle of the Gentiles. The simplicity with which facts are related, the bravery with which perils are met, the constancy with which sufferings are endured, the adventurous character of many of the incidents, and the lights cast upon ancient geography, brought, as it were, within one focus, makes this little volume one of great educational worth.

The Wigwam and the Cabin. By the Author of "The Yemessee," "Guy Rivers," &c. Pp. 233. London, Wiley and Putnam.

SEVEN tales of mingled savagery, and descriptive of planters and squatters on the distant frontiers of civilised life; of red Indians and dark negroes; and all their perils of adventure, and horrors of war. They are very stirring, and will do well to interest readers, for seven sittings, when such relaxation is sought.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 11th.—The Marquis of Northampton, president, in the chair. Dr. Alexander, of Halifax, and Col. Bainbrigge, of Dublin, candidates for admission into the society, were put to the ballot, but not elected. The following paper was read: "On the action of the rays of the spectrum on vegetable juices;" being an extract from a letter by Mrs. M. Somerville to Sir John Herschel. In the experiments, of which the results are here recorded, the solar spectrum was condensed by a lens of flint-glass of seven inches and a half focus, maintained in the same part of the screen by keeping a pin-hole or pencil-mark constantly at the corner of the red rays, which was sharply defined by being viewed through blue spectacles; and the apparatus was covered with black cloth, in order to exclude extraneous light. Thick white letter-paper, moistened with the liquid to be examined, was exposed wet to the spectrum, as it was found that the action of the coloured light was thus rendered more immediate, and more intense, than when the surface of the paper was dry. The action of the spectrum, at the junction of the lavender with the violet rays, was found, in some cases, to be different from what it is with either of these colours separately, indicating a break in the continuity of action, and suggesting the idea of a secondary spectrum. In many instances the yellow and green rays exert a powerful influence on vegetable substances, an influence apparently unconnected with heat; for the darkening is generally least under the red rays, and immediately below them, where the calorific rays are most abundant. The action, in a great number of cases, produces insulated spots in different parts of the spectrum, but more especially in the region of the rays of mean refrangibility, in which neither the calorific nor the chemical powers are the greatest. The point of maximum intensity is sometimes altered by the addition of acids, alkalies, or diluted alcohol. But altogether, as the author states, the action of the different parts of the spectrum seems to be very capricious, the changes of colour produced being exceedingly irregular and unaccountable.*

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Dec. 17th.—B. Bond Cabbell, Esq. V.P. in the chair. An address from the council was read by the secretary. The council congratulated the society on the auspicious commencement of their *ninety-second session*. During the recess the society had undergone a complete reorganisation, and the new system of management proposed by the council had been almost unanimously confirmed by two general meetings; so that the society having thus renewed its youth, would, it was anticipated, display all the vigour and energy of a new institution, combined with the stability and influence of an old one. It was the intention of the council to add largely this year to the value and number of the premiums. In the fine arts, the mechanical arts, the manufactures, agriculture, and commerce of the country, rapid improvements were in progress, which it had been the peculiar province of this society for nearly a century to encourage and direct, and in which nearly 100,000*l.* have already been expended by it with great public advantage. In the present session many valuable subjects were about to

* The blackballing system seems to have found a desperate way among the *Royals*. On Thursday evening, we believe, the Bishop of Oxford (high as his standing) had ten or a dozen of black balls against his admission!!!

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be offered for competition by premiums; and so large a number of important papers were now coming forward for notice, that the council believed the auspices under which this session commenced were unusually bright, and they therefore had to congratulate the members upon the improved prospects of the society.

The papers read were, 1. "On certain improvements in constructing the locomotive engines and permanent way of railways, with reference to the question of wide and narrow gauge," by Mr. J. G. Bodmer. The question examined was, which gauge will admit of the most perfect means for obtaining high velocities with greater regularity and economy. At present, he admits the broad gauge has the advantage in more powerful and speedy engines; but he then proceeded to shew that, by placing the cylinders *outside*, and by *increasing* the fire-box and flue surface in the manner he proposes, and by adopting the principle of compensation, as in his double-piston locomotive, high velocities may be obtained with security, safety, and advantage. In short, that as powerful an engine in every way may be placed on the narrow gauge as on the wide one, and one equally well adapted to high velocities. A long and interesting discussion ensued. The principle on which Mr. Bodmer's engines are constructed was approved by all who spoke on the subject, and the thanks of the meeting were unanimously voted to him.—2. A sequel to the former, by the same author, "On improved crank axles and axle-boxes," by which greater security and economy is obtained in railway-trains running at very high velocities.—The other papers on the list were postponed to a futura evening.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, *Dec.* 10.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Master of Arts.—B. E. Metcalf, Sidney Sussex Coll.

Bachelor in the Civil Law.—W. Seymour, Trinity Hall.

Ad eundem.—J. W. Warner, B.D., Christ's Church College, Oxford; J. Chapman, M.A., Trinity College, Dublin.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

December 17th.—The treasurer in the chair. Besides a number of ordinary associates, the following very distinguished foreign honorary members have been elected since the last meeting:—M. Guizot, ministre des affaires étrangères; M. Victor Hugo, paire de France; le Baron Walckenaer, sécrétaire perpétuel de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres; M. Lenormant, membre de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, conservateur du département des medailles à la Bibliothèque Royale; the Vicomte de Santarem, correspondent de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres; the Comte Auguste de Bastard; the Baron Taylor, inspecteur général des beaux arts; M. Lassus, director of the restorations of the Sainte Chapelle and of the church of Nôtra Dame; M. Letronne, head keeper of the archives of France. The chairman congratulated the meeting on this important accession to the Association. The names were those of individuals who would at once be recognised as standing at the very head of their several departments of literature and archæology in France. The names of these illustrious persons had been forwarded from Paris by Mr. Wright, who had promised, if possible, to be present this evening to make some observations on the state of archæology in France.

Mr. Charles Warne exhibited two bronze weapons, a spear-head and a javelin-point, recently discovered during the levelling of a gigantic barrow at Carne, near Dorchester. The one was found near the apex; the latter, with human remains, towards the centre of the mound. Upwards of eight hundred loads of earth have already been taken from this barrow, and yet it is not half levelled. There are a vast number of smaller tumuli in this district, which are about to be destroyed for agricultural improvements; but the Hon. Col. G. D. D. Damer, the owner of the estate, has very kindly consented to save any which may be pointed out as worthy of particular attention; and the central committee has requested Mr. Warne to examine the entire range of barrows, and to report upon them forthwith. The Rev. S. Issacson made some remarks upon the weapons as compared with those found in barrows in the interior of England. The larger one closely resembled a specimen discovered in one of the Derbyshire barrows, opened by him and Mr. Bateman.

Miss Warne of Yeovil exhibited two ancient spinning-stones, commonly called fairy querns, or grinding-stones. They were found in an irregular four-sided rath near the village of Knockaderry, co. Limerick.

Major Sheppard exhibited a celt in white siliceous stone, found on a hill near Cissbury, Findon, Sussex.

Mr. Croker, in reference to a question asked at the last meeting respecting the lost sword of the statue of Charles I. at Charing Cross, stated that he had received a letter from Lord Lincoln's secretary in reply to one written by him at the request of the committee, and he was happy to inform the meeting that inquiries were now being made on the subject, and that Lord Lincoln had expressed himself willing at all times to receive information from the Association respecting the destruction of our ancient national monuments.

A paper by Mr. Syer Cuming, "On pilgrim's signs and leaden tokens," was then read. The author's subject was suggested by a paper bearing a similar title, which has recently been published in the Journal of the Association;* and he made it interesting by the exhibition in illustration of enlarged drawings of a quantity of these curious pieces discovered in digging the approaches to London Bridge.

Mr. W. H. Brooke of Hastings, who had been long actively engaged on behalf of the Association in making drawings of mural paintings recently discovered in Battle Church, Sussex, communicated his report thereon, illustrated with thirteen coloured drawings. So rapid was the spirit of destruction in its efforts to destroy these interesting remains, that, but for the untiring energy of Mr. Brooke, who, upon being written to by request of the central committee, lost not an hour in proceeding to Battle, not a record of the discovery would have been made, as they were immediately covered with whitewash, so that the artist had hardly an opportunity to copy them. Many of these paintings are divided into compartments, each containing six subjects. The first seems devoted to a personification of the struggle between the good and the evil principle. In one compartment the figure of a demon, with horns, large ears, and naked to the waist, is grasping the wrist of a kneeling personage. In the last, a figure half-clothed in white drapery appears to have finally vanquished the demon, whose tongue he graspa with the left hand, and in the right brandishes a flaming sword. The demon is coloured a bright yellow. The character of the head of the conqueror, the anatomical drawing of the figure, and the arrangement of the drapery, are of a superior class to any of the other paintings. Another series represents the trial and condemnation of Christ. The figure of Christ in each of these is clothed in simple white drapery; the attendants are represented as soldiers in Norman armour and helmets. Where Caiaphas delivers Christ to be scourged, the Saviour is about to be bound to the scourging-post, which is given in the form of a pillar, with the bands or cords twisted about for the purpose of fastening the sufferer. A perfect coincidence with this, Mr. Brooke observed, is found in the old church of St. Clement's, Hastings (cir. 1284), were a curious octagonal font has the instruments of our Saviour's passion carved in relievo; one of these gives the same kind of pillar with cords, &c., and a scourge on each side. The background of nearly all the paintings is white, dispered over with red stars, laid in with the same kind of stencilling instrument at present in use. Mr. Brooke, at the conclusion of his paper, assigned these paintings to the latter part of the thirteenth century (temp. Edw. I.); and among other reasons for this appropriation, gave that arising from a comparison with sketches made from paintings on the walls of Preston Church, near Brighton, representing the murder of Thomas à Becket, which are so similar in style and mode of colouring as to appear evidently to have been painted at the same period, if not by the same hand.* At the conclusion of this communication, Mr. Jerdan expressed his astonishment that, in the 19th century, and at a period when the importance of archæology and the preservation of the relics of ancient times was growing so powerfully in public consideration, such an act of Vandalism as this whitewashing of precious remains of art and religion could have been perpetrated. If tolerably or intolerably ignorant of the prevalence of this feeling, and themselves unconscious of the value of such productions and the interest attached to them, there were incumbents of churches, and churchwardens, and other officials, capable of committing such barbarian offences, it should be tried what shame could do to restrain them; and as they were so fond of perpetuating, by inscriptions, how they *repaired* and *beautified* the sacred edifices in their charge, they ought also to be pilloried as the destroyers of objects of deep national and universal concern, which could never be restored, and had only been defaced in dark ages by individuals like themselves. He would have their names and descriptions at full immortalised in every publication which endeavoured from a passing glimpse to save such vestiges from total oblivion.

Mr. Planché communicated a further notice by Mr. Lower of discoveries at Lewes; and Mr. Burkett some ancient deeds relating to the county of Sussex.

Mr. Price asked if the committee had received any notice of the contemplated destruction of Bittern Manor House and the grounds,

* No. III. H. G. Bohn, York Street.

* The ecclesiastical authorities in the county of Sussex seem very indifferent towards the preservation of their antiquities. It is only very recently that the interesting old Fairlight Church, in the vicinity of Hastings, was pulled down for building-materials, in spite of every endeavour to save it on the part of the Association and of the intelligent inhabitants of Hastings. Mr. Brooke, however, on behalf of the Association, watched the demolition of the sacred building, and made numerous drawings of its architectural details, many of which were developed in their original character during the pulling to pieces of the masonry.

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by a railway projected from Petersfield and London to Southampton. Mr. Smith said that it was very encouraging to find the members of the Association so active in furthering the objects of the institution. The committee had received notice of the threatened destruction of this delightful spot, interesting both to the antiquary and to the lover of picturesque scenery. It was the site of the Clausentum of the Romans, and contained many memorials of past ages, as some present would remember, from the visit paid by the Association in August last. Every exertion would be made by the Association to preserve this classic spot from the profanation alluded to.

During the latter part of the proceedings, Mr. Wright arrived (being on his way home from the railway), but was evidently too fatigued to give his promised observations on the state of archæology in France.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ P.M.; Statistical, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Zoological, 8½ P.M.

Wednesday.—Pharmaceutical, 9 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

AT the meeting on Monday, Mr. Tite read a long and instructive paper on the buildings of the bourses, or exchanges, of London, which he illustrated by apposite and curious extracts from the records of the Corporation, and the minutes of the Gresham Committee. As much of the matter brought forward was necessarily intended for the information of the younger branches of the society, for whom this is a sort of advanced school, there was not, perhaps, so much to interest the intelligent antiquary, or call for a detailed public notice, as might otherwise have been the case. To the former the quaint wording of some of the memorials of former proceedings afforded much amusement; to the latter, of course, they were no novelty. But in some instances they divulged traits of individual character and manners which were amusing enough; such as the account of Sir Thomas Gresham pledging himself, with "a carouse," to certain of the city magnates, to perform certain acts in founding the New Exchange. The simplicity and generosity of this transaction contrasted not very favourably with the future corporate jobbing which grew out of it. It was clear enough, from the subsequent memoranda referred to, that the spirit of jobbing, when public works were in hand, existed long before our time, though probably not carried on so cleverly, nor to so great an extent. The paper was illustrated by drawings and engravings of former exchanges, and plans and sections of the modern erection, by Mr. Tite; and the measures, elevations, and variations were skilfully explained. Two of the old prints were particularly worthy of notice. Mr. Tite also gave an account of the discovery of ancient Roman and other remains, in laying the foundations of the present building, and of the deep hole, cesspool, or pond, in which the greater portion of them was found in most admired confusion. Several cases of these relics were disposed on the table, and some of the most remarkable pointed out for observation. Of these, a strigel of mixed metal, fragments of the red Samian ware and other pottery, coins, domestic instruments, &c. &c., were shewn to the meeting, and much admired. What their ultimate destination is to be was not hinted; but from all that was heard about the Gresham Committee, it was evident that no public body had ever departed more widely from the designs of its founder than it had done, and to the present hour defeated every object for which it was instituted.

Poems and Pictures; a Collection of Ballads, Songs, and other Poems. With One Hundred Illustrations on Wood by English Artists. 4to, pp. 242. James Burns.

THERE has been such a variety of beautifully embellished volumes for the present season, that we had already begun to fancy that all our national literature had become holiday-fashioned, when this new candidate for artistic honours reached our hands. And for taste and invention it is among the foremost: affording us a pleasant exemplification of English art in almost every style of subject and composition. With its fine working, we are unable to do with it as with the bolder Flemish performances in a preceding page; we can only partially describe and speak of its designs in terms of very unqualified praise. But so many eminent and popular artists have been engaged upon it, that we cannot wonder at the feat their united talents have effected. The draughtsmen are Archer, Cope, Corbould, Creswick, Dodgson, Duncan, Dyce, Franklin, Horsley, Pickersgill, Redgrave, Selous, Tenniel, Thomas, Topham, Townsend, and Weigall; and a like corps of able engravers have done justice worthily to their conceptions. Where there is so much to commend and admire, it is invidious to select; but we must, for the sake of a work altogether so well executed, point notice to a few particulars. The first embellishment, "The Village-Stile," by Cope, is a favourable specimen of his pencil, and equally favourable introduction to the rest. Passing others of much merit, we are especially attracted by "Lucy's Flittin'," a charming little rural scene, by F. W. Topham, and a tailpiece equally characteristic. "The Boatie rows," by Weigall, on the opposite page, has more of subject and distance, and is a delicious little bit. "The Muffin-man," J. W. Archer, is perfect in its kind; and the execution of "Cumnor Hall" (Leicester and Amy Robsart) cannot be surpassed; the designs are by Horsley, and the soft and exquisite engraving by T. Thompson. The headpiece to "The English Merchant (the father of St. Thomas à Beckett) and the Saracen Lady," by E. Corbould, is a fine composition, and the children below a sweet incident sweetly painted; but the whole of this ballad is very attractive. "The Spinning Maiden" is admirably treated by W. Dyce; and "The Village Blacksmith," by Townsend, exceedingly effective in light and shade. Among so many others equally good, we can only pay a cursory tribute to "tournaments," "wild legends," "battles," and many pretty familiar pieces; but we may add, that the force with which every cut is brought out does infinite credit to the printing, and must be highly gratifying to the artists, whose efforts are so often marred by indifferent workmanship in this mechanical part of the process.

On the part of the editor, we may notice that there has been a strange mistake, in altering the sex in Burns's exquisitely pathetic song, "The Land of the Leal." This is worse than the horse's feet, p. 229; and we may note, in general, that the horses are the least accurately drawn of all the component parts in the hundred engravings.

These small faults, however, are but speck-detractions from a publication of genius and sterling merit.

When we last week ran over a parcel of the publications such as Mr. Burns is in the habit of delighting juvenile readers with, we neglected to include a very acceptable item in the Fireside Library, viz. *Lives of King Alfred, Sir T. More, John Evelyn, &c.* and a selection of nice *Tales from the German of Musæus*, including "Peter Block," "The Three Sisters," "Rolands Squires," and three legends of Rubezahl: both well worthy of a place in the Young Library.

The School, painted by David Wilkie, R.A. Engraved in line by John Burnet, Esq. London, F. G. Moon.

"THE last great work of the Master in his first inimitable style," says Mr. Burnet, an authority not only most competent to pronounce on the merits of such a work, but also an artist equally able to transfer them from the canvass to the copper. We have, accordingly, a fine and rich memorial of the genius of Wilkie, a subject congenial to his mind and taste, a composition of every-day human nature and character, in a delightful variety of form and expression. One of the Scottish schools, where the young of both sexes are taught together, afforded a better field for the exercise of the artist's fancy than the usual subject, so often painted by foreign and English painters, where only boys are seen; and Wilkie has admirably availed himself of the opportunity. The most active mischief is certainly masculine, but the genuine enjoyment of the fun belongs unquestionably to the feminine gender. There is no discouragement of the humours of horrid face-making, ink-spilling, elbow-jogging, or ear-tickling, on their part; and the quieter pleasure of making cats' cradle is but a balancing episode away from the circle of insubordination. This bit is in itself a charming picture. The girl with the string on her fingers is a bonny study; the boy ready to disenchant the cradle into another shape is well executed, to his very finger-ends; and the stupid looker-on about the best thing we ever saw of unintelligent stolidity, expressed by only a half glimpse at a single feature, the eye. Other groups are no less communicative of the whole story. A little glutton, rejecting a top and sticking to his "victual," is a Hogarth likeness bestowed upon youth. The affair of the ink thrown over the copy-book of a fine caligraphist, who had just successfully penned the word "Perfection," is a piece of daring presumption which has caught the detective force of the master's eye, in which we perceive a coming retribution. The culprit in the corner behind him, and the unwarned urchin by his side, blowing a lighted stick into flame, fill the right side of the room with plenty of business; whilst the centre is occupied with a class at lesson, and displaying much difference of intellect and attention; and a little farther on, the face-disfiguring, to which we have alluded, and which terribly frightens the youngest scholar on the scene, whose look, by the by, is rather averted from the cause of its trouble, instead, we think, of being fixed upon it. A child mimicking the dominie with a pair of spectacles, also humorously illuminates this part; and on the left the writing and arithmetical department is full of comedy. One fellow nibbing a pen, another spoiling an attempt at running-hand by tickling the performer, whilst a third jogs him unpitifully, and only one sedate student at his slate, complete the scholastic phenomena, in the production of which some three dozen of actors are engaged. A charming window-light, with a view of the parish church, adds to the finish of this excellent work; of which Mr. Burnet in his description observes:

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"Had Wilkie lived, I feel assured that he could have added very little to the incidents of this excellent work. He might have completed the details, and given a finish to the accessories of the picture; but the story would have been the same. What Wilkie did not live to complete on canvass, I have been enabled to complete in my engraving, from the numerous studies for this fine picture which Sir David left behind him. I have had every assistance from the associates of Wilkie—his studies and sketches have been placed at my disposal; and I feel that I have wrought with a wish to render full justice to one of the last labours of my deceased friend, from whose works I have made so many engravings." We have only to repeat, that the engraving does honour to the high name of the artist.

Panorama of Rouen.—Yesterday (as bad a day as ever clouded and rained upon such an exhibition) a fine view of Rouen was opened for private inspection; but, with such weather, we can only say that it seemed fully worthy of the talents usually displayed by the artist.

MUSIC.

MR. LINCOLN'S EVENINGS WITH THE GREAT COMPOSERS.

The lecture, with musical illustrations, on Tuesday, comprised the works of Cimarosa, whose merit, especially as a 'buffo' writer, Mr. Lincoln considers very great; and moreover, that Rossini and other Italian composers have taken his productions as their model. This was pointed out by various examples from Cimarosa's operas, performed by the vocalists under Mr. Lincoln's direction, and accompanied by him on the pianoforte; these illustrations, indeed, formed the principal feature of the evening, and though very creditably performed, might, we think, be advantageously shortened, so as to allow of more extended remarks upon the theme, as well as the condition of the musical world at the date of the composition. It was remarked by the lecturer, that the similarity between *Il Matrimonio Segreto* of Cimarosa, and Mozart's *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*, had led many to suggest that Mozart had copied from Cimarosa; but as *Il Matrimonio Segreto* was produced first at Vienna in 1792, where Mozart's works were also performed, it is more probable that Cimarosa endeavoured to imitate the works of so great and successful a composer. The idea of these lectures is excellent, and deserves to be better carried out; the music is heard to great disadvantage in a room which is neither adapted for sound nor comfort. However, the evening's entertainment was received with considerable applause by a numerous audience. The vocalists were Miss Lincoln, Miss Turner, Miss Duval, Mr. Novello, Mr. Wetherbee, and Mr. Garstin, all, we believe, pupils of the Royal Academy of Music.

THE DRAMA.

Princess's Theatre.—An extravaganza representing the career of *Jeames*, a footman enriched by railroad-speculation, and thence moving in the higher circles of fashion, instead of waiting behind its chairs, was dramatised here from the pages of *Punch* on Wednesday evening; the part of *Jeames* being sustained by Mr. Compton. Some burlesque dancing excited much laughter; but the broader features of the piece were not so favourably received. It wants decided pruning.

The French Plays.—On Monday the sterling comedy of *Les Femmes Savantes* was produced at the St. James's Theatre, with considerable strength in the cast of characters, and commensurate success where the dialogue and situation afforded an opportunity for effect. The rest is perhaps too level for the gratification of merely theatrical tastes, though far superior to the vaudeville as an exposition of the French drama. A well-read and well-acted play of Molière deserves high encouragement.

VARIETIES.

Archæology.—At the last meeting of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society projects for reinvigorating it, and extending its operations, were propounded by Professor Willis, in the chair. In the course of his remarks the learned professor said, He wished to be clearly understood, that, whilst giving to architecture a prominent place among the objects of its labours, the society was desirous of confining itself to an historical and artistic view of the subject, not interfering with or giving advice for the erection or arrangement of new buildings. He further expressed a hope that he should be enabled, at an early meeting, to lay before the society an architectural account of the recent discoveries in the chapel of Jesus College.

Baths and Washhouses for the Labouring Classes.—To celebrate the laying of the foundation-stone of the model establishment in Wentworth Street, the friends and patrons of this association dined together at the London Tavern, on Tuesday last. The Lord Mayor presided. The entertainment was such as this tavern is celebrated for providing; and what with appeals to their benevolence, and the good cheer, the company, about 250 in number, were led to subscribe nearly 1000*l.*

Bishop Alexander of Jerusalem.—By letters from Cairo, it appears that the ill-fated Protestant Bishop of Jerusalem had died suddenly, of apoplexy, on the 23d of November, whilst travelling in the desert, and only five hours' distance from that city, He was accompanied by his lady and daughter.

Mr. Cockerell, the architect, has been elected to complete the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge, with instructions to follow out, as nearly as possible, the designs left by the late Mr. Bassevi, to whose architectural talent what has been done is so highly honourable.

The Paris Louvre, preparatory to the opening of the annual exhibition for two months, on the 15th of March, will be shut from the public on the 1st of February, up to which date foreign artists are invited to send their productions for admission to accredited agents in Paris.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Sketches from Flemish Life, three Tales, translated from the Flemish of H. Conscience, square 8vo, 130 woodcuts, 6*s.* cloth.—English Synonymes, classified and explained, with Exercises, by G. F. Graham, 12mo, 7*s.* cloth.—Over-Population and its Remedy, by W. T. Thornton, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Amy Herbert, by a Lady, edited by Rev. W. Sewell, 3d edit., 2 vols. 12mo, 9*s.*—Gertrude, by the author of "Amy Herbert," edited by Rev. W. Sewell, 2 vols. 12mo, 9*s.*—Remarks on the Parthenon, by R. C. Lucas, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Memoir of T. Thrush, formerly an Officer in the Royal Navy, by Rev. C. Wellbeloved, 8vo, 5*s.*—Sermon on the Mount, illuminated by Owen Jones, 3d edit., square, 21*s.* silk; 25*s.* mor.—Sermons of Consolation, by F. W. P. Greenwood, D.D., of Boston, post 8vo, 5*s.*—The Sicilian, a Romance, by J. T. Bennett, 2 vols. post 8vo, 21*s.*—The Earl of Gowrie, a Tragedy, by Rev. J. White, 8vo, 5*s.*—J. C. Symons on Parish Settlements, 2d edit., post 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—The Citizen of Prague, translated by Mary Howitt, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Specimens of Ecclesiastical Architecture of Great Britain, by H. Bowman, 4to, 2*l.* 5*s.*—Poetical Works of Henry Alford, 2 vols. 12mo, 12*s.*—Sermons, by Archdeacon Manning, Vol. II. 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Poems and Pictures, small 4to, 2*l.* 2*s.*—Lord Nelson's Despatches and Letters, by Sir H. Nicolas, Vol. V. 8vo, 15*s.*—Lowell as it was and as it is, by Rev. H. A. Miles, 18mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—The Modern Geometrical Stair-Builder's Guide, by S. De Graff, royal 8vo, 18*s.*—Hamilton's Universal Tune-Book, Vol. II. 4to, 4*s.*—Life of Mrs. Fletcher, by T. E. Gill, 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—The Grand Exhibitions of Man's Enmity to God, by D. Thom, 8vo, 16*s.*—Comic Blackstone, by Gilbert Abbott à Beckett, Parts II. III. and IV., fcp. 3*s.* 6*d.*; four Parts complete in 1 vol. 6*s.*—Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures, edited by Douglas Jerrold, 12mo, 2*s.*—Braithwaite's Retrospect of Medicine and Surgery, Vol. XII. 12mo, 6*s.*—Trout Fishing, or the River Darent, a Poem, by C. Wayth, post 8vo, 4*s.*—Stories from the Italian Poets, by Leigh Hunt, 2 vols. post 8vo, 24*s.*—Nature and Treatment of Cancer, by W. H. Walshe, M.D., 8vo, 16*s.*—Shaw's Union Officer's Manual of Duties, 1846, 12mo, 4*s.*—Homœopathy, by M. P. Sampson, 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*—Windsor, a Poem, by Thomas Chamberlain, 12mo, 5*s.*—European Library: Vol. III. Marguerite De Valois, by Alex. Dumas, fcp. 3*s.* 6*d.*—Rev. G. B. Blomfield's Sermons, Second Series, 12mo, 5*s.*—De Porquet's edition of Silvio Pellico, in Italian, with English Notes, fcp. 3*s.* 6*d.*—The Eventful Epoch, or the Fortunes of Archer Clive, by N. Michell, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Province of the Intellect in Religion, by T. Worsley, 8vo, 8*s.*—Summer Ramble in Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland, by J. W. Massie, D.D., post 8vo, 9*s.*—Rev. J. H. Marsden's Hulsean Lectures, 1844, 8vo, 6*s.*—Display of Heraldry, by W. Newton, 8vo, 14*s.*—Alphabets, Numerals, and Devices of the Middle Ages, by H. Shaw, imp. 8vo, 4*l.* 4*s.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Dickens' "Cricket" has reached us too late to *chirrup* in our page this week. We are sorry for it, but daresay it will *speak* for itself sufficiently before our next.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

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GENERAL ARRANGEMENT:

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SUPPER will be served at One o'Clock.

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SPECTATORS,

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ADMISSION:	s.	d.
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Dec. 20, 1845.

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No. CLIII.

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II. Literature of the Egyptian Monasteries.
III. Highland Sport.
IV. Arago and Brougham on Cavendish.
V. Letters of Mary Queen of Scots.
VI. Humboldt's Kosmos.
VII. Townsend's History of the House of Commons—Privilege.
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In opening the volume, the delicious embodiment of the subject by Maclise offers treat enough for a holyday-gift. There is the Clock, to our judgment far superior to the Kettle, which is a trifle strained. "Mrs. Peerybingle," having "*dusted* her chubby little hands against each other (we are told), sat down before the kettle: laughing. Meantime, the jolly blaze uprose and fell, flashing and gleaming on the little Haymaker at the top of the Dutch clock, until one might have thought he stood stock still before the Moorish Palace, and nothing was in motion but the flame. He was on the

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move, however: and had his spasms, two to the second, all right and regular. But his sufferings, when the clock was going to strike, were frightful to behold; and when a Cuckoo looked out of a trap-door in the Palace, and gave note six times, it shook him, each time, like a spectral voice—or like a something wiry, plucking at his legs. It was not until a violent commotion and a whirring noise among the weights and ropes below him had quite subsided, that this terrified Haymaker became himself again. Nor was he startled without reason; for these rattling bony skeletons of clocks are very disconcerting in their operation, and I wonder very much how any set of men, but most of all how Dutchmen, can have had a liking to invent them. For there is a popular belief that Dutchmen love broad cases and much clothing for their own lower selves; and they might know better than to leave their clocks so very lank and unprotected, surely."

The "surely" is a sample of a style which, if seriously employed, is certainly very objectionable. The fashion of tacking to the end of a sentence what ought, in usual English, to be at the beginning or in the middle of it, is only passable in compositions of a conversational cast, and light and gossiping substance. *Ex. gr.*:

"For he was a regular Dog in the Manger, *was Tackleton*; and when they laughed, and he could'nt, he took it into his head, immediately, that they must be laughing at him." (So thought Scrub in the play.)

As by this hour, as we anticipated in our brief note last Saturday, the *Cricket on the Hearth* must be familiar to the public, we shall spare further remarks on minutiæ, only due to the immense popularity of the author—abstain from the plot and long quotations—and offer a few bits of our favourites, Boxer, Slowboy, and Co.

Boxer makes his *début* with the Carrier on his return home:

"John went out to see that the boy with the lantern, which had been dancing to and fro before the door and window, like a Will-of-the-Wisp, took due care of the horse; who was fatter than you would quite believe, if I gave you his measure, and so old that his birthday was lost in the mists of antiquity. Boxer, feeling that his attentions were due to the family in general, and must be impartially distributed, dashed in and out with bewildering inconstancy: now describing a circle of short barks round the horse, where he was being rubbed down at the stable-door; now feigning to make savage rushes at his mistress, and facetiously bringing himself to sudden stops; now eliciting a shriek from Tilly Slowboy, in the low nursing-chair near the fire, by the unexpected application of his moist nose to her countenance; now exhibiting an obtrusive interest in the Baby; now going round and round upon the hearth, and lying down as if he had established himself for the night; now getting up again, and taking that nothing of a fag-end of a tail of his out into the weather, as if he had just remembered an appointment, and was off, at a round trot, to keep it."

Again, when on a day journey along the road:

"It was not easy to remain silent very long in John Peerybingle's cart, for everybody on the road had something to say; and though it might only be 'how are you!' and, indeed, it was very often nothing else, still, to give that back again in the right spirit of cordiality, required, not merely a nod and a smile, but as wholesome an action of the lungs withal, as a long-winded parliamentary speech. Sometimes, passengers on foot, or horseback, plodded on a little way beside the cart, for the express purpose of having a chat; and then there was a great deal to be said on both sides. Then, Boxer gave occasion to more good-natured recognitions of and by the Carrier, than half a dozen Christians could have done! Everybody knew him, all along the road, especially the fowls and pigs, who when they saw him approaching, with his body all on one side, and his ears pricked up inquisitively, and that knob of a tail making the most of itself in the air, immediately withdrew into remote back settlements, without waiting for the honour of a nearer acquaintance. He had business everywhere; going down all the turnings, looking into all the wells, bolting in and out of all the cottages, dashing into the midst of all the dame-schools, fluttering all the pigeons, magnifying the tails of all the cats, and trotting into the public houses like a regular customer. Wherever he went, somebody or other might have been heard to cry, 'Halloa! Here's Boxer!' and out came that somebody forthwith, accompanied by at least two or three other somebodies, to give John Peerybingle and his pretty wife, Good day."

We have not the cut; but E. Landseer has made our dog more savage in his looks than we can approve; it is, however, an admirable animal portrait. Now for Miss Tilly Slowboy, with her stolid appearance and beautiful acuteness of sight and hearing, and incomparable nursery jargon in communicating the results to Baby:

"'Don't (cries the mother) let the dear child fall under the grate, Tilly, whatever you do!' It may be noted of Miss Slowboy, in spite of her rejecting the caution with some vivacity, that she had a rare and surprising talent for getting this Baby into difficulties: and had several times imperilled its short life, in a quiet way peculiarly her own. She was of a spare and straight shape, this young lady, insomuch that her garments appeared to be in constant danger of sliding off those sharp pegs, her shoulders, on which they were loosely hung. Her costume was remarkable for the partial development on all possible occasions of some flannel vestment of a singular structure; also for affording glimpses, in the region of the back, of a corset, or pair of stays, in colour a dead-green. Being always in a state of gaping admiration at everything, and absorbed, besides, in the perpetual contemplation of her mistress's perfections and the Baby's, Miss Slowboy, in her little errors of judgment, may be said to have done equal honour to her head and to her heart; and though these did less honour to the Baby's head, which they were the occasional means of bringing into contact with deal doors, dressers, stair-rails, bedposts, and other foreign substances, still they were the honest results of Tilly Slowboy's constant astonishment at finding herself so kindly treated, and installed in such a comfortable home. For the maternal and paternal Slowboy were alike unknown to Fame, and Tilly had been bred by public charity, a Foundling; which word, though only differing from Fondling by one vowel's length, is very different in meaning, and expresses quite another thing."

John informs Dot about one of his parcels, and "Miss Slowboy, in the mean time, who had a mechanical power of reproducing scraps of current conversation for the delectation of the Baby, with all the sense struck out of them, and all the nouns changed into the plural number, inquired aloud of that young creature, Was it Gruffs and Tackletons the toymakers then, and would it call at pastry-cooks for wedding-cakes, and did its mothers know the boxes when its fathers brought them homes; and so on."

And when the disguised stranger develops a little, and is to have a bed at the Carrier's, she discloses the news to Baby:

"'Did its mothers make it up a beds then!' cried Miss Slowboy to the Baby; 'and did its hair grow brown and curly, when its caps was lifted off, and frighten it, a precious pets, a-sitting by the fires!' With that unaccountable attraction of the mind to trifles, which is often incidental to a state of doubt and confusion, the Carrier, as he walked slowly to and fro, found himself mentally repeating even these absurd words, many times. So many times that he got them by heart, and was still conning them over, and over, like a lesson, when Tilly, after administering as much friction to the little bald head with her hand as she thought wholesome (according to the practice of nurses), had once more tied the Baby's cap on."

With these morsels we leave the *Cricket on the Hearth* to its well-merited popularity. It is a book for every cosy Christmas home—kindly and entertaining. The interest is well sustained, and the *dénouement* comfortable. Throughout the talent of the author is most visible: taking up the merest accidents, commonplaces, and every-day circumstances, and handling them with masterly accuracy, making much indeed of the very little which suggests these natural pictures.

The Letters and Despatches of John Churchill, First Duke of Marlborough, from 1702 *to* 1712. Edited by Sir George Murray. Vols. IV. and V. London, John Murray.

THESE massive volumes, of nearly 1500 pages, conclude this valuable work, of the national character of which we need not repeat our opinions. The range of their time is from the date of the Mecklenburg treaty, at the close of 1708, to the final supercession of Marlborough in 1713, when political intrigue at home was at its very crisis, to shake, or overthrow, or new-shape, the destinies of the British empire. The process of the war offers, on the whole, a curious contrast to that which we have witnessed in later days; it more resembles a game at chess, and there seems to have been more preparation for the details of the campaigns than in the general dash on a grand scale. It was probably necessary where the field was so widely extended, embracing not only Flanders, and France, and Germany, but also Italy and Spain; and when so many different powers and armies were engaged, that a minute concert should be planned for months in advance; and a great deal of the correspondence turns upon the accidents and changes of disposition in princes which occur to defeat the proposed measures. Repetitions are consequently inseparable from the letters addressed, on every hand, to the parties who were to act according to circumstances as they were developed; but the revolutions in the wheel offer, as a compensation, a still finer study of the men and events of that remarkable period. It is not, however, within our province to relate the movements of corps or battalions hither and thither; the sieges and reliefs of towns; the designs of captains and marshals; the surrenders of citadels; the capitulations of cities; the choices of winter-quarters; battles (such as Malplaquet, Pultawa, &c.); surprises; overtures for peace: and hundreds of affairs of every description which agitated the world a hundred years ago—the

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winding up of the publication itself describes better than we could do the result of the whole, and the qualities for which the five volumes are to be prized as sterling and standard occupants of the library-shelf.

"The siege of Fribourg was the last military operation of importance in the campaign of 1713. Several communications had already mutually taken place tending to the commencement of negotiations, and on the 26th of November Prince Eugene and Marshal Villars met at Rastadt to enter upon the discussion of the terms of a treaty of peace. Much secrecy was observed during the progress of the conferences, and the hopes and fears of the public vibrated from side to side according to the current rumours of the day. This state of things became in an especial manner prevalent when, on the 16th of February, 1714, Prince Eugene and Marshal Villars both quitted Rastadt; the former repairing to the court of Wirtemberg at Stutgard, and the latter to Strasbourg. It soon appeared, however, that this suspension of the conferences was caused merely by the necessity of reference being had to Paris and to Vienna for the purpose of removing some seeming ambiguity in particular expressions, and, these points having been adjusted to mutual satisfaction, the treaty was completed and signed; and the ratifications having been returned from Vienna and from Paris, they were exchanged at Rastadt on the 6th of March. But in order that a treaty in which so many interests were involved might receive, if possible, a character more than usually binding, it had been arranged that it should be accompanied by an act of more than ordinary solemnity, by undergoing renewed discussion at a congress to be held within the territories of a neutral state, and which should be attended by ministers from all the parties in any degree concerned. The place appointed for the meeting of the congress was the town of Baden in Switzerland. The sittings commenced on the 5th of June, and the conferences were prolonged till the beginning of September. On the 5th of that month Prince Eugene and Marshal Villars arrived at Baden, in order to sanction and confirm by their presence, and by their signatures, the stipulations agreed upon by the congress, as they had already done at Rastadt those settled between the Emperor and the King of France. The treaty was finally prepared on the 6th, and upon the following day it was read in full congress within the town-house of Baden, and received afterwards the signatures of all the ministers present. This was the concluding scene of that great drama which had engaged the attention and called forth the energies of Europe during a period of twelve years. And thus was terminated a war which, if its results be contemplated with reference to the leading motive of policy in which it had its commencement—to fix a durable limit to the power and to the ambition of France, must be acknowledged to have failed in accomplishing the object at which it aimed. But when viewed in the light in which it appears throughout the foregoing letters and despatches, and examined in its separate transactions as they are therein authentically detailed, it will exhibit on the part of the British general who was the soul of the confederacy, a union of extraordinary abilities, of indefatigable activity, of unvarying stedfastness of purpose, and undeviating rectitude of conduct, which do him the highest honour; added to a series of brilliant achievements which have furnished some of its brightest pages to the military annals of his country."

The brief biographical notes are not the least interesting portion of the work (which is completed by a full index). We offer two or three samples:

Prince Eugene.—"The memoirs of his life, pretended to have been written by Prince Eugene, were in reality the production of the late Marshal Prince de Ligne, who died during the congress of Vienna. The witty old marshal struck them off as a *jeu d'esprit*, but they have been taken as a piece of serious and authentic autobiography, and have been quoted as such in many recent works. They have had a very wide circulation both in French and in English. * *

"The present Earl of Stair has in his possession a voluminous collection of letters written by or to Earl John [the second earl of the Marlborough time]. A selection from this correspondence would no doubt prove a valuable contribution to our materials for the history of the time. * * *

"Dr. Davenant, LL.D., was son to Sir William Davenant, the poet, who had been proud of claiming an illegitimate descent from Shakspere. He was a commissioner of excise in the reign of James II., but was turned out at the revolution of 1688, although, by a book which he then wrote, he seemed to understand that branch of the revenue exceedingly well. During the reign of William III. he wrote several books and tracts on trade and its balance, grants and resumptions, and the foreign policy of the times. He exposed and satirised the various ministries that were formed, and his writings are said to have had a visible effect upon the parliamentary elections. He was himself returned to one or two parliaments. On the accession of Queen Anne he obtained employment, apparently through the patronage of Lord Godolphin. He was made secretary to the commissioners for the union with Scotland, having Daniel Defoe for his colleague."

Forest and Game-Law Tales. By Harriet Martineau. Vol. I. Pp. 252. London, Moxon.

The choice of subject is a grand art in your regular popular writer, the *à propos* is a fortune; if authorship for profit could ever be fortunate. And Miss Martineau has hit upon a bell whose ring is public (as all speakers at public dinners say) on the present occasion! Grantley Berkeley and the Anti-Cornites have had a noisy dispute; and though the latter want to trample down the corn and its possessors, they don't like that the proprietors should tread over a field, agreeably to the game-laws, in pursuit of game. It does seem as if nothing could be devised in regard to the preservation and property in the *feræ naturæ* that would be palateable. Yet we think it would be very easy to arrange, or rather amend this crying grievance,—this contention between the *bona-fide* feeders of the animals, and the free-booters who declare war against them for the pot. We are not, however, going into the knotty discussion in the notice of a little book by a female who probably never fired a fowling-piece in her life, never knocked down a partridge, nor doubled up a hare, never saw a grouse shut his bright eye on the heather, nor a blackcock bid farewell to his wild inroads upon the stackyards of agricultural civilisation. Well, as Miss Martineau could only know about these matters from hear- or read-say, we did not look to be much enlightened on the relative questions by her lucubrations, nor did we think she would set the topic to rest. But we fancied she might contribute her mite to render the matter more odious; and though her doing so, as applicable to the present day, is postponed to Vol. III., she is laying the foundations strong in the beginning. Now, we hate what is unjust, inexpedient, and oppressive in the administration of the game-laws as much as it is possible to detest that which can send a poor rustic to gaol for a casual trespass, and make him a desperado for life; but to draw the picture all on one side, to excite commiseration for innocent poachers, who only prowl about woods at midnight to procure sustenance for their starving children, and who only kill watchers and game-keepers in self-defence, that the said families may not be left destitute and chargeable to the parish, is, we hold, just as wrong the other way. But this we shall find, and be able to consider, when we arrive at the representations of the *status quo*. As far as the author is yet before us, her office has been to compile several stories on historical data, in order to point out the cruel operations of enforcing royal and feudal rights as to hunting and other sports in the olden times. Thus we have "Merdhin," a tale of Danish oppression at the beginning of the 11th century; "The Manor and the Eyrie," a tale of Norman oppression not a century later; and "Old Landmarks and Old Laws," a tale of the like kind only two centuries ago. To render these vehicles more popular, the object has been to paint the manners and some of the circumstances of the several periods as they have been handed down to posterity, and evoke the aid of characters described or named in ancient chronicles, and furnish them with fictitious families and followers to make the drama more complete. The way in which this is carried out, two brief extracts will suffice to exemplify. The daughters of a Saxon thane, driven from his heritage to make room for extending the royal forest in Hants, are left at the Benedictine convent at Winchester, and it is stated of the king, "when he saw how, after this, some of his nobles retired into the interior of the island, some stole away home, and others became cold in their service to him, he indicated his difficulties to his zealous supporters,—the clergy he brought with or after him. These advised the obvious policy of facilitating the arrival and settlement of the Norman ladies in England; and they aided materially in this by introducing officials of their own race into the convents, and instituting the methods and manners of foreign religious houses. Thus it was with the Benedictine convent at Winchester; and Leftelina the abbess made no opposition, but rather promoted any arrangements which might tend to secure her in her post. That she should continue in her office she knew to be essential to her object of keeping alive in the daughters of England a spirit worthy of their race, by uniting a love of their country and people with their religious associations; and she was glad to extend the range of pursuits and pleasures within her convent, as extending her chance of instilling and confirming the ideas and feelings she most cherished. Scarcely was there a choicer plot of garden-ground in England than that in which the ladies Lulle and Adeleve were amusing themselves one fine evening, about Midsummer of this year. Adeleve had gathered a handful of roses, while Lulle played with a white dove which she held in her arms. A [Norman] companion—the young Marie de Montvert—was presently seen coming down a green alley from the house. Adeleve chose from her bouquet the prettiest of her rosebuds, and went towards Marie. Lulle stood still, retaining her dove, which strove to fly to the cote. 'If I attached myself so to a bird,' observed Marie to Adeleve, 'it should be to something better than a common dove. If Lulle could see my golden

pheasants that I used to feed at Montvert, and the rare birds from the East that our knights cause to be brought home to their ladies, she would think no more about pigeons. Father Etienne says we are to have an aviary before next year, where we may keep any beautiful birds that any knight may please to bring us. If I could but have my gold pheasants, I would give one to you and one to Lulle; and then she might leave it to the servants to keep white pigeons.' 'Thank you,' said Lulle: 'but I love our own birds so much, that I do not wish for any finer ones from abroad.' 'Why, what birds have you that are so beautiful?' 'Oh! our herons," exclaimed Adeleve. 'There were some tall trees, four tall trees, in the little island in the middle of our mere at home; and they were full of herons' nests,—as full as the elms in the avenue were of rooks'; and Lulle and I used to sit in the boat and watch the herons. One old fellow would stand on a willow that had fallen into the water, and there he would fish,—waiting for an hour together if no fish came,—so still that you could hardly believe him to be alive. We had so many that there were always herons at dinner on great feast-days; and three times my father presented a beautiful plume when the king came by from Winchester.' 'Where are they now?—who has them now?' asked Marie. 'If we had but a lake here, we might have herons' plumes.' 'The king has our heronry,' said Lulle. 'And any one who takes or breaks an egg . . . .' 'Oh! I remember,' cried Adeleve; 'it is shocking. Oh no! I do not want any herons here. But it is for hawking, you know, that the herons are preserved so carefully.' 'Yes,' said Marie, 'my father is so fond of hawking,—and so are many of our knights. . . .' 'And so were we,' interrupted Adeleve. 'Lulle, do you remember,—that bright morning when we were to try our falcons, and I wanted to stay behind, and my father called me a little coward, and . . .' She looked round for Lulle's answer, but Lulle was gone. 'That is the way she always starts off when we begin to talk about home,' sighed Adeleve; 'and, indeed, I do not wonder, for there is no saying when we may have a home again.'"

Meanwhile Ivar, the injured and banished lord, has sought refuge in an impregnable position, a rocky eyrie in the north of England; and his outlaw-life is described in the style of the following sample:

"'Up!' cried Ivar, as he roused his friend from sound sleep on his soft bed of dried leaves. 'We must go forward, and see what is to be our business of to-day.' Seoloce sprang to his feet, and joy sprang to his heart. The sun had just risen, and all seemed astir. The waterfall, which had lulled him to sleep in the darkness, seemed to flow fuller, and to leap more briskly: the tufts of fern which grew on the lower limbs of the old oaks were of the most brilliant green, as they quivered in the morning breeze, while those which overspread the ground were golden and brown. The scarlet tassels of the mountain-ash were waving; and no less bright with hips were the dancing sprays of the brier-rose. All glittered with dew,—from the tallest of the sombre sycamores to the minutest moss on the stones which bordered the brook. The blackbird was still piping as cheerily as in June: and to the music of winds, waters and birds, was soon added that of the bugle of the company. 'Upon my soul,' cried Seoloce, 'this is a better life than the bravest in a castle!' 'You think so?' said Ivar, smiling. 'But for one set of thoughts, I should say to you, as my heart has often said to me, that I never lived till now.—So you have had good rest?' 'Yes; and why not? is not this bed of leaves softer than a board covered with a carpet, and sweeter than the old straw on which the choicest lady sleeps?' 'Till I lived out of doors,' observed Ivar, 'I never conceived how small was the mere loss of a roof overhead. I used to tread on strewn rushes in every room, as my daughters now do; but how much sweeter is the moss or fern whereon we spread our food,—a carpet fresh at every meal, and not full of the fragments and spillings of meat and drink, and the soil of a hundred feet, coming and going, and the vermin of birds and crouching dogs!' 'So much for the eating-room! what of the meal?' 'Ask our men. They will tell you what they have heard and known from the servants of our new knights, of the living in a great man's castle;—of the heavy, unbaked bread, full of bran; the fish four days old; the meat sweet or foul, as may chance; the beer, even at court, horrid to taste, and filthy to look at.—The great nobles about the king have wine put before them, so rancid, greasy, and full of dregs, that they shut their eyes as they drink.' 'And here your drink is at least pure,' said Seoloce, pointing to the brook. 'And somewhat else; come and see,' said Ivar, leading the way to the woodland breakfast, which smoked among the trees, at a little distance. Baked venison and broiled moor-game were furnished from the king's woods and the mountain-side; nuts from the coppice, and apples, a gift from the orchard of the priory, in acknowledgment of far greater gifts; cheese and butter, bread and ale were there, obtained by purchase; and wine, arrested on its way to the cellars of a Norman bishop. Such was the meal. It was quickly despatched, and the rovers on their way to their day's adventures. As they paced briskly through the forest, Seoloce asked his comrade what these adventures were likely to be. 'Our Lady knows, not I;—only this, that we are likely to see how the mice will play when they think the cat is away. I am believed to be, with the whole band, down in the Ness. My horses and half my company are there, and we are, for once, on foot. I sent my horsemen down the vale of the Paternoster,—Pater-dale as we call it: and we will pace quietly home by the valley in which we pay our duty to our dear Lady,—our Mater-dale, which she gives us to ourselves. By that way have we never met anything but her grace and protection.' Seoloce was about to ask whether she had herself ever appeared, when opportunity for a shot occurred, and a deer was laid low. Ivar ordered his men to take up the game and follow him. He sped on to the verge of the wood, where the glade opened upon a slope of cultivated country. Nearest to the forest lay a patch of small fields, in the midst of which was a humble farmhouse. A little boy was leaning against the fence of the nearest field, sobbing bitterly. 'See there,' said Ivar to Seoloce, pointing to the dog in the child's arms. 'The regarders have passed this way of late, supposing we are in the Ness.' The child, when questioned, shewed, amidst a new burst of grief, that his dog was lamed by the loss of three claws; having been found within the verge of the enclosed part of the wood by the regarders in their rounds. 'I will give you a pup from the great knight's kennels by sunset,' said Ivar's follower Hebstan, by way of consolation to the boy. 'They will only cut off its claws as soon as it has grown: I do not want any other dog,' sobbed the child. 'True!' said Ivar; 'a new dog would be but new grief. Give him rather what would have redeemed his dog, if he had had money.' Hebstan obeyed; and so many more were ready with money, that it was clear there was no poverty in the band. As they proceeded, Ivar's quick eye perceived some indication which made him turn into the path that led to the farmhouse. There he found the housewife weeping and trembling; and not without cause. Her husband was gone to the priory, and she dreaded his return. The great knight's lady was out hunting this morning, and her train had done dreadful damage. The housewife had hastened out with all she had in the way of refreshments, in the hope of securing civility by shewing that she was not disaffected and sullen to the strangers: but not the less had the hunting-party burst through the enclosures, and thrown down the fences, and trampled the oats, which were yet standing. They had stripped the house of all her provisions, and done such mischief that she was afraid to meet the farmer with the news. Ivar left the deer in her yard, and engaged for her being fully compensated for the damage done."

The Queen of Denmark. An Historical Novel. Edited by Mrs. Gore. 3 vols. Colburn.

The tragedy of Struenzee and the sister of George III. has occupied so many pens in every possible class of authorship, that we were rather surprised by an additional effort in the same line. What novelty there is to pass it, consists in the story being told in Danish and published in Denmark, and only translated by somebody into English, and revised for the press under the experienced eye of Mrs. Gore;* and also in its dwelling much on the frivolities, formalities, intrigues, vices, and crimes of the court of Christian VII., and unfolding the writer's views of its personages and manners at that period. The case of Queen Caroline Matilda is considered in a light very favourable to her; and an inferior drama of some interest is wrought into the main plot. But perhaps the chief merit of the novel lies in a lively sort of persiflage with which the characters of some of the courtiers is hit off, and little quizzical descriptions of speeches and incidents peculiar to this insignificant race. The opening sketch of a chamberlain of the old school is a fair example of this, though a very unnatural perversion of a noble-minded youth into a conceited and silly pantaloon. But here is a sample of the fact as the writer has chosen to develop it:

"How should you, who are a politician, you, who live at 'an epoch of movement,' you, who take an interest in the 'great problems of the present time,' and ponder over 'the future,' how should you ever think of noticing an old chamberlain of the time of Christian VII., who was but a monument of the *past!* Allow me, then, who never think of the future but in cases of the utmost emergency, to give you a description of the old chamberlain. He was a tall, slender man, attired in a gold-embroidered pelisse, garnished with sable: who moved with a dignity that was not wanting either in gracefulness or ease, and was as far from the stiff military carriage which betrays the quondam officer, as from the careless slouch which usually clings to the civilian. His mien was at once old and young, commanding re-

* Mrs. Gore's name appears, in one way or other, on so many books, that we hardly know what she does and what she doesn't. *The Snow Storm*, a Christmas story, by her (pp. 253, Fisher, Son, and Co.) claims though it be only a passing notice, to recommend it to our younger readers, and not excepting their elders: but Paul is rather an example than a pattern to set before youth. Very clever illustrations, full of character, by George Cruikshank, add to the attractions.

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spect as much as it excited confidence; and it was natural, or, from the force of habit, had at least become second nature. This carriage is not to be acquired from a dancing-master, or in company, or at court balls. A whole life is requisite for the purpose, and that life begun as page, and spent as gentleman of the court. He supported himself on his gold-headed cane in a peculiar manner; he carried his arms in a different way from the rest of the world; and this was particularly observable in the position of his shoulders. In saluting, he first raised his fingers to his lips, then familiarly waved his hand, bent his head with dignity, rather backward than forward, and then took his hat off very low, especially to ladies. Nobody else saluted as he did; and now-a-days, people know not how to impart so much expression to their salutations. In a few years, all these arts will be lost. They will disappear, like many other inventions once deemed important, and the acquirement of which costs infinite pains; for, in a few years, as I have observed, there will not be a court official left. I owe it to truth to admit that he continued to wear a tail. But with him the tail was by no means a ludicrous appendage, as, in fact, he could never become a ludicrous personage; and I should be sorry if my imperfect description were to lead the reader into that erroneous idea. When the French Revolution, which, in its own country, cut off both heads and tails, sent forth its spirit to the distant shores of Denmark, where it was content to confine its fury to tails only, which were sacrificed in whole hecatombs at the altar of liberty, the chamberlain felt that this revolutionary practice had a profound signification; he therefore retained his tail as a sign that he knew his enemy. He wore it to his dying day; and, if his chamberlain's key and his tail had been laid upon his coffin, they would have been emblems as expressive as spurs and sword for a general. But there was none who thought of decking the coffin of the veteran; and, when he was borne to the grave, there were but few of us who followed him, and most with indifference into the bargain. The tail was a laughable part of a man, which asserted a sort of independence. I may venture to speak of it; for I am old enough to have seen some of those extraordinary excrescences, which one might suppose to have been worn out of humility, to remind man of his relationship to brutes, but which, on the contrary, were worn out of pride. The lower classes fastened the hair at the top of the head in braids, in *merledons*, or by whatever fashionable names these subdivisions were designated; for, in order to strut with a tail or a bag, it was requisite to be a nobleman or military officer. Daily tied afresh with a long black silk ribbon, with a new black bow, below which a lock of hair peeped forth, the tail was the thing upon which the existence of the *valet de chambre* and the *friseur* virtually depended. The tail, as I have said, contrived to maintain its independence so long as every body of consequence wore it. Besides being a mark of distinction and requiring special attention, it was satirical. By means of certain unavowed movements, it frequently added a pointed commentary to the words of the speaker. It laughed behind its master's back, and often pointed with the finger, when he had pursed up his face into serious folds. But the chamberlain's tail had survived all other tails. It felt itself alone in the world. It gradually lost its humour and independence, and hung, as if melancholy, down his back; just as an old footman follows his master from habit, totally unconcerned about what is passing around him."

It is from this individual that the relator obtains the circumstantial details of the events of fifty years before; but in drawing himself the picture is more amusing. Thus, when his young friend agrees to take *la fortune du pot* with him, he says:

"'It will be a real treat for me to chat with you while we are at table.—John, we shall have company to dinner. Hark ye, John!' The old serving-man bent down to his master, supporting himself upon the arm of his chair, to receive a long string of directions, to which he replied by repeated nods. He then retired. When I saw how deeply the old chamberlain was interested in his plan, I made no further objection to stay, and had the satisfaction to find that he gradually became more and more animated and communicative. We had a good deal of chat before John again entered, which was in about an hour. The chamberlain rose from his arm-chair. He had almost grown young again: but the first step he took reminded him that he was an invalid, and he ejaculated, 'Ah, this confounded foot!' 'You ought rather to say confounded gout.' 'Gout? I have no gout, *mon cher!* Heaven be praised, I am not so badly off as that!—Gout!—My dear friend, next to a bad conscience, gout is perhaps the most painful and incurable of all diseases. No, no; I have only a slight touch of the podagra.'"

He retires for a while, and we are told:

"None of my readers must imagine that Chamberlain Norden ever sat down to dinner in his morning-gown. He had employed the quarter of an hour's absence in putting on a light green coat with silver buttons, and in superintending the laying of the cloth by John. Beside the four-post bedstead with old-fashioned hangings, was placed upon a carpet a small dining-table, laid with handsome old-fashioned porcelain for two persons. John stationed himself behind the chamberlain's chair, with a napkin upon his arm. After some compliments as to which should be seated first, we took our places, and the chamberlain himself served the soup. 'A soup, *mon cher*, which I hope you will approve: it is *soupe à la poule de Lorraine;* I furnished the recipe for it myself. You shall have it, if you like the soup. It was one of the favourite dishes of Queen Caroline Matilda.' I assured him that I found it excellent. 'Remind me, John, to write out the recipe for *soupe de Lorraine*,' continued the chamberlain.—'Now, a glass of wine after the soup! —What is this?—Lunel?—John, Henry, Fritzel! This is wretched wine! Blockhead, bring me a bottle of Madeira.—When one has but one servant, *mon cher*, it is a good thing for him to have several names, and then you can make the most of him.' John fetched the wine ordered by his master out of a cupboard formed in a recess in the wall. *There* was the chamberlain's wine-cellar. The second dish set on the table was oysters. He ate very few, and I verily believe—God forgive me!—that he had ordered them merely to introduce an anecdote. While he filled the glasses with Madeira, with a peculiar kind of smile which, on his face, always indicated some pleasant recollection, he observed, 'It just occurs to me how one of my good friends had once like to have made an enemy of the comptroller of the household, on account of some oysters. It was Chamberlain Seifensee, who was in the service of the *old* Queen Dowager—not Juliana Marie, but of Sophia Magdalena, widow of Christian the Sixth, who lived to a great age. We had at one and the same time two queens-dowager and a reigning queen. That, however, was not what I meant to tell you, but about the oysters.—It was at table.—We had oysters which were very small, and smelt rather strong. As he had no great fancy for eating them, he sat stooping over his plate, and picking at them. The late king, Christian the Seventh, observing his motions, asked him what he was doing. 'I am talking to my oysters, your majesty,' he replied. 'Well, and what are they saying to you?' inquired the king. 'I asked them,' said he, 'where their parents are gone to.' 'Well, and what is their answer?' asked his majesty. 'An't please your majesty, they told me that all their predecessors had gone together to the comptroller's table.' This was the table of the inferior officers of the household. At such an answer the king laughed outright: on which the whole table burst into a hearty laugh.' The chamberlain was the echo of the late court; for he laughed most immoderately, though he must have related the anecdote more than a hundred times; and I laughed with him. He then said with a grave smile, as if some painful recollection had suddenly crossed his mirth, 'That was a table, Augustus!—*recherchée* to the last degree! Such an affair as that with the oysters was very rare; though it is true enough that all the large oysters actually did find their way to the comptroller's table, and were consumed by the inferior attendants. And then the grand gala-days!—they were truly *magnifique*.—But rather than think of the dishes that we have not, let us eat of those we have. Come! We will unite the old times with the new, and toast the late comptroller of the court in a bumper of Madeira. He forgave Seifensee the trick, though the idea was not the suggestion of a good heart. And, besides, it was not a witticism, for wit should be free from malice. Never in my life did I say a witty thing to injure a human creature.' We filled our glasses and drank. Thus one dish and one glass succeeded another, interspersed with anecdote after anecdote of 'the good old times.' John laughed heartily whenever his master laughed, and sometimes, with the utmost modesty, contributed his mite to the conversation. It was easy to perceive that the old boy daily kept his master company, while waiting upon him. After we had taken coffee, we returned, amidst abundance of compliments, to the sitting-room. 'You take a cigar after dinner, I dare say?' began my attentive host, as soon as we had resumed our former places. 'I am sorry that I have none, but John can soon supply you.' I thanked him, but declined the offer, as I never smoke. This intimation was particularly gratifying to him. 'That is charming!' he exclaimed; 'that is just as it used to be in my time. *Now* all young men smoke. *We* left tobacco to our servants, and they durst not smoke even in the corridors of the palace. The late Queen Dowager could not bear the smell of tobacco. Before she died, it was contraband at Christiansburg. Your late father, too, never smoked. Besides, the practice is absolutely contrary to *bon ton*.' 'You mean that it was not the fashion at that time; for what is *bon ton* but an affair of fashion, a contagious fever, which spreads imperceptibly? It appears to me like a crafty recruiter, who contrives to intoxicate his victim and force the earnest upon him, before he has any notion that he is enlisted. Afterwards, the poor fellow follows the stream, and gets reconciled to his fate.' 'I beg your pardon, my dear friend. *Bon ton* is by no means so superficial as it is generally taken to be. It requires, in truth, a great deal before we can say that it exists. Let us just reckon on our fingers the most

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essential elements. In the first place, a certain delicacy of sentiment, which at the present day is scarcely an affair of fashion; then, delicacy in feeling; next, particular attention to what is fitting and according to established usage—perhaps it is on this account that you assign to it so low a place; and lastly, a natural tact, which is capable of appreciating everything at its true value, without long consideration, lest you be too late. These qualities constitute the indispensable five senses of good taste.—Have you found it so very easy to be acquired?' I felt that I was beaten out of the field, and held my tongue."

A better specimen of the work could not, in our opinion, be quoted; though a touch of the elder or preceding official mentioned in the extract is not bad. He has been called in to the royal apartment on a levee-day, and we read:

"Seifensee receded a step, and looked around him, bowing right and left, sometimes with the head only, sometimes with the shoulders too, sometimes with the whole upper part of the body, according to the rank and station of the person to whom he meant to pay his respects. The chamberlain belonged to those who strictly observe the degrees of politeness; for which reason there was a considerable number of persons to whom it never entered his head to be polite. He had also his degrees in shaking hands: to one he gave a single finger, to others two, three—up to the whole hand. As chamberlain to the king's grandmother, the widow of Christian the Sixth, he considered himself upon an enemy's territory when he visited the younger court, which threw into the shade that of his little better then deceased mistress. In his character, however, there was nothing that rendered it disagreeable to him to wage war with those around him; and, for this reason, he was almost always to be found on the hostile territory."

As examples of other kinds, and in honour of a foreign book, we may notice a description of two portraits—of the unfortunate queen and her husband:

"Over a marble table, with gilt lion's legs, hung a portrait in a broad gilt frame. It represented a lady, in a dress of blueish satin, embroidered with gold and edged with lace; the sleeves and puffs over the full bosom being of brownish brocade. Round her neck was a closely-strung necklace of white pearls, and similar rings were in the ears. The hair was turned up and powdered: it occupied a height and breadth, which, agreeably to the fashion of the time, exceeded that of the whole face, and was decorated with a gold chain, enamels, and jewels, entwined with a border of blond, which hung down over one ear. The face was oval, and very plump; the forehead high and arched; the nose delicately curved; the mouth pretty large, but the lips red and swelling; the eyes large and light blue, mild, and at the same time serious, deep, and confiding. I could describe the entire dress, piece by piece, and the features, trait by trait; but in vain should I endeavour to convey an idea of the peculiar expression, the amiable loftiness, or lofty amiableness, which beamed from that youthful face, the freshness of whose colour I have never seen surpassed. It needed not to cast your eye upon the purple mantle bordered with ermine, which hung carelessly over one shoulder, to discover in her a queen! She could be nothing of inferior rank. This the painter too had felt; for the border of the mantle was so narrow as to be almost overlooked. It was as though he meant to say, 'This woman would be a queen, even without a throne.' I am perhaps too prolix in my description. But the portrait has hurried me away; for, from my earliest youth, I shared the chamberlain's enthusiasm for Caroline Matilda. Exactly opposite to this portrait hung a corresponding one of King Christian the Seventh. He wore a coat of crimson velvet, without a collar, which was laced with gold, and had large gold buttons; a high white cravat; while over the left shoulder hung the broad blue ribbon of the Order of the Elephant. On a table beside him lay the crown on a velvet cushion. The face was pale, the forehead arched, the eyebrows regular, the eyes small and lustreless, the nose pretty large and much curved, the mouth small, the lips compressed, the chin short and delicately parted. The expression was not devoid of majesty, though sickly and ailing; and seemed to me to have a singular mixture of sarcasm and melancholy. The figure was spare and slender. This portrait, like the queen's, was painted in early youth."

The "circumstantials," after the introduction, become somewhat trifling and prolix; and it must be owned that the feelings are little, if at all, interested in any portion of the story. "How often have I *not* told you" is a phrase in dialogue, page 83; and we could wish that, if it were English, it had been applied to some of the minutiæ with which we are entertained. But as we must take the bad with the good, we shall say no more, and wind up with the final judgment pronounced on the royal lady who has given the title to the work:

"He knew not that a court-cabal had hurled the Queen of Denmark from her throne, and doomed her to languish in captivity in the fortress of Kronburgh, without any other consolation than Lisette's self-sacrificing attachment, and the innocent smiles of her infant daughter, to atone severely for weaknesses generated by youth, indiscretion, and a concatenation of unfortunate circumstances. This court-revolution, effected by subordinate jealousy and revenge, was worthily completed by the populace. Scaffolds and conflagration, pillage and excesses, celebrated what was called 'the emancipation of the king and the nation from the execrable yoke of a guilty minister.' Numerous imprisonments and removals from office took place. A dull cold etiquette succeeded the youthful, light-hearted fondness for dissipation of the court. New fetters were forged to supply the place of those that were broken; and the rancorous revenge of one man finished the last act of this sanguinary drama with a cruelty which, not satisfied with degradation, mutilation, and death, pursued its victims even beyond the grave. Struensee and Brandt fell under the axe of the headsman. Their mangled bodies were torn by the greedy beaks of birds of prey; and a host of writers, who were desirous to bask in the sunshine of the new power, and for temporary favour, consigned their names to the execration of posterity, assailed with shameless impudence the memory of the unfortunate, and exulted in triumph over the fallen."

The Eventful Epoch; or, the Fortunes of Archer Clive. By Nicholas Michell, author of "The Traduced," "The Fatalist," &c. 3 vols. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

Of the *Traduced* we spoke very favourably, and it has reached a second edition, and from it we certainly expected greater improvement than appears in the present instance. In young authors we may overlook and excuse many imperfections; but if they carry on the profession, we must expect them to shew that they are "talented," and "progressing," at least so far as to write good English, and not botch our copious language with such phraseology as this, talking of "a foreign gentleman, whose swarthy visage and bent brows excited in the minds of his companions certain suspicions as to his *identity* and occupation."

The Eventful Epoch is the year 1791, when the poison of the French Revolution found its way into England; and the author describes the propagandism in these words:

"The seeds of the revolutionary principle were said to be taking root; secret societies and clubs, in imitation of the Jacobin, Cordelier, and others in France, were daily forming. Priestley wrote, and Price fulminated from his pulpit. Loyalists took the alarm; the merchant grew uneasy in his counting-house, and the landed proprietor felt himself insecure in his country mansion. In short, a panic, far greater, it must be confessed, than the occasion warranted, seized all ranks and orders of people, save only that class which has nothing to lose by a national convulsion."

We exceedingly doubt the correctness of these data. In our opinion the panic was not more than commensurate with the occasion. England stood on the edge of a frightful precipice, and one step more would have plunged her into the abyss of anarchy and blood. At this period the hero steps upon the scene, and his description will tend farther to prove the objectionable style in which the novel is written.

"Clive had entered his twenty-third year; in his person he was tall; but though possessed of great muscular power, that *grossièreté*, which too frequently is the concomitant of physical strength, was entirely *absent from his appearance.* Without faultless beauty of feature, there was a loftiness of expression in his face, and an unstudied dignity in his manner, which, whether they be inherent in the aristocratic classes, or *are indeed the light of the mind within reflected on the material surface,* rendered him superior to most with whom he might come in contact. Having premised thus far, we would acquaint the reader with our hero's actual position in life, and a knowledge of which will be indispensably necessary, if he desires to understand our story. The father of Archer Clive *had been* a member of an ancient and noble house; but that father was a younger son. Moreover, he had the imprudence to marry a lady whose beauty and wit were her chief dower; *yet* he had lavished on her a love which men who have mixed much in the world of fashion, and tasted the Circean cup of pleasure, have seldom to bestow. The tale is soon told. The young beauty proved faithless; a second passion, for a man in every respect unworthy of her, triumphed over her principles of honour; in a word, she disgraced her husband, and, blind to a future of infamy and remorse, fled with her betrayer."

Out of this inauspicious foundation is raised the plot of the story, which involves the fortunes of a noble family, and is finally wrought out with poetic justice. The head of this family is painted in a manner not very complimentary to archæology:

"His lordship was an antiquarian, and a great lover of the fine arts. He had a museum of Indian antiquities, and a gallery of paintings. *With such delight was he wont to dwell on events of by-gone days; and with such intense care did he treasure up old coins, antique weapons, and black-letter books, esteeming them the most precious legacies bequeathed by time, that the superficial too often judged him to be a man of*

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weak or at least frivolous intellect: they could not see beneath THE LITTLE FROTH which overlaid the surface, or they would have discovered a mind strong, deep, and clear, with many a pearl enshrined there of wisdom and of goodness."

The heroine is next drawn, and the whole argument concerning her is based upon a narrow principle, as if the entire and only object of a young lady's life must be to catch a man to marry her. Her father, observing her melancholy, "mechanically drew her nearer to him, and kissed her forehead. 'I am quite well, father; I am only thinking——' 'Of what, child?' 'That were you not so kind to me—had I not you to love, how very miserable I should be.' 'Now, my dear Minda, do not indulge these desponding thoughts. You are born to be happy! Heaven designed every creature to have its portion of bliss. Ay, child'—and Lord Eltham proceeded with a gaiety of manner he rarely manifested—'you have now sprouted into womanhood, and I shall have, no doubt, very soon to recommend to you a lover. I could wish to see you wedded to a man worthy of you.' The last words had an extraordinary effect upon her to whom they were addressed. Her cheek burned, and the next instant her whole face became white as ashes. 'Father!' she cried with vehemence and bitterness; 'look at me! am I, the poor lame girl, deformed from my birth—am I to dream of marriage?—who, forsooth, will admire—who will love—who will wed me? Oh! do not deride me! do not make me feel more agony than the cold contemptuous looks, the sneers of others, inflict!' The proud and sensitive girl paused for a moment—yes, pride had mingled with the feelings of bitterness which wrung her spirit; but the ebullition was speedily over—softened feelings rushed back upon her heart, and, leaning on her father's shoulder, she burst into tears."

She does, nevertheless, inspire a very ardent passion, if we may judge of it by the language in which it is described:

"'Archer (she asks), who is the chosen one, that I may wish you—joy?' The last words were spoken by Minda with difficulty, and tears suddenly filled her eyes. Early, unconquerable love returned for an instant like a torrent upon her heart; it was the light of a sun which, she thought, had set; the burning throb of a passion she had long, long, although in vain, endeavoured to still. She turned her head aside —she felt her hand gently pressed, while broken words were whispered into her ear: 'She whom I have loved so sincerely in my heart of hearts is the dear, truthful, affectionate friend of my early days, and is now by my side!—Minda, I love you deeply, passionately; without you the seal cannot be set upon my happiness. May I hope?—will you accept me?—will you be mine?' We cannot dip our pen in the colours of the rainbow, and therefore do not attempt to describe the soft shades of varying feeling, the glow of passionate love, and the brightness of ecstasy, steeping in hues of hope and bliss the scene which followed."

This is a perfect tempest and hubbub of words, which, we are glad to state, are not exactly in the style of the second hero of the novel; for if they had, he would never have been fit for the business into which the *dénouement* pitches him; for "the mind of our student, however, in spite of his honest old father's denunciation against learning, could direct its energies to nothing but literary pursuits; and he eventually became the editor of a respectable weekly paper."

We could almost guess the journal to which he gives his "talented" services; and can positively declare it is not the *Literary Gazette*.

Trials of the Heart. By Mrs. Bray. London: Longmans.

THIS forms the eighth volume of the series of the new and illustrated edition of this lady's novels. Though different to any of her former productions, it is one of her best. *Trials of the Heart* consist of five separate tales of the domestic class, in which she has developed the feelings of the human heart, in a great variety of characters and scenes, with a truth and pathos that comes home to every breast. In "Prediction," the domestic affections are beautifully touched in a story of strong interest, where the danger of an ardent mind giving way to a passionate attachment, when duty, circumstances, and reason alike forbid its existence, is very powerfully drawn. The next, "The Orphans of La Vendée," is founded on an occurrence in real life during the fearful period of the French Revolution. The scene is the Bocage of La Vendée, where a young girl, from an enthusiastic sense of duty, did actually join the Vendean army, disguised as a man, and after conducting herself in the most heroic manner, perished in the battle of Doué. The circumstance is mentioned in the Memoirs of Madame de la Rochejacqueline. The fate of this unfortunate girl, Mrs. Bray tells us, suggested to her mind the character of Jeanne, the heroine of her own story.

The third tale, "The Little Doctor," is a mixture of the comic and the serious, of dry humour and deep feeling, that constitutes a story as original as it is amusing. Here the interest principally turns upon the affections subsisting between a father and his daughter, who is the only child spared to him after the loss of a wife and a numerous offspring. The gay scenes which abound in the early part of the tale are very pleasing, but the close is truly melancholy. We learn from the general preface, that the Little Doctor and his children were known to Mrs. Bray in early life; and that the capital scene, where the family are thrown into commotion on the unexpected birth of the child on Christmas-day, is nothing less than a sketch of actual history, the curious circumstances narrated being those which attended the birth of our authoress herself on that most memorable of all birthdays. The nurse Judy also (a rich character), Mrs. Bray assures us, is a sketch of the nurse of her own childhood. Of "Vicissitudes," the fourth tale in this volume, a full account is given in the general preface. We are there informed that the lady whose extraordinary life is so beautifully told, herself narrated the principal incidents of it to Mrs. Bray a few years ago, with permission to make what use she pleased of them. Here we have the affections portrayed in the heroine, in her several characters of daughter, wife, and mother; and finally as a widow toiling to sustain her fatherless infants, under the most trying circumstances and vicissitudes of fortune, still patient in hope, unrepining in calamity, and nobly supported throughout all her sufferings by a deep reliance on Divine Providence both for her children and herself. These scenes are painted with truth and feeling, and the moral is excellent. The last, the longest, and the most stirring of all these stories is "The Adopted," the scene of which is in Brittany, during the epoch of the French Revolution. Some of the public personages and events of the time are introduced with great spirit; and the Breton scenes and characters possess much novelty for the English reader. Life in a convent of nuns in Brittany is a very good-humoured, clever sketch; and from Mrs. Bray (as she tells us) having passed some time in the very convent she describes in her youth, we read her accounts of it with double interest. The scenes where Philippe, the principal male character in the narrative, and his mother, Madame de Clairval, and her adopted child Annette, come before us, are of the deepest interest, more especially the mother. Her warm affections, her generous care of the orphan girl, her goodness, yet blended with the gaiety of the Parisian lady, who trifles in the hours of prosperity and ease, but becomes all that is noble and magnanimous when overwhelmed by the suffering arising from revolutionary despotism, altogether constitutes a character very ably imagined and depicted. Nor less skilfully drawn is her weak, vain, and vacillating son; whilst the poor girl, whose affections he plays with, wins, rejects, yet would still retain, with all the tenderness of woman's heart, and woman's credulity and forgiveness, is one of the best and truest examples that we have met with in fiction or in reality. Every young woman whose affections are in danger of being trifled with by the heartless and vain in man, should read this story.

The Last Day. Small 8vo, with illuminated Title-page, Borders, &c. Pp. 66. Nisbet.

WE have no hesitation in saying, that in all our editorial experience, this is the most peculiar little book that ever came under our notice. We cannot go to such lengths as the author, whoever he may be, clerical or lay—so liberally does he "deal damnation round the world." But the most thoughtless, after having once taken up the book, will be carried on to the end of it. Its illuminations do not remind us of any thing we have seen before. An elegantly designed cross, in subdued colours, forms the title-page, which has a singular effect. Marginal texts are introduced in a variety of borders of different tints; and these verses from holy writ refer to the context of the pages, which describe the many scenes of life in a series of imaginative, Martin-like tableaux, such as it is fair to suppose the world will exhibit at "the last day," on the Saviour's appearing. The work is as chastely and poetically written as it is beautifully got up: every advantage is taken of the extraordinary nature of the subject. We will make a few extracts best adapted to our pages.

"The careful man muses in his chamber; he hath much to think of: sons to provide for, daughters to marry. Wealth must do these things, and the counting-house, and the ships that gather tribute of a thousand ports; and the loom that rests not, and the fire of the furnace that dies not, must make wealth; wealth makes connexion—commands respect. In the next generation—perchance even in this—will come high position, honours, titles; and men shall make obeisance before him and the sons of his pride; and friends and old companions shall be competed with and excelled; while foes shall feed upon their own hearts with jealousy; and all men shall praise; for who shall say aught against the rich man and the proud, whom 'kings delight to honour?' All this comes of wealth, and, come what may, wealth must be made. 'Cry aloud and spare not; lift up thy voice like a trumpet.' 'It is the last day!' The Lord cometh—He cometh to judge the world! The earth rocks; but the man of care hath a trembling that is not of the earth's rocking. He hears that cry, 'The Lord com-

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eth!' in a moment when God was not in his thoughts. He knows that the weaver's shuttle will be swift no longer; for the last thread of time is in the loom. Alas for the counting-house, there is but the great account to settle — man's reckoning with his God. His sons shall not sit in high places, if they have not walked humbly and loved righteousness; and 'woe, woe, woe to the daughters of the land,' if they have not waited for the 'true Bridegroom!' The end of all things is at hand; and 'none shall sit down at the marriage-supper of the Lamb but those whose names are written in the book of life.' * * *

"A ship is resting on the ocean; it is the middle watch; there is not a breath of wind; the sails flap on the masts. The wheel is useless in the steersman's hands; there is a great calm: the waters are still, as though in expectation of some coming event. The moon looks down silently on the fair deck of the stately vessel; all nature seems to listen: the sailors of the watch can no longer tell the story of former dangers; silently they gaze upward at the quiet sky, and little heed they that their last peril is at hand. Oh! in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the bright blue sky hath become black, the face of the golden moon hath changed to blood—a tempest lashes the angry waves! It is the last storm. The ocean is writhing in its dying agony; the fiat has gone forth—And there shall be no more sea! What of the night, mariner, what of the night? Again there is a light in the Heavens—the blood-red moon hath passed away; the streaks of a dawn, brighter than ever yet illumined the horizon of the once again stilly ocean, blend with the fires of a burning world. It is 'The Last Day!' The waters sink, the dry land appears. The dead of the battle and the wreck awake again to life, and the ocean-murders, which the waters have covered as with a shroud, are revealed—the dead are living witnesses against their murderers. Mariner, what of the morn? There is no more sea.—Lo! the ships of a thousand navies add their wrecks to the fires of The Last Day. Their crews stand before 'The Great White Throne,' and the 'workings' of many days shall bring a fearful 'reckoning.' Oh ye whose business has been in 'the great waters;' ye who have 'gone down to the sea in ships, and seen the wonders of the Lord,' have ye glorified Him? Ye who have 'staggered to and fro like drunken men' in the storm, and been at your 'wits' end,' when He hath, in answer to prayer, said to the waves, 'Peace, be still,' have ye praised Him? Praised Him in a life devoted to His service, from whom cometh help? Has Christ been the anchor of your souls? Has your compass pointed Zionward? Ah! ye who now walk the deck in the pride of seamanship—remember, such will be the questions, master and mariner, captain and ship's company, must answer to their own souls, and unto the 'Judge of the whole earth,' at 'The Last Day,' when there shall be 'no more sea.' * * *

"To arms! to arms! there is a breach in the yielding walls: the besieged city will be won! The warriors fight about its towers and upon its ramparts; man combats hand to hand with man, while afar off the deadly cannon breathes fire and scatters death, none knowing whence it comes. The soldier strikes with a curse to nerve his blow, and the captain swears by his God that the place shall fall; but he prays not that God to bless the cause of his country—the cause each patriot soldier holds as right: man sheds the blood of man rejoicingly. The instinct of destruction is upon him! 'On, on! let the steel go home! down with them to the dust—to the dust! They yield, they fly! Victory, victory, victory!' A trumpet sounds. Who knows that thrilling call? It is not the onset—parley or retreat? Still, still the trumpet sounds, will that blast never end? Ah! brave men among the world's braveries, do ye shrink and tremble now? It is 'the last trump'—look to the slain—they live, they rise again! What fires light yon place that *was* the sky?—lo, not a burning city, but a burning world! Lord God of Battles, it is 'The Last Day!' How has it found thee, reckless man of war? There trembling stand, and think upon the past. In peace, the business of thy life one long parade of irksome duty, or of empty pomp. Thy reward, the fool's envy and applause; thy recreation, every sensual joy. In war, to slay or to be slain; hadst thou a thought beyond? Yes, glory; and where is now thy recompense; the glory of the world hath passed away! 'Thy brother's blood doth cry from out the ground.' Yet, are all here condemned? Can none claim interest in a richer blood, that washeth out all stains? Even here Jehovah is not left without a people, though a scattered few. Those whom God's grace found soldiers, and made soldiers of the cross. Among the bravest in their country's warfare these should be most brave; but bitter need have they to claim the Saviour's intercession. War, cruel war, their trade, each hand lifted in supplication to their coming Lord red with a brother's blood."

It is hardly fair to quote any more from these tiny pages; they will soon be in the hands of many of our readers, for we have little doubt that this will be the popular religious gift-book of the season.

The Young Baronet. A Novel. By the Author of the "Scottish Heiress," the "Young Widow," &c. &c. 3 vols. Newby.

This is a very original and delicious novel (let the publisher quote that in his advertised list of puff approbations). It is not that the story has any thing excessively new in it: for the material and characters are somewhat hackneyed. An obscure birth—changelings—a wrong and a right heir—a terrible sort of revengeful old bag possessed of the secret, and muttering *à la* Meg Merrilies—a provincial town, its inhabitants, and the clique who enjoy the inn—ghosts, fetches, descriptions of fine scenery, very dark nights and very terrible storms to accompany deeds of darkness and horror, are the staples of the story. But it is the style which demands our unqualified admiration; and to this alone will we direct the notice of readers, that they may see on what qualities may be built the fame of a popular novelist.

Of the new idiom, for which we are sorry to be indebted to a very distinguished author, we have a succession of pregnant examples, which may serve (as they ought not) for models to future English classics:

"It might have been a hero to its valet, that old town-house." "And decently walked the poorest men"—"they were tidy, these poor men were, and they even marched after bands, so they did." "The old man looked slightly flushed, for his convivial principles were of the bygone days, when there was a worthiness in drinking fairly; he was slightly flushed, the old provost was."

But passing these specimens of imitative talent, we will now select six or eight examples of the author's own unique and hitherto unattempted words, language, and construction.

"A procession passed out towards a large green hill at some distance, on the summit of which a crowd of persons was collected—passed out over a broad valley road lined with green trees, garden-walls, and the iron railings of *villa lands.* The sun shone brigbtly, for the day was summer's own, so brigbtly it shone that even the shadowy spots were glistening, the bells rang clearly, more clearly it seemed as *the distance gave their sharp tones that light-hearted sweetness which is so a-kin to purity, that all good men think of young hearts very kindly when they hear old church-bells.*" "Suddenly a shout arose, a shout of ten thousand voices, so earnest, so terrible and loud, that the pealing bells had a muffled sound, and the *kindlings of the trumpet paled.*"—"On they went, and the summer-wind blew; and the small forest-trees in the miniature plantations [*i. e.* the villa lands] of citizen's villas, like the small nobility in their saloons, dallied there, but looked out of place [the summer-wind did!]; the summer-wind blew, and the *brown pines on the heights waved their caverned tops together and gave again the hill echoes of the music that lingered in the hursts, as it rose on the continuous waves that the long breezes made from the valley which the road ran through;* the summer-wind blew, and the moving flags beat in *blindfold flutterings with it.*"

It is not easy to beat this summer-wind! In the midst, Sir Rensult Falconer (the hero) rode rapidly up towards the site of the cavern-topped brown pines, when "whispered many voices, and many a pair of bright eyes followed the *retreating progress* of the rider, as the proud horse took him fleetly on."

Among the lookers on is a gay and beautiful lady in "a luxuriously appointed barouche," with a pretty young girl by her side. This was "the Countess of Glenmore, wife of the lord lieutenant of the county, and there were many fair faces around her, but in beauty, aspect, in the *unobtruding guise of conscious rank, and that demeanour which has no details, but like the demeanour of an exquisite statue—for in all grace there is demeanour elementary of its very existence*—is not an independent charm, but the subtle unity which makes them real, the young countess was the most striking object in the varied grouping [that is to say, the pretty young girl] by which the carriages *was filled. Her person, even as it reclined, had the elegance of graceful stature,* the fine countenance had much softness, but yet was expressive of the reposing haughtiness of thought and will; the eyes were full, dark, and instinct with the *quiet intelligence of passion;* the hair almost jet black, a thick, silken tress having escaped from under her bonnet, lying carelessly on her white throat, the mouth was *small and ripe,* and the chin, *under a domino, would have had a coyness that might have beckoned kisses to it.*"

We do not remember ever to have read a description superior to this; and we might well rest our eulogy upon the author with it alone; but genius so peculiar ought to be farther exhibited, were it only for the sake of English literature. Here is a bit of the provost's post-prandial oration: "'He was my friend,' continued the old man with something of that natural emotion *which now and then starts forth on those occasions of the flushed congress of forbearance.*"

The sybil-woman offers another fine example: "On one of her skinny hands there was a broad hoop of gold—a silver brooch shaped like a heart was on her breast, a string of large amber beads was round her throat, and a black crucifix edged with silver hung at her girdle. *She was shawlwrapped, self-contained and fortaliced in appearance, as an old woman should be.*"

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Contrasted with this striking portrait of female eld, is that of youth in the provost's daughter, who is reading a sermon on Sunday night: "Simply, yet with the grace of quiet reverence, Lilly read the moral pages of this family favourite of the Scottish church, wishing in the *thoughtful tendrilism* of her heart, that the listener whom she almost worshipped might benefit by what he heard."

But we conclude with the hero, who, over his wine, has declared that he will not be a rogue in retaining the estate from its lawful owner. It is a splendid portrait,—Maclise might embody it: "The tables were turned. Renault's dark grey eyes flashed forth into strange beauty as the pure light of their large dark pupils became brighter in that manly splendour which belongs to dauntlessness, and the tones of his rich deep voice were all in naturals without a false note or falter in the frankness which they sustained; while Factor Drurie put his chin inside his white neckcloth, and with his left hand holding his wineglass on the table, and the expanded fingers of his right thrust through his waistcoat, became more and more grave and thoughtful until coffee came in, and then he became himself again."

People may dispute about dates, but we hope nobody will deny that there is a very great difference between the Old Style and the New.

New Commentaries on the Laws of England (partly founded on Blackstone). By H. J. Stephen, Sergeant-at-Law. Vol. IV. 8vo, pp. 572. London, Henry Butterworth.

Of this very careful and most useful work we have spoken on former occasions, but cannot permit its conclusion to be arrived at without again bearing our strong testimony to its merits. The essence of many a massy volume is here concentrated in four of moderate size, and made readily available by an excellent general index, in addition to leading and judicious arrangement.

In the present volume, the consideration of civil injuries is continued and exhausted; and we then have the various modifications of crime defined, and the punishments enacted for them, whether they are committed against property, the person, the government, religion, the law of nations, or other objects or institutions, the preservation of which is necessary for the common weal. The courts, modes of proceeding, and final sentences, &c. are clearly laid down; and the whole is appropriately finished with an able and comprehensive chapter on the rise, progress, and gradual improvement of the laws of England. That much has been done is evident from this summary; and that much more remains to be done we need not suggest. But we can truly say of Mr. Sergeant Stephen's historical view,—embracing, "1. From the earliest times to the Norman conquest; 2. From the Norman conquest to the reign of King Edward the First; 3. From thence to the reformation; 4. From the reformation to the restoration of King Charles the Second; 5. From thence to the revolution in 1688; 6. From the revolution to the publication of Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England; 7. From the era last-mentioned to the present time,"—that it possesses all the merits of conciseness, research, learning, impartiality, intelligence, and astuteness. The entire work is almost a law library of itself; and, at any rate, it is enough for men of common capacity, who are engaged in the usual transactions of life, and do not belong to the profession. It is, in short, a work for every good library.

PORTUGUESE POSSESSIONS IN AFRICA.

[Third notice: conclusion.]

Of the slaves brought for sale to the coast the transport is thus described:

"However extensive the caravans may be, the people invariably walk in single file, partly on account of the narrowness of the paths, but chiefly from prudential motives, because if they were at all scattered, a wild beast might easily seize a victim. The negroes who head the caravans always have bells hanging about them, which make a tinkling noise at every step, and startle or frighten any wild beast that may happen to be lurking by the road-side; the rear is also brought up by men wearing bells. It is not always easy, at first sight, to distinguish the few slaves who are intended for sale; they are frequently mixed with the caravan, walk in the line with the rest, and, like them, carry goods; but sometimes they follow the train with their hands tied behind their backs, or with ropes round their necks. If the caravan consists of only a few individuals, conducting a large body of slaves, they are compelled to adopt measures to insure their own safety, and to provide against running the risk of being murdered in their sleep. In such cases, the slave-leader is provided with a long pole, which is furnished with a kind of fork at the end, into which the neck of the slave is fixed; the other end is fastened to the body of the leader, who, in this manner, always remains at a safe distance, so that he can, without apprehension, lie down to sleep; at which time the hands of the slave are bound behind his back, that he may not take the opportunity of relieving himself of the fork about his neck. If the slaves are very numerous, they are fastened to each other with chains, or ropes about their necks, and their hands bound; the drivers are, of course, always well armed, and, on the slightest appearance of danger, will save their own lives by sacrificing those of their slaves. We have before stated, that it is extremely rare for a large body of slaves to be brought into the town in open daylight for the purpose of being sold. This is usually done under the covert of the darkness and silence of night; then those unhappy creatures, who have been 'kidnapped in slumber, bartered for a toy,' are secreted in various parts of the town and its vicinity, till their numbers are sufficiently swelled, and very frequently the fact of their having been concealed is not known till after the departure of the slave-ship. The indispensable necessity for this secrecy on the part of the slave-dealers was evident from the frequent intercourse of my host with the English vessels which were cruising in the vicinity, the officers of which always met with a most welcome reception at his house. * * *

"Every young negress, though she be a slave, has her own lover, who always manifests extreme jealousy at any interference; but the moment she marries, she is pledged to the strictest laws of honour and faithfulness; and the reply, 'I am a married woman,' at once puts a stop to any further advances. All the resident negroes of Loanda are Roman Catholics, or at least boast of being such: and though some few among them sanction the custom, that an unbaptised negro may have as many wives as he can afford to support, yet the woman does not presume upon this unacknowledged right of her husband; and from the moment that she unites herself to him in marriage, she cuts the thread of every former connexion so completely, that we might almost believe that the law was still in existence, which unconditionally inflicted upon the unfaithful civilised negro wife the punishment of death. It would be well if the European ladies in Loanda, even those of the highest rank, were to take a lesson from their sable sisters: they ought to be an example to the negresses in their married life, whereas the very reverse is the case. The rage, the unbounded passion of the Portuguese of the coast to vie with each other in wealth, silences every other, nay, the most sacred feelings; so that even a husband's jealousy is appeased, if, by the unfaithfulness of his wife, he may gain a few poor paltry pieces of gold. I myself witnessed the delight with which a Portuguese, high in office, received a head-dress of gold and pearls, the payment of another European, for having been permitted to enjoy his wife's company for a short time; although this circumstance was known to every body, neither the man nor his wife evinced the slightest reserve in exhibiting to me their ill-gotten guerdon, and manifesting the liveliest joy."

Such are among the sketches of society in this demoralised and iniquitous region. They are varied by the friendly visit of a soba, or negro prince, to Loanda, who "was attended by a retinue of more than a thousand men, the greater part of whom were armed with a variety of weapons. The procession was headed by a troop of musicians, and was swelled by an immense crowd of spectators, who thronged around the musicians, and gave vent to their excited feelings by dancing and shouting with childish glee. The soba was seated in a kind of chair, in the centre of a large flat litter, which was borne by four naked negroes, while other slaves held a canopy of elegantly wrought bass-mat, fastened to four poles, and trimmed with broad fringes, as a protection against the sun. The head-dress of the soba consisted of the so-called mafookcap, made of the same material as the canopy, and of which I shall speak more particularly in my account of Ambriz. The rest of his dress was composed of European calicoes, the ample folds of which were probably intended to indicate his wealth. Four ministers or mafooks, armed with lances and a long bamboo-cane, followed close behind the litter, and formed a body-guard; then the rest of his attendants brought up the rear, without any regard to order. Arrived at the palace-gate, the soba, who was advanced in years, was lifted from his seat by two blacks; in doing which, one of them had the misfortune to knock off the royal cap, which was placed carelessly on the prince's head. One of the mafooks quickly stepped forward and replaced it very respectfully on the head of his master, who, with an angry frown on his countenance, gave a signal, upon which the culprit was instantly taken aside, and received several severe blows from the mafooks with their long canes. Without paying any further regard to what had taken place, the soba, accompanied by two mafooks and an interpreter, went to meet the governor, who was waiting at the door to receive him. After short mutual salutations, the governor accompanied his guest to the audience-chamber; and during their brief conference, the negro musicians continued to sound their horns and drums, to the great delight of the crowd, who went on dancing and singing."

His entertainment was sumptuous: but in the prison, in a chamber quite dark, was another negro prince, "who had formerly governed a province to the north-east, probably Sogno. He had caused the Portuguese envoys to be murdered when they demanded the tribute which he had promised, and was at the

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same time contending for the royal dignity with his brother, the King of Congo, whose vassal he was. He fell into the hands of the artful Portuguese by his own imprudence, and they had already kept him in the most deplorable condition imaginable for full three years. The governor-general told me that, for form sake, the prince was taken to the palace once a month, for the ostensible purpose of being examined, and always returned to his prison-house with renewed hopes of being soon set at liberty; whereas it had been long since decided to keep him there till the end of his days. The governor assured me, that this prince had been the most troublesome and dangerous enemy of the Portuguese crown; and that his influence was so great among the negroes that, should he recover his liberty, he would be more eager than ever to take vengeance on the European colony, to which he might prove a very formidable foe. The government could not venture to put him to a violent death; and they lately entertained a confident hope, that his hitherto robust constitution must soon give way beneath the harsh treatment which he experienced in his loathsome dungeon. The prince was always accompanied by the commandant of the fort when he went to the palace, and a guard of soldiers followed at some distance. His pride was at first wounded, because he was attended by an inferior officer, for he himself possessed a general's uniform, in which he had invariably appeared in public; he was allowed to wear this uniform, in order that no unfavourable impression might be made upon the resident negroes, as well as upon those from the interior. His name and fate must have been known far and near, for the negro caravans that came even from the greatest distances invariably threw themselves upon their knees when he appeared on his way to the palace, and with downcast looks avoided meeting his eye. The universal solemn silence was interrupted only by a low murmur, like a prayer, to which he responded with dignified seriousness as he walked between the lines. Not till he had long passed by did they venture to look up and gaze after him with great reverence. Probably there was not a man among them who had the slightest idea that his glittering uniform was soon to be laid aside, and exchanged for galling fetters and links of iron. When the keeper opened the massy door of his cell, he came out with slow and languid steps, being hindered by the weight of his chains. He seemed much alarmed at the sight of several strange faces, till at length, encouraged by the kind words of the commandant, he inquired, in good Portuguese, from what country we came, and what was the purport of our visit, adding that, from our light hair, he thought we must be Englishmen. When Mr. dos Santos asked him, why he had rebelled against his lawful queen, he replied, very sensibly, that the Queen of Portugal was not his lawful queen; she had no right to govern in his country, for this prerogative belonged only to himself and his brother, the King of Congo. His tall handsome figure gradually regained its proud bearing, and he repeatedly demanded of us whether his release would be long delayed; observing, that it must take place, since he had not committed any crime, but had only asserted his rights in opposition to Portugal. Upon this the unfortunate prince was led back to his prison, which was to be his grave."

A trip to the river Bengo—crowded with sharks, alligators, rhinoceroses, and hippopotamuses, and its banks the resort of innumerable lions and other wild beasts—relieves us somewhat from the inhumanity of these painful descriptions. Of the animal king the Dr. states, on the authority of its namesake, though a human being—

"The sun had scarcely set when the numerous herds of well-fed cattle returned from the rich pasture, to be shut up for the night. Their pens were surrounded by a wall of stones and plaster, between eight and nine feet high; yet even this fence did not afford complete protection against the wild beasts, for only a week before, a lion had leaped over the wall, and back again, carrying off a calf in his jaws. He did no further mischief at this time, and succeeded in escaping with his booty, though he was immediately fired at, and pursued for a considerable distance. The marks of his claws were distinctly visible on the plaster of the wall. Mr. Lion assured me, that it was no uncommon occurrence for a lion to attack a herd while at pasture in the day-time, and, from the mere love of slaughter, to kill a number of animals, by striking them in the neck with his paw; ten or fifteen victims would seldom satisfy him, nay, on one occasion, no less than thirty-six oxen fell a prey to his fury. Scarcely any of them had an external wound, for the lion generally rips up the belly of one ox, and satisfies his hunger by devouring the entrails. I heard many tales of the cruelty of the lion, but no one knew any thing of his much-lauded magnanimity. Last year, our host, when standing at his window, shot a lion which was about to leap over the wall of the cattle-pen, upon which the wounded and enraged animal rushed into the house to seek his assailant, and, not meeting him, was in the act of springing over the high reed partition when he was struck by another ball, and fell dead to the ground. The negroes, as well as the Europeans, are fully persuaded that the lion is never killed by the ball, but by the prodigious leap which he takes when wounded, to reach his enemy, in order, when dying, to inflict death in return by a blow of his formidable paw. One of the company related that, in the new colony of Mossamedes, a wounded lion had leapt into a slave-yard, where, in an instant, he killed thirteen negroes and a white man, and then succeeded in taking flight."

This was a location on the Bengo where, in one night, the strangers got infected with the climatic fever, which broke out among them a few weeks after, and carried them to their graves.

At Ambriz, being an independent negro kingdom, the slave-trade cannot be interfered with by any European government. The place itself appears to be a splendid paradise:

"The ground was in many places literally covered with flowers; the bushes were adorned with bloom or seed, and the large trees were laden with a variety of beautiful blossoms, or bore abundance of fruit. One of these was particularly striking to the eye of a stranger, for it was covered with fruit the size of a gourd, which the inhabitants convert into drinking vessels. I involuntarily called to mind the fable of the man, who, while sleeping under an oak-tree, was awakened by an acorn falling on his nose, and congratulated himself on the wisdom of nature, in not suffering so lofty a tree to bear gourds, a notion which consoled him for the pain that he suffered: nature, however, had not followed out his notion of wisdom in Africa. Large flights of brilliant humming-birds, being roused by the noise which we made in passing, issued from their retreats which they had sought during the heat of the day; and a singular effect was produced by the incredible numbers of the artificial nests of the weaver-bird, suspended from the ends of the tamarinds. Various trees were mantled to their very summits by parasites, and richly-coloured butterflies fluttered amid these beautiful flowers. There was not a spot of bare earth to be seen; wherever the ground was not clad with more beautiful plants, it was covered with grasses, rising to the height of a man. This paradise seemed an impress of the peace of nature, and imparted to me a pleasure I had never felt before, and I could scarcely overcome the desire of making a longer stay in this lovely spot. My eye roved from one beauty to another, and revelled in silent delight on the exquisite charms which were spread before me with mute rapture. The stillness which pervades the whole, the breathless silence of all nature, cannot be conceived, and has in it something supernatural, which fills the soul with awe. It was quite a relief to hear the clear notes of the turtle-dove; and the unharmonious twittering of other birds fell like music on my ear. The exquisite song of our northern nightingale would be an enjoyment too great to be borne amid scenes like these."

In Ambriz, too, it is strictly prohibited to inflict any punishment which draws blood, the corporal infliction is not otherwise contrary to the laws; and "the yoke of slavery, the mark of which is indelibly stamped on every negro, whether bond or free, of the Portuguese colony, is so despicable and degrading in the eyes of the independent people of Ambriz, that they look down with disdain on their oppressed neighbours, and resolutely defend their own frontiers against the temporal and spiritual authority of Loanda."

A visit to the king occupies an interesting portion of the work; but we have gone as far as our limits warrant with its contents, and must not only omit an amusing account of the island of Annabon, but conclude very briefly with what demands especial remark from a journal of literature.

Dr. Tams at one time denies the existence of cannibalism, at another time admits it. He asserts the capacity of negro intellect, as witnessed among the tribes of Congo; laments the condition of the natives where Roman Catholic missions have been established, as more vicious than where left to themselves; hopes much from the exertions of the Church and Wesleyan missionary societies, now in operation about forty years; and thus speaks of various languages:

"The language of the Bangualese is one of the numberless dialects of the Lingua Bunda: and, like its root, has no written characters, and, consequently, the negro is exempt from the trouble of learning to read or write."

The Cabinda is another dialect of the Lingua Bunda; and Dr. T. says:

"The most satisfactory means of forming a correct judgment of the standard of mental culture attained by the Congo negroes would doubtless be the study of their language, the Lingua Bunda. As I am quite unacquainted with this language, I must refrain from giving any opinion, but will communicate some information imparted to me by Dr. Tycho Mommson, that he derived from a grammar and lexicon by Cannecattim, which I have brought with me. Although, with few exceptions, the negro languages belong to a branch of philology hitherto almost entirely unexplored, it may, nevertheless, be positively affirmed of the Lingua Bunda, that it is neither wholly destitute of flexion, nor has it been reduced to a

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thoroughly organised system, and therefore properly belongs to the second class established by Wilhelm von Humboldt. We here find what that profound inquirer sets down as a principal characteristic of an agglutinate language, namely, that instead of changes of the terminations, prefixes prevail, which never blend so completely as suffixes with the radical word; thus, for instance, the plural is formed by prefixing the syllable *ji*, or by changing the nominal prefixes, *mu*, *qui*, *ri*, respectively into *mi* and *a*, *i*, *ma*, of which the transition from *mu* into *mi* might be considered, at the most, as a symbolic change of form. There is no grammatical distinction of genders, and the gender is expressed by the addition of certain words. The cases are formed by prefixed particles. With respect to the verbs, the differences of the three conjugations proposed by Cannecattim seem to depend on euphonic laws; but the medio-passive is clearly distinguished from the active by peculiar prefixes; the preterite is formed by certain prefixes and suffixes; the future by the addition of *yza*, which signifies 'come,' and which otherwise serves for derivation; for instance, to form a foreign adjective, as from *pilimelu*, in Portuguese, *primeiro*, *yza-pilimelu*, to anticipate. I conjecture, too, that I see in *le*, the suffix of the preterite, the root *cala*, to be. The differences of person are indicated by prefixes, which, with the exception of the prefixes of the first and second persons singular (the root of which I do not know), are abridged forms of the personal pronoun. It is remarkable that, with the exception of some adjectives, all the words terminate with a vowel. Cannecattim gives the guttural *h* and *g* as consonants, which the Portuguese had not. With respect to *p*, it may be doubted whether it was originally in the negro idiom, because almost all the words in which it is found may be referred to the Portuguese. Generally speaking, the Lingua Bunda is by no means pure, but mixed with Portuguese words, which have been variously disfigured by the negroes, to accommodate them to their own pronunciation. Among others, we may remark, *navio*, ship; *bici*, fish; *panu*, sail; *ezolu*, fish-hook (Portuguese *anzol*); but we refrain from drawing any inferences."

"*Gigantic Serpents.*—It might be very interesting to ascertain whether these snakes are of the same species as those mentioned by Dr. Martius, in his Travels in Brazil. As this part of his valuable work has not been translated into English, an extract from it, relative to these formidable animals, may not be unwelcome to the reader. Speaking of the beauty of the country near the Rio de St. Francisco, which is adorned with splendid forests of the *palma mauritia, vinifera*, he says: 'It is very dangerous to penetrate into the inmost recesses of these forests, for they are the retreat of the gigantic serpent (*boa murina, L.*), which, as Senhor Noguneira assures us, attain such an enormous size, that, when lying stretched out at full length on the grass, they may be taken, at first sight, for the trunk of an uprooted palm. This gigantic serpent does not kill its prey by poison, but is dangerous and formidable on account of great strength: it supports itself in an attack by twisting its tail several times round the trunk of a tree, and then darting on its victim, breaks all the bones, by encompassing it with many folds, after which it slowly swallows it by a peculiar mode of suction. The old serpents, when hungry, will attack a horse and rider, or an ox, which they swallow entire, except the horns, which they suffer to rot off. Such serpents, of inferior size, are capable of swallowing incredibly large bodies. Thus several Sertaneiros told us, that they had found in the belly of a snake, about forty feet long, a deer and two wild boars. That the gigantic serpent first covers its prey with its saliva is a fable. We had frequent opportunities of seeing such serpents, as they lay basking in the sun, on the banks of the pool, coiled up like a cable, but did not succeed in killing a large one, because, on being aroused by our approach, they darted, as swift as lightning, into the water.' * * *

"*Badges or Marks of the Indian Tribes.*—In the district of the Yupura there is a great number of hordes, or tribes, differing from each other, and this is the very part of the country where we meet the most frequently with the singular custom of distinguishing them from each other by peculiar characteristic marks or badges. I often inquired of the Indians themselves about the cause of these national marks, which cannot be made without pain, trouble, and in a considerable time; and the usual answer was, that they were for the purpose of easily distinguishing the individuals of the several tribes. If we consider the number of different hordes, tribes, or families, dwelling near each other, and who, when hunting, must often meet either singly or in parties; the many feuds transmitted from father to son, and the complication of various treaties and alliances which must arise from the continued state of war of many of them; and, lastly, the difficulty of coming to an understanding, caused by the great diversity of languages—all this will justify our opinion, that these marks originated in the necessity of being able to recognise each other quickly, and at a distance. The Indian is never on a spot which is the exclusive and acknowledged property of his tribe; he may, therefore, be taken by those who meet him for an enemy or a robber, and, on this account, he always has about him these strange disfigurations, which may indicate peace, war, or neutrality. This opinion is rendered the more probable by the fact, that tribes similarly marked generally live at peace with each other, and that every tribe has one declared enemy. It is very usual for an Indian, when questioned respecting the peculiarities of his tribe, to add the name of its hereditary enemy. The type of these marks is always from the animal kingdom; they are intended for the resemblance of the araras, of the various species of monkeys, of the ounce, &c., and are generally produced by the operation of tattooing, especially in the face. Piercing the lips, the nose, and the ears, and filling the holes with variously formed pieces of wood, stone, or resin, shells, glass, bits of porcelain, is a subordinate kind of badge, for the Indian may lay it aside when he is at home, and often does so at night."

Freemasons' Calendar and Pocket-Book for 1846. R. Spencer.

THIS generally useful pocket-book, and specifically useful for the estimable members of the Craft, is published under the Sanction of the Grand Lodge, and for the *benefit of the excellent Charity Fund*, which, in a voice of soothing melody, whispers one of the noble secrets of masonry into the ears and hearts of the aged and helpless, of the bereaved and desolate, and of orphans utterly destitute but for this most beneficent Institution. It is, therefore, on every account an annual guide and companion to be cordially recommended to every brother: its profits will augment the means whence relief is admirably administered to the unfortunate and forlorn, and it will at the same time supply all the information which a mason may need to refer to in the course of the coming year. It also contains (as we have mentioned) the usual intelligence for all classes, whether free and accepted or not, and is, moreover, handsomely bound with pockets and receptacles, and pages for memoranda, &c. of the most convenient description.

*** In noticing a Masonic Record, we take the opportunity again to mention the regular progress of the Rev. Dr. Oliver's *Historical Landmarks and other Evidences of Masonry, &c.* with illustrations by Brother J. Harris, of which we have now the Ninth Part before us. It is an extremely curious work, and improves in research and interest as it goes on.

Agricultural Chemical Almanack for 1846. By Freeman Roe. London, Groombridge and Sons.

A SINGLE sheet of useful agricultural and chemical information, and a capital advertisement.

The Comic Blackstone. By G. A. à Beckett. Pp. 252.

AFTER entertaining the public by expounding laws in ludicrous lights and jocular readings in the pages of *Punch*, Mr. à Beckett's amusing lucubrations are here collected into a volume, and very whimsically illustrated by the pencil of another able illustrator, George Cruikshank; so that if not Coke upon Lyttelton, this may pass for Joke upon Blackstone. We could imagine, that glancing over Mr. Sergeant Stephen's excellent work (see p. 857) supplied the hints for the present *opus*.

Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures. By Douglas Jerrold. Pp. 142.

Is another of the confections from the periodical *Punch*, made into an entire sweetmeat, cake, pudding, or pie, for Christmas. It is a fourth edition too, and embellished cleverly by Leech. The popularity of the Lectures in their original form renders commendation surplusage. The hits at matrimonial life told so well among the middle and lower orders of society—every body finding out some trait or another which fitted themselves or their neighbours — that there could be no wonder they become household words, and the jests of steamboat and railroad travellers.

Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England. By John Lord Campbell. The First Series. 3 vols. 8vo. Murray.

THIS ponderous work is too much for us to grapple with in the last week of the year; and we must reserve it, *as it is large*, to grace our Enlarged System. For the moment, we can only say that it displays much research, and states many facts connected with the offices in question, and the progress of legislation, which add value to the interest of the biographies.

On the Transfer of Property by Public Auction and Private Contract, &c. By Alexander Rainy. Pp. 54.

THIS is the substance of the statement made by Mr. Rainy some months ago, and noticed at the time in the *Literary Gazette*, together with some additions, out of which he earnestly condemns the interposition of agents, or middlemen, between the sellers of property and those employed by them to dispose of it. He contends that all their fees and allowances are screwed out of the fund which would otherwise accrue to their principals.

The Pharmaceutical Latin Grammar, &c. By A. J. Cooley. Pp. 132. London, Groombridge.

THIS is not only an acceptable introduction to medical Latin, that crabbed stuff which it is no

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easy matter to read or understand, but also displays a thorough *conversancy* with the Latin tongue, and illustrates its rules and positions with many nice quotations. The vocabulary of contractions and phraseology in prescriptions is particularly useful.

Elementa Liturgica, &c. By G. A. Walker, A.M. Pp. 106. Longmans.

As useful for the young clergyman as the foregoing for the young medico: and the explanations of the Book of Common Prayer, Sacraments of the Church, &c., will be found to supply much instruction of general value to all classes of the community.

Eight Discourses preached before the University of Cambridge in 1844. By the Rev. J. Howard Marsden, B.D. 8vo, pp. 148. London, Pickering.

The reverend author's second course of Hulsean lectures is eminently distinguished for its plain appeal to common sense in the arguments adduced upon "the evidence for revealed religion; the truth and excellency of Christianity; or the more difficult texts and obscure parts of Scripture," &c., and his explanations concerning the miracles are in the same clear tone and rational temper. Such teaching reflects credit on Cambridge, and is calculated to promote the general prosperity of that great school; and especially at a time when doubts and fears are sapping the very foundations of her sister university, and parents are afraid to send their children where they are so liable to have their faith altered, and their course of life directed to quite an opposite point from that for which they are destined. There is no question but that the schisms which prevail in Oxford are producing effects most injurious to it as a school, not only for divines but for students in the other learned professions; and of this state of things, Cambridge, with such sound practical men as Mr. Marsden, must reap the advantage.

The Dublin Journal of Medical Science; including the latest Discoveries in Medicine, Surgery, and the Collateral Sciences. No. LXXXIII. Dublin, Hodges and Smith.

The last number of this valuable medical periodical, which reflects so much credit upon the scientific industry of the profession in the Irish metropolis, concludes with a full index to the twenty-eight volumes that have now been published. This is a complete medical library in itself, and it contains a vast amount of useful information. Among the important original articles in the present number, we must particularly notice an able exposition of the so-called "Plastic Surgery" of Dieffenbach, in which the various modes of repairing and forming new palates, or making artificial ones, are treated of at length. The Half-yearly Abstract cannot interfere with publications of this class, without which there would be no real professional progress.

Health made Easy for the People; or Physical Training to make their Lives in this World Long and Happy. By the Inventor of the Plano-Globe, &c. &c. Fifth Thousand. Stereotype Edition. Pp. 176.

There is something appropriate in the inventor of the plano-globe confining his advice to this world, as he expressly intimates; and an edition of five thousand proves with what effect. A writer who inculcates that what we judiciously spend in educating we save from the expenditure of furnishing, is a person who deserves encouragement. Persevering and industrious, he labours in a good cause, the dissemination of useful knowledge, and here is a most valuable little book, full of illustrative engravings, for eighteenpence! There is not an objectionable thing in the work: the information is entirely of a simple, elementary character, just so much as every one ought to know of the human frame and economy, to save him from empirics, and of the principles of health and disease, to preserve himself to a considerable extent from the latter. A supplement also contains a popular explanation of the assurance principle.

The Pharmaceutical Journal and Transactions. Edited by Jacob Bell. Vol. V. No. 5.

This little periodical continues to enjoy a well-merited favour. It labours to improve the character and position of chemists and druggists, and nothing can be more praiseworthy. It also proposes the formation of a national pharmacopœia, a real desideratum, the want of which is a national disgrace. We hope the society will vigorously bestir itself in such an object.

Cases and Observations, illustrative of the beneficial Results which may be obtained by close attention and perseverance in some of the most unpromising instances of Spinal Deformity. By Samuel Hare, Surgeon.

Mr. Hare is already well known to the readers of the *Literary Gazette* as the author of an admirable work on the treatment of curvatures of the spine. The public must be the gainer by subdivision of labour in instances like this, where attention to a particular branch of the profession certainly holds out greater promise of success. The present cases are further illustrations of the editor's treatment, and this is mainly founded upon the ingenious expedients demanded by the particular cases, and upon the close attention and perseverance of the individual. It is not susceptible of critical analysis.

Memorials of Missionary Life in Nova Scotia. By C. Churchill, Wesleyan Missionary. Pp. 206. London, J. Mason; Hamilton, Adams, and Co.; Nottingham, Dearden.

Those who look for much miscellaneous information in this little volume will be disappointed; but if all that is desired be a satisfactory account of the progress and successful efforts of the Wesleyan missions in the province, they will find enough to gratify that wish. Conversions, special providences, and consolatory death-bed scenes, &c. occupy their usual place.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 22d.—Capt. W. H. Smyth, V.P. in the chair. Three new members were elected. The paper read was a letter from Mr. John Duncan, dated Cape Coast, 4th Oct. 1845. Mr. Duncan states, that though the King of Ashantee had refused him permission to pass through his dominions, notwithstanding it had been asked by Governor Hill, he had been enabled to penetrate into the interior by another route. Being at Whyddah, he had ingratiated himself into the favour of Senhor Don Francisco de Suza, a Portuguese slave-dealer, who had been established there between 40 and 50 years, and whose influence with the King of Dahomey was paramount. This gentleman obtained for Mr. Duncan an invitation from the king to visit him, and a promise of his protection. He accordingly prepared suitable presents for the king and his cabareers, and started on the 6th of June. Having arrived on the 10th, he presented himself to the king in his life-guard uniform, and was most graciously received. At the king's desire he went through the sword-exercise at gallop, which greatly astonished and interested the monarch, who, in return, on the following day, shewed him a review of 6000 female troops, whose arms, accoutrements, and performance, the traveller says, were truly surprising. Mr. Duncan remained at Abomey, the capital of Dahomey, till the 17th, when the king, having had the road cleared for him for more than 100 miles, gave him an escort of 100 men, and permission to travel over any part of his dominions he pleased. Every where the traveller found provisions in abundance already provided for him, and ready cooked. He describes the Mahea mountains as very remarkable in their appearance; and on the summits of the perpendicular rocks, of which they are formed, the native towns are situated. The mode by which the Dahomans successively became masters of these towns is described. Mr. Duncan, having been informed of the existence in the interior of persons who could give him information respecting Mungo Park, proceeded to a large town, named Adofoodia, in 13° 6′ N., and 1° 3′ E. Here was a large market with articles from the Mediterranean, and others from Bornou. At this place he found a fine-looking Bornouese who spoke Spanish, and who told him he had been 21 years a slave in Bahia, to the firm of Busby and Johnson, of Liverpool. He also met a Tripoli merchant he had seen at Egga, when on the Niger expedition. Amali Fatuma was, it appears, the principal cause of Park's death. Having complained to the king or chief of Yaouri that Park had discharged him without paying him his full wages, Park was interrogated upon the subject, and of course indignantly denied the charge, whereupon an attempt was made to detain the canoe, which was at the time moored to the bank by a piece of rope. Park, said Mr. Duncan's informant, cut off the hand of one of the people attempting to detain the canoe; this was the commencement of the affray which ended in Park's death. The old priest, Terasso Weea, further states, that about four years ago, a white man, from Constantinople, came in search of Park's papers; that he, the priest, saw the person purchase, at a high price, a long tin tube, with large sheets of paper in it; but that, after the purchase, the king declared the price too little, and made a fresh demand upon the poor merchant. The books it appears were distributed into different hands, many were cut up and sold as amulets, and some were carried to Boussa, where they remained a very long time. This priest had been more than twenty times to Timbuctoo, which he described as not so large as Adofoodia, and famed only as a great exchange mart for goods, in consequence of the facilities for transport afforded by 36 tributary streams, which enter the Niger within one league of Timbuctoo. From Adofoodia Mr. Duncan was obliged to return. He received on his way back the same kind attentions from the King of Dahomey. On starting from Whyddah, he had taken into his service a French Canadian, by whom he was nearly assassinated: this man afterwards died of fever brought on by excessive drinking. The vessel from which Mr. Duncan had taken him was an American, which was sold to the slave-dealers, and soon got off with a cargo of 600 slaves. Mr. Duncan safely returned to the coast, bringing with him 10 fine bullocks, 11 goats, 2 sheep, guinea fowls, 5 rare ducks, 11 very rare pigeons, and 16 domestic fowls, also of a very rare breed. These were all presents from a part of the country never before trodden by an European. On his arrival he received every kindness from the captains of H.M. cruizers, who offered to take him on a cruise

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for the recovery of his health, somewhat affected by his toils and anxieties. Captain Lee, of the Jane, of London, obligingly gave him a passage from Whyddah to Cape Coast, whence his letter is dated, and from whence, after some repose, he projects starting for Timbuctoo, and descending the Quorra to Rabba.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 3d.—The president, Mr. Horner, in the chair. The following communications were read: "On some remarkable fossil ferns from Maryland, United States, collected by Mr. Lyell;" by Mr. C. J. F. Bunbury. In this paper the author, after describing the fossils in question, one of which exhibited some interesting peculiarities of structure, proceeded to discuss the nature of the evidence with regard to the climate of the coal period as deduced from the examination of the fossil plants. He considered that the experiment of Dr. Lindley, on the relative destructibility of different families of plants, as by no means of so much importance as has been sometimes assumed, and as leaving the question of climate to be decided by positive evidence, at least in some measure. He thinks it possible that the land, during the carboniferous period, may have existed in the state of islands in the northern hemisphere, but deprecates the assumption that no continents at all were then in being. He concludes by suggesting the necessity of great caution in such matters, especially in the department of fossil botany.—A paper, by Dr. Mantell, "On the Wealden strata of the Isle of Wight;" the chief object of which was to direct attention to some bones of the iguanodon, of remarkable size and beauty, recently discovered in those strata.

Dec. 17th.—The president in the chair. The following communications were read: A notice by Professor Owen, "On the supposed fossil bones of birds from the Wealden." In this notice the author expressed his opinion, that on a more close and rigorous examination of certain fossils from the Weald, formerly described by him as bones of birds, he has come to the conclusion that they do not refer to animals of that class, but must be looked upon as belonging to a species of pterodactyl. He considers, therefore, that we have no satisfactory evidence of the existence of birds in the Wealden.—A paper by Professor Goeppert, of Breslau, "On amber and on the organic remains found in it." —The author described the various trees, the remains of which having been preserved in the amber, give us intimations of the nature of the flora of a portion of the tertiary period.—An extract from a letter concerning a depression lately produced in consequence of an earthquake in Cutch.—A notice by Dr. Buckland, "On the occurrence of the so-called fossil potatoes on the shores of Lough Neagh, in Ireland." The author supposes that these bodies are concretions formed on the shore of the lake by the rolling action of the waves on balls of marlstone, which gather up fragments of various rocks.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 17th.—Mr. J. T. Cooper, V.P., in the chair. 1. "On the resin of the Xanthoria hastitis," by Dr. J. Sturtwan. This resin, known in commerce under the name of the Botany-Bay resin, exudes from the above-mentioned tree, which grows freely in the neighbourhood of Sydney. It forms brittle yellowish masses, or coarse powder, having an agreeable balsamic odour and slightly astringent taste. When heated, it melts, takes fire, and burns with smoky flame, exhaling an odour like that of balsam of Tolu; when distilled with a solution of carbonate of soda, it yields a small quantity of fragrant volatile oil. Alcohol and ether dissolve the resin freely; the solution refuses to crystallise. Caustic alkalis dissolve it also, with brown colour; from this solution the resin is precipitated in a modified state by an acid. The mother-liquor, on concentration, yields crystals of impure cinnamic acid, mixed with a little benzoic acid; the quantity is but small, however, and the purification of the acid from colouring matter is very difficult. Nitric acid acts with great energy on the Botany-Bay resin: the chief products are picric, oxalic, and nitrobenzoic acids. The proportion of picric acid is so considerable, that the author suggests the use of the resin for the purpose of obtaining that substance. By destructive distillation the Botany-Bay resin yielded a large quantity of heavy acid oil, mixed with a little light fragrant oil, easily separated from the former by its insolubility in alkalis. When the resin had previously been digested with caustic alkali, the heavy oil alone was obtained on distillation. The light oil was apparently benzoln or cinnamine, derived from the acids of the resin; the heavy acid oil was hydrate of phenyle (Rungi's karbolic acid). —2. "On some chemical effects produced by platinum," by Dr. C. F. Schoenbein. The oxidising action of divided platinum on hydrogen and ether-vapour, mixed with air, led the author to the expectation that it might be found capable of rendering blue the resin of guiacum, a change known to be produced by the action of oxidising bodies in general. Free oxygen, even by the aid of solar light, acts but slowly on paper washed with an alcoholic solution of the resin. If platinum-sponge, however, or better, platinum-black, be spread upon the moistened paper, it is speedily rendered blue at those points where the metal touched its surface. Iodide of potassium is decomposed by moist spongy platinum, with evolution of a brown substance, thought to be a compound of periodide of platinum with iodide of potassium. Platinum-black decomposes hydriodic acid in the same manner, liberating iodine. Dr. Schoenbein next discusses at length the explanations usually given of the well-known chemical effects of the finely-divided metal. He rejects the idea that the platinum exists in the state of an oxide; and inclines much more to the view of Faraday and Doebereines, that the gas is condensed upon its surface or into its pores. He suggests, however, another explanation, viz. that the real agent may be no other than ozone, the isomer of Thénard's peroxide of hydrogen, generated by the action of oxygen upon the watery vapour, present in minute quantity even after apparently careful desiccation of the gas. The author suggests also, that the electric spark which so easily explodes a mixture of combustible gas and oxygen, and generates nitric acid in moist air, may act not immediately, but by the intervention of ozone, which is first formed and then decomposed, yielding up its oxygen. He is not yet, however, in possession of any experimental evidence bearing upon the point.

Dec. 1st.—The president in the chair. 1. "Account of various substances found in the guano-deposits and in their vicinity," by Mr. E. F. Teschemacher. In the course of researches on the coast of Africa for saltpetre, in the neighbourhood of the deposits of guano, various other substances were discovered, which Mr. Teschemacher has analysed. The first substance examined, found at present only in small quantities, and described, was the phosphate of ammonia in a crystallised state. The next was the bicarbonate of ammonia, also found crystallised, of which the analysis was given. The third was a new mineral body, well known in the laboratory as an artificial compound, viz. the ammonio-magnesian phosphate. This, however, was found in patches in the guano-beds in crystals of a considerable size. The primary form is the right rhombic prism, of which Mr. Teschemacher gave the measurements, taken by the reflecting goniometer; the analysis followed; and then the importance of this compound was pointed out as an ingredient in manure, as containing ammonic and phosphoric acid in a state insoluble in water. The last substance described was composed of carbonate of lime and magnesia, and phosphate of lime, and found embedded in guano; it consists of concentric laminæ slightly adhering together, and had appearances of an organic structure, and was supposed to be derived from remains of bones and shells partially decomposed.—2. "On the wax of the chamærops," by Mr. J. E. Teschemacher. Mr. Teschemacher describes this wax as the produce of the chamærops humilis, the produce of Cuba and other parts of the West Indies, and imported into the United States in large quantities for the purpose of manufacturing into hats. When the leaves are split, the wax falls off in the state of a white powder, is collected and burnt, or thrown away; the weight of this substance is probably about 100,000lbs. annually. Mr. Teschemacher pointed out the quantity of myricine and cerine which may be obtained from this wax, and compared it with bees-wax as to its composition; and finally, recommended its collection and employment for many of the purposes to which bees-wax is applied.

A NEW PLANET.

PROF. AIRY, the Astronomer Royal, has forwarded to the *Times* the following letter from Prof. Encke of Berlin, relating the discovery of a new planet. Mr. Hind had previously communicated an extract of a letter from Prof. Schumacher, announcing the fact of Mr. Hencke's new planet, accompanied with a statement on the part of Mr. Hind, that he could not find any star answering the description of the supposed new one.

"Berlin, Dec. 15th.

"On the 13th of December, Mr. Hencke, of Driessen, gave notice that he had found a star of the 9th magnitude, in a place where before there was none. He gave its position by reference to the star-map of the Berlin Academy, 4th hour (which particular map was very carefully drawn by Prof. Knorre), from which its place appears to have been: Dec. 8.—At 8 hours; right ascension in arc, 65° 25′; declination north, 12° 41′.

"Yesterday, Dec. 14, we sought for it with our refractor, and found, by comparison with the star-map of the Berlin Academy (which alone, on account of the fulness of its details, could have enabled us to discover it), a star of the 9th magnitude, not marked in the map, whose place was: Dec. 14.—At 6 hours 28 min. mean time, right ascension in arc, 64° 4′ 53·2″. At 12 hours 43 min. mean time, right ascension in arc, 64° 1′ 10·3″.

"We then determined the following places with the wire micrometer, each place being the mean of five observations. At 13 hours 34 min. 55·6 sec. mean time, right ascension in time, 4 hours 16 min. 2·44 sec.; declination north, 12° 39′ 54·2″. At 13 hours 42 min. 36·5 sec., right ascension in time, 4 hours 16 min. 2·08 sec.; declination north, 12° 39′ 53·1″. At 14 hours 33 min. 27·1 sec., right ascension in time, 4 hours 16 min. 0·2 sec.; declination north,

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12° 39′ 52·1″. Or, taking the mean, at 13 hours 56 min. 59·7 sec. mean time; right ascension in arc, 64° 0′ 23·6″; declination north, 12° 39′ 53·1″.

"The motion is retrograde, and its daily amount, as determined from the observations, eight hours apart, is—in right ascension, 14′ 21·2″ of arc; in declination it is quite insignificant.

"Mr. Hencke's place of December 8th agrees very nearly with this.

"The star is probably a new planet near its opposition. Vesta is pretty near it, and is also in opposition.

"On account of the difficulty of following it, I have thought it best to send you the news directly; and I beg you to make it known in England, that a sufficient number of observations may soon be collected. Excuse the shortness of this letter, which is written in great haste. Yours, &c., ENCKE."

Professor Airy says, there appears to be no reasonable doubt that the object to which the foregoing relates is a new planet. Mr. Hinde, as stated above, could not find it. Sir James South "directed his five-feet equatorial," on the evening of the 19th inst., "to the place of a supposed new star, seen in the constellation Taurus, on the 8th inst., by Mr. Hencke. Nearly in the centre of the field of the telescope he instantly saw a star of perhaps the 10th magnitude lying in the line, joining two stars of the 9th or 10th magnitude, and, reckoning from the lower or northern one, not quite half-way between them." Sir James states farther:—"Nevertheless, there may have been some other star between the two guide-stars on the 8th inst., as well as that which I most assuredly saw between them on the 19th; and as the existence or non-existence of a planet or comet in the neighbourhood is probably dependent on the star seen by me on the 19th being identical with the one seen by Mr. Hencke on the 8th, the matter ought not be left in doubt. I have therefore thought it right to transmit you data whereby any one with a little care may, without difficulty, direct his telescope to the spot where Mr. Hencke saw his star; and, by examining those stars in its vicinity, may have a fair chance of picking up the supposed planet or comet, if that which I have seen and described the position of be not Mr. Hencke's star. The stars in the head of the constellation Taurus resemble the letter 'V,' and which, when they are on the meridian (as they now are about ten o'clock at night) is inclined to the horizon at an angle of about 30 degrees. The lower side of the V is bounded by the magnificent star Aldebaran to the left, and by Gamma Tauri to the right; whilst the upper side is formed of Epsilon Tauri on the left, and Gamma Tauri on the right. Between Aldebaran and Gamma is a group of stars composed of the two Thetas and others, whilst the three Deltas and others are similarly situated in the upper side, each group being nearly in the centre of its respective side—circumstances to be borne in mind, lest one side be taken for the other, as I have frequently seen done when a night-glass has been the telescope in use.

"Direct, then, a night-glass to the group of stars in the lower side of the V, so that Aldebaran and Gamma Tauri be seen on the lower part of the field on the left, and fix upon a point which shall make with them an equilateral triangle, the apex of which shall point upwards, and that is the spot where Mr. Hencke saw his star. It is, moreover, rendered remarkable by being just above the base of a small isosceles triangle of stars, the apex of which is turned downwards; and commencing at this apex star, reckoning from right to left, we have A or the apex star of the seventh magnitude, B of the fifth magnitude, and C of the sixth. Hence, by reference to this triangle A B C, the place which the supposed planet or comet occupied on the 8th may be found, although the field of the night-glass employed be not sufficiently large to admit their being in it during any examination extended beyond the place assigned by Mr. Hencke to his star. But if a telescope be used whose field of view does not include some degrees, then, as the stars Aldebaran and Gamma Tauri, by those who know where to look for them, are nearly as easily seen with the naked eye as is the planet Jupiter, all that is necessary will be for the observer to fix on a point in the heavens which, being *below* them, shall make an equilateral triangle with them, and *that* will be the place of Mr. Hencke's star. If he then directs his telescope to this place, he will see the triangle A B C, if not in his telescope, certainly in its finder, that is if the latter be good for any thing, and may, by its means, move his telescope so that he may certainly view in it the guide-stars to Mr. Hencke's star without difficulty; indeed, the stars B and C are visible to the naked eye, if the observer know where to look for them.

"The diameter of the field of an ordinary night-glass is about six degrees: Aldebaran and Gamma Tauri are nearly four degrees asunder: Aldebaran is of the first magnitude, Gamma Tauri of the third. The apex star A of the triangle A B C is distant from B C nearly one degree; and B is distant from C nearly one degree and a half."

Mr. Hind has since observed the new star: At 0 h. 20 min. 15 sec., sidereal time, on Wednesday evening, the right ascension of the new planet was 4 hs. 8 min. 17·58 sec., and the declination 12° 45′ 32·6″, north. He was enabled to establish its motion in R. A. from the observations made at Mr. Bishop's Observatory, Regent's-park, on that evening. The planet has the appearance of a star of the ninth or tenth magnitude.

TRUMAN'S FILTERER.

We have been so pleased with an inspection of this simple and improved filterer, that we fully anticipate the thanks of our readers for a brief description of it. The material employed is a sandstone, of which is constructed a hollow cylinder, from two to four inches thick, closed with convex or flat ends of the same material. This, in short, is the filterer, which, placed in water, in every cistern, for example, is self-acting, requiring no filling, no cleansing, no care. It replenishes itself from the surrounding tainted element, and affords constantly a flow of pure water sparkling with natural freshness. A story is told of one of the Georges wondering how the apple got into the dumpling. But here is double wonder for the uninformed, how the water passes in, and how it is drawn out of, the closed thick stone vessel. Either may be learnedly explained on hydrostatic principles; but our object is to bring before every housekeeper the fact, that the weight of the surrounding water pressing on all sides of the hollow cylinder, exhausted of air, is sufficient to force through the minute pores of the stone enough to fill up the previously vacant interior, and that, through a bent tube or syphon of lead or glass, from which also the air had been withdrawn, the purified water will rise above the cistern and flow down the external pipe fitted with a stopcock. From this it will be seen that the syphon filterer is not a fixture, and may be transferred from one cistern to another. It may, however, be fixed, and the syphon be substituted by an ordinary pipe inserted in the stone. Time can scarcely have any effect on this simple filterer, nor can bad management or neglect effect it. It is as durable as rock and as simple as nature.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, *Dec.* 17.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity, by accumulation.—The Very Rev. J. Peel, Christ Church College, Dean of Worcester, grand compounder.

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. C. R. Tate, fellow of Corpus Christi College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. E. Huntingford, fellow of New College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. C. Vansittart, Oriel College, grand compounder; J. J. Maberly, Brasenose College; R. Lechmere, E. H. Knowles, Michel fellow, Queen's College; J. W. Morrice, Exeter College; T. R. J. Langharne, Jesus College.

Bachelors of Arts.—Sir F. E. Scott, Bart., Christ Church College; Rev. E. W. Appleyard, Magdalen Hall; A. C. Mackenzie, St. John's College; G. W. Pearse, scholar of Corpus Christi College; J. R. T. Eaton, scholar of Lincoln College.

Cambridge.—*Prize Subjects*, 1846.—I. The Duke of Northumberland, chancellor's gold medal for the encouragement of English poetry, to the best ode or the best poem in heroic verse. Subject: "Cæsar's invasion of Britain."

II. The Marquis Camden's gold medal, as a prize for the best exercise in Latin hexameter verse. Subject: "Visum Mirzæ dormienti objectum" (*Spectator*).

III. The representatives in parliament. (1.) Two prizes of fifteen guineas each, for the encouragement of Latin prose composition; open to bachelors of arts. (2.) And two other prizes of fifteen guineas each, open to undergraduates resident not less than seven terms. The subjects are: (1.) For the bachelors, "In politicis rebus æque ac in physicis, nihil tam firmum est cui non periculum sit etiam ab invalido." (2.) For the undergraduates, "Ego multos homines excellenti animo ac virtute fuisse, et sine doctrina naturæ ipsius habitu prope divino, per seipsos et moderatos et graves extitisse fateor; sed idem ego contendo, cum ad naturam eximiam atque illustrem accesserit ratio quædam conformatioque doctrinæ, tam illud nescio quid præclarum et singulare solere existere."

N.B. The exercises are to be sent in on or before April 30, 1846.

IV. Sir William Browne's three gold medals, of the value of five guineas each, to such resident undergraduates as shall compose, (1.) The best Greek ode in imitation of Sappho; (2.) The best Latin ode in imitation of Horace; (3.) The best Greek epigram after the model of the Anthologia, and the best Latin epigram after the model of Martial. The subjects are, (1.) For the Greek ode, "Corinthus." (2.) For the Latin ode, "Hesperiæ mala luctuosæ." (3.) For the Greek epigram, "Invitam qui servat, idem facit occidenti." (4.) For the Latin epigram, "Magnus inter opes inops."

V. The Porson prize, interest of 400*l.* stock, in the purchase of one or more Greek books, for the best translation of a proposed passage in Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Massinger, or Beaumont and Fletcher, into Greek verse. The subject for the present year is: *Julius Cæsar*, act I. scene 2, "Why, man, he doth bestride," to the words, "Such high things;" omitting the two lines,

"Now is it Rome indeed; and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man."

The metre to be *tragicum iambicum trimetrum acatalecticum*.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

Dec. 2*d.*—Dr. J. Lee in the chair. The subject, "Of the advantage to be derived to British agriculture by the introduction of Egyptian wheat," was discussed at length, in consequence of some remarks made by the chairman on some very prolific mummy-wheat which he exhibited, similar to what is generally described as the wheat of Heshbon. Mr. Buckingham thought it would be well worthy to import Egyptian grain for seed. Mr. Purland, in opposition to the cases of successful cultivation mentioned by Mr. Buckingham, noticed instances where the crop had fallen off every year. Dr. Camps suggested that fresh seed might be obtained periodically. Dr. Plate

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said, that in Russia they were obliged to obtain a fresh supply of linseed-grain every three or four years from Riga. Dr. Holt Yates remarked, that the seven-eared wheat of Scripture was by no means common in Egypt, and that the seasons were not always prolific in that country; but all parties seemed agreed that the *triticum compositum*, which has always from four to seven ears, far surpasses in prolificness the ordinary wheat of this country.—Mr. Holmes, whose oriental travels have been favourably noticed in the *Literary Gazette*, communicated a memoir on the tumuli of the East, and under which denomination he classed many of the well-known tappahs of the Turks, and talls of the Arabs. He at the same time shewed other origins to these curious mounds, as their supporting fire-temples in Persia, their being fortalices on the shores of the Caspian, &c. &c. Mr. H. also detailed the local traditions connected with these curious mounds. This paper led to an animated discussion upon the universality of tumuli, and the possible deductions of one and the same race, or of several races, holding by the same primitive form of burial, having once peopled the earth.—The Rev. J. Blackburn exhibited a very beautiful model of Jerusalem, made, under his superintendence, by Mr. E. Smith, of Sheffield; and Dr. Holt Yates very kindly detailed the localities, and the changes which had taken place in the former and present appearance of that city.

Dec. 16th.—Dr. J. Lee in the chair. Mr. Drach read a few curious and learned etymological remarks on the opening chapter of Genesis, which one gentleman considered to be rather forced, but they appeared to be favourably received by the society generally. Mr. Johnston then read an elaborate paper on the Gongas, a people of Abyssinia, whom he considered to be of an African-Mongolian race, a form of which he illustrated by the living specimens of Bushmen children, now exhibiting in the metropolis, and who were present on this occasion. This African-Mongul family Mr. Johnston further considered to be identical with the Asiatic and Europo-Mongolian races, as the Finns and Laplanders. This paper led to a long and animated discussion upon general questions connected with the peculiarities of the human families, as influenced by climate, &c.; but as there were gentlemen present who entertained strong prejudices against such inquiries, and held that all varieties of the human race sprang simply from the Divine fiat, nothing was eliminated from this discussion that was new or interesting to philosophical inquiry. Letters were read from Mr. Brockbank and Dr. Thomson, from Damascus; the latter detailed the circumstances attendant upon the recent death of the pasha of that city, many of the symptoms of which appeared to the medical men present to be of a very suspicious character. The intimation of the sudden decease of the Anglican bishop of Jerusalem, on his way to Cairo, caused a sorrowful sensation throughout the society.

EPILOGUE TO THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

[We were so amused by the first recitation of this epigrammatic epilogue on Thursday, Dec. 11, that we feel assured the bare reading of it will entertain Latinists far from the school, and yet interested in the education of young England.]

Enter Davus, with a newspaper or "share-list" in his hand.

Da. Nulla dies sine *lineâ!* et, hercule, præmium in horas
Accrescit nostræ! [*Pamphilus crosses the stage: Davus continues, calling to him*] Pamphilus, ut reor, est.
Quæso Capellanâ venisti proximè ab Aulâ?
Sursum tendebant omnia, noster, heri.
Pa. Quisnam hic? quid garrit? *Da.* Tu non me, Pamphile, oöris?
Davus sum. *Pa.* Davus! Davus at iste novus—
Quid te tam nitidum et comptum facit? *Da.* Ah! mihi tandem
Prospexi. *Pa.* Melius quam mihi prospicitur.
Dic verò, nostris agitur quid civibus? *Da.* Itur:
Omnis mille vias ire, redire, labor.
Vitæ præstantur jam vera viatica; si sit
Expendendum, "animal mobile" natus homo est.
Ordo novus rerum—erravi—novus ordo *rotarum*
Surgit—nescimus stare loco aut loculis.
Pa. Ah! verum id verbum est. *Da.* Sed tu, mi Pamphile, visu es
Subtristis—minus an nostra γλωσσα placet?
Pa. Uxor et infantes percara negotia sunt, hoc
Repperi—et est prope res perdita. *Da.* Restituam.
Ecce! metalla tibi transmutabuntur, ab Iro
Crœsus eris! tabulas accipe fructiferas!
Audisti nomen! Megarensis, Atheni-que-ensis,
Et Grandis Peloponnesiaca, hæcce via est:
Totam ego confeci solus—Director eris tu!
Pa. Ludis me. *Da.* Minime; quilibet istud agat.
Audi jam-imprimis tabula inspicienda locorum est:
Urbes tu binas, rex velut, eligito.
Ordine tum cautus longo enumerâris oportet,
Quotquot vici inter terminum utrumque jacent.
Commoda descrlbas operis, lucrumque futurum;
Fœnore sors decies multiplicanda. *Pa.* Probo.
Da. Nam regio ac situs est aptissimus—omnia plana—
Vix quicquam dignum nomine colliculi.
Ducitur ascensu facili, scalâque gradatim;
Postremò drachmæ tota erit arrha duæ!
Pa. Tantillum argenti! quid vis? quibus uteris armis?
Da. Ah! nos *rem* facimus, non, mihi crede, *Vias.*
Id curent alii! quid restat? mane sequenti
Promulgat cœptum nuntia charta novum.
Collaudant—fit turba foro—pecus omne fremiscit
Cervinum; inque dies evehitur pretium.
Acceptum ne serva; at justo tempore vendas!
Sic aurum ex nihilo nactus eris solidum.
Nomin-enim-*al-alistæ* Doctores byrsæ hodierni,
Atque *Real-istæ* nos simul exstitimus.
Pa. Miror—at omnino tutum hoc, expersque pericli,
Dave, mihi affirmas? *Da.* Experiare modò!
Ne te præveniant alii, hæc tibi causa timoris
Unica.

Enter Sosia, Lesbia, Chremes, and Mysis.

So. Dave, novam hanc instituisne Viam?
Da. Immo. [*All together*] Scrip—scrip—scrip—Scriptum mihi distribuendum
Cures oro. *Pa.* Et tu, Sosia! tuque, Chreme!
So. Mysis enim suadebat. *Pa.* Eas num fœmina callet
Ambages? *My.* Quidni? omne ego *servus* (cerva) vocor!
Da. Omnigenus grex est.

Enter Simo, fuming.

Si. Ubinam est, te appello, magister!
Da. Oh! salve! ægre aliquid ferre videre, Simo!
Si. Cur vexilliferum, domino nolente, volente,
Huc illuc nostro cursitat agmen agro?
Da. Designatores metatoresque ego misi—
Itur per villam, vir venerande, tuam.
Si. Perque aulam, credo, ac conclave! ita januam ad ipsam,
Impurus ludos stans facit iste Dromo!
Quò discesserunt leges! nullusne pudori
Jam locus? *Da.* Ah! minimè hunc erubuisse puto.
Si. Servabat sacros deus olim Terminus agros;
Confundit vester terminus omne solum.
At pereat!

Enter Crito.

(*Simo continues*) Quisnam huc properat? Crito! Sanus Athenas
Vix repetis! *Cr.* Salve! me grave cogit opus:
Trames enim e ferro. *Si.* Di magni! nostra furorem hunc
Insula concepit? *Da.* Cum ratione furit.
Cr. Est via quæ Cycladas passim atmosphericu jungat,
Trans freta suspensis pontibus aeriis!
Da. Magnificum! *Si.* At non tu ista moves. *Cr.* Ah! vera fatebor;
Jam bona visum iterum est Chrysidis ista sequi:
Proximus ipse mihi *Si.* Fructus hos nostra tulerunt
Secula! *Director*, quid tibi, Dave, paras?
Da. Inveni *portum!* pars et mox lecta Senatûs
Ipse ero—quin *Regem* plebs vocat! *Si.* Oh! facinus!
Tu simulas regem! [*To the audience*]—Sed tandem hæc ludicra cessent—
Vos potius reges conciliare velim.
Stare vias super antiquas, gressusque priorum
Hic mos prævaluit, non sine laude, sequi.
Quicquid vita novi ferat aut externa tumultûs,
Usque tamen Musis hæc loca sacra vacent!
Semper salva Fides; semper sit cultus Honesti
In priscam et pietas inviolata domum!

Our readers who have not had the good fortune to witness these classic scenes may not be aware of some of the ancient and traditional school-customs which attend them. On the second and third nights of playing, for example, a number of the scholars' caps are handed to the audience on the front and side benches, set apart for Old Westminsters, and into these are poured contributions *ad lib.* This is called *the capping*, and generally produces a considerable sum. Thus, on the second night this year the levy amounted to 48*l.*, and on the third night to 82*l.*, or 130*l.* in all. None but Old Westminsters are allowed to give; and they are expected to do so. Out of this fund is defrayed the expenses of the three suppers, the dresses and dresser, the lighting of the theatre, music, sack-whey, and other refreshments and incidental expenses. The surplus, if any, is divided among the four Elections, according to a sliding-scale of seniority; the seniors getting sometimes 5*l.*, and the juniors 15*s.* The workmen of the dean and chapter have a prescriptive right to put up the stage, and also to supply the scenery—which, by the way, stands now in need of repainting.

Calcutta University.—The establishment of a university at Calcutta is the theme of much notice in the last Indian journals; the object of which is to confer academical degrees on the students of Indian colleges, to enable them to take rank with the members and graduates of the universities of Europe. In order to accomplish this object, it is proposed to have the university incorporated by a special act of the legislature, and endowed with the privileges enjoyed by all chartered universities in Great Britain and Ireland, and empowered to grant degrees in art, sciences, law, medicine, and civil engineering. The university of London is proposed as a model for the Calcutta institution: the governor-general of India to be the chancellor; the president of the council of education the vice-chancellor. The adoption of this plan (it is added) is expected to open the path to distinction to every class and every institution, to give a fair reward to those who have spent years in the acquisition of knowledge, and to produce a better educated body of public servants, superior to their predecessors both in character and in attainments.—The government has also sanctioned the foundation of a college at Kishnagur, in the district of Nuddia; the pupils to be admitted on the 1st of November without reference to caste or religion; and the course of study to be the same as that pursued at the Hindoo college. Yearly examinations are to take place, when scholarships are to be awarded to the most deserving. Zillah schools have also been established in various Zillahs. At a meeting held at Allahabad, on the 15th of September, it was proposed to establish a proprietary college in England for the exclusive education of Anglo-Indian children.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Wednesday.—Ethnological, 8 P.M.
Friday.—Botanical, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

Description of the Chapel of the Annunziata dell' Arena, or Giotto's Chapel, in Padua. By Mrs. Callcott. London, C. Dolman.

WHEN the republican army of France overran Italy, they desecrated this little edifice, about five centuries old, and the interior painted in fresco by Giotto about 1306. Fortunately a French officer discovered the paintings, and,

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reporting them to Buonaparte, they were indifferently preserved from ruin, and are committed in charge to the neighbouring convent of the Eremitani. The ornaments are, however, reduced to the paintings on the walls, in three circles (not cycles); the first taken from the apocryphal gospels of the history of the Virgin; and the second and third from the New Testament biography of Christ. The Last Judgment, and a few fragments, by the same father of the modern art, are found at the west end, and on some compartments of the cone, and other parts. Such are the age, condition, and nature of the subjects which this publication places in artist-like outline before us. After the exhibition at Messrs. Colnaghi's last summer, we can more readily suppose their actual beauty and excellence; but the engravings of Mrs. Callcott are also welcome to the amateur, for conveying very intelligible ideas of what the genius of Giotto invented. There reigns a grand simplicity throughout. Modesty and grace mark every female figure in a remarkable degree, and even the full figure of the Virgin is exceedingly charming for these qualities. There is also much dignity in the male personages; but what will render the whole most acceptable to the artist and connoisseur is, the originality, in which they may readily trace a tradition of character for centuries in the works of the greatest painters of Italy, and not a few of the best things in what London has witnessed in her *New School* within the last few years. Ah! don't we see Giotto in many an admired production? Our only wish is, that there were ten times more of this Chapel.

Panorama of Rouen.—The clearer weather of the week has enabled us to enjoy the pleasure of viewing this very picturesque and interesting panorama. The spectator is as if standing on the bridge and looking both ways, up and down the river; on the one hand, to the handsome iron bridge; and on the other, where the stream is lost in the more rural suburbs of the city. The new terminus to the Paris railroad is a striking object; and, taken altogether, it is hardly possible to select a scene more various and suitable to panoramic affects. Mr. Burford has handled it with all his usual skill.

MUSIC.

THE CONTRAPUNTAL AND MUSICAL REVIEW.

Dr. Alfred Day's Treatise on Harmony.

A SELECT committee of the Royal Academy of Music was held about three weeks ago, to inquire into the propriety of introducing Dr. Alfred Day's new *Treatise on Harmony* into that institution, and came to the determination to reject this work, because it departed too much from the received principles of notation and of harmony. This decision being in unison with the judgment delivered in the *Literary Gazette*, where the publication was impartially and dispassionately reviewed (see No. 1500), has, of course, our decided approval. But at the same time, we do not think we can congratulate the Academy on the musical erudition displayed in the work* actually employed for its purposes of tuition. It seems to us far more suited to amateurs and amateur performance, and by no means sufficient to teach students how to apply *all* the chords in music, and write in the highest school of the art. The inversions of the common chords and the dominant seventh, and the peculiar privileges of the diminished seventh, are only what we may term very well in their way and as far as they go. In consequence of the differences of opinion to which we have adverted, we are informed that Mr. Macfarren has resigned his post as teacher of harmony, adhering to Dr. Day's new system above all others. We are astonished that Mr. Macfarren should thus consider Dr. Day's work an efficient one for the study of counterpoint; for we can trace no page throughout where it treats of "*Cantus firmus*," "*Fugue*," "*Canon*," &c.; and as to the laws on the movement of parts and the succession of chords, they frequently most unfortunately contradict those laws of counterpoint which enable a composer to write with freedom and divested of pedantry. The *crude* notions of the earlier writers on harmony should now be dismissed as superfluous matter; and as Sebastian Bach is the king of harmony, so should theorists now-a-days do him honour by dethroning all usurpers who dare give laws in opposition to his dicta.

* Goss on Harmony.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE APPROACH OF THE NEW YEAR.

TREMBLING, loath as a lover
To part from his dear,
On the frail bridge we hover
'Twixt the old and new year.
But vainly we linger,
With tottering feet;
From Time's beckoning finger,
Oh, who can retreat!

We pass with emotion
His grey stepping-stone,
From the now-weathered ocean
To storms yet unknown.
A shudder creeps o'er us,
A chill shakes the mind;—
All chaos before us,
All cloudland behind!

Yes! cloudland behind us,—
But glimmering with rays,
That dimly remind us
Of happier days.
There's a song, too!—sweet, saintly,
Soft as murmuring streams;
Each hour breathing more faintly,
Like music in dreams!

Before lies a darkling,
Vast billowy cave,
With e'en hope only sparkling
By fits o'er the wave:
Ah! fruitless endeavour
Th' abyss to explore!
Who knows if we ever
Shall reach its far shore?

Who knows if our landing
May not be on that coast
Where silent are standing
Such a shadowy host?
Pale phantoms, departed
From life's tossing sea,
Who once were light-hearted
And blooming as we!

Blest they who are able,
At a season like this,
Round home's festive table
To circle, and miss
Not one of the faces
That used to beam near—
Not one of th' embraces
Which rendered life dear!

Heaven grant but *that* blessing,
Were all others removed!
Caressed by, caressing,
The loving and loved,
May we live! We'll despair not,
Whate'er may betide;
Fate, spare *them*, and we care not
What else be denied!

And ye who are weeping
O'er the graves of past years,
Where loved ones are sleeping,—
Oh, smile through your tears!
With gratitude ponder
On the links that remain,
And cling all the fonder
To love's broken chain!

ELEANOR DARBY.

THE DRAMA.

Lyceum.—This now favourite theatre opened for a new season on Saturday, with an adaption, by Albert Smith, of the *Cricket on the Hearth*, by Charles Dickens. Of the merits of the fairy-tale, of its relation to the former productions of the popular author, and of the good feelings it is intended to spread, we have spoken elsewhere. We have only here to record the cleverness with which every point has been selected for representation, the redundancies rejected, and the connecting links maintained. The story is fully developed, and could not have been better dramatised. Similar, or if possible warmer, praise is most deservedly due to the actors, one and all. They played each character in a manner which must have been gratifying even to the mind of the writer; in short, the acting of every one was a complete embodiment of the natural and peculiar personifications of Boz. But we are not going to dismiss them in this limping way; we must speak by the card, and in the order of the bill, with proper apologies to the interesting and successful *débutante* of the evening. Honest *John Peerybingle* Emery represented, and realised his rising reputation. The happiness of the heart inaccessible to malicious hints, overwhelmed by ocular proof of infidelity; the moodiness of despair, the determined revenge stayed by the Cricket's chirp recalling past joys, and the workings of an honest heart, were well portrayed.—Crabbed, crusty, crooked *Tackleton* was most judiciously allotted to Meadows, whose careful conception and fine delineation of characteristic minutiæ could alone have faithfully illustrated the leading feature of the work. Nothing was wanting to his mastery of an arduous task.—Keeley was the "*Caleb Plummer;*" and Keeley was Keeley the anxious father upon this occasion, anxiety, however, soon changing into confidence and pride in the progress of his Mary, the *Bertha* of the play. But *Plummer's* blind child must yet wait her turn.—F. Vining had little to do as the *Stranger;* the disguise as the deaf old man was well kept up.—The affectionate wife of honest *John*, the "*Dot*" of his heart, the mother of her first-born, the proud and happy ornament of his hearth, was represented by Mrs. Keeley to the life. Her approach to her husband to disclose the secret, and her retiring, when repulsed, without the utterance of a word, were admirably acted and expressed, and no less so the wild joy of confession and clearing-up of *John's* doubts.—*Bertha*, Miss Mary Keeley, was very touchingly played, and gave ample promise of a successful career. Her reception was a burst of genuine approval of the Keeleys. The prolonged cheers somewhat agitated the young aspirant; but supported and encouraged by her father, the family talent was soon evinced and sustained throughout. Her voice is clear and sweet, and her intonation exceedingly good. Her manner and carriage as a blind girl were as natural as Fornasari's *Belisarius;* she was a very interesting *Bertha*.—Miss Howard looked the pretty *Mary*, and Mrs. Wollidge her genteel peevish mother.—Last, not least, except in person, comes *Miss Slowboy, Tilly* the foundling, the doting nurse of *Dot's* boy, acted by Miss Turner. All eyes watched her, and not a toss of the Baby, a look, or an utterance was lost. She fairly won this attention by her admirable acting, and her complete identification of the portrait. We have thus praised throughout, and we extend our approval to the Fairies, to the Cricket, and to the Kettle. We looked for faults, and we have only one to find: *Caleb Plummer's* greatcoat was too new. With this we dismiss the *Cricket on the Hearth*, knowing that its

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chirpings will long be heard with pleasure at the Lyceum.

Bal Masqué.—The arrangements for the ball at Covent Garden Theatre on Monday evening were superior, and this is saying a great deal, to those of last year. Enlarged space was obtained by the removal of the orchestra from its usual position at Jullien's popular concerts, by placing it on pillars at the extreme end of the stage, and by thus allowing free access to the refreshment-rooms. The ornaments of the orchestra—not the musicians, although they may also justly be classed amongst its chief adornments—were exceedingly elegant and tasteful; as also were those of the whole interior, from gallery to stage and wings. In truth, nothing could exceed the decorative splendour and the gaiety of the scene looking from the orchestra. Costumes were fewer and less marked than usual, and spirit flagged in spite of the enlivening music, characters being too few, and mufties too numerous. Costume-tickets should not admit plain clothes, even with fancy noses or black masks. This, perhaps, will be attended to for the second ball, announced for the first week in February. The house was crammed, and to the spectators the grand galop must have been a most animating sight.

VARIETIES.

The Christmas Pantomimes.—The titles of the pantomimes advertised by the various theatres seem to promise greater novelty than we have had for the last year or two, when nearly all of them appeared to be out of the same factory, and from the same materials; besides the jokes and humours having been served, and being served, up to the public in a dozen of other shapes.

King's College, London.—The council have determined upon founding scholarships for the several departments of this institution, with a view to the encouragement of diligence in the study of divinity, and the various branches of literature and science. Some of these scholarships are confined to the lower classes of the school, whilst others of a higher value are open to the senior students of each department.—*Globe.*

The Arctic Expedition.—A paragraph has been going the round of the newspapers relating to the arctic expedition, and recent accounts received of its farther progress. Our readers may be assured that there has been no later intelligence than what we gave in the *Literary Gazette*, No. 1503.

Literary Discovery.—There has been discovered, in the library of a schoolmaster near Stockholm, a collection of letters of D'Alembert, addressed to Georges Brandt, the great Swedish chemist.

Pawsey's Ladies' Fashionable Repository for 1846 (London, Longmans; Suttaby and Co.; Ipswich, Pawsey) claims, as usual, our new-year's welcome. It has long been not only a useful but an ornamental credit to the provincial press; and the present publication is fully deserving of the best praise bestowed upon any of its precursors. The embellishments are appropriate, and nicely executed; and the charades, enigmas, &c. &c. as puzzling as ever, to rack young maidens' brains, and exercise their poetic talents.

The Christian Divine, Nos. 1, 2.—We have been tardy in acknowledging the compliment of these neatly got-up serials, each containing a sermon, discourse, or other documents connected with the Church.

Nothing of Consequence!—The newspapers of Tuesday announce the arrival of the Eastern mail with "no news of any importance," adding, "they announce the death of *the Schah of Persia!*"

The Royal Society of Belgium (like our own) is adopting changes: departments for the fine arts and moral and political economy are about to be added.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

English Synonymes Classified and Explained, with Practical Exercises, by G. F. Graham, 12mo, 7*s.*—Over-Population and its Remedy, by W. T. Thornton, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Twenty Sermons on various Subjects, by the Rev. E. Tellet, 8vo, 8*s.*—Pencil of Nature, by H. Fox Talbot, Part V., 4to, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Thom's Irish Almanac and Official Directory, 1846, post 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.* bd.—Mores Catholici, or Ages of Faith, Vol. I., imp. 8vo, 26*s.*—Christ in His Church: Sermons by the Rev. H. Hopwood, 8vo, 5*s.* 6*d.*—A Manual of Music, 12mo, 2*s.*—Fall of the Nan Soung, a Tale, by A. L. Lymburner, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Lodge's Peerage, 1846, royal 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Muck Manual, a Treatise on the Nature and Value of Manures, new edit., fcp., 5*s.* sewed.—Letters and Despatches of 1st Duke of Marlborough, edited by Sir George Murray, Vols. IV. and V., 8vo, 20*s.* each.—The Apostolical Christians and Catholics of Germany, 2d edit., fcp., 3*s.* 6*d.*—Dr. Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers, 12th edit., fcp., 6*s.* 6*d.*—Dr. Abercrombie's Philosophy of the Moral Feeling, 7th edit., fcp., 4*s.*—Coleridge's Introduction to the Greek Classic Poets, 3d edit., fcp. 5*s.* 6*d.*—A System of Surgery, by J. M. Chelius, translated by J. F. South, Vol. I., 8vo, 24*s.*—Gleanings from Pious Authors, fcp., 3*s.*—The Last Day, a Christmas New Year's Gift, fcp., 3*s.* 6*d.*—Woolrych's New Inclosure Act, 8vo, 6*s.*—Longfellow's Poetical Works, illustrated edit., royal 8vo, 28*s.*—New Timon, a Romance of London, Part I., 8vo, 1*s.* 6*d.*—Contarini Fleming: Alroy, by B. D'Israeli, 2d edit., 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Cruikshank's Table-Book, medium 8vo, 14*s.*—The Island Queen, a Poem, by Mrs. Ellis, post 8vo, 5*s.*—Collection of Anthems performed in the Cathedral Church of Carlisle, by H. E. Ford, 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Sermons on the Evangelical Doctrines of the Church, by the Rev. T. D. Gregg, 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*—The Museum of Flowers, by Miss Rosenberg, 1845, imp. 8vo, 24*s.*—Comic Annual, 1846, a Republication of "Hood's Whimsicalities," post 8vo, 12*s.*—Home Treasury: Tales from Spenser's Faery Queen, sq., 3*s.* 6*d.* plain; 4*s.* 6*d.* coloured.—Gammer Gurton's Story-Books, 13 sorts, 6*d.* each.—Picturesque Antiquities of Spain, by N. A. Wells, royal 8vo, 21*s.* cloth; proofs, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Building Societies, their Formation and Management, by H. Tompkins, 12mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*—The Wedding Bells, an Echo of the Chimes, fcp., 3*s.* 6*d.*—Fall of Crœsus, by the Rev. W. Adams, fcp., 3*s.* 6*d.*—Proceedings under the Metropolitan Building Act, by E. Lewes, fcp., 4*s.* 6*d.*—Bedford's Chart of Ancient Doors and Windows, in case, 4*s.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CORPORATION of the LONDON ASSURANCE, established by Royal Charter, A.D. 1720.—Offices, 7 Royal Exchange, Cornhill, and 10 Regent Street.—NOTICE is hereby given to all persons who have paid to this Corporation five years' premium on Assurances effected on Lives under the plan entitling the Assured to a Reduction of Premium commenced in 1831, and of which the details are already before the Public, that on the 1st of January, 1846, when their nett Annual Premium will become due, they will be entitled to an abatement of 31*l.* 1*s.* 9*d.* per cent thereon.

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LITERATURE AND ART.

INSTITUTE of the FINE ARTS.—The FIRST SESSIONAL MEETING of the Third Year of the Institute will be held THIS EVENING, in the Great Room of the Society of Arts, Adelphi, at Eight o'Clock.

Dr. LEONARD STEWART in the Chair.

JAMES FAHEY, Sec.

Members who may not have received their Cards are requested to apply to the Secretary, at the Institute, 3 Russell Place, Fitzroy Square.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. CLXVII.—ADVERTISEMENTS for insertion in No. 167 of The Edinburgh Review, must be sent to the Publishers' by Thursday next; and BILLS on or before Friday next.

39 Paternoster Row,
Dec. 27, 1845.

New Agricultural Magazine.

On Thursday, January 1st, will be published, No. I., to be continued Monthly, in 8vo, with Two Engravings, price Half-a-Crown, of

THE PLOUGH: a Journal of Agricultural and Rural Affairs.

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AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.

Contents for January, No. XLVIII.

I. The Count of Monte Christo.
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III. Tom Walker's Story. By Jackson Lee.
IV. The Miseries of a Prize. By George Raymond.
V. Life and Writings of "Nimrod." By the Author of "Handley Cross."
VI. Deeds not Words. By J. E. Carpenter.
VII. How Miss Mountnorris got a Husband. By Shirley Brooks.
VIII. Saib and Nourmahah. By Thomas Miller.
IX. The Diamond Lance and the Golden Basin. A Breton Legend. By W. Hughes, Esq.
X. Shelley. By E. Kenealy.
XI. Dreams. By J. L. Forrest.
XII. The Westminster Play. By Little Democritus.
XIII. THE OLD LONDON MERCHANT.

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With an Illustration by George Cruikshank.

Chapman and Hall, 186 Strand.

COLBURN'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Edited by W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq.

Contents for January, No. CCCI.

I. The Murderer's Confession. By Horace Smith.
II. The Westminster Play. By Sergeant Talfourd.
III. Echoes from the Backwoods. By Captain Levinge.
IV. The Vision of Carl Van Quiet. By Charles Hooton.
V. New Year's Day. By Dudley Costello.
VI. The Privateersman. By Captain Marryat, R.N.
VII. The Robertses on their Travels. By Mrs. Trollope. Concluded.
VIII. Beauchamp. By G. P. R. James, Esq.
IX. Sonnet to Serjeant Talfourd. By E. Kenealy.
X. Old Romances concerning Bernardo del Carpio. By John Oxenford.
XI. Sketches of the Lives of Lords Stowell and Eldon.
XII. Lights and Shades in the Life of a Gentleman on Half Pay. By W. H. Maxwell, Esq.
XIII. The Old Pilgrim Ferry. By Andrew Winter.
XIV. Travels and Opinions of Mr. Jolly Green.
XV. Revelations of London. By the Editor.
XVI. Literature of the Month.

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BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.
No. CCCLXIII. JANUARY 1846.

CONTENTS:

I. Sir William Follett. II. Let never Cruelty dishonour Beauty. III. The Last Hours of a Reign. Conclusion. IV. A Campaign in Texas. V. The Mother and her Dead Child. VI. The Greek and Romantic Drama. VII. My College Friends. No. III. VIII. The Student of Salamanca. Part III. IX. Sicilian Sketches. Syracusians. X. Æsthetics of Dress. Military Costume. XI. From Goethe. XII. Christmas Carol. 1845. XIII. The Crisis.

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People's Journal.

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4. Scenes from Society: the Literature by Angus B. Reach, and others; the Designs by Kenny Meadows; the Engravings by Linton.
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No. 89, for January, 1846, commencing the Eighth Volume, will contain:—

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2. Anaglyptographic Engraving, accompanied by a fine example on steel by Freebairn, from the medal by W. Wyon, R.A., of "Science Trimming the Lamp of Life."
3. Picture Dealing.
4. Art in Scotland, Ireland, and the English Provinces.
5. Pen and Ink Sketches, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, No. I. The Soldier's Funeral.
6. Art in Continental States—Germany, Italy, France.
7. The Exposition of British Manufactures, now open in Manchester.
8. Letters on Landscape—Introductory; by J. B. Pyne.
9. English Artists on Wood.
10. Scraps collected in Paris; by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A.
11. "Topics of the Month," concerning the Arts.
12. Reviews of Prints and Books.
13. Distribution of Medals by the Royal Academy.

The Number for January, price 1s., will contain an engraving on steel, and between 30 and 40 wood-engravings, chiefly of beautiful objects produced by British Manufacturers.

The commencement of a New Volume with the New Year is suggested as an occasion convenient for new subscribers, who may thus be enabled to complete the work during the ensuing year. Hitherto much inconvenience has arisen, in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining "sets," several of the parts having been "out of print."

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The following Periodical Works for January 1846 will be published by CHARLES KNIGHT AND CO.

THE PICTORIAL GALLERY of ARTS. Part XII. Price 1s.

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